REMINISCENCES OF
EVANDER MACIVER

MEMOIRS OF A HIGHLAND GENTLEMAN

BEING THE REMINISCENCES OF

EVANDER MACIVER OF SCOURIE

EDITED BY THE

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PREFATORY NOTE

THERE are two sorts of men abroad in the world; there is the knowing man without culture, and the cultured man who is unknowing. By a gentleman I mean a knowing man with culture, culture of mind and body, of intellect and soul, of head and heart and hand. And it is with the purpose of preserving in the minds of a few unbiassed friends, among whom I would reckon you, kindly and considerate reader, some such exemplar of life as I have happily met it in the Highlands, that I have been at pains to see these memoirs in your hands. What my friend did not live to bring to a close I have essayed to carry out on the lines which were in view when last in his presence I was writing what he dictated. For the division into chapters and the further portrayal of environment, and for the notes, I am responsible.

For the printed page I have, as a rule, used the full form of the surname Maciver; for purposes of signature, however, any member of Clan Iver may use the contracted form M'Iver. There is much variability in usage in the writing

of words with *Mac*; sometimes the full, sometimes the abbreviated form is used. But the full is always correct.

The Rev. Donald T. Masson, M.A., M.D., in addition to what he has said by way of reminiscence, kindly read a proof of a large part of the earlier section of the work. 'What changes,' he writes me, 'since then (half a century ago)! Changes not only of men and families, but of institutions, customs, and the machinery for management of large estates. The "Good Duke," grandfather of the present amiable proprietor, and his beautiful and bountiful Duchess, were then, not owners merely, but the *Providence* of Sutherland.'

The reader's thanks and mine are due to Walter B. Blaikie, Esq., of the Edinburgh University Press, for thoughtful help in bringing out the work in a worthy manner, and I trust the book will be to him a source of pleasure.

To the subscribers and donors I renew my warm thanks for every generous aid. Æneas M. Mackenzie, Esq., Stornoway, has given a special guarantee for a number of copies, and has kindly procured subscribers in Lewis.

The Clan Iver does not figure in Skene's *Highlanders of Scotland*, and in addition to the chapter on the Clan, the reader is referred for details of family genealogy

PREFATORY NOTE

to Principal Maciver-Campbell's *Account of Clan Iver*, privately printed.

To the Very Reverend J. Cameron Lees, D.D., LL.D., Dean of the Order of the Thistle, my thanks are tendered for a Gaelic poem by his father, a sidelight on a past phase of feeling in Lewis to which the Reminiscences make reference.

I part with these pages in a hopeful frame of mind. They speak of a good and victorious life, and illustrate how to him that overcometh it is given to eat of the bread of life. And they chronicle improvement, as to which I can add, in closing, with Sir John Lubbock (Lord Avebury): 'If the past has been one of progress, we may fairly hope that the future will be so also; that the blessings of civilisation will not only be extended to other countries and to other nations, but that even in our own land they will be rendered more general and more equable; so that we shall not see before us always, as now, countrymen of our own living in our very midst a life worse than that of a savage; neither enjoying the rough advantages and real, though coarse, pleasures of savage life, nor yet availing themselves of the far higher and more noble opportunities which lie within the reach of civilised Man.'

GEORGE HENDERSON.

THE MANSE, SCOURIE,
SUTHERLAND, *December* 1904.

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REMINISCENCES OF EVANDER MACIVER

CHAPTER I

HAVING attained the age of eighty-five on the 9th September 1896, and having at the close of 1895 resigned my position as Factor for the Duke of Sutherland in the Scourie district of his Grace's estate in Sutherland, and thus having some leisure, I propose to jot down for my own amusement in the meantime, and for the information of those of my descendants who may feel some interest in the humble adventures and life of an ancestor, a few particulars of my life.

I was born at Gress, in the parish of Stornoway and island of Lewis, on the 9th of September 1811. My father was Lewis Maciver, tacksman of the farm of Gress, and an extensive merchant, fish-curer, shipowner, and general dealer in the town of Stornoway. My mother was Catherine Robertson, eldest daughter of Mr. James Robertson, who was for many years Collector of Customs at Stornoway. I was their second child and eldest son.

On the occasion of my birth, when my mother took ill, she was attended by a well-known wise woman of the profession. My grandfather, Collector James Robertson of Stornoway, happened to be at Gress on a visit; the wise woman was of opinion that my father and my grandfather

should leave the house and take a walk. My father proposed that they should go to the Gress River, and try to get a salmon in the rock pools, where the fish rested on their way to the loch from which the river issued. The peculiar mode of catching them was by getting into the pool and ascertaining with the naked foot whether any salmon were resting there. The salmon submitted to be touched and scratched by the human foot. A strong string or hand-line with a loop on it was procured, and they got the tail of the salmon into the loop, which was drawn by degrees so that it could be hauled out. They found on this occasion that there was more than one salmon, and succeeded in securing two by this strange mode of capture; and returning home with them, they found that I had appeared, and it was immediately predicted by the wise woman that I would prove a lucky boy.

There is a remarkable cave at Gress, where seals breed, and which can only be entered at low water, the entrance being closed by the sea when the tide is full. Lady Hood Mackenzie, the proprietrix of Lewis, was visited at Stornoway Castle by Mr. Mackenzie of Muirtown, W.S., her agent in Edinburgh, and his two sons, Alexander and James. She proposed that they should pay a visit to Gress, and go to this cave. My father had a small narrow boat built for the purpose of entering the cave. My father, my grand-uncle the Sheriff, and I accompanied them in a large boat, towing the small one to the mouth of the cave. The small boat went in once with two persons, then came out and returned with my father, the Sheriff, and James Mackenzie. When

half-way in, the boat was upset, and all were plunged into water beyond their depth. I heard my father call distinctly in Gaelic to throw them an oar (cuir a mach an ràmh), which was done, and fortunately was got hold of, and they all landed in safety in the cave. James Mackenzie swam into the cave. The question then was how they could get hold of the upset boat, but fortunately, with the assistance of an oar they got hold of her, righted her, and returned two and two to the boat outside, when it was determined that we should return home, thankful that no loss of life had occurred. I recollect that the Sheriff being a weak old man, and having no spare clothes with him, went to bed. When we got ashore we found Mr. Stewart, Factor for Lewis, who afterwards died at Scourie House. He had come on horseback express to get the Sheriff's signature to a petition for sequestration for non-payment of rent. When the old gentleman signed it, he exclaimed he was thankful he was able to do it, which was unfairly interpreted against him by the Factor, for it happened that the Sheriff had been grossly insulted on the Bench by Dr. Macaulay, against whom this petition was brought. The Sheriff simply meant how thankful he was that his life had been saved.

Lewis was at that time the property of the Mackenzies of Seaforth, and the male line having become extinct, it descended to a daughter of the Seaforth, Lady Hood Mackenzie, who was the widow of Sir Samuel Hood, an admiral of the royal navy. She afterwards married a younger son of the Earl of Galloway, James Stewart, who added Mackenzie to his name, and who, after the Reform Bill of 1832

was passed, became member of Parliament for the combined counties of Ross and Cromarty. By him Lady Hood became the mother of a family. James Stewart Mackenzie was finally appointed to the Governorship of Ceylon. After his death Lady Hood was well known in society as a clever and talented woman, and during the youth of her son Keith conducted the management of the Seaforth estates, residing principally in the family mansion at Brahan Castle in Ross-shire, grandly situated on the northern bank of the Conon River, and about two miles from the royal burgh of Dingwall.

One of my furthest back recollections is a visit of Lady Hood's to Gress from the Lodge at Stornoway, which was the residence in Lewis of the proprietor. She was accompanied by a Mr. John Archibald Murray, an Edinburgh advocate of a good family, who in after years rose to be a Lord of Session. What I recollect particularly of the visit, which occurred about the year 1818, was that she drove a gig with a single horse, which was the first vehicle with springs which was seen in Lewis; that I, as a boy, was much delighted with the gig, and cried so vehemently for a drive in it, that Lady Hood insisted on my coming into it with her when she was leaving; that Mr. Murray offered to drive and walk beside the vehicle, and that I was carried nearly a mile to the river of Gress from the house. Of this, as a child, I used to boast afterwards: I never forgot this incident. I further recollect that the road from Gress to Stornoway had not been long completed before this visit, and that it was quite new to Lady Hood. I often heard my mother describe the manner in which she was carried to Gress across the moors

when she married and went to reside there in the year 1808 or thereabouts. My youthful recollections are now faint. One circumstance I recollect, as it made a lasting impression, viz. the arrival of a young man of the name of Nicolson from Stornoway, engaged to teach me, as also of a boy of my own age or a little older, John Mackenzie, a full cousin of my mother, son of her maternal uncle, Mr. John Mackenzie, who was Sheriff-Substitute of Stornoway, and was tenant of the farm of Shieldaig in Gairloch, on the estate of Sir Hector Mackenzie of Gairloch. The boy was sent to begin his education at Gress with me, under the tutorship of Nicolson. He was stouter and heavier than I was—a solid, wise boy—not bright at his lessons. I was quicker and more active. It was a source of amusement to my father to set us to wrestle on the green in front of the house at Gress; we were nearly equal—he was the stronger, but I was the quicker. He remained for a year or two. We grew up together and had a lifelong affection for each other, lasting to old age. During our second holidays he and I had a trip together which is memorable in my recollection. My first visit to the mainland was in my tenth year, when I went to Gairloch with my cousin, John Mackenzie, whose father was Sheriff of Lewis, and tenant of Shieldaig, Gairloch.

John and I went to visit his grandfather, Mr. Mackenzie of Badachro, about two miles from Shieldaig. The old gentleman proposed that we should go to the cruive on the river to see if there was a salmon there. He said he had got none that season. He was delighted to find one, and

took it out with a juggar, adding that we were two lucky boys. We crossed the Minch in the month of July on a sloop belonging to John's uncle, Roderick Mackenzie of Badachro in Gairloch, which was laden with cattle purchased at the annual Lewis Cattle Tryst. We were eighteen hours on board before we reached the upper end of Loch Ewe at Poolewe, and saw the cattle thrown overboard to swim ashore, which amused us. We had been sea-sick, and were overjoyed to get ashore ourselves. There was then no road to Gairloch, but young as we were, we set out by a rough path —it was about nine miles to Shieldaig; we were active and light-hearted. I was greatly excited at being on the mainland, with more hills and some natural woods; besides seeing new places very different from the plain bleak mosses between Gress and Stornoway. We passed Gairloch, Flowerdale, the residence of the proprietor, Kerrisdale, which struck me with its woods and gardens as beautiful, and very tired we came to the house at Shieldaig situated on the seaside, sheltered at the inner part of the bay, where we met with kindness and a hospitable reception. We remained a month, and we fished, bathed, etc., and enjoyed the change exceedingly. Killed rats, which were numerous.

The Sheriff, my grand-uncle, was married to a relation, daughter of a neighbour, Mr. Alexander Mackenzie, tenant of Badachro. She died soon after the birth of my companion, John, and the Sheriff had recently married a Miss Munro, daughter of the minister of the parish of Uig, in Lewis. We all went on a Sunday by boat to Gairloch, where the communion was celebrated, and an enormous

crowd of worshippers were present; it was a fine sunny day, and the meeting was held outside in a large, natural, circular hollow, on a piece of sandy ground, a short distance from where we landed; it made a lively impression on my mind. I had never witnessed such a gathering before on a Sunday, and in the open air. The minister, Rev. Mr. Kennedy, Redcastle, was in a wooden box at the very lowest part of the hollow—the worshippers seated on the sides all round. We heard his voice before we reached the opening, and when we suddenly came to look on the crowds below us, from the bottom up to the brink, the sight of so many hundreds of people quite overawed me, and I never forgot it. On that occasion at Gairloch, I recollect Mr. Kennedy of Redcastle had a constant cough which struck us as boys and was never forgotten. We had on landing called at Flowerdale House, and were *all*, including the Sheriff, Mrs. Mackenzie, one or two visitors, with young John and myself, invited by Sir Hector Mackenzie to dine at Flowerdale on our return from church or meeting-place.

His sons, the late Sir Francis and Dr. John Mackenzie of Eileanach, were smart young lads, very handsomely attired, in our opinion, with fine blue jackets and vests and white trousers, a costume new to us from Stornoway. Sir Francis asked what was to become of these young lads in the interval—what will they make of the preaching? He led us to the garden where there were ripe strawberries in plenty, told us to regale ourselves, which we did not fail to do. It was the first fine garden I had ever seen, and I was very much impressed by it.

Here, to my very great amazement and delight, I saw for the first time in my life a well walled and cultivated garden with fruit-trees, strawberry, raspberry, currant, and gooseberry bushes, nice flowers, all well trained and kept, new to my island experience—for there was no such garden in Lewis—and the ripe strawberries soon attracted my admiration. The young gentleman told us to make good use of our time, an advice we very speedily followed. I never forgot the strange feeling this nice garden and treatment created, and I ever afterwards remembered the occurrence. In after life I revisited Gairloch several times, and never omitted to enter the garden, but it did not present to me again the rosy appearance of my boyhood; still it gave me a love of fruits and flowers, and a desire to possess such for myself. My garden at Scourie has been a source of much pleasure and delight to me for upwards of fifty years, and for its limited extent produces crops of vegetables and fruits and lots of flowers, and it is much admired by all who see it. A New Zealand cabbage palm-tree, grown from a seed sent in a letter from New Zealand to Scourie, which was raised in a pot in the conservatory for a year and then planted out, has flourished and grown for twenty-five years, and has withstood the cold of winter and spring here to the great amazement of all florists who have seen it, who say they do not know a garden in the vicinity of Edinburgh, or in any part of Scotland, where this tree could flourish and withstand the rigour of winter. It is now upwards of twenty feet high and has seeded, and several young palms have been raised in my garden from the seed, and have been

given to various friends. The Scourie garden is sheltered by a plantation and rising ground on its north side and also its west side. The soil is light and good—it faces the south—and thus with care and management its production is extraordinary. The walls are high all round it, and the quantity of apples, pears, small fruits, currants, and gooseberries is enormous. Stone fruits do not succeed. But my pleasure in gardening sprung from my visit to Flowerdale, which must have been in or about the year 1820.

On my return to Stornoway it was a boast of mine to my schoolfellows that I had been on the mainland. I became very much attached to my tutor, Donald Nicolson, and ever felt an interest in him afterwards. His father was a humble tradesman in Stornoway, and he was a clever scholar, educated at the parish school. He went to America and died there. Two of his sisters became servants in my father's house after I grew up, and on account of their brother I had a great liking for them.

The first school to which I was sent was taught by a man named Pollock. The better classes in Stornoway were not satisfied with the parish school, attended as it was by children from whom infectious complaints were caught, and many of whom could not speak English. The teachers of the parish schools in my early recollections were natives, well educated for the Church, and had attended college classes in Aberdeen. Two I remember who became ministers of parishes before the Disruption in 1843—John Lees[1] and Allan Mackenzie,[2] both superior

[1] Father of Dr. Cameron Lees. [2] Died minister of Knockbain.

men, good classics, and far superior to the teachers of the school board system of the present day in remote Highland parishes. The parents of the upper classes in Stornoway united and became bound to pay a yearly salary to a good teacher, and they had the use of a large room in the Masonic Lodge of the town as a school. They appointed a teacher whose name was Pollock —he had been rector of the academy at Fortrose[1]—was experienced, and about fifty years of age. I was among the youngest, and was only taught English and a little arithmetic. I lived in the house of my grandfather, who was Collector of Customs. Pollock was a very strict disciplinarian, had the reputation of being a first-rate teacher of English geography and recitation, but not great in classics or mathematics. He was very strict as to attendance—all who came late were severely punished. He flogged and used the cane and the tawse on the naked skin sometimes—he was accused of cruelty, and not without reason—so much so that the parents used to remonstrate. He lived on the South Beach, and certain boys were appointed every fortnight to stand at the corners of the streets between the house and the school to signal when he left his house, that the bell, on a high pole at the school, might be rung for the children to be all in and seated in their proper places when he arrived. The scholars were much afraid of him. I have a mark now on my right hand from a wound inflicted by his tawse. I must have been a year or two in his school. His wife was a delicate woman—she died soon after he came to

[1] An institution then celebrated in the north. Sir James Macintosh was a pupil.

Stornoway; he had a family of young children; then he got into bad health and also died, leaving his family quite destitute. Five or six humane gentlemen in Stornoway took each one of the family. My father took one called Lockhart, a strong, healthy boy, who was clothed, fed, and educated with my younger brothers; he latterly went to sea, and died of fever abroad when a young man. I have no knowledge what became of the others. No successor was appointed to Pollock, and the scholars almost all went to the parish school, then taught by Allan Mackenzie, a talented native, who had as his assistant one John Reid, son of a shoemaker in Stornoway, who attended the University of Aberdeen. I was at this school for two or three years, began Latin with nine others. My father became so much engaged in business in Stornoway that he took a house in town, spending part of his time in the town and part at Gress. I came to reside in my father's house from my grandfather's. I was for long the only boy at the school who had ever been on the mainland, and looked upon myself as superior to most of my schoolfellows. I used to be pestered with questions as to what I had seen while away. A large proportion of my schoolfellows went to sea, a number were drowned, or died abroad. My maternal uncle, James Robertson, had gone into the navy; he was a midshipman on board the *Victory* at the battle of Trafalgar, and saw Nelson in his dying moments. He came home as a commander on half-pay while I was a boy at his father's, and I had a desire to follow his example and go into the navy, but he always dissuaded me from it or being a sailor, which he used to say was

a very poor, hard profession. His younger brother John became a sailor, served his time in ships belonging to John Gladstone, father of William Gladstone, the celebrated orator and politician, rose to be a well-known and skilful sailor, got into the China trade and commanded sailing clippers before the days of steamers, and retired from the sea with money made by ventures in wines, etc., carried from this country to Hong-Kong, became a ship-broker in London, where he died, leaving a widow, a son, and a daughter.

In 1825 my grandfather's family left Stornoway and went to reside in Edinburgh. He had retired some years before on a pension from the Customs, and in July of that year, with my aunts Margaret and Hectorina, unmarried sisters of my mother, I left Stornoway in a sloop called the *Annabella*, newly built, and deep laden with slates. We were first driven into Loch Eriboll, and spent a day there; next, after a very rough passage through the Pentland Firth, we put into Fraserburgh, spent a couple of days there, and on the fourteenth day after leaving Stornoway we arrived at Leith Roads with fine weather. The *Annabella* was commanded by a John Mackenzie, who was married to a servant who had been for years housemaid in my father's house. He was very careful of me on this voyage, and when I grew up I renewed my acquaintance with him. I was very stirring and lively, and a great amusement to the captain and crew of the *Annabella* on the voyage, which in so small and deeply laden a vessel was neither comfortable nor agreeable. He and I landed first in the morning at Leith, and we walked up Leith Walk to Shrub Place, where my

uncle, Murdo Robertson, had lodgings, to advise him of our arrival. We found he was out, and we returned to the *Annabella* to land my aunts. On returning with them to Leith Pier we hired a carriage and pair, and drove in it with our luggage to Charlotte Place, behind St. George's Church in Charlotte Square, where Mrs. Mackenzie of Letterewe, her eldest son John and son Donald, with three daughters, lived. Two of them were about my own age. We were received with much kindness and hospitable attention. My uncle Murdo soon followed. He then held a poor situation in the Horning Office of the Register House. Donald Mackenzie was two years older than I was. The width of the streets, the size of the houses, the crowds of well-dressed people, the fine horses and carriages, large churches and public buildings, all overpowered me with surprise and delight, and the natural beauties of Edinburgh and its vicinity, with its spacious streets and gardens, quite charmed and amazed me. When leaving home some generous friends and acquaintances had made me presents of money, and as a boy of fourteen years I looked upon myself as quite a rich man; but I had been trained to be prudent and careful, and I believe that I contrived to have a good supply of pocket-money for many months after my arrival.

I was laughed at for my Stornoway intonation and pronunciation, and soon got rid of part of it, but when excited or in a hurry it broke out unknown to me for months after my arrival, which was really painful to me on several occasions. We remained for about a fortnight in Charlotte Place. A house had been taken in Stockbridge,

at 21 Ann Street, for my grandfather, to which we removed. My grandfather and grandmother arrived not long after, and we were established there—a nice quiet street, with small gardens before and behind, in a very healthy situation. I had made acquaintance while at Charlotte Place with some boys about my own age, friends of Donald Mackenzie, with whom I played in the evenings. I found as I had not been taught any Greek that I would be behind the boys in the fourth class in the Academy, which I was to enter on 1st October. I therefore went for an hour or two daily to a tutor to be instructed in Greek, and I made some small progress, but far from sufficient. I had come to Edinburgh at the wrong season. The schools had holidays in August and September, and did not open again till 1st October.

Referring to my visit to Gairloch previously mentioned, I was looked upon by my schoolfellows at Stornoway as a traveller who had been upon the mainland, and I gave them descriptions of the wonders I had seen, and was so vain as to boast of my superior knowledge, and of having seen what they had not, to the great amusement of my grandfather's family with whom I resided at the time. There occurred an incident at Stornoway soon after, which created a great sensation and excitement, and in which all the school children felt a deep interest. It was caused by the landing of a crew of seamen inside the Chicken Head, to the north of Stornoway Harbour, near the farm of Swordale, occupied by a widow lady, a Mrs. Morrison. They said their vessel had sunk and that they had escaped in the boat; they went into a cave in the rocks near a sandy beach. Their arrival

was reported at Stornoway. The Custom House authorities hearing of it, sent their surveyor and clerk, two intelligent men, Mr. Roderick M'Iver and Mr. Kenneth Mackenzie, the latter married to a daughter of Mrs. Morrison, to investigate who these shipwrecked mariners were, and to offer them assistance if necessary. They found seven or eight men, all seamen, in the cave, one very young, and more like a boy than a sailor apprentice. They found the most of the crew were from Arbroath or Montrose, and one was a Frenchman, a rough, coarse, sulky man. They gave particulars of their ship and of its loss, and quite satisfied the gentlemen of the Customs that they were a shipwrecked crew in distress, and that they were not smugglers and had landed nothing deserving of notice. Swordale is about six or seven miles from Stornoway, and there was a road to it by which these Custom House officers walked back to Stornoway. They had gone about a couple of miles when they were overtaken by the boy, who came to them running and excited and out of breath, and told them in broken English, that the crew they had seen had murdered the captain of their ship, and a supercargo who was on board; that the vessel was a schooner, bound from Malta to South America; that the mate and the Frenchman, who was cook, had committed the murders, and had taken possession of a quantity of silver dollars, and compelled the rest of the crew to join them, offering them a share of the dollars if they did so; that there was a division of the dollars amongst the sailors, and all the canvas on board had been cut up and converted into bags to hold each man's share; that they had

recollect hearing that the Frenchman, when asked to make a declaration, professed not to speak or understand English, made a statement in French, and there was no one in Stornoway who understood or spoke any French except Mr. James Reid, who had been a resident in Lower Canada for some time, where he had acquired a smattering of French. The investigation lasted for several days; the matter was reported to the Lord Advocate of the day in Edinburgh, and a revenue cutter was sent down from Leith to carry up the whole crew and the dollars. It was currently reported afterwards that on the night in which they had been deposited in Mrs. Morrison's barn at Swordale, a considerable amount had been abstracted, but by whom or by what means never transpired. Certain it is that for a year or two silver dollars were current in the town and shops, and that when a pound note was changed, dollars formed part of the silver given for it. I think this must have occurred in 1824, for when I left Stornoway in 1825 I carried with me several dollars, for each of which I got 3s. 10d. from a silversmith on the North Bridge, Edinburgh. The revenue cutter was afterwards sent to Stornoway to carry up a number of witnesses at the criminal trial which followed. The mate and cook were tried for the murders; the rest of the crew turned King's evidence against them. They were found guilty, and were hanged at high-water mark in Leith. The boy had been sent by his father in Malta a voyage to sea, to prove how he would like to become a sailor. He slept, by desire of his father, with the captain, and was the only witness who saw the captain shot either by the mate or the

Frenchman. The supercargo was in a separate berth, and the boy heard the scuffle and the shot which killed him. He heard them carrying both bodies on deck to be thrown overboard. The vessel had a cargo of beeswax and olive-oil, and it belonged to the supercargo who went with it, and he also took several thousand dollars packed in strong casks and put into the hold as part of the cargo. The captain alone was cognisant of the shipment of the specie. In an evil moment during the voyage he told the mate, who was a Scotsman, of the dollars. There were two watches kept on the vessel. The captain had charge of one, the mate of the other. The cook was in the mate's watch, and he told the cook about the dollars, and he was the author and originator of the murderous scheme. He persuaded the mate to join him, and to give him possession of a gun and ammunition. They sent the other members of their watch to sleep, and battened them and the rest of the crew down below in the forecastle before they shot the captain and supercargo. The occurrence was the subject of much talk and discussion in Lewis. There are few people now alive in Lewis who remember it. I should mention that they scuttled the vessel in the Minch, between Lewis and the mainland, thinking she would sink, but she went on her beam ends and floated in near Tolsta Head, to the north of Broad Bay in Lewis. A fishing-crew attempted to tow her, but owing to a strong wind and tide she struck the rocks near the headland and went to pieces. Beeswax and olive-oil were picked up by the fishermen, and I saw some of the wax sold on the streets of Stornoway by a woman who had it in a creel.

I entered the Edinburgh Academy in its second year, on 1st October 1825, went into the fourth class, for which I was not fitted, as I knew next to nothing of Greek. My master was Robert Mitchell for classics. He was an excellent, prudent man. Another boy who entered with me was also behind in Greek. Mr. Mitchell took special pains with us, spent an hour, from three to four o'clock after the school was dismissed, in instructing us, and before the end of the year I was an average Greek scholar in the class. My Gaelic intonation in reading was the amusement of the class, which numbered about seventy; they laughed immoderately, but I soon got rid of it. In writing and arithmetic I stood well, becoming dux at arithmetic. At first I was low in Latin, stuck at forty or thereabouts for a month or two, but gradually, to my great delight, I rose by degrees, till at the close of the session I was up to about the tenth, and my average was seventeen. I became a favourite at our games outside, and I got through the first year at the Academy creditably. Most of the boys had private tutors to teach them at home in the evenings, which I had not, and this was an immense advantage. In August 1826 I went with my grandfather, grandmother, and aunts to spend the holidays at Gilgarron in Cumberland, the seat of my uncle, Captain James Robertson Walker, who had married Miss Walker, the owner of that property, a very nice, wooded, arable, and pastoral estate, six miles from Whitehaven, and two or three miles from the sea-coast. Here I had a Galloway pony to ride about on. We went from Edinburgh to Greenock, and thence by steamer to

Cumberland, having a rough, difficult landing at Whitehaven. We had expeditions to the Lakes, and I enjoyed the carriage-driving much. I was most kindly treated by Mrs. Walker and my uncle. We returned by Carlisle, and thence by coach to Edinburgh, and I entered the Academy again on 1st October 1826, going into the fifth or lower rector's class. The rector was Rev. Mr. Williams, a fat, kind, oldish man, whom we called 'Punch.' Mitchell also continued our master. The dux of my class was Andrew Ramsay Campbell, son of the Baronet of Succoth. He was full cousin of the dux of the highest rector's or seventh class of the Academy, Archibald Campbell Tait, whose father was a Writer to the Signet, and this young man afterwards went to Oxford and distinguished himself as a scholar, succeeded Dr. Arnold, a very celebrated teacher of Rugby, and rose eventually to be Archbishop of Canterbury, an honour for a humble Scotsman. He was a very amiable lad. I had often conversations with him; he never joined in our sports, was delicate in constitution and a little lame, but looked on with pleasure.

I had a successful season at the Academy, and in a class of sixty was sixth at close of the year. Dux again of arithmetic, but did not excel, to my great disappointment, at mathematics.

I had now quite acquired the manners, ideas, and appearance of an Edinburgh-bred boy; became fond of dress. Early in August I left Edinburgh for Stornoway to spend my holidays at home. I got by steamer *Maid of Islay* from West Tarbet to Portree, accompanied by David Reid, son

of Captain Reid, commander of the revenue cutter at Stornoway. From Portree we were to go by a sailing-sloop to Stornoway. A Mr. Syme was on board *en route* to marry a Miss Jane Macleod, the belle of Stornoway; her brother came in this vessel to meet Syme at Portree, who was well advanced in years, but reputed rich. On our first attempt we were beat back by strong contrary winds. Next attempt we encountered head-winds and landed at Loch Shell, whence we walked across the moors to Loch Erisort, and crossing it by boat, walked through Lochs Parish to Stornoway. When I came in sight of the town near Stornoway Lodge, the residence of the proprietor, I was struck with its shabby, inferior appearance, as I had large, boyish recollections of it, but I was delighted and pleased to enter it again. My father had a house in town, where I slept; they were all absent at Gress. I saw some of my friends, and went next morning to Gress. My younger brothers were taught by an old Stornoway schoolfellow of whom I was fond as a boy, Daniel Mackinlay, son of a Peter Mackinlay, who was a tide-waiter in the Customs. He was a poor man, and Daniel used to be poorly clad, without shoes. He was dux of my class in Allan Mackenzie's school, and my father, seeing me fond of him, took a liking for him, and brought him to Gress, where he taught my brothers and copied letters and accounts besides for my father. I enjoyed my holiday very much, took to fishing and shooting, and added much to my strength and activity, for up to this date I was a puny, pale-looking boy; though very active, not strong. After two months of healthful exercise

I returned to Edinburgh. I should mention that my sister Lillias, the oldest of our family, was in a boarding-school in Edinburgh, with a Mrs. Murray in Pitt Street, in 1825 when I went to Edinburgh, but had now returned home and took a leading part of family matters in my father's household. I should have continued another year at the Academy, but my father had begun to grudge the expense of keeping me in Edinburgh longer at school. I had lived all along in my grandfather's house. My uncle, Murdo Robertson, had been very kind to me. I slept with him, and he, having now a much larger income than he had previously in the Horning Office, from a situation in the Bill Chamber at the Register House, was generous as well as kind. I was thus to a certain extent under his influence and guidance. When I returned to Edinburgh after my holidays in Lewis in 1827, it was resolved to send me to the Junior Latin and Senior Greek at the University. I found I was superior as a Latin scholar to the large majority of lads in the class, and much to my amazement I was selected by Professor Pillans to act as general censor to the class, with power to have a seat near the professor on the bench he occupied. I little knew what trouble this was to cost me, for it took up much of my time and attention, which would otherwise have been much more usefully employed in attending to my studies and education. In fact, looking back on my college days, I am satisfied I was a better classical scholar when I entered after quitting the Academy than I was after being two sessions in the Greek and Latin classes at the University.

During my last year at the Academy, on one occasion

two gentlemen came into our classroom, as visitors often did. One of them was a heavy, dull, red-faced, grey-haired gentleman, who kept his head and face down without the smallest appearance of animation. He was well known to many of my schoolfellows, and the whisper went round at once that he was Sir Walter Scott, the great poet and novelist of the day. We were reading a chapter of Xenophon's *Anabasis* in Greek, translating and parsing as we went along, when they entered. To my amazement Mr. Mitchell, on a short pause, called upon me to read a sentence or two of an older lesson in the *Anabasis*. By this time I had become a good Greek scholar. I knew the sentence asked for well, and read and translated it correctly without a stop or hitch, and was complimented by the master when I concluded on the correctness with which I had read and answered, and ever afterwards I felt no small pride in having been asked to show my scholarship before so great and eminent an author as Sir Walter was.

I had, as general censor at the University, to keep a short account of all students absent, all who came in late, all who did not give in their monthly and weekly exercises, all who did not conduct themselves properly in the class, to collect fines, and to go once a week to the professor's house, to give him information on all these points. I paid him the fee the same as the other students, for two sessions, and considered myself rather shabbily treated, that I received no recompense for all the labour and trouble I went through in the not very enviable position of general censor.

In 1827, when the College classes broke up, I remained

in Edinburgh till August; and in 1828, when the College broke up, I went home to Stornoway, and began to amuse myself by shooting and fishing at Gress, and doing anything I could or was asked to do by my father in his multifarious works and business, for he had several farms, bought and sold cattle, had several vessels which traded to Liverpool, Dublin, Glasgow, Leith, Newcastle, etc. He had a large store and shop at Stornoway, and was thus a leading man in the island, and without exception the most popular man in it. He was a man of natural talent, who had received a very imperfect education, speculative, impetuous in disposition, extremely good-hearted, kind, and charitable, always ready to calls and requests, and to assist the poor and all in trouble or want; and to such an extent did he carry this out, that at his death there were several thousands of pounds due to his estate, which his trustees handed over to my brother James for £500, and he often said this was more than he ever received for it.

My father had a promise from Mr. William Mackenzie of Muirton, Writer to the Signet, that he would receive me into his office as an apprentice, if I was educated and was two years at the University, an arrangement which I adopted, as giving me a prospect of a higher and better life than anything possible in Lewis; but when I was quite fitted to enter, Mr. Mackenzie declined to receive me, and dissuaded my father from bringing me up to his profession—that it required influence and capital to get business, that the profession was overdone, and in the hands of certain large firms; and he recommended that I should be taught

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farming in the southern counties to fit me to become a land-valuator, and that I should be taught land-surveying, and that such a man would get a good business, as such were much required, and that I would thus be fitted, if I preferred it, to become a factor on a landed estate.

I returned to Edinburgh in November 1829 and attended a French class, and went into the office of my uncle, Murdo Robertson, in the Bill Chamber, Register House, where I was kept busy for some hours daily. I copied bills of suspension and interdict, but literally acquired no legal knowledge whatever. I improved my writing and made acquaintance as a lad with numbers connected with the legal profession, but at the close of the winter of 1829-30 I felt I had not added much to my store of information or education. I had a large and extensive acquaintance in Edinburgh, and spent the winter more pleasantly than profitably. I had continued to reside in my grandfather's house up to 1828, but in 1829-30 I lived with my uncle Murdo in lodgings. He had always been very kind and generous to me; he had not got on agreeably with his sisters, and had left his father's house, and I became mixed up with this domestic quarrel, and Murdo wished me to live with him, for he was a bachelor in lodgings.

CHAPTER II

My father had consulted Mr. Robert Brown, factor at Hamilton for the Duke of Hamilton, as to my future, who, highly approving that I should be sent to an arable farm to see good farming, selected the farm of Byretown on the estate of Corehouse near the Clyde and its banks, opposite to the town of Lanark in Lanarkshire, and beside the famous Cora Linn Fall. This farm had been taken from Lord Corehouse by Mr. Alexander Anderson, an esteemed farmer, who had come from the vicinity of the town of Kirkcaldy in Fife, and was at this time taking in some new land from moorland on the outer part of Byretown, and where it was thought I would see some draining, trenching, etc., of new land, and in what manner it was improved. I went in the latter days of February 1830 from Edinburgh to Hamilton, spent a couple of days there with Mr. Brown, and on the 1st March 1830 I drove up the Vale of Clyde along numerous gardens, arable land, and rich scenery, to Byretown. I found Anderson and his numerous family plain, industrious people. There was another boarder from Cheetham of the name of Smith, whom I soon found to have a want, a sort of idiot, without common-sense. I was quite pleased here for a time, and was treated by Mr. and

Mrs. Anderson with kindness. He was a quiet, judicious man, but except in his practice of farming, and the improvement of this new part of his farm, I did not consider I would learn much. He was not an educated, intelligent man, had not succeeded in life as a farmer, was a poor man who had not capital for the work he had undertaken to improve. There was a large family of sons and daughters; of the sons, one was older than I, the other younger. They lived comfortably, and I had the best bedroom; they were strangers, and had very few neighbours or acquaintances. I was charged at the rate of £80 a year for education in farming and for board. Mr. Anderson told me to look well about and see how the farm was conducted, but otherwise I may say I received no instruction whatever. Some dairy cows were kept, and the produce was sold in the town of Lanark. A few sheep with early lambs, and a few small cattle were fed, which were sent to Glasgow for sale. I remained in Byretown for the summer, and led an idle, useless life, spent six weeks in Edinburgh in August and September in the Bill Chamber acting for my uncle, Murdo Robertson, and returned to Byretown to see the crop harvested, and carried to the stackyard. Mr. Anderson's eldest daughter made a runaway marriage soon after I went there with a neighbouring farmer on the estate. The eldest son had made up his mind to emigrate to Swan River in Western Australia, and signs of something wrong gradually appeared. Mr. Anderson informed me that he had made up his mind to leave Byretown, and that he had been very unjustly treated by his landlord, Lord Corehouse, that he had

not been able to pay his rent when due, and that he intended to accompany his son to Australia with all his family. I saw the stock and furniture sold, and then I was sent by Mr. Brown to a sheep-farm in Dumfriesshire to see how sheep-farming was conducted there. Before this I had accompanied the eldest son, Henry Anderson, to Kirkcaldy, on his way to Leith, to ship there by smack to London *en route* to Australia; on my return in the month of November I left Byretown, and went by coach from Edinburgh to Dumfries. I joined it at Chesterhill and went by the Pass of Delvin into Nithsdale, left it at Thornhill, whence I drove to Gilchristand, a farm on the estate of Closeburn, tenanted by an old man of the name of Alexander Gibson, two miles up the hill from the valley of the Nith, on the road leading across to Annandale. He was a bachelor, living alone in an excellent farmhouse with a garden. This farm had about forty or fifty acres of arable land; the rest was pasture, stocked with Cheviot ewes. The factor on this estate was a Mr. Watt, nephew of Mr. Brown at Hamilton, and the estate was possessed by Sir Charles Monteith of Closeburn, who resided in winter in Edinburgh, and who had a large, grown-up family. Mr. Gibson held a large farm with a black-faced stock on Crawford Muir, high land, but excellent pasture, called 'Crooked Stane,' and he regularly attended Dumfries market, which was held weekly all the year. He drove a single horse and gig. He left the whole management of his sheep to his shepherds, and I soon discovered that I had to obtain all information and instruction from them. He

had a large and extensive acquaintance amongst the farmers of the district, and was often out for the night among them. Coursing hares was much practised, and he kept a pair of hounds for this sport, one of them a noted hound which generally showed its superiority by killing. No hare had a chance with this lady hound on level ground, but on hilly ground it was otherwise. I was often a guest at the factor's house. He was a married man and very hospitable. He had married a widow with a family. He resided in an old castle, near a small lake, the former residence of an old family named Kilpatrick, who were obliged to part with the estate. The proprietor's house was not very far distant, modern, with large garden on the junction of the valley of Nith with its northern side of the valley or hill, and the manse and church were also close. I made a number of acquaintances, for Mr. Gibson spent a night or two from home every week. His brother was minister of Lochmaben in Annandale, an influential and intelligent doctor of divinity, in whose house I met John Archibald Murray, then Lord Advocate, and wishing to become member for the Dumfries district of burghs, of which Lochmaben, a little ancient town, was one; he recollected having been at Gress with Lady Hood Mackenzie some years before. I thus spent my time in Dumfriesshire very agreeably, but cannot say that my practical information or instruction was much added to, so far as sheep-farming was concerned. Mr. Gibson was not a man of much intelligence, nor was he of a genial disposition—a very peculiar tempered man. I got on well with him. He was not a great letter-writer; he made me

useful to him in this respect, and before I left, he often asked my opinion on subjects which at that time I was not very able to consider soundly. I remained with him till July 1831, when he gathered an immense party to bid me adieu, both of ladies and gentlemen, such as they all declared he had never before brought together in his house, rich man though he was, and we parted the best of friends, he extracting a promise from me that when he married I would come to be his best man. He was over sixty years of age, a big, stout, clumsy man, given to his potations every night at home or abroad. He afterwards visited me in Dingwall, once wrote to me that he was to be married, and asked me to come south to fulfil my promise of being best man, on a fixed day, but soon after wrote to say he had changed his mind, and telling me not to come on. He died a few years after, leaving an estate and a large amount of money to some grand-nephews or nieces.

I returned to Lewis in 1831, having seen all Mr. Gibson's sheep fleeced on the several farms, and I at once began to assist my father in every possible manner in his various businesses during the autumn, but in November I again returned to Edinburgh. My aunt Hectorina had married Mr. Scott Moncrieff, the minister of Penicuik, in which parish my grandfather had purchased a house and piece of ground called Southbank, on the south side of the Esk below the village of Penicuik. By this connection I was admitted to the factor's office on the estate of the Duke of Buccleuch at Dalkeith, the factor, Robert Scott Moncrieff, being brother to the minister of Penicuik.

There was only one clerk in the office, a Mr. Watson, who was an excellent accountant, wrote a neat hand, and was a good man of business. Here I remained for about six months, and acquired a good deal of instruction as to the manner of keeping estate factory accounts. I returned to Stornoway in 1832.

It was in the autumn of 1831 that I first met my dear wife. She and her sister Catherine came to Stornoway to visit their cousins and their uncle, Mr. John Macdonald. They were asked to Gress; an attachment there sprung up betwixt us which, after much unhappiness and disagreeable contention with my family and friends, ended seven years afterwards in my marriage to her.

I continued in 1832-33 and 1834 to assist my father, visited Ireland, and was in Edinburgh, and made myself as useful as I could. Looking back on those years, they appear to me to have been useless to some extent. I fished and shot a good deal. Shootings were just beginning to be let. Campbell of Islay had the whole island of Lewis one season for a mere trifle. He was followed by Sir Frederick Johnstone. Previously there was but one keeper on the whole island. I had meantime accompanied my father and my uncle, Mr. Colin Maciver, over the Lewis, purchasing cattle, both for droving and for winterers, and was never idle. I attended a Muir of Ord market with cattle and sheep from the farm of Shieldaig, and was present at a Highland Society dinner at an Inverness show, and kept myself up in all farming matters, and the other business of Lewis in which my father was concerned. Still I was not satisfied, for

I never took to his business as one of profit or pleasure; on the contrary, I disliked the fishing trade and dealing with so many impecunious people. I was most anxious to emigrate to Australia, but my father was quite opposed. He said some capital was necessary, and he could not afford to give me any. In the autumn of 1834 my father was in Skye. He spent two days with Mr. Hugh P. Macdonald at Monkstadt, where he met Mr. John Bowie, a Writer to the Signet, of Edinburgh, agent there for Lord Macdonald, Davidson of Tulloch, and other Highland estates. Mr. Bowie and my father were thrown much together, and had long consultations. Mr. Bowie was vain of his clients, who he said as a rule were poor, with large Highland estates, which yielded poor incomes. He told my father he was looking out for a factor for the estates of Tulloch, which he said were much mismanaged, and that he wished to know about Mr. Alexander Stewart at Stornoway, who had been factor for Seaforth for some years, but had been dismissed. My father told him that Stewart was a very clever, active man, but Bowie had heard the reason of his dismissal, and said he could never recommend him as factor to Mr. Davidson, and asked my father if he knew any one he could recommend: my father said he knew none, but he gave Mr. Bowie full particulars as to my education and rearing. Mr. Bowie was taken with the story, took down all particulars, and said he would write to Mr. Davidson fully on the subject, and if he approved, that I would be asked to go to Tulloch to see him. My father gave him the names of Brown at Hamilton and Scott Moncrieff at

Dalkeith as referees as to my capabilities. Some weeks passed after my father's return home before any letter came from Mr. Bowie. We had begun to think the matter would go no further, and we were on the west side of the island purchasing young cattle from the crofters, when, on our return to Stornoway, a letter came from Mr. Bowie, requesting that as soon as possible I should visit Mr. Davidson at Tulloch. In a few days I set out and called at Tulloch Castle. Mr. Davidson and a party were just starting to shoot grouse on the moor behind Tulloch. He was most polite, and asked me to dinner, and I spent two or three days in Dingwall, and saw Tulloch several times. It ended in his saying that he was quite willing I should be appointed his factor, but that his brother and Lord Reay in London, as a trustee, took a deep interest in his affairs, and that it would be necessary that I should go first to see Bowie, and then go on to London. This trip pleased me very much. Mrs. Davidson said a French governess she had was leaving and going to Edinburgh, and that she would be glad to go under my protection if I would take her in charge. I at once said I would be glad to do so at her request, and this young lady and I drove to Invergordon together, and next morning took the steamer to Leith or Granton, which at that time was the cheapest mode of travelling from Dingwall to Edinburgh.

I called for Mr. Bowie, W.S., in Edinburgh, got a letter from him to Mr. Henry Davidson, brother of Mr. Davidson of Tulloch, and a leading partner in the firm of Davidson, Barkly and Co., Leadenhall Street, London. Mr. Bowie

gave me £20 to pay my expenses. At this time the only railway open in the kingdom for passengers was that from Liverpool to Manchester, and being most anxious for a drive on a railway, I went to Glasgow and thence by steamer to Liverpool, where I remained a day, met my uncle, John Robertson; saw my aunt, Mrs. M'Neil, who with her daughter Lillias resided there; my cousin, Kenneth Maciver (Coll), who was in an office there, and other Stornoway friends. I got my first railway drive to Manchester; it was so rapid that I reached Manchester much sooner than I expected, and was rather disappointed at the brevity of the journey. Next day I left Manchester at 6 A.M. in a splendidly horsed stage-coach with four horses, and had a most interesting drive all the way to London. The distance was 180 miles; it was accomplished in eighteen hours to the Post Office at St. Martin's le Grand. As we approached London we met a great number of mail-coaches with four horses and shining lights, carrying the mails north from London. I went to a large hotel near the Post Office called the 'Bull and Mouth,' where I was most comfortable. This being my first visit to the great metropolis I felt much interested, and expected to see new sights and enjoy myself. I had relatives in London, the family of a grand-uncle, brother of my grandfather, who was dead, with sons older than myself. My first business, however, was to call for Mr. Henry Davidson in Lime Street Square, and deliver my letter of introduction from Mr. Bowie. This was not far from my hotel, and having studied its locality on the map of London, I was able to find it next morning without

asking a question. Mr. Davidson received me very kindly, kept me for an hour talking on various subjects, explained a good deal about his brother and his estates, and their present management, introduced me to Mr. Barkly, his partner, who told me he was a native of Cromarty. I was told by Mr. Davidson that he wished to introduce me to Lord Reay, who acted nominally as a trustee on the Tulloch estates, and he asked me to call on him in a day or two for this purpose. I walked direct from the City to Trafalgar Square, and strange to say I met two acquaintances. The first was Mr. Stewart Mackenzie, the husband of the proprietrix of the Lewis, and M.P. for Ross-shire; the other a school and college friend from Edinburgh, John Stuart Sutherland, a student of medicine. Seaforth, as he was called, immediately recognised me, and asked what had brought me up to London. I told him, and he at once said he did not think I would succeed. I fancied he thought me too young and inexperienced; and I afterwards found that was his opinion. I next found out the office of my relative, Henry Robertson, who was acting as a wine-agent in the City. A clever, kind relative I found him, and much disposed to assist and advise me, and he said his mother had a spare room in her house and could receive me, an offer I was too glad to accept. I left the hotel and went to Mrs. Robertson's in a very retired outshoot of London towards Islington. I remained for a week or ten days, and saw many of the London sights. Mrs. Robertson had three sons at home; one, James, the oldest, a lieutenant in the navy; one, Richard, who had been in Portugal in the service of Don Pedro, and with

other young Englishmen who had entered this service, had been discharged at the close of a revolution, and returned to England with some pay in their pockets; a foolish, reckless lot they appeared to be. I met them at Henry Robertson's office, spending their money freely. I was introduced to Lord Reay, who appeared to be a benevolent old gentleman, living in great comfort, with a young, illegitimate daughter he had educated as a lady. I then dined with Henry Davidson and his banker, whose name I forget; had a very recherché, sumptuous feast. Lord Reay had previously sold his estate in Sutherlandshire in 1829 to the Sutherland family, and was living quietly on the residue. I little thought that I would in the future have charge of the greater portion of his estate, as factor over it for fifty years of my life. It was then settled that I should become factor for Tulloch at the term of Martinmas 1834 with a salary of £200 a year, and that I should reside in Loch Broom, at the place of Inver Broom, then unoccupied. Having seen as much as possible of London and its style and sights and numerous novelties, I returned by Liverpool, Glasgow, and Edinburgh to Dingwall, saw Mr. Davidson, and called for Dr. Wishart, the factor, who was my predecessor, and who gave me a most rude and ungracious reception. I proceeded to Stornoway, crossed the Minch in the packet from Poolewe to Stornoway, with Seaforth as my fellow-passenger. He was then canvassing the county and preparing for a general election, being opposed by Mr. Thomas Mackenzie of Applecross, a W.S. of Edinburgh. My father and family and all friends received me with pleasure as having

succeeded in the object of my mission to London, and I did not remain long in Lewis. I was aware that Dr. Wishart was to collect the rents of the Gruinard estate at Aultbea, Loch Ewe, on a certain day, and I arranged to cross by the packet and meet him there. He was most unwilling to relinquish his position as factor, and looked on me as an intruder, alleging that Mr. Davidson was due him a large sum of money, and declaring that he would continue factor till he was paid. The commencement of my official career was thus attended with disagreeable difficulty. Mr. Davidson had told me that it would be my best policy not to have any open quarrel with Dr. Wishart, that he was the medical attendant of his family, and that he desired to hold amicable relations with him, and that matters would gradually settle down, and I would get full charge. I had a long and stormy passage in the packet from Stornoway. We were the first day put in to Lochs, and next day, with a gale from the west, I was put ashore at Aultbea, opposite Isle Ewe. I found Dr. Wishart in the midst of his rent collection. He was accompanied by Kenneth M'Kenzie, Fascrionach, whose father and mother had kept a small hotel there, in the upper part of the Big Strath, at the point where Sir John Fowler afterwards created a charming garden for fruits and flowers. This young man had accompanied Dr. Wishart from Loch Broom, where he had previously collected rents. The inn at Aultbea was a thatched house, with a but and a ben; in short, a kitchen at one end and a room at the other, in which was a bed, and in which meals were partaken of, and in which the rent

collection was proceeding. I was told there was no room for me there when I entered. I had previously made up my mind not to interfere with Dr. Wishart, but simply look on. There was a ground-officer from Loch Broom present, one William Maclennan, and he appeared to conduct the business, told each tenant what was due, and Dr. Wishart received the money and gave a receipt. I was simply a looker-on, so was Kenneth M'Kenzie. I was soon struck by altercations between Maclennan and the tenants as to the amounts due and previously paid, which led to delay and angry discussion with Maclennan, who had been sent previously by Dr. Wishart to collect arrears. A case arose as to which no agreement could be come to. Dr. Wishart was nonplussed, and did not seem to know what to do. I offered to assist; he gladly accepted. I found a payment had been made to Maclennan which he denied, but the man produced a receipt for it from Maclennan, and I decided that the man was entitled to credit for it. The matter ended in my assisting to get the collection on more rapidly and agreeably. Dr. Wishart became more friendly, and finally we travelled together towards Dingwall in his gig, which met him at Kinlochewe at the upper end of Loch Maree. We got late at night to Achnanault on a Saturday. On our arrival we found an express waiting for Dr. Wishart, asking him to come on at once to Coul as Lady Mackenzie was seriously unwell. We had a long, fatiguing journey on a short winter's day from Poolewe, and I parted with Dr. Wishart, who went on to Coul that night, to find Lady Mackenzie dead on his arrival.

Next morning I found a heavy snowstorm had set in: it being Sunday I did not think of moving, and snow fell all day; on Monday the storm still increased. I could not now venture out. In the evening two gentlemen from Loch Carron, voters and tenants on the Applecross estate, arrived on their way to the nomination of members at Dingwall for Ross-shire, but they could go no farther. Next day they decided not to go on, but to await the arrival of Mr. Mackenzie of Applecross and his friends on their way to poll at Janetown. I could not, owing to the storm, get any mode of conveyance to Dingwall, and I also remained. Applecross and his party on arrival filled the house. They proceeded next day with difficulty to the west, and Applecross having offered me the use of a horse his party had brought, belonging to Major Mackenzie of Fodderty, I availed myself of the offer, and rode next day through deep snow all the way to Fodderty. Mrs. Mackenzie was a native of Stornoway, a Miss Nicolson, and she received me as a countryman, and during eleven years after I maintained a pleasing social friendship with the major and his family.

I took lodgings in Dingwall and settled down to my official duties. I found that although Dr. Wishart had been factor for Tulloch for several years, he had never rendered any account of his intromissions, though repeatedly called upon to do so, and that it had been found necessary to send down an accountant from Edinburgh to investigate his accounts and ascertain how he stood with the estate. This accountant was Mr. Archibald Marshall; he lived at Tulloch, and he was busy there going over the transactions

of Dr. Wishart during his factorship. I at once proposed to Mr. Davidson that I should be associated with Marshall, and accordingly I spent several weeks with him, and thus acquired a knowledge, not only of how factory accounts should be kept and made out, but also a knowledge of all the details of the business of the estate during Wishart's factorship, which I found most valuable and useful afterwards. Wishart kept no regular cash-book, no rental-books no ledgers, but had a bag full of letters, receipts, and accounts all jumbled up together in a confused mass. A more ignorant man of business could not be conceived. He employed a poor, lame banker of the name of Ross, who lived opposite the house, to make out accounts and take down jottings of his instructions, and these were the principal materials given by him to Marshall to enable him to arrive at a true state of his account. I spent three months in the spring of 1835 with Marshall, and before Whitsunday of that year I had a very full knowledge of the state of matters over the estate, and by degrees Dr. Wishart ceased to act, and I got full charge. I found it was an Augean stable, numerous complications and difficulties created by mismanagement, no system or regularity of any kind practised, and young, and in many matters inexperienced as I was, I determined to meet them all with determination and firmness. I found Mr. Davidson an acute, sensible man, well able to direct and advise, and this greatly encouraged and aided me in the discharge of my duties. The estate was extensive and valuable, but scattered over a wide extent of country. Mr. Davidson had been

obliged to purchase the small estate of Braelangwell in Resolis on account of an obligation he had come under for the Hon. James Sinclair, brother of the Earl of Caithness; a portion of the arable land on this estate was not let, and was farmed on Tulloch's account, which I found very troublesome and unprofitable. The farm of Mountrich was in the parish of Kiltearn; next was Tulloch in the parish of Dingwall, in which he was principal heritor, with fine, strong, rich soil, producing heavy corn crops; next, a fine estate in Fodderty; next, in Contin; and beyond, on the west coast of Ross-shire, large extensive hill-farms, including the Balone and Leckmelm estates in Loch Broom, and Strath-na-shalag and Fisherfield also, and next, the estate of Gruinard in Gairloch. There was no road on which a vehicle could be driven from Garve to Loch Broom, no road from Kinlochewe along Loch Maree to Aultbea, no bridge on the river Ewe, no road along the coast from Little Gruinard to Ullapool, no bridge across the Meikle Gruinard River. The difficulty of travelling to and from the different estates on the west coast was great. I rode a strong Highland pony, carrying saddle-bags, with some clothing and small official books and papers, and for ten or eleven years found these trips laborious. There were valuable woods and hardwood on the estate which had literally produced nothing, although a sawmill had been erected at Strathskiah, at the back of the Tulloch fir-wood. I persuaded Mr. Davidson to appoint a forester, who understood all about planting and cutting down timber, which for the years I had charge of the estates yielded a regular annual profit.

During my factorship in 1838, Mr. Davidson acquired the Hilton estate from arable land in Strathpeffer, situated on its northern side between the estates of Cromartie and Tulloch, which added largely to the value of Tulloch and also to its amenity for shooting, and the whole estates continued in Mr. Davidson's possession while I continued factor up to Martinmas 1845.

I found John Binning, the person I selected as wood-forester, a steady, active, and sensible man, who understood his work well. He had not much knowledge of business; wrote a good hand. He copied my factory accounts, and soon quite acquired the ability to make up accounts in a neat, correct, business manner. I insisted on settling all the wood accounts monthly, and his management of the woods was satisfactory in every way. The estate improved yearly in rent. My position was very agreeable, Tulloch being a perfect gentleman in manner, kind, courteous, and reasonable, with an amount of acuteness and good judgment in the conduct of business that greatly aided me in the beginning of my official career. But he had one most unfortunate failing. He was extravagant, and spent much more than his income, and thus in money matters I was often plunged into difficulties how to supply his demands or keep him going. He added the estate of Fisherfield to Strath-na-shalag in Loch Broom. It was the low ground of Strath-na-shalag; came in between it and the sea. Their junction added to the value of both. The greater part of the purchase price was left on mortgage over it, and the balance paid was small. I let these conjoined farms for

sheep at a rent of £500. The shootings were now becoming more valuable on Highland estates, and increasing the rentals. Forests were few and rare at this date. Grouse-shooting was more in request.

It was about this time that the Caledonian Banking Company was formed in Inverness. That town had long been stationary, and had made little or no progress of any kind. No manufacture of any kind was carried on. It was a dull town with all its natural capabilities; approached on the south-west by the Caledonian Canal, and connected with the sea on the east by the Inverness Firth, still it was dormant, considered a very expensive place to live in, and on the whole sleepy and lifeless, with much aristocratic pride and hauteur among some proprietors who resided in and near it. The formation of this local bank was the first to rouse it from its torpor. Branches were opened in various small towns near it to the north and east. In Dingwall, when I went there, only one branch of the Nationa. Bank of Scotland existed, and it had a large business, the agent being Hugh Innes Cameron, who had influence as county clerk, provost, law-agent, and factor on several estates. In 1836 a branch of the Aberdeen Town and County Bank was opened under the agency of Mr. Colin Munro, a writer and sheep-farmer. He was anxious to establish a good business, and discounted freely, without much consideration or ordinary caution, the consequence being that in the course of a few years he had made so many bad debts due to the bank by his liberality, that the directors of the bank resolved to withdraw the branch, and

offered the business to the Caledonian Banking Company, who accepted it, and sent an interim agent from Inverness to open a branch. Mr. Charles Waterston, the manager at Inverness, came to Dingwall and made acquaintance with the place and its inhabitants. To my great surprise he came to me and said he would recommend his directors to offer me the agency if I was willing to accept it on fair terms. I readily agreed if it could be arranged. I was bound by my agreement with Tulloch's trustees, to devote all my time to my duties on the Tulloch estate. Waterston called on Tulloch, and he readily consented. I was appointed in 1838, and was thus placed in a very much more responsible position in Dingwall and the western division of the county of Ross than I had previously occupied.

I may here mention that my affections had for years been fixed on my dear wife. I met her in 1836 at Loch Inver, and in 1837 at Rhives, Loch Inver, and at Dingwall; and in 1838, on 1st November, we were married at Kingsburgh in Skye, where her father's family resided. My father and other friends had been opposed to the connection, but seeing that I was resolved, they gave their consent. My parents came to the marriage, and it all passed off satisfactorily. On our arrival in Dingwall we were cordially received by my wife's aunts, Mrs. Chisholm and the Misses Mackenzie, and by my own relations and numerous friends there; the little town was full of gaiety, dinners and dances being given on our account by so many, that it was universally said that there had not been such rejoicing for many years among them. Thus our married life began

under promising auspices. I had taken a small house from Mrs. Chisholm, her own large one on one side, and the house occupied by my kind relation, Miss Hectorina Mackenzie, on the other side. The bank office was situated halfway down the town, where I carried on the Tulloch estate business also. I kept a horse and gig, had two females and a groom as servants. We lived there for a couple of years. But the bank business having increased beyond expectation, the directors not only added to my salary, but resolved to build a substantial office and dwelling-house in a central position in what was then the centre of the burgh, at the junction of Tulloch Street with the High Street, which I selected, to which we removed early in 1841, finding it a commodious and comfortable residence. I got on successfully with both the management of the Tulloch estates and the bank, and I flatter myself that I was both esteemed and respected in the western district of Ross-shire as a steady good man of business, and courteous and prudent as a bank-agent. I had not been brought up so as to have much knowledge of banking business, but having had full and intimate knowledge of the mistakes committed by Mr. Colin Munro as agent for the Aberdeen Bank, I was careful to avoid the rocks on which he struck, and by which he made losses. I was on intimate social relations with him and his excellent wife, and he gave me a lesson and warning which was of much benefit.

In the course of a year or two Hugh Innes Cameron's influence and power in Dingwall waned. A social scandal so disgusted and disgraced him, that he actually gave up all his

situations in Dingwall and left the country, removed to London, and set up as a parliamentary solicitor, at first in partnership with Theodore Martin; next set up the British Bank, and eventually ended disgracefully, he and his directors being tried criminally, found guilty, and imprisoned for dishonest practices. He was succeeded in the National Bank at Dingwall by his brother, Captain Alexander Cameron, a retired army officer, wholly ignorant of business, and very unfit for the position. The business of the bank under his management, and previously also, had decreased. Many accounts were removed from it and transferred to the Caledonian Bank, in which the deposits had largely increased, and it became the principal bank, and so continued for many years, and is still, I believe, the best branch of the bank.

In 1840-41 I had a most troublesome, difficult business in the shape of a law-plea raised against Mr. Davidson about a salmon-fishing on the coast of the estate of Gruinard in Gairloch, which was let to Mr. Donald Macdonald, Loch Inver, in Sutherlandshire, at a rent of £10 a year, by a very singular man, with whom love of law amounted to a mania, Murdo Mackenzie, once proprietor of Ardross, and now of the estate of Dundonnell in Loch Broom, also of Meikle Gruinard, the salmon-fishing of the Meikle and Little rivers of Gruinard, and of the 'Bay of Gruinard,' which right of salmon-fishing was held under a crown charter. Murdo had recently purchased the small estate of Meikle Gruinard. These rights of salmon-fishing with the Hill of Fannich, which he had purchased from Mr. Hay Mackenzie of

Cromartie, Mr. Davidson had been anxious to acquire, as they adjoined his estates of Braemore and Mungasdale in Loch Broom, and Gruinard in Gairloch, and as they were sold by auction in Edinburgh. But this notorious litigant was determined to have them, and outbid Tulloch, and so acquired them. He soon after raised an action to define what were the limits of the 'Bay of Gruinard.' No such bay was defined on any map, and neither Hay Mackenzie nor his predecessors had ever fished for salmon on the shores of the estate of Gruinard, possessed by Tulloch and his predecessors. Meikle Gruinard was in the parish of Loch Broom, the estate of Gruinard was in the parish of Gairloch. The 'Bay of Gruinard' was said by Ardross, as he was called, to extend to Greenstone Point, which was fished by Mr. Macdonald by bag-nets, a new sort of net for salmon-fishing, and a very deadly and efficient mode of catching salmon near headlands, but modern, and only then begun to be practised. This case came before a jury in the Court of Session in August 1841, and after two days' discussion and the examination of a number of witnesses, it was decided that the 'Bay of Gruinard' must extend to Greenstone Point, and that the estate of Gruinard thus lost its right of salmon-fishing on its coast, and Mr. Davidson was found liable in all the costs of the action. It was a most vexing decision; it was law, but a flagrant act of injustice. This was the only serious law-plea I had to be engaged in while factor on the Tulloch estates, for as a rule I did all in my power to avoid law in my transactions, and my experience satisfies me that it is a good policy to do so,

and rather suffer a small loss than embark on the worry and vexation which is involved in a lawsuit.

I was present in 1835 at Whitsunday when this Murdo Mackenzie of Ardross entered into possession of the estate of Dundonnell. Neither he nor any of his family, nor his agents, were present at the sale of the effects of the family to whom it had belonged. The sale of this estate was necessitated by the law expenses incurred in defence of the estate by the heir, and backed by the whole clan of the Mackenzies. The heir in possession was a stupid, ignorant man, who resided at Dundonnell, ate, drank, and slept, and had a mania for breeding and feeding fowls. He understood little of business, and was wholly under the influence of his wife, who had been a Miss Roy. They had no family. She had a brother, Robert Roy, a Writer to the Signet in Edinburgh, by whom she was influenced, and between them all the business of the estate was conducted. A younger brother of the laird's, Thomas Mackenzie, had been tenant of the sheep-farm of Inverleal in Loch Broom, but had failed in it. He was a respectable, sensible man, and by influence got a situation in the Custom House in London. The laird was poor, and wanted to borrow money. His brother-in-law undertook to get a loan, and a legal bond for it was prepared, but it was alleged that with it a will was drawn out leaving the estate of Dundonnell at the death of the laird to his brother-in-law, Robert Roy, which was sent for signature to the laird at Dundonnell. It was regularly signed and witnessed, but, until after the death of the laird, was not made known to any of his family. Whether its contents were

known to the laird or not when he signed it was never known, but to the amazement and horror of Thomas Mackenzie, the brother, and other relations, this will and testament was produced, and the estate was claimed by Robert Roy under its powers. This must have occurred about the years 1827-28-29. The blood of all the relations, of the whole clan, and of the tenants on the estate was roused. Much excitement prevailed, legal measures were adopted, and the story becoming known, it created quite a sensation over the north, especially in Ross-shire. Roy, accompanied by a local agent, Mr. John Cameron, a solicitor in Dingwall, came to Dundonnell to take possession. In after years I knew Cameron intimately, and he told me the whole story. The road from Garve to Ullapool, once good, was allowed to fall into disrepair, nevertheless they hired a carriage and pair, and drove across it, and rested for the night at Fascrionach, in the big strath of Loch Broom, a small inn, then kept by the father and mother of the late Kenneth Mackenzie, underfactor for Cromarty, near Ullapool. He was also tenant of Morefield, and formerly at Rhinachroisk, Leckmelm. There was no road across the hill from the big strath to the little strath of Loch Broom, in which Dundonnell House was situated, and the strath was very narrow at the house, with some wood on the hill opposite to it. Roy and Cameron occupied the dining-room, the windows of which looked towards the wood. They were sitting chatting before dinner, when suddenly they heard a shot, and a bullet came through the window into the room; and not long after a second shot followed, and another bullet came in to the room. They at

once went each into a corner to avoid any more shots. They were in terror of their lives, and scarcely knew what to do. Next morning they heard that the horses they had left at Fascrionach had their throats cut in the stable there the night before, and they could not return that way. The people on the estate were exasperated; a universal feeling prevailed that Robert Roy had attempted a gross swindle, and had got a will in his favour signed by the poor silly husband of his sister, who was supposed to have aided him in the matter, and such was the anger of many and the terror of others, that Cameron told me he had the greatest difficulty in deciding how to act or what to do. His pressing anxiety was to get Roy out of Loch Broom, and after much persuasion and large promises, an open boat was hired to go along the coast, from which Roy eventually landed at Portree in Skye, and thus made his way back to Edinburgh. The first jury trial day fixed for the settlement of this famous case, it was found that neither party was quite prepared, and though a large number of witnesses on both sides had come to Edinburgh, the case was postponed. A second day, months afterwards, was fixed upon. Hundreds of witnesses were summoned, and the result was that a verdict was returned in decided terms adverse to Roy, and there was general rejoicing amongst the Mackenzies and over all the north of Scotland. But it was a short-lived triumph, for it was found that the expenses incurred in fighting the case were so enormous that the sale of the estate was necessary to defray them; and when sold, it was purchased by Murdo Mackenzie of Ardross. He had previously sold the estate of Ardross, in the east

division of Ross-shire, to the Duke of Sutherland, under peculiar circumstances. He was proprietor of the salmon-fishings in the river Shin in Sutherland, but owned no land touching that river, and had a crown charter, under which he claimed not only the Shin, but the whole right of salmon-fishing in the Kyle of Sutherland, into which the Shin flows, as also the whole coast of Ross out to Tarbetness, and the coast of Sutherland abutting on the Dornoch Firth. The various proprietors in both counties had been in the habit of netting salmon *ex adverso* of their estates long before Ardross became proprietor, without hindrance. He fancied that the fishing of the Shin was much injured by the course of the river through the Sutherland estate on the flat below the Bridge of Inveran. Without leave asked or given by the Sutherland family, and without intimation of any kind to them, he employed a swarm of labourers to cut a new channel for the Shin through the lands of Inveran and Auchinduich into the Kyle, and completed it before the Duke of Sutherland could adopt legal steps to prevent him. Legal proceedings followed, which worried and annoyed the Sutherland proprietor and officials to such an extent that the agent for the family was authorised to approach Ardross and offer to purchase from him the right of salmon-fishing in the Shin. His reply was that he would dispose of it, but only on condition that the offerer would also purchase the estate of Ardross, valued at close to £100,000. After delay and much consideration, the Sutherland family bought him out, and thus acquired not only the fishing of the Shin, but also the estate of Ardross, which they sold in 1845 to the late Sir Alexander Matheson,

retaining the fishing of the Shin. Murdo Mackenzie had been in India in his younger days, and was a gentleman in manner, but careless in his dress and habits, was said to be an atheist, and his social habits were loose. He was not married. A Highland woman, 'Cursty,' lived with him, and was mother of a large family of sons and daughters. He lived in a large, long thatched cottage in the parish of Edderton, in Ross-shire, where he superintended the salmon-fishings he claimed, and made raids on the fishermen and nets of the various proprietors, whose fishings were carried on, as he asserted, to the great injury of his rights. He was a notorious litigant, and his whole time was spent in carrying on law-pleas on innumerable subjects. He had returned from India, it was believed, a wealthy man, and was thus a client in repute with lawyers whom he employed, though he did not talk of them with much respect. He used to say that he did not believe in future punishment in another world for the life led in this world, but that he was converted to the wisdom and goodness of such punishments by the treatment and dishonesty he had encountered from law-agents, who well and richly deserved to be punished for their dishonest practices here below. A Mr. Cameron was the minister of Edderton in these days, and he came across Ardross, and found him a most agreeable and intelligent man to converse with, while Ardross said Cameron was a judicious clergyman whom he liked, and they became so intimate that Mr. Cameron felt he could talk familiarly as the minister of the parish to Ardross. He went purposely one day to expostulate with him as to

the impropriety of a man in his position and of such intelligence, living, as he did, with a woman the mother of a large family. That it was immoral, and that he did evil in the parish by the example he showed to his inferiors; further, that all his family were illegitimate, and that it was cruel towards them to allow them to grow up with this slur upon them. Ardross admitted the truth of Mr. Cameron's advice, and he called for Cursty to come to them from the kitchen end of the house where she spent most of her time. She could speak no English, and Ardross, who spoke Gaelic fluently, said to her in that language, 'What do you think the minister says, Cursty? He says that it is a disgrace and an impropriety to us both to live as we do together, and that we should be married on every account, but especially on account of the children.' Cursty replied that the minister was right. It ended in Ardross desiring Cursty to go and put on a decent cap and her best gown, after which she returned, and Mr. Cameron had the satisfaction of performing the marriage ceremony before he left the house, and thus the children by the law of Scotland were legitimised. They were all afterwards well educated, but the eldest son, Hugh, whom I knew well, inherited many of his father's improper habits and ideas, and in place of correcting and trying to improve and alter his father's tendencies towards litigation and social irregularity, he fell into the same habits, and practised them while he lived. He had built a new house farther down the strath than Dundonnell House, and a woman who lived with him made him the father of a daughter whom he acknowledged and

brought up and educated. He was one winter in the south, and when he returned he found this woman had married in his absence, and thus his child was illegitimate, and could not be legitimised, as he could not marry her mother, which it was said he intended to do on the child's account. But he sent her to be educated in France, and as much as possible brought her up as a lady. The old man retained his litigatory propensities to the last. Hugh, his eldest son, assisted him, and they were on one occasion both engaged at Dundonnell about a law-plea then in progress, the father dictating and the son writing up to two or three o'clock in the morning. Next day the old man was found dead in his bed; he had died of heart disease or apoplexy. Hugh, the son, succeeded to the estate. He purchased the estate of Mungasdale and the north side of Strath-na-shalag from Mr. Davidson of Tulloch, had saved money by sheep-farming, and he gave out that his daughter was heiress of the estate of Dundonnell and all that he possessed. He went with her to Edinburgh and got into society there, where she grew up, and under the belief that she was an heiress to property and money, it was said she had several suitors, amongst whom she preferred a clever young man, a Fellow of Cambridge or Oxford, whom she married, and they resided with Hugh Mackenzie at Dundonnell, while he lived. At Hugh's death, a brother's family, who resided in Australia, claimed the estate of Dundonnell, as heir of entail, in respect that Hugh's only child was illegitimate. She and her husband, under the impression that she was the legal heir, foolishly embarked in litigation, and after some delay and large law

expenses, the Court decided that she, being illegitimate, could not succeed to Dundonnell. This decision was a great blow and disappointment to the English 'Fellow' and his wife, and it is said caused domestic unhappiness, and led to habits which caused the early death of both, leaving an only child, a son, who was taken charge of by his paternal grandmother, and educated in England; he was entitled to the estate his grandfather, Hugh Mackenzie, had purchased near Meikle Gruinard. I knew and kept up acquaintance with this family of Ardross while I resided in Dingwall, but after coming to Sutherland we lost sight of each other.

Leaving the digression about the estates of Dundonnell and Ardross, I return to my own progress at Dingwall. Several children were born to us, the oldest a girl called Francis Diana after Mrs. Davidson of Tulloch. She was a daughter of Lord Macdonald's, a very amiable, interesting woman, who died in childbed in Edinburgh, leaving seven daughters and two sons.

Mr. Davidson's extravagant expenditure continued. He was placed under trust, and Mr. James Melville, W.S., was appointed agent and managing trustee on the estate, with whom I had now to do as factor. I found him judicious and agreeable, but it was not easy to get on or maintain peace or smoothness between him and Tulloch and the bank. I had on several occasions disagreeable matters of a financial character to encounter. The bank was displeased with my advances to Mr. Davidson, and Mr. Melville insisted on certain amounts being sent to him. My situation was uncomfortable, and at last, after a time, the

bank said I must either relinquish Tulloch's factorship or their agency. Mr. Davidson married a second wife, Miss Ferguson of Kilkerran, daughter of a baronet in Ayrshire, a penniless lady of a good but numerous family. This did not improve matters pecuniarily. I had a great liking for Tulloch personally. He was a generous, good-hearted man, was invariably kind and courteous to me; he was clever, with great tact, and inclined to treat his tenants with kindness and justice, and he left much to my own discretion; but money difficulties were so frequent and trying, that I had come to the conclusion that I must cease to act for him, much against my inclination.

CHAPTER III

In 1844 I got a letter from William Mackenzie of Muirton, W.S., agent in Edinburgh for the Duke of Sutherland, asking me to meet him at the Caledonian Hotel, Inverness, on a certain day in October, at the request, he said, of Mr. James Loch, commissioner on the Sutherland estates, about the factorship at Scourie. This situation was vacant in 1837, when I applied for it, and when Mr. Alexander Stewart was appointed to it. He died at Scourie in 1841, and a Mr. Robert Sinclair was appointed. He was found incompetent, and Mr. Loch was now willing to appoint me. I met Mr. Mackenzie and told him I was much obliged and would consider the proposal.

In the spring of 1845 I had the sad misfortune of losing my father in his sixty-third year. He had led a hard life in a very wet climate, had much worry in life owing to the number of different businesses in which he was engaged among a poor class of crofters, fishermen, and others. He had been obliged to take a trip south, and had a long and tedious passage in a sailing-vessel, which pulled him down. He returned home in very bad health, and never recovered. I went three times from Dingwall during his illness to visit him, on the last occasion to bury him at

Gress. He died in his house at Stornoway, and was carried by an immense assemblage of the people of the island to his last resting-place. It was a deep grief to me. I had been so nobly treated by him; he had given me an expensive education, and was generous and affectionate, and had done for me what few in his circumstances would have done, listening to all my wishes, and never refusing any reasonable request.

The winding up of his affairs after his death was a very troublesome, anxious business. He made a settlement of his affairs on his death-bed. The Sheriff-Substitute, my grand-uncle, prepared the will. He left my mother an annuity, and divided his estate equally among all his children. We found debts amounting to thousands of pounds due to his estate, which were all made over to my brother James for £500, and which he always said was a losing arrangement for him, and we carried on the farm of Gress for several years on account of the family, and it eventually turned out that the estate, after paying my mother's annuity while she lived, gave each of the family (eight) £500.

My brother James succeeded to my father's business in the town of Stornoway, but he soon showed that he did not possess the judgment or talents of his father, or his steadiness of character. He lost a vessel called the *Peggy* with a cargo of salt fish at Easdale, uninsured, equal to £1000. His brothers united in making this a family loss, as it was a ruinous blow for a young man beginning business on his own account. He was never out of difficulties, and was constantly appealing to me for support, which I could only

give him by signing bills. He had a fall from a gig in the streets of Stornoway just as he was leaving for Gress, injured his head, and was never right afterwards. It ended in his having epileptic fits, and finally in his death. He was married, and left one daughter, whom I took at an early age into my own family and educated her well. I sent her to Germany for two years. She was very good-looking and had musical talents. She went to Hong-kong to take charge of the children of my brother Alexander, who was agent there for the P. and O. Steam Company, and whose wife was dead. She made a very good and satisfactory marriage there, but was not physically strong, and nearly died after her first confinement, and a year or two after she died after her second confinement, leaving one daughter. Her education cost me a large amount.

Reverting to my position in Dingwall, I had made up my mind to resign my situation there early in 1845. I was forced to do so by the difficulties of my position between the bank and Mr. Davidson. I was asked by Mr. James Loch to go to London to see the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, and having done so, I finally arranged to become their factor at Scourie at Whitsunday 1845, with a salary of £400 a year, a free house, and a small farm close to the residence at Scourie House. I was able to arrange with the bank that my brother John, bred as a banker in the National Bank of Scotland, Edinburgh, and at that time in the service of the City of Glasgow Bank at Glasgow, should succeed me as agent of the Caledonian Bank at Dingwall.

I was desirous that he should succeed me as factor on the Tulloch estates, but Mr. Davidson did not agree to such an arrangement. I continued to act up till Martinmas 1845 as factor, when Mr. John Binning, who had acted under me as forester, was appointed to succeed me. 1845 was a year of hard work for me. My father's death, the winding up of his estate, and my new charge in Sutherland, gave me much to do and think of. I had spent upwards of ten years of my life in Dingwall, had a very large circle of friends, and acquired the regard and respect of many. It was the happiest period of my life. I had prospered in the duties of my situations, and altogether occupied an influential and useful place in the community of Dingwall and its vicinity, and in all Wester Ross.

While many of my best and warmest friends considered I had made a mistake and should not have left Dingwall to bury myself in a remote place in Sutherland, they resolved to give me a farewell dinner. A large sum was subscribed to present me with silver-plate. One hundred and fifty of the *élite* of the district sat down to dinner, presided over by Mr. George Cameron, the Sheriff-Substitute of Dingwall and Wester Ross, and a most interesting and agreeable event it was. In short, I quitted Ross-shire with the regret of many, and the great regard and respect of a large number.

My knowledge of the Gaelic language, being a native of Lewis, my intercourse with many in the various parishes in which the Tulloch estates were situated, and the large number of business people which the bank agency brought me in contact with, all contributed to make me well known.

I soon found that I had entered on a very different set of duties in Sutherland. The poor-law came into operation in 1845, and I soon found that its management almost wholly devolved upon myself in the three parishes of Assynt, Edderachillis, and Durness, with a large number of crofters and cottars, from which classes in rural parishes a numerous lot of paupers sprung. It gave me much to do and think of, organising and setting it agoing, added much to my travelling, attending meetings in the several parishes, restraining the number of applications, and fixing the allowances—all new work to the members of the parochial boards and also for myself. There was thus introduced a system which, though a blessing and comfort to many poor creatures, has proved a very severe tax on the landlords and tenants and people of Scotland. This was followed in 1846 and following years by the potato disease, a terrible visitation, over the north and west of Scotland in particular, for the small tenants and crofters lived principally on potatoes and fish; these poor and small crofters grew few oats. Bere or barley was the grain almost universally produced on their small lots or patches of arable land. It created a panic in the minds of landlords and their agents, and the small tenants were almost overwhelmed with terror as to their future support. It was a time of great anxiety for all classes in the Highlands and Islands. The Sutherland family had been kind to their small tenants. The feeling created by the introduction of sheep in the early years of the century, and by the clearances in Strath-naver, which were carried out in a harsh and ruthless manner by some of the parties who

acted for the Sutherland estate, and by removals of crofters to make way for sheep, had generated a strong rebellious tendency in the minds of the lower classes in Sutherland against their superiors, and I found existing in the county recollections and opinions which I had never heard expressed or held in Ross-shire. An innate sense of wrong and injury by landlords, agents, and sheep-farmers towards small tenants appeared to fill the minds of many. Such was the terror inspired by potato disease, that numbers of the crofters came to me to express the opinion that the sooner they left the country and emigrated to America the better for them, and asking me to recommend the Duke to assist them to go. I recommended Mr. James Loch, the commissioner on the estate, to take up the question seriously. He at once cordially entered into my views, and the consequence was that in the three following years nearly a thousand people emigrated, principally to Upper Canada and Cape Breton; an immense blessing for most of those who went, and a valuable relief in the various parishes of this district, more especially in the parish of Assynt, which had become overcrowded and populous all over it, but principally in the Stoer district of the parish. Five large ships from Liverpool were engaged; they came to Loch Laxford, where the emigrants embarked. The cost of this emigration amounted to about £7000, and it was well expended money. In Assynt the land vacated was divided amongst those who remained. Some townships in Edderachillis were cleared and let or added to sheep-farms. The island of Handa was cleared; there were eight tenants in it, the majority of whom

emigrated. For many years afterwards I received letters from some of these people thanking me for the assistance and advice I had given them, and telling me of the happy change that had taken place in their circumstances. I look back on my exertions and the large amount of work and worry created by this emigration as one of the most useful and satisfactory events in my official life. In after years a number of people went from Edderachillis and Durness, and a few from Assynt, to Australia, to which there was free emigration for some years, but in recent years emigration abroad has ceased. A number of the young people now go south to the large towns, Edinburgh and Glasgow, and the population of these rural parishes has a downward tendency.

I may here mention that the parish of Assynt has been possessed by the Sutherland family since about 1750 or 1760. It was purchased from a lady of the name of Mackenzie, a descendant of the Seaforth family, who had inherited it. It had been acquired by the Seaforth Mackenzies from the Macleods, who had resided in a castle on the northern shore of Loch Assynt at its upper end, the ruins of which are still an interesting object, and will long remain so. The last Macleod possessing Assynt was the betrayer of the Earl of Montrose, who was in hiding in the hills near Loch Assynt, and took refuge in Macleod's castle. The tradition is that Macleod got a sum of money and 500 bolls of meal from the Government of the day for delivering up Montrose, and that from that day he never throve, and soon after he lost the estate of Assynt. The

lady, Mackenzie, who succeeded eventually to it, took a great dislike to the old castle as a residence, and resolved to build a modern house farther up the loch, a short distance from the castle; she built a nice mansion, but the cost of it amounted to so much more than she expected, that she was actually obliged to sell the estate to enable her to pay the cost of the house. It is said she had great difficulty in disposing of it. The Earl of Sutherland, to whom she offered it, did not desire to have it, and it is said that he reluctantly, after much pressure, agreed to give £10,000 for it. After the purchase, but before delivery had been given, a band of the Macraes from Kintail, vassals of the Seaforth family, hearing of the sale of Assynt, and the cause of it, came across the hills to Loch Assynt and set fire to the new house erected by Miss Mackenzie, vowing that the Earl of Sutherland would never occupy it. The ruins of this house, called 'Edderahalda,' are a conspicuous object to this day between the public road and Loch Assynt.

The Duke of Sutherland had acquired, before I came to Sutherland, the house at Culag, Loch Inver, from Mr. Donald Macdonald, brother of my wife, who was tenant of Loch Inver sheep-farm, and was also largely engaged in salmon-fishings, dealing with the people for fish, in potting meat, game, and other produce, and had several vessels engaged in the coasting trade. Culag House was originally built by a Liverpool company for the purpose of curing and smoking herrings, etc., but the speculation did not succeed —they abandoned it—and it was purchased by my wife's father, Mr. Donald Macdonald of Skeabost in Skye, who

made it over to his eldest son, Donald. He himself removed to Skye, where he took the farm of Kingsburgh from Lord Macdonald; it was in the same parish as his own property of Skeabost, and near it. Mr. Donald Macdonald, junior, was clever and very popular, but his speculations and business at Loch Inver did not succeed, and it ended in his quitting Sutherland, and emigrating with his family to Port Elizabeth in the Cape of Good Hope, where he met his death by an upset out of a vehicle.

The Duke of Sutherland, on acquiring Culag House, converted it into a commodious mansion, and furnished it for his own occupancy. On my arrival in Sutherland I was sent to occupy this house; Mr. Sinclair, my predecessor at Scourie, declaring that his wife, being in a delicate condition, could not remove from Scourie House till after her confinement, so that for the first six months we lived at Loch Inver, and did not come to Scourie till Martinmas 1845.

The Duke of Sutherland occupied Culag House for a short time, and I accompanied him over Assynt and also the parishes of Edderachillis and Durness. Assynt, as I have mentioned, had been acquired a century before by the Earl of Sutherland. In 1829 he purchased the Reay estate from Lord Reay. Mr. Loch told me that Lord Reay had offered his estate to the Marquis of Stafford, who had at once, in decided terms, refused to purchase it, much to the disappointment of Mr. Loch. The Marquis had generously offered to lend money to Lord Reay, if that would suit his views, and prevent the sale of an old paternal estate. Lord Reay's reply was that he had resolved to sell it for family

reasons. These reasons were: he was a bachelor, had an illegitimate daughter whom he had educated as a lady; that he could not leave her the estate, but could give her the money. It is odd that in 1834 I had dined with Lord Reay in London, when this young female had sat at the head of the table as mistress of the house. She afterwards married Sir Farquhar Minto, and it is said it did not prove a happy marriage. I afterwards heard that on her marriage she got £10,000 from her father, with the promise of succeeding to what he would possess at his death; that Lord Reay had lent his money on West Indian property and lost it, and that he actually died a bankrupt. His property embraced three Highland parishes, viz. Tongue, Durness, and Edderachillis, with an area of about 400,000 acres, a wild, hilly, rocky district, with rivers and valleys, and some good hill pasture. The family residence was at Tongue, to which a parliamentary road had been constructed from Lairg, and there was a coach-road from Tongue to Thurso. Durness and Edderachillis were absolutely roadless and otherwise unimproved, and in a state of nature. The result of the negotiations was that the Sutherland family purchased the estate for a sum of £300,000, which was much more than its value at the time. The first attention of the Sutherland family on entering into possession of this wilderness was given to opening it up by roads. They had previously made a road into Assynt from Bonar by Oykell along Loch Assynt to Loch Inver. From this road at Skiag on Loch Assynt side, and two miles below the present inn at Inchnadamph, they constructed the road to

Kylesku Ferry, a distance of seven miles, rising between the hills of Quinaig and Glashven to a height of about 1000 feet above sea-level. They next constructed the road from Kylestrome on the north side of Kylesku Ferry to Scourie, a distance of twelve miles, touching the sea-coast at Calva and Badcall; next, the road from Scourie to Rhiconich by the upper ends of the sea-lochs of Laxford and Inchard, twelve miles, and across the Gualin Hill to Durness, along the Kyle of Durness to Durine Hotel, a further distance of fourteen miles. The road was next constructed from Durness to Tongue Ferry by Loch Eriboll, and along its western shore to its upper end, and by the place of Eriboll to the lower end of Loch Hope and across the Moin to Tongue Ferry, the distance from Durness to this place being about thirty miles. The road was thus opened round the west and north of Sutherland, a monstrous improvement, which is said to have involved an outlay of £30,000 to £40,000, a large amount to be added to the cost price of the Reay estate, but a valuable outlay for its occupants, for without roads the country was not habitable for educated or civilised people, nor could the resources of the estate be developed without improved means of communication. From this date a season of prosperity set in in this remote territory. Mail-carts were set agoing on all the roads; a new era set in. Sheep-farming had been since the peace of 1815 a very unprofitable business; most of the tenants had died or had abandoned their farms, and the landlords were obliged in many instances to take the farms into their own hands, and farm them on their own account;

the price of wool was very low, but from 1832 both sheep and wool rose in price, and it became a more profitable business, and tenants of large farms began to make money, especially after 1840, and from that date to 1875 a great deal of money was made all over Scotland by sheep-farmers.

When the potato disease broke out in the years 1846-47-48, committees of relief were formed over England and Scotland, and much money was subscribed for the benefit of the small tenants and cottars over the Highlands and Islands, and employment was afforded in the construction of roads, etc., for the support of the population. The Edinburgh Committee had a regular staff over the north, and their object was to lay out their funds judiciously, so as not to demoralise the people by indiscriminate eleemosynary payments, but by getting them to work and paying them for what they actually did, a most proper and valuable rule to adopt on principle, if strictly carried out, for the people of the west coast, being partly fishermen and partly tenants or occupiers of land, were not habituated to regular work or labour, and many grown-up men were among them, who had never used a spade or a pick. They tilled the ground with the 'cas-chrom,' or crooked spade, an ancient and inefficient tool, which turned over a large, thin slice of the surface of the ground only a few inches deep.

The Duke of Sutherland gave intimation to these committees that he was not to accept of any of their funds, that he would himself undertake to provide food and employment on his estates. This threw much responsibility and trouble and in many instances very hard work upon his factors.

The potato disease was specially severe in the wet climate and rocky soils of the west coast, and a large amount of work, both bodily and mental, fell upon me, more especially in the populous and crowded parish of Assynt, where there were numerous families without land. I have been whole weeks in the Lochinver Hotel, inquiring into the members of the different families, their means, their ability to work, and how they could be assisted without injury to their industry. I was placed in a difficult situation. The Duke placed a large amount of money in my hands to provide work and food, and I was told none must die for want of food, and that I was the judge as to the distribution and expenditure of the money. I felt the responsibility very onerous, and it was a time of deep anxiety as well as hard work. I took the best means in my power to ascertain what each family could do, and I assisted accordingly. There were cases in which I was obliged to be generous—to discriminate was sometimes impossible—and I often had cases in which I was obliged to decide, painful though it was to do so, adversely to the requests made.

The Destitution Committee of London had a large fund in hand; they wisely resolved to place expenditure wholly in the hands of the Edinburgh Committee, who had a staff of people employed over the north to superintend their operations, and who had access to correct information in all matters connected with the wants of the people. But the London Committee, anxious to have minute information as to what was done in Scotland, appointed one of their number to go over the north, and report to them what he

saw and heard there. They sent Mr. Arthur Kennaird, a brother of Lord Kennaird's, and a banker in London, a man well known for his discrimination and benevolence, on this mission, and he came to Edinburgh, where he was joined by Mr. William F. Skene, W.S., secretary of the Scottish Committee. They found their way to Loch Inver, where I happened to be at the time as sole companion of the Duke of Sutherland. Mr. Skene devoted himself to the Duke. I thus had an opportunity of long conversations with Mr. Kennaird. He said the London Committee were anxious not to fritter away their fund in small works or improvements, that they wished to expend it on leading roads to open up the country, and that unfortunately there was no such road wanted in Sutherland, as the Sutherland family appeared to have already made all that were wanted. I replied at once that although the expenditure on roads had certainly been enormous, there was still one leading road much wanted on the Reay estate to connect the two parishes of Edderachillis and Durness with the south—for at present the access to Durness was only from Tongue and to Edderachillis from Assynt—and that there was a chain of lochs and valleys across the county from Lairg to Loch Laxford for a line of road which would open up these two parishes, and be a very useful and valuable improvement. I got a map of the county and pointed out this line on it to Mr. Kennaird, and at his request made a rough estimate of its length and cost. I said it might be done for £7000. Armed with this information Mr. Kennaird went to the Duke and said that I had satisfied him that a road was

really required in Sutherland. The Duke shook his head and said no road was required, but calling for me, asked me what I thought. I pointed out the line on the map and said it would be a great blessing to these two remote parishes. His Grace was convinced and gave his assent, agreeing to pay one-half of the cost. This road was commenced next spring, and was completed two years afterwards. It has proved valuable and important not only for the people and fishermen of Durness and Edderachillis, but for the benefit of the estate, giving access to the lodges in the Reay forest and all along the line, as well as to Scourie, Kinlochbervie, and Durness. A mail-gig has been running on it to and from Lairg for many years, connecting two remote parishes with the railway at Lairg.

The road from Clashnessie to Drumbeg in Assynt was also made, and the road from Elphine in the height of Assynt to the boundary of Loch Broom was also made. A path to Achmelvich in Assynt was formed. The Kinlochbervie road was extended to Shegra. A road from Loch Merkland to Gobernuisgach followed, and there are now upwards of fifty miles of paths through the Reay and Glendhu forests, all in consequence of the stimulus to improvements of communication created by the potato disease visitation, which, though at first looked upon as a dire calamity, brought in its train benefits which are now productive of profit and advantage not then foreseen. Another benefit which has followed roads is communication along the coast by steamer. There is now a weekly steamer to and from Glasgow to Loch Inver and Badcall, and once a fortnight to

Loch Inchard; and another steamship company, who ply between Liverpool and Leith, send a steamer frequently, or when chartered, to Loch Eriboll, Badcall, and Loch Inver.

In 1847 I went to Glasgow, and, authorised by the Duke of Sutherland, arranged with Messrs. D. Hutcheson and Company that they should send their steamer, then plying to Stornoway from Glasgow, once every fortnight to Ullapool and Loch Inver, on the understanding that if she did not earn £20 at these two ports on each call, the Duke would pay what was short. At the end of the first year I had a letter from Messrs. Hutcheson to the effect that the Duke would not be called on to pay anything, as the traffic to and from Ullapool and Loch Inver had exceeded their most sanguine expectations.

The construction of the road from Laxford to Lairg led to the erection of the shooting-lodges of Lochmore and Stack, the latter by Lord Grosvenor, the nephew and son-in-law of the Duke of Sutherland; the former by Mr. Robert Reid of London, and connected with Ross-shire, and of the firm of Reid and Company, brewers, London. The mail-gig, when first started on this road from Lairg to Scourie and Durness, ran twice weekly, then three days a week, and eventually daily each way.

I have mentioned that sheep-farming had been a profitable business from 1832 for about forty years, but after 1875 prices of wool and sheep fell. Rents had risen largely, and in some cases were more than doubled; this, however, only applied to the large sheep-farms. The rents of the small

tenants or crofters remained much the same as they had been for many years before.

But these high rents for sheep-farms had not long been imposed when the tenants came forward and intimated that they could not hold their farms much longer, unless the landlord would agree to reduce the rents, and after a good deal of correspondence and discussion, the Duke asked me to report in each case, and to express my opinion as to the farms in the Scourie management, and what reduction of rent I would recommend. This was a very responsible task. I considered the matter very carefully, and it was gratifying to me that my recommendations were agreed to. The Duke, in presence of the Marquis of Stafford, handed back my report and authorised me to act upon it. The tenants had been grumbling verbally to me, but had never approached the Duke on the subject, and when I intimated the decision come to, they were both surprised and delighted. Coming as it did from the landlord spontaneously, there was a very strong expression of gratitude and thanks for the Duke's considerate generosity.

CHAPTER IV

I HAVE so far omitted to allude to the crofter agitation, which has led to very great changes in the management of Highland estates. This agitation commenced in Skye. A Mr. Fraser possessed the estate of Giusachan in the upper part of Strath Glass in Inverness-shire; it was admirably situated for conversion into a deer-forest, a fashion or change which had about this time become common, since sheep-farming had become unprofitable on high, or wedder ground, over the whole Highlands. Fraser sold Giusachan to Marjoribanks of Marjoribanks, a banker in London, who had rented the shootings, got a very large price for it, and Marjoribanks converted it and neighbouring lands which he rented into a deer-forest. He was afterwards created a peer under the title of Tweedmouth. Fraser went to Skye and purchased from Lord Macdonald the whole parish of Kilmuir, a fine grazing estate in the north-east corner of Skye, with a large population of crofters upon it, who were very low rented, and who had been kindly and tenderly treated by the Macdonald family, who, though comparatively poor, had always been disposed to be moderate, gentle, and kind landlords to their tenants. Fraser finding the rents of Kilmuir low, was no time in possession when he

intimated a considerable increase of rent to the crofters, which was, of course, a very unpopular act, and led to much discontent. Not satisfied with this, after the lapse of a few years, he made another addition to the rents, which caused rebellion and refusal and opposition amongst all the crofters on his estates; it was considered a most unwise and oppressive measure, and created a feeling in the minds of the small tenants in Skye and its vicinity which led to very serious results. It turned out that Fraser had largely mortgaged Kilmuir by borrowing an immense sum from one of the famous ironmasters, the Bairds. On the death of the owner of this mortgage it was called up, and the end was that the heirs were glad to take Kilmuir as their own property in payment of the mortgage.

Some of the Skye crofters had been in the habit of going to herring-fishing on the coast of Ireland, where they saw and were initiated into the Irish modes of rioting and resisting landlords and their agents. Some of these crofters who had crofts near the deer-forest on Lord Macdonald's estate drove their stock into the forest. This was the first act of rebellion and illegality on Lord Macdonald's estate that came before the public. A vast deal of ill-feeling was exhibited all over that part of Skye, and by degrees it spread all over the north, and cases of hardship of removal, of oppression, and cruelty were published and spoken of. Crofters as a rule held their crofts as yearly tenants, and there were few or no estates on which, in the necessary discipline of management, cases of removal could not be cited and described in violent language. Agitators for their

own aggrandisement and selfish purposes sprang up here and there, and latterly everywhere. Such was the *fama clamosa* on the subject that the Government, hard pushed, appointed a Commission to go round the northern counties to inquire and investigate and report on the whole subject. While they found little to complain of generally on the large estates, they found that in the history of the crofters there had been cases here and there, and more especially on certain small properties, of removal and injustice, but nothing so gross as to justify the agitation, excitement, and discomfort which now prevailed so very generally. I was myself examined before this Commission at some length, both at Kinlochbervie and Loch Inver, and explained fully what had taken place in my management of the Sutherland estates since I became factor of it in 1845. I detailed the emigration from this district after the potato disease, and there is no duty I performed during my services as factor in Sutherland on which I look back with more satisfaction than the time, trouble, and care I expended in carrying out the transportation of so many families from the poor position of crofters in a wet climate and a poor soil for cultivation, to the more fertile lands of Canada, Nova Scotia, and Australia. The crofter system has not within it the seeds of prosperity or of profit. An industrious, steady, prudent man may make a living in adverse circumstances, but as a crofter it is a living from hand to mouth, and it is difficult under their circumstances to keep the wolf from the door.

In all my long experience I only knew one crofter who made money and left some for his family when he died,

and this was effected by his unjust dealing with his neighbours. He was a drover or dealer in cattle and sheep, by which he made some profit, but his principal profit arose from his keeping a much larger stock on the common pasture than he was legally entitled to, for which he paid little or nothing to his poorer neighbours in the township, where he acted as a banker or money-lender, helping them by loans to pay their rents, by which they made over the right to a cow or horse or some sheep. He thus acquired power over them, and they never spoke out as to his overstock. He was a prudent, quiet man, and was considered a valuable man amongst his neighbours. I heard it said that after the township had been valued by the Crofter Commission, he boasted that 300 of the sheep on the common pasture belonged to him.

It is not at all likely that crofters, who keep a stock of cattle, sheep, horses, and often goats, can produce stock equal to a large sheep-farmer; they do not regulate the number kept, are almost invariably overstocked, do not keep proper bulls, tups, or stallions, and they are principally fishermen. The crofts, as a rule, are too small and inferior, and the management of their hill or common pasture so bad, without herds or proper supervision, as to be unprofitable. Their joint professions of landsmen and fishermen unfit them for steady labour; in short, the system is bad at the core. There is more hope of their improvement now than there was in my early days. Communication by sea and land is opening out and developing the resources of the country. Since 1872 education has become more general.

Formerly the Gaelic language was their sole language, and this prevented them from migrating southwards for employment. English is now more commonly spoken, and the young people leave home and go south for employment in the towns as servants in private houses, assistants in shops, and into stores and hotels.

Subdivision of crofts, at one time very common, is now strictly prohibited, and has been made illegal. It is to be hoped that the system of management now adopted may in time cure the innate evils of the crofting system, and that improved education may tempt many of the young people to leave home and better their fortunes by migrating to centres of trade and industry, and that thus more comfort, industry, and better management of their stocks and crofts may follow and improve the condition and circumstances of those left. But like all social and economic improvement, it must be slow and gradual.

The crofters on the Sutherland estates had been treated with kindness; while the rents of the large farms had been more than doubled, the additions made on the death of a crofter and his wife to the rent were trivial, if not nominal, and removal was not carried out except for gross misconduct or illegality, and for thirty years after I became factor, they were easily managed in the Scourie agency. They had confidence in my sense of fairness and justice as their factor, and the rents were paid, as a rule, with regularity; in short, it was satisfactory as compared with most Highland estates with crofter tenants. But once the excitement and agitation sprung up, the Sutherland crofters became dis-

satisfied. The subject of the removals from Strath-naver in times long gone by was revived and rehearsed in exaggerated colours, and open rebellion broke out. There was a great dearth of employment in the winter and spring months in Assynt, where there was a large population of crofters in the Stoer district. The Duke of Sutherland thought it might be beneficial to make a small model arable farm in that district, to give employment to the people, and to show them how a small farm in their midst, properly drained, trenched, and enclosed, and properly farmed, could produce good crops.

A croft or two at Clashmore in Stoer fell vacant, with some improvable pasture ground. The Duke set agoing work there to carry out his idea, and it went on for two years. A small burn ran through the ground, which fell into Loch Clashmore, and a set of small farm offices with a threshing-mill was erected, and a millpond made, and this farm was carried on for several years by the Duke as an example to the people of what good farming could do, under a regular rotation. Eventually it was let to the tenant of the Lochinver Hotel, who had no arable ground at Loch Inver for wintering his stock, or providing potatoes, hay, etc. The employment given to the people by the creation of this farm was found most valuable and useful, and the crops produced upon it stimulated the people to improve their own crofts, for many were taught the use of the pick and the spade for the cultivation of their crops, who previously had used only the 'cas-chrom,' or crooked spade.

When this farm was let and labour ceased, and after the

springing up of the crofter agitation and excitement, the people began to complain of this farm, and the tenants of Clashmore said that two families had been removed from their lots to other townships to make room for this farm, and had been unjustly treated, and that it was land which should have been given to crofters. It ended in their going in a body and threatening the servants of the Lochinver hotel-keeper, who was tenant of the farm, that they would take possession of it, and drive the servants away.

Shortly afterwards the steading was set fire to at night, and a large portion, including the threshing-mill, was destroyed. Several of these rioters were apprehended and brought before the Justiciary Court, and found guilty and imprisoned for six and twelve months. But this did not appease the furor of the Stoer people. They in one night pulled down and levelled several hundred yards of stone dykes enclosing the farm, along the public road; it must have been the work of scores of strong men from the neighbouring crofting townships. It cost about eighty pounds to rebuild these dykes, and though the delinquents must have been strong, able-bodied men of the vicinity, no discovery was ever made of the guilty parties, and no one was punished for the outrage. After another year a similar outrage occurred, with the same result.

When the Crofter Commissioners came to fix fair rents in Assynt, the Duke of Sutherland, at their urgent recommendation, consented to sacrifice two of the improved fields on this farm and divide them among the crofters in the vicinity, an act of generous concession on his Grace's part

they ill deserved at his hands. The farm has since remained attached to the Lochinver Hotel.

It was, however, found necessary before the end of these riots to introduce soldiers, and they went, headed by the Sheriff of the county, to Clashmore, to apprehend one or two of the riotous crofters. One man named Hugh Kerr defied the police for nearly a year, but getting bold, he foolishly ventured to go about begging, and was eventually taken in a house not more than a mile from Dornoch, where he had taken shelter for the night; he was imprisoned, tried, and punished.

The agitation of crofters, and the Report of the Commission appointed to inquire into the complaints of the crofters, culminated in the passing of the Crofters Act, which introduced a principle as law into Scotland, which I believe does not exist in any other part of the world, viz. that an owner in possession of land in certain Highland counties cannot manage his own estate when the lands let are under thirty pounds of rent, and that an occupant of such land, called a croft, can complain as to his rent and other matters to three Crofter Commissioners appointed by this Crofter Act to decide between landlord and tenant. Thus has been created a dual ownership, which actually deprived landlords, without any compensation, of the management of their own estates occupied by crofters, gave the crofters security of tenure if they paid their rents and observed the conditions of this Act. A landlord who has a crofter as tenant cannot now remove him, although he be convicted of dishonesty, theft, or immorality of the grossest description, or be unjust

to his neighbours, or have the most disreputable character among them. Moreover, this Act has opened a door of discontent and contention, set up a barrier between the crofters and their landlords, with whom it was their wisdom to be on happy and pleasant terms, and on whom they could trust and rely for aid and kindness in times of need, trouble, or distress. The benefits conferred by the Act are very doubtful; the lowering of the rents by a few shillings, or even more, has afforded no real or permanent relief. The average rent of a crofter rarely exceeds £3, in some cases up to £5; if 20s. a year has been reduced, which is really more than the Commissioners have fixed, what great relief or assistance does this afford to a man with a wife and children? It has had the effect of stopping emigration to a better climate and soil, where the industrious, steady labourer is sure to live in comfort, and become the proprietor of the land he may improve. Time will open the eyes of the crofters to the fact that their ideas and expectations as to the benefits and advantages they were to obtain, and which had been so grossly and extravagantly exaggerated by agitating land leaguers, are not to be realised, and that these parties only wished them for selfish reasons of their own.

When Lord Stafford succeeded his father as Duke of Sutherland I took advantage of a kind and generous offer made to me by his Grace, and at the close of 1895 I retired from the situation I had filled for fifty years at Scourie. No successor was appointed. The factor at Dunrobin got charge of the parishes of Assynt and Edderachillis, and the factor at Tongue of the parish of

Durness, and I became occupant of Scourie House and offices and of my farm for life, with an annuity of £300 a year, retaining my situation as agent for the Duke of Westminster for his forests. I feel very grateful to the Duke of Sutherland for this arrangement, which is a generous one, and a reward for my long services, which his Grace kindly considered. He is to keep the houses in repair and to continue to send me the newspapers I used to receive gratis as factor here. I was eighty-four years of age, and the weakness of old age was creeping upon me. My mental faculties were wonderfully preserved, and I had no disease of any kind; my health, at my age, was quite a wonder to all my friends. The Crofter Commissioners came into this district in November 1895, when I was busy arranging to give up my charge; the weather was wild, wet, and cold. Winter set in early. High winds, with snow, frost, and rain, prevailed. I was obliged to follow the Commissioners from Durness to Kinlochbervie and to Inchnadamph, and after they left I had to collect the small rents over the district in very cold, stormy weather. I returned from Assynt suffering from severe cold and cough, which culminated in a bad attack of bronchitis and inflammation of the lungs. I sent for Dr. Colin Mackenzie, Tain, and he spent a day with me; for a week or two it was doubtful whether I would get over this serious attack. For nearly a month I could not lie down, but sat in a chair at the fireside; my breathing was difficult and my cough incessant. I took medicine prescribed by Dr. Mackenzie. I was most kindly and attentively nursed by my son Duncan's wife, Florence, who was an experienced

sick-bed nurse, and benefited by her care and the doctor's prescriptions. Aided by a naturally strong constitution, an improvement set in by small degrees, and continued from the time I could lie down. I was advised by my niece, Jessie Macleod, who wrote from Leamington, to try a cure which she said was much thought of in cases of bronchitis, viz. one spoonful of sulphur and two of honey, well mixed together, one teaspoonful to be taken night and morning. I am decidedly of opinion that this mixture, which I at once began to take, was very beneficial, for after I adopted it, the bronchitic affection rapidly left me, and my appetite returned, and I ate and slept, and in a month or two I regained strength, after being much reduced and weak. Previous to this illness, which was the most trying I remember to have ever experienced, I had a chronic cough which never affected my health, but I was warned by my medical attendant that I must be careful not to expose myself to cold or wet, which at my advanced age might have serious results, so that I am now obliged to keep within doors when I would much prefer to breathe the fresh air outside.

CHAPTER V

THE management of the salmon-fishings in this part of Sutherland has always given much trouble and anxiety, and as it is a subject of considerable importance for angling, as also for the rents at which it and the salmon rivers are let, it is worthy of the closest attention. When I came to Scourie in 1845, I found that Mr. William Hogarth of Aberdeen had just entered on a lease of the rivers and coast salmon-fishings from the boundary of Ross-shire, near Loch Inver, to Cape Wrath, excluding the angling of the rivers. A small rent had been got for the angling of the river Inver; none of the other rivers had been let. Hogarth was not restricted as to his mode of fishing, or as to the number of bag-nets on the coast, or as to netting the rivers, or as to cruives on the rivers. He could use any number and any kind of nets. He took an enormous quantity of salmon, etc., the first year, and pursuing this system of wholesale murder for three or four years, he found it would be a serious loss to go on, for he had taken nearly every salmon on the coast and in the rivers. The Duke was glad to relieve him of his fishing-gear and let him go. For some years there was no netting and the rivers got restocked, till at last complaints were made that they were over-

stocked, and some netting was considered necessary. The netting of the mouths of the rivers was then let, and a large number of fish taken. Angling became valuable, and comparatively large rents were obtained for it. Anglers then complained of the netting at the mouths of rivers, and this mode of reducing the numbers was abandoned, and the rivers were kept solely for angling. The next complaint was that fish were too numerous for angling, and the matter for decision was what was the best mode of management, and what would be beneficial to both landlords and angling tenants. Large rents were paid for coast-fishings, both in Ross-shire on the south, and in Caithness on the east of Sutherland. About the year 1870 the Duke resolved to take the coast-fishing in hand and fish it on his own account. A large ice-house existed in the salmon premises at Badcall; it was filled with ice; an experienced salmon fisherman from Morayshire was engaged as manager; a small steamer built by Hall at Aberdeen was purchased to carry the salmon, packed in ice, to the railway at Strome Ferry, and the whole coast from Loch Inver to Cape Wrath was fished by bag-nets. No net was used within the estuary of any river which allowed a sufficient number of fish for angling and for breeding purposes to ascend the rivers, and after three years' experience of this mode of fishing, it has been found to be more satisfactory than any previously tried or practised. The fishing for the three years paid the Duke handsomely, and it has since been let at a yearly rent of £700 a year. Anglers as a rule grumble about netting of any description, but many are of opinion that a better system could not be

adopted. It is the fact that when there is a dry summer, and the small rivers on the west coast of Sutherland fall and continue low—so low that salmon congregate in large numbers at the mouths of rivers, and cannot get up—that angling is a failure; but in ordinary seasons, when there is sufficient water to allow fish to ascend the rivers, it is found that there are always a sufficient number for angling and breeding purposes. The west coast rivers are all late; salmon begin to run in May, grilse in June, July, and August. The number of grilse is very large as compared to salmon, and sea-trout are scarce except on the river Laxford and Loch Stack, where they are numerous in July, August, and September. Messrs. Speedie of Perth have been tenants of the coast-fishing for upwards of twenty years. They make monthly returns of all the fish taken at six different coast stations, and I may here record one of their best fishings for a season in 1895, viz. :—

1627 salmon,	weighing	23,260	lbs.
9711 grilse,	,,	58,339	,,
406 sea-trout,	,,	863	,,

I have no record of the fish taken by anglers in the same season, but the rivers were let as follows :—

River Kirkaig,	at a rent of	£	100
,, Inver,	,,		100
,, Laxford and Loch Stack,	,,		200
,, Inchard and Loch Garbet,	,,		40

Angling ceases at the end of October on the rivers, but I am of opinion that it should cease at the end of September,

as in October fish are full of spawn, black, and unfit for food, and afford little sport. Few fresh fish enter our rivers after September. The habits of fish are difficult to be ascertained, and the management of salmon rivers is consequently different in various parts of the country. I think we have hit the best mode for both landlords and tenants here. By law, the leaders of bag-nets should be removed at 6 P.M. on Saturdays, and not replaced till 6 A.M. on Mondays, the nets not being set to catch fish for thirty-six hours; but this rule is often transgressed. Bag-nets are set in the open sea, at headlands on the open coast, and often when it blows hard it is dangerous, and sometimes impossible, to take the leaders ashore on Saturday night. They are thus set for fishing all Sunday. The crews of the boats or cobles are usually paid partially by premiums on the quantity of fish they catch, and are thus too often tempted to transgress the law, and not remove the leaders when they ought. Landlords, or any one, may inform, if they find the law thus broken; few are disposed to act the part of informers, and thus it is the case that the rivers are unjustly robbed of breeding and angling fish, or where there are upper heritors on a river, they suffer. While in the Duke's own hands the salmon-fishing added largely to my work. The steamer purchased for the carriage of the fish turned out a failure; she was sold, and her place was taken by a sailing-smack from Colchester. The Duke added £50 a year to my salary for this work, and this was continued to me after the fishing was let. I also had much additional work, trouble, and bother about the sheep-farm of Balnakiel

in Durness, which was carried on for three years on account of the Duke, during which time it proved a very remunerative speculation for his Grace.

The Duke of Westminster, after his father's death, became a second time a tenant in this district, and occupied the Reay deer-forest and the fishing of the river Laxford and Loch Stack. I had been his agent in his early days when he built the Lodge of Stack, and I again became his agent when he returned and took the Reay forest. He set agoing large improvements over the forest, added largely year by year to the Lodge at Lochmore, built stable, offices, and laundry at Achfary, new houses for foresters at Altanrynie, Loch Merkland, Lochmore, Ardchullionn, Stack, and Badnabay. He made a new road to Gobernuisgach Lodge, and constructed paths all over the forests, put up a wire fence between the forest and the common pasture of the Scourie small tenants, and also between it and the sheep-farm of Skircha. These various works proceeded year by year at an enormous outlay on the part of the Duke of Westminster, with some assistance from the Duke of Sutherland. So much work was carried on, that for many years it gave me more to do, and cost me more time and trouble than the Duke of Sutherland's factorship; but I worked with a will. I was treated kindly, courteously, and generously by the Duke of Westminster, corresponded with himself direct, and the more I knew him, the more I respected and liked him. The sheep-farm of Glendhu, bounding with the forest, was cleared of sheep and converted into a deer-forest, because a tenant for it as a sheep-farm

could not be got on any terms. The rent of it as a sheep-farm exceeded £1300. It was offered to Mr. James Gunn, the sitting tenant, at a rent of £800, but he declined it; and eventually the Duke of Westminster, satisfied that it would attract a lot of deer from the Reay forest when the sheep were removed, became tenant of the grazing and shooting of it at £900 of rent; two small portions of it, one on the south side of Glencoul, and the other at Duartbeg, near Badcall, being separated from it for sheep, worth each about £50 of rent.

The Duke of Westminster at once set agoing, at his own cost, an addition to the house at Kylestrome, improved the garden and offices, built a larder, laundry, and gardener's house, improved three shepherds' houses for foresters, made paths, and erected a wire fence to separate the forest from Duartbeg and the Scourie tenants' pasture, and connected Lochmore with Kylestrome by a path, built cottages near Kylestrome for ploughmen and labourers, a pier at Glencoul and one at Glendhu, and made this forest as complete and convenient with houses, paths, etc., as he had formerly made the Reay forest. His Grace was at first much disinclined to take Glendhu, and when I first recommended it to his notice, considered it absurd; but he now finds it an excellent forest, and with the advantage of the sea being so close to Kylestrome Lodge, it has become his favourite residence and resort during the shooting season. He keeps a small steam-yacht there, which is useful to carry sportsmen to the beats of Glendhu and Glencoul, and also to take parties to Loch Laxford *en route* for Lochmore. The yacht is anchored in

a sheltered bay immediately below Kylestrome Lodge. This forest will yield at least sixty stags yearly, as heavy as any of the Reay forest beats. Two divisions of the forests are sublet by the Duke of Westminster—Gobernuisgach in the parish of Durness, and Ben Hee and Corriekenloch in Lairg. A great deal of work is entailed in the management of these forests. The Duke is particular and fond of detail, and writes frequently; but he is a charming, generous, kind man, of excellent judgment, and I carry out all his wishes *con amore.* I had a strong feeling of regard for the first Duchess, Lady Constance, having known her when very young at Loch Inver and Dunrobin, and her death was a grief to us all. The present Duchess is also a very fine woman, who occupies her high station with dignity and good sense, and I have thus had very great pleasure in acting as the servant and agent of his Grace for a long number of years. Members of his family known to me as children, but now with families of their own, talk of having been visitors at Scourie House in their childhood, and thus treat me as a very old friend. I have also held most agreeable business relations with his Grace's various secretaries since I became his agent, viz. Colonels Baker, Scotland, and Lloyd, and also Honourable, now Sir, Arthur Lawley.

CHAPTER VI

I FOUND, when I came to Scourie in 1845, Mr. John Simpson acting in the office as cashier, accountant, and clerk; he continued to do so till 1892, when he died; he and I were thus associated in business for forty-seven years, during all which time I had full and implicit confidence in Mr. Simpson. He was succeeded in his office here by his son James. Monthly accounts of all transactions and intromissions were rendered by me from the office here to the acting commissioner on the estate, and an auditor was sent yearly to check the accounts and compare all entries with the vouchers, which regular system was valuable and satisfactory to both the proprietor and his factor, and there never was any difficulty or discussion about the accounts during my long factorship at Scourie. A large amount of money used to pass through my hands, but I was never asked for any security for my intromissions, showing that confidence was placed in my integrity. I may state that one of the inducements which led to my coming to Scourie from Dingwall was that I would be tenant of a sheep-farm. I was fond of stock and farming. I found, however, that the farm held by the factor at Scourie was a poor one, and that Sinclair, who was my predecessor, had never had a stock of sheep

upon it, and that the few acres of arable land were not fenced from the hill pasture, and that sufficient straw or hay could not be grown to winter the necessary cows and horses. It is a serious loss for a farmer to enter into a farm without stock, and placing strange sheep on a farm is usually attended with loss, which I largely experienced during the first years of my occupancy of Scourie Farm. The Duke, at my request, reclaimed and improved all the available land near the house and steading, and enclosed it and divided it by stone dykes into five parks; the land was principally moss, and partly hard and rocky and full of large boulders; the improvement of it was very expensive, and was done principally on days' wages, no contractor being willing to undertake it, and for all the outlay 5 per cent. was added to my rent, which made it very high, and which I paid for so many years, that the interest paid by me exceeded largely the whole amount expended on the improvement. When sheep-farming became unprofitable, the late Duke of Sutherland abated the rent considerably. The island of Handa, which was originally part of my farm, was, about 1891, taken from me and given to the Scourie hotel-keeper in exchange for his rights of hill pasture on Scourie tenants' ground, which was divided amongst the crofters. I was compensated for the loss of Handa by the Duke, but it proved a serious loss to my farm, and my stock has deteriorated since I parted with it. My farm has therefore not proved profitable for some years past, but it is a necessity to grow what will winter horses and cattle and help to feed a few sheep for family use, as well as keep driving horses.

I felt very keenly the want of society at Scourie, as compared in this respect to Dingwall. My nearest neighbour at Scourie was Mr. William Gunn, joint-tenant with his brother James of the large sheep-farm of Glendhu, with a stock of about 8000 sheep. Both these gentlemen were bachelors when I came to Scourie, members of a well-known farming family in Caithness. Soon after my arrival James Gunn went to reside in Caithness on the farm of Greenland, which they had taken as a wintering in connection with Glendhu. To visit the northern portion of Glendhu, William Gunn frequently had occasion to pass through Scourie, and thus we saw a good deal of him, and he frequently passed a night with us, while I in my frequent visits to the parish of Assynt often spent a night with him at Kylestrome, where he lived. I found him a trustworthy, judicious man, and a very great intimacy and close friendship sprung up between us, which continued while he lived.

In the spring of 1864 I had my first serious illness. I got a chill on a visit to Assynt attending a meeting of the parochial board of that parish at Inchnadamph, in the month of February. It was a bitterly cold day, with snow on the ground, and I had to drive slowly across the hill between Kylesku and Loch Assynt in an open dogcart. I had also a strong suspicion that I slept that night at Inchnadamph in a damp bed. I returned home next day, got very unwell, and it ended in an attack of inflammation of the lungs, as I thought, but my medical attendant pronounced it to be pericarditis. A young man of the name of Thomson was medical officer here at the time. Leeches were applied to my

side to relieve a severe pain. I made a slow recovery from this illness, and was so reduced and weak, that I was advised to go to a warmer climate in April and May. My second son, Donald, was at this time agent on the estate of Lord Falmouth in Cornwall, residing at Truro. Mrs. Maciver and I went there, where we remained for a few weeks, returned for a fortnight to Strathpeffer, and reached Scourie in the first week of July. I had begun to improve, but was still weak. We experienced singularly cold weather at Strathpeffer in June. On the second Sunday in July I was so unwell that the doctor insisted on my staying in bed. During the forenoon Mr. William Gunn called; he had completed the fleecing of his sheep, and was to start next day for the east coast *en route* to the Inverness Sheep and Wool Fair, an event looked forward to at that time by all sheep-farmers as the principal trip and holiday of the year. Mr. Gunn was a very cheerful man, and was on this occasion in the highest spirits, and was looking forward to a very high market at Inverness for both sheep and wool. He went to church at Badcall on his way home to Kylestrome; there he met Robert Wright, the road surveyor of the county, on one of his periodical rounds of inspection, and after service Mr. Gunn left his own vehicle, and asking Wright to accompany him to Kylestrome, took a seat in Wright's vehicle and left his servant to drive his own. There is a very steep hill above the house at Kylestrome nearly a mile long. Wright's horse feeling the weight behind him too much, bolted at the top of the hill, and getting beyond the control of the driver, galloped down and turned into the farm-steading at Kyle-

strome, where, coming in contact with a tar-barrel, the vehicle was upset, and Mr. Gunn, who was a stout, heavy man, was thrown violently against a stone wall, when both his legs were broken. He only lived for two days after the accident, greatly to my sorrow, for in him I lost my favourite acquaintance and most intimate friend in the county. During the last two days of his life he repeatedly expressed a strong desire to see me, that I might write out his will, but the doctor would not hear of my going, as I was too weak, and he was afraid it might excite me too much. This was very unfortunate, as a will would have prevented family quarrels which occurred about his means, and created ill-feeling. William Gunn came to Sutherland in 1832 with £500, and he left £25,000 to be divided among his heirs. James Gunn became sole tenant of Glendhu farm in terms of the lease, and he took in as his partner John Gunn, his nephew. The farm was never properly managed after William's death, and from being a lucrative concern it became a losing business. The character of the stock deteriorated, and when the lease ended, the Duke got a very inferior stock. Such are the consequences when there is not a proper judge managing a sheep-farm. John Gunn died at Kylestrome while still a young man. James Gunn lived in Caithness, rarely visiting Kylestrome, which was left in the hands of a manager.

CHAPTER VII

I HAVE not hitherto alluded to the many trials and afflictions it was God's will to send to my dear wife and myself. Our oldest child, a girl, was never very strong or robust; she was born at Skeabost in Skye, in the house of her maternal grandfather, in August 1839. I had gone to Edinburgh on business connected with the Tulloch estate, and left the child fairly well in June 1841. In my absence she was attacked by brain fever and died. This was our first domestic affliction; she was called Elizabeth Diana after Mrs. Davidson of Tulloch, who was a most amiable and handsome woman, who had died shortly before in Edinburgh; our oldest son, James, was a baby at the time. The next of our family taken from us was Margaret Anne, a delicate girl, who was born at Scourie in December 1845. She had hip-joint disease; a very interesting child, and a darling favourite of her mother's. Dr. James Ross of Golspie, and afterwards of Inverness, came to see her, but could do nothing to relieve her. She died in 1855, and was the first of our family buried at Scourie. Our oldest girl in life was Catherine, born at Dingwall in 1843. She took fever and died in March 1864; a very wise, prudent girl, blue eyes and fair hair: not pretty, but very pleasant, quiet, and affectionate.

Her death was a sore grief to her mother and myself. In 1865 our son Donald died at Scourie. He had been in an accountant's office in Edinburgh; a very wise, steady young man, much esteemed in the office, not quick or clever, but very persevering, and well principled. He was appointed, when young and inexperienced, to be agent at Truro on the estate of Lord Falmouth, as successor to his cousin, Donald Gunn, which situation he filled creditably for some years. Unfortunately he got a bad fall from his horse and broke some ribs, which penetrated his lungs, from which he never recovered. His mother and I went to Cornwall to see him; to our sorrow, his medical attendant gave no hope of his recovery. He resigned his position and came to Scourie, where he soon afterwards died, in July 1865. In 1868 our son Evander, a very good-looking, handsome lad, full of life, died at Scourie in his twentieth year. He had been in an office in London, got into bad health there, and came home to die of pulmonary disease.

These several deaths of our children caused us much sorrow; their mother felt them very acutely, and so did I, but my constant occupation in the performance of my several duties rendered it necessary for me to keep up my spirits, and not yield too much to my trials or brood over them. In the end of 1869 a severe addition to our affliction was the death of our oldest son, James Robertson. He had studied medicine, and had entered the Indian army as assistant-surgeon of the 4th Punjab Infantry. He enjoyed good health for about two years, when he got unwell, and was sent to Cashmere for change, got worse, and returned as

far as Sealkote, where he died. His death was caused by abscess of the liver. We were informed of his death by a letter from the colonel of his regiment. It was a very severe blow to us. He was a fine spirited man, much beloved by his fellow-officers, who erected a marble memorial to his memory in the parish church at Badcall, where it now is. He was a very dearly loved son, and his death filled us with lasting grief.

The next death in our family was that of our son Murdo Robertson. He had gone to South Africa when very young. I had been advised by medical friends that my family were not constitutionally fitted for indoor or office life, and that they should, if possible, avoid towns, and be as much as possible in the open air. Murdo was strong, active, and healthy. He entered in South Africa the service of a man who kept a country store, inland from Port Elizabeth. This man dealt largely with the natives, bartered, butchered, and carried on a large and miscellaneous business. Here Murdo learned to speak Dutch. He lived with his employer, who soon found him apt and useful to him in his business. Murdo having saved some money, started transport riding on his own account, and after carrying on this very hard life for some time, he saved enough money to start farming. He then married the daughter of a Dutch settler in the vicinity of Queenstown, and purchased a nice farm about two miles from that town. He was prosperous, and getting on well, when he caught cold on a long ride, which turned into inflammation, and he died in September 1893, leaving a widow with two sons and two daughters. He had

the reputation of being a clever and intelligent farmer, and was highly respected. Our youngest son, John, had followed his brother Murdo to South Africa, and he also became a farmer, and acquired and occupied land near his brother's place; he married a sister of Murdo's wife. The brothers had a strong affection for each other, and the death of Murdo was a severe trial and shock to John, who took charge of Murdo's affairs and children, and he being a wise, prudent man, they were lucky to have such a relative to assist them when bereaved of their natural protector. My dear wife was worn down by these trials in her old age, and her health gave way and she got weak by degrees, till to my inexpressible grief she came to her death on 24th January 1895. We had been together as man and wife for fifty-six years. I was thus left a solitary old man, none of our family being resident with us at the time of my wife's death.

I may here record the family with which we were blessed :—

1. Elizabeth Diana,	born	12th Aug. 1839,	died	June 1841.
2. James Robertson,	„	30th Jan. 1841,	„	Dec. 1869.
3. Donald Macdonald,	„	5th June 1842,	„	July 1865.
4. Catherine,	„	23rd June 1843,	„	March 1864.
5. Duncan Davidson,	„	20th July 1844,		
6. Margaret Anne,	„	21st Dec. 1845,	„	June 1855.
7. Lewis,	„	17th Jan. 1847,		
8. Evander,	„	29th Sept. 1848,	„	Aug. 1868.
9. Mary,	„	5th Jan. 1850,		
10. Murdo Robertson,	„	13th June 1852,	„	Sept. 1893.
11. John Macdonald,	„	10th Jan. 1854,		

The death of so many of our family made a deep impres-

sion on my wife and myself. We had during our married life been blessed with much material comfort, and we had much cause to be thankful to the Giver of all good for what we enjoyed. But He saw fit to chasten and to humble us, and we tried to submit, with all the patience and resignation we could muster, to His holy will, though it was difficult for us to do so. He gave and He took away, and we short-sighted and rebellious creatures could not understand His ways; but we knew that He afflicted us for our good, for He doeth all things well, and we tried to bow with submission.

My dear wife's health became affected after hearing of our son Murdo, and she gradually became weak, and became bedrid, but retained her mind and consciousness to the last. She yielded up her spirit on 24th January 1895 in presence of myself, our daughter, Mrs. Robertson, her husband and daughter, our son Lewis and his wife. Her death made a blank for me which can never be filled, and her death filled the whole surrounding community with the deepest regret, and was looked upon as a serious loss to the district. She was universally loved and respected for her kind, charitable habits, and for her deep sympathy in all cases of distress, sorrow, or poverty, and for her friendly and valuable advice in all cases of sickness and domestic troubles. Her good common-sense and acute judgment was valuable, and a blessing for herself and all who came in contact with her in the ordinary affairs of life. She had implicit faith in the atonement of her adorable Saviour, and a good hope that she had obtained forgiveness for her sins and might have eternal happiness in the next world.

I was thus left alone. My daughter, with her husband and daughter, remained with me for some months. My son Duncan, on hearing of his mother's death, resolved to come from Australia, with his wife and two children, and reside with me. They accordingly came home by the Cape route to London, and came by steamer from Liverpool to Badcall, landing there in the latter end of August 1895, and have since remained with me, to my great comfort and happiness.

As I previously mentioned, I retired from the service of the Duke of Sutherland at the close of 1895, when I had the very severe attack of bronchitis before described, from which I quite recovered, owing to the attention of Dr. Colin Mackenzie, and the skilled and most attentive nursing of my daughter-in-law Florence, Duncan's wife, who devoted herself to me. But I find that old age has its limits, for an old man must forego much of what used to afford him pleasure and enjoyment, both physically and mentally, and indoors and outside. Deafness prevents that social conversation which is so pleasing when meeting congenial friends, and the sight becomes dim for reading, especially in the long dark nights of winter. Weakness of body prevents outdoor exercise, and however anxious one may be not to give trouble or anxiety to those around, an old man must have much done for him which in his younger days he did for himself. In old age one makes no new friends or connections, old friends and favourites yearly become fewer and fewer, and an old person thus becomes isolated from many of the ties and pleasures of social life. He is thus, to use a sporting phrase, handicapped for much of the enjoy-

ment of life; but, on the other hand, he is able to devote more time, thought, and attention to his future condition and happiness in the world beyond the grave. He thinks of the words of the poet:

'When youthful faith has fled,
  Of loving take thy leave.
Be constant to the dead,
  The dead cannot deceive.

But 'tis an old belief
  That on some solemn shore
Beyond the sphere of grief
  Dear friends will meet once more.

Beyond the sphere of time,
  And sin's and fate's control,
Serene in changeless prime
  Of body and of soul.

That creed I fain would keep,
  That hope I 'll not forego;
Eternal be the sleep
  Unless to waken so.'

The belief expressed in these lines is one which enters into the thoughts of many, and inspires them with pleasing hopes as to their condition in the world beyond the grave, and which must often fill the thoughts of those approaching the solemn change which awaits us all.

CHAPTER VIII

For some time past I have not added to this brief account of my life, but the season of Christmas and New Year of 1896-97 has arrived, and I am reminded that I have still a considerable number of kind friends and well-wishers, for I have received numerous Christmas cards and New Year presents, which now come to us by parcel post, a most valuable arrangement, introduced a few years ago by Fawcett, a blind man, who was Postmaster-General under Gladstone's Government, and which is especially useful and an immense benefit in remote, out-of-the-way places, as Scourie is. We have a daily mail-cart running to and from Lairg, and we have a weekly steamer from Glasgow to Badcall, three miles distant, so that our communication with the outer world is speedy and regular. When I came to Scourie in 1845 our letters came round by Assynt twice a week. The construction of the road from Lairg to Laxford, about the years 1850-51, brought us by many miles nearer the south: our letters came first three times weekly, and afterwards daily. We got all our goods and supplies by sailing-vessels from Glasgow and Leith. I have had my groceries, etc., six weeks on the voyage from Glasgow, and for many years I got my yearly supply of groceries, etc., by

our annual coal-ship from Newcastle. The introduction of a regular steamer from Glasgow to Loch Inver, and latterly to Badcall, altered this, and we are now expecting our communication to be still further improved by a railway. Light-railways are now being made, and appear to be suitable for remote districts where the traffic is light. Moreover, steam-power may be supplanted by electricity and fresh discoveries of its power. Cycles, motor-cars, etc., will no doubt supplant horse-power on our roads as well as railways. The changes and improvements in my own lifetime have been wonderful. Steam has revolutionised the world in the present century. Civilisation has made an enormous stride. From the telegraph downwards the ingenuity of man has made discoveries which would have been deemed foolish imaginings a few years ago. Education has spread and increased and improved in all countries at the expense of the State. Science is adding new inventions yearly to the knowledge and practice of man. Much as the last three or four generations have seen, how much more will the next three or four add to the present! An old, far-seeing gentleman once said to me when young, that he envied young people for what they might live to see and hear. I can now with more certainty use the same words to the young around me.

When a boy at Stornoway I well remember the tedious, uncertain manner in which letters were brought there by a sailing-vessel once a week from Poolewe on the opposite coast, at the upper end of Loch Ewe. The letters came by mail-coach to Dingwall—thence by mail-gig to Achna-

sheen, whence there was no road to Poolewe, upwards of thirty miles, principally along the north side of Loch Maree, with rivers to cross without bridges, and very difficult and dangerous paths, especially between Letterewe and Ardlair. The Post Office has ever been a niggardly department of the Government. The sum paid up to 1832 for the conveyance of the Lewis mail-bags weekly by a sailing-vessel was only £150 a year, for which pittance no one would offer to send a vessel across the Minch that was fit to carry a cargo. The mail-packets were old, worn-out vessels which required a fair wind to make the passage: the consequence was that the letters arrived very irregularly. I have seen the packet arrive in winter with five weeks' mails, and recollect hearing my grandfather describe the state of anxiety he and his family were in, caused by the detention of the packet at Poolewe after the battle of Trafalgar. His eldest son, James, afterwards Captain Robertson-Walker of Gilgarron in Cumberland, was a midshipman on board the *Victory*. A wind-bound sailing-vessel was driven into Stornoway harbour, and reported the result of the battle and the death of Nelson. It was about a fortnight after they got this news before the packet arrived, and their state of suspense may be well understood till the arrival of the letters brought them the pleasing intelligence that, though signal midshipman, in a very exposed position, he had escaped injury.

Postages in those days were very expensive; a letter from London cost 1s. 5½d., and the smallest enclosure made it double that amount. I used to go to the post-office for my father's letters; he always gave me a pound-note to pay

the postage, most of which was generally required, and sometimes more. The consequence was that, except pressing business letters, most letters were sent to Glasgow, Leith, Liverpool or Aberdeen, either by sailing-vessels or by private parties going south. When leaving home as a lad, for school or college, I always carried a lot of letters, and on one occasion going north from Edinburgh to Stornoway I carried a large bundle of notes from the National Bank to their agent in Stornoway. In 1833 the Post Office increased their allowance for carrying the mails to £365 yearly, and the contractors who took this sum agreed to run the packet twice a week when a good sailing-vessel was put on. Various changes as to the carriage of the mails to Lewis took place; at last they were carried to Ullapool and thence to and from Stornoway in a steamer; and when a railway was made from Dingwall to Strome Ferry, they were sent thence to Stornoway. Now they are carried daily to and from Stornoway in a steamer, costing the Post Office over £2000 a year. The newspaper published in Edinburgh in the morning is delivered in Stornoway at 9 P.M. on the same evening—a happy change. Such is the progress of improvement of communication in the Outer Hebrides within the last sixty years.

The Christmas of 1896 and New Year of 1897 recall to my recollection the great change that has taken place since my early days in the celebration of these festivals. New Year's Day was well kept, but Christmas Day received little notice or remembrance from Presbyterians as a rule. Our forefathers, who were very strict Calvinists, had a

horror of all usages practised by Roman Catholics and Episcopalians, and jumped to the opposite extreme, and would have no Christmas festivities, not even any preaching or observance of the day on which our Saviour entered this world; but now its sacred association is more fully recognised, though no observance of it has been ordained by the Scottish Churches, which is an anomaly, seeing that this Birth was the most blessed and important event that has ever occurred in this world, for the good of the human race—a day that should be celebrated with praise and prayer and every token of delight and thankfulness. The Episcopal Church shows us an example of the manner in which the day should be kept. It is followed now to some extent in all the towns in Scotland, and services are held in many churches connected with the Church of Scotland, and some of the Dissenting churches.

The custom of sending Christmas and New Year cards has now become very general, and acts as a kindly token of friendship and good-will between friends distant from each other, and cements and knits old friendships. Good-will is created, and numerous gifts, presents, and charitable acts do much to create kind feelings, thus having a useful moral effect among all classes. Cheap postage and parcel post aid much in the distribution of cards and presents, and make Christmas and New Year much more joyful seasons than they used to be.

EVANDER MACIVER

CHAPTER IX

LOOKING back on my past life, and remembering that I acted as factor on extensive estates, I may here record some recollections of those for whom I acted. My first situation was my appointment as factor on the estates of Duncan Davidson of Tulloch, which were large, and scattered over seven different parishes in Ross-shire, viz. Resolis, Kiltearn, Dingwall, Fodderty, Contin, Loch Broom, and Gairloch, the two latter on the west coast of the county, and fifty miles distant from the town of Dingwall, where I resided, and with no road to them beyond Garve to Loch Broom, and Kinlochewe to Gairloch. Mr. Davidson resided at Tulloch Castle, a mile from Dingwall. I was only twenty-three years of age, without any experience in estate management. I had been partly educated for such a situation, having studied good farming in Lanarkshire and Dumfriesshire, and spent half a year in the office of the Duke of Buccleuch's chamberlain at Dalkeith Palace. Mr. Davidson was a man about thirty-five years of age, had been in the army in his youth, an acute, courteous man, very good-hearted, handsome, and polished as a gentleman in manner, wore the Highland dress, was fond of sport and of horses. His ancestors had been West

Indian merchants in London, and had amassed fortunes. They began to purchase estates in Ross-shire; first acquired Tulloch from the Baynes, who had long possessed it, and then by degrees they purchased various estates in different parishes. Mr. Davidson was extravagant in money matters from his youth, and it was said that his father had paid large debts for him as a very young man in the army. He had married, when very young, a daughter of Lord Macdonald of Skye, Elizabeth Diana, a very interesting and beautiful woman. She was the mother of six daughters when I came to Tulloch at Martinmas 1834, passionately fond of her husband. He had been placed under a friendly trust of which Lord Reay was principal, and his brother, Henry Davidson, chief partner in the house of Davidson, Barkly and Co. of London, had a nominal charge of the estate, but in reality Tulloch himself did as he liked. I had gone to London in September 1834 to see Henry Davidson and to be seen by him, and met Lord Reay, and had received my appointment, after long talks with Henry Davidson as to his brother's extravagant habits, and the management of money matters, etc. I may mention that my predecessor as factor was an old gentleman, Dr. James Wishart, who was the oldest medical practitioner in Dingwall, upwards of seventy years of age. He was a bachelor of careful habits, and had saved a lot of money. He said he had lent money to Tulloch, and took the factorship to enable him to get repayment from him. He was quite ignorant of business, as I soon discovered to my cost and trouble, and the estate had

not been well or wisely managed by him. He had been factor for four or five years, and had never rendered any account of his intromissions. He had no clerk; no regular books were kept. Everything was in a mess. An accountant from Edinburgh came to make up his books and accounts, who was there for a whole year, and made a report, bringing the doctor in as due a very large amount to Tulloch. I spent some months in the winter of 1834-35 with this accountant, which did me much good, and gave me an intimate acquaintance with details of the management which proved useful to me.

Dr. Wishart gave me a very ungracious reception when I first called upon him, and said he knew nothing about me, and that he would retain his factorship of the estate till Tulloch repaid him to the uttermost farthing what was due to him. I could only report to Henry Davidson how he had met me, and he improved as we became better acquainted, and at Whitsunday 1835 he wholly gave up any interference. We were fairly good friends afterwards for years, but I never cared much for his acquaintance. I found not a few difficulties to contend with in the performance of numerous duties. I took lodgings in Dingwall, and found much clerical work inside—all which I did without assistance—and constant outside employment also. I got a good Highland pony and rode a good deal. Everything had been allowed to go on without method or supervision by Wishart. There were farms in hand at Braelangwell, Resolis, and at Braemore, Loch Broom; and the Tulloch Mains farm was managed for Mr. Davidson by a manager, who was left

much to take his own way. There were extensive woods and a sawmill which produced little or nothing.

I had a most courteous, pleasant, kind man in Mr. Davidson to deal with, and my intercourse with him was most agreeable. He was acute, and wide awake to all that went on connected with his interests, and of good judgment as to men and matters of business—a man of excellent natural talents when he applied them, very kind-hearted, generous, and considerate, very popular with and beloved by his tenants. He was a handsome, fine-looking man, full of tact and pleasantry. His weakness was an inordinate love of approbation, and a desire to show off and be the great man, profuse with money, and thoughtless as to expenditure. He had never to work for money, and spent it as it came. His generosity was large, and a tale of distress or poverty was always relieved by him, if in his power. He had a large retinue of servants, kept a number of horses and carriages, had an expensive garden, with a head- and under-gardeners, and in fact lived as if he were the possessor of a very large income. When he went south to Edinburgh he posted all the way, and he always asked for £100 to pay travelling expenses when leaving for the south, so that I early discovered it would not be easy to satisfy his pecuniary wants. The estate, with proper management, might yield him about £4000 a year. The rental was close on £6000 a year. I got a proper forester from the south to take charge of the woods, which had been grossly mismanaged, and they soon became a source of revenue, and by degrees the rental increased as leases fell out. Sheep-farms became more

valuable, and shootings were more sought for and became a valuable source of income. When I entered on the factorship there was only one shooting let, near Garve, at Achnaclerach, for £100 a year. The Loch Broom shootings had never been let, and all the shootings around Tulloch were kept in his own hands, where pheasants were reared, and rabbits allowed to increase to his own loss, and to the great loss of his tenants, who complained much on the subject. My first letting was the Meikle Field, situated close to Dingwall, between it and Tulloch, 30 acres in extent, at £4 per acre, which occasioned much talk, as well as wonder, to a Dingwall hotel-keeper; and next, the large sheep-farm in hand at Braemore in Loch Broom, with a stock of black-faced sheep on it, at a rent of £360. Sheep-farming was now becoming a profitable business; prices of wool and sheep increased. Times were good; wheat, barley, and oats were fairly good; wages were low. Estate management in those days was pleasant, and I was fortunate in commencing it at a prosperous time. There were no poor-rates, no police assessment of any weight, and road and county rates were moderate. Tenants had none of these rates to pay. Tulloch paid all road outlays, and none were charged to tenants on his estate. I had occasion to go to Gairloch on the estate of Gruinard, on the north-east side of Loch Ewe, thence to Mungasdale, Leckmelm, and Balloan estates in Loch Broom; no road or bridge between them in those days. Sometimes, in fine weather, I took a boat from Sand in Gruinard to Ullapool in Loch Broom. I made those journeys sometimes riding my own pony, with a knap-

sack for books and slight clothing in front of me. I was young, active, and strong, and enjoyed the exercise. At Gruinard there was a small thatched house with one room, a closet and a kitchen, doing duty as an inn; but the only thing to be got in abundance or comfort was whisky. At Aultbea I got a small slated house built, which was a very great and comfortable change when I visited that portion of the estate.

I sometimes crossed the Minch from Poolewe or Aultbea to meet my father and mother at Stornoway. The packet was then a smart sloop, called the *North Briton*, and my father was part owner of her, in conjunction with Messrs. William and Roderick Morrison, Stornoway.

After being in charge of the Tulloch estates for two or three years, my duties became lighter. Mr. Davidson made two important additions to his estate while I was factor. He purchased Fisherfield in Loch Broom, on the shores of the Bay of Gruinard, and also the estate of Brae in Strathpeffer, which marched with Dochcarty, the western farm on the Tulloch estate at that time. He sold the estate of Braelangwell in Resolis, which he had been obliged to purchase from the Honourable James Sinclair, brother of the Earl of Caithness, for whom he had incurred some pecuniary obligations, and this helped to relieve him of it. But Mr. Davidson's expenditure accumulated debt, and he was obliged to put himself under trust, the managing trustee being Mr. James Melville, Writer to the Signet, whose firm had been his Edinburgh law-agents. I was, after this, factor for Tulloch's trustees, and corresponded with Mr.

Melville, and yielded my accounts to him; and I had a very difficult part to play between the trustees and Mr. Davidson.

Mr. Davidson and I parted good friends in 1845, when I ceased to act for him. I collected the Martinmas rents of that year for him, after I had finished doing so for the first time in Sutherlandshire, as Mr. Davidson had not then appointed any person to succeed me.

Soon after I ceased to act for Mr. Davidson he sold his estates bit by bit—Gruinard to Bankes of Letterewe, a poor estate, principally occupied by crofters, the rent of which was then about £840. He paid for this estate stipend of £95 yearly to the minister of Gairloch, whose church and manse were twelve miles distant. Not an individual from the estates of Gruinard ever entered the church of Gairloch.

Next he sold Strath-na-shalag, Fisherfield, and Mungasdale to Mackenzie of Dundonnell, who divided this purchase with Bankes; in a few years after he sold Braemore on the estate of Balloan, and Achendrean, to John Fowler, the eminent engineer; next, the estate of Inverbroom, to Fowler; next, Leckmelm, to Pirie, an Aberdeen paper-maker. After Mr. Davidson's death, his eldest son, Colonel Duncan Davidson, went on disposing of the estate; his son married, after his father's death, a daughter of Mr. Mackenzie of Farr, etc., who, it is said, has now purchased the deer-forest of Inchbea above Garve and lands thereto belonging, and to have since acquired the Tulloch estate near Dingwall, and rebuilt Tulloch Castle, destroyed by fire in 1845. It is said that the

present representative of the Tulloch family possesses no portion of the extensive estates held by his grandfather and predecessors. It is further said that this young man's father-in-law, Mr. Mackenzie of Farr, etc., is a wealthy man, owning estates, and, having works in various parts, has given employment to his son-in-law, who is now reported to have made money by speculation in gold-mining, and that he is a director and promoter of public companies in London. My constituent was married four times, and left a lot of children; some of the daughters made good marriages, but his sons are all dead.

This brings me to the first Duke of Sutherland, who was my constituent in Sutherland. He was well advanced in life before he succeeded to the estates from his mother, the Dowager-Countess of Sutherland. He was very deaf, a quiet man, who left the management of his estate, and affairs almost wholly to his commissioner, Mr. James Loch, M.P. for the Northern District of Burghs in Scotland, a very able, talented man, who gave strict attention to the business of the Sutherland estates, as well as the English estates of the Duke, over all which he acted as commissioner. I acted under him for several years. The Duchess of Sutherland at that time was a daughter of Lord Carlisle, many years younger than the Duke, a talented and elegant woman, who was Mistress of the Robes and a great favourite of the Queen. Their eldest son was seventeen years of age in 1845, and I first made his acquaintance driving with him from Dunrobin

to Loch Inver, with his father and tutor, De Bunsen, a son of the Chevalier Bunsen.

The young Marquis was quite a boy in his ways, had never been in a public school, and his education was far back. He was supposed to be studying hard with Bunsen, but the latter seemed to me to be as fond of play as the lad was, and studies were little attended to. The young noble was manly and acute, and I liked very much what I saw of him, and prophesied he would be a different man from his father, who, though a very worthy, correct, and courteous gentleman, did not profess to be deeply interested in public matters. His great deafness was an obstacle to conversation. He read a good deal, and wrote many letters. I was much with him for several seasons at Loch Inver, and I got into the way of making him hear my voice, so much so, that when he could not hear others, he would say that I would explain it to him. The Duchess joined us at Loch Inver, when a very different kind of ceremony was kept up. The servants were all in awe of her, and her son, who was most careless in his dress and neglectful of his studies, was kept by her up to the mark in all matters. A complete and improved change came over the establishment. She was observant and acute, and noticed everything that took place or went on. I had the great pleasure of being most kindly treated by her, and trusted by her in various ways, while she lived.

In 1846 the young Marquis came north under a different tutor, a Mr. Howson, who afterwards became

Dean of Chester, and he succeeded in bringing on the education of the Marquis so much, that I had never witnessed so decided an improvement in manner and intelligence in any young man in one year; and he turned out afterwards an intelligent man, who could speak most sensibly on all ordinary subjects, and an excellent man of business.

My first constituent, the Duke of Sutherland, died in 1868. His son had married, in 1849, Annie, the only child of John Hay Mackenzie of Cromarty. For many years before his father's death, he had much to do with and to say in the direction of all estate management. James Loch was dead. His son, George Loch, bred a barrister, succeeded him as commissioner, a clever, active man of business, and who carried on the duties prudently and well for many years; but latterly the Duke entered on extensive land improvements near Lairg, on the farm of Shinness, much against the opinions of Mr. Loch and his factors. Mr. Loch got into bad health and died. No successor was appointed. The Duke acted as his own commissioner, went on with the Shinness land reclamations, and spent over £100,000, much of the deep mosses costing over £40 an acre. The Duke acted for a time under the advice of Kenneth Murray, a bank agent in Tain, and proprietor of Geanies in Ross-shire, a clever man, but not a practical farmer. Much of the land thus improved, and the best of it, was actually let at ten shillings per acre. There was neither soil nor climate at Shinness for arable farming. It was a well-meant outlay and idea,

but it ended in a signal and complete failure. The benefit to the people, who got employment while the work was in progress for several years, was considerable. Most of this land is now in pasture, and some of it fast reverting to its original worthlessness; the large offices built being monuments of foolish extravagance. A similar experiment was made in Kildonnan, where a fine sheep-farm was destroyed by attempting to convert into arable land its low or sheltered part, which was the wintering-ground of the farm. Attempts were also made in various places, at Ribigill, near Tongue, and at Eriboll, to improve; but the tenants declined to pay any interest or additional rent, considering their farms were quite as valuable before, as they were after, large outlays were made on them by the Duke. Much money was thrown away in the purchase of steam engines and ploughs to carry on these works, found by experience not to answer the purposes for which they were intended, viz. ploughing new land. Branches and roots of trees which had been buried for many long years under the moss were encountered, which these steam-ploughs could not move; the gear gave way, and expense and delay were created; they were then laid aside as useless and valueless. It was a gigantic and noble effort to take in hundreds of acres, worthless and in an unsuitable climate, a fight against nature, which ended in the outlay of an enormous sum. I took the liberty of saying to the Duke of Sutherland, on the only occasion on which I met him on the ground, that I thought it was imprudent

to attempt it on such a large scale, and that he should be satisfied with taking in, say, 50 or 60 acres, and try how that would succeed before beginning on a large scale. My advice was thrown away. I never afterwards alluded to the subject, but it was a burning question for some years, and was persevered with much longer than it ought to have been. George Loch was broken-hearted about it, and it worried him so much that I believe it hurried his end. The Duke soon tired of the details of estate management. He appointed Sir Arnold Kemball, a retired Indian general, who had held diplomatic positions in Persia and Turkey, to be commissioner. He was wholly ignorant of country matters, and Scottish law and customs, and, though a gentleman of intelligence, very unfit for the position. He had to be educated in many of his duties, and this gave the factors no small trouble and much correspondence at the outset. He occupied the position for a few years, and was just beginning to understand his work when he resigned. Next, a Norfolk gentleman of the name of Brereton, who had been in India and America as an engineer, was appointed commissioner. He had charge of roads in Norfolk. This gentleman required education as to Scottish matters, and he became a perfect nuisance, asking for information on all sorts of subjects, many of them trivial and absurd. It was soon found that he wanted the necessary judgment and tact for his situation. His Grace went abroad with a party in a yacht, and left Brereton to manage the estates in his absence. It was soon seen how unwise and unfit he was; he got on

bad terms with the factors and many others. On the Duke's return he at once parted with him and took charge of the business himself, nominally appointing his eldest son, the Marquis of Stafford, to perform the duties of commissioner. This arrangement continued till after the death of the Duchess of Sutherland. Lord Stafford eventually resigned all connection with management of the estates, and ever after, while the Duke lived, all business was conducted by himself. The factors corresponded with Mr. Wright, the Duke's secretary, and I believe it was as well conducted in every respect by the Duke in these latter years of his life as it had been previously under commissioners. Latterly, under other influence, he was largely reducing outlays, and interferences arose in business matters at Dunrobin and Tongue, but did not, so far as known to me, concern themselves much with the Scourie district, till shortly before the Duke's death in 1892, a certain one desired to purchase the best half of the parish of Assynt, including Lochinver House, with the adjacent deer-forest and the angling of the rivers Inver and Kirkaig, a scheme against which I at once remonstrated and did all I could to oppose.

I attended a meeting of factors at Dunrobin in September 1892, went there on a Monday, had much talk with the Duke that evening, spent next day at the meeting, and I never saw the Duke exhibit more of good judgment, with full knowledge of all the subjects discussed. He appeared dull but in excellent health, for he ate heartily at meals, and drank also, and spoke much as he used to do. On Wednesday also I was for an hour or two with him and with

James Scott discussing the renewal of the lease of the sheep-farm of Balnakiel in Durness, which was finally arranged; and I never saw him more acute, firm, and prudent, or act more intelligently in a business matter. I parted with his Grace at 1 P.M., when he was apparently in perfect health. I came that night to Lochmore Lodge, and dined with Lord Stalbridge and the Duke of Westminster's sons, who were there. Next day, Thursday, I came home to Scourie, and next morning I was horrified to receive a telegram from Henry Wright, the Duke's secretary, informing me of the Duke's death the previous night.

This sad and sudden death, which put an end to many schemes, relieved his family and friends from the dismemberment of the estate near Dunrobin, which was far advanced, and would soon have been accomplished. The young Duke found much to do.

CHAPTER X

I WAS now in the service of a third Duke of Sutherland, a most amiable, kind-hearted, and generous man.

His Grace had kindly stated to me that when I ceased to act for him it was not his intention to appoint a successor, and that the Scourie district would be assigned and divided for future management between the factors at Dunrobin and Tongue, and that if I wished to retire, and take ease, I would receive from him a pension for life, and have my house, garden, and farm at present rent. This generous, kind offer I took into consideration, and in the autumn of 1895 I intimated to his Grace my intention to accept his generous proposal; and accordingly, in the end of that year, my official career as factor for the Duke of Sutherland closed, but I retained the office of agent for the Duke of Westminster. I was wise to have ceased to act longer as factor.

I now hear that the Duke of Sutherland, impressed with the idea that he owns too large an estate in Sutherland, that one landlord cannot manage or do justice to such a number of tenants or so large an area of country, has resolved to try to dispose of the two districts of Tongue and Scourie, on the north and west coasts of the county, divided into sixteen different estates, and that it will shortly be

advertised. This is a proposed dismemberment of the grand old estate the Sutherland dukes and earls had purchased by degrees, and it has evoked in my mind no small amount of regret. It is a problem that may not be solved, but if it is carried out, it is difficult to say what its effects may be.

Highland estates have much lessened in value since the prosperous time from 1832 to the year 1880. Rents have fallen largely, especially the rents of arable farms, which, since the introduction of free trade, have been much lowered. Wheat is now imported into Great Britain from all parts of the world where it is grown. While I lived in Ross-shire I sold wheat from farms of Mr. Davidson's at from 50s. to 60s. per quarter; it is now sold for half these amounts. Flour is now sold in this country at the price of oatmeal, as low as 12s. and 13s. per boll of 140 lbs. Oats and barley have fallen in like manner. Rates were unknown in almost all parishes in Scotland previous to 1845 for support of the poor or police by tenants. Now these rates and, in addition, school-rates amount in Highland parishes to from 5 to 10 per cent., and in some cases more, equally divided between landlord and tenant; in reality all paid by the landlord, as every man offering for a farm deducts from the rent he offers the amount of rates exigible from a tenant. Labour is also now much higher. The wages now of both household and farm servants are double what they were before the free-trade system came in. The working-classes have greatly improved their position, owing to higher wages and cheaper food of all kinds, including tea and sugar. I have myself

paid over a shilling per pound for the sugar I now get at 2½d., and 5s. and 6s. per lb. for tea which I now get at 1s. 6d. to 2s.

I believe that clothing and shoes are now dearer than they were fifty years ago. But the condition of the masses and working-classes is materially bettered. They now consume a quantity of butcher-meat daily, which formerly was a luxury only indulged in on rare occasions.

The incomes of proprietors of arable land have thus been largely reduced, and are considered to be now only one-half of what they were half a century ago. The same may now be said of sheep-farms on Highland estates, the rents of which have fallen about 50 per cent. within the last twenty years. This is principally owing to the fall in value of home-grown wool, which, in consequence of the enormous quantities of merino wool imported into this country from the Colonies, has fallen quite 50 per cent. A sheep-farmer depends more upon the price of his wool than of his sheep for his rent and outlays.

The price of cattle and sheep are also reduced owing to the enormous quantities imported from foreign countries, both alive and dead; in fact, such are the quantities of food of every kind, including poultry, eggs, butter, cheese and fish, that the marvel is how it is all consumed by the population of this comparatively small island.

Were it not for the rents obtained by Highland proprietors for deer-forests, shootings, and angling of rivers and lochs, their estates would be so valueless, especially those on which there is a large crofter population, that the rent they

received would scarcely pay the amount of rates upon them. There have been instances in the island of Lewis when the proprietor did not receive so much as would pay the rates, and was obliged to borrow money for the purpose. I know as a fact that Lady Matheson, widow of Sir James Matheson, who life-rented all his estates after his death, was placed in great monetary difficulties by the non-payment of rents by the crofters in Lewis, that the assessments were so severe for poor, education, roads, etc., as to necessitate her pledging her silver and gold plate to enable her to pay them in the rural parishes of Lewis.

CHAPTER XI

AFTER some months I again record a few matters which interest me in my old age. On 22nd June 1897 I was able to enjoy a pageant even in this remote corner of Edderachillis, observed in every part of the known world with a grandeur and enthusiasm and loyalty so unique as never before to have occurred in the history of this world —the celebration of the Diamond Jubilee of the reign of Queen Victoria. Millions have joined in this pageant in all parts of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America. Her own subjects alone, who call her Queen, or Empress, or ruler, are supposed to number over 250 millions. India alone contains 200 millions, and native rulers there have joined most willingly and loyally in the congratulations. I recollect the death of George the Third, George the Fourth, and William the Fourth. I was a grown-up man in business in Dingwall in 1837. I was a justice of the peace under William, and I recollect being sworn in as one under Queen Victoria. No royal couple ever showed such an example of high nobility, purity, and excellence in their public conduct and in their private life as Queen Victoria and her Consort, Prince Albert, and all their establishments were managed and conducted with a high dignity and with a care and judgment

which excited the admiration of all their subjects, and gained for them the respect and affection of all beneath them. As a Christian, Queen Victoria has nobly performed her religious duties, and maintained and supported her Government and her people in the maintenance of the Church of Christ, and as far as we short-sighted mortals can perceive, the blessing of Almighty God has been on us as a nation since she ruled over us.

My son John, who went to South Africa upwards of twenty years ago, when little more than a boy, came in June to visit me and see me once again, which has added much to my happiness and pleasure. John is a settler in South Africa, married to a sister of his late brother Murdo's wife. They were the daughters of a German family who emigrated to the Cape, and their father was a settler near Queenstown in Cape Colony. John has taken charge of Murdo's affairs and family, is a quiet, prudent, careful man, and lives comfortably with modest means, acting as a father and guardian of his brother's widow and four children.

I continue myself in the enjoyment of wonderful health and vigour of mind and body. Up to this date, when I am approaching my eighty-sixth birthday, I have no disease of body. I eat, drink, and sleep as well as ever, and retain a good recollection of most matters, for all which blessings I try to be made thankful. Men at my age, however, have not a day to count upon, for very little finishes an old man. I am well cared for by my son Duncan and his good, kind, and judicious wife, who watches for my good and does much

for my comfort in all matters, relieving me of domestic anxiety or trouble, and with her two children cheering me, and managing all household affairs. I have yearly visits from my daughter, Mrs. Robertson, and her children, which give me much enjoyment of life, and also from several other friends who are attached to me; among others from Dr. Roderick Macleod and his wife Madeline, newly married; from Dr. Ross of Borve, Barvas, Lewis, and a son. Dr. Ross is a distant relative and a superior, intelligent man.

I have heard from my nephew, Sir Lewis M'Iver, of the death of his father on 30th July 1897, at Dover, where he had resided for many years. He had been well and carefully looked after by his son Lewis and his excellent wife, Lady Charlotte, neither of whom spared time nor expense in providing for him every comfort he required, faithful attendants, and not only the necessaries but many of the luxuries of life. He was a man of much intelligence and talent, and an attached, affectionate relative. He had been sorely tried by the sad drowning of two grown-up daughters by the upsetting of a boat at the mouth of a river near Madras. He leaves two sons, both married with families—Sir Lewis, who is a distinguished politician and orator and member for West Edinburgh; and Iver Iain, who resides in Australia.

I am now, strange to relate, the only one in life of seven sons of my father, and the oldest of them. My only sister, Lily, was Mrs. Roderick Macleod, and she is dead, having left an only daughter, Mrs. Annabella Engelken of Port

Elizabeth, Cape Colony, and she has one son and one daughter, Lily and Fritz.

As previously mentioned, I had in July 1897 a visit from Dr. Roderick Ross of Borve, in Lewis, a distant relative and a correspondent of mine for many years, who kept me well informed on all matters connected with my native island, Lewis. He is a very intelligent, well-read man, and highly esteemed as a medical man and as a scholar in his native country, where he has spent his life in the practice of his profession—lost, in my opinion, in a poor, remote country district containing seven thousand people, almost all poor crofters, where he receives a limited income from the parish and next to nothing from his numerous patients. He was accompanied by his son John, a lad of fourteen, at school at the Nicolson Institute in Stornoway. At the same time I had a visit from Dr. Roderick Macleod, a nephew of my late wife, just returned from Calcutta, where he occupied a Government appointment, and now on his marriage trip. His wife was Mrs. Macdonald, Dunach, near Oban, a superior woman, and of great intelligence and good sense. Dr. Macleod was a great favourite of my wife, and also of my own, and I was glad to welcome them to Scourie.

This district is now visited by numerous tourists and anglers, and by sporting tenants, who are now in their shooting-lodges. The Duke and Duchess of Westminster made a very pleasing call upon me the day after they arrived at Lochmore. They drove to their steam-yacht to Loch Laxford, and steamed into Scourie Bay, landing with three

of their children, and remaining for about an hour. I was delighted to see both the Duke and Duchess in excellent health—he now over seventy years of age, very active and lively, and looking quite fit for the fatiguing exercise of deer-stalking in his extensive forests. They returned to the yacht and went to Kylestrome, the shooting-lodge of the large forest of Glendhu.

In the hotel at Scourie there were lately a host of old acquaintances who have been visiting this place for many years—the Bilboroughs and the Fuller-Maitlands from London, who came to call for me several times, and several others; but in the end of September and beginning of October these southern visitors migrate to their English homes, leaving behind them very substantial proofs of their residence amongst us, benefiting landlords and the numerous keepers, foresters, gillies, and servants employed by them. It is the fact that these remote parishes in the north of Scotland would be poor and desolate and scarcely worth possessing but for the visits of these sportsmen, anglers, and tourists, who come for amusement, health, and pure, bracing air, and return home improved and strengthened for the winter campaign in the towns and country residences of England.

The rents paid for shootings and fishings enable Highland proprietors to live as they used to do, and to treat their agricultural tenants more liberally. The money spent in two or three months by sportsmen, etc., in wages, hirings, and general expenses, adds comfort and independence to many families; and the intercourse of the people with persons

of culture, education, and intelligence has a very beneficial influence on their character and habits, and on their modes of speaking and general conduct.

The year 1897 has been, on the whole, a favourable one for those engaged in agricultural occupations; the corn crop has been fully an average one, and the summer and harvest favourable for the growth and securing of it; quality and quantity of grain beyond an average, with less straw, and a rise in prices, not large, but very general. Turnips, a superior crop. Potatoes, a good crop over the north of Scotland; prices of cattle and sheep better; of wool, lower. As a whole, the best year farmers have had for several years past, and a lowering of rates for tenant-farmers has proved a great boon. Crofters over the north are toning down, and are now comparatively quiet; still, one who has had long experience, as I have, cannot look forward without dread to what may happen if a failure of crops occurs, or if fishings fail; two misfortunes apt to recur.

There are some properties on the mainland with a congested population of crofters and cottars, but it is for the Islands that one cannot help looking forward with some dread and anxiety. It is Lewis, my native island, that I am naturally interested in, and the prospect there is certainly one of difficulty for the landlords, and deep anxiety for all responsible for the support of a large population in seasons of want. On the mainland, landlords have been more strict to prevent the erection of houses by cottars, and to prohibit a crofter from admitting a married

couple into his house. In Lewis the crofters and cottars were permitted to erect houses and receive married couples without restraint. Early marriages have been almost universal over the island; a few pounds enabled them to erect a turf house, that is, the walls of a house were built of turf; stones were scarce, and few were used in the erection of houses. The work cost little, for the neighbours gave gratuitous assistance; the only expenditure was the purchase of the rafters and couples for the roof, which were procured at Stornoway, imported from the mainland. This unhappy system has led to much subdivision of crofts and increase of population. I heard it stated by a person on whom I could rely that he knew one township in Lewis on which in his earliest recollection there were six tenants, on which there were now over sixty dwelling-houses! The result is that during the last sixty years the population has risen from 12,000 to upwards of 25,000, and the yearly addition is considerable. This, in a poor soil with a bad climate, is a knotty question, which will puzzle to a certainty in the future the ability and philanthropy of the country, for, from whatever source it comes, food will have to be provided, and the cost will be enormous. No starvation can be permitted or heard of. It will fall eventually on Government, and the bulk of the people will be obliged to emigrate to a richer soil and a better climate. I am not a pessimist, but I cannot shut my eyes. The support of our 20,000 crofters and cottars will be a serious expenditure, and it will not be confined to Lewis, for there are other islands and districts which will have to be maintained and

similarly treated at the same time. The Highland people are not, as a rule, disposed to migrate or emigrate, but this is the only drastic remedy one can think of should such an unfortunate emergency arise. No system of culture could produce on such a poor subject as the great proportion of Lewis is, food for half the population now upon it; and with small rentals, the amount of rates now necessary to be imposed swallow up at least a third of the gross rental, and these rates are likely to increase instead of decreasing. The whole problem is surrounded with trial and difficulty and loss of income for the landlord.

Notwithstanding the prosperous condition of agriculture in 1897, the condition of the occupiers of land in Britain and Ireland is one of anxiety, for they have had hard times to fight against in the sale of their produce, while labour has sensibly become a greater burden, and wages have increased. Trade has prospered in spite of the engineers' strike, which has lasted for five months, and still continues, inflicting most serious and extensive damage on that branch of industry, driving trade in it to America and the Continent, whence it may not again return to this country for many years, if ever. Were it not for this unfortunate quarrel between masters and workmen in our most important trade, the year 1897 would have been recorded as one of much prosperity.

The advent of Christmas and New Year brings the remembrance of those dear ones who have passed away more vividly before us. I am blessed by having many dear ones still in life, and hosts of good friends. The new fashion

of Christmas and New Year cards, with more substantial proofs of friendship and regard which I have received, have been very pleasing, and prove that I have hosts of well-wishers. This custom has its advantages; it tends to cement and strengthen good feelings, and has thus a good moral effect.

REMINISCENCES OF

CHAPTER XII

23rd May 1898.—I have enjoyed the blessing of continued good health since I last made any entry in this confused list of reminiscences. The death of a great and a good man, William Ewart Gladstone, on the 19th inst., has impressed me strongly. He was twenty-one months my senior in age. I had met him twice in the decade from 1850 to 1860, once at Dunrobin, and next at Loch Inver, and travelled in his company from Loch Inver to Scourie, and thence to Lochmore Lodge, where I parted with him. He was accompanied on both occasions by Mrs. Gladstone and some of their children. I had much conversation with him, and was able to form some opinion as to his character and ways. He had been in the Government, and had become a marked politician and great debater, and in his prime, but was out of office when at Loch Inver. He was a most pleasing, agreeable man in society, did not in the very slightest appear a big man or elated by his high reputation, most affable, full of humour, simple in his manners. He was a great favourite of the then Duchess of Sutherland, a daughter of Lord Carlisle, herself a woman of talent, and personally a beautiful and handsome lady, Mistress of the Robes, and a favourite of the Queen. She asked me specially to spend some days at

Lochinver House with the Gladstones, and introduced me as a Highlander who was full of Highland information. I thus had long talks with Mr. Gladstone, and spent a most delightful week in his company. Mr. George Loch, commissioner on the estate, was of the party. Mr. Gladstone questioned me much on Highland subjects, and was keenly anxious for information regarding the people and their habits and ideas. One subject he inquired closely about was the superstitions prevalent amongst them. I told him several that amused and interested him. One of these he took up with special interest, and which I told him I believed was common over the northern portions of Europe, viz. that there were certain persons scattered over the country who had the power of injuring the milk of cattle belonging to any one they disliked, and further, that there were others well known who had the power of restoring to the milk the virtue or goodness of which it had been deprived and rendered unfit for use. He exclaimed, 'How much I would like to hear any one express belief in such an absurdity.' Two days afterwards a walk to the Kirkaig River was proposed. Going along the road we met an old crofter herding two cows at the roadside near a fresh-water loch. The idea immediately struck Mr. Gladstone that this man should be asked whether he believed this opinion as to the power of any party to affect injuriously the milk of his cows. I was deputed to ask the question. I knew the man to be rather superior in intelligence, and able to speak to me in English. I therefore addressed him in that language. I began by asking him if his cows were milking well. The whole party

gathered behind me to listen to the conversation. After some preliminary remarks, I at last told him I had a question I wished him particularly to listen to, and to inform me upon, and I slowly and quietly asked as to his belief in this matter. The old man looked at me, and repeated in decided terms, and as if surprised that I should ask such a question, 'To be sure I do, and I am sure you know and believe it as well as I do.' Gladstone was quite struck with the man's ready and decided reply, and was quite delighted to have heard it. Next day Mr. Gladstone went to breakfast at the house of Mr. John Scobie, tenant of the sheep-farm of Loch Inver, and told the story of the old man's belief to Mrs. Scobie and her mother, a Mrs. Mackinnon from Skye, when to his utter amazement he found both ladies express their firm belief in this superstition, and told him it was universally believed in Skye. On his return to Lochinver House he entered exclaiming that he had heard two educated ladies express their belief in the milk superstition.

The impression I formed of Mr. Gladstone was that he was too impetuous in coming to conclusions, too easily impressed by what he heard, and he did not appear to me to be a man of that strong judgment and common sense necessary for those who are to be guides of men or parties; but that a more delightful man in society and in conversation could not be met with, and that he made himself liked by all with whom he came in contact by his affability and his simple and unaffected manners. If he had been taken away twenty years ago, and before he introduced Home Rule for Ireland, he would have gone down to posterity as a most wonderful

man as an orator and debater, as a good, pious, and God-fearing man from his youth to old age, the most remarkable man of this century. His mother was a woman of very high character, talents, and piety, with a fine presence, and it must have been from her that he inherited and acquired such nobility of character and conduct. His father was a strong-minded, clever man of business, self-reliant and imperious, wholly absorbed in making a fortune. I had occasion to call for him once in London, and considered him a rough, out-spoken man. He had acquired the estate at Dingwall possessed by his father-in-law, Mr. Andrew Robertson, and being mixed up with, and close to, the estate of Tulloch over which I acted as factor, I there had occasion to know a good deal about him. My wife's mother was a relation of Mrs. John Gladstone; they were of the same age, at school together, and kept up an acquaintance with each other while they lived, constantly corresponding. When Miss Robertson became engaged to Mr. Gladstone, she sent a beautiful miniature of herself to Mrs. Macdonald painted on ivory, which miniature my wife presented to Mr. William E. Gladstone a few years ago, and which he greatly prized, and sent his photograph to her with his name upon it in return.

Since last making any entry in this book, William E. Gladstone has passed away to join the majority. His end was hastened by an attack of cancer in his face; he bore his illness with courage and resignation. He was without doubt a pious, proper, and well-conducted man, a great orator, a great scholar of rare talent, but impetuous, and given to

change, and consequently not a fit man to lead a Government for any length of time. His talent, character, and gift of oratory gained him many followers and admirers, but he could not keep on a party or a Government long. He began life in Parliament under Sir Robert Peel as a Tory, gradually became a free trader, and fell, after he brought in Home Rule for Ireland; this caused his downfall as a politician.

The year 1898 has gone, and, marvellous to record, I am still in possession of health and even of some bodily strength, and as yet the diseases of old age press lightly upon me. My sight, hearing, and ability to walk any great distance are affected, and my memory in small matters is defective; the names of persons and places often puzzle me. Still I am able to do ordinary business as I used to do, and to enjoy life a good deal, and to be interested in all that goes on around me. I correspond a good deal with old friends, and am engaged in the management of the deer-forests of the Duke of Westminster, for all which I have great cause to be thankful to my Heavenly Maker, and I pray to be made thankful.

One of the great changes in progress is the dependence of Great Britain for food for her population on foreign and colonial countries. All the world is now sending more or less food to Britain, and these imports are yearly increasing to such an extent, that it is now a very difficult problem to solve how the British Islands could be supplied with food in the event of war. The manufacturing population has increased so largely, and wages have risen so much, especi-

ally of skilled labour, that the food which satisfied this class in the early years of the century will not now serve their wants. The whole of them now consume butcher-meat, which was once seldom touched except on Sundays; now it is their principal food. Fish is dearer as a rule than meat. The result is an immense importation of animal food, which for 1898 largely exceeds any former year. Steamers are now fitted up with refrigerating chambers, and ships laden with frozen meat arrive from all parts, but specially from America, Canada, Australia, and New Zealand. The importation of wheat and flour from all countries where wheat is grown is also increasing in the same ratio. The Board of Trade returns for 1898 indicate an enormous increase of imports. It is set down at the huge total of £470,504,198, of which about 43 per cent. is for food and drink. Looking to the produce of food in Great Britain and Ireland, it is clear that if war arose between Britain and one or more of the other nations, the transport of food-supplies would be difficult, and the protection of vessels with cargoes of food of all kinds would require a large fleet of warships and an enormous cost to this country, adding largely to the cost of food. The problem is one for future generations to solve.

Both in the United States and in Norway and Sweden, the Governments are applying attention to the artificial breeding of sea-fish. Trawling has now become so general on all coasts, that the quantity of fish largely exceeds what used to be taken by line-fishing, and the diminution of fish for the supply of food is beginning to be

felt everywhere. To meet this, and to increase the quantity of fish bred on their coasts, these Governments incur expense. The British Government have not as yet followed the example set them. There is an enormous fishing population on all our coasts, whose sole occupation and means of support are derived from fish, a hardy and valuable class of men for the navy and merchant vessels, which get numbers of their crews from them, and from which a large number of naval reserve men are derived. To encourage artificial breeding of fish by this class all along our coasts would not involve a very large outlay, small in comparison with the enormous addition which would be made to the fish bred naturally, and which in time of war or failure of crops would be a valuable addition to our supply of food.

The Fishery Board would be the proper parties to have this subject under their charge and consideration. The duties of the Board are at present light and nominal, and the increase of fish as a food-supply should form part of its duty.

CHAPTER XIII

9th September 1899.—I have not added to the foregoing reminiscences of my life for a long time. I am this day eighty-eight years of age, and still retain strength of body, and my mind is also wonderfully sound as yet. My hearing, eyesight, and memory are more or less affected, and I am not able to take any active bodily exercise; still I am marvellously well. I take an interest in all that goes on around me, both public and private, and am able to conduct the business of the Duke of Westminster and my own affairs. I eat, drink, and sleep as well as I have done all my life. I am not a total abstainer, but take one glass of whisky and water every day during dinner. I go to bed at 10 P.M., and breakfast daily at 8.30 A.M. I have much cause for thankfulness to my Heavenly Father for all the blessings and comforts I enjoy, and for numerous friends and well-wishers, and for the love and affection entertained towards me by members of my own family.

Up to this date, 1899 has been a good year on the whole for this country, especially for the trading and manufacturing interests. Coal and iron have increased in value; the manufacturing population were never more fully employed. Wages were never so high, and food has been cheap and

abundant. Farming interests have not been prosperous. Corn is very low; animal food has sold well; prices of cattle, horses, sheep, and lambs have been high, but Scottish wool has not during my lifetime been so low as it is at present. I have sold white-washed Cheviot wool at from twenty to twenty-two pence per pound, and this year the highest offer I have had is ninepence.

The rent of land is therefore much reduced, especially of arable land. Wedder land is valueless. Ground fit for breeding ewes is more valuable. A large proportion of the hill-ground in the north of Scotland is now under deer. Were it not for the rents paid for shootings and fishings, Highland estates, especially those where crofters are numerous, would produce little or nothing. Rates and assessments for poor, lunacy, roads, police, etc., swallow up, in addition to expense of management, a large portion of the rents, leaving little for the landlords.

The year 1899 has been one of much commercial prosperity, more so than many previous years. Our exports and imports largely exceed those of former years. The iron trade has been flourishing; shipbuilding has made in late years gigantic strides. Each year produces ships of larger tonnage; the ships of the Cunard and White Star lines eclipse all others. The voyage from Liverpool to New York is now accomplished in less than six days. Space is conquered by science. Communication by sea and land is now provided with every comfort that could be dreamed of. We get letters in Great Britain from many colonies and foreign countries for one penny of postage. I recollect in my early

business days a letter from London to Stornoway cost 1s. 5½d. of postage, and double that amount if the letter contained the most trifling enclosure, such as a cheque or a bill.

The year 1899 has not been one of prosperity for agriculturalists. Crops were fairly good and well got in, but prices have been uniformly low. Wool lower than it has been for fifty years; prices of stock could not be complained of, but labour bills were higher. The value of land yearly becomes lower, while rates increase, the consequence being that the income of landed proprietors has fallen away. So great is the import of food of all kinds into this country from all parts of the world, that the British agriculturalist is crowded out of the market, and cannot compete with his foreign brethren. The cheapness of food, and the high rate of wages, suit the labouring classes, who now live more comfortably than their predecessors did. Such has been the commercial prosperity during this year, that the wealth of the nation has been largely increased. While on this subject I may quote from the Report of Revenue and Expenditure in 1899 to the end of the financial year in 1900. I find that the total expenditure amounted to £148,257,000, as compared with £121,224,000 in the previous year. The revenue estimate of income was £116,900,000, leaving a deficit of over £30,000,000, which is accounted for by the enormous war expenditure in South Africa.

The enormously increased revenue of the country is, however, a notable increase of wealth in Great Britain and Ireland, and a proof of the prosperity which has followed the discoveries of science made in the last century. In physical

science alone the following names may be quoted: Jenner, Darwin, Huxley, Kelvin, Lister, Pasteur, Virchow. What has not the power of steam accomplished! The telegraph! What may electricity not bring about in the future! The extension of railways all over the world has annihilated time and space, and brought communication between distant countries and people to a narrow limit. Great must be the changes and discoveries to be made in the century we are now entering upon, all for the benefit of the human race, the civilisation of the world, and the extension on earth of the religion of Christ.

As a proof of the prosperity of Britain, I may mention that the Chancellor of the Exchequer asked for a loan of £35,000,000 for the expenses of the war in South Africa, and was offered in a few days ten times the amount he asked for, proving the amount of money idle and demanding employment or a safe investment.

The Sutherland estate was largely added to in 1829 by the purchase of the estate of Lord Reay, who possessed three entire parishes, viz. Tongue, Durness, and Edderachillis, and the price paid for these parishes was, I believe, £300,000. The Reay family were poor, and required their whole income for their upkeep, and spent little or nothing on their estate, which was almost in a state of nature when purchased by the Marquis of Stafford, who was a rich man. He married Elizabeth, Countess of Sutherland (the only member of her family in life in 1785, she being the daughter of the seventeenth Earl of Sutherland), and was made a Duke about the year 1832. His eldest son was the second Duke,

and had succeeded his father when I came to Sutherlandshire in 1845. He was then in his sixtieth year, and very deaf; a kind, retiring man. The estate was wholly managed by Mr. James Loch as commissioner. He was a Scottish gentleman, bred an advocate, who settled in London, and became M.P. for the Northern Burghs. I was not long in Sutherland before I found I had entered on a troublesome and difficult task. My first trouble was on the introduction of a new poor-law in October 1845. Parochial boards were appointed in every parish, and I soon discovered there were few in the three parishes I had charge of—viz. Assynt, Edderachillis, and Durness—who were fit men of business to act as members of these boards; that frequent meetings would be necessary, which entailed much travelling and constant attention, and that the conducting of the business rested almost wholly on myself. This was followed in 1847 and 1848 by the potato disease, which came upon us unexpectedly and suddenly; and potatoes being the most important article of food of the crofter population in these days, it created a panic and alarm in the minds of every one, especially landlords and their agents, and also among the poor people themselves. It was found necessary to import a quantity of meal as food for the people, and, as they could not pay for the meal, to set agoing work for their employment. It was difficult to find remunerative work in this rocky, barren country and wet, stormy climate. The Duke placed ample funds at my disposal, but threw much responsibility upon me. Various roads were projected and made, and for some years the outlays were large, but the district

was much improved and benefited. The people, hitherto unaccustomed to the use of spade, pick, or plough, became good labourers. The potato disease gradually lessened, and what was considered a sad misfortune eventually proved a great good for the people, for they were much improved as workmen. Many improvements on their crofts followed, many useful roads were made, and more industrious habits amongst the people followed. Potato disease appears almost every year in isolated places, but its virulence and injurious effects on the food of the people are luckily little felt in recent years. The people are now accustomed to the use of meal as food, and they are healthier and stronger now for labour than they were.

The present Duke of Sutherland has lately sold to a Mr. Gilmour, a Scotsman who owns large turkey-red dye-works at Alexandria, in the county of Dumbarton, by which he has amassed a considerable fortune, the parish of Durness, with a portion of the parish of Edderachillis to the west of Cape Wrath, forming a part of the sheep-farm of Keoldale, the greater part of which is in Durness, bounding with Edderachillis. Mr. Gilmour has also purchased from the Duke the estate of Armidale in the parish of Farr—all, it is said, for £100,000. Mr. Gilmour has also bought Rosehall and Invercassley in the parish of Creich, and some property opposite these in Ross-shire. This Sutherland estate is entailed, and the sales must be made with the consent and approval of the Court of Session, who set aside a portion of the purchase price for the benefit of the next heir of entail, who is a minor, now in his tenth year, and the money for the

heir fixed by the Court is invested in the name of his trustees appointed for the purpose. When he is twenty-one years of age this money will be at his disposal, and may be apt to lead him to extravagance, for young people getting wealth often spend it in folly, and in place of being a benefit and a blessing, as it ought to be, is the cause of their ruin.

When Lord Stafford purchased the three parishes of Tongue, Durness, and Edderachillis from Lord Reay, he is said to have paid £300,000 for them. The outlay on them since then by the Sutherland family has been very large, first on a road beginning at Loch Assynt side, across the hill to Kylesku Ferry, and entering the Reay country at Kylestrome, thence to Scourie, Rhiconich, and Durness, and round Loch Eriboll over the Moin to Tongue Ferry, a distance of over sixty miles through rocky, steep hills, with numerous rivers, necessitating expensive bridges. It is said that the road cost £45,000, and the numerous roads since made from Laxford to Lairg, from Rhiconich to Shegra, etc., have added largely to this amount. Then came the outlay on farmhouses at Glendhu, Keoldale, Eriboll, and in the parish of Tongue; a factor's house at Scourie, hotels at the various places considered necessary, outlay in the improvement of land, shooting-lodges, especially those in the Reay forest, and other places. All these put together would amount to more than the original purchase price of the estate of Lord Reay. Although the value in 1829 of land for grazing purposes was comparatively low, it rose after 1832 up to the year 1880, and since 1845, when I became factor at Scourie, the rents of shootings and fishings have added

largely to the value of Highland properties. Taking all the advantages and disadvantages, such as increased rates and taxation, into consideration, I cannot but conclude that the price paid by Mr. Gilmour is low and inadequate, and that the sale made to him is a great mistake financially.

I had a call lately from Mr. C. E. W. M'Pherson, chartered accountant, Edinburgh, Collector of the Widows' Fund for the Church of Scotland, and who is clerk and treasurer for the directors of the Edinburgh Academy, who in course of conversation talked of Archibald Campbell Tait, who was the first dux of the Academy in 1824 and 1825. I told him that I was in the fifth class in 1826, when Tait was dux in the Rector's highest class, and that I often had conversations with Tait, who, being lame, and not physically strong, never joined in football or any athletic games, but looked on. Mr. M'Pherson said he believed that I was now the oldest living person who had been educated at the Academy. I was much pleased to hear from him that the Academy was now a very flourishing school, that it was both a preparatory as well as a classical institution, and that the present Rector, Mackenzie, had improved it and increased the number of pupils. I am glad on every account to hear this, for I knew Mr. Mackenzie as a boy with his mother, one summer at Loch Inver, and I remember his father, who rose to be a Lord of Session, as a boy at the Academy, two classes under mine. I also remember his grandfather, a stoutly made Highlander with a wooden leg, who occupied a house in Howe Street, through which I passed daily on my way to the College; he lost his leg in the Napoleonic wars. He was

said to have been a native of Rogart in this county. I mentioned to Mr. M'Pherson that Sir Walter Scott and another gentleman came into the fifth classroom of the Academy in 1825, when we were at our Greek lesson, translating Xenophon's *Anabasis*, and that the master asked me to translate a passage, to which Sir Walter listened with great attention. Fortunately, I was prepared, and translated it so correctly that the master, Robert Mitchell, complimented me. The only other time I saw Sir Walter Scott was in the Court of Session, sitting below the judges as a Clerk of Session beside his colleague and great friend, Mr. Colin Mackenzie of Portmore. I was told that they were class-fellows at the High School, and that a prize was given for poetry, and that Colin Mackenzie got the first prize, and Sir Walter Scott the second.

There is a very interesting story told in Lockhart's *Life of Scott* as to the relations between these two. Mackenzie was son-in-law of Sir William Forbes, who at that time was the leading banker of Edinburgh. Mackenzie being at the bank one day doing business, his father-in-law came out of his private room into the public office and observed him, and asked him to come into his private office with him. After some conversation, Mackenzie remarked to Sir William that although he had no desire to pry into any bank subjects, still he had heard with deep regret of Sir Walter Scott being under large engagements for the Ballantynes, his publishers, and that he hoped it was not true. His father-in-law replied that there was some truth in it, and added, some pecuniary aid would be very opportune and valuable to Sir Walter,

whereupon Mackenzie went back to the public office and drew a cheque for £1000 and placed it to Sir Walter Scott's credit, a noble, generous act worthy of record. I have the liveliest recollection of Sir Walter's appearance, and his heavy, grave, dull look, not at all indicative of strong or lively imagination.

I had a visit this season from my niece, Annabella Macleod, now Mrs. Engelken, with her daughter Lily, an interesting and handsome girl about twenty years of age. They had come from Gilgarron in Cumberland, the residence and property of my relative, James Robertson-Walker. She mentioned that there were one or two copies of the printed memoir of my great-grandfather, the Rev. James Robertson, minister of the parish of Loch Broom in Ross-shire, for many years preceding and following the Rebellion of 1745. He was commonly called the 'Ministeir Laidir' (the strong minister), and was remarkable in his day, not only for his great bodily strength, but as a worthy member of his church and a great loyalist, opposed to the cause of the Stuarts. On being informed that I had no copy of the memoir, my cousin, James Robertson-Walker, who was also a great-grandson of the 'strong minister,' sent me a copy. It was written by my grandfather, Mr. James Robertson, Collector of Customs at Stornoway, a very intelligent and much respected man. He describes his father not only as a powerful, strongly built man, but as a most active-minded and very popular minister, not only in his own parish, but over the whole county of Ross-shire. The Collector's eldest son, James Robertson, was a midshipman on board the *Victory* at the battle of Trafalgar, rose to be a captain, but could get

no employment in the navy after the peace of 1815. He married Miss Walker of Gilgarron in Cumberland; had no family. After his wife's death he succeeded to the estate. He afterwards married his cousin, Miss Catherine Mackenzie, daughter of John Mackenzie, Sheriff-Substitute of Lewis, to whom he left it in liferent, and it is now possessed by the son of his next brother, Murdo Robertson, of the Bill Chamber, Edinburgh, who resides there. Having known Loch Broom well from 1834 to 1845, when factor on the Tulloch estates, part of which were situated in Loch Broom, I discovered that there was no record in the burying-ground or church as to the 'Ministeir Laidir,' my maternal great-grandfather, referred to previously. I put myself in correspondence with my cousin, James Robertson-Walker of Gilgarron, and also with my nephew, Sir Lewis M'Iver, M.P. for West Edinburgh. The result is that we three have arranged to erect a marble tablet within the parish church of Loch Broom commemorative of our famous ancestor who died in 1776.[1]

[1] The inscription is to the following effect :—

Sacred to the memory of
THE REVEREND JAMES ROBERTSON
commonly known as
The 'Ministeir Laidir' of Loch Broom.
This tablet is erected in 1900
By three of his descendants.
He was parish minister of Loch Broom
For forty years previous to 1776,
was a pious, talented and popular preacher
over the whole county of Ross.
In addition to his strong mental powers
He was remarkable for great bodily strength,
of which numerous proofs are recorded.
His memory is still fresh and revered in Loch Broom.

The year 1899 is now about to close, and I am still in wonderful health and strength, retaining my appetite for food. I am very carefully attended to and looked after by my daughter-in-law Florence, wife of my son Duncan, and having every comfort I could reasonably desire. I am still able to enjoy life, and have great reason for thankfulness to the Giver of all good for the power of mind and body I still retain. As time and years roll on I find my friends become fewer; old men make few new friends, one's circle narrows.

I have just heard of the death of an old friend whom I regarded and respected very highly—the Duke of Westminster. He died in Dorsetshire, where he and the Duchess were on a visit to his granddaughter—a child of his eldest son, Lord Grosvenor—who was married to the Earl of Shaftesbury. The Duke was on his first visit to them, he caught cold, which ended in pneumonia, and carried him off on 21st December 1899, in his seventy-fourth year. I feel this loss most acutely. He was a noble-minded, charitable, and generous man. My first acquaintance with him began over fifty years ago, when he and his cousin, the late Duke of Sutherland, came to Scourie and spent a couple of days here; both were young and interesting. He came to see me about a shooting and fishing, which ended in his taking the angling of the river Laxford and Loch Stack, and the shooting of Foineven, Arkle, and Lone, on which he erected the present shooting-lodge of Stack; and he afterwards married his cousin, Lady Constance, daughter of the Duke of Sutherland, and the reigning beauty of London. I then became his agent, and managed matters connected with his

shooting in his absence, paid accounts, wages, etc. When his father died and he became Marquis of Westminster, and inherited the princely fortune attached to the title, he took the Reay forest, added largely to the Lodge at Lochmore, made numerous paths, built many houses for foresters, and was a most munificent tenant, kind and liberal to all with whom he had to do. This added largely to my work, but the longer I knew him the more I respected him, and our business relations ripened into personal friendship. The Duchess and his eldest son, Lord Grosvenor, having died, the latter leaving a widow and family, the Duke's second marriage took place. All these family changes brought me into closer relations with him. His courtesy, condescension, and kind, generous treatment of me, who was his servant, I shall always remember with pride. Our correspondence was constant, first on business, but family matters were often the subject of correspondence, and conversation when we met. Intercourse with so noble a character and so good a man was valuable for the example it set before one.

His grandson will be of age in March 1900. He is at present in South Africa with Sir Alfred Milner, our Commissioner at the Cape. I may say that out of my own family circle, I had no greater or better earthly friend than the Duke of Westminster.

The death of the Duke of Westminster placed his affairs in the hands of executors, one of whom was Mr. Boodle of a firm of solicitors with whom I corresponded, as I continued to act for the executors. I have not found them such correspondents as I expected, as they are ignorant of Scottish

matters and of all forest interests. The Duke of Westminster, by his lease of the forests, relinquished at Whitsunday 1900 all the ground north of the Laxford River, Loch Stack, and Lochmore up to Loch Merkland, retaining all to the south of this line, with one-half of the angling of Loch Stack and the river Laxford, and the executors let this portion to a Mr. Straker from the vicinity of Newcastle. This gave me much correspondence and trouble. Mr. Straker was limited to one hundred stags, which he and his party killed with ease; they lived at Kylestrome. The late Duke's lease of these forests and angling ends at Whitsunday 1902.

Having now entered on the year 1900, I must refer to the sad and serious war which broke out between this country and the South African Republics in October last. Ever since Mr. Gladstone's unfortunate concession (in a fit of weak, but, as he thought, generous magnanimity) to the Boers after the fighting at Majuba, they, in ignorance and presumptuousness, have shown a dislike to British rule, and have been desirous of achieving independence and of throwing off the suzerainty of Great Britain. Friction consequently arose, which culminated in October, when the Boers sent an ultimatum to Great Britain and declared war. It turned out that they were in a much more forward state of preparation for war than Great Britain realised, or indeed than Britain herself was. They crossed the border of Natal and took possession of a portion of that colony. Britain at once took measures to send out troops to the Cape and Natal, but

the enemy were beforehand, and at once commenced a very serious war over the whole of the Transvaal and Orange Free State while the British were unprepared. The discovery of gold and diamonds in their territory had enriched the Boers and enabled them to lay in a stock of the most modern and improved munitions of war.[1]

[1] Mr. Maciver followed the course of the war minutely ; one of his grandsons took part in it. In view of detailed histories, however, it is thought unnecessary to include here his further thoughts on the subject. He felt at one with Mr. Chamberlain on this matter.

CHAPTER XIV

I HAVE again taken up my pen on the 2nd January 1901. We have now entered on the twentieth century from the birth of our adorable Saviour. The sad war in South Africa still lingers on slowly in guerilla fashion, and gives us much annoyance, puts us to enormous expense, and creates much evil feeling and disloyalty among the Dutch in the colonies. Such is the enormous extent of these countries, and so little do we know of the nature of them, that the Boers, in small bands, aided by their knowledge of the country, and secretly advised and assisted by many of the inhabitants, get the better of our trained soldiers, who are unaccustomed to their tactics and mode of fighting, and they can move about so speedily and easily as compared with our troops.

As a nation the British have much cause to rejoice. They have maintained their influence and supremacy. Their colonies, in place of being a burden and a drawback, as many prophesied they would be, have become a source of additional strength and power. The federation which has this week been consummated in Australia is an event of far-reaching and important consequences, and lays the foundation of what may in future times be one of the great states of the world, but at present adding enormously to the power

of the British Empire, and attaching to its influence what must become in the future a powerful nation, showing an example to other colonies sure to be followed by them. If one could venture to prophesy, it would seem to be the case that the Protestant countries of the world are more likely to prevail in power, influence, and extent than Catholic countries, in which freedom, justice, and liberty are not the ruling spirit. Spain, once the greatest power, is now reduced and deprived of her colonies, and drowned in debt. France does not seem to flourish; she has never been able to colonise; her population is decreasing. They are a thrifty, careful people, and there is much wealth; but there is a flightiness and a frivolity prevalent, especially amongst the town populations, and there is a want of that high-toned morality and honour among the better classes, especially in the soldiers, as so strongly exhibited in the Dreyfus case, which stamps the nation as wanting in that strict sense of honour and moral tone one would have expected and looked for from so chivalrous and enlightened a people. Germany appears at present to be the most rising and prosperous power on the Continent of Europe. In addition to her great military power, she is getting up a very powerful navy, and the increase of her trade and commercial prosperity is extending over the whole world. Her progress is indeed marked, and is yearly moving forward with rapidity. Britain is ruled over by a noble Queen, the greatest sovereign who has ever ascended our throne, the longest lived, and the most excellent in character, whose influence extends not only over her own dominions, but also to most of the nations of

Europe as well as to other portions of the world. Her reign has exhibited Britain as the most happy and prosperous of the nations, and the earnest prayer of her subjects is that she may long be spared to rule over them as hitherto, deep in the love and affection of all her subjects at home and abroad.

On Saturday, 19th January 1901, the public of Great Britain and Ireland were startled and shocked by a grave bulletin published by the physicians attending our noble Queen, to the effect that she was seriously attacked in mind and body, which was the first public intimation that her health had declined; but the fact is now revealed that for a year past various symptoms of failing health had appeared, and given her medical attendants much anxiety. Deaths in her family and household and amongst her favourites, coupled with the strain put upon her by the long continuance of the war in South Africa, and the loss of so many officers and soldiers, told on her, and the result was looked to with the deepest anxiety. She gradually became weaker till the evening of Tuesday, 22nd January, when she peacefully expired, conscious to the last. Words cannot describe the profound grief which the announcement of her death has called forth, not only in all the countries over which she ruled, but from every other part of the world. She was not only loved but worshipped by millions of the natives of India. She has not left an enemy behind her. Her influence extended to every known country; it was universal. In addition to the influence of her noble character, the ties over the nations of Europe from her children

and grandchildren were marvellously strong. She has left upwards of seventy descendants, of whom over thirty are great-grandchildren.

She died at Osborne, Isle of Wight, and her remains are to be placed in the mausoleum at Frogmore, erected by herself, beside those of her late husband, Prince Albert.

No death in the history of the world is recorded which has produced such an outburst of deep grief universally from all nations. She is succeeded by her son, Albert Edward, who takes the title of Edward VII., and a general hope is expressed that he will follow in his mother's footsteps, and be a true constitutional king, who will do all in his power to support justice and freedom, and stand firm to aid and strengthen the Protestant Church and the religion of our adorable Saviour over all his dominions. May God grant that these hopes and opinions be realised, and that this great nation may continue to occupy her present high position for many future generations.

CHAPTER XV

15th April 1901.—I have not hitherto, in these imperfect reminiscences, made any statement as to my father or mother's family or ancestors, but it may interest those who come after me, so I may record here as to my father's family what was told me verbally. I go back to an ancestor who was proprietor of Leckmelm in Loch Broom, and Tournaig in Loch Ewe in Gairloch, Ross-shire. He was a minister of the Protestant Church, and was vicar of the parish of Fodderty, in which is situated Brahan Castle, the residence of the chief of the Mackenzies at the period, the Mackenzie of Kintail and Earl of Seaforth.

The Seaforth family acquired the island of Lewis from Macleod of Lewis in the seventeenth century, and found it was inhabited by a wild, turbulent population, continually engaged in fighting, murdering, and violence of all kinds; there was little religion or law; might was right. Seaforth found it a most trying, difficult estate to manage. Disorganisation prevailed. He had great regard for the vicar of Fodderty, who had a large family, whom he had educated well; two sons had attended the University of Aberdeen, one intended for the ministry, the other for the law. The vicar agreed, at Seaforth's request, that these two sons should go

to Lewis, one to promote religion, and the other to act as a judge, and to have law and justice attended to. They are said to have been promised by Seaforth their choice of any place on the island to reside in. The minister chose Gress, on the northern shore of the Broad Bay, and the judge, it was said, first went to Ness, in the vicinity of the Butt of Lewis, but latterly removed to Aignish, at the south of the Broad Bay, and about six miles from Stornoway. These men were said to have married and to have left descendants, and in my younger days I recollect that it was well understood amongst the Macivers in Stornoway whether they were descended from the minister or the judge, which was in Gaelic 'Clann a Mhinisteir' and 'Clann a Bhaillidh.' I am descended from the minister. They have left the surname of Maciver behind them, for the name is very common over the whole island. Principal MacIver Campbell of Aberdeen, who published a history of the clan Iver, told me that he made it his business to ascertain the numbers of the name in each of the four parishes in the island, viz. Stornoway, Barvas, Uig, and Lochs, and he found that in 1861 there were in these parishes eleven hundred Macivers.

Gress was a large farm extending from the coast to the interior of the island up to Loch Gress and the hill of Murnaig, and to the farm of Tolsta on the north, with arable land and green pasture along the coast. It kept a stock of cattle and a few sheep, and there was a meal mill. There were salmon and sea-trout in the Gress River, and numerous fresh-water lochs with trout. The distance from Stornoway was eight miles, the road from which place was made about

the year 1813. The farm was highly rented, and required careful management to make both ends meet.

The Gress family were always considered respectable and superior, and they connected with superior families on the mainland. One married a daughter of Mackenzie of Coul, another a daughter of Mackenzie of Inverewe, and another a daughter of the Mackenzie of Letterewe. My maternal grandmother was from Inverewe. Her brother, Captain John Mackenzie, who was a brave soldier, retired on his pension, settled in Stornoway, and married there, became agent of the British Fishery Society, a shipowner, and one of the leading men of Stornoway. He is now represented in Stornoway by his grandson, Æneas Mackenzie, who is one of the leading business men in Stornoway, and rents the Patent Slip there, erected by the late Sir James Matheson. My mother told me that the lady from Coul, married to one of my ancestors, described Gress in Gaelic as :—'Gress, vast, scant, drearie, it never produced what it did not swallow up'; in short, it never was a source of profit.

My grandfather, after whom I was called, was ruined in a singular manner. There was a considerable extent of arable land, from the produce of which a large fold of Highland cattle were wintered in byres. A stackyard adjoined, and they consumed the straw; a swarm of rats landed at Gress from the sea, came to the stackyard and ate up the grain, riddling the stacks to such an extent that they fell to the ground, and what was left by the rats rotted away, and was rendered useless for the cattle. A very severe spring

followed, and a large number of the cattle died of starvation and poverty; such was the loss that he never was able to recover, and when he died he left debts behind him. My father was his only son alive; there were several daughters. My father was a man of much ability and great natural talent, and by good management, industry, and economy, he became prosperous; he speculated in cattle, fish-curing, ship-owning, and rose to be the leading man of the island, carrying on extensive business in Stornoway, and acquiring house property there. He had received a very imperfect education, and he gave me a first-class training, first in Stornoway, and latterly for five years in Edinburgh, two of which were in the Arts Classes in the University, where I was general censor of the Latin or Humanity Class, appointed by Professor Pillans.

I now revert to my mother's family. I go no further back than the Rev. James Robertson, who was the minister of Loch Broom, universally known and remembered over the north of Scotland as the 'Ministeir Laidir' of Loch Broom. He was a native of Athole, born in 1701; his father was Robertson of Guag, a branch of the family of Robertson of Lude. He studied at the University of St. Andrews, was licensed by the Presbytery of Dunkeld on 5th November 1734, and from 1731 to 1740 acted as assistant to the Rev. Donald Ross, minister of the wide and extensive parish of Loch Broom, on the west coast of Ross-shire. Mr. Ross was translated in 1740 to the parish of Fearn in Easter Ross, when Mr. Robertson was pre-

sented to the parish of Loch Broom after a struggle, and he continued minister of it up to 1776.

In 1753 Mr. Robertson married Anne Mackenzie, daughter of Mr. Murdo Mackenzie, the Laird of Letterewe, on the north side of Loch Maree, in the parish of Gairloch, by whom he had a numerous family. The oldest son was my grandfather, James Robertson, who entered the service of the Custom House, and rose to be Collector of Customs at Stornoway. He married his cousin, a daughter of the Laird of Letterewe, and my mother, Catherine Robertson, was his eldest daughter. This gentleman retired with a pension from the Custom House service in 1823, and removed with his family to Edinburgh, where he died in 1840, aged eighty-four. He was a very intelligent and superior man. His eldest son entered the navy, and was signal-midshipman on board the *Victory* at the battle of Trafalgar, and saw Nelson expire. He married Miss Walker of Gilgarron, near Whitehaven in Cumberland, and on her death succeeded to the estate, which is now possessed by his nephew, James Robertson-Walker, who is now the representative of the 'Ministeir Laidir's' family.

I may here allude to the wonderful changes in the history of the Church of Scotland during my time. In my earliest recollection before and after 1820, there were only four settled ministers in Lewis, one in each parish; and I have a strong recollection, as a boy, of the communion being celebrated at Stornoway once a year, of the crowds collected from the other parishes, of the tents erected outside and

around the church, which, as a boy, I looked forward to with interest.

My grandfather, Mr. James Robertson, was a leading elder, and I was much pleased to see his tent erected. The ministers were Rev. Mr. Fraser, Stornoway; Rev. Mr. Macrae, Barvas; Rev. Mr. Simpson, Lochs; and Rev. Mr. Munro, Uig. The last mentioned died about the year 1820, and Mr. Fraser was drowned crossing the Minch by the mail-packet from Poolewe. Mrs. Stewart Mackenzie of Seaforth took a deep interest in the appointment of successors, and was anxious to appoint men of more violent religious feelings than those who were removed by death had favoured. The Crown was patron, but presented any one recommended by the Seaforth family, sole proprietors of the island. Mr. Munro, Uig, had the reputation of being a most worthy man and minister, much liked by his congregation and people, and who performed all his duties with strictness and propriety in every way. He paid much attention to the moral habits of his people, who regarded him with much respect, and it used to be said that the people of Uig were the most honest people in the island to deal with, and the best behaved when they visited Stornoway. Mrs. Stewart Mackenzie selected as his successor a Mr. Alexander Macleod from the parish of Assynt in Sutherlandshire. He was a fisherman, and son of a tenant in Stoer district of Assynt, and was grown up before he began to study for the Church, and was imperfectly educated. His style of preaching was preferred to what the people of Uig had been accustomed to, and he became popular not only in Uig, but over the whole

island, and acquired influence over the crofter and fishing classes. He was said to have often stated from the pulpit that the ministers who preached in Lewis had never taught their people the true gospel of Christ, and that he had come to do so, and to deliver more spiritual and earnest addresses to them, and inspire them with stronger religious feelings on the subject than they had been previously accustomed to. Violent denunciations as to their future were made, and wild descriptions of hell and its punishments expressed. This style of preaching became very popular. Mr. John Cameron was selected as minister of Stornoway, and it was said at the time that he was to follow in the footsteps of Macleod, which he did to a considerable extent at the outset of his career in Stornoway; but he soon found that the better classes in Stornoway did not fall in with Mr. Macleod's views or style of preaching, and he toned down, which caused a difference between them which was never made up. Soon afterwards *quoad sacra* parishes were established in Knock, a district of Stornoway, and at Ness in Barvas. Mr. Simpson, Lochs, died, and the new ministers of these parishes were more favourable to Macleod's party than to the old ones, and from that time they prevailed in the Presbytery of Lewis. Mr. Macrae, Barvas, a very talented man, alone remained of the old clergymen I had known in my boyhood, when the Disruption took place; and it is said that so strong was the feeling towards the Moderate party, as they were called, that even Mr. Macrae's own family would not attend family prayers by their father, or attend his church when he preached. The large proportion of the

people of Lewis joined the Free Church when the Disruption took place, and except in the town of Stornoway, the churches of the Church of Scotland over the island were deserted.

I left Lewis at Martinmas 1834 and came to Dingwall, where I found Church matters much in the same state as in Lewis. There was an Episcopal Church in Dingwall, but the congregation was very small. Dr. Macdonald of Ferintosh and Mr. Kennedy of Redcastle were the popular ruling clergymen of that district, and numbers from the surrounding parishes went regularly to hear these two ministers preach. When the Disruption occurred in 1843, all the ministers of Easter Ross Presbytery left the Church of Scotland, and in the Presbytery of Dingwall or Wester Ross, only two clergymen, Rev. Hector Bethune, Dingwall, and Rev. Charles Downie, Contin, adhered to the Established Church. The vast majority of the people of all Ross-shire followed the ministers. Many did not understand the reason for these changes, but said, 'All the good religious ministers have gone out, and we intend to follow them.' It was a most trying and excited time; it divided families, old friends, it broke old connections, and its effect was felt in society for many years. It has now ended in the Free Church dividing; there is the original Free Church, the Secession Church, and the United Free Church, and the complication is followed by law pleas, and excited local battles about churches and monies, much to the wonder and amusement of the English, who cannot comprehend or enter into the feelings of the combatants.

The Church of Scotland, under prudent Christian management, is steadily increasing in numbers and in influence, and is now more free than ever, while remaining steadily attached to the State, and constitutionally sound in principle and practice. She has abolished patronage, the source of the many troubles she has had to go through, and every congregation, under excellent rules laid down by the General Assembly, has the choice of a minister when a vacancy occurs. I have adhered to the Church since the Disruption, and have been an elder for upwards of thirty years. I was a member of Assembly, representing the Presbytery of Tongue, when the Assembly resolved to abandon the law of patronage, and voted with the considerable majority in favour of doing away with it. To show what changes have occurred in my native parish of Stornoway, where there were only four ministers in the whole island of Lewis, I may mention that some years ago I happened to be on a Sunday at Stornoway, when I found there were sermons preached that day in the Church of Scotland, the Episcopal Church, and the now United-Free Church (whilst a Roman Catholic priest preached in the Sheriff's House), and large congregations attending.

It is a strange state of matters now, but the joining of the Free and United Churches is a very momentous move, and it is hoped that it may lead eventually to their junction as one large United Church, and that the cause of the religion of Christ may be benefited, and unity prevail, in place of the sad quarrelling and distractions of the past fifty years.

I have attained my ninetieth birthday, and, wonderful to relate, I continue to enjoy sound health. I have no disease, and eat, sleep, and drink much the same as I have done for a number of years past. I am not up to much bodily exertion. I find that my memory is impaired, and my hearing and eyesight becoming defective; but with the help of glasses I still read and write, and am able to enjoy life and take a deep interest in all that occurs around me. I have numerous proofs of the friendship and affection of friends and relatives, and have much cause for thankfulness to my Heavenly Father for the blessings of my lot and the numerous comforts I enjoy, and the social position I maintain.

On 14th September 1901 we were all shocked to be informed by telegram of the assassination of President M'Kinley by an anarchist, and that two bullets from a revolver had entered his body, and in a few days more we heard of his death, much to the grief of the nation over which he presided, as well as of the whole world. He had acquired great regard and respect as a great and good man, and proved on his death-bed that he was a sincere Christian, resigned to God's will. His murderer has been tried and condemned to execution by electricity in October next. In this country there is such a strong feeling as to freedom and liberty, that the law is not so strict as to the treatment of anarchists and socialists as it is in continental nations, and they come and go amongst us with with greater freedom in numbers from all nations. The police watch their move-

ments, and the movements of our King and Queen and other members of the royal family are closely guarded, and the number of guardians have been largely increased, not only in England, but in all countries. The law should be made firmer and stricter. This, however, is a difficult matter to be generally adopted, but the number of rulers lately assassinated over the world has compelled Governments to adopt all precautions possible for the protection of those in power likely to be attacked by these miscreants, who are opponents of rule, justice, and legality. We have numbers of Radicals among the working-classes in England, Scotland, and Ireland, but few so wickedly disposed as in the continental countries of Europe.

CHAPTER XVI

In looking back on these imperfect reminiscences, I find that I have not alluded to the many distinguished people my position under the Dukes of Sutherland and Westminster brought me in contact with. When I went in the spring of 1845 to see the Sutherland family, and to judge for myself as to the prudence of leaving my position at Dingwall and accepting the offer made to me of becoming factor at Scourie, I was asked to accompany Mr. James Loch, commissioner on the Sutherland estate, and member for the Northern Burghs, to breakfast at Stafford House, and on our arrival there I was shown into the breakfast-room, and Mr. Loch left me. I found a young, red-haired man reading a newspaper, who very affably asked me to excuse his reading a most interesting debate he had listened to the previous night in the House of Commons. This turned out to be the young Duke of Argyle, who had married the previous year the eldest daughter of the Duke of Sutherland. The Duchess of Sutherland presided at breakfast. The Duke was not present. They were all most pleasant, and I was closely questioned about the Lewis and its resources, and the habits and character of its people.

The Duke of Argyle had previously exhibited signs of

the great natural talent he possessed, and during my connection with Sutherland, I had several opportunities of continuing my early acquaintance with him. On one occasion he, accompanied by Lady Constance Grosvenor, drove from Lochmore to call for me at Scourie House. He was an enthusiastic geologist, and while at Lochmore he picked up a stone on the hill behind the Lodge which he considered to be remarkable. It was sent with his luggage to Laxford Pier to be put on board his yacht there, but soon after leaving, he discovered that the stone had been left behind on the pier, upon which he wrote to me describing where the stone had been left, and asking me to take the trouble of going to look for it, and sending it to him if I found it. I drove to Laxford with my son, Duncan, who found the stone as described by his Grace, and I had the pleasure of sending it to the Duke to London. It would weigh about 40 lbs. His Grace wrote to me thanking me, and told me that he had placed the stone in a museum for preservation. He was certainly the most talented and distinguished nobleman of Scotland in his day.

On 6th September 1866 I was specially invited to go to Lochmore to meet the Duke of Edinburgh, who was on a visit there. I sat on Lady Constance's left side; the Duke was on her right. I found him most agreeable and pleasant in conversation. He left after breakfast for Dunrobin Castle, accompanied by Lady Bagot and Lady Constance.

In 1868 a still greater honour was reserved for me. I was invited to Lochmore to meet our present King, Edward VII., then Prince of Wales, and sat on Lady

Constance's left side, with the Prince on her right, that, as a Highlander, I could give him information on all subjects connected with the north of Scotland. On introduction he shook hands with me very cordially, and he took a most intelligent interest in all that was spoken about; he talked very enthusiastically on sporting subjects, and I recollect that he expressed the opinion that of all sports he considered hunting, as practised in England, to be the most enjoyable. The Duke of Westminster, then Lord Grosvenor, had made elaborate preparations to give the Prince a good day's sport in his forests, and took great trouble in arranging a grand deer drive. The Prince was placed in a position looking into what was called the 'sanctuary' of the forest, where deer collected in numbers. This 'sanctuary' of the Reay forest is one of the finest natural shelters for deer that could be imagined, and it struck me, when first I saw it, as a very grand and striking spot. A natural basin, hundreds of feet deep and many miles round its circumference, with a burn running through it, with beautiful green pasture tempting deer to stay there, and so steep on its sides that they could only enter or leave it by certain passes or tracks, at the principal one of which the Prince was stationed. It unfortunately turned out a wild, wet day. A large lot of foresters, gillies, and assistants were employed, and certain men were instructed to enter the 'sanctuary' and drive the deer towards the pass where the Prince was stationed. Owing either to a shift of wind or some other cause, the drive went wrong and the deer made for other passes, but none came out at the Prince's pass. Lord Grosvenor and

his brother, Lord Richard, afterwards Lord Stalbridge, had stationed themselves at some distance from the Prince so as to give him every chance of sport, but a herd of the deer came to where they were, and so determined were they to escape by that pass, that some of them actually jumped over them in their terror. They shot one each, while the Prince never had a shot, and he declared that so wet and cold did he become, that but for a flask of brandy he fortunately had with him, he would have perished. He stalked and shot a stag on the way back to Lochmore. It was a great disappointment to Lord Grosvenor, who had been anxiously planning this drive before it took place, but the schemes of men 'gang aft agley,' and so did this deer drive.

In 1873 the Princess Christian was at Lochmore, and Lady Constance drove her down to Scourie, and called for Mrs. Maciver, on which occasion I was not at home. Mrs. Maciver did not expect the visit, but fortunately she was able to provide what was necessary in a mishap which befell, for which the Princess expressed her warmest thanks, kissing Mrs. Maciver when leaving. Lady Constance on two occasions spoke to me of how much the Princess was struck by Mrs. Maciver and her kind treatment of them both on this occasion.

John Bright, M.P., came to Scourie in my absence from home, with a letter of introduction from the Duke of Sutherland, asking me to give him fishing on the river Laxford. He was sent there by my son. It turned out that he went with a small trout rod, and he broke it soon after beginning to fish, and he came back without any sport. I returned

home that evening, and went to the hotel to call for him. I found him reading and smoking, and the room so full of smoke that I could scarcely breathe. I found him in shocking bad humour. He said that he had remained a whole day, spent ten shillings in driving to the Laxford, broke his rod, and had no sport. I did all I could to restore him to good-humour in vain, offered him the use of a salmon rod, which he declined; said he would leave next morning. I parted with him, concluding that he was the most uncouth, ill-tempered man I had ever met in his rank!

In 1868 I visited Sir John Fowler at Braemore, and met there, among other notabilities, Vernon Harcourt, now Sir William, and my first impression of him, formed in London, at a dinner in Mr. Fowler's residence, was confirmed. I heard him speak that evening in London in a most supercilious, uppish manner during dinner. He spoke in a style indicating that he was superior to all present, and that no one should contradict him. When I arrived at Braemore from Ullapool I found the gentlemen all smoking after breakfast in front of the house, which is about eight or nine miles from Ullapool. Vernon Harcourt at once made up to me and asked me to send my horse back to Ullapool with a telegram. I calmly said I had driven my horse the previous day from Scourie to Ullapool, a distance of over forty miles, that he was very tired, and that I was sorry I could not comply with his request. About a month after, I met him again at Dunrobin Castle. He was not quite so overbearing there as he was at Braemore, but

still he was far from agreeable, and my former impressions of him were confirmed.

I had a long, pleasing, and intimate friendship with Sir John Fowler. He came to Loch Inver with his wife and family, and found the hotel there full, and not a room to spare. He discovered that Lochinver House, which was then a residence of the Duke of Sutherland's, was empty, and that I, as his Grace's factor, might give him rooms there. He sent an express to Scourie, thirty miles, and satisfied me that he was a personal friend of the Duke. I sent him an order to Lochinver House, and he was so pleased that after spending a few days at Loch Inver, he came here purposely to make my acquaintance. From that date up to his death in 1898, I continued on the most pleasing terms of friendship and regard with him. It was by my advice and intercourse with the late Mr. Davidson of Tulloch, that the latter sold the estate of Braemore to Sir John Fowler, who consulted me as to the improvements he carried out there, embanking the river, taking in new land, erecting fences, etc. He found the place under sheep, in a state of nature. It was a good subject for a man of capital. He planted 1500 acres of hill ground, built a mansion on the top of a hill, which cost £30,000, made paths, and formed an excellent deer-forest which, with the angling on the river, affords splendid sport. He built lodges, improved Inverbroom House, and I had the pleasure of visiting him frequently to see the numerous changes made. I assisted in settling a march in dispute between him and his litigious neighbour, the proprietor of Dundonnell and Fannich. I also had a very pleasant friend-

ship with his son, Sir John Arthur Fowler. Both had visited here in their yacht, the *Southern Cross*. And I had a great admiration for Lady Fowler, wife of Sir John Arthur Fowler, who now lives at Inverbroom, and found her a highly intelligent woman, a great botanist, who does much good in forwarding the industries of Loch Broom; her eldest son, now a minor, being heir to the estate and baronetcy.

I made the acquaintance of Sir Benjamin Baker when he was a very young man, in the office of Sir John Fowler in London, which he had entered to acquire a knowledge of engineering, and where I was told that he exhibited much talent. Sir John was engineer for two Khedives of Egypt, and spent a portion of each year in that country, having a palace at Cairo provided for his residence, with offices. When Sir John became engineer for the erection of the Forth Bridge, Baker was appointed joint-engineer with him. Sir Benjamin has since been occupied in Egypt on a great work promoted by the Egyptian Government, in the formation of an enormous dam on the river Nile for the purpose of irrigation and promoting the growth of wheat, cotton, etc., in a desert country where drought prevails, and thus adding enormously to the production and resources of that portion of Egypt.

At Braemore I had the very great pleasure of making acquaintance with a very renowned painter, the famous Millais, who was made a baronet in 1885, and became President of the Royal Academy in 1896. He was just becoming famous when I first met him. I spent some days

with him at Braemore, and had much conversation with him. One day at dinner Sir John Fowler said he had a most provoking call to go to London next day on an important piece of business, and could not refuse or avoid it, and that he must leave his sport and shorten his holiday by a week. Millais broke out into a strong expression and opinion that his profession of an artist was superior to that of an engineer; that the latter was the slave of his employers, but that the public were the slaves of a popular artist; that he could paint or not as it suited him; and that he had so many suitors for his painting that he was obliged to refuse many; and that no man could ask him to leave his sport or to shorten his holiday. He then gave us his whole history from his boyhood, which all present listened to with deep interest, and which I found confirmed in a history of his life written after his death. Millais came to Stack as the guest of the Duke of Westminster long after I first met him, with his two sons, and they came to Scourie to visit me, and spent a night. I took him out to the island of Handa, where the cliffs are very high and perpendicular, and where sea-birds nestle in great numbers. At the top of the cliffs we came upon a man in seaman's dress with a rope in his hands, and he was so intently engaged that he did not notice us till we were beside him. We found he could speak little English; that he was a fisherman from the island of Lewis, about fifty miles distant from Handa; that his boat was at the foot of the cliffs; and that one of his companions was underneath us in the cliff, out of sight, catching the birds with a long rod and line with a loop

which is passed over the head of the bird, which is then captured, killed, and put into a creel or bag. Millais was very much interested and struck by seeing how expert they were in the use of these rods. I spoke to the man in Gaelic, whereupon he became very communicative, and told me how they salted the birds in barrels, and found them excellent food in the winter, and that they were in the habit of visiting yearly all the rocks and islands on the coast where the birds nestle. Millais said the whole scene would have been a fine subject for a picture, and he regretted that he had no time to paint it. Peter Graham, a well-known Scottish artist, famous as a painter of marine scenery, spent three or four weeks painting the rocks and coast scenery at Handa and its vicinity. He called for me several times. I noticed that when sitting in my drawing-room chatting with him he had fixed his attention on an etching hanging opposite to where he sat; he was so occupied in looking at it that I asked him if he admired it. 'Yes,' he said, 'and you will consider it undue curiosity on my part, but I am full of wonder how you could have got that copy of a famous etching by Seymour Haden,' viz. the breaking-up of the *Agamemnon* at Chatham. I replied that I got it from Seymour Haden himself; that he had come with a letter of introduction to me asking me to give him some fishing, and that Seymour Haden had pencilled a few words on the etching to this effect. He said it was rare and valuable, and that after the death of the etcher it would be more valuable. Seymour Haden told me that he went to Chatham to perform an operation, and on arriving there

he found the streets crowded and full of people, and on asking why it was so, was told they had come to see the *Agamemnon* blown up. He remained and got a good view of the blowing-up, and etched it on the spot. He said he had sold the original for £500 on condition that he could get a few copies taken, one of which he gave me.

I had two encounters in railway carriages which I may record here as peculiar. About twenty-five years ago I was in London, and went thence by rail to Liverpool. I started from Euston by the North-Western Railway. When I got there I found a great crowd of passengers on the platform. Having secured a seat I thought I would go and look after my luggage, so, placing my coat and rug on the seat, I asked a gentleman who sat opposite to keep the seat for me. On my return this gentleman told me he had great difficulty in keeping my seat, several parties having attempted to take possession in my absence. I thanked him, and this led to further conversation on various subjects. He asked me from what part of Britain I came, for he said it puzzled him to decide whether I was English, Scottish, or Irish. I told him I was a native of the Highlands of Scotland, and had been at school and college in Edinburgh. He said he was from the north of England, and had also attended the Latin and Greek classes in the Edinburgh University, and he mentioned the year he had entered. I asked him if he remembered the name of the general censor in the Junior Latin class of that year under Professor Pillans. 'Yes,' he replied, 'I remember him well,

his name was Maciver, a nice-looking, fair-haired young man. I do not know what became of him, for I was only a short time in Scotland.' He told me that he was a clergyman of a dissenting church in Northumberland, and that his name was Thomson. I smiled, and asked him if he thought he could recognise the general censor now if he saw him. He replied, 'I think I could.' I then told him that I was the general censor. He was incredulous, but I soon convinced him by mentioning the names of several fellow-students and other matters. He was quite delighted to have met me. We parted that day, and never met again.

About twenty years ago I was in Edinburgh on business, and caught cold and became very unwell. I got as far as Inverness on my homeward journey. When leaving there I got into an empty first-class carriage where the guard said I was not likely to be disturbed, but, just as we were about to start, a tall, handsome man with an immense beard, holding several newspapers in his hand, stepped in and sat opposite to me. He very politely offered me one of his papers. I told him I was very unwell, and could not read in the train, and thanked him. I noticed that, instead of reading, he was looking intently at me, till at last he addressed me: 'Am I wrong in supposing that your name is Maciver?' I replied that he was not wrong, and asked him how he came to know my name. He replied, 'I should know it: you were my first governor.' I asked what he meant. 'I was brought up in your office at Dingwall in the Caledonian Bank, and was under you for a couple of

years.' I could not for some time remember him, but, on reflecting, I thought of a young lad who had been in the office whose name was Michael Elliot. His father was farm grieve for Mr. Hay Mackenzie of Cromarty at Tarbat House; and at Cromarty's request I took the son into my office as an apprentice, and I left him there in 1845 when I left Dingwall, a promising and clever clerk and accountant. On my asking my travelling companion if he was Michael Elliot, he replied that he was: he had grown into a fine-looking man, with the manners and appearance of a polished gentleman. He told me that he had emigrated to Australia, and had risen step by step in the service of the Bank of Australia, until he became the manager of it in Melbourne; that he was a married man with a family, and had come home to see his parents at Tarbat, and intended shortly to return to Australia. He was greatly pleased to meet me, and told me his whole history since leaving Dingwall. I was afterwards told by an Australian gentleman that he was most highly respected in that country, and was considered the most talented bank manager in Victoria; but that after his return to Australia he had fallen into bad health, and died a comparatively young man.

I may mention that on 30th September 1901 the young Duke of Westminster, accompanied by an old friend of mine, his uncle, Lord Stalbridge, came here specially to call for me. The young Duke was most affable and kind to me, and we were all struck with his evident desire to show how pleased he was to see me: he had only once before seen me

as a boy, when he landed from a yacht in the bay here with his grandfather. They came here in a motor-car from Lochmore in an hour and twenty minutes. They were in a hurry to get back, as they were to go out stalking. The car was a handsome, striking-looking vehicle; and I heard afterwards that it was of French make, and had cost £300. Next day I had a note from Lord Stalbridge to say that in returning from here the motor-car stuck in a hill at the upper end of Loch Stack, and that all the efforts and skill of the driver failed to make it move: they were about two miles from Lochmore, and the mail-gig from Scourie, going at the rate of six miles an hour, had ignominiously passed them. They went in a passing cart to Lochmore, had gone out stalking, and had good sport.

The Duke is negotiating for a lease of the forests in Edderachillis, and the angling of the river Laxford and Loch Stack and Lochmore; and I hope he may conclude it satisfactorily, as I am assured that his desire is to follow in the footsteps of his grandfather. If he does so, he will prove a blessing to many, and do much good with the enormous income he has fallen heir to so young.

I have had a very pleasant duty this summer of 1891 in the settlement of a very talented and superior young man, Dr. George Henderson, a young minister of the Church of Scotland, as colleague and successor to the Rev. Kenneth Mackenzie, the minister of this parish, who from old age and infirmity wished to retire after a ministry of over twenty years in the parish. A committee of five were appointed

by the congregation, and I, with my son Duncan, were two of this committee. I was appointed chairman, and the labouring oar fell to us. We had much correspondence, and for a time found our task much more difficult than we expected; the remoteness of the parish, the small stipend, of which Mr. Mackenzie is to receive £30, and the small number of adherents of the Church of Scotland all combined, limited the number of applicants. We were so fortunate as to have Dr. Henderson's name and character made known to us as an enthusiastic Celt, who spoke and wrote Gaelic fluently, was a distinguished scholar and divine; educated at Raining's School, Inverness, and at the Universities of Edinburgh and Oxford, and at the University of Vienna, where he distinguished himself and got his title of Doctor. He agreed to come to Edderachillis to see and to be seen, and he preached in Gaelic and English. It ended in a unanimous call and in his settlement by the Presbytery. and he is now highly thought of and deeply respected, and popular with all ranks in the parish, giving a tone to its society as a scholar and as a pious clergyman, without any bigotry or narrowness of mind, treating all with kindness irrespective of their church views.

I had a most pleasing call in October from Sheriff and Mrs. Guthrie. He is head Sheriff of Ross and Sutherland, and on his first round of the county. He is son of the famous Dr. Guthrie of the Free Church, and he is himself a distinguished littérateur, having published several works. He was pleased to say that he was anxious to make my acquaintance. He is chairman of directors of Edinburgh

Academy, where he heard that I had been educated. I told him that I was the oldest in life of Academy boys. He asked me for my photograph, that he might have it put up with others in the Academy hall, which I sent to him, in return for which he sent me his own photo.[1]

[1] The Sheriff, after Mr. Maciver's death, wrote an interesting short account of him in the Academy's *Chronicle*.

CHAPTER XVII

1st September 1902.[1]—Dr. Henderson, Badcall, called to-day, when I mentioned to him that my first acquaintance with Dr. John Macleod, minister of Morvern, took place about 1838. A very unfortunate season occurred in the north of Scotland, and the crops of the crofters were quite destroyed, so much so that a famine was looked to as impending. The subject was mentioned in the House of Commons, and a Committee was appointed to inquire into the distress likely to arise, and to devise measures for its relief. I was cited as a witness before that Committee, and proceeded to London by Glasgow and Liverpool. I saw at Greenock an enormously tall and stout man, who came to the door of the steamer's saloon in which I sat among a large crowd of passengers who fully occupied it. He stood at the entry looking for a seat, but there was no place vacant, and his strange appearance immediately attracted notice and created amusement. No person seemed to recognise him, whereupon he retired and went up on the deck. On reaching London I was introduced to several other witnesses, among whom was Rev. Dr. Norman Macleod of St. Columba's, Glasgow

[1] The rest of the original manuscript is in Dr. Henderson's handwriting, and given as Mr. Maciver dictated.

(father of Norman of the Barony), a well-known man, of pleasant manners, and talented as a minister of the Gospel, and specially famed for his command of classic Gaelic. He was enthusiastic in the cause of the Highlanders, and was very much the means of getting this Committee appointed. A speech which he made in Exeter Hall, at which I was not present, produced, before the room was cleared, a subscription of £10,000 for the poor Highlanders. To my amazement I found that the strange, tall man I had seen on the steamer at Greenock was his brother, John Macleod of Morvern, also a witness, whose evidence was of a very impressive description, and showed that he was a man of talent and humane feelings. My acquaintance with the Messrs. Macleod continued in after life. On one occasion I was at Lochinver House, with the Duke of Sutherland alone. One day the steamer from Glasgow called at the pier with a lot of passengers on board, and remained for some hours. I saw that Dr. Norman and his brother John were amongst the passengers, and after shaking hands with them, I went and told the Duke of their arrival. I was at once desired to ask them to join his Grace at dinner. Dr. Norman at once readily accepted the invitation, but Dr. John distinctly refused, mentioning to me that Dr. Norman was fond of the company of the great, which he was not. It has been remarked that Dr. John used to say of his brother Norman, 'Norman dearly loves a Duchess.' After the Disruption, Dr. John was presented by Mr. Hay Mackenzie of Cromarty, the patron, to the vacant parish of Loch Broom, one of the best livings in the north of Scotland. It afforded me great

pleasure at the time, as my constituent, Mr. Davidson of Tulloch, was then the principal heritor of the parish. I had occasion to be there frequently, and was pleased that so distinguished a man should be the minister of a parish where my great-grandfather had been minister. On coming to Loch Broom to preach, something occurred which created a feeling in his mind that the people were inimical to him, and unfortunately he declined the presentation, to the great regret of the patron, expressed by him to me, and also to my own deep regret, and I heard afterwards, much to the regret of his wife, who had the furniture in Morvern Manse prepared for leaving. Dr. John succeeded his father as minister of Morvern in 1824, a charge which he held till his death in 1882. In 1849 he was Moderator of the General Assembly, and was also Dean of the Most Ancient Order of the Thistle. He was succeeded in Morvern by the Rev. Donald Macfarlane, M.A., whom I had the great pleasure of seeing here twice, first on the occasion of Dr. Henderson's settlement as minister of Edderachillis, when he preached the induction sermon and exhibited talent and very good knowledge of Gaelic and Celtic matters, and gave me the impression that he must be a very popular and respected man in his own district. He delighted us all very much by his affability and his musical talent. I discovered that Mr. Macfarlane's father had been minister of the parish of Killean and Kilchenzie in Kintyre, where in 1863 he wrote a history of the Church of Scotland in the Gaelic tongue.

I may here mention that before the days of Government

inspectors I was very fond of visiting the schools in the various parishes of the district over which I was factor. One of these, at Loch Inver, was taught by Mr. Mackinnon, now of the Edinburgh University Celtic Chair, when a young man, whom I considered a very fitting person for the position. It was a great pleasure to me afterwards to call upon him as Professor in Edinburgh. Soon after I came to Sutherlandshire in 1845 I spent an hour or two in a school in the Stoer district of Assynt, examining various classes. One boy especially distinguished himself as superior to all the rest. When leaving the school I asked the teacher who this clever boy was, and his answer was, 'He is a crofter's son, who is a mason also, and, strange to say, the boy's name is the same as your own; his name is Evander Maciver.' I saw his father soon afterwards, and ascertained that his forebears had come to Assynt from Leckmelm in Loch Broom, which property belonged to my forefathers a century or two ago, and I came to the conclusion that this family must have had some connection with my own. I took an interest in the lad, who said he wished to be brought up a mason as his father was. I got him an appointment in the granite works at Aberdeen, where he served his apprenticeship. There he went to a night-school and improved his education, and evinced a great talent for drawing. I next placed him in the office of the architect on the Sutherland estates at Golspie, where he remained a couple of years, acquiring a knowledge of the mode in which buildings were erected on the estate, learned to make plans and write out specifications. He was appointed superintendent of the building of a new

church at Wick, then went to Inverness, practising his profession as an architect, married and emigrated to Australia, where he was appointed to the charge of the roads in Brunswick, near Melbourne, by the Government. He practised his profession as an architect, building houses, churches, etc., and continued in charge of the roads. He was highly respected, and I heard of his death this year (1902). He had built a beautiful house for himself, and acquired a considerable sum of money for his family. He was very kind to his relations in Assynt, and had the reputation in Melbourne of an honest, respectable man.

I had great pleasure in forwarding another young man from Assynt, who came to me saying that his father had died and left the family very poor, and asked me to do something for him. I got him put on the staff of the Inland Revenue service as a preventive man. He was placed under a well-educated officer, who, seeing that he had talent, took an interest in him, and taught him at night to improve his education, and he became such a good scholar that he was fit to be promoted. I luckily succeeded in getting him appointed, and he passed the necessary examination, and attracted attention by his literary turn and correspondence with newspaper editors. He so distinguished himself, that he rose to be a supervisor, and was appointed to the sole charge of a body of men who looked after smuggling all over the northern counties of Scotland. He has retired now, and lives in Loch Carron with his wife and family, distinguished for his intelligence, and highly respected. His name is Murdo

Mackenzie. He writes regularly to me, always acknowledging me as a benefactor.

Another young man, named John Clarke Ross, called after Clarke of Eriboll, where he was born, used to come to my house as groom of the late Mr. William Gunn of Glendubh, who often passed a night with me, with his lad looking after his horse. He went into the service of Mr. Fowler, a clergyman, a Scottish gentleman settled in England. But before he did so John had joined the Militia, and was obliged to attend a month's training at Fort George yearly, which was very awkward for his master, and put himself to great expense travelling backwards and forwards. I happened to be in Edinburgh with my boys, who were at school there, and had been engaged writing letters until late one night, and, in going to the Post Office with my letters, when at the east end of Princes Street, near the Register Office, among a crowd, a man took off his hat and bowed most respectfully to me, and introduced himself as John Clarke Ross, who had often been in my house at Scourie. I had lost sight of him, and asked him what he was doing. He told me that he was on his way to Fort George to the training of the Militia; that he had in consequence been compelled to resign his situation with Mr. Fowler, and that he did not know what to do after the training was over, and asked me if I could find him any situation for which he was suitable. I asked him if he would go into one of the American steamers sailing from Liverpool to New York as a steward, which he said he would be glad to do. I had a brother and numerous friends in Liverpool, and sent him

there with a letter of recommendation. He got appointed in one of the steamers at once, made several voyages, but never could get rid of sea-sickness, which disgusted him so much that he left his situation and found his way to Texas, and settled at Atascoso county in a small village just begun. He took a piece of ground close to it, and began gardening as an occupation, which he had been slightly accustomed to while in the service of Mr. Gunn. He flourished as a market-gardener, and was so popular amongst the people that the village was called Rossville after him. In process of time he married a lady of good Spanish family, and became mayor of Rossville; had a large family of sons, whom he educated well. One of them he called after me. He built a very nice house for himself, of which he sent me a photograph. He writes to me regularly, giving me an account of himself and his family. His sons showed talent at school and now hold excellent situations in various parts of Texas.

I was asked by the municipal authorities of Shanghai in China to select and send out to them some stout and healthy young men to act as policemen. I sent a considerable number; but they did not like the climate, and most of them emigrated thence to Australia. But one of them has remained in China, whose history is rather remarkable. He was well over twenty years of age before he left here, and was remarkable for his size and strength. His principal occupation here was that of a fisherman. I asked him if he would go to China, and he agreed to go; and the most wonderful transformation has come over him. He came here after many years' absence to visit his friends and his

native place: he had risen to a high position in the police force at Shanghai, had improved himself in education, and, actuated by religious principles, acquired the manners and appearance of a perfect gentleman, and so very different from what he had been in his youth, that one could scarcely recognise him as the George Matheson who left Scourie many years before. He has become an intelligent gentleman, and is much respected at Shanghai. He married an Inverness lady, but has no family living.

I might mention several others whom I had the pleasure of assisting to forward themselves in life; but I will conclude what I have to say on this head by instancing one other. Mr. John Wood, chairman of the Board of Inland Revenue in London, came north in a small Government steamer, and brought a letter of introduction to me from the Duke of Sutherland, asking me to show him attention and procure good angling for him. I sent him to Rhiconich, at the head of Loch Inchard, and he had excellent sport there on Loch Garbet. He was very grateful to me, and we became intimate friends; and he appointed several officers at my request in the Government service. Amongst others, he sent me an application to him from Mr. M'Coll, the minister of Durness, asking him to appoint his nephew, Alexander Carmichael. This application Mr. Wood sent to me, stating he would appoint no one from this district without my approval. I at once replied that Carmichael was well educated, and should be well fitted for the position he coveted. Mr. Wood at once appointed him, and Mr. Carmichael went first to Skye and Uist, and then to Corn-

wall. Being a Highlander, he wore the Highland dress. Strange to say, I went to Cornwall to visit a son who was factor on the estate of Lord Falmouth, and was amazed to hear of Carmichael being there. I heard that a clergyman there, who had a great admiration for Celtic habits, asked Carmichael to pay him a visit. Carmichael accepted, and went in full Highland dress, and on the servant-maid opening the front door, she at once shut it again, and rushed to her master, stating that there was a half-naked man at the door wishing to see him. But she must have been still more amazed when she found that her master received Mr. Carmichael with great cordiality, and asked him to remain for the day. Carmichael is well known as the author of *Carmina Gadelica*, the most interesting collection of Gaelic lore ever made, which has attracted great attention, especially amongst students of folklore, one of whom was highly instrumental in encouraging Mr. Carmichael's bent. I refer, of course, to John Campbell, younger, of Islay, whose mother was daughter of the Earl of Wemyss. John Campbell ranks among the great European collectors of that old Aryan lore to which Jacob Grimm drew attention. I had the pleasure of a visit from Mr. Campbell here at Scourie, and he travelled with me to Loch Inver on a visit to the Duke of Sutherland. I felt a deep interest in him in consequence of remembering that when I was a boy his father had become tenant of the shootings of Lewis, the first time they were ever let. He occupied my father's house at Stornoway while he remained in the island, where he made himself very popular. John, the son, was a great

sketcher, and enjoyed the mountainous scenery of West Sutherland. After crossing the ferry at Kylesku he left me, saying that the scenery was so remarkable that he must stop a day or two to sketch it, which he did, to my great disappointment, for he was a most agreeable travelling companion.

September 5, 1902.—I have been reading with interest the arrival of His Majesty King Edward at Stornoway this week, on the morning of Tuesday last, when he and the Queen landed and received a right loyal reception. There were 700 children in one group amongst the crowd to greet his arrival. They drove to the castle and grounds, which they surveyed minutely, and were hospitably received by Major Matheson, the proprietor. No sovereign having visited the island for 300 years previously, people flocked to see their Majesties from all parts. It reminded them that James the First was the last king who had visited Stornoway when he kidnapped Macleod, a most rebellious and troublesome subject, whom he carried off as prisoner. Speaking of kings, I am reminded of the visit of George the Fourth to Edinburgh in 1824. He landed at Leith, and crowds from all parts of Scotland repaired to Edinburgh. I recollect that my father went purposely from Stornoway in full Highland costume to show that he was a patriot. He went on board the ship after the King landed, and astonished the attendants when, in the cabin which his Majesty occupied, he stretched himself at full length in the King's bed. He wanted, no doubt, to be able to say that he had done so.

A young man, Colin Mackenzie, said to be the son of the gentleman who represented the Seaforth family in Stornoway, was member of a family that had been connected with the Seaforths for long, a family who generally had the word 'Carn' following the names when spoken of. This young Colin found his way to Calcutta and obtained a situation in the Survey Department of India, in which, after five years, he rose to be Surveyor-General of all India, and acquired a fortune. He remained a bachelor for long. He had an only sister resident in Stornoway, to whom he was generous, built an excellent house for her, which was called Carn House, on the south beach of Stornoway. On his retirement as an old man he married a young wife, and formed the resolution of revisiting his native island. My grandfather, Collector James Robertson, was his principal correspondent in Stornoway, to whom he intrusted the building of the house, and all money matters for his sister's benefit. Her name was Mary, always known as Mary Carn. My grandfather was asked by him to meet him in London on his arrival there with his young wife, in a certain month, that he might conduct them thence to Stornoway. My grandfather accordingly proceeded to London, and for two months after his arrival there, no word was got of the ship in which Colin Mackenzie had sailed, but in the third month after reaching London her arrival at Falmouth was announced. On her entering the Thames he went on board. He was shocked and disappointed to hear of the death of Colin Mackenzie at Calcutta before the ship sailed, and that his widow had followed out his intention of coming to Storno-

way to visit his sister. But on the voyage from Calcutta to Cape Town she married a military gentleman who was a fellow-passenger, and she told my grandfather she did not intend to pay a visit to Stornoway. My grandfather remained for some time to arrange what portion of Colin Mackenzie's fortune his sister, Mary Carn, was entitled to, and after much delay and discussion with lawyers on the subject, he agreed to accept for her £30,000, with which sum he arrived in Stornoway to the great delight of the people of the island. Mary Carn thus became the richest woman that had ever been in Lewis, and was coaxed, flattered, and worshipped. I often, as a boy, used to be sent with letters to her by my grandfather, and she was very kind to me, always gave me a shilling, and on New Year's Day a sovereign, which money I carefully hoarded up, and on going to school in Edinburgh, in my fourteenth year, I carried with me several pounds. Mary Carn had no very near relations alive in Stornoway, and she asked my grand-uncle the Sheriff to make a will for her, leaving money to close on a hundred different persons in sums of from £20 to £500. She died in 1827, and her funeral is described as a remarkable one. She was buried at Knock, an old burying-place, five miles from Stornoway. Crowds accompanied the funeral procession. Cart-loads of meat and drink were sent. Lord Teignmouth, in his very interesting description of Scotland, gives a graphic account of the dinner at Knock, which it is said became so uproarious that the chairman, the Rev. Colin Maciver of Glenelg, a relative of mine, after proposing several toasts, amongst others the health of my father

as Chief of the Macivers, was obliged to close the meeting. Many were unable to leave the scene of the dinner. Many in Stornoway who were legatees added much to the comfort of their families by what they received. My father was a trustee, and received £100. My mother was left £50, and my grandfather £500. Mary Carn's funeral was one of the last of the great funerals of the old style. It was a relic of the olden days.

Keith Mackenzie of Seaforth I met as a boy at Stornoway Castle. I was asked by his mother to remain with him at the Lodge as a companion while his father and mother remained in Lewis, but I went soon afterwards to school in Edinburgh. I did not again meet him till I became a resident in Dingwall as factor on the Tulloch estates. He entered the army, went to China, and on his return went on half-pay, and came to Brahan Castle, where his mother, a widow, resided. He made a point of seeing me and renewed our youthful acquaintance, and I had the great pleasure of being consulted by him and his mother's trustees as to the sale of their Kintail property in the west of Ross-shire. I went and inspected it and reported upon it, and the result was that they obtained a much higher sum for it than they expected. He was a kind, good-hearted man, but he had his faults. When at Kintail I visited Glenelg and saw the grave of the Rev. Colin Maciver, who was descended from the Macivers of Lewis, and was nearly related to the Carn family. He it was who presided at Mary Carn's funeral. He knew much Ossianic lore. I am not quite certain about his relation to Evander Maciver who bought a portion of the

Gruinard estate. This Evander was drowned in the Minch. He was a minister, I think.

It was reported that General Mackay was buried at Scourie; that, after his death in Holland, his servant took his body home. I took pains to ascertain the truth of this rumour years ago, but could find no proof whatever. I also searched the burying-ground. The story is a myth.

Cluny Macpherson was married to a daughter of Davidson of Tulloch. He agreed to dispose of a portion of his property of Ardverikie and to give the purchaser a right of fishing on Loch Laggan. They agreed to refer the price of it to me, and I spent some time surveying it. After hearing the value discussed between the parties, I had not much difficulty in fixing on a sum. I had the pleasure of entertaining Cluny in my house at Dingwall. He came there on hearing that Tulloch Castle had been burnt down. That led to my going to Cluny. Unfortunately the week I spent at Kingussie trying to fix a march between the Macpherson and the Mackintosh properties was not of great service to Cluny, as owing to some illegal irregularity the report never became final, and the difficulty I believe is not settled to this day.

A Scottish youth of the name of Alexander Duncan, who went to London and set up as a stationer and acquired a fortune, died, leaving two sons, one of whom became a clergyman in Dorsetshire; the other, of weak mind, spent his time and money in visiting many parts of Europe. He even went to the Nile and went up as far as the cataracts. A banking-house in London had charge of his pecuniary

matters, and paid him quarterly. He kept them informed of his movements. He came walking through Sutherlandshire in 1849, and amongst other places he visited Durness, and was at the hotel there, which was then kept by Mrs. Ross. She took an interest in him and treated him very kindly, and he remained for weeks. She got him clothing and comforts, but he walked quarterly to the bank at Golspie for his allowance, going by Loch Hope and Altnaharra. The shepherds on that route were quite familiar with him, for he often passed the night in their houses. In January 1850 he left Durness for Golspie and encountered a serious snowstorm. Passing the house of the shepherd at Loch Hope after the snowstorm had begun, the shepherd's wife saw him go by. He had on previous occasions spent a night at the house. She ran after him and entreated him to remain with them till the storm would pass away, but he obstinately refused to do so. He proceeded along the road, there being no other house near for several miles. The subject was brought to my notice by a letter from the forester at Gobernuisgach, to the effect that this poor gentleman's body was found near the road, and he enclosed to me all the papers which he found in the pockets. Some of these were from the bankers in London. I immediately wrote to these gentlemen informing them of what had occurred, and at the same time sent a party from Durness to convey the body to the hotel there, got a suitable coffin made, and had him buried, after much correspondence and trouble, in the churchyard at Balnakiel. I also had correspondence with his brother, who thanked me most gratefully,

and presented me with a silver salver bearing the following inscription :—

Presented
By F. D. to
E. M'IVER, ESQ.,
as a small token of gratitude
for kind assistance
on a most melancholy occasion.
A.D. obt. Jan. 16th, 1850.

I had afterwards a request from the brother to get erected a granite tablet over the grave, which I took some trouble to get executed. It bears the following inscription :—

Under this stone repose the mortal remains of Alexander Duncan.

He was born in London on 10th December 1809. He was educated at Westminster School and Trinity College, Cambridge. He passed his maturer years in travelling, having visited the United States, Canada, West Indies, a great portion of Europe, of Egypt and of India. It is believed that the Christian kindness and benevolence which he showed to his fellow-creatures in his own country accompanied him under the various climes it was his choice to visit.

He perished in a snowstorm on the night of the 16th January 1850.

Multis ille flebilis occidit
F. D.
M. A. D.

I once went to Durness and found there in the hotel a Mr. Peach from the Custom House at Wick, sent there in consequence of the wreck of a vessel in the Bay of Balnakiel. I found Mr. Peach very interesting especially on geological subjects. He was originally a boatman on the Thames, took to natural history, and was promoted to the Custom

House service. He told me that he had made a very interesting discovery in Durness by noticing fossils in the limestone rock of which the dykes were composed; that he had searched the rocks whence those stones had been quarried, and found a variety of fossils, which he said would be something new for geologists, and would alter their views on the geological formation of limestone; that he was sending specimens of them to Sir Roderick Murchison, who was head of the Geological Survey of Scotland. This created very deep interest among geologists. Durness was visited on that account by several such. Sir Roderick and a professor from Aberdeen came there together. The late Duke (second) of Sutherland and I happened to be at Durness Hotel when they arrived. His Grace asked them to dine with him, and the professor became quite excited, said he had never dined with a duke before, and had not a dress-suit with him, and he feared he could not appear without it. I told him I had a dress-suit which I thought would fit him, and that I would go in my ordinary clothing, to which he very readily assented, and found my dress quite suited him. This professor and Murchison disagreed on the subject of Durness geology, and I believe they never were reconciled. In future years geologists from Government decided that Murchison was wrong and that the professor had the best of it. A son of Peach's, a member of the Geological Survey now, was one of a party who traced the limestone track from Durness to Assynt.

September 8, 1902.—The history of Lochinver House

is peculiar and worthy of notice. It was originally built by a company from Liverpool as a house for smoking herrings and other fish, which, after some years' trial, proved an utter failure. They abandoned the place, and it was for years empty—a monument of foolish speculation, after an expenditure of over £2000 upon it. It was then purchased by my father-in-law, Mr. Macdonald of Skaebost, Skye, for a mere trifle. He converted the west portion of it into a dwelling-house, and set agoing the curing of herrings and other fish at Loch Inver, which he sent by his own vessels for sale to Ireland, and he made a financial success of it. He made it over in his lifetime to his eldest son, and went to Skye to look after his property and the farm of Kingsburgh, of which he was tenant. His son was speculative, took extensive salmon-fishings along the coast, which ended eventually in bankruptcy. He sold Lochinver House to the Duke of Sutherland. His father had, at great expense, made the garden at Loch Inver, which was originally a gravel bank; he carried earth from Ireland in his vessels to it, built a high wall to protect it from the sea, and made it a productive spot, which it continues to this day. He also planted trees on the hills behind, and improved the place greatly. In 1845 the Duke of Sutherland converted a great portion of the original house into a dwelling-house, and planted a large area of land near it, and in the vicinity of Loch Inver, adding much to the beauty of the place. His Grace and family resided there for several years during the summer and autumn months, and made acquaintance with the Assynt people, which the Sutherland family had never

done before. The third Duke of Sutherland was there as a boy, and having a small yacht, became fond of sailing, and had an intimate acquaintance with all the people of the parish, which was of great benefit to the people in various ways by the presence of their proprietor and his family amongst them. Unfortunately the house was almost wholly destroyed by fire. It was well insured, and the money was all expended in restoring, enlarging, and improving it, along with many thousands besides, making it really a gentleman's residence, with elegant rooms and every necessary accommodation. Having so many different residences, his Grace let Lochinver House to Mr. M'Brayne, owner of west coast steamers, at a rent of £500, which continued for several years, but not to the profit of Mr. M'Brayne, who gave it up, and it has since been let as an hotel, with trout and salmon fishing, and is now one of the most comfortable and well-kept hotels in the west of Scotland, and greatly frequented by anglers and tourists. It is a great contrast to the old castle of 'Ardvreck,' the residence of the Macleods when they were proprietors of Assynt, at the upper end of Loch Assynt, the ruins of which are interesting. Assynt was purchased by a member of the Seaforth family, and a lady of that family succeeded as heiress to it. She disliked the residence of 'Ardvreck,' and built in its vicinity on Loch Assynt side a modern house, which she occupied for a year or two. All the materials for this house had to be brought by sea to Loch Inver and carried up to Loch Assynt, to which there was no road, and it cost her so much more than she had anticipated that it plunged her into a debt which she was

unable to pay and compelled her to dispose of Assynt. She found it, however, difficult to obtain a purchaser, offered it to the Earl of Sutherland, who was unwilling to purchase it. But her importunity was so great that he eventually acquired it at a low price. The Macraes of Kintail, who were attached to the Seaforth family, hearing of the sale, became irritated, and ere the day of entry, after the sale, they came over in a body to Assynt and destroyed the new house by fire, that the Earl of Sutherland might never occupy it. The ruins of 'Ardvreck' Castle and of this house are close to each other and are interesting. It was at 'Ardvreck' Castle that Montrose was taken by the Laird of Assynt, Macleod, who delivered him up to the Government.

I found the state of education in Assynt very poor. There was a parish school at the upper end of Loch Assynt, where there were almost no population, and a parish school at Stoer, and one or two society schools. A year or two after I became factor, the Rev. David Williamson was appointed minister of the parish of Assynt, and resided in the manse at the head of Loch Assynt, where the church was also, and where there were scarcely any people in the vicinity. The minister went monthly to Loch Inver to preach. I found Mr. Williamson a most excellent coadjutor in the cause of education. We got several schools established in various parts of Assynt. We got an excellent school at Loch Inver, and during Mr. Williamson's lifetime he took a deep and earnest interest in the establishment and management of the parish schools, which has ever since told for the benefit of the people.

Fortunately there was no smuggling in any part of the Sutherland estates under my charge. The proprietor was strongly opposed to such illegal traffic, and did all in his power to prevent it, and so effectually that there was no such thing known. I found one or two copper stills in the proprietor's store which had been taken from the tenants. I may mention that when I managed the Tulloch estates, previous to coming to Sutherland, I discovered that the rents due at Martinmas on the Gruinard estate in Gairloch were never collected till spring-time, to enable the people to convert their bere or barley into whisky and dispose of it.

I have previously mentioned how much Mr. Gladstone was interested in the superstition as to the depriving cows of their milk and the power of restoring it. I heard that on one occasion the cows of Mr. Macdonald of Loch Inver ceased to give milk for a day or two. A sailor on board one of his vessels was credited with the power of restoring it. He was sent for, and said he would require to spend an hour or two in the milk-house for that purpose. After he came out and returned to his ship, it was found that he had drunk the cream of every dish in the dairy, and the cows recovered in a day or two. I accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone from Loch Inver to Scourie, where they stayed a night, and next day to Lochmore, *en route* for Dunrobin. On leaving Loch Inver I drove my vehicle behind them. It was a very hot day, so hot that the Duchess of Sutherland, who was one of the party, proposed to give the horses a rest of half an hour, near a shepherd's house, where there was a green flat beside the road. They came out of the carriage, spread

rugs on the green, and sat for half an hour, after which we resumed our journey. We had driven some miles along Loch Assynt, when they stopped their carriage, and I was called for by the Duchess. She said that Mrs. Gladstone had lost her purse, and that she had it when we arrived at the spot where we had rested. I said it was possible she had dropped it at that spot, and that I would drive back to search. I did so, and found the purse just where they had been sitting, and had the pleasure of handing it to her intact. On our arrival at Lochmore, a sumptuous luncheon was provided by Mr. and Mrs. Reid, the shooting-tenants. Part of the soup, etc., had been brought from London. We had the finest champagne, and Mr. Gladstone was in high glee over the hospitality received in the forest, whereupon we parted. I never met him again. Once at Dunrobin I had the honour of leading Mrs. Gladstone in to dinner; sitting beside her, I had much conversation with her. She asked me if I ever had seen an eagle at Scourie. My answer was that we saw them too often, that they were very destructive to our lambs, pouncing down on them and carrying them off to their nests to feed their young ones. She expressed great amazement at this. I told her a well-known story from Skye, mentioned in Martin's *Description of the Western Islands*. It occurred near Portree in Skye. A cottar out making hay on a [illegible] behind his house, and anxious for assistance from his wife asked her to leave her baby and come out to work with him for a while. She said she could not leave the baby alone in [illegible] that she might wrap it tightly in a sheet and lay it down

close to where they worked, which she did, and was busy working when she heard a strange sound which made her look up, when to her horror she saw an eagle carrying her child away in its talons and flying at a great rate towards the island of Raasay, distant about a mile or two. She observed that it appeared to do so with difficulty, for the eagle seemed to descend more and more as it approached Raasay. Her husband at once rushed to the shore, got a boat and assistance, and pulled over the sound to a point described by his wife; to his great delight he found the child safe and sound, and carried him back to his mother. This boy grew up and became a soldier, and was known by the name of 'Duncan the Eagle' while he lived.

Mrs. Gladstone repeated the story to the whole company, but none appeared to believe it could be true. In Skye it is well known and authenticated.

September 15, 1902.—I had a very pleasing acquaintance with the Rev. Dr. Macdonald of Ferintosh, whose wife was my relation, and social intimacy betwixt us occurred. He was a most agreeable, good-humoured man, full of anecdote and Highland lore. He often preached at Dingwall, and drew crowds from the surrounding parishes.

As a bank agent I had a transaction of a peculiar nature with him. I got notice from the head office of the bank that £60 was paid at Glasgow for John Macdonald, Dingwall, without any further address. For months no John Macdonald appeared to claim it, till one day I had a call from Dr. Macdonald, who asked if I had ever received any money

for him from Glasgow. I answered him at once that I had not; but on asking the accountant if any money had been sent to the office from Glasgow for Dr. Macdonald, he answered 'No,' but in a short time he came to me about the sum of £60 for a John Macdonald, which I had the pleasure of handing to the worthy minister at once, which he said he was delighted to receive, as he was much in need of money at the time.

I heard he was at first strongly opposed to the Disruption, but he went to Edinburgh and was got round by the leading men there, who thought him a man of great importance, and they set upon him, as his influence over the Highlands was great. I used to see as merry dancing in Dr. Macdonald's house as anywhere, when many folks thought it was a sin to dance.

An unfortunate occurrence took place in the house of my brother John at Dingwall, where he succeeded me as agent for the Caledonian Banking Company. An express on horseback came to Scourie House from Dingwall, to inform me that there had been a sad poisoning accident, and that three gentlemen had perished in the house after dinner, two Roman Catholic priests from Strathglass, and Mr. Mackenzie of Mount Gerald, also a Roman Catholic, which created a great sensation, not only in Scotland, but all over the kingdom. I hastened, in consequence of hearing that my brother was dangerously ill himself, and drove express to Dingwall. At Ardgay I met a gentleman who told me that the poisoning was accidental; that 'monk's-hood' root

had been taken in from the garden by mistake instead of horse-radish, and handed to the cook, who did not discover it; but some of it being still in her possession, Dr. William Ross, of Dingwall fame, discovered what it was.

I found my brother slightly better. The bodies of the three gentlemen were in the dining-room, locked in by the Procurator-fiscal till a post-mortem examination should be made, and Dr. (afterwards Sir) Douglas Maclagan of Edinburgh, brother of the Archbishop of York, was sent down to investigate the case. They were about to commence doing this in the dining-room, but I insisted that the bodies should be removed elsewhere for the purpose, and the post-mortem took place in the old Court-house. Lord Lovat drove over on hearing of the death of two priests in a Protestant gentleman's house in Dingwall, to see that an investigation was made, but on hearing that the mistress of the house and the cook were both Roman Catholics his angry feelings were appeased, and the whole circumstances were shown to be quite accidental. My brother was not well for many months afterwards. The doctor said that if he were allowed to sleep while under the influence of the poison he would never awake.

My brother's family soon after this sad event left Dingwall, and his eldest son is now Sir Lewis M'Iver, Bart., M.P. for West Edinburgh, a distinguished orator and disinterested politician.

Among those I am proud to have helped forward, another name occurs—that of Dr. William Mackenzie, Normanton,

Yorkshire. His father was ground-officer under me in Assynt, and resided in a remote part of that parish, where there was no school for the education of his children. I gave him a small farm near Loch Inver, where there was a good teacher, and where Dr. Mackenzie got his early education. His father was enabled to send him to college and study medicine, and he settled at Normanton, where he became, and still continues to be, a well-known medical practitioner. His family are doing well and a credit.

I look back upon my endeavours to benefit the people of this district with gratification, and satisfaction that I had been the means of aiding upwards of 500 people from here to emigrate to Canada and Newfoundland. After the potato disease had broken out the Duke of Sutherland most generously paid the expenses of their emigration, and for years afterwards I received numerous letters from many of the people, thanking me in the strongest terms for advising and aiding them to leave this country and go to America. Also I got free passages to Australia for a number who preferred that country. Lord Francis Egerton, brother of the second Duke of Sutherland, was sent officially by the Government to Canada, and was quite delighted to meet there parties from Sutherland who had emigrated, flourished, and held good positions in that colony.

October 7, 1902.—The want of a pier at Scourie for parties landing or leaving was much felt, and the landing of cargoes of wood, coal, etc., was attended with much difficulty, delay, and expense. Endeavours were made to collect funds

for the erection of a suitable pier. A plan was obtained from an Aberdeen engineer, but funds sufficient were not forthcoming. The Dukes of Sutherland and Westminster subscribed, and there was a local collection, but there was no prospect of sufficient funds. The subject was brought under the notice of the Congested Districts Board, who undertook to erect a pier on a plan suggested by their own engineer, and the matter was intrusted to the County Council to be proceeded with. It has been in progress for nearly a couple of years, the delay being occasioned principally by scarcity of labour, and the refusal of the people to accept of the wages offered. It is now nearly completed, and will be an immense benefit to all parties shipping or landing at Scourie, and especially to the fishermen for the safety of their boats, and adding largely to the amenity and appearance of the place. The cost will considerably exceed £1000. The pier is wholly composed of concrete.

I may here mention that my wife was nearly related to Flora Macdonald, and that she was in possession of a few relics relating to the '45 period, when Prince Charlie was at Kingsburgh, the residence of Flora's family, in which house I was married. My wife's father, Mr. Macdonald of Skeabost, was tenant of Kingsburgh, the property of Lord Macdonald. One of the relics is a bowl which Prince Charlie drank out of; also a fine old silver tea-pot which was used at that period in Kingsburgh House, and is still excellent, and a handsome specimen of silver work at that time.

The island of Handa in this vicinity is remarkable for

its geological formation. It is composed of sandstone and conglomerate: rising gradually from the sea on its south side, it attains a height of from 500 to 600 feet on its north and west sides, where the cliffs are perpendicular. It is the resort of myriads of sea-birds, which come there to nestle in spring. They lay their eggs on ledges in the rock. Each bird lays but one egg. As soon as the young bird is able to swim they depart for some other region. It is a very interesting island, and its north and west sides are really grand, calling forth great admiration from artists. When I came here in 1845 I found Handa occupied by seven crofter tenants, with a queen amongst them. To her I was introduced the first time I went to the island. They lived comfortably, and grew large crops of potatoes on its sandy soil, when top-dressed with seaweed. When the potato disease broke out in 1847 the crop failed in Handa completely; the people came to me in a body and stated that they could no longer remain in Handa, for their principal source of support was gone. They asked me to represent their case to the Duke of Sutherland; said they were willing to emigrate to America if his Grace would pay the expense of sending them there. I strongly recommended his Grace to meet their wishes, and at the same time took the opportunity of adding that it would be well to assist the crofters on the mainland to emigrate. The result was that not only were the tenants of Handa, but a very large number from Assynt and Edderachillis sent to Canada and Nova Scotia during the next two years—in all exceeding [illegible] people. This was an immense relief to the remaining crofters, as the last

possessed by the emigrants was divided amongst them. As Handa was an island where children could not be educated, and there was difficulty in coming to church and in getting medical aid when required, it was deemed best to convert it into a sheep grazing. My farm being directly opposite to it, I became the tenant of it, and occupied it for upwards of forty years, when I gave it up, at the suggestion of the Crofters' Commission,[1] to afford more sheep accommodation

[1] *The Cost of the Crofters' Commission.*—In an article in the *Scottish Law Review* dealing with the statistics of Sheriff Court business for the year ending 31st December 1902, the writer states the work performed by the Crofters' Commission for that year to be as follows:—'During the year 16 applications were lodged to fix fair rents from 41 crofters interested; 5 estates were interested in claims for enlargement of holdings, of which there were 8 lodged on behalf of 89 applicants. There was one application for sist of proceedings and to prohibit sale for non-payment of rent. There were also 7 applications for resumption of holdings, in which 128 crofters were interested; 4 estates were concerned in the framing of rules and regulations under the Crofters Common Grazing Act of 18[illegible], and 8 common grazings were dealt with; one estate and one crofter were interested in claims for compensation for payment of improvements. There were 11 miscellaneous applications, including regulation of peat banks and seaware, and the fixing of boundaries upon 5 estates. This Commission was first instituted by the Act 49 and 50 Vict. cap. 29, and has during the eighteen years of its operations cost the country a very large sum of money; more than sufficient, in the judgment of many observers, to have enabled the Government to purchase all the crofts in the Highlands and Islands, and to make a free present of the land in dispute to every crofter interested therein. Thus, in 1889-90 its cost was £9964, 2s. 6d.; in 1890-91, £8539, 8s. 10d.; 1891-92, £8825, 3s. 10d.; 1892-93, £8618, 1s. 7d.; 1893-94, £7173, 19s. 2d.; 1894-95, £6152, 0s. 2d.; 1895-96, £5848, 0s. 10d.; 1896-97, £5620, 7s. 1d.; 1897-98, £5195, 15s. Since then the cost has remained about £5000 a year, and in 1902 its total was £4090 for salaries, and £900 of travelling expenses, or, roughly speaking, nearly £5000 per annum. Surely, therefore, it seems the time has come for a strong protest against the country being longer saddled with such an expensive executive for so little business. The time has now come, we think, when the whole duties of the Commissioners should be transferred to the Sheriffs of the Highland counties and this burden on the Exchequer removed. At the time of its statutory creation, this Commission was never expected to be a permanent Scottish Board, and it is now quite clear its functions are practically ended.'

to the crofters of Scourie, by giving them the grazing formerly attached to the Stafford Arms Hotel, which in lieu of that has now the grazing of Handa attached to it. Thus I resigned my position as king of Handa.

While on the subject of emigration I may mention that when sheep-farming was introduced into the north of Scotland and many crofters were removed from the hills, principally to the coast, a great number emigrated to America; and Lord Francis Egerton, when he went officially to Canada, met with many of them who expressed thankfulness that they had left their native country and acquired positions in Canada which they could never have risen to in Sutherland.

CHAPTER XVIII

[Contributed in evidence before the Royal Commission (Highlands and Islands), 1892.]

	Acres.	Acres.
THE *Parish of Durness* by the Ordnance Survey contains in all about .		140,000
Of which water foreshore is about .	6,000	
And there is in the Tongue Management about	29,000	
		35,500
Leaving in the Scourie Management about .		104,500

Which appear to be thus occupied :—

1. Sheep farms, . . .	75,000	
2. Forest, ...	18,200	
3. Crofters, ...	11,800	
		105,000

The rental of them in 1892 was :—

1. Sheep farms, . . .	£2,075	
2. Forest, ...	865	
3. Crofters, ...	287	
		£3,227

The contents may be thus divided :—

	Farm.	Arable.	Outrun.	Moor Pasture.	Total.	
1	Balnakiel, .	120	700	24,180	25,000	
2	Keoldale (in Durness), .	90	640	21,770	22,500	and in Edderachillis 6000 acres.
3	Eriboll, .	150	70	27,280	27,500	
4	Forest, .	...	...	...	18,200	
5	Crofters, .	286	374	11,140	11,800	
					105,000	

The rents of the Durness crofters were slightly under the present rent in 1845 when I came to Sutherland; the rents of the sheep farms were more than doubled up to 1872, but since 1882 there has been a large reduction, about 40 per cent. from what they rose to, and the tendency continues downward.

The Duke of Sutherland expended a considerable amount in reclaiming land about twenty years ago on Eriboll Farm; 65 acres were reclaimed, but it turned out badly; it was a poor subject, but was beside the old arable on that farm; and although farmed well and richly, the crops produced are inferior.

His Grace also expended in reclamation at Keoldale, and at Lerin, Sangomore, and Durine, but the results in all these cases were disappointing.

The three farms of Balnakiel, Keoldale, and Eriboll afford a considerable amount of employment in Durness.

The rates in Highland parishes are a serious burden to the landlord and tenants. In 1892 there was paid by the Duke of Sutherland no less an amount than £518, 16s. 7d. for poor and education, and county assessment in Durness. The population by last census was under 1000, but were it not for rates from the shootings, fishings, and forest, the rates would be higher on each tenant than they are.

The Crofters' Commissioners visited Durness in 1890, and fixed fair rents for all the crofts in the parish. The result of their labours was the reduction of £2, 13s. on the rental. They cancelled £15, 17s. 9d. of arrears and ordered £30, 3s. 9d. to be paid, most of which is still due. Since their visit, I regret to say, the rents have been paid irregularly. There is now an arrear of £234, 14s., and the rent of the current year, for year to Whitsunday 1894, is due next month in addition.

The *Parish of Edderachillis* by the Ordnance Survey is estimated, exclusive of water, foreshore, etc., to contain 135,551 acres.

The parish is thus occupied :—

	Acres.
1. Sheep farms, etc., . . .	27,551
2. Forests, ...	77,800
3. Crofters, ...	30,200
Total, . .	135,551

The rental of the above in 1892 was :—

1. Sheep farms, ...	£371
2. Forests, ...	1,380
3. Crofters, ...	607
Total, . .	£2,358

The contents may be thus divided :—

	Farm.	Arable.	Outrun.	Moor Pasture.	Total.
		Acres.	Acres.	Acres.	Acres.
1	Duart Beg, . . .	4	20	3,776	3,800
2	Scourie, . . .	35	15	5,090	5,140
3	Sandwood, . . .	8	10	1,922	1,940
4	Shegra, . . .	10	28	1,262	1,300
5	Skercha, . . .	...	...	4,470	4,470
6	Rhimichie, . . .	10	8	1,902	1,920
7	Rhiconich, . . .	2	2	1,517	1,521
8	Handa, . . .	...	20	740	760
9	Keoldale, . . .	...	...	6,760	6,700
					27,551

The population of Edderachillis exceeds that of Durness. I find the rates for poor, education, and county assessment in 1892 amounted to £548, 19s. 4d.—on an assessable rental of £4600—paid by the landlord and an equal sum paid by the tenants, a very serious deduction from the landlord's rent and a large addition to the rent of the tenants.

The Crofters' Commissioners went over all the crofts in Edderachillis in 1890 and fixed fair rents. The rents fixed

were less in amount than they found them—by about 10 per cent. There are 160 crofters in Edderachillis, and their yearly rent amounts to £648, 5s. 11d., excluding cottars and others. They cancelled £283, 15s. of the arrears, and ordered £333, 6s. 5d. to be paid—a considerable portion of which has been paid, but there is a part of it still due.

The arrears of rent have increased since. I regret to say the amount now due amounts to £477, 7s. 9d., and a year's rent to Whitsunday 1894 falls due next month, amounting to £648, 5s. 11d.

Statement as to Reay Forest.

In 1840 the first portion afforested was the beats of Aultaurynie and Gobernuisgach—the former situated in Edderachillis, the latter in Durness. They had been previously occupied as a sheep farm, with a wedder stock of cheviot sheep, at a yearly rent of £180, by Mr. Innes of Sandside.

In 1849 Earl Grosvenor became tenant of 'Lone,' 'Arkle,' and 'Foinabhein,' with the angling of Loch Stack and the river Laxford. This ground was previously occupied as a sheep farm, with a stock of cheviot wedder sheep, by Mr. John Paterson, at a rent of £170.

In 1860 the Earl of Dudley became tenant of all the above forest, to which was added 'Ben Hee' and 'Overscaig,' which had previously been occupied as a sheep farm, with cheviot wedder stock, by the Duke of Sutherland, the rent of which is believed to have been £125.

In 1871 there was added Badnabay and Stack, which

had previously been occupied as a portion of Glendhu farm by Messrs. W. and J. Gunn, at a rent of £270, when the Duke of Westminster (who had previously held the shooting) became tenant of the whole forest at a rent of £2070.

In 1891 the wedder lands of Eriboll farm were added at a rent of £500, making his total rent £2575, of which £125 is payable to the Dunrobin Management for the portion of 'Ben Hee' in the parish of Lairg.

The Duke of Westminster sublets the Gobernuisgach beat and also the Ben Hee portion.

The area of the whole forest as above described is about 78,890 acres, of which 15,490 acres are in the parish of Lairg and in the Dunrobin Management, and the heights of the hills vary from 2000 to 3000 feet above the sea-level. There is very little arable land over the whole of this forest, and, so far as is known, there never were crofters on any portion of it. The tradition is that previous to the introduction of sheep these hills were kept in the hands of the Reay family for their own sport, and that they gave permission to a few of their tenants on the coast to go with their cattle and horses to sheilings for a short time in the summer months.

There were neither roads nor paths leading to or from any portion of this forest till 1842, when a shooting-lodge was built at Gobernuisgach, and a road was made to it from the public road leading through Strathmore, by which access to it was got from Aultnaharrow.

The Sutherland family acquired the Reay estates in 1829, and had constructed a road 61 miles in length along the coast from Kylesku by Scourie and Durness to Tongue,

which is said to have cost upwards of £30,000. In 1848 the road from Lairg to Laxford was begun, and finished in 1851, which gave access to the forest on its southern and western sides, from Lairg on the east, and Scourie on the west. A shooting-lodge was erected at Stack and another at Lochmore. Paths were then made along the Laxford River to several beats from these lodges, the expense of all which was paid for partly by the Duke of Sutherland and Lord Dudley, but principally by the Duke of Westminster. A road was made from Loch Merkland to the lodge of Gobernuisgach, at the joint expense of the Dukes of Sutherland and Westminster—and in 1871, when the Duke of Westminster became tenant of the forest, he added largely to the Lochmore lodge and also to Stack; and in the following years built largely at Achfary, and erected new houses for the foresters, and opened new paths in various portions of the forest at an enormous outlay.

The outlays made since 1840, when the forest was first commenced, on all these improvements now amount to no less a sum than £40,000, a great portion of which was paid in wages to the crofters and natives of the country who performed much of the work. The yearly maintenance of these paths and other works now affords regular employment to the people of the district, and the outlay for servants and farm labour in connection is also very considerable.

Including rent, wages, and incidental expenses of every description, the annual outlay in this forest is about £4500. There is no doubt that the formation of the Reay forest has been an immense benefit to the crofters in its vicinity, and

that the large rental it produces tends much to keep down the assessments and rates now payable in equal proportions by landlords and tenants in the several parishes of which these forests form a part—namely, Edderachillis, Durness, and Lairg.

Statement as to Glendhu Forest.

Glendhu forest is wholly in the parish of Edderachillis, and is in extent about 35,000 acres. It rises abruptly from the sea at Lochs Glen-Coul and Glendhu, and the hills vary from 1000 to 2600 feet in height. There is very little arable land—barely 30 acres—over the whole extent of it. Being situated in a very hilly district, the rainfall is very heavy. No accurate account of it has been kept, but the annual rainfall cannot be less than 50 to 60 inches on the average. At Scourie, where we keep a very correct account of the rainfall, the average for the last fifty years has been about 40 inches.

Before the introduction of sheep in the early part of this century, there were some crofters at the seaside at Lochs Glen-Coul, Glendhu, and Kylestrome. It was let as a sheep farm to the Messrs. Gunn from 1832 to 1886. In that year no tenant could be got to take it as a sheep farm. It was occupied for a year by the Duke of Sutherland—to Whitsunday 1887—when the sheep were removed from it and it was afforested and let to the Duke of Westminster at a rent of £800, which was increased in 1892 to £900. Two portions of the sheep farm still remain under sheep, viz. Glen-Coul on the south, and Duart Beg on the north-west.

The farm was let to Messrs. Gunn at a rent of £1395,

but, when the prices of sheep and wool fell, this was reduced to £1085; and at the close of the lease the farm was offered to Mr. James Gunn, the sitting tenant, at a rent of £800, but he refused to take it, and the proprietor having two large farms in hand, in Assynt, in its vicinity, was compelled to remove the sheep and put it under deer—no tenant coming forward to offer for it.

Considerable outlays on houses, roads, and fences have been made by the Duke of Westminster since he became tenant of Glendhu forest, amounting to no less a sum than £3450, affording employment to the crofters and others in its vicinity, and, in addition to the regular staff of three foresters and farm servants at Kylestrome, a number of gillies and extra hands are employed during the shooting season. The annual outlay on rents, rates, and servants of all descriptions is about £1630.

(Signed) E. MACIVER.

The parish of Assynt contains, according to the Ordnance Survey [less 8953 acres of water and foreshores], 110,111 acres, which appear to be occupied as follows:—

	Acres.
Sheep farms,	46,880
Deer forest,	28,500
Crofters' holdings,	31,040
Minister's glebe,	1,300
Woods [enclosed],	2,000
Hotels, sites, feus, etc.,	391
Total,	110,111

EVANDER MACIVER

The area of the farms may be thus divided —

Farm.	Arable.	Pasture.	Low Pasture.	Total.
	acres.	acres.	acres.	acres.
Achmore,	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Cromult,	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Ardvar,	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Stronchrubie and Lednore,	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Oldney Mains and Island,	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Inver,	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Brackloch,	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Clashmore,	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Culkein,	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]

The following is the rental of the farms —

Achmore (in proprietor's hands),	£[illegible]
Cromult (in proprietor's hands),	[illegible]
Ardvar (in proprietor's hands),	[illegible]
Hotel farm,	[illegible]
Stronchrubie and Lednore,	[illegible]
Oldney Mains and Island,	[illegible]
Brackloch,	[illegible]
Clashmore,	[illegible]
Culkein,	[illegible]
Total,	[illegible]

The rental of the deer forest of Glencanisp is £[illegible] but this rent includes wages of forester, men and boys and

maintenance of houses, roads, and paths, which may amount to about £300 annually.

The crofters' holdings may be thus divided :—

Number of townships,		24
Number of holdings,		331
Area of land :—		
Arable,	1,025	
Outrun,	3,152	
Common pasture,	20,346	
		24,523
Land assigned,		6,518
Total acreage,		31,041

The total rental of the crofters in Assynt is £1067. Since 1888 there has been expended by the landlord a sum of £440, 15s. 9d. in providing wire fencing, materials for enlargement of crofters' holdings in the parish.

The arrears due at 30th September last by the crofters of Assynt amount to the large sum of £1535, 12s. 4d., and another year's rent is due by them next month.

When I became factor on Assynt, in the year 1845, the crofters' rental in Assynt amounted to £967, 6s. 6d.

The rent of the additional grazings given to the crofters since the passing of the Crofters Act was fixed by the Commission at £174, 19s. 9d.

The Crofters' Commission visited Assynt in 1888, and fixed fair rents for all the crofts in the parish, making a reduction of about 13 per cent. on the rents. They can-

celled about 32 per cent. of the arrears, and ordered the difference to be paid, a small portion of which is still due.

The rates in Assynt are a very serious burden on both landlord and tenants. For the year ending Whitsunday 1893, the rates were: For poor, etc., 2s. 4d. per £; for education, 1s. 6d. per £; for county rates, 1s. 1d.; in all, 4s. 11d. per £, divisible between landlord and tenants, the landlord's portion being £696, 15s. 9d.; and I regret to add that the rates for poor, education, and registration alone amount this year to 4s. 3d.

The rental of the sheep farms was more than double what it appeared at in 1845 up to the year 1882, but since that date there has been a fall of about 40 per cent., and the letting of sheep farms is now difficult.

My experience as to reclamation of lands here, by a landlord, is that it is a very poor speculation. The district is so rocky and hilly, with deep mosses intermixed, and the climate is so adverse and wet that arable farming is carried on under great difficulties. I found the greater part of the crofters' holdings was held in 1845, when I came to the country, under the old runrig system, under which few or no improvements were carried on by the occupants. The arable land was lotted, and considerable improvements were executed both by the landlord and by the tenants after these lots were formed.

There was a good deal of outlay on reclamations at Culkein, Achnacairn, and at Clashmore, with less or more all over the parish; but the result was a very heavy outlay per acre on inferior subjects from which good returns were

never obtained. The grain produced on the west coast is inferior, and proves very badly when sent to the mill. Most of the grain grown in Assynt by crofters is given to their stock, and they purchase the meal they require for domestic purposes at Glasgow, Aberdeen, and Wick.

When the potato disease first broke out in the district in 1846 and following years, a strong desire was expressed by a large number of crofters and cottars in the district, especially in Assynt, to emigrate. Numerous petitions were sent to the Duke of Sutherland asking him to assist them to go to America. His Grace considered these petitions, and ultimately agreed to give assistance. About 400 persons left, principally for Upper Canada, in 1847, where friends had previously preceded them. The Duke paid the whole expense of their passage to America, and gave other assistance. The expense on the average was £5 for young and old. The whole outlay on emigration in 1847 and 1848 was upwards of £6000. For many years afterwards I received letters from some of these emigrants thanking me in the strongest terms for the advice and assistance I had given them, and informing me that they were getting on and becoming comfortable. Since these years, a considerable number left this district, to whom loans were made to enable them to emigrate to America and elsewhere, which loans have in most cases been repaid with gratitude, and some of whom appear to have been very successful.

(Signed) E. MACIVER.

EVANDER MACIVER

CHAPTER XIX

[MR. JAMES ROBERTSON, Collector of Customs, as indicated in Chapter XIII., left a Memoir of his father, which may be given here. As to the Collector himself, it is interesting to notice what is recorded in the Preface to Mr. John Mackenzie's work, *The Beauties of Gaelic Poetry*, where we read: 'The idea of this undertaking was first suggested to me by a worthy friend who is now no more, James Robertson, Esq., Collector of Customs, Stornoway. Mr. Robertson, himself a gentleman of high poetic talent, possessed a fund of curious information about the bards, and several written documents, to which he obligingly gave me free access, and from which some of the anecdotes with which this work is interspersed have been extracted.' The Collector, who died in Edinburgh in 1840 in his eighty-fourth year, married his cousin, Annabella, eldest daughter of John Mackenzie, third of Letterewe, with issue—(1) Captain James Robertson-Walker, R.N., of Gilgarron, Cumberland, who married his cousin, Katherine, daughter of John Mackenzie, Sheriff-Substitute of Lewis—he died in 1858; (2) Murdoch, who married, with issue—James Robertson, who, like his uncle, took in addition the name of Walker on his succession to the estate of Gilgarron on the death

of his aunt in 1892; (3) John, a noted captain in the merchant service; he was married and had issue—Francis Shand Robertson, of Surrey, who married his cousin Mary Maciver, daughter of the writer of this volume of Reminiscences.]

A BRIEF MEMOIR of the late Rev. JAMES ROBERTSON, Minister of the Parish of Loch Broom, in Ross-shire, who died in 1776.

MR. ROBERTSON was a native of Athole, in Perthshire, and was born about the year 1701: his father was a farmer of that country; his mother, who for many years survived her husband, was daughter of a Laird of the name of Steuart, commonly designated in that country by the title of Baron: being a woman of more than ordinary size, she was well known among the inhabitants by the appellation of *Seonaid mhór nighean a Bharain*—in English, 'Big Janet, the Baron's Daughter.'

Of Mr. Robertson's earliest years, few particulars are known to the writer, except that his father died when he was young, and that the care and management of the family devolved on the mother and an elder brother: the latter, unfortunately, did not pay the requisite attention to the family concerns, which ultimately fell wholly on the mother, who was diligently assisted by her second son, James, the subject of this Memoir. Having with great alacrity gone through the usual course of education at the country schools,

he entered on his classical studies at the then celebrated University of St. Andrews, with the intention of qualifying himself for the Church; pursuing his object with unceasing assiduity until he was in due time licensed a preacher of the Gospel. He was soon afterwards appointed assistant to the Rev. Donald Ross, minister of the populous and extensive parish of Loch Broom, in the West Highlands of Ross-shire. In this situation he exerted his clerical functions with so much zeal and fervency, as to attract the notice of all around him. On the translation of Mr. Donald Ross to the parish of Fearn, in the eastern part of Ross-shire, Mr. Robertson became a candidate for the vacant parish of Loch Broom; he was, however, powerfully opposed by another candidate, the Rev. William Mackenzie, a native of the parish, and nearly related to the principal heritors. The right of presentation to the living belonged to the Earl of Cromarty, whose interest the Duke of Atholl had procured for Mr. Robertson: but the presentation was either not obtained, or not lodged with the Moderator of the Presbytery in due form, until the expiration of the period limited by law after the vacancy took place; so that the right of settlement became vested in the Presbytery of Loch Carron, which, after a long and keen contest, was decided in favour of Mr. Robertson.

Having now attained to the summit of his pursuits, he diligently and effectually laboured to instil the principles of religion and morality into the minds and habits of his numerous parishioners, many of whom were still in a state of darkness and ignorance regarding their spiritual concerns;

and being a man of a strong and intrepid mind, endued with a great share of personal strength, he frequently found it necessary to exercise the latter faculty in conjunction with the former, for reclaiming obdurate transgressors from their evil propensities.

An event may now be mentioned that ought perhaps to form the most conspicuous in his life, and which shall be related in as few words as possible. Having gone on a visit to Mr. Ross of Fearn, his immediate predecessor, as already mentioned, he one Sunday attended divine service in the Kirk of Fearn, an old crazy Gothic building, whose roof unfortunately gave way, and fell on the congregation, at the same time shattering the walls. In this distressing dilemma, Mr. Robertson fortunately remained unhurt, and with the utmost presence of mind made his way to the principal entry, cleared it of much rubbish, and applied his shoulder to a part of the lintel which threatened to come down, until a considerable number of the audience got out; he then extricated his reverend friend, at that time much advanced in years, who was in imminent danger of suffocation, from the canopy of the pulpit, and other rubbish that had fallen on him. Many lives were lost, and not a few maimed for life. Still the catastrophe would have been of far more direful extent, but for Mr. Robertson's prowess and activity. And hence the appellation of the *Ministeir Laidir*, or Strong Minister, was bestowed on him, by which he afterwards became more generally known than by his Christian name and surname: he received some severe contusions in the course of his laborious exertions, from

which he recovered after a confinement of some weeks to his bed.

A very few years after Mr. Robertson's settlement at Loch Broom, the unhappy troubles of 1745 broke out: and it was with the deepest concern he perceived that the principal heritors of his parish were inclined to embrace the cause of the exiled family, but in particular his noble. patron, the Earl of Cromarty, proprietor of a large district of the parish. By this unhappy bias, a great proportion of his parishioners became actors in the unfortunate struggle that ensued. His own loyalty remained firm and unshaken; and although his earnest persuasion and remonstrances were generally disregarded, yet they were the happy instruments of deterring many from openly throwing off their allegiance to their sovereign, by which they fortunately escaped the ruin that soon overtook many who were less cautious.

His loyalty and zeal being well known to the commanders of His Majesty's forces in the north, as well as to some of the civil authorities who remained steadfast, a great degree of confidence was reposed in him, which will appear to have been attended with beneficial consequences in the sequel.

When the Highland army returned northward after the battle of Falkirk, the Earl of Loudon, with the corps he commanded, and accompanied by President Forbes of the Court of Session, was compelled to abandon the town and county of Inverness, retiring to the county of Sutherland; and finding that even there he was liable to be attacked by superior numbers after the main body of the Highlanders had taken possession of Inverness, he determined on pur-

suing a secret route through the vast mountains with which that wild country abounds, and if possible effect a junction with the forces newly raised by, and under the command of, Sir Alexander Macdonald of Skye, Macleod of Macleod, and Mackenzie, Lord Fortrose, all stationed about the sound that runs between the Isle of Skye and the countries of Lochalsh and Glenelg. Though the above-mentioned chieftains seemingly espoused the royal cause, there was great reason to fear that had any serious disaster happened to His Majesty's forces at that momentous period, their loyalty would be effectually convulsed, and ultimately preponderate in favour of the adverse party.

Loudon appears to have had two material objects in view by the resolution he adopted: the first was, to escape from a part of the country where he was in the utmost danger of being momentarily attacked and captured by a superior force; the second object was, to form a junction with the forces above mentioned, and thereby awe the wavering dispositions of the chiefs, whose conduct and zeal admitted of much doubt, and at the same time acquire the accession of so much strength as would render any attack on him improbable and unavailing. Still he was aware of the danger of his long and intended route, a part of which lay through a considerable district of the parish of Loch Broom, where several parties of the Highlanders were marauding, and whose inhabitants in general were at heart inimical to the ruling Government. In this dilemma he despatched a secret messenger to Mr. Robertson, bearing despatches for the commanders of the new-raised forces above stated,

intimating his intention of joining them, the route he was to take, and directing that requisite provision and accommodation should be provided for his reception. The messenger was fortunate enough to arrive at the manse of Loch Broom, and to deliver his despatches in safety to Mr. Robertson, who instantly forwarded them by a trusty person, well acquainted with the most unfrequented passes of the mountains he had to traverse, who conveyed them in safety to the intended destination.

But such was the vigilance of the disaffected that the arrival of a stranger from Sutherland, and that he had a communication with the clergyman, was almost immediately announced to the commanding officer of a party of Highlanders stationed about a short mile from the manse: the consequences were that the messenger, together with Mr. Robertson, were without delay or ceremony arrested, and brought before the officer for examination. The man who had brought the despatches was apparently a simple, plain-looking countryman, and Mr. Robertson dreaded that he could not dissemble so well as to deceive his examiners; he was, however, most agreeably disappointed in the opinion he had formed of him, for the man framed and related so plausible and connected an account of the motives of his journey that in a short time he was set at liberty; and no proof appearing against Mr. Robertson, though much suspicion was entertained, he was, after the detention of one night, likewise liberated.

During that night the party liberally indulged in revelry, drinking plentifully of their favourite liquor, *aqua vitæ*, and

practising every effort for inveigling the minister into a quarrel; but, being aware of their design, he carefully avoided an open rupture. Amongst other stratagems resorted to for effecting their purpose, they proposed that he should drink a bumper to the health of 'Prince Charles Stuart,' with which they well knew he would not comply: they then proposed that he should drink 'King George's health'; this he in like manner declined doing, setting forth that, although it was his duty to pray for King George, yet he was under no obligation to drink his health, but as he found it convenient so to do. Being further and more earnestly urged on this subject, he loudly appealed to the commanding officer—who was stretched on a pallet of straw behind a bench of wood, in a state of stupor from the effect of the potent draughts he had swallowed—complaining that he was strenuously urged to drink 'King George's health.' The officer, who had paid little or no attention to what had previously been going on, vociferated a vehement oath, forbidding such treasonable practices; and Mr. Robertson was not further molested for the night. The drift was, that had he consented to drink the royal health, a proper handle would be afforded for continuing his arrest, or of using him ill; all which, by his cautious conduct, he frustrated: and this at first serious-looking matter happily terminated.

Had the Highlanders intercepted Loudon's despatches, which so narrowly escaped their vigilance, a few hours only would be requisite for their transmission to Inverness; and the consequence would naturally be that a sufficient force for the destruction or capture of his corps would have been

instantly detached from the Highland army. A disaster so serious, and at such a critical period, could not but have very alarming results to the royal cause; for it cannot be supposed that Loudon was in condition to make any effectual resistance. His men, dispirited by retreat, harassed by their fatiguing march, without artillery, which it was impossible to drag across pathless, rugged hills, and pinched for provisions, must have fallen an easy prey to their enemies, who were well acquainted with the nature of the ground, and where to make the attack with every probability of success.

A few days after, the Earl of Loudon with his detachment arrived at Loch Broom on his route. Mr. Robertson was then at some distance from his residence in the discharge of his clerical duty. He was instantly sent for, and returned with the utmost haste, and accommodated Lord Loudon, the Lord President, and their suite, with the best lodgings and fare he could provide for the night. The march was resumed early next morning, and was fortunately accomplished without any material interruption.

The decisive battle of Culloden was soon after fought; and Mr. Robertson thought it his duty to wait on His Royal Highness of Cumberland at Inverness. The victorious commander received him graciously, thanked him for his zeal and services, and made him a present of twelve stand of arms, to be put into such hands as he might think proper to intrust them with: and during His Royal Highness's stay in the north, a regular and active correspondence was kept up between them. The writer of this remembers, when very young, to have read the letters received by Mr. Robertson,

which were uniformly written and signed by 'Everard Faulkenor.' These letters were carefully preserved by Mr. Robertson while he lived, though unfortunately lost when he died, the management of his affairs having devolved on trustees nominated by him, his own children, though pretty numerous, being all under age. His papers were carried to a considerable distance, where the major part of the trustees resided, and not attaching the due value to the above described documents, they were either lost, or destroyed as wastepaper, to the great grief of the male part of Mr. Robertson's issue, when they arrived at the age of appreciating their value. It may, however, be inferred that His Royal Highness held Mr. Robertson and his services in no small estimation, from the great favour he conferred on him, intrusting him with the use of twelve stand of arms complete, at a time when all the Highlands were disarmed by law, which made it instant death for a Highlander to be seen with arms in his hands.

When the trial of the unhappy captives taken in 1746 was about commencing at London, it was either suggested to Mr. Robertson, or it spontaneously occurred to himself, that he ought to interpose with all his influence in behalf of his criminal parishioners: he accordingly travelled to London, a journey of nearly seven hundred miles, then an arduous task to perform, at his own private expense. The first person in whose behalf he appeared was Hector Mackenzie, for whom he had a great regard, and who had followed his infatuated superior, the Earl of Cromarty, in the luckless cause. Notwithstanding every exertion and interest

Mr. Robertson could make, poor Mackenzie was capitally convicted: the only prospect of hope then was, to sue for a reprieve. Mr. Robertson, who was not much acquainted with courtly and refined manners, applied in his own blunt and honest way to his Grace of Newcastle, entreating his merciful intercession with the Sovereign in behalf of the condemned criminal. The Duke promised to intercede, and even signified a strong hope that the man's life would be spared. Full of joy on this assurance being given, Mr. Robertson imparted his success to some of his friends, who observed to him that he ought not to be so much elated, for that the Duke did not at all times act up to his promises and professions, adding, that many found themselves deceived in the end by similar assurances given by his Grace. The reverend intercessor, who had no conception of dissimulation and want of candour in so high a quarter, was instantly alarmed by the hint thrown out to him, and in a short time, and without much ceremony, found his way again to the presence of the Duke, where he earnestly renewed his importunity in behalf of the unfortunate object. The Duke, either stimulated by a sincere inclination to save the man's life, or to get rid of Mr. Robertson's incessant importunity, held out his hand to him, as an infallible token of assurance of mercy. Mr. Robertson grasped the hand in one of his, and in his ecstasy of joy gave it so powerful a squeeze that his Grace, in evident pain, cried out with great volubility, 'Yes, yes, Mr. Robertson; for God's sake let go my hand—you shall have him; you shall have him, you shall have him.' His Grace's hand being released on this emphatic assurance

being given, he shook it quickly, to restore the compressed blood to its suspended course, and Mr. Robertson took his leave, with expressions of thankful acknowledgments for the unequivocal promise he obtained, which was faithfully adhered to by his Grace.

During the subsequent trials, Mr. Robertson was often chosen as interpreter, for translating into English, for the information of the Court, the evidence given in the Gaelic language. In this capacity he softened the translation in favour of the unhappy culprits, so far as his probity and conscience could admit of; his humane leaning to the cause of the unfortunate did not escape the perception of many ladies of high rank, who secretly entertained good wishes toward the deluded prisoners, and who probably bore no ill-will to the cause they had embraced. He had in consequence a multiplicity of invitations to visit them at their residences; but so strictly just and cautious was he, that he never attended to one of them. Had he been sordid, and indifferent to character, he might have returned home loaded with many presents of great value, which he understood were intended for him.

Mr. Robertson happily succeeded in rescuing many a victim to folly, from a violent and degrading death; another of whom must be mentioned at some length. The person referred to was named Colin Mackenzie, aged about twenty: he was brother to one of Mr. Robertson's principal heritors, and when taken, had the rank of captain in the Earl of Cromarty's battalion. This young man was an object of considerable attention with Mr. Robertson, and through his

indefatigable exertions he was saved from a premature and ignominious death, and restored to his family and friends. The quondam captain, some time after his return home, became Mr. Robertson's rival in the affections of a lady to whom the latter had previously made proposals of marriage; but the former ultimately succeeded in obtaining her hand, thus repaying the humane offices of his reverend benefactor with deep ingratitude.

Mr. Robertson, when at London, was one day, while crossing the Thames in a boat, assailed by a loud voice, in the Gaelic language, from a ship or hulk, lying in the river, with the following exclamation: '*O Mhaighstir Shéumais! bheil dhu 'gam fhàgail-s' ann a so*'—in English, 'O Mr. James, do you intend to leave me here?' Mr. Robertson instantly recognised the person who addressed him in so affecting a manner, and replied in the same language: '*A! Dhonuil, bheil 'do chuimhne là na bidaig*'—in English, 'Ah, Donald, do not you remember the day of the dirk?'—which was again replied to from the hulk: '*O Mhaighstir Shéumais, 's olc an t-āit cuimhneachain so*'—in English, 'O Mr. James, this is an evil place to bring that affair into remembrance.' No more conversation took place. The above person was a Donald Mackenzie, a strong forward man, and one of Mr. Robertson's parishioners, who, a few years preceding, had some favour or grant to obtain from Mr. Robertson, which was inflexibly denied by the latter. Being resolved to extort by force what he could not gain by solicitation, Mackenzie requested the co-operation of one of his friends, another able-bodied man, as his assistant; and the two associates

came on a convenient day to Mr. Robertson, whom they found walking at a little distance from his house, when they urged their suit with great earnestness; but seeing little or no prospect of compliance, they laid hold of him in a violent manner, one on his right, and the other on his left, exclaiming that they never should quit their hold until he complied with their request. A keen scuffle ensued, and the reverend gentleman proving too powerful for the might of his assailants, Mackenzie drew his dirk, a weapon with which almost every Highlander was then armed, and inflicted a severe wound on Mr. Robertson's right arm. After committing this outrage, they quitted him without obtaining any satisfactory compliance. Mackenzie was one of the Earl of Cromarty's infatuated followers in the late contest for sovereign power, taken prisoner with his lordship, and was confined in the place from whence he addressed his reverend pastor.

Mr. Robertson lost no time in making the most powerful interest he could devise for the release of the desponding captive, and had the inexpressible satisfaction of succeeding, and of bringing him home to his native country, where he lived many years, uniformly exhibiting marks of sincere gratitude and attachment to his reverend benefactor. Mr. Robertson having succeeded beyond his most sanguine expectations in rescuing many of his deluded countrymen from their miserable situation, returned to his parish, where he was received with unfeigned demonstrations of joy by all ranks; and, according to his wonted custom, applied diligently and zealously to the important discharge of his parochial duty.

About the year 1753, being then what is termed an old bachelor, he married Ann, second daughter of Murdoch Mackenzie of Letterewe, a respectable heritor of the adjoining parish of Gairloch. By this union he became the father of six sons and two daughters, who, together with his wife, survived him. He died of a tedious illness in the month of March 1776. His dissolution for some time gradually approaching, he contemplated with the serenity becoming a true Christian, who could not be appalled by the terrors of death, and departed without a sigh, to the deep affliction of his wife and tender offspring, who were all under age at his decease, and to the great grief of his numerous flock, who gave unequivocal proof of the sincere esteem and veneration in which he was held.

Mr. Robertson's stipend, as minister of the wide and extensive parish of Loch Broom, was no more than 800 merks Scots annually—in sterling money £44, 8s. 10⅔d.—which, with the small parish glebe, was all the income he had for his support, until a few years previous to his death, when he obtained, after a long litigation with his heritors, an augmentation of 400 merks Scots, making the entire living worth £66, 13s. 4d. annually. With this pitiful income Mr. Robertson could not be supposed to have left his family far removed from a state of indigence; but being a prudent, good managing man all his life, he not only died without debt, but left a small patrimony in money to each of his children, and an annuity of £5 per annum to his widow, which, with £15 per annum to which she was entitled from the Ministers' Widows Fund, constituted all she had to depend on for life.

His sons, when arrived at the age of estimating the value of the correspondence so unfortunately lost, as already mentioned, greatly regretted the misfortune, as, possessed of it, they might claim, and probably attract the notice of some of the servants of the Crown, to help them forward in life; but wanting these important documents, they were deterred from suing for any favour whatsoever.

It may not be irrelevant to the subject in hand to notice a circumstance that took place some years after Mr. Robertson's death, which has been related by a very respectable clergyman in the North of Scotland, lately deceased, as follows:—'Some years ago I was called to visit an old man of my parish, then on his death-bed, who in course of conversation became desirous of communicating several incidents of his by-past life, and amongst others, mentioned that Mr. Robertson's avowed loyalty to, and zeal for the House of Hanover in 1745, was so notorious, and so particularly obnoxious to the declarant, that he determined to destroy him, for which purpose he often watched a proper opportunity, and actually went one evening with his gun loaded to the window of Mr. Robertson's room; cocked, and even levelled his piece, when, by the divine interposition of Providence, a sudden check of conscience smote him, and he found himself unable to pull the fatal trigger. He retired, and never afterwards thought of executing his bloody purpose; though he could never be reconciled to Mr. Robertson at heart, for what he termed his unnatural principles.'

At another time, during those unhappy troubles, when Mr. Robertson was professionally employed in a distant part

of his extensive parish, some zealous Jacobites applied a ladder to the window of his study, broke into the apartment, and examined all his papers, in search of a correspondence he was supposed to be carrying on with the friends of Government.

With all his other good qualities, gratitude formed a prominent trait in his character. Knowing that his noble and unfortunate patron, after being graciously pardoned by his merciful Sovereign, was living at London in straitened circumstances, Mr. Robertson contemplated, and raised a handsome sum by subscription amongst his numerous parishioners, to which he liberally contributed, and transmitted the proceeds to the Earl, who returned a very kind letter, thanking Mr. Robertson for his generous affections. This letter, which was written in the Earl's hand, was unfortunately lost with the other valuable correspondence already mentioned, being kept together.

Though many other incidents could be mentioned, tending to illustrate Mr. Robertson's general conduct and character, the writer shall close this short sketch with relating, on the authority of a worthy clergyman yet living, the following little adventure:—'Mr. Robertson, travelling southward from his own residence, rode a small Highland pony: after having journeyed more than a hundred miles, he on the fourth day found his small though spirited animal becoming tired, and passing some grass enclosures that invitingly offered a good bite, he took the liberty of entering one of them, and allowed his poor beast to feed, whilst he himself reclined aside, and became somewhat drowsy. From

this slumbering state he was soon roused by a stentorian voice issuing from a stout ancient gentleman, who not in the most courteous manner addressed the weary traveller, by inquiring how he could think of taking so unwarrantable a liberty, and threatening to turn his horse and him outside immediately. The reverend transgressor, no ways intimidated by this rude speech, calmly replied, that he hoped he did no great injury by the trespass: as to his horse, he might turn him out very possibly, but with regard to himself it might be somewhat different. The stranger, on this being said, instantly proceeded to seize the horse, and actually lifted him over the enclosure or fence. Mr. Robertson, on seeing this unexpected feat of prowess performed, addressed his antagonist by saying, "Sir, I see you have accomplished the first part of your surly threat, by turning out my poor beast; but I will let you see that I can raise him in again"; on this leaping over the fence, he with seeming ease restored the horse to the inside. The owner of the ground, who happened to be Mr. Barclay of Urie, was so struck with the coolness and suavity of Mr. Robertson's manner, that he gave him a pressing invitation to rest himself for a day or two at his house, which was accepted without much hesitation; and, after being most hospitably entertained, Mr. Robertson departed on his journey much gratified with the issue of this singular encounter.

This for Collector Robertson.

The religious and moral life of the Highland people is largely a reflex of the character of the clergy and *vice versâ*. The following from the records of the Presbytery

of Tongue may be quoted as a sidelight on the position of Mr. Robertson of Loch Broom:—

'At Thurso, the seventeenth day of July One thousand seven hundred and forty-six years, the Presbytery met after the Synod, and after prayer—*sederunt*, Mr. Walter Ross, Moderator; Masters John Skeldoch, Murdoch Macdonald, and John Munro, ministers—no ruling elders commonly attend.

'It being ordinary at this time to choose Moderator and Clerk, Mr. John Munro was chosen Moderator and Mr. Macdonald, Clerk. The meeting in April could not hold because of the continued troubles.

'The brethren having by correspondence considered the signal deliverance of this nation from a raging, unnatural rebellion, which had subsisted since August and brought on very great calamities on many parts of this and the neighbour nation, by the total happy and glorious defeat of the rebels at Culloden on the 16th day of April last by His Majesty's Army under the wise and valorous conduct and command of His Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland, and that a deep sense of this deliverance hath justly induced several Presbyteries in the North of Scotland to congratulate His Royal Highness on this remarkable occasion, have agreed by the correspondence foresaid to send them their Address also, the said Address was ordered to be recorded, the tenor whereof follows:—

'"Unto His Royal Highness Prince William, Duke of Cumberland, &c., &c., &c. The Ministers of the Gospel and Elders of the Presbytery of Tong beg leave, with hearts full of joy and thankfulness to Almighty God, to congratulate your Royal Highness on

the succesful progress of His Majestie's Armies under your wise and valorous conduct, against the insolent and audacious attempts of foreign and domestic enemies to our happy Constitution. The instances of this progress are so happy and conspicuous that it may be thought needless or perhaps officious in us to mention them; yet your goodness will permit us to express our sense of a few of them as the genuine sentiments of our hearts, while we remember that your Royal Highness's intrepid appearance at Dettingen, while yet very young, and bearing from the field of battle the marks of being as much exposed as any there, gave an early presage to this nation, honoured with your birth, of the high spirit and courage which animated the glorious hero of immortal memory whose name you bear, and of the high command with which you are so happily invested. When we consider the glory acquired by the gallant attack of our brave British troops at Fontenoy under your Highness's command, and that the noble stand they there made against the flower of the arms of France, and whole sheets of continued fire from numerous and terrible batteries, could not miss to have given the enemy a total overthrow (as it gave them a most violent shock, had our business been with men and not with cannons; an action inglorious on their part, but on ours a happy means of putting them out of condition to hinder the Imperial Crowns being set on the head of a prince whose interest it is to keep down their power, and join in keeping right the balance of Empire. Permit us further, great Sir, to observe with pleasure and joy that when this unnatural rebellious insurrection of an infatuated part of our nation called your Royal Highness to a new Scheme of Action here, how quick was the agreeable change of the state of the true friend to our happy constitution; when our captivity was turned we were like men that dream; we were happy before we knew it. The name of the Duke of Cumberland became terrible to the Rebels before they saw him, and when he came to Culloden they soon felt the dint of his Victorious Arms. Go on, then, brave Prince, to imitate the glorious King William; like him to be the deliverer of the oppressed, the scourge of Tyranny, and the defender of the Rights of our native land; and may you be preserved to be more and more an honour to it and a support to your Royal Father's Crown and Dignity. May it

please your Royal Highness! we take this happy opportunity to renew our untainted allegiance to his Sacred Majesty King George as our only rightful Sovereign against all pretenders whatsoever, and to declare our utter abhorrence of this Rebellion, begun and carried on by such as have been deluded by the pretences and promises of a popish Pretender's manifestoes and declarations. That God may bless and long preserve our Sovereign King George, bless the Prince and Princess of Wales, all the branches of the Royal Family, and that Britain and Ireland and the dominions thereto belonging may never want one of the illustrious house of Hanover in the Protestant line to sway the sceptre over them, is our prayer. This in name and by appointment of the Presbytery of Tong is signed at Tong this first day of May 1746 by, may it please yr Royal Highness, your Royal Highness's most faithful, most obedient, and most humble servant, Sic subscribitur, WALTER ROSS, Moderator."'

The fortunes of Prince Charlie have been the theme of many pens; his character has been treated from various points of view. The above extract may illustrate one view of the Duke of Cumberland as he appeared in the eyes of one party of Highlanders, the party at one with Mr. Robertson of Loch Broom. Recently a short popular biography of William Augustus, Duke of Cumberland, has been written by Mr. Bernard W. Kelly, published by Messrs. Washbourne, entitled *The Conqueror of Culloden.* That book reveals the Duke's vicissitudes of fortune—how he was the idol of the army and of the bulk of the nation; but when he went to Holland to oppose Marshal Saxe he lost all his laurels, and his fame became a byword. 'Here is my son, who has ruined me and disgraced himself,' said George II., as the Duke entered his room on his return to London from his last campaign. He died in his forty-fifth year. *Sic transit gloria mundi.*

REMINISCENCES OF

CHAPTER XX

THE name Iver is from the Norse, Danish 'Ivarr, older form Ingvar, and in Middle Gaelic takes the shape of M'Imhair, about the year 1467. It occurs as the name of one of the Norse leaders during the Norse supremacy at Dublin, and the Annals of Ulster for the year 856 record a victory by Ivar and Olave over Caittill Find with his Gall-Gaidheal in Munster. The name must also have come to Scotland during the Scandinavian invasions, and the Clan Iver of the present day are the descendants of the alliances of Norse and Celt. Malcolm M'Ivyr is the fourth Baron mentioned in the Ordinance of King John Baliol, dated at Scone, 10th February 1292. Principal Maciver Campbell, of Aberdeen University, in his Account of the Clan Iver, printed in 1873, concludes that 'the ancestors of the race were among the chieftains from the more eastern parts of the country, who, in A.D. 1221, fought under Alexander II. against Somerled the younger, and were rewarded with baronies in Argyll, formed out of the lands which they had conquered, and over which they had established the power of the Crown.' In 1219, one Dovenaldus filius Makbeth *Macyuar* is among the witnesses to a perambulation of certain lands belonging to the abbey of Aberbrothoc. The name

assumes strange shapes, and like as in Gaelic, we form *Siosalach* from Chisholm, so *Iverach*, which might be applied to any member of the clan, is formed from Iver, and current among Caithness branches of Clan Iver. In Argyll, where many branches of the race afterwards assumed the surname of Campbell, of whom was the poet Thomas Campbell, author of *The Pleasures of Hope* and *Hohenlinden*, Maciver's barony included the 'lands of Barvouline, the two Lergachonies, including Garvine, the lands of Kilbryde, Grianaig, and Laggan Lochan.' It was in the vale of Glassary that the main body of the clan always resided, and a piece of Gaelic folklore associates the horse with the Macivers of Glassary, just as the magpie was considered friendly to the Campbells.

'Crodh maol Chnapadail,
Eich chlòimheach Ghlasraith,
Fithich dhubh Chraiginnis,
Is Coilich Airisceodnis.'

'The polled cattle of Knapdale,
The shaggy horses of Glassary,
The black ravens of Craignish,
And the cocks of Ariskeodnish.'

The horse was also a symbol of the MacDougalls, a clan of Norse strain, and there may be some significance in the fact that horse-fights were specially characteristic of the Norse.

In 1296, about four years after Baliol's ordinance, in which mention is made of Malcolm M'Ivyr, King Edward I. ordered the barons and lieges of Argyll, with the Warden and men of the Earldom of Ross, to assist Alexander, Earl of Meneteth, lord of Knapdale, as 'Warden of the castles

of. Ross and North Argail.' *Argail* then comprehended the whole western portion of the mainland of the present counties of Inverness and Ross, and from the nearness of Glassary to the Earl of Menteith's land in Knapdale, the Macivers are likely to have taken their share in this assistance. In these expeditions to the north most probably originated the permanent settlement of branches of Clan Iver in Lochaber, Glenelg, and Ross. Their connection with Argyll, where the chieftains of the clan were hereditary keepers of the castle of Inveraray, erected in 1432, was not forgotten. They claim to have formed no mean part of the vanguard of the Scottish army on the fatal field of Flodden, where the flower of Argyll under the second Earl, with his cousin Sir Duncan of Glenorchy, fell fighting for the King. There remained three distinct branches in the south.

I. The main stem of LERGACHONZIE or STRONSHIRAY, styled *par excellence* The Maciver; many of the members bore the epithet Bān, *i.e.* Fair-haired, or else Buidhe, *i.e.* Yellow-haired. Of this branch—the elder line of which bore latterly the designation of Asknish—were descended (*a*) the Macivers, latterly Campbells, of Ardlarach, which as tenants and proprietors they held for about 500 years; (*b*) the Macivers, latterly Campbells of Pennymore, on Loch Fyne, in the southern part of the parish of Inveraray. From this branch came the Very Rev. Neil Campbell, Principal of Glasgow College (1725-61); (*c*) the Macivers Bayne (Fair-haired) of Lergachonzie; (*d*) the Macivers Buey (Yellow-

haired), latterly Campbells of Quoycrook and Duchernan, chieftains or captains of the Clan Iver in Caithness, who deduce their descent from Kenneth Buey (from Gaelic Buidhe), a younger son, about the middle of the sixteenth century, of Lergachonzie, then designated of 'Stronshiray.' This line, since the extinction in 1818 of the direct issue in the male line, represents as nearest cadet the Legachonzie branch. Kenneth and Farquhar appear as 'cheiftanes or captanes of the Seill-wick-Iver in Catteynes' in 1589, where they took part in predatory warfare, specially against the Gunns, and had procured themselves the alliance of that branch of the Mackays known as Clan Abarach. Some families descended from the Macivers Buey adopted the name Campbell and became half incorporated with that clan, while others simply held by the Gaelic form Iverach, which for over two centuries has been adopted as a surname by members of this branch of Clan Iver, at Braehour, in the parish of Halkirk, and at Liurary in that neighbourhood and elsewhere. In the main line, Iver M'Iver or Campbell, of Asknish or Ashnish, described as 'a man of great bravery and resolution, and much attached to the interest of Archibald, ninth Earl of Argyll,' seems to have been the real last chief of the Macivers as a clan or fighting unit. This Iver in 1679 attended the Earl of Argyll with 100 men of his own surname, and when the Earl returned from Holland and engaged in the unfortunate enterprise of 1685, he as an old man again joined the Earl's standard, and was forfeited along with him. After the revolution of 1688, when Argyll's forfeiture was rescinded,

Archibald, tenth Earl and first Duke of Argyll, gave back Iver's estates to his son Duncan and his heirs, bearing the surname and arms of Campbell and of the family of Maciver—Arma et cognomen de Campbell et familiæ de MacIver gerentibus. Over a century previous, in 1562, Duncan of Stronshiray is styled 'Campbell or Maciver,' and in 1562 he signs himself Duncan M'Evir Campbell. The estate of Stronshiray or Inveraray comprehended the four merklands of Inveraray which included a portion of the lawn on which the modern castle of Inveraray is built, and where a large stone still standing erect is said to have been the boundary between the Macivers and the Macvicars of Strontmagachan, the ten shilling land of Auchariochs, the two other Auchariochs and various other lands near Inveraray; the hereditary offices of captain, chamberlain, mayor, and keeper of the castle; the lands called the Brewsterland, Maitland, and Pentland; the fishings of the water of Aray, 'as well heigh as laigh'; all the other fishings between Auchinbreck and the water of Gerran; the fishing of Linnequaich, and the salmon-fishing near the kirk of Kilmalew; in 1558, further, the lands of Blarowne, and in 1562 the lands of Killean and Leait in Glenaray, acquired by Duncan Maciver of Stronshiray before his succession as chief.

Iver is forfeited under the name of 'Iver M'Iver *alias* Campbell of Arshneish.' This Argyll connection, specially the appointment of the Maciver chieftains as captains of the castle of Inveraray, no doubt led to the adoption of the Argyll crest, the boar's head *couped or* for the old

Maciver crest of the hand and dagger, which afterwards was borne only in the second quarter of the first and fourth grand quarters of the shield.

The history of the Macivers in Argyll begins with Iver Crom, who flourished about 1225, and, according to tradition, conquered Cowall for King Alexander II. Iver Crom was buried at Kilmartin; the Macivers of Lergachonzie in later times were buried in the parish church of Kilvaree in Craignish, a plain ruin, where there are four stone chests or altar tombs near the eastern end, ornamented with arabesque sculpture. The old church of Kilbride, on the Lergachonzie estate, and seemingly a foundation of the early Celtic Church, may have ceased to have been used as a place of worship by the time of Iver Crom. The Black Book of Taymouth shows there were small remnants of Clan Iver scattered through Perthshire, about Glenlyon and Killin; they ultimately took the surname either of Campbell or of Robertson. Ere the Stuart charter, dated 24th January 1477, from King James III., the lands of Glenlyon seem to have been in possession of Macivers, but soon thereafter, in October 1488, Neil Stewart of Fortingal or Garth, made over to Sir Duncan Campbell of Glenorchy 'the lands and baillary of Glenlyon, binding himself in time to come never to intromit therewith.' The explanation must be that the remnants of the Clan Iver bound themselves to the Campbells of Glenorchy, as their kinsmen had done in Argyll, for the Black Book of Taymouth contains a Bond of Manrent by persons of the Clan Iver to Colin Campbell of

Glenorchy in 1552. In 1573, when the Clan Lauren chose Glenorchy as their chief, John M'Yver and, in his absence, Duncan M'Yver are among the judges to decide in the event of breach of covenant. In Perthshire the Macivers of Benmore seem to have been the principal family, of whom were John Dow M'Ewar in 'the sex-pund-land of Lickis,' and Duncan M'Ewar at Auchmore. The Macivers continued undisturbed in Glenlyon, in alliance with the Robertsons, until after the settlement in their neighbourhood of the Stewarts of Fortingal or Garth, when a dispute arose between them and one of the ancestors of that family, thought to have been the same who is commonly called *An Cuilean Curta*, after his progenitor, Alexander Stewart, Earl of Buchan, the celebrated Wolf of Badenoch. The laird of Garth, it was said, had been nursed by a woman of the Clan Diarmid, who had two sons, one of whom having been injured by Maciver of Glenlyon, entreated Garth as his foster-brother for aid — at which time a foster-brother was held as a member of one's family. Knowing that Garth would espouse Macdiarmid's quarrel, Maciver of Glenlyon pursued the two Macdiarmids, who, being hard pressed, threw themselves into a deep pool in the river Lyon. There Macdiarmid, the foster-brother of Garth, was wounded with an arrow and drowned, and the pool is said to be named after him, Donald's Pool. The other brother succeeded in reaching Garth, and the laird collected his men and marched up Glenlyon against Maciver. The chieftains came forward between the two bands of followers in the hopes of settling the dispute

amicably. Garth took a plaid of which one side was red and the other dark-coloured tartan. On going to the conference, he told his men that if the result were amicable, the dark side should remain outward as it was, but, if otherwise, that the turning of the red side out would be the signal of attack. While still in conference, it is said that Maciver whistled loud and a number of armed men started from the adjoining rocks and bushes. 'Who are these,' said Stewart, 'and for what purpose are they there?' 'They are only a herd of my roes that are frisking about the rocks,' replied Maciver. 'In that case,' said the other, 'it is time for me to call my hounds.' Then, reversing his plaid, he turned to rejoin his men. Onward they rushed to combat, but the tide of battle was unfavourable for the Macivers, the remnant of whom fled eight miles further up the glen and turned against their foes, but failed to repel them.

The scene of the first encounter is called 'the hollow of the battle,' *i.e.* Lagan a' chatha; *leac-nan-cuaran*, 'the flat stone of the sandals,' is the name of the rock on which one of the parties deposited their shoes of untanned leather before the onset; *rùisgeach*, 'the place of stripping,' the name of the place where they threw off their plaids and unsheathed their swords; and *Camus nan Carn*, 'the rounded-bend of the cairns,' the place where the Macivers made their last stand, their total loss being estimated at one hundred and forty.

II. The Glassary branch held lands extending from the

lower part of Loch Awe to the river Add. Chief of them were the Macivers or Campbells of Kirnan or Kernanach. A tombstone at Kilmichael, of date about 1500, recorded the name of Alexander Mak Kyivyr of Keyirnanac[h]. In 1581 John Makewir of Kirnan was head of the family, and was succeeded by his son Alexander, who was succeeded by his son Archibald. In 1649 Archibald Maciver of Kirnan married Elizabeth, daughter of the Rev. Dugald Campbell of Knapdale, and had by her three sons—Alexander Campbell, his successor; Daniel Campbell, minister of Kilmore; and John Campbell, minister of Kilcalmonell. Alexander Campbell of Kirnan married Margaret, daughter of Stewart of Ascog in Bute, with issue Robert, Archibald, and Alexander. *Robert* had been in the army, and sold Kirnan in 1732; he wrote the *Life of John, Duke of Argyll and Greenwich*. *Archibald* was a minister in Virginia, and married Elizabeth Mackay, with issue, amongst others, George Washington Campbell, for some time Minister of the United States at St. Petersburg. He died at Nashville in 1848. Alexander, third son of Alexander of Kirnan, married Margaret, daughter of Daniel Campbell of the Craignish family, with issue eight sons and three daughters. The youngest of these sons was Thomas Campbell, author of *The Pleasures of Hope*—no small honour to Kirnan, as one of the highest lyric poets in the republic of English letters.

There were other branches not so well known; Alexander Maciver, son of Archibald, son of Charles, held the lands of Glasvar in 1542. John Campbell, his representative in 1693, had two sons—Angus of Glasvar, and Archibald,

minister of Lismore and Appin. Of the Glassary branch, two were the Campbells of Leckguary, Lagg, Achadaherlich, Barmollach, and Stroneskir—all originally Macivers.

And speaking of Glassary and its ministers one should not forget Donald (Daniel) Campbell of Quoycrook and Duchernan (Domhnull Buidh), known in Argyll as Domhnull Mór, the only son of Patrick Buey (Buidh), and born at Quoycrook, Lammas Day, 1665. When not more than fifteen he had witnessed the fight at Alt na Meirleach; he graduated at Aberdeen in 1686; after a course in theology at Edinburgh, he was admitted on the 31st December, among his clansmen the Maciver-Campbells, minister of the 'United Parishes of Kilmichael, in Glassary, Kilnure, and Lochgair.' He became a prominent figure, and is still remembered as author of *Sacramental Meditations on the Sufferings and Death of Christ*—a popular manual in its day. He is said to have borne a part in a Gaelic metrical version of the psalter, which he presented to the parishioners of Halkirk. The prosperity of the Clan Iver in Caithness was greatly checked by the frost of Sunday, 3rd August 1694, so severe that the dogs crossed the pool of Halkirk on the ice. The author of the *Sacramental Meditations* started relief, and freighted a sloop in the Clyde, which he sent to Thurso laden with provisions for his kinsmen. But he never visited Caithness after he left it in 1687. He died lamented by the church, 28th March 1722. He enjoyed the friendship of the Rev. Colin Campbell of Achnaba (of the Barcaldine family), minister of Ardchattan, eminent in metaphysics and mathematics, and correspondent of Sir Isaac Newton. The

Rev. Peter Colin Campbell, D.D. (a Maciver-Campbell), Principal of Aberdeen University, records the Rev. Daniel's wife 'as a woman of much energy and presence of mind. Her father, the Rev. Patrick Campbell of Torblaren, minister of Inveraray and Glenaray, and his brother, the Rev. Duncan Campbell of Barcuil, minister of Glenorchy, were cited for nonconformity in 1662, but both survived the Revolution, when the former was replaced, and the latter became minister of Knapdale. After the unfortunate rising of 1685, Sir Duncan Campbell of Auchinbreck, her father's cousin, who had acted as Argyll's second in command, having been obliged to fly to the Continent, his wife, the excellent Lady Henrietta Lindsay, daughter of the Earl of Balcarres, proceeded to join him, taking with her as a companion her husband's young relative, Jean Campbell, with a view to her being educated in Holland. They were arrested on their way to embark, on suspicion of being the bearers of communications to the friends of Argyll. The suspicion was not unfounded, Lady Henrietta having on her person a letter which might have proved prejudicial to the Earl or to others, then awaiting their trial. This letter she passed to her companion, while herself awaiting examination. The young lady contrived to tear the letter in small pieces in her pocket, which she chewed and swallowed. In Holland, where the refugees were kindly received at Court, Lady Henrietta and Miss Campbell became acquainted with the Princess—afterwards Queen—Anne, then residing with her sister, the Princess of Orange; and when, after the Revolution, on their return to Scotland, they visited the Princess in

London, she presented Lady Henrietta with a shawl as a token of remembrance, and Miss Campbell with a muslin apron, said to have been embroidered by herself. This royal relic is in the writer's possession (the late Principal's), to whom it has descended as the great-great-grandson and representative of the lady who received it.'

III. The Cowal branch, or *Macivers* (latterly Campbells) of *Ballochyle*, styled sometimes of 'Strath-Eachaig' (Strathauchie) and 'of Dergachie.' Iver Maciver of Stratheachaig and Dergachie had two sons, John of Dergachie and Alexander of Kilbride, near Inveraray. Charles Maciver of Ballochyle and Kilbride was the son of Iver, son of Alexander of Kilbride. He had two sons—Alexander, his successor, and Robert, progenitor of the Macivers or Maclures (M'Ure, Ure in Dumbarton) of Glasgow. Alexander was succeeded by his son Charles Maciver, who was succeeded by his son Iver Campbell, the representative of the family in 1688. At the death of William Rose Campbell of Ballochyle, colonel in H.M. Madras Service, after a few days' illness in Edinburgh, on 22nd March 1872, the representation of this branch devolved upon an only son, Maciver Forbes Morison Campbell, born in 1867.

Coming now to the northern branches, it is noticeable that the Macivers of Lochaber were allied to Macdonell of Keppoch. When in 1745 they were induced to follow Keppoch to the field, they insisted on forming a separate body, and on being led by officers of their own name. At Culloden they refused a position wherein they would have to

engage the militia of Argyll, and demanded to be led on against some other portion of the royal army. They seem to have sustained great loss at Culloden.

IV. It was in Ross-shire that the northern branch signalised themselves most, and may be grouped separately as the Macivers of Ross and Lewis. They signalised themselves in the bloody conflict of Bealach-na-bròige in 1375. 'Sir Walter Leslie having married Eufame, the only child of William, Earl of Ross, became, on the death of his father-in-law in 1372, possessor of all the power of the earldom, to the exclusion, contrary to the only principle of succession recognised by the Highlanders, of the male line, which still continued in the family of Rarichies and Balnagowan, the descendants of the deceased Earl's brother, and its undoubted chiefs of Clan Ross.' Some inhabitants of the earldom, Macivers, Macaulays, and MacLeays rebelled. Their purpose of seizing Lord Ross becoming known to him, he got hold of their leader, Donald Garve Maciver, and imprisoned him in the castle at Dingwall. The Highlanders thereupon captured Ross's son, Alexander. Lord Ross, aided, it is said, by Lovat and two hundred of his followers, as also by a force of Dingwalls and of Munroes, pursued the insurgent clans as far as their camp at Bealach-na-bròige, between Ferrandonald and Loch Broom. A bloody battle ensued, described by Sir Robert Gordon as 'a cruel feight weill followed on either syd,' and he adds the Clan Iver, Macaulays (called Clan Talvaich, from which form maybe comes the name Tolmie in the Highlands), and Clan Leay were 'almost utterly ex-

tinguished and slain.' Lord Ross's son was retaken, but 'the Munroes and Dingwalls had a sorrowful victorie, with great loss of their men. Dingwall of Kildun (chief of the name) wes ther slain, with seven score of the surname of Dingwall. Divers of the Munroes were killed, amongst the rest, eleven of the house of Foulls that wer to succeed one after another,' and the succession to the chieftainship of that clan opened to a child in his cradle!

The Macivers, like the rest, survived this loss, and recruited themselves to some extent in a few generations. In the seventeenth century a family of Clan Iver held land at Leckmelm, near Loch Broom; at Midgany, in the Abbacy of Fearn or Barony of Geanies; at Culkenzie, in that of Delny; also lands named Altnagalloch or Amatnagulloch in Strathoikel. Another family held lands in Arnisdale, Glenelg, and at Letterfearn, Glenshiel, but afterwards settled at Kinlochewe in Gairloch, on the estate of the Mackenzies of Coull. Related to this family were the Macivers of Glenelg, who flourished at the beginning of the eighteenth century. Maciver of Tournack on Loch Ewe married a daughter of Sir Kenneth Mackenzie of Coull, the first baronet, and other alliances of the Macivers followed with important cadets of the House of Kintail or Seaforth, whose standard the Macivers of Ross now followed. When in 1610 the island of Lewis became the property of Lord Kintail, afterwards Earl of Seaforth, 'the Macivers assisted him powerfully in establishing his authority by the sword over the lawless inhabitants, and are said to have been very influential in

introducing the Protestant religion and civilisation into the island, into which a great number of the Ross-shire branch of the clan migrated.' From the family in hereditary tenancy at Gress, Stornoway, for two centuries and a half, the subject of this memoir sprung, as related in an earlier chapter. The tenacity with which some members of the clan held by the old connection with the capital of Clan Iver, viz. Kilmichael-Glassary, may be illustrated by the answer given by the Lewisman who, on arriving on the mainland, and having been asked whence he came, replied: 'I have come from Stornoway in Lewis, the greatest city in the world, except great Kilmichael in Glassary' (Thainig mi o Steoirnabhagh ann an Leodhas, am baile as mó 'san t-saoghal ach Cille-mhìcheil mhór Ghlasraith). In the absence of the great feudal lords, the families at Ness and Gress maintained the dignity of gentlemen of blood, while the last Lewis, eighth of Gress, was looked up to as a king. The Macivers of Gress, formerly of Tournack and Leckmelm, were descended, as told in a previous chapter, from a clergyman, and thus designated: *Clann-a-Mhaighstir*. On 24th January 1582, Evir M'Evir was presented by King James VI. to the vicarage of Fodderty, which incumbency he still held in 1601; on 27th November 1635, Iver M'Iver of Culkenzie was served heir to his father, Iver M'Iver of Leckmalme, thought to be Imhear Mac-a-Mhaighstir, and the same as Iver M'Iver in Loch Broom, who married a daughter of Roderick Mackenzie II. of Davoch-maluag, and to him, or to a son of his, tradition traces the family of Tournack and Gress. On 22nd December 1663, 'Murdoch

M'Keiver of Leckmelme' was served heir to Donald M'Keiver, his father. Soon after this, Murdo M'Iver in Leckmelm married a daughter of Mr. John Mackenzie, Archdeacon of Ross. Evander M'Iver of Leckmelm, the last on record of the direct line there, settled in Thurso about 1680. His two sons, Murdo and John, appear to have died young, but he himself, as Evander M'Iver of Leckmelm, witnesses to a bond at Thurso, 26th September 1701. Thereafter the representation of this branch devolved upon the M'Ivers of Tournack and Gress. The heads of this family seem to have lived sometimes on their property of Tournack on Loch Ewe, and sometimes at Gress as hereditary tacksmen of the Seaforth family. While the earlier names have perished, there appears, in 1667, 'Evander Campbell, Insulan-Lewen,' then admitted as student of King's College, University of Aberdeen. He was the Iver M'Iver, head of the Tournack and Gress family, who was born about 1650. The surname Campbell merely shows the theory of Campbell descent found its way to Lewis, where it was not permanently adopted. Just as in Ireland Edward and Howard have been made to do duty for Iver, so here Evander! This M'Iver of Tournack it was who, in 1680, married a daughter of Sir Kenneth Mackenzie of Coull, the first baronet; while his brother married another daughter of the same family. Iver (Evander) had two sons. 1. William of Tournack, succeeded by his only son, Colin, on 6th February 1769, who died without issue. 2. John of Gress, who became possessor of Tournack on the death of his nephew Colin. He married Annabella, daughter of

Charles Mackenzie of Letterewe by Miss Cuthbert of Castlehill estate, Inverness, with issue:—

1. William, who married, first, a daughter of Mackenzie of Kildun, with issue, Evander, who died unmarried. The celebrated Reay poet, Rob Donn, after escaping from great danger in the Minch, records the hospitality experienced at the home at Gress from William Maciver and his wife, the daughter of Kildun. The stanza occurs in the poem *Siubhal Mar Ri Seòras Duinn*, where the bard narrates how he and George Mackay from Handa were driven by a storm to Lewis:—

> 'Nuair ràinig sinn an t-àite sin
> Bha 'chuideachd pàirteach ruinn
> Fhuair sinn taghadh fardoich
> Nach robh àicheadh os a chinn,—
> Gu ballach, aolach, sgliatach
> Réidhleach, lobhtach, gléidhte, grinn
> Aig àrmunn fial de dh'Iomhaireach
> Air nighinn Triath Chill-Duinn.'[1]

By William's second marriage to Christina, daughter of Mackenzie of Lochend, Poolèwe, there was issue—(*a*) John, settled at Alexandria, Virginia, where he married, with issue, a daughter, who married Major Graham; (*b*) Annabella of Tournack; (*c*) a daughter, who married, with issue, a daughter, who became Mrs Corrigil of Liverpool.

[1] *i.e.* 'When we arrived at that place the house-folks were bountiful towards us; we found a choice dwelling, one that could not be excelled,—with walls lined and slated, well ordered with flooring well-kept and fine—belonging to a generous Chieftain of Clan Iver, who was married to the daughter of the Laird of Kildun.'

2. Evander (Iver) of Gress, who married Lillias, daughter of Mackenzie of Lochend, Poolewe, and had several sons, of whom Lewis alone left issue. He had also a daughter, Anne, married to Colin M'Iver, last of Coll, Stornoway.

Lewis M'Iver succeeded his cousin John as representative of the family, and his father, Iver of Gress. He married Catharine, daughter of James Robertson, Collector of Customs, Stornoway, son of Rev. James Robertson of Loch Broom, as related in a previous chapter, with issue (besides a daughter Lillias, who became Mrs. Roderick Macleod of Liverpool, with issue, a daughter, Annabella, who became Mrs. Engelkin, with issue, a son, Fritz, and a daughter, Lillias):—

1. Evander (by whom these reminiscences).
2. James, who married with issue an only daughter, Lillias-Ann.
3. John, Secretary to the Madras Bank, formerly of the Caledonian Bank, Dingwall, who married, with issue —(1) Lewis, now Sir Lewis M'Iver, Baronet, M.P. for the Western Division of Edinburgh; (2) Iver-Iain.
4. Lewis.
5. Murdo Robertson, died unmarried.
6. Alexander, in Hong-kong, who married, 4th August 1870, Marjory-Alexandrina Gunn, only daughter of the late Captain William Gunn, 93rd Highlanders, with issue—(*a*) William Evander; (*b*) Catherine-Lillias.
7. William, died unmarried in China, 1849.

It is outside the scope of this work to enter upon the fortunes of *Clann-a-Bhaillidh*, the M'Ivers of Ness or Tolsta, Stornoway or Coll, or of the Uig M'Ivers, from whom descend the M'Ivers of Liverpool, greatly noted in connection with the Trans-Atlantic Royal Mail Steam Packet Service, latterly known as the Cunard line. The various other branches of Clan Iver on the mainland, whether in Ross or Perth, may afford scope for a genealogist's labour; suffice it to state that in the Lochaber branch, the name was sometimes Campbell, sometimes M'Iver, sometimes M'Glasrich, and one of this last name-form composed poems in Perthshire late in the eighteenth century.

To the old war tune of Clan Iver there are comparatively modern words, said to have been composed by the piper at an inn in Knapdale, when his pipe was seized by the hostess for non-payment of his score. The following lines are preserved :—

'Thoir dhomh mo phìob is theid mi dhachaidh
'S mur faigh mi ì cha d'theid mi dhachaidh;
Ged a dh' òlainn togaid fhìon
Cha dhiùltadh a phàidheadh Clann Imhear Ghlassraith.

'Mhic Ille bhearnaig[1] nan cùil crìon
'Nuair thig an Rìgh theid cur as duit
Thoir dhomh, etc.

''Nuair a ruigeas sinn tràigh a' Chrìonain
Seinnidh sinn pìob is théid sinn dachaidh
Thoir dhomh, etc.

[1] Graham or Gaelicised M'Ilvernock of Obe, a small proprietor, N. Knapdale.

'Seinnidh sinn plob is theid sinn dachaidh
Gu tigh mór an urlar fharsaing
Thoir dhomh, etc.'

The motto of the clan is *Nunquam obliviscar* = 'I will never forget,' a reply to the motto of the Earls of Argyll: *Ne obliviscaris.* Their badge is the bog-myrtle, and their tartan that of the Black Watch, as well as that worn by the 91st Regiment (Argyllshire Highlanders). The branches of the clan were too widely separated at a date too early to admit of consolidation; joint action was thus impossible, with the consequence that, as a tribal unit, the members of this clan have not attained to the place in Highland annals that their success and importance otherwise would entitle them to. Thus in Skene's *Highlanders of Scotland*, there is no mention of them, not even under the Campbells!

Legend would have it that true members of the Clan Iver were invulnerable by serpents. These were the words supposed to be uttered by the adder:—

'Mhionnaich mise do Chlann-Imheair
'S mhionnaich Clann Iomhair dhomh,
Nach beanannsa do Chlann-Imheair
'S nach beanadh Clann Imheair dhomh.'

'I have sworn to Clan-Iver
And Clan-Iver has sworn to me,
That I will not injure Clan-Iver
Nor Clan-Iver injure me.'

Principal Maciver-Campbell thought this rhyme commemorated an alliance between the Clan Iver and some other race symbolised by the serpent, and that 'there is every probability that the alliance referred to is that which

is known to have anciently existed between the Macivers in Perthshire, and the Clan Donnachaidh or Robertsons, one of whose cognisances was the serpent, which still appears as one of the supporters in the arms of their Chief, Robertson of Strowan.' In its origin there is a connection with serpent-worship, or with serpents as totems. Other forms or parts of the rhyme are

> 'Latha Fhéille Bride
> Their an nathair as an tom
> Cha bhi mise ri Nic-Imheair
> 'S cha mho bhios Nic-Imheair rium'

—*i.e.* 'On St. Bride's Day the serpent will say from the knoll: "I shall not hurt the daughter of Iver, neither will Iver's daughter hurt me!"' Another variant speaks of the serpent by the euphemism of 'Queen'; the serpent is also spoken of as *inghinn Iomhair*, Iver's daughter, one Iver being reputed to have made her offering and incense (*cf.* Carmichael's *Carmina Gadelica*, vol. i. p. 169-171, where a ceremony of pounding the serpent in effigy is referred to). Principal Maciver-Campbell says that a friend of another clan told him that often, when traversing thickets infested by adders in his schoolboy days, the relative lines first quoted would come to his mind, and call forth an earnest wish that he had been a member of the favoured race.

CHAPTER XXI

An interesting letter written in his fourteenth year will prove how true it was in this case that the boy is father to the man.

21 Anne Street, Edinburgh,
24th August 1825.

My dear Father,—I had the pleasure of receiving your letter by the sloop *Betsy* of Portsoy, and was very glad to hear by it that you were all quite well, and we were this morning made happy by receiving a letter from Grandpapa to Aunt Hectorina, in which he mentions that you were all quite well and very gay. I am glad to hear that Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Mackenzie make themselves so agreeable among you this year; the ball they gave must have been a very pleasant one from the account Grandpapa gives of it. Lillias is still at Glasgow, but as the holidays are nearly expired we shall expect her with Grandpapa and Grandmamma, whom we are impatiently looking for. Aunt Margaret had a nice long letter from her last week, in which she mentions that Mr. Outram's family do all in their power to make the time pass pleasantly, and that she is quite delighted with her visit. She called for Miss Bayne a few days before she went to Glasgow, but did not see

her, in consequence of the very great grief she was in. I have not heard anything of her affairs, but I dare say she is left very independent. Her cousins the Fentons still carry on the business. All my friends here are very attentive to me. I am very often at Mr. Sutherland's, Uncle Murdo's friend, with a brother of his, a fine clever boy about my own age. The whole family are very attentive to me. I spent last Saturday very pleasantly at Portobello with our friend Miss Christie, who is there at present with the children for the sea-bathing, and Aunt and I are to spend another day soon there. Miss Christie desired to be very kindly remembered to you, Mamma, and the children. We are to drink tea to-morrow with good Mrs. Macaskill, who is always very kind to us. She had a bad illness lately, but I am happy to say is quite well now. Cousin John Mackenzie is returned from London a few days ago. He intended visiting Uncle James on his way home, but having called upon Miss Mackenzie, she told him that Uncle and Mrs. Robertson had gone to spend three weeks at Lancaster, which was a great disappointment to him. His mother left town for Udrigle ten days since; they heard of her safe arrival in Dingwall this morning. You will be sorry to hear of Miss Mackenzie Applecross's death; she died in a house in Princes Street on Sunday morning. Her poor mother, I am told, is quite inconsolable, which is no surprise, she being the last of her family; indeed her death is generally regretted. Her estate goes now to her cousin, Mr. Thomas Mackenzie, who is universally disliked. You will be sorry to observe in the paper

Lieut. Everard of the *Nimrod's* melancholy fate. I must be done, as Uncle is to add a few lines. With love to Mamma, the children, and all inquiring friends, I ever am, my dear Father, your very affectionate son,

EVANDER M'IVER.

Uncle desires me say that, as I have occupied the whole paper, he defers writing to you till a future opportunity, but he wishes, however, to inform you that he has entered my name among the list of boys to be admitted as scholars in the new academy, either for the 3rd or 4th class, as the Rector shall see fit on examining me. As to my going to college, it is out of the question for a year and a half at least, owing to the backwardness of my education, which Uncle M. says has been miserably neglected, but I hope to make up for it speedily.

He was ever an excellent letter-writer. To all who could appreciate courtesy he was a model friend. In his ninety-first year I recollect being out with him in Scourie Bay, fishing sillocks until late at night, when it was very pleasing to observe with what zest he competed against other members of the party. As former 'King of Handa,' he was greatly in love with its magnificent cliff scenery, and on my first excursion there he wrote me regarding it thus: 'When you reach the summit of Handa the view from it on a clear day is very extensive. From one spot I have seen Lewis, Harris, Skye, part of Gairloch called Ru Rhea, and the whole coast north of Ross-shire, with the enormous

hills all the way to Stoer Head and towards Cape Wrath. It is, however, very rare to find a day clear enough for such a view, but the view is grand and extensive, as one looks West, SW., S., SE., and E. up to N.'

In his old age he kept in close contact with every scheme for good going on around him. After a sad drowning disaster at lobster-fishing he exerted himself with great success for the alleviation of the lot of the orphans and the bereaved. I recollect with what glee he cried out: 'Well done ourselves!' And in connection with a movement, happily successful, for a Civil List pension in acknowledgment of distinguished service to literature on the part of one already alluded to, whose *Carmina Gadelica* he had admired, having said of the Preface to that work, 'Just true to life, true of Lewis as I knew it,' he showed zeal and wonderful interest at his time of life. 'I will not grudge doing anything for a gentleman of Mr. Carmichael's standing.' Let me quote:—

SCOURIE, *25th February* 1902.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have yours of yesterday, with enclosures. I am most willing and desirous to do anything in my power for Carmichael's benefit. I wish specially that you should give me such information about what he has devoted his mind and time to, and hope you will take the trouble of coming here, that we may concoct a strong case for Sir Lewis to work upon.

I think we should ask the aid of our own M.P. also.—

Yours very truly, E. M'IVER.

He took a keen interest in the trawling system, as indicated in a letter to the *Scotsman*, which may be given here :—

SCOURIE HOUSE, LAIRG, N.B.,
31st March 1902.

Illegal Trawling.

SIR,—Will you kindly insert in your widely circulated paper a few statements on this subject? I have resided here for nearly sixty years. When I came here I found that the natives of the parishes of Assynt, Edderachillis, and Durness, on the sea, extending from Loch Inver round Cape Wrath to Loch Eriboll, lived principally on fish and potatoes, in addition to the grain raised by themselves, which was principally bere. Fish was then abundant, and continued so until trawling came to be practised on the coast. There are very valuable fishing banks near the coast and some miles off it in the Minch, which were the breeding-grounds of shoals of fish of all kinds, and which provided ample food for the inhabitants and employment for the fishermen. So productive were those fishing banks that numbers of fishing crews from the East Coast were in the habit of coming here and taking and curing large cargoes of cod, ling, etc. This valuable source of food and employment has now, I grieve to say, almost quite disappeared, and this is generally attributed to excessive and illegal trawling —which has destroyed the breeding-grounds of the fish, and deprived the inhabitants of their principal food supply. So scarce has food become that the fishermen have ceased to set lines, and they cannot even get enough to use as bait for

their lobster creels. Trawlers are constantly seen within the three-mile limit with impunity, there being no means of identifying them, and apparently they are left to ruin the fishing banks close inshore at their own sweet will. They trawl during the night and on Sundays. I may mention that I have to get fish for my own household use from Stornoway, but can only do so occasionally, as a luxury, its carriage costing more than the London price. As these remarks must apply to the whole North and West coasts of Scotland, I request you to make them public in hopes that some redress may be provided by Government.—I am, etc., etc., E. M'IVER.

With John Clark Ross of Rossville, Texas, he had a long friendly correspondence, from which a few extracts may be given.

2nd May 1882.—. . . Lobster-fishing is an immense help . . . in this district. Lobsters sold when I came here at 2½d. each; they are now 10d., are carted to Lairg, and forty-eight hours after they leave, are sold in London.

25th May 1897.—. . . You have had your trials, I see. There is no one can get on without ups and downs, and we are all the better for some checks and difficulties, which teach us wisdom and experience. . . . But keep steady, avoid drinking, and act honestly and industriously, and there will be no fear of your getting on well if you adhere to these good habits.

21st December 1875.—. . . I am glad to hear you are

getting on well, and hope you will keep wise and steady; and if you add to that industry and economy you are sure to be comfortable and happy. Almost all our troubles and misfortunes arise from the want of good, honest, steady qualities, either in ourselves or others. My advice to you is not to come back to this country, but to persevere where you are. Money goes such a small length now here compared with what it was even a few years ago. Everything almost, except tea and sugar, costs double or treble. I could stock a farm for £1000 when I came here as well as I could now with £2000. Wages are doubled, and so are clothes, shoes, etc. If you have health and be doing well, do not come to Scotland; and if you be not well or not likely to add to your means, you had better try some other part of the States or Canada.

The Duke of Sutherland is laying out an immense sum of money at Shinness. He began at Tyrie Bridge, and is taking in with steam-ploughs all the way up to Shinness from Loch Shin across to the Tyrie. I believe he will have 1000 acres under crop in 1876; the outlay is up to £60,000. . . . This was a good year in this district, good prices for sheep, wool, cattle, horses, and high wages for labourers and fishermen. The potato crop was the best for thirty years. I have just finished collecting the rents; they were never better paid.

30*th November* 1885.—. . . Landlords and farmers are terribly down in income and in means; many rich a few years ago are poor—bad seasons, poor crops, low prices have ruined many. Rents are not paid—everything is out

of joint. 'Tis disagreeable work being a factor in these circumstances, and very trying for an old man as I am, who saw so many years of good times and prosperity among the tenantry. The poor crofters are bewitched by foolish expectations that can never be realised, deluded and led away by paid agitators holding out expectations and prospects which are mere dreams—good comfortable homes, large lots, money from Government to stock farms, fine furniture; in short, an earthly paradise these poor people will never see, and as the more discreet among them say, too good for us ever to possess. . . .

I observe what you say as to coming back to your native country, but I advise you not to think of it. You would be a fish out of water here. You have been too long accustomed to the ideas, habits, ways, and climate of Texas ever to be happy in this poor district, with its severe climate. Stick to Texas, and you will be a happier man. I see every one that comes back from abroad after a long absence quite unhappy here,

We are now in the midst of changes of all kinds, and there is much to distract old relations. I think that there will not be so much content or happiness again in my time, or for long after it, as there was. The small tenants are quite discontented now, and I do not see that anything they are likely to get by changes in the land laws will ever do them any good. The crofter system is rotten; it is not possible under it for the people ever to be happy or prosperous. . . . I am very glad my young namesake promises to be a good scholar; give him all the education you possibly can.

You cannot do better for your children, nor leave them a better heritage, than by laying out something to make them scholars. . . . Mrs. Maciver will value a sample of Texas honey . . . we got some Californian honey once; it had a strong taste and flavour of flowers.

17th June 1898.—. . . The people of Durness are now the most comfortable in Sutherland; they have over 2000 sheep, have built good houses, and pay their rents better than any crofters in the county.

17th January 1900.—. . . I am vexed and broken in spirit by the sale of so much of this fine estate that I cannot think, speak, or write about it with patience. This awful war tries us all. . . . Farming is a bad business—no profit to be made by it. . . . The crofters are quite toned down. They pay their rents well, for it gives them security of tenure. But the incomes of landlords have fallen; the great people of this country are the commercial class, many of whom are making large fortunes. This country is very prosperous, and wealth has largely increased.

17th September 1900.—. . . I attained my eighty-ninth year a week ago, and still continue to enjoy good health. . . . My friends tell me they see me look as well as I did twenty years ago; my faculties are as strong as they then were, and I still enjoy life and transact business of all kinds as I used. . . . The sale of the parish of Durness will be a great change for the tenants in the future. It is sure to be for the worse. No proprietor will be so kind as the Dukes of Sutherland used to be. . . .

17th October 1900.—. . . There is no field in this part

of Great Britain for such a rise as you have made in America. . . . You should come once again to see your native country. You might spend two or three months from home, and if you travelled quietly and prudently, £100 would do it. . . . We have got (as M.P.) a gentleman of education and intelligence (Mr. Leveson-Gower), a full cousin of the Duke of Sutherland, and the only child of his younger brother, Lord Albert.

31st October 1900.—. . . We have a great herring-fishing at Glendhu—fine large herrings—sixty strong boats. . . .

10th December 1900.—I have to thank you for a very nice photograph of your family, which came here in safety. There is a strong family resemblance to each other. I am very glad to get it. I have a wonderful collection of photos from the time of their first discovery. I am thankful to say that I retain good health, though now in my ninetieth year. I sent you an *Inverness Courier* of Tuesday last, in which you will find some things about my great-grandfather, the Strong Minister of Loch Broom, and some particulars about myself that will interest you.

There has been the heaviest take of fine large herrings in Glendhu and Loch Laxford that has occurred since I came here in 1845. It has enriched many; the large Caithness boats, double the size they were in your time, all decked and many with steam-engines . . . made from £30 to £70 a night. The potato crop is poor this year, but meal and flour are very cheap. I get the finest flour delivered here now at 27s. for 280 lbs.—it is as cheap as oatmeal. This is ruin to the arable farmers, who now

wholly depend on sheep and cattle, which are dear. The crofters are comfortable this year and pay their rents, and are now quiet and contented, giving no trouble. The price of wool is very low. Hoping you and family are well, with my best wishes, I am, yours very truly,

E. MACIVER.

It was a great pleasure for Mr. Maciver to hear of the progress in Texas of this his correspondent, who now finds these letters to be the bond that binds him to the land of his birth. He gives on 27th August 1903 the following pleasing account as to himself:—

'. . . My boys are doing well. Tom, my oldest, is a sergeant in the Texas Rangers; it's a State police. He gets $600 a year and all expenses paid; there are also rewards, etc., which make the place worth at least £200 a year. Joseph, the second, is in Central America, manager of a small railroad and steamboat line; he gets $2500 a year, which is a fine wage for a boy of his age. Evander has just accepted a position in Mexico as draughtsman; his wage is good. Robert, just twenty-one years of age, is C.E. for a railroad in Mexico; he gets $200 in silver a month and also his expenses paid. The youngest, Alexander, leaves home for college next month. We are all in fine health, but my wife and self are both beginning to find that we are getting old, but we are both very active for our age. The season is one of the best we ever had, but unfortunately there is a little insect that is just ruining our cotton. I have about 100 acres in cotton; four weeks ago I would not take

$25 an acre for it; I now doubt if it will clear me $5 an acre. My two oldest sons have bought a fine place, well improved for this country—1500 acres, all enclosed with fences made of barbed wire. They have about 100 head of cattle on the place, some horses also. I am thankful to the Almighty that he has given me such fine boys.' . . .

EVANDER MACIVER

CHAPTER XXII

Recordati sunt autem ejus amici. 'How few there are, if any, among public men of his rank, who could have done his work so well. How high his sense of public duty, how courteous his social code. What wide and accurate knowledge was his, and what a bright intelligence crowned by kindliest feeling.' These are the words of one whom Maciver was wont, with justice, to describe to me as the most interesting man in Sutherland, viz. the Reverend Doctor Joass of Golspie. 'A memory,' writes Lord Arthur Grosvenor, 'which ought not to fade'; 'I consider Mr. Maciver the grandest Highlander I ever met, and am proud to have been privileged to know him,' says Captain John Stewart of the 1st Royal Garrison Regiment; 'my *beau idéal* of a man; one who had my whole-hearted worship ever since he first examined me in Loch Inver school fifty years ago,' to quote Dr. Mackenzie of Normanton. That he was a stimulus to many colleagues in office, there is abundant testimony. 'I read with the greatest possible interest and satisfaction your account in the *Scotsman*, and I am looking forward with pleasure to the promised reminiscences. I can truly say,' says Mr. William Gunn, Strathpeffer, 'that

from my boyhood onwards his example was one which I strove to follow. I felt his eyes were upon me, and that no one appreciated more sincerely than he did, any success to which I may have attained during my career of forty-three years' service.' There were those in every rank of life who appreciated him. 'What a beautiful ending,' exclaims Dr. Roderick Macleod, Appin House, 'and a pure and honourable life the dear man had. His death has created a great blank in our lives. I've known him since my childhood, and I can safely say that I've never known a more perfect character in every relation of life. I shall never look upon his like again.' A really distinguished man, whose own works Mr. Maciver greatly enjoyed, one 'married to art,' as with a brightness in his eye he described him as he gave me his works for perusal, Lord Ronald Sutherland Gower, shows his wonted insight in a note I take the opportunity of transcribing for its true characterisation and perception.

HAMMERFIELD, PENSHURST, KENT,
11th April 1903.

DEAR MR. HENDERSON,—I found your letter on arriving here this afternoon from Italy, and hasten to answer it, and only regret that I have not been able to do so before. I think the Reminiscences of the late Evander Maciver (whom I have always looked up to as one of the finest, if not the finest specimen of a Highland gentleman that I have known) should certainly be published, and I feel sure that they will be of great interest to all who love Scotland. I

deeply regret that I should not have seen him for many a long year, but after I ceased to be M.P. for Sutherland, my lines were laid in different places, and I only returned for very brief visits to Sutherland, which gave me no opportunity of paying my dear old friend a visit on the west coast. What you say regarding his liking my Reminiscences gives me much pleasure, and I am glad to hear that you also have read and liked them. I enclose a mite towards your excellent scheme of bringing out Maciver's memoirs.—Believe me, very faithfully yours,

RONALD SUTHERLAND GOWER.

And now I may be allowed to quote from a letter in the *Northern Chronicle* of January 21, 1903, by Mr. Murdo Mackenzie, now of Cromarty, already referred to in these pages, and one whose career Mr. Maciver closely followed :—

'Fifty years ago there was not a handsomer man in ten thousand, and even till near the end his step was firm, and carriage erect. He stood over six feet, and he was strong in proportion. He had a most commanding presence and a fine musical voice. He took a special interest in education before the days of school boards, and when on his rounds throughout the wide district of which he had charge, he used to visit the schools, gave prizes to the cleverest boys and girls, and always spoke a few words of encouragement to the scholars before leaving. Wherever he found a clever boy he encouraged him to continue his studies, and would say in leaving, 'If you show ability, I shall try and get an appointment for you.' In such cases he never failed

to get appointments for those recommended to him by their teachers. In this way he did an immense amount of good. In the year 1860 he found situations for eighteen young men form the parish of Assynt. I was one of them. I doubt not he was equally helpful to the young men in the other parishes of which he had charge. He knew so many influential people, that he always managed to get appointments for those whom he thought deserving. Nothing seemed to give him so much pleasure as getting a situation for one of his boys, as he used to call them.' . . .

In short, he was, as one of the foresters noted, 'a great landmark in his country in his day, and no one who knew him well but would respect his great natural endowments.' He was assuredly a most eminent personality, but I fear some of his best talents were hid to some extent, frustrated from bringing forth their full weight of fruit. His sphere was circumscribed for such an overshadowing presence, a presence which could never fail to fill any friend's mind into which a picture of it was set. He would have adorned the Peerage, for by nature and gifts he was noble. It is true, as a friend has said, that he was an ancient, one who never knew the uses of advertisement, who would not have understood any one who spoke of 'playing to the gallery,' for he never even 'played' to the stalls. So much for his rare saneness, alongside thereof a suavity all of the olden time. The Duchess of Teck tells frankly that she 'always had a very great admiration of him, and expresses her thanks for the opportunity of paying a small tribute towards his memory.' And the words of Elizabeth,

Marchioness of Ormonde, full of tender feeling, lend themselves to quotation here :—

BALLYKNOCKANE LODGE, BALLYPATRICK,
CLONMEL, *April* 18, 1903.

I must add a line to the letter my husband is sending you, to tell you I am so glad of having the opportunity of subscribing to a memorial to my dear old friend Mr. Maciver. We were so fond of him and of his wife, and it is a matter of regret to me that it is so long since I last saw him. He was always so kind to me, and many happy hours have I passed in his company. I am glad to hear he kept his good health to the end, and that the end was peace. . . . I should also be so grateful to you if you would inform me too, later on, the kind of tablet that is to be erected over the grave, for since my dear father's death (the late Duke of Westminster) I hear but little from your part of the world, for which I shall always have a great affection, and where I have spent a great many happy days.' . . .

Nor was the friendliness towards him in anywise one-sided. One whose name occurs in another chapter must be allowed to speak for himself.

ROSSVILLE, TEXAS, U.S.A.,
April 30, 1903.

. . . There was no man ever lived that I honoured more than I did my beloved master, the late Mr. Maciver. He was a friend when I had none; his friendship extended for nearly fifty years; to me the last tie that bound me to the land of my birth is gone. His good son, Mr. Duncan, wrote me a very kind letter, which I will answer in a few days. I

assure you that I more than appreciate the spirit in which Mr. Duncan wrote me, and it will never be forgotten by me. . . . I will tell you a beautiful story. Many, many years ago I was with Mr. Maciver at Stoer, Assynt. One of the crofters lodged a complaint against one of the neighbours of theft of one pound sterling. Mr. Maciver heard the accusation patiently. They were speaking in Gaelic. When the tale was told, Mr. Maciver answered: 'You can't prove the charge, and if you could, what a disgrace it would be to your neighbourhood to have one of you arrested on such a charge. No! let the matter alone.' The man went off quite satisfied.

. . . He always leaned towards mercy. I never could account how it was that there was such a mutual affection between Mr. Maciver and myself. On my part I could account for it; he was my friend and protector when I had none. To him I owe what my sons are—the Almighty has surely blessed us in my family.—I beg to remain, yours very truly, JOHN C. ROSS.

Let me conclude this chapter by the following interesting and instructive narrative from the pen of the Rev. Dr. Donald T. Masson, of Edinburgh, a very old friend of Mr. Maciver, and one who here so happily puts both editor and reader under special obligation:—

'My first acquaintance with Evander Maciver was in the summer of 1852, when I became minister of the parliamentary church of Stoer. The church had been vacant since 1843, and the people had all cast in their lot with the

Free Church. My work and the life opening before me were thus gloomy and hopeless in the last degree. But for the kindly encouragement of Mr. Maciver, my short incumbency at Stoer would have been a sort of Botany Bay. His cheering voice and helping hand spared no effort to lighten my burden and brighten the outlook. He bore the whole expenses of my presentation to the living by the Government of the day, fully £20, and right royally he entertained the Presbytery and the new minister at the induction. And though the people never darkened the doors of my church, he taught me to find my interest and no small satisfaction in trying to understand their life and their ways of thinking. They were then a peculiar people, cut off largely from intercourse with the outer world; governing themselves and ordering their ways and their little matters of business by the traditions handed down from their fathers, and forming a strict, narrow, unreasoning code of consuetude, or "cleachdadh," as they called it. There was the customary price of a pound of butter, a dozen of eggs, a pair of fowls, a codfish, a ling, and the barrel of potatoes. There was the customary sharing the cultivated land among the people by the old arrangement of runrig; the rigs being from time to time allocated by lot, so that no one could monopolise the good land, leaving the bad land to his less astute or less forceful neighbour. When I came to Stoer, Mr. Maciver was making a strong effort to break in upon this rude mode of land management, by which no one had a permanent interest in the amelioration of his holding. He had already indeed made

some progress towards an equitable division of the land into separate crofts, whereby each crofter held his own land and could turn it to the best advantage. To this end Mr. Maciver had to walk warily and to use all the arts of Celtic diplomacy, of which, as a true Highlander himself, and speaking excellent Gaelic, he was a master. He called the people together; set down around him, by consent of the whole, an inner circle of old men and men having among their fellows the authority that comes of character and native ability; with these he associated the elders of the Free Church, and through the labours of this "local council," under his personal influence and guidance, he all but succeeded in dividing the land among the people in a way that promised to give universal satisfaction: all but—not altogether. One man held out. A certain "field," high up among the rocks, rightly belonged to him; he insisted and persisted that it was so; and he would have that "field," which had been allocated to another, in spite of the elders, factors, and dukes in Sutherland. Mr. Maciver was sore put to. He and his council were unanimous, and the two brothers wildly contending for the "field" threatened blows and bloodshed, not to speak of entirely upsetting all the good factor's patient labours and diplomacy for the attainment of an improvement in estate management so greatly needed. I catch still the twinkle in Mr. Maciver's eye as he told me how the *impasse* in this enterprise of high diplomacy had been overcome. "What do you think now? Why, would any one believe it? *John got up with the first dawn of the summer morn, while Donald was yet asleep*, and shouldering

his creel, carried away the solum of the disputed 'field,' depositing the same well inside the unchallenged bounds of his own croft!"

'The Duke of my day in Sutherlandshire—the grandfather of the present nobleman—was a singularly gentle and single-minded man. His benevolence and active charity were unbounded. Greatly more than the whole rental of the Sutherland estates was expended in works of local improvement and in practical charity. When I went to the county, the Western Highlands and Islands were still suffering from the effects of what will long be remembered as the "Great Highland Destitution," and there was something of an unseemly scramble for a share of that splendid Relief Fund which was collected mainly by Dr. Norman Macleod of St. Columba's and Sheriff Fraser of Portree. The fund was a credit to the charity of the country, and no one can deny that it did great good and prevented unspeakable misery. But it is well known that in many cases the fund was shamefully abused. The "Destitution Meal" was long among the better class of Highlanders a word of bad odour, savouring of charity grossly misdirected and turned even into a premium on sloth and deceit. The old Duke would have none of this "destitution meal" among his people. The factors were strictly enjoined to see that it was excluded. The Duke of Sutherland would himself provide for the poor on his estates. Mr. Maciver was heart and soul with the Duke. Every case was inquired into. Shameless imposture was sternly rebuked. Sensitive souls, who hid their poverty, and shrunk from the open hand of public

doles, were sought out and tenderly ministered to with the delicacy of the true Christian gentleman. And when all was done, and well done, it did not cost much money. In fact, the Duke was uneasy on this head. He feared lest his agents might have been too strict, and lest a case here and there of real destitution had been passed over by them. Accordingly, when the Duke paid his usual visit to our district, accompanied by Mr. Loch, the Commissioner, this feeling of sceptical misgiving on the Duke's part was continually cropping up, as they went among the people. As often as he could find excuse, the Duke would wander away by himself to question privately any poorly dressed person he met. At last, as he thought, he found what he was in search of. A hale-looking man, not at all poorly clad, was met coming through his fields, and snatching ears of corn as he passed, he rubbed off the chaff between his palms, and tasted the quality of his first-fruits. What, thought the Duke, eating raw oats like a horse? too bad of Maciver: too terrible to think of: and this starving man one of *my* people. Looking round to see he was not observed, the Duke made up to the man—I think it was the miller, of all men—and putting his hand in his pocket, drew out two biscuits. "Take this, my man; it grieves me to see you in such straits; but I shall see that you are properly provided for!"

'One more anecdote I must add. When the ducal party was at Lochinver House, I was asked to preach in the village. We met for worship in the small chapel; the Duke, Mr. Loch and his son, now Lord Loch, I believe, Mr. Maciver, the schoolmaster, and a few others, forming the

congregation. As was then customary in the Highlands, I preached without manuscript. The Duke sat quite near, and right opposite me. He was more than attentive. He seemed to drink in every word, and never took his eye of me. It was very encouraging to the preacher. I can still remember that I was greatly elated. At the close of the service I was asked to dine with the ducal party. The Duke thanked me warmly for my sermon; and Mr. Loch putting his arm through mine, carried me away into the garden, Captain Loch and Mr. Maciver accompanying. Mr. Loch did not spare me. He dwelt on the Duke's profound interest in my sermon, hinted visions of promotion, and laid on the flattering unction with a large brush. I felt myself already a rising man in the Church, and was very happy—till I caught the twinkle in Mr. Maciver's eye. That undeceived me, and broke the spell of ecstatic self-complacency.. All the time Mr. Loch had been fooling me. "The good Duke," whispered Mr. Maciver, "is as deaf as a post." And so it was. At dinner I had to sit at the Duke's right hand, when he kindly explained his regret that he heard little of my sermon. But, as God had placed him in a position of influence, he made it his duty to attend church regularly so as to set a good example to his people.

'Much more, and perhaps more interesting, could I add, if you had room for my reminiscences of a man truly good, and kind, and sternly upright. He has left his mark for lasting good on every township in Assynt: he was a great roadmaker, an eminent promoter of education, the faithful servant of a good master who counted himself but God's

steward for the weal of his people. As friend he was true as steel. And withal he was a humble, patient, God-fearing man. As regenerator of this beautiful district, then sadly backward and isolated in its loneliness of primitive Highland seclusion, Mr. Maciver had a coadjutor in Mr. David Williamson, the parish minister. Mr. Williamson's enlightened, devoted labours shall long be gratefully remembered by men, now filling responsible positions at home and abroad, whose early memories, wherever they wander, cling to the birken shores of Loch Assynt and the long, slanting shadows of Cuinaig and Suilvein. The effect of his undemonstrative educational zeal still endures. The teachers who felt themselves exiled and hopeless, in the crass and hostile sectarianism of the parish, were inspired to new hope and strenuous effort. The children, naturally bright and ambitious, were quickened to new interest and earnest endeavour. And this new spirit in school and playground broke in with good effect on the torpor and pseudo-religious fatalism of the home. In this, though the people still feared to worship with him in the parish church, Mr. Williamson found his abundant reward. Before his death he saw one of his once despondent teachers seated with honour and acclamation in a professor's chair of the Edinburgh University. And he could count scores of the little kilted urchins whose heads he patted so tenderly in his schools, as filling with credit posts of importance and influence all over the world. His herd-boy took a high place in the competitive examination for the Civil Service, and died head master of a prosperous cramming "college" in the metropolis.'

RUINS OF ARDVREK CASTLE, LOCH ASSYNT. CALDA HOUSE.

From a Photograph.

EVANDER MACIVER

CHAPTER XXIII[1]

ONE of the most picturesque sights in the North-West of Scotland is undoubtedly the ruined castle of Ardvreck, Loch Assynt, already mentioned as associated with the capture of Montrose. Gardiner, the historian of the Commonwealth and Protectorate, concludes that there is not a shadow of evidence that the laird acted treacherously, or had done anything more than his duty to the Government of which he was a servant. 'It is unlikely that he ever conceived the idea that it was possible for him to act otherwise than he did.' After the Restoration, at the instance of the Lord Advocate, with consent of the Marquis's son, proceedings were taken against Macleod, the Laird of Assynt, who was cast into prison, where he remained for three years, until liberated in 1666 by order of Charles II. Macleod denied the facts alleged, nor was it proved that he was formerly in the service of Montrose. He grounded his defence also on the indemnity granted by the King in the year 1650. On the 8th of October 1663 the King was appealed to for his decision as to prosecuting the charge or sisting further proceedings, and three months later the laird petitioned, on the

[1] (See pages 63-64, 206-207, of foregoing. Cf. Acts of the Parliament of Scotland, and Register and Acts of the Privy Council.

plea of ill-health, for release from confinement. He wished not to die in prison. Within Edinburgh he was allowed his liberty under a penalty of £20,000 Scots if he failed to re-enter ward when required. On the 20th February 1666 Macleod's case was declared to be included under the King's indemnity of 1650. On his discharge being ordered, he was set free without final trial, and thus the Laird of Assynt's guilt or innocence in regard to Montrose was judicially never proved.

Pressed by need of money, this Highland laird became afterwards so desperate that he levied exorbitant rates on all vessels that anchored off the numerous bays on the Assynt property. This may have further incensed his enemies, and he was once again tried in 1674 on several minor charges, with the alleged betrayal added as an aggravation, but was acquitted. The result of the trial, however, issued in the loss of the family estates, which were either voluntarily sold or adjudged from him for debts. He denied the charge of betrayal personally; to indicate the culprit would in any case cost him his life. This Neil Macleod, eleventh of Assynt, married to a daughter of Colonel John Munro of Lumlair, near Dingwall, was descended from Neil, tenth of Assynt, whose wife was Florence, daughter of Torquil Conanach Macleod of Lewis. He died poor, having lost his estate, without issue, some years after 1691. The arrest of Montrose and his sole companion, Major Sinclair, some distance from Inchnadamph, is, not with full accuracy, narrated in Gordon's *History of the Earldom of Sutherland.* Suffice it to

remember that James Graham, Marquis of Montrose, was only son of John, fourth Earl of Montrose, by Margaret Ruthven, daughter of the Earl of Gowrie. Born in 1612, Montrose was educated at St. Andrews, and married in 1629 Magdalene Carnegie, daughter of the Earl of Southesk, with issue three sons. On hearing of the execution of Charles I. on the 13th January 1649, Montrose declared:

> 'I 'll sing thy obsequies with trumpet sounds
> And write thy epitaph with blood and wounds.'

By Charles II. he was appointed Lieutenant-Governor of Scotland. Abortive risings had occurred under Mackenzie of Pluscarden, brother of Seaforth, and others in the North, as also in Atholl under Lord Ogilvie and General Middleton. These risings, in which the Marquis of Huntly and Lord Reay joined, were suppressed by Leslie. Thereafter, in March 1650, Montrose landed in Orkney, and after some weeks' recruiting he crossed to John o' Groats, marched south, and halted at Carbisdale, on the borders of Ross, where not even the Mackenzies joined his standard. The Earl of Sutherland, Ross of Balnagown, and Munro of Lumlair had taken the field against him. On the 28th April Montrose's medley of armed men was cut to pieces in a sudden surprise; but he himself, to avoid the peril which lurked in a human habitation, escaped to the Assynt mountains. The Earl of Sutherland, hearing of Montrose's escape westwards, sent instructions to Macleod of Assynt for his apprehension. Nor must it be forgotten that Macleod was son-in-law of Munro of Lumlair.

For two or three days Montrose and the Earl of Kinnoul

kept on their way as fugitives, when (as *The History of the Earldom of Sutherland* chronicles) 'the Earl of Kinnoul, being faint for lack of meat and not able to travel any further, was left there among the mountains, where it was supposed he perished. James Graham had almost famished, but that he fortuned in this miserie to light upon a smal cottage in that wildernesse, where he was supplied with some milk and bread. Immediately after the fight, Captain Andro Munro did write to Neil Mackleud, Laird of Assint, who had married his sister, desiring him ernestlie to apprehend any that should come in his countrie, and chiefly James Graham. The Laird of Assint was not negligent, but sent parties everywhere. Some of them met James Graham, accompanied only with one Major Sinclare, ane Orknay man. The partie apprehends them both, and brings them to Ardwreck (the Laird of Assint his chief residence). James Graham made great offers to the Laird of Assint, if he would goe with him to Orknay, all which he refused, and did write to the leivtenant-generall (*i.e.* the Earl of Sutherland). James Graham was two nights in Skibo, and from thence he was conveyed to Brayn (Brahan Castle), and so to Edinburgh. Being presented there before the parlament, he was sentenced to be hanged publiclie at the merkat crosse of Edinburgh, and to be quartered; his head to be put above the tolbuith of Edinburgh, where his vncle (the Earl of Gowrie) his head was formerlie placed, the year one thousand sixth hundredth; his four quarters were appointed to be sent to Glasco, Stirlin, Saint Johnston (*i.e.* Perth), and Aberdeen, there to be hung vp; and his bodie to be buried

in the Borrow-Mure, where the most odious malefactors are vsuallie hanged and buried, all which was dewly performed. He was executed the twentie one day of May one thousand six hundredth and fiftie years. He hade bin formerlie forfalted and excommunicated. The ministers dealt verie earnestlie with him to acknowledge his offence, that he might be absolued from the dreadfull sentence of excommunication, which he refused to doe, and so died obstinat. He had sent a seditious declaration into Scotland the preceding winter, full of arrogance, sedition, and vain glorie; and he hade caused printe ane historie of his proceedings formerlie in Scotland, full of lies and untruths. One of these was put upon either of his shoulders when he was vpon the scaffold, which were both formerlie burnt by the hand of the hangman. Thus perished James Graham (some time Earl and Marquis of Montros,) when (in his own conceit) he was at the top of his glorie; a man certainly indued with great gifts, if they had bin rightlie imployed.'

The last words of the Marquis, who died thus at the early age of thirty-eight, were: 'I leave my soul to God, my service to my prince, my goodwill to my friends, my love and charity to all.' His fault has been held to be, that 'he drew his sword against his countrymen in their noble struggles against arbitrary power and on behalf of civil and religious liberty.' Upon the window of his cell he wrote with a diamond, on the night before his execution, these sentiments of his heart:

> 'Let them bestow on every airth a limb,
> Then open all my veins that I may swim

To Thee, my Maker, in that crimson lake;
Then place my parboiled head upon a stake,
Scatter my ashes, strew them in the air—
Lord! since Thou knowest where all these atoms are,
I 'm hopeful Thou 'lt recover once my dust,
And confident Thou 'lt raise me with the just.'

Montrose's death was as heroic as any passage in his life, nay, more so, as offset by evil fortune and the sordidness and lack of mercy to a suppliant who no longer had the fair-play of the field of battle. Bishop Wishart, while saying that Assynt dare not conceal Montrose, adds that 'being *greedy of the reward* which was promised to the person who should apprehend him by the council of the estates, [Macleod] immediately seized and disarmed him.' Macleod was promised a thousand pounds; and like sum to Captain Strachan, and also to Captain Hackett. But Iain Lom Mac Donell, a famous Gaelic poet of the Keppoch family in Lochaber, who enjoyed a pension as Poet-Laureate to Charles II., speaks tauntingly of a gift of meal—two-thirds of which was sour—sent from Leith to Assynt, as portion of Neil Macleod's reward. Tradition mentioned 400 bolls. Iain Lom's elegy on Montrose shows how the Laird of Assynt's conduct was regarded by a large number of Royalists in the central Highlands, for whom the poet speaks, if I may render him literally, thus:—

'As I fare by the strath of Drum Uachdar, little is my joy at this hour; the day hath changed to gloom; nor is it of good that I am sore depressed:

Though wae 's me and though woful that my good clansman (*i.e.* Alasdair Mac Cholla, son of Coll Ciotach) is a-missing, not easier for me this blow that hath befallen our poor country:

In addition to her just *calp*, Alba is being put under tribute and tax by foreigners without truth-of-honour,—that is my sore loss.
The Sassenachs are oppressing us, despoiling us, killing us Our Father's wrath is upon us, forgotten of Him and poor are we:
As Israel's clans in bondage to the King of Egypt, in like plight are we; they shoo us off, merely saying "begone":
Our newly crowned king, ere scarce he had entered on his privileges, is by wretched vagabonds being despoiled, without guard, court, or equipage, being banished from his place, and none of his friends are with him,—like unto a ship upon the salt sea-wave—no rudder, no oar, no port:
I go not to Dun Edin since the blood of the Graham has been spilled;—crucified on the cross is "the lion," faithful and true:
The true, noble man was he, not sprung of blood ignoble; rarely high the hue in his cheek what time he drew up for the fray:
Teeth, chalk-white, finely set; nobly chiselled brow that knew no frown; though oft the vision of thee me waketh, to-night to others I shall not make it known:
Son of Neil! from solitary Assynt, had I hold of thee in my net, my word would go out against thee, and from the cross I would not shield thee:
Thou thyself and he of Lumlair, thy father-in-law, tho' both be hanged, no reparation for my loss that were:
A scion declared of a lying stock, lacking in respect, in fame, in what is proper; the remnant left of you by blows and dirks, ever a-murdering the one the other:
Death-wrappings be on thee, thou sordid sneak; for sake of the meal from Leith,—and two-thirds of it sour,—evilly hast thou sold the righteous, an evil deed.'

Iain Lom ardently admired Montrose, and took his side at Inverlochy against the Campbells. He was likely to be well informed. Macleod had need of meal. Between the 17th May and the 5th July 1650 he applied repeatedly to the Estates of Parliament for recompense for 'his good service.' It is doubtful if he ever received the whole of the 20,000 merks placed on the head of Montrose. Gordon of Sallachy says he received a portion of it. Parliament,

however, confirmed Macleod's appointment as Captain of the Earl of Sutherland's garrison of Strathnaver. In lieu of the remainder he likely received the sour meal the poet so sarcastically mentions.

Fourteen successive lairds of the name of Macleod are said to have held the estates of Assynt, in descent from a younger son of Macleod, Laird of Lewis, who married the heir-female of the Nicolsons or Macnicols[1] (MacNiocail, Mac-Krycul) of Coigach. The Thane of Sutherland consented to the Macnicol marriage with Macleod, and gave them the superiority and lands of Assynt 'as long as a cow gives milk and waves beat on a rock.' The first of the Assynt Macleods was Norman (a name corrupted from the Norse *Thorumnd*, 'Thor-mooded, or wrath of Thor'), second son of Torquil IV. of Lewis, who flourished in the fourteenth century. Neil, the last Macleod of Assynt, got the property with encumbrances of long standing, and the *Statistical Account* of 1840 explains that the laird 'having become security for friends, in several small sums, several of his more powerful neighbours, taking advantage of his indolence, and the difficulty of access to public justice, bought up his debts, by which means they carried off his whole estate for less than half its value.' In due time the property fell into the hands of the Seaforth family, and was forfeited with the possessions of that House in 1715, but ultimately sold in 1758 to the Earl of Sutherland. When

[1] The Macnicols of Argyll and Perth are of an entirely different descent, being from Pál Mór's son Neacal from Lochaber, fugitives to Glenorchy before the Reformation.

Neil Macleod died without issue the representation devolved on his brother John, whose son Donald was a captain in the Dutch service, and through a rich marriage was enabled to purchase the estate of Geanies in Ross. When the Mackenzies got nominal possession of Assynt they mortgaged or wadsetted Inverkirkaig, Phillin, Inver, Badidarroch, Torbreck, Braclach, Little Assynt, Loch Bearnock, Achnacloich, and Clashmore. Tradition says that the Lady Mackenzie, who had Calda House built, was very extravagant, and had an ox-tongue for dinner every day of the year. 'What a fine sight of oxen is there,' she quoth to her estate steward as she surveyed them on Loch Assynt side. 'Yes, but when the year is out, no one of them will survive.' 'How is that?' she asked. 'Because of your own sweet tongue,' was the reply. And though she mended her ways in that respect it was only to end her hold of the property through the expenses attached to the building of Calda House, as explained in an earlier chapter. Legend associates that edifice with the haunt of fierce forms and spectres dire ever since it was burnt on Sunday morning. Fast and furious was the fun and revelry on a certain Saturday night, blinds were drawn, while the tongues of the cocks were cut lest they should herald the approach of day. Frolic gave place to feud, and the warm spirits of the clansmen demanded the presence of his Satanic Majesty as umpire. Incantations were chanted, but in place of the brilliant roof there was soon left but a mass of ruins. A scene of bloodshed, at a later date, was witnessed in Assynt on the occasion of a funeral. More than one glass went

round, and a dispute arose between the Macleods and the Mackenzies as to which clan could justly lay claim to the proud boast of once owning the bony remains of a gigantic skeleton among their kinsmen, with the result that the burying-ground was very quickly a scene of deadly strife and bloodshed. This funeral scene recalls an earlier tale told of the old burying-ground of Assynt near the old parish church. Angus, great-grandson of the first laird of the Assynt Macleods, had a quarrel with some neighbour, and out of revenge set fire to that man's chapel, an act of sacrilege which earned him excommunication by the then Pope, who got the culprit to ask forgiveness at Rome, and, penance duly made, enjoined him to erect places of worship at Inver, at Stoer, and on the site of the old parish church near Inchnadamph. Numerous were the fights off the Assynt coast. On one occasion John Morison,[1] the celebrated brieve or judge of Lewis, took refuge in Assynt, *circa* 1596, was met at Inverkirkaig by John Macleod, captor of Torquil Conanach (son of Macleod of Lewis's wife by brieve John's father Hugh, and reared with his mother's friends in Strathconon). The brieve and five followers were killed, and his friends in Lewis, hearing of his death, came in a galley to bring the corpse home, but were detained by contrary winds and driven to an island, called to this day the Brieve's Island, *Eilean a' Bhritheimh*, an island which is part of the glebe of Edderachillis. There they disembowelled the body, buried the intestines, and thereafter with a change of wind they set out for Ness in Lewis, where with the judge's corpse they

[1] Lord Macaulay's great-great-grandfather.

arrived in safety. To other traditions which point to an age of violence it is not so easy to assign a date, but they point, if not to savage clans, at least to roving barbarians, one of whom met his just desert. A prince of Sweden in his galley, which was surmised to have valuable treasure of gold on board, sailed up the Firth of Edderachillis, and during stress of weather put in at *Poll A' Ghamhn'*, on the Assynt side, some distance to the west of Unapool. It was in the period of Highland history when Norse and Gaelic were spoken side by side. Some said this prince came to buy Assynt, for which reason he was known to have money in his galley. Ere he had set out, his nurse enjoined him to shun three places—*Seachain Puitig is Parbh is Poll Dubh Dorch' a' Ghamhn'*—avoid Whitenhead and Cape Wrath and black, dark Poll A' Ghamhna. 'Where are we now?' he inquired of those on shore. 'Poll A' Ghamhn',' was the reply, and he was shot quickly to the heart, and most of his followers beaten. He was buried at the spot known as Port-an-t-Suainich, 'the Swede's Port,' at a green place which excavation showed to contain human remains. The gold was taken and hid on the Edderachillis side at Carn Bān, in a secret spot known only to Robert Clarke and his intimates who were implicated in this dark deed. This Eldorado, the fond vision of many a Reay man's fancy, is thought not to have been found. Of this the present writer is doubtful. How to explain the full tide of later prosperity of some friends of those implicated in the deed! That is the question. What comes with the wind goes with the flood. Not long afterwards a foreign vessel put in to the

Bay of Edderachillis, and, seemingly to act as pilot among the islands, Robert Clarke went out to meet her. He was at once recognised by one of those on board, who made good his escape from the affair at Port-an-t-Suainich; this man drew his bow, and the arrow taking deadly effect, Robert Clarke was buried on the islet in front of the manse which has the Admiralty marking XII. painted on the rocky ledges, an islet still locally known as *Sgeir Roib*, Rob's Skerry. Clarke's dying words are reported to have been: '*Mas mi thoill, is mi fhuair*,' 'If it is I who deserved, it is I who have got it' (*i.e.* death).

The upper part of the Firth of Edderachillis is known in Norse as Myrhvafiordum, where in the twelfth century Suenus, the son of Asleif, attacked and killed Odranus Gillius, a man of fierce temper, who once lived at the court of King Malcolm of Scotland.

Coming north, Gillius was appointed steward for a portion of Earl Ronald's estate in Caithness. Here he quarrelled with a favourite of the Earl's, and having slain his opponent, he fled to the west, where he was protected by Somerled of the Yellow Hair, a progenitor of the chiefs of Clan Donald. Suenus, at the request of Earl Ronald, set sail for the west, breathing vengeance; and having learned that Odranus Gillius was in command of a piratical expedition in one of Somerled's vessels, he at once attacked Somerled. When he found that Odranus Gillius was not present at that engagement, Suenus went in search of him; and coming up with him in Myrhvafiordum or Glen Du (*i.e.* Black Firth, from the dark frowning rocks), killed him, and fifty men with

him. As this Suenus was killed in Dublin, the event mirrored in the last paragraph cannot refer to him; there were others of that name. It is impossible to be certain as to what Scandinavian leader there fell. All over the West Highlands deadly encounters between the natives and the Norwegian raiders were frequent. Tom-a'-Chorrachasich, near the head of Loch Eck, in Cowal, thus commemorates *Corrachasach mór mac righ Lochlainn*—Corrachasach the Big, son of the King of Lochlin, or Denmark. Many were the subtleties devised to overcome those fierce foes. It is still freshly remembered in Morvern how word of the approaching galleys was brought to Somerled of the Yellow Hair as he was fishing in the *Garbh Abhuinn*. 'We 'll go after I land this salmon, but the expedition will cost many lives of men and cattle.' He ployed his salmon readily to land, which he took as an omen of success, and having had several score of cattle slaughtered in the hides, and heads kept intact, he and his men, in the guise of cattle, got so close upon the Norse as to suddenly fall upon them at Sìthein Na Rapaiche, a level height in the centre of Morvern. It was so, too, in the North; and in an earlier period between the invading Gaels (*i.e.* Scots) and the prior inhabitants. Not many years ago a fine stone cup of an early age was found some distance from Bad-na-bay, near Laxford; it now forms one of a series illustrative of Sutherland, on view in the Dunrobin Museum. The race that used these stone cups may probably have been the people who erected the brochs or circular hill-forts, of which the ruins of two are on the glebe of Edderachillis, although the largest in the parish

is below Kylestrome Lodge, by the sea. Inside its strong walls calcined bones have been found, and I have seen what I take to be the bones of an arm. The most interesting tower, known as Dun Dhornagil, *i.e.* Dornadilla's Tower, near Gobernuisgach, is in fairly good preservation, and is the most archaic ruin in Sutherlandshire. An excellent model of it in wood, showing the spiral stair between the double walls, has been constructed at the instance of the Reverend Dr. Joass, our best Northern authority upon antiquities. A word as to parish history, and its light upon the past. 'Who the earliest inhabitants of Edderachylis have been,' says the writer of the *Old Statistical Account*, 'is not now easily discoverable. After the most diligent inquiry among the oldest and most intelligent people, all that can be learned is that, two or three centuries ago, this place was but thinly inhabited; and that the inhabitants held their possession by no legal tenure, paid no rent, and acknowledged no landlord or superior. The first who are said to have held it in property were M'Leods, a branch of the Lewis family, or Siol Torquil; but, prior to their establishment as proprietors, tradition reports that in the time of the Norwegian kingdom of the Western Isles these islanders made frequent descents upon the coasts, and sometimes not without bloodshed, while they attempted plundering the few inhabitants of their cattle, and carrying them off in their boats. The last of the M'Leod family, who died the acknowledged proprietor of Edderachylis,[1] and seems not to have been of

[1] This name signifies 'between the two Kyles or Firths,' viz. Kylesku, *i.e.* *Caolas Cumhann*, 'the narrow kyle,' which separates Edderachillis on the south from Assynt. At this place the strait near Eilean Rainich is about sixty yards

the family of Assynt, was called Mac A' Leister, probably on account of the first or principal man of the tribe being remarkable for skill in making arrows, for Mac A' Leister is literally the "Son of the Arrow-Maker." He, having no children by his wife, brought over from Assynt a nephew of his wife, called James, the son of Roderick, to live in family with him, and succeed him in possession of the estate at his death. But he, being of a turbulent and factious disposition, had quarrels with several of his neighbours, particularly the Morisons of Durness and Ashir, some of whom he put to death. The Laird of Farr also, Sir Hugh M'Kay, having occasion to remit a sum of money to Edinburgh, the bearer of it next day returned to him, after being robbed only one day's journey from his house by a party of armed men, having their faces disguised with black paint, whom every one supposed to have been sent upon that enterprise by James M'Leod of Edderachylis. As the Morisons of themselves were not able to bring James to task for the injuries done themselves, they contrived a plan for it, by bringing the M'Kays to their assistance. The principal man of the name of Morison at that time in Ashir had in his house and family a natural son of the Laird of Farr's, Donald M'Kay:

wide; on the north is *Caolas Lusard*, *i.e.* Laxford, from the Norse *Lax-a-fjord*, 'salmon-river firth.' Some think the northern Kyle is that of Durness, seeing the parish includes Ashir, now corruptly Oldshore, anciently written Astlair, Alsthelar, Asler. Edderachillis is variously written in charters: Adrachillis, Artrikqwhilles, Edderdachelis, Eddauchelis, etc. Correctly in Gaelic it is *Eadar Dha Chaolis* (*Eder-ra-heelish*, *Edrahȳlish*). Edrahylis might be used as a short current form; the doubling of the *d* is unnecessary, but not absolutely incorrect, since Gaelic *Eadar* is in Cornish *yntr*, in Latin *inter*; the *r* is different from the usual English *r*, and the vowel *ao* represents a sound that is now extinct in English.

him he proposed, both to the M'Kays and to his own friends, to be Laird of Edderachylis, if by their joint efforts James M'Leod was made away with. All agreeing to this proposal, the plan for effecting it was to engage a cousin of James M'Leod's, one Donald M'Leod, to take away his life. This business he was reckoned the likeliest and fittest to perform, being a notorious ruffian, and in order to hinder James's friends from prosecuting revenge afterwards, when the deed should be perpetrated by one of themselves. The reward promised Donald induced him readily to undertake it—which was, that he should have the half of Edderachylis for himself and his offspring, and that the mother of this Donald M'Kay should become his wife. Hereupon a party of the Morisons from Ashir, headed by Donald M'Kay and Donald M'Leod—who, among other qualifications, was incomparably skilled in handling the long-bow—marched on a dark morning for Edderachylis, though not directly towards Scoury, where James M'Leod lived, but to some other places nearer them, where James's best friends and ablest supporters dwelt, in order to despatch them first; which having done, and three or four men, whom they surprised in their beds in their several dwellings, cruelly slain, they proceeded to Scoury, where, after slaying two or three more of the M'Leods, they found James, upon getting some notice of their approach, had taken shelter in a small house he had some time before built in the middle of a lake in Scoury. But with arrows having fire bound to them, this house being thatched with straw or reeds, was soon made to blaze, when he was obliged to come out; whereupon Donald,

his cousin-german, killed him dead with a musket-bullet. And as James had a son of his along with him in this island, Donald did for him also; for after he had swam to the farther side of the lake, and endeavoured to run for his life, he slew him with an arrow from his long-bow. James M'Leod, or M'Rory, being in this manner slain, Donald thought himself sure of possessing at least half of Edderachylis, according to agreement; but here he found himself mistaken. The Morisons now told him he must be content with some other reward, for that Donald M'Kay must have all Edderachylis; whereupon Donald, in a rage, declared that would not do, and immediately betaking himself to his friends in Assint, in a short time returned with a body of men to take possession. But the Morisons, aware of his motions, prepared to meet and fight him upon his first entering the country. Both parties were ready for an engagement in a place called Maldy, when Sir Hugh M'Kay of Farr presented himself to them upon the top of a hill hard by with three hundred men, and finding how matters stood, immediately called both before him to a conference, in order to an accommodation, which none of them durst refuse. At this interview Sir Hugh proposed to Donald M'Leod that he should resign his pretensions to Edderachylis in favour of his son Donald, and that he himself, in consideration of his doing so, would grant him other land near himself, called the davoch of Hope, as also Donald M'Kay's mother to be his wife; which proposal he at once agreeing to, the whole difference ended, and peace and harmony took place. This promise Sir Hugh actually fulfilled, giving Donald

the davoch of Hope, where he lived to an extreme old age, with a family of six or seven sons, continuing the same ruffian to the last.[1] He was buried in the kirk of Durness, where, upon the south wall on the inside of the building, there is a monument of his with the initials of his name,[2] and his arms cut out in the stone, and the year (*recto* 1623). What became of the sons cannot be discovered, but the lands of Hope are in the possession of the Reay family, as a part of their estate. In this manner came Edderachylis into the hands of the M'Kays, or that branch of them who call themselves the family of Scoury. But of them there were only three proprietors before it became a part of the estate of Reay; the first of these was Donald, already mentioned; the second, his son Hugh; and the third, his son Hugh, who was the famous General M'Kay, Commander-in-Chief of the forces in Scotland under William III. He was born at Scoury in this parish, and as George Lord Reay married his daughter, he gave him (*i.e.* to Reay) Edderachylis as her tocher. As to Ashir, the northern part of this parish, which was the waste or

[1] In his old age the Rev. Mr. Munro ventured to give him ghostly counsel, and being incensed, he sent his two sons in pursuit, with the injunction not to return without bringing him the heart of the minister. Munro's armed attendant challenged them with a matchlock, and finding discretion to be the better part of valour, they returned, having killed a sheep, and brought its heart instead. 'Well,' quoth the old ruffian, 'I always thought the Munroes cowards, but never knew until now they had the heart of a sheep!' His inscription reads:—

'Donald Mhic Mhorchaidh Heir lys lò
Vas ill to his friend, var to his fò
True to his maister in veird and vò. 1623.'

[D | M | M | C]

[2] I interpret D | M | M | C as Domhnull Mhurchaidh Mhic Cleoid, *i.e.* Donald, son of Murdoch M'Leod.

uninhabited part of Durness, it, as well as Durness, as far back as our information goes, was church lands, belonging of old to the bishopric of Caithness; and they were disposed of by one of the Popish bishops of that see to a Lewis man, one Ay Morison, son of Norman, who coming by sea for a cargo of meal to Thurso, near the Episcopal seat, happened to fall in love with a sister (the phraseology of the time for a "daughter") of the bishop's, and married her, and as her tocher received all Durness and Ashir—a good and extensive Highland estate. What was the name of this country, prior to this event, cannot now be ascertained by any traditional account; but Morison at this time gave it its present name of Durness from the place of his nativity, so that it cannot be considered as local or descriptive; but upon being established in his newly acquired estate, he brought over with him from Lewis a colony of no less than sixty families, mostly of his own name, to whom he gave lands upon his own property. Hence it is that the name of Morison is so prevalent in these parts; for though the property be fallen into other hands, the stock of the inhabitants remains. Some generations after this, it happened that the descendant lineal of this Ay Morison died childless, and left a widow, a Sutherland woman, daughter of one Donald Bain Matheson, then proprietor of Sheeness. This woman, finding herself ill-used by her late husband's relations, eloped in the night, carried with her the rights by which the Morisons held Durness, went to Dunrobin, the Earl of Sutherland's seat, and delivered these papers into his hands. Possessed of these rights only,

the Earl considered himself as entitled to claim Durness for himself, and consequently had great bickerings with the Morisons to bring them to pay rent to him; but they continuing obstinate and refractory, and being encouraged in an underhand manner by the Laird of Farr and his agents, the Earl at length became tired of contending with them, and agreed with the Laird of Farr, ancestor of Lord Reay, to give Durness to him for a feu-duty of sixty marks in the year; and in this manner came the Reay family to be possessed of the estate, but the feu-duty, though still continued, is now reduced to a trifle.'

These glimpses must suffice as sidelights upon the forces which were at work to form the environment of later days. Men and the conditions of human life have been somewhat changed and improved for the better, though notable personalities are uncommon. The outward world, seascape and landscape, exhibit much the same features as of old. The walls of green waves rose and rolled then upon the shores as now, or when the storm was high the sea became surf and foam and vapour tossed high into spray over Aldaney, 'the billow isle,' against the stupendous cliffs of Handa, 'the sandy isle,' with its myrmidons of birds, and lashing in unceasing fury in stress of tempest, scooping out the rocks here and there into caves, one of which near Scourie expands from a small diameter at the entry into spacious recesses, with ceilings of white stalactite—interesting specimen of the architecture of the sea. Ben Stack was there then, as it still stands with its almost regular cone, its name a standing testimony to the Norseman's descriptive eye, and ever

beautiful under haze and blue gauze of cloud, or under snow. From Arkle, probably signifying 'sheiling-fell,' with its glassy stalactical appearance after rain, as far as Suilven, 'the pillared-ben,' with its graceful sweep into the Assynt sky, the eye rested on nought but majesty and splendour. From Quinaig, with its cap of Silurian quartzose, to Canisp, 'the white-ridged,' when its ribs glitter in sunshine, the scene is sublime and grand. On passing along Ben Hope, with its three thousand and some odd score feet, named after the inlet which the Norsemen called ōb or 'bay,' one may gaze at length on Ben Loyal (Laghal, Lang and fell), the queen of Highland mountains, rising from the centre of a semicircular chain, with an expanded breast of over two miles in length, cleft into several towering and splintered peaks, but then as now arising as a great chain as one surveys it from parts of Farr, well justifying the Norse appellation of the 'long-fell.' Though the glens are no longer pathless the mountains are still high, with bird-life and flower- and fern-life—a world entirely to themselves. The *Primula Scotica*, modest and rare, blooms near the shore past Bal-na-cille, with its ruined kirk and kirkyaird, where the dust of Rob Donn, a poet of Horatian marrow, is quietly lying undisturbed by controversial air. On the way to Kylestrome the *Cladium mariscus* adds beauty to the bog: the *Cornus suecica* and the *Galium boreale* are as fair in Assynt as on Ben Dearg, Braemore; the Alpine *Arctostaphylos* loves the rugged heights of Assynt as well as the bare exposed parts of Western Ross; likewise the *Luzula spicata*, the *Cherleria sidoides*, the *Asplenium viride*,

and *Polystichum lonchitis.* And here and there a still more beautiful flower, one all too rare :

> 'More med'cinal than that moly
> That Hermes once to wise Ulysses gave
> of sovran use
> 'Gainst all enchantments, mildew, blast, or damp,
> Or ghastly furies' apparition '—

the flower of blissful, sweet content, blooming at the heart of the good. Birds of prey, human and inhuman, are croaking, their cries as voices of death, yet the amethyst and gold are on the sea. At times there comes the evening stillness, the sea-wind dies down and the frosty chill comes on; there springs up a gentle breeze from off the land, and suddenly there is heard a low moaning among the hills. It was perceived in Edderachillis some years ago when it was described as muffled, yet with an eerie distinctness. It was about nine o'clock, and one who heard it described it as lasting for about ten minutes, rising and falling, making almost a complete circuit of the hills round Glen Du and Glen Coul. 'At any moment of its duration we felt as if we could go straight to the spot from which it issued, and so strange was the thing that one might be inclined to say that the sound was visible. Though it was clearly on the mountain-tops the thwarts of the boat seemed to quiver. Altogether in such an inhuman-looking place the sound was very uncanny. The friend we had with us—one who has lived in the district for over twenty years, magnificent mountaineer and a keen observer of nature—said he had never heard anything like it. If the tide had not been full

in and stationary, he would have thought it was the air running in or being forced out of some hole in the rocks. We imagined it might have been a steam yacht that had gone up Glen Du, and was trying the effect of its siren amongst the rocks, but this we learned was not the case. It wasn't thunder; it wasn't an earthquake; it wasn't an animal. All that I am sure of; and with these negatives I leave it. Worth noting, however, is the soundlessness of this district of the Highlands. The wind has no trees to strike it into various notes; it passes over the heather with a moan or sigh. The rocks are not good sounding-boards, but where the boulders are massed in confusion the gale brings forth a shriek. There is a scarcity of song-birds, too, that seems to deepen the silence.' What is thus recorded for Glen Coul and Glen Du is known to Highlanders elsewhere as A' Ghairm-Uisge, A Ghaoir-Uisge, a loud and continuous murmuring sound, like the shrieking of a child in pain, foretelling coming rain, and only heard at night and in very still states of the atmosphere. A few years ago it was heard at the Manse of Morvern; like an awe-awakening threnody of woe, it is of a nature to inspire a sense of what is weird, and though rare, it is not unknown to observant shepherds who are out at night, and some such have heard it in the wilds of Glencoe. Echoes of voices of the night rare enough, 'tis true.

Among other rarities in these parts may be mentioned the gillaroo or gizzard trout found in Loch Mulloch Corrie, in the loch connected with Traligill River, Innis na damff. This variety of trout, on dissection, shows the thickening of

the gizzard, thought to arise from the trout feeding largely on pond snails. The *Voyage Round the West Coast of Scotland*, by Wilson, brother of the celebrated Professor Wilson, is a useful work, to a certain extent, as to the sea-birds and fishing of these parts. St. John published his *Tour in Sutherlandshire* (the title is somewhat misleading) in 1849, and two years previously he had shot an osprey at Loch Assynt. 'At Loch Assynt, on a peninsula (once an island, and now occasionally so), there are the ruins of an old castle. On the summit of the highest part of the wall is an immense pile of weather-beaten and bleached sticks, which, two years ago, formed an osprey's nest; but unluckily this most interesting bird has been killed or driven from its picturesque and exposed dwelling-place.' The osprey has been seen in Edderachillis several times since then. In the year 1900, half-way between Loch a' Mhinidh (west of Duartmore Bridge) and Duartmore, the osprey was seen flying for Loch an Iasgair, the Loch of the Fisher, where Gordon-Cumming years ago swam in and took away an osprey's egg. It was in the lambing season of 1900, and the bird was making in a southerly direction for the back of Carn Bān, where a fabled treasure lies hid. My informant, a relative of Mungo Park of African fame, Mr. William Kerr, then tenant of Duardbeg, now at Calasgaig, by Kylestrome Lodge, used to suffer very serious loss of lambs through the depredations of a fox which, however, never came his way until its cubs had been killed by a terrier. I made a note of what he told me, and I may here transcribe it as being entirely true and of interest to some reader of this book.

He had been on Ben Drevie, near Stack, one day, and in an eagle's nest he counted the remains of fourteen grouse, a few hares, and one or two rabbits which must have been brought from Handa. If the fox is good at taking revenge, I think the golden eagle is still better. Some years ago an unusual thing was seen—a golden eagle's nest in a level place, like where the grouse nest, and not, as is wont to be the case, in a rock. One from Alt-nan-Cealgach, who was along with my informant, noticed a strange thing in the rushes, strikingly white in the centre of a greenish tuft, which he took at first glance to be a stone, and knocked it with his stick, unthinkingly, when all at once it gave way and cracked. He bethought him it was an eagle's egg, as it was, and brought it home. In a few days the eagle began to kill the lambs, whereupon a trap was set for it, with a chain one foot and a half long, attached to a pin set in the ground at a spot where a lamb's carcass was found. Next day the eagle was found to have gone off with the trap, having pulled the pin loose from its fixture; the eagle was seen flying about with a chain falling from its leg. For a time it was not seen until, one Sabbath day, the Scourie shepherd happened to be at Badnam-Mult, on the confines of the glebe, when in broad daylight he all at once heard the rattling of a chain among the rocks. His fears were not readily allayed, nor his suspicions as to the workings of his Satanic Majesty; there came a further rattling of irons from the rocks, and the shepherd trembled, surmising the Evil One at hand. His mental perturbation was ended after a while, for he perceived an eagle flying up the face of a rock, and having a trap with

chain attached to it. Long after this, in the course of the summer, there were people in the Sound of Handa going home from church. They saw something queer, and brought it into their boat. It proved to be this same eagle, known to have devoured nine lambs, and now at length drowned through sheer exhaustion. It would be about eleven years ago. So much for the golden eagle's revenge.

A History of the Earldom of Sutherland, written by Sir Robert Gordon in 1630, not published until 1813, was a work Mr. Maciver highly valued. This writer assuredly deals in the marvellous when he speaks of certain fork-tailed deer inhabiting a mountain called Arkill; this is on a par with other amusingly credulous portions of his narrative, *e.g.*: 'ther is not a ratt in Sutherland, and if they doe come thither in shipps from other pairts (which often happeneth), they die presentlie, how soone they doe smell the aire of that countrey, and (which is strange) their is a great store and abundance of them in Catteyness,[1] the verie next adjacent province.' Mr. Maciver often discussed this work with me. It has a passage on the fauna of Sutherland, which is curious. 'All these forrests and schases are verie profitable for feiding of bestiall, and delectable for hunting. They are full of reid deer and roes, wulffs, foxes, wyld cates, brocks, skuyrrels, whittrets, weasels, otters, martrixes, hares,

[1] It was the sound represented by this spelling which Mr. Maciver always used, never *th* as in modern Caithness. And in pronouncing Mr. A. J. Balfour's name he accented invariably on the second syllable, as was usual in a former generation. This struck me quite as much as Gladstone's pronunciation of *revenue*, accented by him, as I recollect, on the second syllable.

and fumarts. In these forrests and in all this province ther is great store of partriges, pluivers, capercaleys, blackwaks, mure-fowls, heth-hens, swanes, bewters, turtle-doves, herons, dowes, steares or stirlings, lairigigh or kuag (which is a foull lyk unto a paroket, or parrot, which maks place for her nest with her beck in the oak tree), duke, draig, widgeon, teale, wildgouse, ringouse, routs, whaips, shot-whaips, woodcok, larkes, sparrowes, snyps, black-burds or osills, meweis, thrushes, and all other kinds of wild foull and birds, which ar to be had in any pairt of this kingdome.' From the writings of Harvie-Brown it seems that about one hundred and fifteen species of birds breed in these parts, and a careful observer will find much that is curious to note. The Gaelic names of birds also differ in some cases widely from those in vogue further south; *e.g.* in Edderachillis the 'Puffin' is called *Dīrid*, but in Iona *Seumas Ruadh*; the 'Razor-bill' is *Cabairean*; further south, *Cālag*; the 'Guillemot' is *Pīobaire*, but in Iona *Iain Dubh a' Sgadain*. There are few places richer in sea-birds than Handa, 'the sandy isle' (from the Norse); on the top of its rock-cliffs the rare Peregrine Falcon makes its nest, and occasionally the rare White-tailed Eagle. Nor is the Red-throated Diver, with the fine flush of scarlet from his throat, uncommon hereabouts, nor the Oyster-catcher, nor the Shag, nor the Cormorant, which last two generally have their nests in caves or on the ledges of the cliffs. Of bird visitors the most remarkable is the Great Northern Diver, with its wonderful alertness in diving and self-preserving instinct. The late Mr. Maciver possessed a specimen, shot by one of his sons, fully 36 inches from bill to tail, with

black bill, bright red iris strangely contrasting with the deep bluish green and gloss of purple from off the head and neck—a broad black band with streak of white, which disappears in winter, on its throat. Amid these scenes of Nature in her grandeur many a visitor was with rare courtesy directed by him, on whose erect and splendid form and blue eye they will now gaze no more.

And the ancient days are dead:

> 'Brightness falls from the air,
> Queens have died young and fair,
> Dust hath closed Helen's eye.'

EVANDER MACIVER

CHAPTER XXIV

THE bond a man of education has with certain books often reveals the man. Such books sometimes take the form of prizes. When Williams was Rector of the Edinburgh Academy in 1827, the sixth prize for scholarship was awarded to Evander Maciver, being the *Carmina* of Catullus, a fine edition of which, by Doering, had appeared in London in 1820. The beautiful poems in this volume, from the touchingly simple *Funus Passeris* to the more complicated verses, he was well able to appreciate. He never quite forgot his Latin. Juvenal, Martial, Terence, Lucretius, and Lucan he knew in younger days. The words of Martial—*non est vivere sed valere vita*—'life consists not in living but in enjoying health,' were specially applicable to one who, upon the whole, kept doctors at a distance. He made the acquaintance of these Latin writers as early as 1828, and first in the *Excerpta*, by Professor Pillans of Edinburgh, in whose class he was general censor. If later in life he were asked as to his employments while living in the country, he, to a great extent, could make the reply of Martial his own:

> 'Luce deos oro, famulos, post arva reviso,
> Partibus atque meis justos indico labores,
> Inde lego——

'At dawn I address my prayer to Heaven, I visit my workers and my fields, and allot my men each his due portion of work. Then I read——'

In the large sense of the word, indeed; he usually had pen in hand about half-past nine, attending to accounts, and business, and correspondence, while all the time he could add with Martial, at peace in mind, and free from interest-bearing debts. At four in the afternoon he dined, and for a while he rested; when the post arrived later in the evening, letters were read and the papers were scanned and discussed; he often enjoyed music, and liked a game of whist, enjoying it greatly with his grandson, ere he regularly retired to his room at ten, perhaps to read in bed for a little, while his lamp beside him consumed its modicum of oil. What you have bestowed on your friends, says a Latin writer, is beyond the reach of fortune; the riches you give away are the only riches you will possess for ever. He of whom I write acted in that spirit much to his immediate disadvantage, and thereby experienced losses which at one time of his career, when he had attained his fiftieth year, led, as he said, to several years of pinching. His good sense, however, did not fail him; it was well, he learned by experience, to be reminded of an aspect of reality which Martial seized upon in epigram, applicable in every age, tersely rendered thus:

Lend Spunge a guinea! Ned, you 'd best refuse
And give him half. Sure, that 's enough to lose.

He well knew how pleasant is the solace of books of merit. His was the *ruris bibliotheca delicati.* I specify but one or two. The *Account of the Improvement on the Estates of the Marquis of Stafford in the Counties of Stafford*

and Salop, and on the Estate of Sutherland, with Remarks by James Loch, which came out in 1820, was a work to him of special interest. The *Life* of his former fellow-student, Archbishop Tait, he conned with all the greater pleasure in that it was presented him by the Hon. and Rev. Arthur Lawley of Hackney, in August 1899. He did not regard the Archbishop as of a strong mind, but there were life experiences in common which gave an inner sympathy. His eminent position he was very far from envying his Grace; the responsible labours of the See of Canterbury, he feared, when he last saw the good bishop in London, tended to make 'a physical wreck' prematurely of the companion of his younger years at the Edinburgh Academy. *Lord Macaulay's Life and Letters*, by Trevelyan, was a work which at all times stood very high, deservedly, in his regard. The *Reminiscences* of Lord Ronald Gower, in two volumes, presented by the first Duke of Westminster, he greatly enjoyed, to a degree indeed which even in his last days led him to procure the continuation, the reading of which resulted in a deepened sense of that esteem he always felt for the noble lord. He quoted a saying of his as to being 'married to art,' which he approved of, though he felt it was a state which might be perhaps *im*proved upon. The *Life of Lieutenant-General Hugh Mackay of Scoury*, by J. Mackay of Rockfield, he treasured as given 'To James Robertson, Esq., with best respects from the Author,' and wrote therein: 'This book was presented to his grandson, E. Maciver, after Mr. Robertson's death, by Miss Annabella Robertson.' His edition of Shakespeare, an early one in

eight volumes, came to him through his ancestors on the Mackenzie side. The three sumptuous volumes of *The Sutherland Book*, by Sir William Fraser, presented (as No. 49 of the 100 copies issued) by the present Duke of Sutherland, had a peculiar interest; valuable undoubtedly it intrinsically is for Scottish History, but specially for one who for so many years was devoted to the Sutherland family. He had a liking for works connected with the county, such as St. John's *Tour in Sutherland*, and Harvie-Brown's *Vertebrate Fauna of Sutherland*, and other works by that eminent naturalist. Stoddart's *Angler's Companion to the Rivers and Lochs of Scotland* contains a good deal of information furnished by him. Gordon's *Earldom of Sutherland* was naturally one of his treasures; he gave it to me to read as containing much that was *curious*, which, if I recollect, was how he characterised it. He, however, was no book-man; as consul of his province he was too busily employed in the details of administration for that. But the current standard literature of his day, the classics of the world, were his. Ralph Connor's novels, the *Sunday Magazine*, *Blackwood*, *Good Words*, Government Reports, and the Bible he continued to read until within two or three days of his decease. He had the spirit and capacity of the best of the dictators of olden times, and had he not lived his life in so remote a corner, he would have easily ended in the Peerage. As it was, by a wise use of talents he got much profit out of life for himself and for many others in all ranks of society. Though he figured as a leader neither in science, nor in art, nor in letters, his life spent in a quiet country district is worthy of

[illegible]

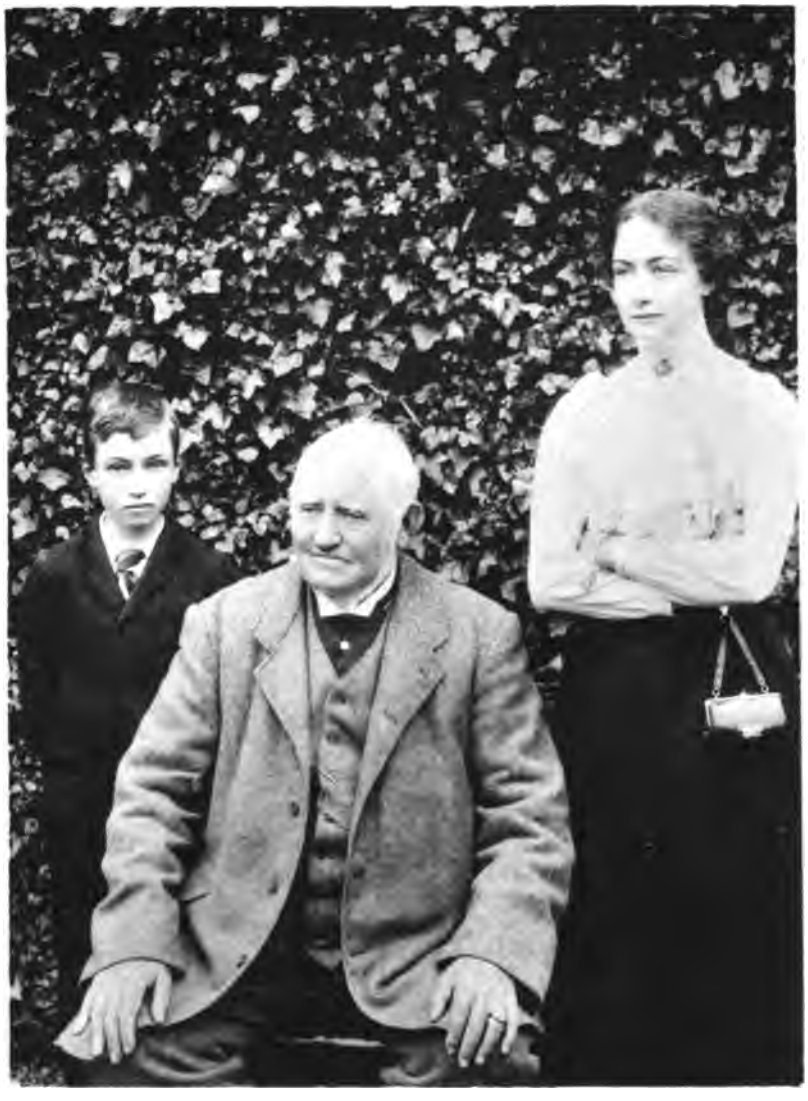
a record, to serve for remembrance and emulation. It is not the life of philosophers, or lawgivers, or historians, or university professors alone that should be written, and what of good they did remembered, but that of all, if possible, who in their sphere were capable and faithful, and who on their departure gave every assurance of having heard: 'Well done, good and faithful servant: thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy lord.'

I knew him to be a man to whom the Unseen was ever the larger portion of his own life. Very scrupulous in details of conduct—short accounts, he said, made long friends—he was a man for whom to acknowledge God and to live are one and the same thing. He had a love of rule, no doubt, but he was the type of a just ruler, having an inborn sense of the mean between excess and defect. He ruled himself well in his own person. A detail will tell. 'When I was a young man at college,' he said, 'I smoked my cigar with zest as I walked Princes Street, but on going home to Lewis I found my father's manager always kept tobacco in hand, for he found my father's temper tended to be readily ruffled when he came to his farm at Gress, if the supply ran short; this irritability I resolved to guard against, and gave up tobacco for good.'

As a gentleman of family and of position he loved a certain distinction, as was proper, and kept a goodly equipage in his well-ordered home. To idleness, to self-indulgence he was a foe, and set an example to the young, knowing that the happiness of early life depends upon its innocency,

and that youth is the foundation of manhood. He naturally had a hasty temper, but a right sense of anger is a necessary constituent of a great character. Gentleness is folly when dealing with a rascal's proclivities, and the wise assure us that a perfect man's conduct will appear perfect only when the environment is perfect; to no inferior environment is it suitably adapted. An old-world courtesy was his which revealed itself in manner and in gifts, and in the method of doing and saying things. But he was never exclusively sympathetic nor facetious as weak characters are apt to be. The education of a responsible office made that impossible for him, no less than the Lewis discipline of his boyhood. Highland homes in the early years of last century still had a code of manners which kept children at a certain distance from their parents, which, spite of the danger of certain of its features, had the advantage of developing a proper moral fibre in characters with native grit. It made them endure hardness as good soldiers in life's warfare. He, ever 'cantie, kind, and crouse,' had a liking for congenial society, and said he always felt braced when he went south. Loose habits he could not tolerate; his moral tone was high. While he regarded it as bad taste to be ever speaking to mere acquaintances about oneself, he talked to friends in a style suitable to his age, status, and temperament. From his truthfulness came great directness. When his mind was made up he could tell an opponent right out: 'I must oppose you.'

I believe he was more careful in the handling of others' wealth than he would be with his own. 'Money,' he said, 'is what keeps the machinery going—its administration



EVANDER MACIVER IN HIS 91ST YEAR

WITH HIS GRANDCHILDREN

entails great responsibilities; no man knows that better than I do.' Of niggardliness or meanness he could speak with scorn. In cases deserving of alleviation he was most helpful in a quiet way, so far as means were at his disposal. 'Charity' very often is folly, if proper regard to the circumstances are wanting. The wise of our day see that a saint may simply give the universe into the hands of the enemy by his trustfulness, may by non-resistance cut off his own survival. One has thus in certain cases to refuse that one's good may not be abused. Of the office of the clergy he had a high opinion, but if they lack discretion he felt ministers could make themselves very objectionable I once asked him whether as an elder he would take the service in the church. 'I have never done it; you think too highly of me,' was his reply. In his day, in a North Highland Presbyterian household, instrumental music was not permitted, but he grew tolerant of this, though chary of rash changes. What he had been wont to see or to do for long, he continued to take pleasure in; thus, after he had resigned his membership on the School Board, he enjoyed seeing the scholars and signing the log-book. Bishop Westcott has well said: 'No examinations can test the highest qualities. The true results of education are not to be gauged after six months or a year. They show themselves in manhood. Education, as I understand it, is not a preparation for commerce or the professions, but the moulding of a noble character—a training "for life—for life" seen and unseen—a training of citizens of a heavenly as well as of an earthly kingdom, for generous service in Church and State.' Such an ideal of education was fulfilled

in this man rarely well. His character was decidedly strong and good. After the chief meal of each day he would call for his favourite toast, that of friends, present and absent, and always in Gaelic:

'Na càirdean tha bhuainn
Na càirdean tha againn
Is sinn fhìn'—

i.e. 'Friends absent, friends present, and ourselves.'

which latter clause he added in pure facetiousness. He was a man of strength of mind and arm; any one ordinarily discreet would never venture to intrude upon his rule, though to all who behaved gentlemanly he was accessible. Those who did otherwise might understand that he could use the arm of physical might if necessary; as many of the Highland worthies in another sphere are related to have applied such Christian correction with good results. And he was a Highland chief, the potential and overpowering master, in whom, if necessary, the energy of outward performance coalesces with the inner resolve. In the days of the tribal and clan feuds such leaders were absolutely indispensable. 'If there were any tribes who owned no leaders, they have left no issue to narrate their doom.' 'The law has come to Dingwall,' said a ruffian. 'Yes, but if you don't look out, it has come nearer home.' Would we know life as it may be known and has been known, we could say with King Robert II. of France:

'Sine tuo numine
Nihil est in homine
Nihil est innoxium'—

i.e. 'For without Thee nought we find,
Pure or strong in human kind,
Nought that has not gone astray.'

Towards Him this man was most humble; few would more fervently say 'Amen' to the offering up of the soul before One who seeth in secret. He was a staunch friend of the Church of Scotland, and it was a touching sight to see him, after a drive of three miles, regularly in his place in the parish church of Edderachillis, where he was an honoured elder for nearly forty years. In 1874 he voted, as member of Assembly, for the abolition of patronage. For simplicity and directness of statement he commended Spurgeon's Sermons. Dr. Sommerville, the Evangelist Moderator of the Free Church, embraced him when they met at Durness after a lengthened parting; for these college friends ancient days were not dead, nor brightness fallen from the air; dust had not yet 'closed Helen's eye.' His piety was ever founded on reason. To be straightforward, prudent, careful, proper, judicious, and temperate he regarded as essential in all. He had a fine sense of dignity, an entirely irreproachable character, an aversion from grossness and bad habits, moderation in all things, a wise love and affection for friends, masterfulness, courtesy, brightness, energy, regularity. Two meals a day sufficed him, with a glass of hot milk for lunch. He was a model of temperance, alike in speech and in behaviour. On Monday, 5th January 1903, I dined with him; he touched on many interesting anecdotes which cannot now be put in this imperfect volume. He accompanied me to the door as usual, hoping to meet me on the morrow at Lord Lovat's

meeting. He did not feel so well, and remained at home, but on Tuesday afternoon he had a short call from Lord Lovat and Mr. Alfred N. Macaulay, Golspie, which greatly pleased him. When he afterwards on the Friday, in his bed, spoke to me of Lovat, his face brightened to a benign graciousness. His daughter-in-law, Mrs. Florence Maciver, gave him every loving attention; the brightness of her presence cheered him; he lacked nothing. On the morning of Saturday, 10th January, he greeted his grandson, Evander (now at Fettes College), and asked him whether he was going to school. I called upon him after ten; he discussed several matters. On one special point of sending for a physician, I asked him whether he quite understood and heard what I said, and he replied 'Perfectly,' and added he would like to see his friend, Dr. Ross of Borve; in case of need, he agreed to see the local physician, saying, 'They all think me worse than I feel myself to be.' Speaking of a letter, he half raised himself in bed, and in a strong voice gave injunctions that it should be sound, prudent, proper, and judicious. I can yet recall the emphasis on these words. He had Lord Balfour of Burleigh's visit to Lewis and the Blue-book Report upon the condition of his native island also greatly on his mind. 'I am not afraid,' he then said to me, 'of any of my friends; I have always done what was for their good. I have no pain of any kind.' That was about eleven o'clock, and in a minute or two he suddenly retired within himself, and ascribed praises to God. He began by reciting two paraphrases, then many parts of the Bible, largely from the Psalms, Epistles, and Gospels, and with slower utterance

emphasised the words 'Song of the Lamb'; raised his hands in blessing several times, once as if distributing the elements at the Communion of the Lord's Supper, and continued thus singing and glorifying the Lord, with strangely intermittent cadence of bass notes in his voice in remarkable harmony with the deep-throated sea-waves outside, within reach and near hearing, for about five hours—interrupted but twice, as he opened his eyes and looked up as if into infinite distance, and said, 'William,' then later, turning into Gaelic, '*A Thighearna*'—'O Lord,' when distinct articulation failed, and after an hour's soft breathing, as if in sleep, in his ninety-second year, he yielded up his spirit with the receding tide, as the purity of the falling snow outside the window reflected to those around him the purity of a clean soul, whose beautiful death so clearly and triumphantly illustrated the blessedness of the pure in heart, 'for they shall see God.'

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Page 9.

The Rev. John Lees, A.M., had an intimate knowledge of Gaelic, and published a now rare pamphlet of 30 pages, for a copy of which I am greatly indebted to his son, the Very Rev. Dr. Cameron Lees, St. Giles, Edinburgh. This little treatise appeared in London in 1837, and in addition to Gaelic renderings of R. Montgomery on the Omnipresence of God, with five other poetical pieces, has some beautiful verses in Gaelic by Mr. Lees himself: 'Lines written upon hearing a clock strike the last hour of the year.' The following lines were found in rough draft in Mr. Lees's hand, written apparently after the Lewis Presbytery had been refused a passage over a loch on their way to induct a 'moderate' minister to Uig.

Mhuinntir Chalarnis is Uige
'Reic gu faoin ur saorsainn uile
Tha sibh-se an diu mar ar sìnnsear
'S na linntean dorcha borba fuileach.

Le innleachd feall is cleasachd dhaoin
Fo bhòidean mì-naomh 's fo mhionna
Nach toir sibh aiseag thar thonn no aoidheachd
Do theachdairean sìtheil an Dia-Duine.

Ged nach eil mise 'na m' fhàidh
'S dàna leam gun sgàth a chantuinn
Nach urrain beannachd no gràs o'n àirde
Gu bràth air 'ur gnàthan fantuinn.

. . . . .

Brisidh gach cuilbheart is innleachd
Tha nis gu teann 'g ur glacadh
Sguabar am brat bharr 'ur sùilean
Mar lìon fhaoin an damhain-allaidh.

'N sin éirigh Grian an Àigh an àirde
Le flrinn is gràdh air gach anam

NOTES

Fosglaidh gach crìdhe d'a chéile
'S bidh sìth is àgh feadh an fhearainn.

Faic an Teampull ud tha fàsach
Làimh ruinn àrd air bharr a chreagain
Clachan aosda liath ghlas àrda
'Srannadh 'sa' ghaoith fhuair 's a' feadail.

Is lionmhor sluagh feadh iomad linne
Shleuchd fo bhall-chrith innt' is eagal
An geimhlibh aig sagairtean Bheàil
Dìblidh tràilleil faoin 'na dhleasnas.

Rinn solus glan na Fìrinn àghmhor
Na druidhean le'n druidheachd a' sgapadh
Mar neul dubh aig éirigh gréine
Far aghaidh nan speur 's a mhaduinn.

The above is to this effect, and is given to illustrate the high state of feeling in Lewis to which Mr. Maciver later on alludes:—

Ye folk of Callernish and Uig who have vainly sold all your freedom,
Ye are to-day like your ancestors in the dark savage ages of bloodshed.
With wiliness, deceit and craft of men, under bands and oaths unholy, that ye will neither give the ferry nor show hospitality to the peaceful messengers of God.
Though I be no prophet I am emboldened without fear to say that blessing or grace from On High can never abide on your ways.
Every device and craft that now firmly holds you will give way; the veil will be swept from off your eyes like a spider's cobweb that avails not.
Then the Sun of Righteousness will arise on high with truth and love on every soul; then every one's heart will open to his brother's, and peace and prosperity will fill the land.
Behold that Temple there in ruins (the ruins of Callernish stone circle) beside us on the craggan; its stone-pillars of eld, gray with hue of age, and high, whizzing and hizzing in the blast.
Numerous multitudes for many an age therein bowed down in trembling and in fear, in bondage to the priests of Bēl, in abjectness and thraldom paying vain obeisance.
The pure light of Glorious Truth hath cast Druids and druidism to the winds as the black cloud on the horizon of the morning is dissolved on the sun's arising.

EVANDER MACIVER

Page [illegible]

W. E. GLADSTONE'S HIGHLAND DESCENT

Through his maternal great-grandmother, [illegible] Mackenzie of Torridon, Mr. Gladstone's [illegible] Mackenzie of Coul. But as this is an illegitimate [illegible] of Kintail (Sir Kenneth's father having been [illegible] tenth chief of Kintail), it is not of value for [illegible]

But Mr. Gladstone's great-great-grandfather, [illegible] of Torridon, married Anne, daughter of Alexander [illegible] sixth in descent from Hector Roy Mackenzie, [illegible] kenzie, sixth chief of Kintail. This Alexander's [illegible] Kintail (who died in 1416), married Finguala, [illegible] Earl of Mar, whose mother, Christina, was [illegible] Carrick, and sister to King Robert Bruce.

I may add that Mr. Gladstone is, besides, [illegible] Robert Bruce himself, through Margaret Macdonald, [illegible] sixth of Kintail above mentioned, whose great-great-grandmother, [illegible] of the Isles, married Lady Margaret, daughter of King Robert [illegible] Bruce. But as the legality of this marriage is [illegible] was contracted while John's first wife, Amy Macrae, was still living, the descent first given may be taken as the most authentic.

With Mr. Maciver's remarks on Gladstone may [illegible] the late Bishop Westcott of Durham's [illegible] "aspired to heaven" in all he did, and [illegible] be remembered rather than for anything [illegible] vol. ii. p. 300).

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The Gaelic phrase as I took it down from Mr. Maciver was

'Griais mhór mhosach grannd
Cha do chuir thu riamh fos air an [illegible]
Nach do chuir thu fochad

The name itself is from the Norse, and is cognate with E. *grass*; Swedish and Danish *gräs*.

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INSCRIPTION BY MR. MACIVER ON A BEAUTIFUL MARBLE TABLET IN PARISH CHURCH OF EDDERACHILLIS, IN MEMORY OF FIRST DUKE OF WESTMINSTER.

This Tablet
Is Erected to the Memory of
HUGH LUPUS GROSVENOR,
FIRST DUKE OF WESTMINSTER, K.G., P.C.,
Who Died 22nd December 1899, Aged 74,
By the People of Eddrachillis
and its Vicinity,
Including His Grace's Foresters
and Servants,
To Express their Deep Respect
and Regard for his Character
as a Philanthropist at Home and Abroad,
and for the Courtesy and Generosity
exercised by him among them
during his Tenancy for about Fifty Years
of the Forests of
Stack, Badnabay, Reay, Gobernuisgach,
Ben Hee, Corrie Kinloch, and Glendhu,
with the Angling attached.
He built Lodges and Dwellings,
erected Fences, made Roads and Paths
to and through these Forests,
thus giving Employment
and adding to the Comfort
of Many.

Page 200.

EPITAPH ON MAIRI CHĀRN

(For copying which I am greatly obliged to Æneas M. Mackenzie, Esq., of Stornoway.)

Sacred to the Memory of Mary Mackenzie, the last surviving issue of Murdo Mackenzie, Esq., and Barbara Mackenzie, his wife, who departed this

life at her house in Stornoway on the 29th day of September 1829, in the 80th year of her age. In the various stations of daughter, sister, and friend she discharged the relative duties with exemplary solicitude, affection, and regard. Her benevolent and charitable disposition was unsparingly exercised to convey comfort and relief to her fellow-creatures which deserved and deeply endeared her to an extensive circle of relatives and acquaintances, who can never cease to venerate her memory with feelings of the most grateful and affectionate remembrance.

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ANNALS OF THE DISRUPTION

'I have frequently heard the late Mr. Peter Bird, an Edinburgh man, and for more than fifty years gardener at Lochinver House, relate the following incident of the Disruption:—

"Dr. Macdonald of Ferintosh preached a grand sermon about Christ's Crown and Kingdom. At the close he requested all who wished Christ to be head of the Church to go out by one door, and all who wished the Queen to be head of the Church to go out by the other. I (Peter Bird) alone went out by the Queen's door, and the person who stood there remarked as I was passing, 'I am afraid you are not the right Peter this time.' 'We'll see—we'll see,'" was Mr. Bird's reply.

'Strange to relate, Mr. Bird did see the descendants of those who that day so contemptuously left the church return to worship in it when the first secession from the Free Church occurred in 1893.'

Communicated by James Gordon, Loch Inver.

Page 252.

MacFirbis's Genealogy traces the Macleods back to Old Iver the Great of the Judgements, from whom are descended the Siol-Iomhair in Albin, and in Erin and in Lochlann.

Page 264.

The name MacAulay, from *Mac* and Early Gaelic Amlaib, itself from the Norse 'Oláfr, on coins *Anlaf*, the Anses' relic, leads back to Norse myth.

As the current pronunciation for Tolmie is with *o*, the name points to Norse *hólmr*, a holm, islet, borrowed into Gaelic as *tolm*. Folk etymology would deduce the Tolmies from the Egyptian Ptolemy! But the name is Norse. *Cf.* E. Holme, Holmes.

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Donald Macleod of Assynt, grandfather of Neil, the last laird, married first a daughter of Lord Reay, by whom he had two sons. Neil, the elder, and father of the last Neil, died during his father's life, leaving two sons—Neil, last of Assynt, and John (first of Geanies). The grandfather married secondly Miss Ross of Pitcalnie, by whom he had two sons—Donald-bān-oig, and Hugh (afterwards of Cambuscurry, formerly part of Pitcalnie, of which branch are the Macleods of Cadboll).[1]

Neil, last Macleod of Assynt, lost his father in his infancy; was still young when his grandfather died, and by the intrigues of his step-grandmother (*née* Miss Ross of Pitcalnie), her own children got possession of the estate, which they held for some time, so that Neil did not recover it until 1649. Without any proper education or care in infancy, still under age at the time of his marriage with Lumlair's daughter (a family different from the more recent Munroes of Lemlair), a lady certainly hostile to Royalists and Cavaliers. Her views were Calvinistic, and not in sympathy with Montrose, who turned his back on the Covenanters.

Montrose's defeat was soon known; Captain Munro was in communication with his sister, Mrs. Macleod. The laird was not at home at the time. Fraser-Mackintosh says he was at least sixty miles away; that Montrose was hurried off prisoner before Macleod's return. It cannot be now proved whether Montrose offered Mrs. Macleod a large sum to enable him to escape to Caithness. Her sympathies were against him in any case, and it is to this entanglement that is due the whole problem of the laird's behaviour. Fraser-Mackintosh thinks there is no truth in the allegation of Gordon that Montrose's alleged companion, the Earl of Kinnoull, died of starvation. Tradition points out by the Assynt high-road the spot where Montrose was found a fugitive and starving; brought to Ardvreck, Mrs. Macleod would act the part of Delilah in a subtle way. In all likelihood she was the means

[1] Janet Ross of Balnagown, stepmother of the Master of Lovat, wishing to be rid of him, egged him on to Blār-na-lēine (1544).

of Montrose being led into a fatal net. The laird was thus placed between two fires; he was aware of all the circumstances, yet he had no personal hand in giving up Montrose, nor could he hinder as regards his friends. But his record is not clean; between 17th May and 5th July 1650 Macleod replied repeatedly to the Estates of Parliament for 'recompense for his good service' (v. *The Sutherland Book*, where Sir William Fraser quotes vol. vi. (2) 563-605, *Acts of the Parliament of Scotland*). He was thus indirectly 'concerned.'

On Neil's release (in 1666) and return to the North, the wrongs he had endured evidently rankled in his breast, and he acted in very arbitrary fashion. Harassed and hard pressed upon every hand, by Mackenzies and his own relatives, the need of money rendered him desperate, so he levied exorbitant rates upon all vessels which touched or cast anchor in any of the numerous bays which intersected the great stretch of coast-line of his property. When they refused to pay, as in the case of Captain John Ker, the men of Assynt, whether acting under the directions of Neil or not, seized them and held them captives until they acceded to the demand made upon them. Such proceedings as these strengthened the hands of Neil's enemies, and, in 1670, when the Mackenzies matured their plans, they procured letters of ejection against him. To resist them, Neil garrisoned the castle of Ardvrack with his kinsmen, the Sliochd-Eain-Abrachs, and the end of the matter was that Seaforth procured a commission of fire and sword against him. At the head of 800 men, Seaforth marched into Assynt, provided with cannon and other necessaries of war, but the House of Ardvrack held out against him for fourteen days, Neil, it was said, encouraging the garrison by lying near at hand with upwards of 400 men. As a result of Seaforth's operations, Neil fled into Caithness, but was apprehended by Sir William Sinclair of Moy, who raised a great number of Caithness men to effect his capture. He was sent south to Edinburgh and confined in the Tolbooth.'

Seaforth was prime mover in Neil's trial in February 1674, and Seaforth's chamberlain in Assynt, Alex. Graham of Drynie, laid information against him. He was accused of having 'most perfidiouslie, threcherouslie, baslie, and inhumanlie' taken and apprehended Montrose, of having in 1654 opposed Seaforth, and of plundering the Mackenzie lands, carrying off great booty; further, Neil was charged 'with oppressing subjects, by levying heavy, unlawful taxation upon ships which put into Lochinver, inasmuch as he exacted from every ship that fished in the loch, or touched ground, 3s. 6d. per last, one barrel of ale for his own use, another barrel for the use of his bailie, with a pair of shoes and 4s. nightly during the time the said

ships lays within the said loch. The most heinous offence alleged against him in this connection was the violent kidnapping of Captain John Ker, who refused to accede to the demands made upon him. He was taken inland and kept a prisoner in remote mountains and caves until he purchased his freedom with a sum of money, but there was no proof that Neil was directly concerned in this affair.' Of course, it was Neil's way to take care that there would not be. Ker, thereafter, put to sea in a storm and perished. 'Another point of the dittay was the garrisoning of Ardvrack Castle in 1670, when he resisted and deforced the Sheriff of Sutherland, who sought, at the instance of John Mackenzie of Tarbat, and John Mackenzie, son of Seaforth, to eject Neil, his bairns, and servants from the Castle. He was, further, accused of rendering assistance to the garrison, by having several companies of armed men drawn up in military array within sight of the place, it being alleged that members of the garrison tried to brain the Sheriff with a great stone hurled from the battlements, and that they presented guns at him. Neil was put to the horn on 28th Feb. 1671, and declared fugitive for these crimes committed by him and his adherents. Further, that in 1672, when Seaforth and Lord Lovat received letters of fire and sword against him, he raised, it was alleged, 400 men in arms, displayed the colours, and swore them to the same, placing men, arms, and every necessary of war within Ardvrack. When required to surrender the house of Ardvrack, Neil's men declared they would maintain the place for the Laird of Assynt to the last drop of their blood, and cared not a plack for the King, only yielding after 14 days' siege, Neil being forced into Caithness.' At the trial it was asserted that in levying rates he acted within his rights as a free baron. Of the fifteen jurymen, only one was for conviction; it was noticeable that when the court met in Edinburgh, several of those upon the assize absented themselves, and were fined two hundred merks each for contumacy. 'Macleod unsuccessfully protested against the admission of the evidence of an Assynt man, who bore the formidable patronymic of Donald M'Eain vic Connel, vic Kynoch, *alias* Macleod. This man alleged that Macleod raised the 300 men and put them under officers, that they had a staff instead of colours, which they touched, swearing to be true to them; that the garrison was under the captaincy of John M'Connel vic Eain vic Corkell, the tenant and son-in-law of the laird. Another Assynt witness, Angus Miller in Auchmore, deposed to the same effect, with this addition, that he stated Neil placed 18 men in the house for its defence, providing them with bere and cows and some *aqua-vitæ*—but little of it! Donald Bayn and John Fraser, both of Dingwall, testified to seeing the Assynt men drilled and

under arms.'—(*v.* Fraser-Mackintosh in *Trans. Gaelic Society of Inverness*, vol. xxiv.)

When men's minds are turned to peaceful industry, the marble quarries in Assynt, at Ledbeg and Coubin, and near Ardloch House, in the bed of the stream, may become a source of profit and pleasure under men of initiative and means. Chimney-pieces of Assynt marble, quarried a hundred years ago, still exist in Ross-shire. A good writer of novels would find in Neil's life and period a few good scenes for a plot.

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Assynt, Assint.—There is another Assynt in Ross-shire. The word is Norse: *ás*, 'ridge'+*endi*, 'end' (Macbain); properly the district now called Little Assynt. Some families put the accent on the second syllable. As opposed to the 'Little' Assynt, there is, of course, the Big Assynt, viz. *Stōr*, *Stōer*, no doubt more fully *Stōr-ás*, 'big ridge.' Norse names are numerous: *Suilven*, from Norse *súla*, 'pillar'+Gaelic *ben* (*bheann*); *Conivealll*, 3273 feet, near Inchnadamph; *Cona+fjall*, Lady's fell; with *vík*, 'bay,' by regressive vowel influence, *Coni*, Danish *qvinde* 'a woman,' would give *Quinaig*, 'Lady's bay,' after which, in turn, was named *Ben Quinaig*, at the foot of which is *Port an t-Suainich* the Swede's port; near it is Unapool, the *bol*, or farm, of Uni; Kylestrome, the Caolas or Kyles (strait) of the stream, Swedish-Danish *ström*; *Calisgaig*, Cali's 'strip of land' (*Cali-skiki*); *Gisgill*, 'the gushing gill,' a true description; *Calva*, 'Calf's Isle'; Scourie, a locative from Norse *skór*, Swedish *skára*, 'place of scores or cuttings,' referring to the rock-cuttings scooped out by the sea, here and there forming caves.

It is thought that the Norse hunted the reindeer in Sutherland, in which case Meall-Rinidh would be for reindeer-fell (*Hrein-fjall*), but this is doubtful; more likely as there is Altanrhynie, and Leitir Rinidh, Letter Rhynie, that the Norse found the rowan-tree, Icelandic *reyni(r)*, growing on the north side of Lochmore. Near Lochmore is Achafāry, Gaelic *achadh*, a field, and *bāir*, 'a wave or billow,' from Norse *bára*, 'wave, billow,' which we meet with in the Lewis Bārvas. At *Achadh-bhāiridh*, Achafāry, the north-east wind often lashes the loch into heavy waves which strike on the western shore. It may mean, however, 'field of hurling,' where shinty was played, as in *Innis a' bhāiridh*, Inchberry, at Tongue, and near Lentran (*Raon-a-duibhe*). A Norse hero, Grim, has left his name in Ben Griam, Sir Robert Gordon's Bengrime, below which is Griamacharry, Grim's Garth.

Ben Armann, says Macbain, is the ben of the *armann*, which in Norse means steward or controller; Loch *Merkland* reminds us of the old land-measure of the 'merk.' Loch *Shin* suggests kinship, with *Sinnae*, 'of the Shannon' (gen. sg.); Skr. *sindhu*, 'river,' and *Hindu*stan.

The islands on the north and west of Sutherland were gifted in 1386 to Ferchard Leche, Farquhar the Physician, by King Robert III. His grant includes the islands from Rudha-Stòr-an-Assaint to Rudha Armadail, and include Jura (*i.e.* Deer's isle, Calvamore, or may be Oldaney), Calva, Sanda (=Handa), Elangawne (=Eilean a' Ghamhna, near Loch Clash), Elanerone (near Ashir), Elanwillighe, near Seanabhat, Sandwood (*recte* sand-water), Elanehoga (Houga, Hoan, burial-isle), Elanequothra (Choarie), Elangelye (Gyld, Rabbit isles?), Elaneneyfe (Isle Colme or Neave, Holy Isle).

Brayn.—Gordon's spelling of Brahan (Castle) occurs in a Bull of Pope Alexander IV. of February 1256 as *Bron*, which was then the name for the church and parish of Urray. In Assynt there is *Alt na Brain*, between Clachtoll and Achamelvich, where in local tradition there was a mill; also *Altan na Brain*, on the north side of Quinaig. The *a* is half-long. The origin is *brā*, 'a quern,' early Irish *brō*, gen. *bron*, *broon*, 'of a mill-stone,' The district around Brahan Castle was famed for its meal-mill.

Page 305.

Phillin, at times spelt Felin, in Gaelic *An Fhaoilinn*=Lochinver village. At Glencoul is *Abhuinn na Faoilinn bige*; Scourie cemetery, with the adjoining grass-covered sea-sand, is *An Fhaoilinn*; there is a place thus named at Applecross, between Torridon mains and the 'Ploc,' explained by Watson as 'beach-field,' a meaning suitable for the Sutherland names. *Cadha na Faoilinn*, the pass leading from Lochinver village; *cf.* Irish *faoil-ard*, 'the flat of the back between the two shoulders,' 'the very summit'; also the Gaelic phrases—*air fhaoileann nan tonn*, *air fhaoileann càrr-gheal na mara*, 'on the foam-white field of ocean.' Lochinver itself means 'Loch of the Inbhir, *i.e.* river-mouth loch.'

Page 311.

Ashir, the *ā* is long. Captain Thomas rightly, I think, regarded this as corrupted out of *Asleifar-vik*, Asleif's bay; it was in 1263 one of Hacon's

ports of call. By metathesis, there arose Alseifar, Alsar, thus yielding the modern Oldshore, I am persuaded.

Page 317.

Arkle.—This mountain is 2579 feet in height, and north-east of it is *Bà-theach Arkle*, 'the byre of Arkle,' from the cattle being milked there at the sheiling-time. Not far therefrom is Loch Airigh-Bhàrd, 'Loch of the enclosed (or park-) sheiling,' Gaelic *bàrd* being a loan word meaning 'park' in the Reay dialect. The Reay forest sanctuary = *Plàt Rèidh*, 'open flat.' When the Norse invaders came in they borrowed the Early Gaelic *airge*, *áirge*, 'place where cows are, herd of cattle,' and it occurs in the Orkneyinga Saga as *erg* for the Norse *setr*. In all likelihood the name is from *erg + fjall*, 'sheiling-fell,' the *a* vowel being retained among Gaelic speakers as the oldest form. In word-endings it appears as -ery, -ary, Shurrery, Assary, or Askary (Asgrims -erg, -ærg), but medially it has the old sound as in the Gaelic pronunciation of Erchless (Strathglass), *Airg-l-as*, 'sheiling-fell-ridge'; the two Erchless (Arcles) being mentioned in King James IV.'s charter in 1512, while in the early thirteenth century the spelling was *Herkele* (Erchless). The Norse sovereignty extended as far south as Strathglass, where we have Norse names: Eskadale, 'Ashdale'; Cnoc a' Mhòid, 'the Moot Hill'; and Norse *áss*, 'ridge,' in *Aigas*—Danish *eeg*, Swedish *ek*, Icel. *eik*, 'oak,' and *áss*, 'ridge.' Oak-barking took place there forty years ago when the old oaks were felled. The Herkele of the charter was a davoch of land, as much arable as would employ four ploughs, and in a hilly country this would carry with it a large extent of pasture. The higher Erchless (Arcle) is in Gaelic *Beinn-a-bhathaich-ard*, Ben Vaichart. Further, *Loch an Arkil* near the Stack of Glencoul, where a strip of limestone yields rich grass, specially attractive for summer pasturage. There, too, was a 'sheiling-hill.'

Loyal (Ben), in Gaelic *laghal*.—In my parish I find the Gaelic *long*, 'ship,' is pronounced in certain cases with the *oe* vowel heard frequently in German, but slightly nasal, and *g* is sounded as *gh*. This is what took place with the Norse adjective *lang* in Reay when it was followed by the word *fjall*, 'mountain or fell' (which becomes *-al* in place-names), and *long-fell* is the most accurate description possible when one sees the mountain from above Strathy, say. It struck the Norsemen as quite different from 'Stack' and '*Sùl*' (in Sul-ven, the pillared ben), having neither a conical nor pillared appearance, but remarkable for its length. Most of the Sutherland

mountains have Norse names. Gaelic *laghail*, 'well-set,' is not to be thought of in a country crowded with Norse place-names.

Page 319.

A Ghaoir-Uisge.—This is the phenomenon referred to in a Highland book published early last century. 'Previous to a tempest, some mountains in the Highlands emit a loud hollow noise like the roaring of distant thunder, and the louder the noise the more furious will be the tempest, which it generally precedes by about 12 or 24 hours. Beindouran in Glenorchy . . . emits this noise in a most striking manner. It is remarkable that it is emitted only previous to storms of wind and rain. Before a fall of snow, however furious the tempest, the mountain, which is of a conical form, and 3500 feet high, is silent.' This shriek of the Spirit of the mountain, the writer says, 'forms an unerring barometer to the neighbouring farmers.' It may be a matter of air-currents or atmospheric pressure in the higher regions of the atmosphere, not unconnected with, though different from, the signals of approaching storms emitted by waterfalls. In Glen Du is *Allt eas na Cuing-ghal*, 'the burn of the waterfall of the sore (restrained) weeping.'

Page 320.

Osprey.—In Gaelic it is called Iolair Mara, Iolair Uisge, Iolair Iasgaich; *i.e.* the sea-eagle, water-eagle, fishing-eagle, and I make no doubt it was after this bird that Loch an Iasgair, 'The Fisher's Loch,' was so termed. Birds are often 'nicknamed'; see note for page 323. Mrs. H. Blackburn, in her volume, *Birds from Moidart and Elsewhere*, records her observation of the ospreys fishing at Loch an Eilein, Rothiemurchus. 'They held them (the fish) fore and aft, with one foot before the other, in such a manner as would least impede their flight; the head of the fish foremost as they flew against the wind.' In America it is known as the fish-hawk, and has been observed on the Indian Reservation in Oregon to carry the fish fore and aft, 'the head of the fish under the osprey's head and the tail steering with the bird's caudal appendage.'

Page 321.

The Eagle.—Owing, perhaps, to the disarming of the Highlanders after the '45, the eagle and the fox became more than ordinarily numerous. Half

the lambs on a farm might be destroyed ere Christmas. Often goats were bred in greater numbers than sheep, of which farmers tried to keep but a small stock, sufficient to afford clothing. South country sheep, it is said, were first introduced into the Highlands from Clydesdale in 1769, for Ardgour, near Fort William; but forty of the herd, between June and November, fell a prey to the fox. Modern sheep-farming became possible only after stern measures, resulting in the semi-extermination of the fox and of the black eagle. At the beginning of the nineteenth century the *Brocair*, or fox-hunter, was a familiar character in Highland life, and is humorously introduced into Dr. Norman Macleod's inimitable Gaelic dialogues.

Page 323.

Dirid is nicknamed 'Tarmaid' (Scourie); the brim or rock-fish is *gniobunn*, elsewhere *muca-creaga* (Uist), *creagag* (Mull): *cf.* Swedish *knipa*, Du. *knijpen*, 'to pinch'; *steàrnan*, *steàrnal*, 'the tern'; *lacha-bhuin*, 'teal-duck'; *tòigheam*, 'lift' fish or splice (a word new to me); *farspach*, a bigger kind of gull than the faoileag; the fulmar is *fulamar*, of Teutonic origin; *súlaire*, 'solan-goose,' from Norse *súla*, *súlan*, 'the gannet'; the Gaelic for 'the cormorant' is *sgarbh*, from Norse *skarfr*; *an tachlag*, 'the water-wag-tail'; *an adhracag luachrach*, 'the lapwing' (*shauchits* in Caithness); *an learg-loch*, 'the Great Northern Diver.'

ADDENDUM, Page 308.

Loch Glen Dubh, 'Loch of the dark glen,' is in Norse Myrkvifiord, 'Dark or mirky fiord,' both Gaelic and Norse being equally descriptive.

NOTES

INSCRIPTION IN SCOURIE CEMETERY ON TOMBSTONE OF AUTHOR OF THESE REMINISCENCES

In Sacred and Loving Memory of
EVANDER MACIVER,
DEPUTY LIEUTENANT CO. SUTHERLAND,
Eldest Son of the late LEWIS MACIVER,
VIIIth of Gress, Stornoway,
Born at Gress, 8th September 1811,
Died at Scourie House, 10th January 1903.

ADDENDA.

P. 307, *line* 2 *from foot*, *add*—Thorbiorn Klerk is the name of a Viking in the Orkneyinga Saga, and this tradition seemingly originated from the deeds of a Viking of the name Klerk.

P. 331, *line* 16, *add* 'Sunday' *before* 'instrumental.'

not survive their parents.

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