



LECTURES
ON
THE MOUNTAINS;
OR THE
HIGHLANDS AND HIGHLANDERS
AS THEY WERE AND AS THEY ARE.

FIRST SERIES.



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HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF RICHMOND,
DUKE OF LENNOX, AND DUKE D'AUBIGNY,
K.G., ETC. ETC.

A gallant Soldier, who fought and bled as
the Associate in Arms of the Immortal
Wellington.

The Soldier's steadfast Friend, obtaining for
the Brave merited Rewards and Badges of
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A Patriotic Statesman, true to the Throne,
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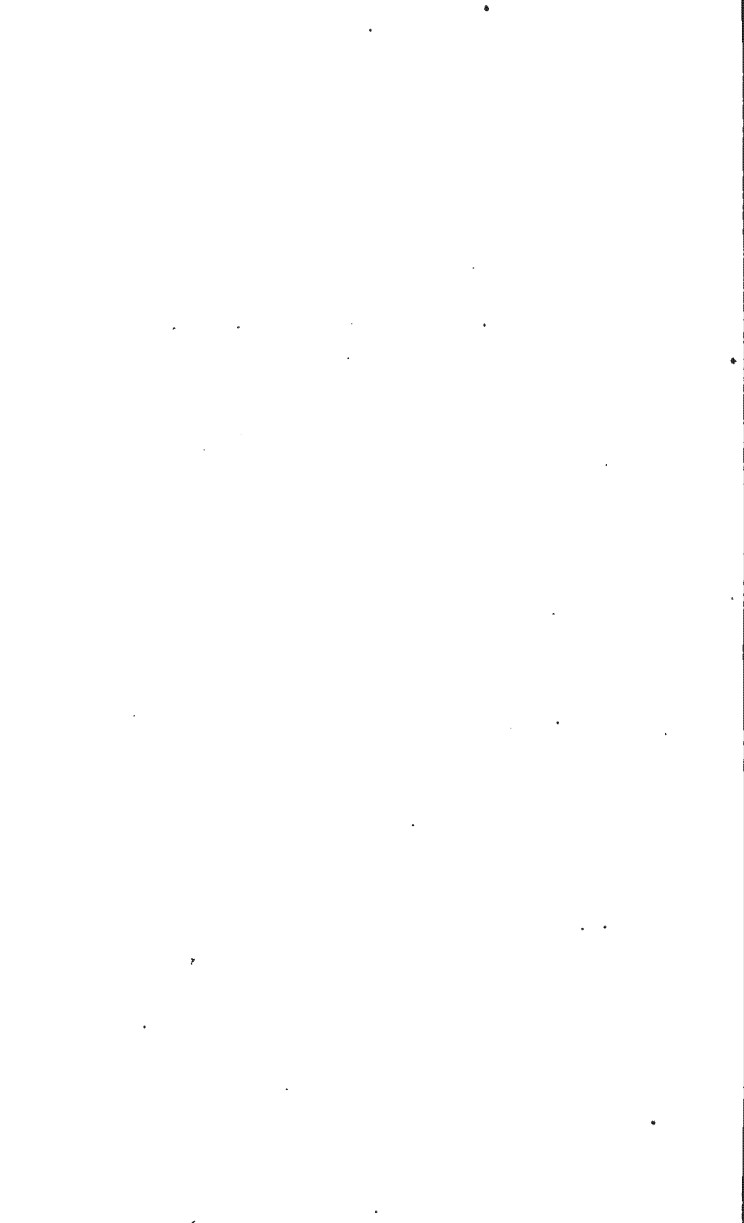
A Patron and Promoter of Agriculture,
Agricultural and Rural Improvements, and a
wise, generous, and liberal Landlord and Pro-
tector to his People.

This volume, descriptive of the Gordon Rich-
mond "Banffshire Highlands and Highlanders,
as they were and as they are," is most respect-
fully and gratefully dedicated,

By his Grace's very humble

and grateful servant,

THE AUTHOR.



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ADDRESS.

IN appearing before the world in a public character, it is customary for the debutant to give some account of himself and his antecedents, in order that the public may judge of his qualifications for the character he assumes—whether as an actor himself, or as a delineator of the actions of others.

Without entering at large on a piece of autobiography, which might not, probably, either interest or benefit the reader, it may be sufficient for the author to state, shortly, his opportunities of knowing and describing “The Highlands and Highlanders, as they were and as they are.”

Fifty years ago, when the gentlemen of England did not, as now, find it as necessary to have a *Box* in the Highlands as a Box at the Opera, to qualify for Almack’s and the *Haut-ton*, the glens and mountains of Scotland knew little of the Twelfth of August, as a remarkable day in the calendar; for, unless the grounds were proximate to, or set apart for, the special sport of the Lord of the Manor, and his immediate friends and retainers—and

who seldom continued the pastime of shooting grouse for more than a few days—no Saxon lord or commoner of those days, thought it a part of the breeding of an aristocrat, or man of fashion, to become the occupant of a smoking bothy, bleak and sometimes stormy moors; and, before new roads and modern luxuries found their way to the mountains, to live, or rather exist, on Highland mutton, deer, grouse, oat-cakes, and whisky, for some weeks together; so that, fifty years ago, the deer, the grouse, and, it may be, the poacher, had a happy time of it, a sort of millenium, when the ox, the sheep, the deer, and the grouse, might lie down together.

In those days, the boundless territories now required for the amusement of the southern votaries of sport and fashion, were comparatively of little value to the lords and lairds of that time; and unmeasured tracts of mountains and glens, were rented by tenants of capital, for cattle and sheep grazing, at a rent of something like a penny per *Highland* acre, probably not one-twelfth part of the rents now drawn for such grounds from sportsmen alone.

From the noble family of Gordon the author's father held a tract of the Grampian Hills, in Banffshire, the bounds of which, we are sure, he never personally perambulated—including, within the vast range, Cairngorm, famed for its gems—Ben-Macdhui, said to be the highest ground in Britain—the dark and awful gorge of Lochavon, on which the sun but seldom shines—Clachdian, or the shelter-stone at Lochavon—Clachvan, or Clach-na-Ban (the women's stone, once, and sometimes even now, the re-

sort of females in an interesting condition, to ensure them an auspicious hour), and many other objects of surpassing local interest and Alpine grandeur.

Not far from those romantic regions, at the foot of the hoary Liapean, on the banks of the Fergy, and within the sounds of the roaring Avon, stood the peaceful mountain mansion of Achnahyle, in which the author first drew the breath of life—"A child of the mountains, cradled by their fountains," and hushed to sleep by the carols of a Gaelic nurse. His footsteps first wandered by the fairy dwellings of Cragganmore; and, as his ideas were "taught to shoot," he haunted the dwellings of the Seanachies and legendary chroniclers of the neighbouring hamlets, imbibing and recording on the tablet of a retentive memory an ample store of tales and traditions—a volume of which, written while the author was yet a boy, published by Constable and Co. of Edinburgh, and Hurst and Co. of London, was very favorably received by the public. And although the pursuits of education and professional avocations called the author away from the scenes of his early youth, his lot has been cast amongst the most original, brave, ingenious, and intelligent bodies of Highlanders existing; and having a knowledge of their language and manners, his professional and official avocations afforded him ample opportunities of a close study and observation of the Highlander's characteristics, in all their bearings, and of acquiring a mass of new and original matter.

With these prefatory remarks respecting the

author's opportunities and qualifications, a few observations on the subject on which he intends to treat may not be impertinent.

Little more than a century has passed since the Highlands of Scotland, so far as regards the internal condition, and the manners and habits of the inhabitants, was a sort of a *terra incognita* to the rest of the world. Formerly, isolated as the inhabitants were from their fellow-subjects, by a different language, different dress, and different forms of government, and inhabiting a mountainous country enclosed by natural bulwarks, long scarcely accessible to any but themselves, they were seldom seen by their Lowland neighbours, except when, as marshalled hosts, the clans, at the command of their chiefs, descended to wage war *for* or against their nominal sovereign; or when policy, or it may be necessity, occasioned a foray on some contumacious Lowland neighbour, who perhaps refused to pay compulsory police assessment, for protecting his goods and chattels from spoliation—it may be on the part of the protectors themselves. On such warlike visitations, it must be allowed, that, for want of an organised Commissariat, necessity obliged them to help themselves to “such creeping things as came their way,” without much ceremony or acknowledgment, so that, in the times we are writing of, a *Highland-man* was regarded as a sort of a *Turk*, or *white Sepoy*, capable of committing any depredation on man, woman, or child; and, being no candidate for popularity, he took no pains to propagate a more just and favourable opinion of his real character. But when the rebellion

in 1745, and its consequences, nearly annihilated feudal or patriarchal power, and broke down the wall of partition by which the mountaineer and the inhabitant of the plain were so long divided; and when a new system of government, and the formation of roads, promoted the gradual establishment of commercial and friendly national intercourses, a new light was reflected upon the Highlanders' manners and habits; and on the decay of mutual prejudices, the virtues of the mountaineer, which were previously reserved for home consumption, were duly appreciated by the world. No longer afraid to pass the Grampian barriers, men of letters, like the great Dr. Johnson, from time to time performed perilous journeys, perilous chiefly on account of bad roads and worse means of conveyance, in search of historical and statistical knowledge of the country and its inhabitants; and these explorators proclaimed to the world that a Scottish mountaineer, instead of being a rude and unprincipled depredator, was possessed of many accomplishments and virtues, which he was by no means supposed to possess, and that a "people, whom more barbarous nations have sometimes called barbarians, carried in their demeanour the politeness of Courts, without the vices by which they are too frequently dishonoured;" and, in respect of poetry and music, and national literature, were equal, if not superior, as a community, to any similar class of their fellow-subjects.

But it was reserved for the most illustrious novelist of the time to open up a new mine of materials, which, like the golden mines of

Australia, had long been buried in obscurity. His intuitive sagacity led him to seek, in new and unexplored fields, for materials which his master-mind moulded into those rare combinations of history and romance which have so much charmed and instructed an admiring world. The Wizard of Abbotsford, like the Witch of Endor, could raise the spirits of the dead! At the great magician's incantations, the grave gave up its mouldering inhabitants, which creative genius again clothed with the attributes of life and mortality, presenting to the enchanted mind in the closet, or the theatre, new and living personifications of the persons, the language, the dress, and the characteristics of those who had performed their parts on the stage of life, and thrown off the "mortal coil," generations and ages ago. But "still even in their ashes live their wonted fires," for who has hung enraptured over the magician's pages, and witnessed the creations of his genius on the stage, and has not regarded the principal heroes and heroines as beings whom we are taught in the course of time to recognise as old and familiar acquaintances—cherished hallucinations, which, instead of dying out under the exercise and influence of sober reason and judgment, were, as if by the founder's blast, fanned and kept alive by a succession of similar creations, proceeding from the same furnace, and cast by the same master hand! And when to Scott's splendid gallery of poetical pictures, the gallant Stewart of Garth added his series of military portraits of Highland warriors, who, during the French war, reflected so much honour and glory on

the British arms, the Highlands and Highlanders were painted in the most splendid and captivating colours.—Just at the time when George the Fourth, monarch of our mighty empire, in 1822, clad in the splendid costume of Scotland's Kings, stood, in the Royal halls of Holyrood, where, in 1745, some of the ancestors of those who now stood before him in the same halls, had surrounded the person of the last of the Royal Stuarts, as an aspirant to the throne of his Royal race. Led away by generous and chivalrous feelings towards a young and fascinating Prince—"the favourite of men and the idol of women"—they answered the appeals to their hearts and affections by staking life and fortune on the issue of his cause—a stake which ended so disastrously to the principal actors in the tragedy. Descendants of some of those noble martyrs to generous sentiments and aspirations, in the persons of a Lovat, a Glengarry, a Locheil, a Cluny Macpherson, a Grant of Glenmoriston, and many others, now appeared side by side with the descendants of those who, judging more wisely, stood by the throne which they had sworn to defend, and to bend the knee, in loyal homage, to the chief of chiefs—the Monarch of the British Isles. Proud of his name, his lineage, and his family glory, each chief might well be proud of the Court and retinue, which, in his character of Lord of his clan, he brought to do homage at the foot of the throne. Beside him stood a stately dame, of polished mien and courtly air, followed by a train of chieftains young and ladies fair—an assemblage of the Graces, from which the painter or the sculptor

might select a Venus or an Apollo, equal, as a model, to those of Florence or of Rome; while true representatives of the MacIvors, a Roderick, a Helen, a Vernon, and other creations of the arch magician (who with rapture gazed on the brilliant throng), might be figuratively recognised in some of the manly persons and lovely forms moving in this grand *tableau*—a scene beheld by the Monarch with so much admiration that he, in presence of some of his attendants, declared, that the Highlanders “were a patrician race of heroes and heroines, on whom nature peculiarly lavished her choicest gifts in mental powers and personal graces.” Invested as it was with the spells and witcheries of poetry and romance, the garb of old Gaul reigned proudly in the ascendant in the Palace of Holyrood—the gorgeous uniforms and glittering appointments of England’s proudest sons (the Guards) paled before the Eagle plume, the bonnet, and the plaid. The eyes of the fair were bent with admiration on the Chief and his tail, forming the *elite* of his clan, marching in gallant array to the pibroch’s inspiring strains of “My heart’s in the Highlands,” and “Nanny wilt thou gang with me,” finding a fervent affirmative response in the eyes and hearts of the enchanted daughters of the British plains.

No wonder, then, that such a combination of national adulations, should conspire to clothe the Highlands and Highlanders with so much of romantic interest and *éclat*. “Old Cairngorm,” that supplied so many brilliant gems to adorn the persons of his sons and daughters, in addition to his “robes of azure hue” and perennial stars of snow, had his “scalped brow”

crowned with a halo of national glory—a brilliant beacon—the centre of animal magnetism, whose magnetic influence attracted the footsteps of poets, painters, antiquarians, geologists—“*et hoc omne genus.*” For within the last forty years scarcely one of any note in the world of letters that has not left footprints on Benledi, Benlomond, Benevis, and Cairn Gorum, and wandered by the lakes and scenes rendered dear to heart and eye by the songs and stories of Ossian and Scott; while the most celebrated of these classic scenes have been transferred to canvas by the pencils of Williams, Landseer, MacCulloch, and others—the first artists of the age. Nor has this ardent penchant for visiting the Highlands and Highlanders suffered abatement from the lapse of time. Despite grouse disease, dear deer-forests, high rents, and expensive accommodations, the *tartan fever* and *heather mania*, propagated by the wand and pen of the Wizard of Abbotsford, and the pens and pencils of other poets and painters, are still in the ascendant; for, on that great day in the new Highland calendar, the Twelfth of August, every moor and shealing, shooting lodge, and Highland inn, is graced and cheered by the presence of the nobility and gentry of England and the plains of Scotland, in pursuit of the feathered denizens of the moor, the antlered monarch of the forest, or the silvery tenants of the stream; while the graceful forms of England’s proudest and fairest daughters are seen patiently enduring toil and privation, in their endeavours to stand on the tops of our highest mountains—a feat to be recorded in their family histories. And, whether it be

that the old spells of romance, which bound the fair to the land of the Gael, be revived and increased by feelings of admiration of the gallant deeds of our devoted Highland legions on the burning plains of Hindostan, dealing out signal vengeance on the recreant heads of the slayers of Britain's sons and daughters, certain it is that those feelings were never more enthusiastically ardent than at present; for it is a fact that, during the summer season of the present year, double the usual number of sportsmen, tourists, and visitors, have crowded the roads, conveyances, inns, and steam-boats in the Highlands—spending money with liberal heart and hand among the natives of all classes, for the pleasure of being for a time located in Tartanland.

But notwithstanding the vast number of gifted persons that have employed their pens on Highland subjects, one having extensive local knowledge will be struck with the paucity and identity of the information conveyed by most of the writers who have followed in each other's wake. Confined chiefly to the historical department, including the ancient national institutions, the origin and descent of the clans, and political condition of the people, the numerous works extant appear to be like copies taken of pictures by original masters—the copies varied only by additional colouring, by way of embellishment, which by no means adds to the fidelity of the new work. And, notwithstanding all the research that has been employed, in delineating the manners of the inhabitants, and the many graphic descriptions we have had of Highland scenery, there are

still many hidden treasures which, save in the records of local chroniclers of traditions, have not yet been found in history—an observation which applies with great truth to those more inland and romantic regions which, from their secluded situations, had long been inaccessible to the research of men of learning and of genius, and where the native inhabitants, from want of intercourse with the active, refined portion of their fellow-subjects, are the true representatives of the ancient inhabitants, in all their feelings and habits. Were the “Great Unknown” and old “Christopher North” still spared to their country and the world (now that Edinburgh, the metropolis, is only distant from Inverness, the Highland capital, one day’s journey), and had they time to prosecute favorite researches in those unexplored regions (on which the illustrious Christopher, forty years ago, appeared like a passing meteor, collecting, in his transition, some food for the lamp of his genius, which produced some brilliant articles on the romantic glories and wild grandeur of Glenavon), it would be found that there are still to be redeemed from obscurity ample materials for the historian, the poet, and the novelist.

Leaving the busy haunts of men, either of those master-minds, by fancy led, accompanied by some ancient professor of legendary lore, would explore the mansions of the dead in the rural churchyard of a sequestered glen, and trace the last resting-places of men still living in traditional story in their native land; they would visit the rude, enduring, monumental stones and cairns, designed to transmit to

later ages the memories of warriors, "Village Hampdens and Cromwells," and bards and musicians, "who waked to ecstasy the living lyre." He would visit the hallowed green knolls, perhaps still indicated by a tree planted by some pious hand, to mark the spot where once some of those men lived, and spoke, and sang. He would visit the most enduring monument—the overflowing spring at which they drank, and told the "tales of other years." He would ascend the height above the old baronial castle, perhaps now an awe-inspiring ruin, where the owl holds its solitary reign, and there, abandoning himself to the vision of inspiration, the poet would call into life, in his creative mind, scenes which were enacted by chiefs and clans in days of yore—see chiefs, clad in their warlike panoply, arraying their clan (just gathered by the summons of the fiery cross, and shouting their war-cry) into martial order. He would see the parting scene betwixt a Hector and a Helen, or a Donald and a Malvina, perhaps for the last time, and hear the pibroch's march and measured tramp of shouting clansmen eager for the battle fray; and soon would he reduce all these glowing mental images to poetic numbers or historical legends, as enduring as tablets of brass. But, alas!

The minstrel's robes are cold and white as snow,
His chamber is the lowly grave;
The poet's heart lies still and cold and low,
And o'er his tomb the midnight breezes wave.

Still, an industrious workman, lighting his taper at the lamp, and following in the wake

of genius, in the field we have mentioned, will not fail to exhume "many a gem of purest ray serene" from caves of obscurity, and to bring to light many a flower which would otherwise be "born to blush unseen, and waste its sweetness on the desert air."

But it is not the design of the author to enter on a new, systematic history of the Highlands and Highlanders, after the manner of those able and gifted writers, who have largely written on Highland subjects, such as the M'Phersons, M'Culloch, Stewart of Garth, Skene, Logan, and Brown—works all able and interesting, and some of them (especially the work of Dr. Brown) replete with erudition and the fruits of great research. The author, less ambitious in his aspirations, would adopt the plan and spirit of the ingenious Mrs. Grant of Laggan, whose interesting and popular sketches of the superstitions, manners, and habits of the Highlanders, and letters from the mountains, published fifty years ago, conveyed, in a light, pleasing, and instructive style and manner, much new and interesting information respecting the general characteristics of the country and people, and their social and domestic relations. Like Tarleton, the editor of 'Ireland's Legends,' or Galt, author of the 'Annals of the Parish,' he would be the historian of the political condition, manners, habits, and opinions, and the editor of the legends of his country and people.

No doubt, the lapse of a half-century, marked with great and rapid improvements, consequent on national associations and private enterprise, and the general diffusion of knowledge and

civilization, have produced a mighty change on the condition of the inhabitants; and a work on the model and in the manner of Mrs. Grant's, giving faithful portraiture of the Highlands and Highlanders, as they were in her time, and as they are in the time of the author, may prove both amusing and instructive, as counter reflexes, illustrative of the characteristics of the ancient and modern Highlanders. Observing the avidity with which popular treatises and lectures on national institutions and men and manners are now received by all classes, the design of the author is to offer a series of similar sketches, having for their object the concentration, in small compass, of a variety of historical and traditional information relating to the Highlands and Highlanders, including, under the head of Chiefs and Clans, notices of clansmen who, as warriors or civilians, have distinguished themselves in the public service, or have done honour to their native land,—interweaving historical and descriptive narratives,—with a selection of popular tales and anecdotes appropriate to the subject. And combining with these, under the heads of "Forest Moors and Rivers," and "Highland Tour and Tourists," sketches illustrative of the manners, habits, and pastimes, of those noble and honourable naturalized semi-highlanders, who are the welcome frequenters of our Forests, Moors, and Rivers, Roads, Mountains, and Inns, during the sporting and travelling seasons of the year.

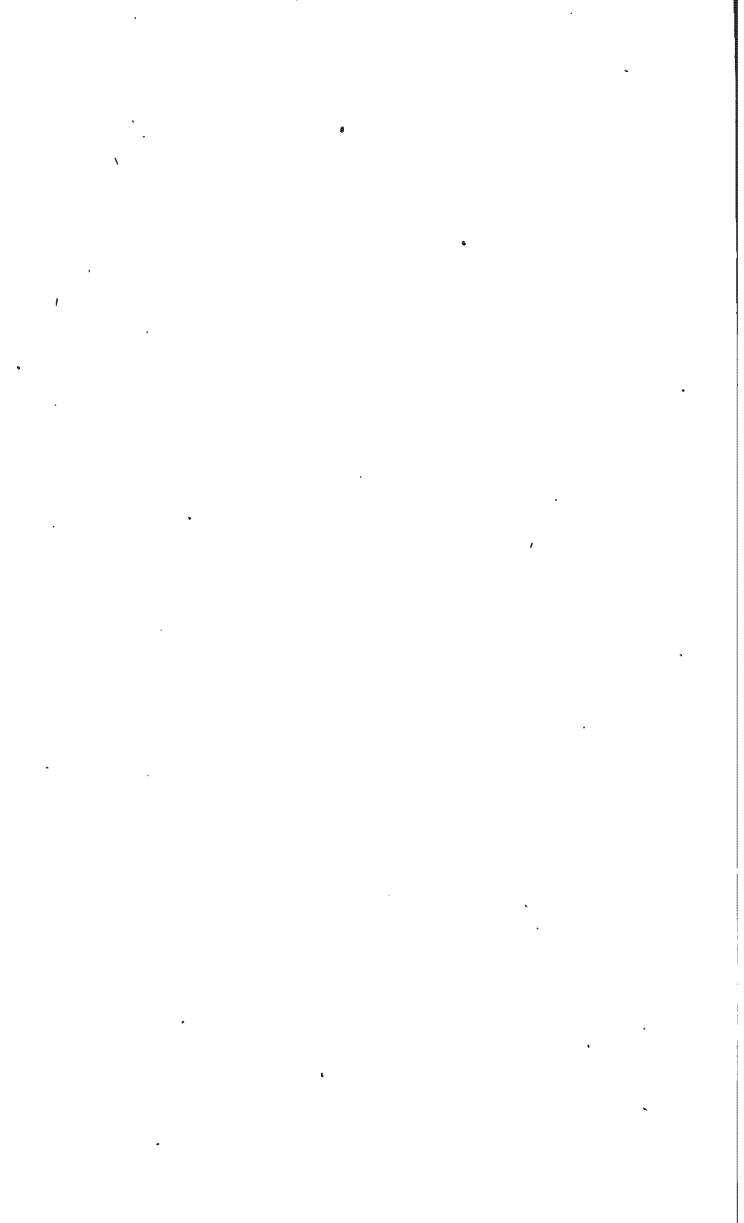
In the author's pages the lover of the marvellous will find the truth of the adage, that "Facts are stranger than fictions," for tales founded on fact, abounding in the Highlands,

will, in point of romance, compare with the creations of the poet or the novelist; and, if the author will have recourse occasionally to the aid of fiction, it will generally be for the purpose of filling up chasms, and adjusting the fair proportions of narratives which would be otherwise inconsistent and incomplete. Like marrying music to verse, or applying the illustrations of the artist to bring out the charms of a subject, it may be sometimes expedient to blend facts and fictions in the page of a Highland Tale, so as to bring it more home to the head and heart of the general reader. But, upon the whole, the author's descriptions and illustrations will be chiefly founded on original native materials, historical and legendary.

In accordance with the plan thus propounded, the author's prelections, written in the course of his researches, will be collected and published in a series of small volumes, comprising in each a limited number of subjects and sketches, such mode of publication being deemed most suitable for the tourist, the traveller, and general reader; exhibiting, it is hoped, in a cheap, popular, and attractive form, a digest or compendium of what is most interesting in the present condition of the people, and what may ultimately, as an entire reprint, form a popular picture of "The Highlands and Highlanders, as they were and as they are."

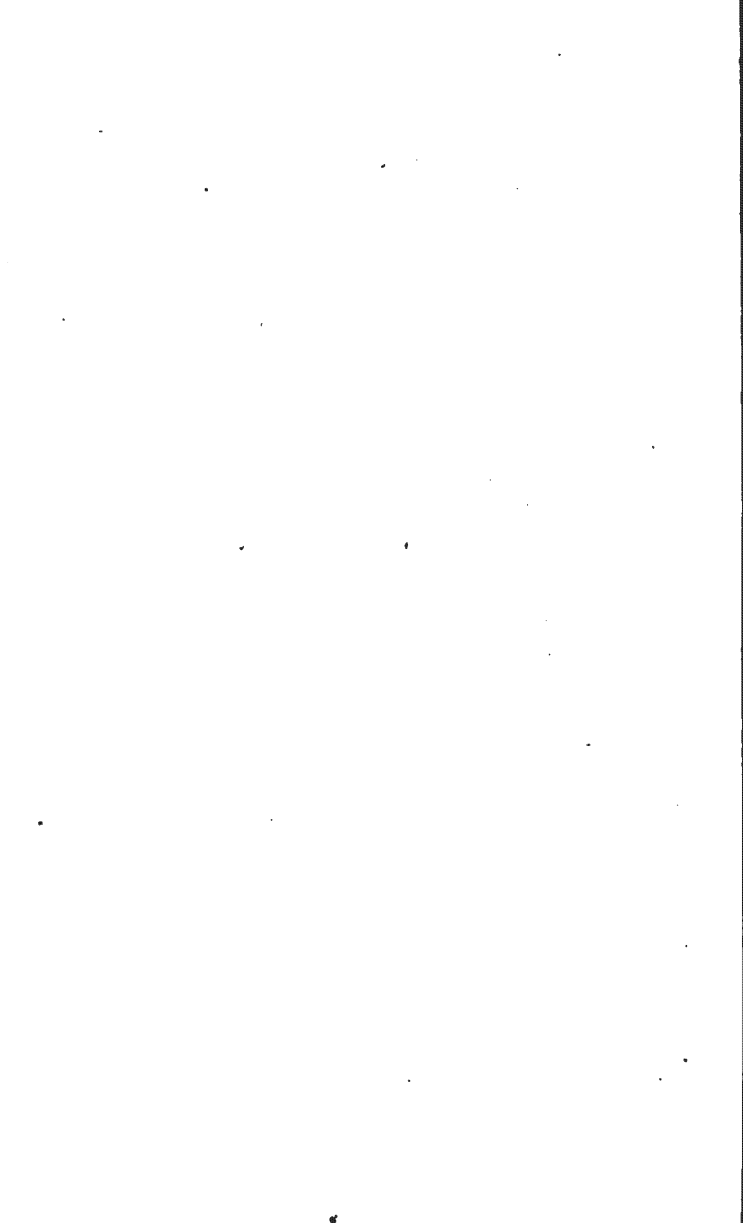
W. G. S.

VIEWVILLE, GLENURQUHART,
November, 1859.



PART I.

**AGRICULTURAL, SOCIAL, AND
MORAL STATISTICS.**



CHAPTER I.

State of the Counties of Strathavon and Glenlivat.—System of Husbandry.—Crops and Rotations of Cropping.—Farming.—Cattle, and Implements.—Farm Stock.—Farm Steadings.—Roads and Bridges, &c., as they were sixty years ago.

THE districts of Strathavon and Glenlivat, form the south-western extremity of the county of Banff, including two angles of the counties of Inverness and Moray, called Glenbroun and Glenloch, being parts of the parish of Abernethy, but locally situated in the country of Strathavon. The districts of Strathavon and Glenlivat wholly belong in property to his grace the Duke of Richmond, forming part of the Gordon Richmond domains, with the exception of the lands of Lynchork and Delnabo, Glenbroun and Glenloch, belonging in property to the right honorable the Earl of Seafield.

In the ancient annals of the highlands of Banffshire there is much matter for the antiquarian and historian. In those stormy times, when chief contended against chief and lord against lord, the Grampian mountaineers were known to descend in great numbers and take their places under the banners of the great Gordon family, who, in times ancient and

modern, were the lords of Strathavon and Glenlivat. But how those redoubted warriors, to use an American phrase, were “*raised*” and maintained, is not matter of record. He who traverses these glens and uplands will find traces of agricultural operations—ridges and furrows, indicating greater skill in the ploughman than what we have seen in our day in the same locality. Why the people of antiquity left the low valleys to operate upon the uplands is a matter of discussion among the antiquarians of our country. Some say it was on account of impervious woods ; some say it was on account of wild beasts ; but whatever may have been the ruling cause, the aboriginal agriculturists of Strathavon evidently preferred the high grounds to the low valleys ; and we are apt to believe that the farming operations of olden times must have been on a very limited scale, and the produce very precarious and uncertain. We have good grounds for believing that it was not on their *meal girnels* that the ancient inhabitants of those mountainous regions depended for sustentation. We are more inclined to believe that, reversing the order of modern times, the ancient sons of the mist made preserves of their woods and valleys for *creeping things*, tending to the sustentation of the human tabernacle, as hills and glens are now preserved for deer forests. That, instead of going to the hills, the ancient Highlanders went into the valleys to procure supplies for their commissariat department, which were chiefly animal and not farinaceous. Had the great historian, Baron Macaulay, and his veracious authorities, Messrs. Birt and Co., lived in the era of the Fingalians,

there might have been some foundation for the outré bill of fare of the Highlanders of the last century given in the last-published volumes of the baron's national history. For we believe that in those days of primitive simplicity the blood of cattle, sheep, and animals of the forest, might form a part of human nourishment at particular times and seasons; but we do not believe that even in those days of darkness, when cookery in all its branches was little studied and little known, the natives went forth to tap the hide of a quadruped for a present supply of blood for his breakfast or dinner, as a Spaniard would tap his wine-skin for a supply of the juice of the grape; and we know that although farm-cattle may be the better, for losing a little blood at the commencement of the summer season, when they are sent to grass, (a practice sixty years ago quite common with the principal farmers in the Highlands, on sending their young stock to grazing,) any four-footed animal would be very much deteriorated in its condition by a repetition of the process of depletion, blood being the vital stream that supports man and beast. And we hope the learned lord, in his next edition, will repudiate the fictions imposed upon him by his authorities, as false as they are malicious, and set himself right with truth and the people from whom he himself has the honour to be descended. And we can assure his lordship that we have seen some of the blood taken from cattle when going to grass converted into savoury messes, like the compositions of puddings and sausages, which he himself, if well appetized, would consider no

small dainty. With this episode in defence of the habits of our Highland ancestors, we are free to admit that the Grampian Highlands, to a very late period, was no field for agricultural and rural improvements.

Sixty years ago, although the modern Highlanders had reversed the order of things pursued by their ancestors, by transferring their farming operations to the alluvial soils of their valleys, their system of husbandry deserved no premiums from an agricultural society. The cereal crops consisted chiefly of oats and bear or bigg—a sort of barley, having four rows on the head instead of two. But the four rows were shorter than the two rows on the heads of barley, so that the produce was much about the same. The oats were what is called either white or black—the black oats, raised on high, light soils, being very light in weight, requiring double the measure of good oats to yield a boll of meal. In those days potatoes were planted in quantities only sufficient to supply the family for some months in the year, as they were supposed to be unfit for human food on the return of spring, when they began to sprout. And in regard to turnips—with the exception of a few principal tacksmen, the common farmers only sowed a ridge or two of what were called Swedish turnips, of a saccharine taste, for household consumption, and perhaps an occasional *bon bouche* to a cow *lying-in*, or some such particular occasion.

Sixty years ago the process of fallowing land was scarcely known in this country. We have heard of one who, having received the *second sight* from visiting foreign parts, commenced

fallowing his lands, but the operation was so unprofitable in the eyes of his primitive neighbours that they, *sotto voce*, affirmed that he was under a delusion of intellect. For potatoes and bear, and a modicum of turnips, the land was twice ploughed and manured, according to ability. But no system or rotation of cropping was followed, excepting that potatoes were succeeded by bear, and bear by oats, repeated as often as the ground would yield anything in the shape of a crop. In those days the common tenants sowed no clover or rye-grass, but when the land required what is called a long rest, it was let out into lea ground for some years, and then, with a sprinkling of manure, ploughed up and sown with oats, year after year, until again completely exhausted. In those days of Highland liberty the tenant was not bound down to follow a system which might not accord with his inclinations. Like the Israelites of old, "when there was no king in Israel, each did what was right in his own eyes," and we remember to have seen the last of eight or ten successive crops taken from lands possessed by the author's own family on the farm of Lynchork. But it so happened that that farm had been lying long lea, in the possession of a Strathdon laird, as grazing for farm-stock. To this unprofitable system of farming was added the baneful practice of subletting, where the patriarch of a Highland family, proceeding on the Irish system, allocated a portion of his holding to his sons and daughters on their marriage, so that, as in the cases of the Gaulriggs and Balentomb, in the braes of the country, small farms were ultimately split into

sorts of run-rigg holdings—the out-pasture being a commonty, with a large population squatted in black towns or hamlets, living—or rather existing—as they best could. We remember seeing, and often visiting, the houses of four families living on the beautiful haugh of Delnabo, consisting of what was called a davoch of land, affording sustentation to thirty or forty persons, all the progeny of worthy old Donald Grant, whose memory the author still reveres as the best senachie of his day.

Sixty years ago, with the principal tacksmen and better classes of farmers, the mode of husbandry was more respectable, in so far as regarded horses, cattle, and implements of husbandry. With the better classes oxen were much used as ploughing animals. The oxen were the largest that could be had, and as uniform in size as might be, so as to be suitable pairs in the yoke. We still remember with pleasure the imposing display made by those noble animals, yoked two and two side by side, sometimes six, sometimes eight, and even sometimes twelve (the number sufficient for two ploughs), when the “sturdy glebe” required the force and strength of so many animals. Those sagacious and docile animals, like the camel or the elephant, were trained to know their appointed places in the far-extending yoke, and, like the war-horse rejoicing in his strength, the associated pairs, with bended heads and measured steps, seemed to take pleasure in their vocations. The driver, armed with a long goad like a fishing-rod with a cobbler’s awl inserted in its point, moved midway of the procession, always giving forth a clear, loud whistle, modulated into rising

and falling notes, like one, two, three, four, in the ascending, and one, two, three, four, in the descending scale, of the ploughman's gamut,—certainly, to ears polite, not a very musical entertainment. But as man relishes the monotonous notes of the summer-bird, the cuckoo, so the oxen, by force of habit, would not want their sober ditty. And when the driver, from exhaustion, would stop his notes, we have seen the oxen stop their progress, until the ploughman would take up the song of the driver. It was a pleasant sight to see the noble quadrupeds wheeling at the end of the ridge, like soldiers on parade, into their appointed furrow. And many a day, with ecstatic delight, the author has sitten on the dock of the plough of the "Oxenmore." But, like most other things, the oxen suffered a decadence in the farmer's estimation. The yokes and bows, and tingling chains, gave place to collars and horse harness, and large oxen in pairs were condemned to do the labour which formerly devolved upon half a dozen, and in course of time the ox was superseded by his more useful contemporary, the horse. The class of horses used by the principal tenants was respectable—hardy, useful animals, easily sustained during the winter months; and to them was added a stock of hardy Highland ponies, which were left to shift for themselves in the meadows and glens during the most part of the year.

With respect to the second class of tenants, paying rents from £5 to £20, they were as various in their modes of farming, as their means and opportunities. With them, their farming implements and animals partook very much of

the description of Irish husbandry some years ago. The author himself has seen yoked side by side abreast, a horse, or two horses, a stot, and a cow, and sometimes more animals, according to the circumstances of the case. The plough, frequently the workmanship of a native artisan ; the beam and stilts "twisted right and twisted left, to balance fair in ilka quarter." The tackle or harness consisted of ropes, and sometimes of twisted woodies. The collars consisted of straw, and the wooden hems were tied by ropes of various devices. The animals, horses and cattle, with horse-hair halters, were held in the hands of the conductor or driver, who moved *forwards*, *backwards* with his face to the cattle, pulling the animals, as near as might be, in a straight line, with many reproofs and ejaculations urging on the laggards in the yoke ; while the ploughman, with a long stick called in Gaelic "slackkan," contrived "a double debt to pay"—now applied to rid the Sock and coulter of earth and choking weeds, and now to belabouring the hides of the recusant animals ; while oaths of the most emphatic description in Gaelic, and sometimes in English (which is supposed to be the native language of the horse), were freely bestowed on all the parties concerned, including the unfortunate conductor, who often was the ploughman's wife or daughter. And we have seen *disruptions* of such incongruous associations frequently taking place, in spite of the driver and guard—the animals going into parties, one taking the right and one taking the left, amidst a shower of the most earnest curses and imprecations. With such ploughing gear it would be vain to expect a long and

straight furrow, a performance no way attempted, and if the whole party managed to overturn a small ridge of ground at a yoking, the husbandman's hopes were realised. We have not seen wooden harrows with wooden teeth, though such had been in "use and wont" in our native land. But we have seen substitutes for carts and conveyances in the shape of creels, suspended on horses' backs by wooden crooks fastened to the horses' backs by belly-bands or girths, the contents of the creels being evacuated through the bottom by the removal of a wooden bar; and in the shape of large circular creels of a conical form, drawn upon wooden sledges, which, with the creels, had to be overturned on every evacuation.

The horses and oxen used by the better class of tenants, sixty years ago, have been already described. In those days, Highland farmers living remote from the low country markets, seldom excelled as breeders of stock. There were no Ayrshire bulls or cows then kept on account of their dairy properties. Among a large collection of cattle might be seen representatives of all the breeds then known in Scotland, in the shape of crosses of all sorts and sizes. Among which, the Aberdeenshire *humbles* or *doddies* accounted both good for milk and feeding, generally preponderated. The sheep were chiefly of the old aboriginal breed, with long legs, lank flanks, black faces and spiral horns. But a few tacksmen improved their own stock, by an occasional purchase of tups and hogs from Linton. Where pigs were kept—ugly as some of these animals are, now-a-days, there were none so ugly as

the boars and sows of Strathavon — large, long-legged grunTERS, with long necks, large heads, and long snouts, and bristles that would have killed another *Dermid*. But if those animals kept only by the *élite* of the land, more for show than for use, were so uninteresting in point of external attractions, the Highlanders of the day, for the most part, abhorred them more when dead, than alive, for no Highland-man, however, acquisitive in respect of other matters, was ever accused of stealing a pig; the old Jewish proscription of the grunting-race having descended in all its integrity to the race of Fingal.

Sixty years ago, the Highlander could adduce several cogent reasons for making the cow and her progeny inmates of his dwelling tabernacle. Besides the great convenience to the housewife of having the cow so near, at milking-times, there had been parties who went on excursions of pleasure by the light of the moon (sometimes called Lochiel's lantern), transferring all sorts of quadrupeds that could conveniently travel, from their native pastures to a change of grass. We are aware that the fastnesses of Strathavon did not offer eligible situations for the exercise of this convenient mode of acquiring property, but the great *Creach* or *Raid* of the Mcarns left a very salutary impression in the minds of the sons of the Avon, that what happened once, might happen again, and that it was a prudent plan to have their four-footed property within the reach of their guns and claymores. Such old traditions and social habits transmitted from father to son, no doubt, tended to keep up the

old kindly practice of devoting one end of the house to the cows, and the other to the *humans*, and, therefore, sixty years ago, those practices did prevail to a small extent among the lower orders. In general, however, each tenant had a barn, a stable, and a byre in one continuation, separate from the dwelling-house. But, with the exception of the leading tacksmen and farmers, the offices of this description being *black biggings*, would be comprised at a very small figure by the birley men of the district. With respect to the tacksmen and tenants of the first class, their houses and steadings were of a very different order. Men of education, worldly knowledge, and experience, acquired at college or military employments, they were no strangers to the comforts, and even to the luxuries of life. Even in those days, the tacksmen's house was substantially built, and comfortably, if not elegantly furnished. His board was crowned with plenty of the best provisions and viands, and whisky and "nappy brown ale,"—home produce and manufacture—were dispensed with profuse liberality among neighbours and friends. But it must be admitted that the dwellings of wealth and comforts, such as last described, were few and far between, and that the *commons* either in their houses or modes of living seldom fared sumptuously.

We have read in the lucubrations of a shrewd and amusing writer, on Highland Statistics, that, of old, the Highlanders did not wish that roads should be made into their countries, *probably*, from the fear of *moonlight visitations* from some of their free-and-easy neighbouring

clansmen—and sixty years ago, Strathavon had not many inlets into its glens and valleys of the description of roads and bridges. It is true that General Wade left a monument to himself, and a specimen of his primitive style of engineering, in forming a road from Perth to Fort George, through Tomintoul and Strathavon, and it is wonderful how his curved *hump-backed* bridges withstood the violence of the mountain torrents, and the tear and wear of time; and his formation in those days of isolation was a great boon,—for, with this exception, we remember when neither chaise or gig could safely traverse any line of travelling in this country. The great extent of the Gordon domains did not then admit of much attention to the formation of roads and bridges in this remote and mountainous portion of the Gordon Principality, and the commutation or statute labour of the people, was totally inadequate to the formation and repair of extensive lines of difficult traverses. But within these last thirty years, a great exertion has placed the roads and bridges in these districts in a very different and satisfactory condition.

CHAPTER II.

Great progressive Improvements.—Scientific and practical knowledge of Farming.—Farm Stock.—Farm Steadings.—Increasing Wealth and Prosperity of Tenantry as they are.—Cattle Shows.—Speeches of the Duke of Richmond, and Earl of March, September, 1858.—The Duke of Richmond's Tenantry, and Cattle Show, October, 1859.

WITHIN the last thirty years, the march of improvements introduced and promoted under the auspices of the Royal Agricultural Society, local associations, and private enterprise, into the north of Scotland, has found its way to the foot of Glenavon. During the latter years of the great and good Duke of Gordon, his partiality for this romantic Highland portion of his domains, attracted much of his attention; and, under the able and judicious management of his factor, James Skinner, Esq., a system of important improvements in the formation of roads and bridges, opening up communications throughout the district, and the amelioration of the dwellings and comforts of the people, were beneficially commenced. The heartfelt grief felt by all classes on the demise of the noble duke, who acted the part of a landlord, father, and friend to all who had the happiness to be born and brought up under the shadow of the wings of the "Cock of the North," was much alleviated by finding in his noble successor, the

Duke of Richmond, a kindred disposition to promote and protect their best interests. An Englishman born, a soldier bred, early distinguished for his gallantry on the battle-field as Aid-de-camp of the immortal Wellington at Waterloo, where the best blood of England (the blood of a Richmond) in the person of the young and gallant March, shed for his king and country on the field of Orthes, stamped him one of the distinguished heroes of the day—high in rank and favour in courts and camps, it was no small cause of gratulation to find that His Grace of Richmond, leaving the blandishments of high life, condescended to direct his energetic mind to the improvement of his Highland estates, and the welfare of his people. Following in the wake of his noble predecessor, he freely mingled with his tenantry at annual meetings at different parts of his estates, in order best to obtain correct information as to the state of the country and the people—founding on his acquired knowledge, improvements in localities susceptible of them, which were carried out in a substantial manner at a great expense. The old primitive system of farming, and *family Joint Stock Associations*, described in the preceding chapter, were a bar to improvements in some of these localities, but it is honorable to his grace that, while carrying into effect the necessary changes preparatory to those improvements, he had the most considerate regard to the condition of his poor tenants, granting to such of them as were from poverty or old age, incapable of continuing their possessions, pensions out of his own exchequer, and we know some of those individuals who have for more than twenty

years enjoyed his bounty. Following out those judicious plans of improvement in Strathavon and Glenlivat, the arable lands of the Duke of Gordon in the parish of Kirkmichael, which, at the date of Mr. Grant's (of Kirkmichael) statistical account in 1794, were 1550 acres, have been very largely increased, for the waste lands reclaimed in Glenlivat and Strathavon within the last thirty years, extend to about one thousand acres, making the arable acreage of Strathavon at this date about two thousand nine hundred, and while the rent of Strathavon in 1794 was only about £1100, it is now £3327 (and the rental of Glenlivat is now £3523), including waste lands and moors. The improvement of waste land has been substantially done, for the drainage has been done with stones and pipe tiles, and considerable portions have been trenched—enclosures to a considerable extent have been completed by stone dykes, and wire fencing screwed on iron standing pillars with wooden standards, the whole being painted and kept in proper repair.

By the establishment of local farming societies on his grace's estates, one of which holds in rotation an annual cattleshow at Drumin, and the promulgation of agricultural information on the various subjects connected with husbandry and rural matters, the more intelligent classes of farmers in Strathavon and Glenlivat are rapidly acquiring a scientific and practical knowledge of the principles of husbandry and rural economy. Instead of the hap-hazard, wayward systems of cropping, formerly adopted by the primitive farmers of the old school, the mode of cropping is now uniformly, one white crop only after lea

—the lands being thoroughly cleaned, and never less than two, and on some farms three and four years in grass before being again broken up for one white crop. Under this judicious management the principal farms along the banks of the Livat and the Avon have assumed the air and aspect of low country farms in the most favorable localities, and he who wishes to study Highland farming in all its perfection, will find model schools of husbandry, and see splendid crops of every description at Drumin, Minmore, and Deskie, in Glenlivat; and Ruthven, Camp-del, Delnabo, and Delavorar in Strathavon.

Within the last twenty years, the stocks of cattle and sheep on the Gordon Richmond Highland property have been immensely improved. Annual cattle shows are held at various parts of the property of his grace, who has given yearly premiums of about one hundred pounds, to be competed for by the tenantry at his annual shows—some of his tenants having the Highland breed of cattle of the best stamp and blood, while others have introduced the polled, both being crossed by the short-horned bull, and in some instances pure short-horns are bred in the district. At the great Show in Paris in 1856, and the great Agricultural Show at Aberdeen in 1858, Mr. Smith, Minmore, a successful breeder of Highland stock, carried prizes. At the Duke of Richmond's Cattle Show, held in September, 1858, for cattle, horses, sheep of different breeds, swine, implements, farming, cottages, labourers, and female servants, the judges considered the whole of the stock shown from Gordon Castle home-farm of

superior quality, and as regards the sheep, they remarked that they had not seen them surpassed at any exhibition; and, in respect of the whole stock shown, they expressed their opinion that, although the number did not exceed those shown on former occasions, there was a marked improvement observable in the general quality of the stock, and characterised it as an exhibition highly creditable to the liberal encouragement of the noble landlord, and the industry and enterprise of his numerous tenantry.

On this occasion, the noble duke in presiding over the tenants assembled at the dinner-table, propounded sentiments and views alike creditable to his head and heart. He said "he had now been for a good many years a landlord in different parts of the country, and he had always felt it his duty to meet his tenants, in which he had the greatest pleasure. As the leases of some of those, in this district, were nearly out, it would, no doubt, be interesting to them to know what were his intentions as to the future. After the most mature consideration he had come to the resolution, in which he was happy to say Lord March entirely concurred, not to put the farms up to public competition, nor to give any encouragement to strangers to occupy the farms which had been improved by the forefathers of the present tenants, and on which they, themselves, had been brought up. He had, therefore, resolved to have the farms valued by a gentleman of skill, in whose judgment and integrity he could place the most implicit reliance, and the present tenants would be offered them at

the rents fixed by that gentleman, and he sincerely hoped that after the let, he would find himself surrounded by the same faces as on the present occasion. In making this announcement, he had no wish to read a lesson to other landlords; but he considered that the course he had resolved upon, was the best and most straightforward for both landlord and tenant."

The Earl of March, "a worthy son of a worthy sire," afterwards enunciated opinions and views alike wise, liberal, and patriotic. He said that he was sure that those who had witnessed the first cattle shows, on the Gordon estates, must be struck with the vast improvement that had taken place in the breed of stock;—as had been clearly proved by the excellent show which they had seen to-day. At the time referred to, no one would have thought that in the course of a few years the stock of the tenantry on these estates would have carried off prizes at the Highland and Agricultural Societies' shows, or that they would be successful competitors against all Scotland. Those connected with the property, might well be proud of having such an enterprising tenantry, and it is well known, that without the exertions of farmers, landlords could do comparatively little in promoting agricultural improvements. The shows were of great advantage in this respect, and if they even did nothing more than lead tenants, when at home, to sit and ponder on the best means of improving their stock, they accomplished much good. There was an old proverb, that "what was worth doing at all, should be done

well," and that adage the tenantry had fulfilled to the letter. A friend of his had stated to him that he did not meet his tenantry to flatter them, but to give them a blowing up. He replied that, that was all very well for him, when he found "docks" in their fields standing up like walking-sticks. "Let him go to the north and see the farms on the Gordon estates, which he would find in a high state of cultivation."

In the preceding chapter, we gave some delineations of the farm steadings and condition of the tenantry, as they were fifty or sixty years ago. Within our own recollection, great and salutary have been the changes and alterations in the dwellings and steadings of the tenantry in this part of the Gordon Richmond domains. The black hamlets described in a preceding chapter, have given place to substantial, comfortable buildings, of sizes corresponding to the extent of the holdings and the means of the tenants. Industry and enterprise have been rewarded by corresponding increase of wealth and prosperity on the part of the tenantry, who at church or market present an assemblage, characterised by external appearances of moral and social habits and deportment, indicative of comfort and respectability in their different walks of life. Appearances which are by no means deceitful in reality, as displayed in their comfortable mansions and means and mode of living.

Since the foregoing articles were penned, describing *inter alia* his Grace of Richmond's liberal plan of re-letting his numerous farms

out of lease, those farms, after being valued by a skilful, conscientious agriculturist, have been relet to the old tenants, or their descendants, at an increase of rent commensurate only to the capital recently expended by his grace on the improvements of the subjects—the increase being considered fair and moderate by the tenants themselves. A mode of proceeding so just and generous on the part of his grace raised him still higher in the admiration and respect not only of his tenants but of the agricultural interest throughout Scotland.

At a cattle show annually held by his grace in one of the districts forming his princely northern estates in October last, presenting a display of cattle, horses, sheep, swine, and poultry, which, for superior quality in their various classes, could not be excelled in any district in Scotland, his grace, at a banquet given to his tenants, enunciated sentiments which do him great honour as a landlord and as a patriot. He said—"When I first heard that farms were put up to public competition—when I heard that the landlord reserved to himself the power of not taking the highest tender, I felt it to be such an act of injustice that I should have been ashamed of myself to have anything to do with it. Not only did that system lead to this—to bring up men from another country to bid for the farms, but you committed a great hardship upon the tenant by putting him up to public sale. You did more. You then went to the tenant, and said, 'If you don't give me as high a rent as this stranger, then I will turn you out of your farm.' You commit a gross act of injustice to two—you commit a gross act of in-

justice to the tenant, by screwing him up, and you commit a gross act of injustice to the man who offered it, whom you forced to be a screw (loud cheers). It is a system which cannot long last in Scotland, and it is one, at all events, that I would rather be obliged to break stones in the streets of London than be a party to it (renewed cheers).” And again, in proposing another toast, “The tenantry of the country,” his grace spoke feelingly of the goodwill that prevailed among his tenantry. He said—“Gentlemen, I thank you for coming here. I thank you for the stock you have sent, and I hope that you will be long assembled in the different districts under your landlord. And though, at my age, I cannot long look forward to be able to preside over you, yet you may depend upon it I shall be ever grateful for your kindness. I feel warmly the kindness which you have invariably shown me, and I can only hope that so long as I live there will be none of you that will ever feel that I have done anything to forfeit your good opinion (reiterated cheers).”

Such noble-hearted, generous sentiments and feelings cannot be sufficiently published to the world, as an admonition to other landlords, great and small, to follow an example so truly just, generous, and patriotic.

CHAPTER III.

State of the Inhabitants.—Manners, Habits, and dress of different classes.—Prevalence of Smuggling.—A Gauger of the old School.—Excise Laws.—Excise Courts.—Adventure in Glenshee with Smugglers.—An Earthquake.

THE old provident legislators, who took cognizance of what might be deemed secondary matters,—sitting in the Scottish parliament some centuries ago, taking upon themselves the parts of handicraftsmen and tailors,—prescribed for different classes of the lieges the description and qualities of the garments which the different classes of society were ordained to wear, apportioning to each class according to their income and quality, whether earl, baron, burgess, or commoner, the quality of his cloth, and the descriptions of it, under heavy penalties against a party clothing himself in the garb of his betters. And whether those laws had a traditional influence, or whether the circumstances of the people made it expedient for them to conform to those legislative enactments, we know not; but we do know, from traditional and personal information, that the habits of our ancient progenitors were long in undergoing a radical change, particularly in the Highlands of Scotland. It is, no doubt, true that the penal statutes of George II., pro-

scribing the Highland dress for a time, compelled the degraded Highlander to clothe his "hurdies" in the trews instead of the philabeg—the wearing of which for a time presented to his mind the notion of the negro boy who, when presented by his master with a pair of pantaloons, exclaimed, "Massa, me no can-go-dere;" supposing that he could neither walk nor run in such a piece of impediment to motion—the Highlander, in like manner, supposing that the liberty of the subject and the liberty of the limbs would be lost with the loss of his kilt. Happily the great Chatham speedily discovered that the loss of the Highlandman's kilt might be attended with the loss of Britain's glory, and to that great statesman is to be accorded the praise of restoring to the Highlanders their native dress and arms, and also restoring to his country the national glory which the Highland legions speedily revived in every clime and battle-field. Sixty years ago, at kirk or market, there was a great uniformity in the different dresses of the different classes of society. In those days none, except the wives and daughters of lairds, justices of the peace, clergymen, officers of rank, and principal tacksmen, presumed to wear what was called the *curuch-dhu*, or the black head-dress, generally composed of black velvet or black silk—a piece of head-dress which, in our own recollection, was anything but a graceful one, resembling much a coal-scuttle or an old helmet. It is true that the head-gear of the miss was sometimes more becoming than that of the mistress, being of variegated colours, and resembling somewhat the shape of the Quaker's hat;

but still these nymphs “when unadorned were adorned the most,” for the said badge of gentility threw a shadow over their faultless forms. The male classes we have referred to in those days were clothed in garments somewhat more becoming than their feminine compatriots. It was fashionable for the aged to sport tie-wigs—some sported queues—some wore round hats—some wore broad, flat bonnets, with red ornamental tufts on the crown—some wore long coats, called in the Highlands a *cassoc*, and, if they had been in the army, a red scarlet vest, by way of military distinction—some wore the trews and top-boots before the Hessian boots were imported into the Highlands, and, on state occasions, all the gentlemen, and even some of the old ladies, carried pike staves or long canes, while walking—canes, mounted with gold or silver, were regarded as distinctive badges of gentility. In those days the now indispensable umbrella and parasol had not been imported into the land of Ossian, though forty years ago these useful appendages became more plentiful. The dress of the second class of farmers, and others of the same grade of life, consisted of home-made hodden gray, or blue cloth coats, vests of the same, a tartan kilt, or trews, according to the Highland propensities of the wearer, and brogues of home-made leather, the bonnet being the universal covering for the head, with the exception of some smart cloth and hare-skin caps—recent importations disseminated by the merchants of Tomintoul among the rising dandies of the day. The matrons of this class generally wore what were called “mutches,” of various deno-

minations and constructions—some rising like a steeple, some in the shape of a cocked-hat, and some a modification of both sets, with what was called a *toy*,—an appendage spreading out like a fan over the back and shoulders of the wearer; a broad ornamental ribbon banded round the head completed the head-gear of the farmer's wife of the last century. The wealthier part of this class wore gowns of variegated colours, called "calico," representing the figures of trees, birds, and plants, red or blue, on a white ground, with white dimity petticoats. On their necks they often wore a string of large garnet beads; around the shoulders they generally wore a mantle of checked plaiding, of a quality according to their means and condition, frequently fastened by a silver brooch of a round or oval shape. The second class of matrons, less sumptuously attired, generally wore home-made winseys, and a mantle of plaiding, red or blue on a white ground, fastened with a silver brooch, if attainable.

The sons of the better class of farmers, generally appeared at church or market clothed in a graceful dress of tartan, a small Glengary bonnet, or cap, of the description mentioned, while the daughters, aspiring to nothing beyond their condition, were generally attired in home-made dresses of winsey, with generally a handsome scarf of fine tartan gracefully folded around the shoulders: a gay necklace of beads, green, white, or red, and a "silken snood to bind the hair," generally completed her personal ornaments. The lower classes wore, some of them, plaid mantles, and some others blue

ruffles, with capes to fold over the head as occasion might suggest. Such were the dresses which might have been seen at Tomintoul, at the Great Well Market, or in the kirk of Kirk-michael on a sacramental day, even in the boyish days of the author, though among such congregations there might be seen, occasionally, an ample sprinkling of migratory birds of passage, who came to dazzle the natives with a display of scarlet and gold, or plain madder, according to the rank of the wearer, sported by the gallant sons of Mars.

Sixty years ago, legal distilleries found no favour in the Grampian hills, where every man, with few exceptions, distilled his own drink, and enjoyed himself like Falstaff in his own inn. Hence it was a matter of as much necessity as choice, for all classes to become either buyers or sellers of the essential requisite of Highland life, *aqua vitæ*. Commencing at the higher classes, with a handle to their names, either before or behind, the prefix of major, or captain receiving the king's pay, or the addition of J.P., indicating the justice of the peace, an impartial historian will be obliged to admit that there were frequently parties of that class cognisant of breaches of excise commandments, even on their own territories. In other words, the goodwife, and others in her confidence, permitted the servants to go through the process of steeping, malting, kiln-drying, and grinding a portion of the produce of the farm, which in some outlying corner was converted into the elixir of life; and the gauger of the day, whatever might have been his own private opinions or suspicions, did not see the expediency of

interfering with the proceedings of his superiors. In the times we are writing of, the gaugers of the day were of a class very different from those who now watch over the inland revenue. We have a recollection of a worthy old man who, for more than twenty years, pursued the even tenor of his way, along the banks of the Avon and Livat, in charge of his Majesty's interest. Mr. Hay had a regular system of periodical visitations, not in fits and starts, like his successors in office. His advent to particular points in his division on particular days could be counted on as certainly as the advent of the new moon, and the knowledge of his routine-habits was very advantageous to those to whom his visits would be very inconvenient at uncertain times, because they took care to wind up their operations—to have all their utensils in their secret places, and the bothy in decent order on the day of Mr. Hay's arrival. But, in truth, Mr. Hay's favorite game was, not to catch *the pot*, but to catch *the ten*. He was an ardent card-player, and on Christmas occasions, which in those times lasted from the 24th of December to the 12th of January, both inclusive, we remember Mr. Hay being a welcome guest at the ample festive boards and card-tables of the time, and the black pot might be actively at work, as it sometimes was, within a few gun-shots of this terror to evil-doers. Whatever time Mr. Hay took his stately, easy walk along the banks of the Avon, his kerseymere shorts, long blue coat, yellow vest, and ample hat and official staff, were soon recognised by some walking Mercury, who would take some short highways and byeways for warning

certain black-pot operators of the coming destroyer; but though Mr. Hay had some strong suspicion that this Mercury wended his way to illegal practices, he was never known to hasten his walk into a *trot*, and, in truth, if the truth were known, Mr. Hay had as much reluctance to destroy a black pot as he would have to destroy a fiddle, knowing that they both contributed very much to the social happiness of his friends and acquaintances. And when he did come in contact, in an evil hour, with a pot or kettle, and when the yellow stick and the long prob were necessarily called into operation, his wounds were so gentle that it was no difficult matter for honest Lachlan Forbes to "*clout these cauldrons*," and make them look as good as new. In those happy days for the smuggler excise laws were by no means stringent, committing to the justices full powers to modify the penalty as they thought fit, while the king of Highland hearts, the gallant young Huntly, had an open ear to many "*a partition*" addressed to him by many a poor man (as all professed to be); and it was a common practice with him to attend the excise courts at Dufftown or Keith, and, much to the gratification of his brother justices, to move that the penalty should be reduced to one shilling, which he himself generally paid, with a serio-comic admonition to the offender never again to repeat the offence, a promise made with a similar serio-comic air, indicating on the delinquent's part an intention to repeat the offence as soon as he got home.

But this happy millenium for the smuggler soon passed away with Mr. Hay, and his blue

coat. A new race of gaugers, rangers, supervisors, and riding officers overran the unhappy land, and a most determined war was waged against all implements of the black-pot tribe. In their hands the pot and kettle were squeezed into the shape of a cocked-hat, and the vats, which always escaped Mr. Hay's staff of office, were reduced to fire-wood. Many were the shifts resorted to, to soften the adamant hearts of those fell destroyers. The fairest nymphs of the hamlet would interpose their lovely persons between the gauger and the apparatus, beseeching them with tears to spare a poor family from poverty,—often seizing the invaders in the most loving manner, gently entreating them to stop their career. And we know of instances where these female blandishments overcame the gauger's sense of duty, and we know of one case where the Lothario concerned, had substantial grounds of repentance in the payment of a long aliment for a boy, which one of those syrens, called after his name. But the evil day of the smuggler had not yet arrived. It came with those amphibious animals, then half seamen, half landmen, called "cutters." Armed with new laws, pistols, and cutlasses, this *black watch*, led by the *ignis fatuus* midnight lights of the devoted bothy, would, like the cat upon the mouse, pounce upon the poor inmates and carry them off *brevi manu* to a justice and a jail. The lottery was now all blanks and no prizes. In a short time the black-pot gave place to the legal still, and the inhabitants of Strathavon and Glenlivat were, much against their inclinations, reclaimed from a baneful

and nefarious traffic which was alike destructive of their moral and physical welfare. Yet there was something attractive and romantic in the smuggler's calling. We have often seen congregated associations of daring spirits, in bands of from ten to twenty men, with as many horses, with two ankers of whisky on the back of each horse, wending their way, singing in joyous chorus along the winding banks of the Avon ; one man carrying a small barrel on his back, in which was inserted a plug, and all and sundry coming in contact with the band were invited to drink according to the measure of his cheek. And there is one incident in the life of the author which records on his memory a smuggling expedition. In an annual excursion from Edinburgh, when at education there, to his native home, which was effected in those days on horseback from Perth to Strathavon, along the romantic vale of Glenshee Cairnbiulg, Braemar, Beallach-dearg, Glenbulg, &c., the author, along with his attendant and horse, took lodgings for a night in the then humble inn of the Spittal of Glenshee. The weather was excessively hot in the month of August, and an ominous sort of fog or haze brooded over the country. The author, young and fatigued, retired to a wooden bed. In the course of the night, he was startled from his sleep by the apparition of a large, tall man, with bushy, black locks, holding a jug and glass in one hand, and another man behind him of equal dimensions, with one eye, holding a flaming torch. Starting upon his elbow, the author inquired of the man what he wanted, to which he replied in Gaelic, " Dhia nach ell shi

ga manachkan?" "Oh, don't you know me?" "No," responded the author, "I never saw you." "Hoot, hoot, dinna ye ken Jock Willocks;" to which we replied, "I know you now. What brought you here?" "You'll see that just now.—We have sixteen ankers of whisky going to Blairgowrie. This is Angus Kennedy Inchnacap, one of Croughly's tenants, and I hope you will allow us to take in the whisky here." Whereupon the ankers were all stowed side by side upon the floor, and presently all the band convened about our bed to drink the healths of friends in Strathavon, and bumper after bumper was reluctantly forced upon the author; and soon arose a vociferous concert of Highland songs, with many a Highland story—till, fairly exhausted, we fell asleep. Some of the men had retired to rest, as the sequel will show. It was just about the dawn of day when the author was awakened from his slumbers by loud shouting and vociferation on the part of the smugglers, crying out the gaugers were coming in carts. Instantly the dogs barked and howled, the casks clattered against each other, and a jingling noise prevailed in the house. "Dhia, Dhia," says Jock Willocks, son of the great Warlock, "the end of the world is come," and all rushed out of the house to look at the carriages that shook the house, and we joined in the assembly at the door, consisting of half-naked men, women, and children. But, though the sound of the carriages running in the direction of Blairgowrie was distinctly heard, nothing could be seen; and the assembly began to look at poor Willocks, the young Warlock, who appeared the most

frightened of the party, as if he had been the cause of the mystery. All were anything but easy in their minds, apprehending some awful calamity presaged by the said phenomenon, and the author, taking his way to Braemar, his ride not improved by the previous night's libations, could form no rational opinion on the adventures of the night and morning, till he arrived at the Inn of Braemar, when he was asked if we felt the *earthquake* at the Spittal of Glen-shee. A new light lighted up our dark understanding as to the phenomenon, but we understood that the smugglers, during the whole of their journey, gave John Willocks the Warlock and Satan the credit of the performance.

CHAPTER IV.

Rapid progress of Education.—Intelligence and Enterprise of the People.—Cause of Wealth among Families.

WITHIN the last sixty years, great and rapid changes and improvements have taken place in the moral and social habits and character of the people. Increasing intercourse with the Low country, and knowledge of the world acquired by them as officers and soldiers in different parts of the world, gave rise to an emulation to bestow the best education possible on the youth of both sexes. The genial patronage of the family of Gordon, bestowed on every young man, who could qualify himself to fill a pulpit or bear a sword, was a great incentive to the better classes to bestow college and academical education on their sons; while their daughters were sent to seminaries where they might acquire useful, but not gaudy accomplishments. The progress of this regeneration presented to the author very interesting transitions from “foul to fair” in his own time. Once upon a time, as stated in a previous chapter, it was a piece of arrogance in any one below the degree of the recognised gentry, to wear a curuch-dhu, or lady’s bonnet, and it was interesting to see the farmers’ lovely daughters return from their fashionable educa-

tion dressed in their modest substitutes for the fashionable head-piece. Some wore what were called beaver hats of a rounded form; some wore graceful bonnets, black and blue, made of felt or pasteboard, covered with cloth of a fine texture. In summer, others wore a muslin cap, expanded by wires, something we presume on the crinoline system, underneath which, flowing ringlets of hair, curbed only with side-combs on the cheeks, fell down on necks and bosoms white as snow,—set off by a pair of handsome ear-rings. A pure white muslin dress, with a tartan scarf of her father's clan, gracefully folded around the shoulders, presented to the artist a model of natural grace, and beauty. The sons—generally dressed in fine tartans, with plaid across the shoulder, a graceful bonnet, or handsome cap—were rural swains worthy of their mountain nymphs. All those young fine fellows aspired to rise in the world, and if they could not obtain a commission in the army or some other honorable employment, they left their native mountains to seek their fortunes in foreign climes. In those days, the monopoly of the East India Company's Service, was only open to those of aristocratic and influential connections, and Jamaica and the West Indies, which have been well called "the grave of Scotchmen," were the lands then chiefly open to the enterprising youth of Strathavon. One after another, led by the beacon of hope, which too often told a flattering tale, tore himself from the arms of mother and sisters, pursuing his way to these baneful climes. The author himself has been one of those who assembled to give a convoy

to a brother, a schoolfellow, or early comrade, on the day he set out upon the journey of life. We have been a witness to the agonised painful struggle at the last parting from the arms of a devoted mother and loving female relations. We have seen the sorrowing adventurer, on an eminence commanding a view of his native home, looking back with convulsed frame and streaming eyes, to take the last look of those assembled on another height, on the parental home, to take the last view of all their soul held dear; and we have seen the strong man, the father or brother, bending on the neck of the beloved adventurer, with a sorrow only known to him who weeps over the body of a favorite child. But part they must, and part they did, with the exception of a brother or some relation who conveyed his little luggage to the embarking port. But, oh! how few, in the author's experience, have returned to cheer the hearth left at their departure so desolate. Not one out of ten of those enterprising youths ever returned to behold the happy home which gave him birth. But though few returned themselves, memorials of their industry and enterprise in the shape of money accumulations, were often received by surviving relations. With them, it was a matter of pride to raise a monument to the memory of the departed, by building a dwelling-house of a size and description corresponding to their means. Hence, in the course of twenty or thirty years, it was astonishing to behold the rapid changes that took place in the appearance of the dwellings of the people, either by means acquired by military or civil services at home, or industrial

acquisitions in foreign countries; so that the intelligence and enterprise of the people became the cause of considerable wealth among families.

From the preceding remarks, little remains to be done in delineating the present condition of the inhabitants of Strathavon and Glenlivet. In respect of the mode and manner of living, and social and domestic habits, they will be found to differ little from those communities which have every advantage of education and civilisation. The natives of Inverness, Elgin, or Aberdeen, who, on a summer's day, will join an assemblage of the people of this country at church or market, will find little distinctive difference in the dress, manners, and education of the people according to their different grades in life. He will find the gentry or better class living in ease and elegance, polished in their manners and extensive in their information—and he will find the other classes equally advanced, in respect to education and knowledge, with those of countries having greater advantages.

PART II.

MILITARY STATISTICS.



CHAPTER I.

Highland Legions, and Recruiting in the Highlands.—The Marquis of Huntly, last Duke of Gordon.—Indian Mutiny and Highland Regiments.—Decline of Martial Spirit.—Causes explained.—Chiefs and Clans—Their mutual Devotion.—Raising the 92d Regiment.—The Castle Gordon Witches—Their Recruiting Fascinations.—The Strathavon Warlock—His Witchcraft tested.—The Battle of Bergun in Holland.—Huntly Wounded—Lying in a Cow-house—His kilted *Nightingale* Nurse—At the Sign of the Cow.—Jane Duchess of Gordon at Court.—Jane Lady Grant, of Grant, at home.—Great Influence of the Gordon and Grant Families.—Plan of reviving the Highland Legions.—The Marquis of Huntly as the Duke of Gordon.—The 78th Highlanders at Fort George.

WE live in remarkable times, teeming with events of surpassing interest to present and future generations. Scarcely had humanity begun to recover from the sufferings inflicted in the great struggles and memorable contests enacted in and around Sebastopol—a name rebaptized in the best blood of Europe, and familiar to all as household words—when the demon of war suddenly burst forth on the burning plains of Hindostan, letting slip hordes of bloodhounds, wallowing in the blood of those by whom they had been fed and pampered—sparing no woman nor child in a career of atrocity unexampled in the blackest records of history—a fearful and sudden calamity which,

however, called into action energies and talents on the part of the small bands of British warriors scattered over the wide regions of revolt, who, under circumstances fraught with unequalled difficulties, performed prodigies of bravery and endurance, which will find no parallel even in the brightest pages of our military annals. First and foremost in those glorious exploits, that Spartan little band, representing the Highlands and Highlanders of Scotland, the gallant 78th, under the heroic Havelock, has been the theme of admiration all over the world. Well might the son of one of England's ablest statesmen, Sir R. Peel, although no Scotchman, call that band the saviours of India, and as such entitled to the designation of *Primus in Indus*. In the course of the pending struggle the renowned 93d, and other not less distinguished Highland regiments, under the conquering hero of Alma, Sir Colin Campbell, now Lord Clyde, added fresh glories to their national banners, already covered with so many records and memorials of gallant deeds in every country and clime.

It is no wonder that, with the exploits of our Highland heroes ringing in the hearts and ears of Britons at home and abroad, all eyes should be turned to that land which for a hundred years has been the great nursery, that has supplied those legions which on every battlefield have borne the brunt, carrying death into the ranks of the foe—always marching to victory. And it is no wonder that it should be a cause of national regret, the said nursery will no longer supply as of old, at the nation's call, fresh legions to stand in the place of those who,

true to their sovereign and country, nobly fall around their colours.

In the periodicals of the day we read great lamentations at the alleged decay of the martial spirit which formerly animated the sons of the mountains—several causes being assigned for this national misfortune. Some will have it that the Highlanders have been driven from their glens to make room for grouse and deer; some will have it that a religious spirit now prevails among the Highland population, rendering the profession of arms repugnant to their feelings; and some will have it that the ameliorated condition of the labourer and artisan renders military service inexpedient for any except the indolent and dissipated classes, that will not work. But although there may be some truth in each of these assumptions, the cardinal cause of the evil arises from a combination of circumstances, which shall be discussed by us under other heads of discourse. But upon the whole, we believe that few of the population have been forcibly evicted, merely to make room for the wild beasts of the forest. We believe that Mr. Gough, the temperance orator, if he were to visit our fairs and public assemblies, would find that the “spirit” which on such occasions pervades the people is anything but a *religious spirit*. And we believe that if adequate encouragement were held out to the Highlanders—the prospect of promotion and other rewards for military services—such as they looked for at the hands of their lords and chiefs of old, recruits might still be had in adequate numbers to supply our Highland regiments. To illustrate this assumption let

us look back into history sixty or seventy years ago. It is true that at, and long before, that time, the patriarchal relation—unique and extraordinary in its character, which gave to a chief a territorial and family jurisdiction over the persons and wills of the clansmen—had been abolished by legislative enactments of the most stringent character. But although clansmen were no longer born soldiers, and bound at the summons of the fiery cross to assemble around a chief, whether for weal or for woe; yet the spell of old traditions and clannish relations descended with the Highlanders as part of their creed, and they still regarded the chief, though the sword had departed from his scabbard, with that feeling of divinity “which doth hedge a king;” and even to a recent date, if not till this day, to act in opposition to the wishes of a chief and clan is considered by a Highlander an act of treason more heinous than if he lifted his sword against his sovereign on the throne. The devotion of a clansman to his chief has been emphatically portrayed in many affecting incidents and occasions, found in the pages of the historian and novelist, showing that the true Highlander of old was ready to give up his own life to save that of his chief—often springing to certain death to save his chief from a mortal blow, as in the case of seven brothers of the clan Maclean successively sacrificing themselves to protect the person of Sir Hector Maclean, their chief, at the battle of Inverkeithing, which gave rise to the proverb, “Another for Hector.”

Nor was this devotion on the part of clansmen towards some chiefs, even in recent times,

to be wondered at, from facts which shall be stated in the sequel. Among the powerful families in the north who always held great sway over the affections of their tenants and dependants, the noble family of Gordon and the powerful family of Grant, once conterminous proprietors of almost all the Speyside Grampian Highlands, shone conspicuous, and those two families rivalled each other only in one competition, and that was which house should raise the greater number of officers and men for the service of their king and country.

Alexander Duke of Gordon, "The Cock of the North," at this time proprietor of boundless Highland territories, stretching from the German to the Atlantic Ocean, lord lieutenant of Aberdeenshire, and a kind, considerate and liberal landlord, ranked first in respect of territorial power and influence. Next to him stood Sir James Grant, of Grant, proprietor of the far-famed country of Strathspey, and the beautiful estate of Glen-Urquhart, both small in point of extent as compared to the duke's extensive domains. But Sir James's personal influence with his clan and people, and as lord lieutenant of Inverness-shire, was so great, that in little more than one year, he, on the declaration of war with France, raised the Strathspey Fencibles, numbering 500 men, almost all from his own estates, and the 97th regiment of the line, of 1000 men, all in 1793 and 1794, a feat unparalleled on the part of any other proprietor. In the same year, the Duke of Gordon raised the Gordon Fencibles, 300 from his Highland properties in Strathavon and Badenoch, and the rest from his Lowland estates.

In the raising of these armaments, both families were much aided by the exercise of female influence and beauty, which will always bear sway over the hearts and affections of gallant Highlanders, as was strikingly exemplified in the raising of the 92d Regiment in 1794, when the young and popular Marquis of Huntly, a captain in the Guards, received letters of service to raise a regiment, in which he was backed by his noble mother and fair sisters.

In a crowded market at Tomintoul, the centre of the Gordon Highland estates—dressed in Highland bonnets and feathers, tartan scarfs, short tartan petticoats, and pantaloons—in a circle formed by their attendants, appeared some of those young, gay, and lovely ladies, afterwards the consorts of ducal coronets, and danced with any young man willing to wear a cockade, to the music of the bagpipes—and, at the end of each reel handed to each of their partners a guinea and a cockade in the name of King George and Huntly. Candidates for the honour of a dance crowded around, emulous for the next vacancy; and, in spite of the remonstrances and lamentations of female friends, they bounded in rapid succession into the enchanting circle, going in as civilians, and coming out as soldiers. At the end of the day, the noble marquis and his fair assistants had reason to be satisfied with the day's sport,—scores of young men, the finest in the Fair, having become *stricken* (*Deurs*) proud, no doubt, come what might, they had been partners for once with “Nighean Duchd Gordon” (the Duke of Gordon's daughter).

But, in addition to the fascination of the fairy

figures of the Castle Gordon witches, a noted warlock, certainly not remarkable for his personal attractions, exerted, as he alleged, very successfully, the spells of his black art to induce the young men to flock to Huntly's banners. Gregor Willocks MacGregor, of whom the reader will get a short historical sketch in a subsequent chapter, was a sort of hereditary sennachie and warlock to the noble house of Gordon—a post somewhat resembling that which was held by a clown or jester in the establishments of kings and lords in the days of yore. His necromancy was derived from the possession of a stone which had been extorted by an ancestor of the warlock from a mermaid, who, unfortunately for herself, took a fancy to him; and the bit of a bridle which had been captured from the jaws of a vanquished water kelpie—all of which more anon. The possession of those valuable curiosities enabled the fortunate possessor, as he alleged, in the shape of charms, spells, and amulets, prepared *secundem artem*, to confer on the recipient thereof, a charm rendering his person invulnerable to mortal weapons. The warlock, full of zeal on an occasion so interesting to the family of his noble patron, proceeded to Huntly Lodge, to make his lordship the marquis duly sensible of the value of his necromantic services, expecting no doubt a consideration therefor—and the marquis, apprised of his arrival, determined to give him a warm reception. Having made previous arrangements for that purpose, Willocks was introduced to the marquis in presence of some of his officers. “Well, Willocks,” said the marquis, “pray what is your business with

me; do you want military employment?" "Oh no, my lord marquis, I am rather too old for that; but, as the noble son of my noble patron, it behoves me to exert all the powers which Providence has placed at my disposal, in order to protect your lordship's valuable life, which may soon be in imminent danger." "Thank you, Willocks; let us see what you have got," said the marquis. "Here, my lord, I hand you a safeguard from lead and steel contained in this amulet, which you will be so good as to wear on your breast, next your body." "Thank you, Willocks; but before I place implicit faith in your charm, I must know the ingredients of which it is composed." "Oh, my lord," said Willocks, "that is a secret that must not be divulged here." "Well, Willocks, I suppose you have certain faith in the safeguard yourself, before you would ask me to trust my life to it." "Certainly, my lord," says the warlock. "Well, then, Willocks, we shall try an experiment to test your sincerity and the strength of your necromancy. Here, Willocks, take back your amulet and hang it on your own breast. And now, gentlemen spectators," said his lordship, turning to the officers, "call in some files with rifles and ball cartridges." In they marched accordingly. "Now," says the marquis, "ram home two bullets in each gun, and be sure the charges are good." At the sound of the preparations, the wizard felt like a Sepoy about to be blown away from a gun. "Now, Willocks," said the marquis, "mind, I am very much in earnest; and if you have the least doubt about the certainty of your talisman, you had better say your

prayers; for in five minutes you may be in Heaven, or more probably in some other place." "Oh, my lord," said Willocks, "I will thank you to let me repeat my charm to myself outside," darting, at the same time, to the open door, followed by the marquis and party with guns loaded with blank cartridges—firing volley on volley after the warlock, who flew like a hare till he thought himself beyond the reach of the bullets. Where the wizard reposed for the night we know not, but we have heard that, while full of information to his friends as to his distinguished receptions at Gordon Castle, he always omitted to make any mention of his visit to Huntly Lodge.

In addition to the witcheries we have described, a natural powerful auxiliary aid was received, from the distributions of the Commissions being confided by the War Office to the marquis, who selected young gentlemen possessed of local and clannish influence in the Highland districts, inducing natives of their localities, bound together by early associations, to share their fortunes by assuming the cockade.

All these influences combined brought together, in the course of four months, a splendid body of men, who were inspected by Major-General Sir Hector Munro, at Aberdeen, in June, 1794. Three fourths of them were Highlanders, chiefly from the Gordon Highlands, and the rest from the family Lowland estates.

Among the candidates who pleaded for a commission at this time; was a young man who, so far as his face was concerned, was not recommended by the Graces, being dark and swarthy, and much disfigured by the smallpox. The

marquis being particular as to the personal appearance of his officers, the candidate was humorously told of his disqualifications ; but, nothing daunted by the rebuff, he was determined to accompany the Gordon Highlanders as a volunteer. One day, as the marquis was making an inspection of the regiment in line, his sharp eye rested on a figure dressed in the Highland garb, smart bonnet, and staff in hand, who took his place at the end of the line. The inspection being over, his lordship sent for the volunteer, and a conversation to the following effect, as we were told on good authority, took place between his lordship and his follower. "Well, Grant. Pray what have you come here for?" "Just to be a soldier, my lord," answered the volunteer. "Oh, don't you know that you are too ugly for a soldier," said his lordship. "May be I am, my lord ; but perhaps I may be of use in frightening the French." "Well, well, poor fellow," added the marquis, "as you are determined to smell gunpowder, you must be humoured in your wish." The ready mother-wit displayed by the volunteer in his interview with the marquis so pleased his lordship, that he soon became a commissioned officer and favorite associate of his lordship, who found much amusement in his strong good sense and caustic vein of humour, of which more in the sequel.

The Gordon Highlanders, after being quartered in Gibraltar, and subsequently in Ireland, under their new denomination of the 92d Regiment, were sent, in June, 1799, under General Moore, to the coast of Holland ; and in the battle which took place at Bergen on

the 2d of October, it took a very distinguished part. On receiving the order to advance against the enemy, young Huntly sprang on his charger, exclaiming, "Now, 92d, let them see what you can do," leading on his gallant band amidst a shower of shot and bullets; and soon his lordship received a ball in the breast, at the clavicle of the shoulder. Recoiling under the shock, his followers perceiving their beloved chief was wounded, seemed for a moment paralysed. "Go on, 92d," exclaimed his lordship; "never mind me, my wound is a slight one." On they went accordingly, when four officers, three serjeants, and fifty-four rank-and-file were killed; and fourteen officers, six serjeants, and one hundred and seventy-five rank-and-file were wounded, among whom was "the Glenlivat beauty," Lieutenant Peter Grant, who was privileged to share the quarters of the marquis, being a black hut near the field of battle, to which his lordship was taken for surgical examination; and the wound, from its closeness to the bronchial arteries, requiring great rest and care, and cessation from locomotion and excitement, it became necessary for the marquis to occupy the said quarters for some time. The accommodation afforded by the lodging consisted of two apartments—one end for the *humans*, as Grant would call them, and the other end for the *cow*—much in the style of the domestic arrangements of the ancient Highlanders in the days of Baron Macaulay's grandfather, from whose notes it is presumed the historian has drawn his delineations of the social and domestic habits of his Highland ancestors. For

the sake of light and air, a portion of the cow's quarters was fitted up as a couch and dormitory for the noble marquis,—for being tenants-at-will themselves, the billeted party could not eject the cow, which, for good reasons urged by the proprietor, was left in undisturbed possession of her share of the accommodations. Here, on this bed of roses, for some days lay the most elegant and accomplished young nobleman of his day; the beloved of some of England's proudest damsels—noble *Nightingales*, who to administer to his wants and soothe his pains, would gladly, for the time, have shared his pallet, which, but for the watchful tenderness and ceaseless solicitude of his kilted nurse, Peter Grant, would have been still more a bed of thorns. But this swarthy ministering angel and Glenlivat Monsieur Soyer, after a sort, acted the part of valet, nurse, and cook to his noble patron, beguiling the hours of pain and privation with tales and stories of tartan land, interspersed with philosophical commentaries on the *ups* and *downs* of life and the fortunes of war. But it was said he was still more amusing in communicating his wants and wishes to the inmates of the domicile, conveyed in a jargon half Dutch, half Gaelic (interlarded with English parentheses, intended for his lordship's private ear), taking great liberties with their red petticoats, wooden shoes, and eyes and limbs, which he all delivered over to one worse than Bonaparte himself. And not less amusing were his addresses to their four-footed companion, "Old Horney," who, in spite of his Irish injunctions on her "to mind her man-

ners," had no respect of persons, attending solely to her sanitary evacuations, without apology or reservation; so that Grant, who knew the habits of horned cattle, had to study the "sign of the cow," and when a curvature of the spine indicated a coming shower, he admonished his lordship of the coming event, in order that, by contracting his dimensions, he might avoid contamination of his extremities. These sallies of humour on the part of the nurse and companion of the marquis in misfortune, were relished at the time, and were too good to be forgotten in happier days. And we are told that his noble patron to the last loved to give vivid and laughable illustrations of Peter Grant's performances at "The Sign of the Cow." And, as might be expected, his devoted attentions to his noble-hearted patron would have met substantial rewards in the course of his military career; but, unfortunately, this was cut short, having lost one of his legs in leading his regiment to victory at the Battle of Fuentes d'Onor, so that Major Peter Grant had to retire to his native glen about 1812, where he lived, loved and respected, till 1817, when the ground closed over one of the best and bravest men that ever drew a Highland sword.

The news that young Huntly had been severely wounded at the Battle of Bergen, like an eclipse of the sun, threw a gloom over the whole land, rendering nervously anxious many a loving heart, particularly in the Highlands, for, since the days of "Bonnie Prince Charlie," no one so much possessed the Highland hearts as did the gay and gallant Huntly. And the

news of his partial recovery, and arrival at Aberdeen, diffused general joy among all classes in the north. His progress to Gordon Castle was a great ovation. At every town the magistrates, and such troops as lay along the road, turned out to award to him a cordial welcome; and an immense assemblage of magistrates, gentry, and tenantry met him near to Gordon Castle, and saw him restored to the arms of his noble parents and family, with feelings of joy and exultation, expressed in joyous acclamations and many sympathetic tears on the part of the fair portion of the assemblage.

The future career of this popular nobleman is well known. The nature of his wound for a long time unfitting him for foreign service in the field, his whole energies were directed to the promotion and prosperity of his Highland countrymen at home, and his exertions in their behalf were resolutely seconded by his gifted mother.

Jane Duchess of Gordon, the life and soul of courtly circles in London, will long be remembered in the land chosen by her as her last resting place—Kinrara, at once wild, romantic, and beautiful, under the shadow of Cairngorm, and overlooking the lovely bowers and glades which fringe the banks of the noble Spey, where she spent happy days, dispensing acts of kindness and charity among the classes and persons that looked up to her for patronage and protection. Eminently distinguished for talents, wit, and vivacity, she was for a long time the platonic favorite of George the Third, whose domestic circle she was wont to delight and amuse by vivid personifications and deli-

neations of the peculiarities and provincial dialects of his Majesty's lieges. Possessed of a few words of the Gaelic language, and a command of unknown tongues which she could discourse at pleasure, she would portray to the life a Gaelic pulpit orator, his nasal intonation and vehement gesticulation, which, to one not knowing the language, or the subject, would appear as absurd as the frantic exhibition of a "Highland reel" to a deaf man, who hears not the music, the cause of the excitement. Mistress of the Scottish Doric and Aberdonian pronunciation—exemplified in the leech-seller's cry, "Coff ane darkie doctor falpit in a peel" (buy a black doctor, whelped in a pool)—of the jargon of Yorkshire, and the humour of the Emerald Isle, his Majesty found in her Grace a key to museums of natural history, and an exhibition of national peculiarities, which would otherwise have been to him sealed repositories. Her influence and popularity at court proved to be of great service to those natives of the mountains, who appealed to her as the medium of obtaining preferment in the military and civil services. Pitt, the "heaven-born minister," she carried captive by the fascinations of her wit and persevering importunities—so much so that, convinced of her strength and his own weakness, he had often resolved to give her next application a flat refusal—a resolution only made to be broken, for the duchess, like a spirit of her mountains, would, uninvited, find her way to his cabinet while deep in the budget and the fates of empires,—and opening up her own budget of wit and ways and means, proceed in her own way to carry her motion. The

duchess had a system of logic peculiar to herself—a sort of barometer to suit all weathers—commencing with the softest, blandest figures of speech, increasing in cogency and earnestness, so as to produce a change on the Premier's mercury—telling him that if a change to *fair* was not visible she was in no hurry, and would wait till the cloudy weather had passed away—an intimation which generally produced the *open sesame* cypher which would prove the best of all keys to the Horse Guards and the Treasury ; and in the course of time a square large letter, marked “On his Majesty's service,” addressed to “Ensign George Gordon, 92d Regiment, Lynvoulg by Grantown,” or some such address, would reach the hand of one nervous in a delirium of joy, diffused widely over a circle of kindred hearts, who prayed to God to bless the duchess and the marquis.

But if Jane Duchess of Gordon, was all-powerful with the minister of England, a rival in doing good, Jane Lady Grant of Grant, was equally powerful with Dundas, the minister for Scotland, and other channels, for obtaining preferment for those who looked up to Castle Grant as their hope and stay. In their walks and dispositions the two lovely Janes were in some respects the antipodes of each other. Lady Grant resembled a flower which rather courts the shade than the glare of day. Her heart was an ever-flowing fountain of kind and charitable affections—a meek and devout Christian, who devoted her days and nights towards ameliorating the conditions and habits of all placed by Providence under the shadow of her husband's wings—meet companions in their

labours of love and charity. The solitudes of that worthy pair were not confined to the inmates of the castle. They, through the clergymen and others, looked out for persons of promise requiring their fostering care, and many a young man who had "whistled at the plough" found himself for the first time, full of blushes and trepidation, at the great Sir James's hospitable board to receive his commission or appointment, with good advices from his benevolent chief, while Lady Grant would sometimes, according to circumstances, intimate that her scholars had made a few shirts for him, which she hoped he would accept when sent to him as a mark of her best wishes for his prosperity. Such an opening scene in the career of life was stereotyped on the heart and memory of a grateful youth, to the latest day of his existence; begetting a determination to follow the paths of honour, and enterprise, hopeful that, like "Norval, from the Grampian hills," he might do a deed which would "gild his humble name" in the annals of the day, to be read with pleasure by his generous patrons in the castle, and with thrilling joy by the fond and anxious circle that surrounds his native hearth,—that sacred spot to which the Highland soldier's fancy turns with a fondness like the home-sickness. Those aspirations, indomitable perseverance, and commanding talents, in the course of time placed many of Sir James Grant's proteges as leading stars in their professions.

On the Gordon domains, the powerful patronage of the Gordon family, and the martial disposition of the tenantry, produced on the banks

of the Livat, the Avon, the Spey, and in Badenoch and Lochaber, a host of brave officers, many of whom returned to reap the rewards of their honorable deeds and valiant conduct, as more particularly detailed in a separate chapter. At the head of these may be placed a son of the Avon, the late General William Gordon, C.B., of the old and respectable family of Croughly, the father of which family gave four sons to the service of his king and country; and the gallant old warrior who received several marks of distinction, noticed in a separate chapter, for his distinguished services, gave five sons to the British and Indian service, one of whom, Lieutenant Rowland Hill Gordon, for signal feats of prowess, in a *sortie* of the enemy at Sebastopol, was promoted to the rank of a captain in the Guards, from which he exchanged to the 42d regiment. The Macphersons, of Badenoch, descendants of the old and brave Clan Chattan, and the lion-hearted Camerons, of Lochaber, gave whole families to the profession of arms, whose names and deeds will long live in the annals of our country.

From the foregoing narrative it will be seen that the patriarchal system, which, though proscribed in form, still exists in spirit, on the part of some chiefs and clans, even till the present time, was eminently calculated to keep alive, and fan into a flame at pleasure, the ancient martial spirit of the people, who looked up to their patrons for preferments and protection, according to their status and circumstances in life. And how much these expectations were realised will appear from the fact, which is rather incredible though true, that during the

late war with France, a period of about twenty-five years, the families of Gordon and Grant had been the means, directly and indirectly, of raising to the rank of commissioned officers in the British army, Indian service, and militia of all descriptions, more than 1000 men, besides placing between 100 and 200 young men in civil situations in the Church, the Law, and Government Offices.

From General Stewart of Garth's accurate statistics, we learn that, from 1793 to the end of the French War in 1815, there were raised in the Highlands of Scotland forty battalions of the line, fencibles, and reserve, with seven regiments of regular militia, and 34,785 local militia and volunteers. Calculating the said forty-seven battalions at 800 each corps, the numbers would be 37,600, to which add 34,785 local militia and volunteers, making a grand total of 72,385. And from the same statistics and other information, we are well warranted to conclude that the martial territories of the Gordon and Grant families, comprehending Strathavon, Glenlivat, Strathspey, parts of Badenoch and of Lochaber, and Glen Urquhart, contributed to this great armament a proportion of not less than one-seventh, or 10,000; and considering also that the country of Strathavon and Glenlivat was the Marquis of Huntly's favorite military nursery, we are warranted in estimating that this nursery would have contributed about one-fourth of the aggregate warriors furnished from the Gordon and Grant territories, say 2500 men, during the existence of the French War. And it will also be seen that a great proportion of the said regiments of the line and fencibles

had been raised by means of noblemen and chiefs, heads of clans in the North of Scotland in 1793 and 1794, simply by the Government plan of enabling those chiefs to enlist the co-operation of men possessed of local and clanish influence in their respective glens, by obtaining for them commissions of a grade corresponding to the number of men brought by them to the new colours—say, for every company of 100 men the appointment of the company's officers, one captain, two lieutenants, and one ensign.

It is no doubt a matter of regret that, in the ordinary course of revolutions and changes, and from which mutations the great and ancient families of the land are not exempted, the representatives of many of the Highland chiefs who raised regiments sixty or seventy years ago, have by financial embarrassments been greatly shorn of the ancient territorial powers of their ancestors, while it may be said of others that "the place which once knew them knows them no more for ever." But the families of Gordon and Richmond—of Seafield and Grant,—Sutherland, Lovat and Clan Chattan—Macpherson—Lochiel, Macdonald, Macleod, and Mackenzies—are still powerful in their territorial clannish influences, and by resorting to the plan and system of Chatham and Pitt before mentioned, and placing commissions at the disposal of the leading chiefs, bands of Highland warriors can still be raised in our Highlands, which, like militia quotas supplied by different counties to one battalion, may be embodied into a new regiment, or be a reserve to supply vacancies and casualties in those gallant bands, which periodically require a new infusion of native mate-

rials to keep up the title and character of the Highland legions, which in these times are largely composed of men who do not bear the name or speak the language of Clan-na-gael. By no other means can the ancient warlike spirit of the sons of the mountains be now effectually revived and maintained, and otherwise the national warriors of Tartan-land, that have conquered Britain's foes in every part of the world, shall not appear on our battle-fields, and only be read of in the annals of British glory. Let the authorities at the Horse Guards and the War Office ponder over these prophetic truths, and apply a remedy before it is too late.

Before closing this sketch, let us take a short review of the hero of our present tale, the gallant Huntly, in the evening of his useful life. While we write, we have before our eyes a print from a picture of the Marquis of Huntly, taken when in the heyday of youth and manly beauty. The oval face, the beaming eye, the expressive look and lively contour, joined to a form full of grace and elegance, portray the *beau ideal* of the noble original—the first among the nobles of the land in Royal Courts and private circles. And we have also before us a print from a picture of General His Grace the Duke of Gordon, taken after an interval of forty odd years, exhibiting in the contrast the effects of time on the most attractive of “human forms divine,” and reminding us of that beautiful commentary of our great national novelist, in his character of Sir Henry Lee, in the novel of ‘Woodstock,’ to the effect that “Time passes over us unheeded like the wind, changing the colour, and removing our hair, as it does the leaves off

trees in Autumn, insensibly to ourselves." But though the youthful charms of the face of the marquis no longer live in the mature face of the duke, the beaming bright eye and bland expression, faithfully given by the artist, represent the noble lineaments and contour of the duke's face. But, however much the hand of Time, during a life of great activity and solicitude may have altered the *outer man*, the *inner man* to the last remained unchanged; for still in his bosom glowed the same warm and benevolent solicitude to promote the prosperity and happiness of those who looked up to him for patronage and protection; the same steady overruling principle which made him never to forget the friends of his youth or the claimants on his age. His condescending attentions to the humblest of his old acquaintances while visiting his Highland domains were not the emanations of cold selfish policy, or a desire for fleeting popularity; but the offspring of a kind, generous nature, which delighted in visiting the hearths, and making happy the hearts, of those whom he thought had any claim on his kindness. In his intercourse with these, the awe and trepidation natural to persons in a humble condition at the approach of the great, soon melted away before the genial, affable tenor of his grace's address and conversation; with characteristic sagacity, he found some topic of talk intelligible and agreeable to the parties, particularly the best plan of promoting the prospects and conditions of some young members of the family in a military or professional capacity, conveying a grateful balm to the fond parental heart's hopes and aspirations; and he,

who was received at the threshold with feelings of fear and diffidence, was parted with at the door with sentiments of love and veneration. On this subject the author is well qualified to write, from a grateful recollection of his grace's kindness to several members of his own family.

The last time the author saw the great and good George, Duke of Gordon, was on a day in August, 1833, on which occasion his grace's amiable and excellent duchess (whose survivance is still a cause of happiness to her noble husband's surviving acquaintances and her own devoted friends) for the first time visited his grace's Highland estates of Glenlivet and Strathavon, which called forth a resolution on the part of the principal tenants to turn out on horseback, and, as a body guard, to meet and escort their graces from the confines of Glenlivet to the town of Tomintoul. Being on a visit to his native place at the time, the author formed one of this large body of irregular cavalry. And the men and horses, in point of numbers and appearance, were excellent materials for a body of light cavalry, such as the Marquis of Huntly, once on a time, would have delighted to train for purposes different from those of husbandry. Sweeping along in double file, after the carriages of their graces and suite, the cavalcade, on arriving at Tomintoul, drew up in the large square of the village, which, amounting to some hundreds, they completely lined. On the appearance in the square of his grace, wearing a Highland bonnet, accompanied by the duchess and suite, the assembled Highlanders cheered with a vehemence proportioned to the warmth of their devotion to

his grace, and the duchess, presented before them for the first time. After making the circuit of the square, the duke graciously acknowledging the salutes of his body guard,—forming an inner circle, the gentlemen present were as usual recognised and received with cordial affability by his grace, and presented by him to the duchess and suite, consisting of General Sir John Keane, afterwards Lord Keane, of Affghanistan celebrity, his two fair daughters, General Gordon, of Lochdhu, C.B., Major R. Macdonald, of the 92d Regiment, Military Secretary to Sir John Keane, and others. An address from the magistrates, clergy, and inhabitants of Strathavon and Glenlivet to her grace on the occasion of her first visit to those parts of the Gordon domains, adopted at a previous meeting, was now handed to the author, who had the honour of reading and presenting the same to her grace, by whom it was graciously and kindly received ; and it was a matter of pride to the parties concerned to learn that a copy of it was next day transmitted to her Majesty the Queen of William the Fourth, at whose exemplary Court the duchess held a high place at the time, as a gratifying proof of Highland attachment to her gallant husband and herself. On the part of the duchess and himself, the duke addressed the gentlemen tenantry and others assembled, not only in an appropriate, but even eloquent speech, which called forth another general cheer, often repeated, and the meeting quietly dispersed, many of those present never to meet again—for, on an examination and enumeration of the names of all the officers, magistrates, clergymen, and other gentlemen who surrounded their graces at the presenta-

tion of the address, we sigh when we find that only two other gentlemen, Mr. Skinner, his grace's worthy factor, Capt. W. Grant, and the author, now live to ruminate over the proceedings of the day.

When the foregoing article on military statistics and Highland regiments was penned, the gallant 78th Highlanders were performing prodigies of valour, and enduring unparalleled privations under a burning sun on the plains of Hindostan — wreaking just vengeance on the dastardly assassins of England's fair daughters and children. Cawnpore baptized anew in blood and tears, "hell upon earth" had been visited by them in the light of avenging angels, and their glorious deeds of retribution were hailed, and their privations deeply sympathised with, by their admiring and applauding countrymen,—characterised as they were by Sir Robert Peel as "The Saviours of India, who ought to have *primus in Indus* inscribed in letters of gold on their banners;" and after being first in the breach of Lucknow, rescuing that devoted garrison which endured trials and privations unheard of in the annals of our country—the remains of this gallant corps described by the immortal Havelock as "a band of heroes, whose behaviour surpassed all that he had ever seen in twenty-seven engagements" have lately been brought to our shores. Fifty-five years ago, the gallant 78th were recruiting under the auspices of the talented and energetic Lord Seaforth, of whom Pitt said, "that such were his abilities, he required to be *deaf*, so as to put him on a level with other men." And it appears that on this occa-

sion, the fascinations and influence of beauty were successfully exerted, as was done by the ladies of the ducal house of Gordon, in raising the 92d. A writer in the *Inverness Advertiser*, of 8th November, 1859, says, "I cannot forget one of those recruiting parties which I saw and admired at a fair held in the obscure hamlet of Arcan, in the parish of Urray, about fifty-five years ago. It was, that of the late Sir James Macdonell, of Glengarry, headed by himself, in uniform, accompanied by his sister, the late deceased Lady Ramsay, on horseback, wearing a scarlet riding-habit and a plume of feathers. These distinguished persons, backed by a dashing party of the *Cudich n'Rhi* men, and preceded by a piper, bearing the warlike flag of *Craggan n'Fichd*, took the natives by the heart, and ere the sun had set on the lofty Ben Nevis, I believe they mustered a score of as fine recruits as ever joined the 78th. Such a scene is of the past, and is not to be seen again. But, notwithstanding the increasing drain which our colonies create, another deserving circumstance, is, the spirit of patriotism still lives, and rightly cherished by the lords of the soil, would enable a popular leader to muster in Ross-shire a strong band for the defence of the country."

No sooner had the 78th been quartered in Fort George, than the enlightened and public-spirited gentry of Nairn and its neighbourhood, took measures for giving them the first welcome, in the shape of a ball to the officers—a proceeding immediately followed up by the leading nobility and gentry of the northern counties in forming a resolution to give a grand

banquet to the regiment, and a ball and supper to the officers. For this purpose, an influential committee, headed by the Duke of Richmond, the Earl of Seafield, Lord Lovat, and others, was formed to carry out arrangements, and accordingly, upon the 20th of October, the Highland heroes received a perfect ovation in the Highland capital. All classes were emulous to give them a warm heart-felt reception; triumphal arches, streaming with mottoes and devices, commemorative of the gallant deeds of the corps, spanned the streets, while flags waved from many windows. On issuing from the railway station, a touching scene took place. The colonel halting the regiment under the windows of General John Mackenzie, verging upon a hundred years of age—the oldest officer in the British army, and who commenced his career in the 78th,—loud and cordial cheers saluted the aged veteran, who was not a little affected by this gratifying mark of respect, but whose many years and infirmities prevented him from mingling with his *military children*. With bronzed faces, decorated breasts, marching with martial tread and waving plumes to the sound of the pipes and the band, the hearts of all beholders beat high with feelings of admiration and regard at the sight of the gallant heroes, the fair sex crowding all windows, waving their handkerchiefs and joining their voices in the general acclamation. Arrived at the Town Hall, they were met by the provost and magistrates, and a number of leading gentlemen, when the provost, in the name of the magistrates and community, read and presented to Colonel Mac-

Intrye, the commanding officer, an appropriate address, reciting with just eulogy, the exploits and services of those distinguished soldiers, particularly in India, to which Colonel MacIntyre returned thanks in a neat and energetic speech. Marching along the principal streets in gallant array, amidst deafening cheers, they were ushered into the grand banqueting hall, on which immense pains had been taken by the committee, in the way of appropriate, pleasing, and exciting decorations, and not the least pleasing part of the spectacle was to see the wives of the gallant soldiers taking their places by their sides at the festive board. A crowd of noblemen and gentlemen graced the head of the table, and a host of elegantly dressed ladies in the galleries added their charms, and charming influence, to render the scene superlatively pleasing. The lord-lieutenant of the county in the chair, proposed the usual loyal and patriotic toasts, but gracefully delegated to Keith Stewart Mackenzie, Esq., the grandson and representative of Lord Seaforth, the original raiser of the corps, the duty of giving the toast of the day — the health of the heroic band assembled at the board,—and we have seldom heard a speech more distinguished for ability, good taste, and exciting eloquence than that enunciated by the honourable gentleman on the occasion. The replies on the part of the officers and non-commissioned officers were distinguished for good taste and feeling, and the affair reflected great honour on the entertainers and entertained. After partaking of a splendid and substantial banquet, and some after-recreation,

the whole body, in admirable order, took their places in the train, without accident or disorder to mar the pleasures of the day, all greatly delighted with their reception and entertainment in the Highland capital.

On the evening of next day, the nobility and gentry of the north met the officers at a splendid ball and supper in the Northern Meeting Rooms. It was an occasion of extraordinary splendour and happiness, all parties vying to do honour to the heroes of Cawnpore and Lucknow—at which they expressed themselves in terms of overflowing gratitude and pleasure. And it was well observed by Lord Seafield in returning thanks to the Colonel for giving the toast of Lady Seafield and the Ladies, “that if they were pleased with the ladies, the ladies were equally pleased with them.”

Following the example given by the northern nobility and gentry, the gentry of Nairnshire and its neighbourhood resolved to give a banquet at Nairn to the 78th; and we believe that no banquet ever held north of the Spey presented a more imposing and interesting appearance than that which took place on the Links at Nairn. A marquee capable of containing 2000 people was procured from Glasgow to accommodate the large company expected to fraternise with the favorite Highland corps on this interesting occasion; the town streamed with flags and banners, bearing inscriptions commemorative of the victorious deeds of the regiment from its first formation; and in front of Milbank, the Provost's residence, a splendid triumphal arch awaited the defiling of the regi-

ment to the place of banquet. Salvoes of artillery and bursts of musical strains ("See the conquering hero comes," &c.) saluted their arrival at the railway station. Defiling along an avenue formed of a crowded population cheering them in their progress—men waving their hats and ladies waving their handkerchiefs, giving a heartfelt welcome to the brave, they halted and formed at the Provost's mansion, when Colonel Findlay, the Provost, surrounded by the magistrates and councillors of the burgh, in an animated speech, presented Colonel McIntyre with the freedom of the town, "as the only honour in their power to bestow worthy of his acceptance as the head and representative of his gallant followers," when Colonel McIntyre, in a short speech, pregnant with good taste, returned thanks in the name of the officers and men of the regiment. Marching, amidst the acclamations of the inhabitants, to the place of banquet, the immense assemblage, supposed to be about 1000 civilians and 700 soldiers, proceeded to take their places in the huge marquee. Among the spectators present to do honour to the gallant corps, were the Duchess of Richmond, Prince Edward of Saxe Weimar, and a distinguished party from Gordon Castle, along with a large assemblage of ladies and gentlemen attracted to the grand spectacle.

Mr. Brodie, of Brodie, the Lord Lieutenant of Nairnshire, who ably and worthily presided at the banquet, in an animated, eloquent, and impressive speech, enumerated the fields on which the 78th were always victors, earning for themselves immortal renown, and for their country national glory.

His speech, which was received with animated applause, was followed by an able address from the Provost of Elgin. The whole regiment standing up, Serjeant Major Pocock returned thanks in their name for the enthusiastic manner in which their health had been drank by the company; remarking "that the soldier, though some might think his heart was steeled in war, in bloody battles still retained a tender remembrance of his home and kindred, and that such a gratifying scene as the present more than compensated for all the toils, hardships, and privations they had undergone;" while Serjeant Major Christie, in proposing the ladies, the wives and daughters of their kind entertainers, gallantly said "that the ladies made British soldiers what they were, and their approving smiles rewarded them for all their sufferings."

The sumptuous banquet having been ended, the magnificent band of the regiment (thirty-eight in number) discoursed delightful music, listened to for hours by the superb assemblage, until time called away to their home the gallant objects of regard and affection, of the congregated masses of all degrees whose eyes watched and followed the belted plaids and waving plumes, marching to the sound of mountain strains, till lost to eye and ear.

Impressed with feelings of lively gratitude for these distinguished displays of admiration and attention, the officers of the regiment resolved on giving a splendid ball to their entertainers and friends; upwards of four hundred invitations were issued, and no expense was spared in fitting up the Northern Meeting Rooms in a most

superb and brilliant manner, and providing the most costly viands for the entertainment and gratification of the company. Upwards of 300 ladies and gentlemen assembled on the occasion, and it has been universally acknowledged that there was nothing approaching to this splendid fête ever seen in the Highlands. In the annals of the northern counties, and in the memories of hundreds of delighted hearts, the brave 78th will find places, and, perhaps, some fond recollections, which we have no doubt will be long warmly reciprocated by the heroes of Cawnpore and Lucknow.

But the overflowing feelings of admiration and regard displayed in the north in honour of the "Saviours of India," have not yet terminated—for we find, by newspaper advertisements, that the leading people of Ross-shire, led by the patriotic Sir James Mackenzie and his noble lady, are determined to present a lasting, substantial testimonial to the 78th, as being the original Ross-shire Buffs, and their own County Regiment. For this purpose an influential Committee has been formed; and we doubt not that means will soon be forthcoming for providing enduring records, in massive ores, commemorative of the gallant achievements of this distinguished corps.

CHAPTER II.

The Cock of the North.—The Gordon Richmond Family.

THE family of Gordon is one of the most illustrious in the kingdom for quality, antiquity, and possessions. There are besides the family of Gordon Castle, now represented by the Duke of Richmond, three peers of this name, viz., the Marquis of Huntly, the Earl of Aberdeen, and the Viscount of Kenmure, with a numerous and opulent gentry. Their original is probably from France, and was supposed to come to England with William the Conqueror. The first account we have of them was their establishment in the Merse, where they had the lands of Gordun. Adam de Gordon, so he was commonly called, ancestor of this family, for his services to Malcolm Cean-Mohr, obtained from him the lands of Gordon or Gordun, in the Merse. The Chartulary of Kelso and Raggman's Roll gives some account of Richard, probably son of the said Adam, Thomas, senior, Thomas junior, Alicia, and her husband, Adam Gordon, father of Sir Adam Gordon, whose eminent services to King Robert the Bruce were rewarded with a grant of the lordship of Strathboggie, forfeited by David de Strathboggie, lord thereof. To the grandson

of this Sir Adam Gordon, John—King David Bruce gave the forest of the Enzie and Boyne. John was killed in the battle of Otterburne, anno 1388, and his son, Sir Adam, was killed in the battle of Hallidon Hill, anno 1401, left an heiress called Elizabeth, married to Alexander Seton, second son of Sir William Seton, of Winton, which occasioned the distinction of the Seton Gordons and the ancient Gordons. Elizabeth's son, Alexander, assumed the name of Gordon, and was created Earl of Huntly, anno 1449. He did the most signal service to King James II., by defeating the Earl of Crawford in the battle of Brechin, 18th May, 1452, and thereby breaking the confederacy against that king, which was rewarded by a grant of the lordship of Brechin, and hereditary sheriffship of Aberdeen, which Huntly generously resigned to Crawford on his reconciliation with the king, getting in lieu the lordship of Badenoch and the lands of Brae Lochaber. His great estate was much increased by marrying the only child of Sir William Keith, Margaret, granddaughter of Sir Alexander Fraser, thane of Cowie, with whom he got the lands of Touch, Fraser Aboyne, Glentaner, Glenmuick, and Clunie ; and by his second wife, heiress of Bog of Gaight, (a part of Enzie), he obtained these lands. In a confirmation of his lands by James II., anno 1457, the cause for granting was, "for keeping the crown on our head." His son George, lord chancellor, founded Gordon Castle ; Alexander, Adam, William, and James, his four sons, added much to the wealth and power of the family. Alexander inherited his father's domains ; Adam of Aboyne married

the Countess of Sutherland ; William possessed Gaight, and James was the ancestor of Letterfourie. Alexander, Earl of Huntly, died in 1523, and was succeeded by a grandson by his son John, named George, of boundless ambition and crafty policy ; he was Chancellor of Scotland in 1549, Earl of Moray and administrator of the Earl of Mar and Orkney, and of the lordship of Zetland and Bailliary of Strathdee ; in 1554 he was divested of his possessions, and lost his life in the battle of Corrichie, in 1556. He was succeeded by his son George, whose son George fought the battle of Glenlivet, in 1594, was created Marquis of Huntly in 1599, and died in 1636. His son George succeeded him, who was captain of the Scots Guards, who were at first called the King of France's Archers. The marquis was beheaded by the Covenanters in 1649 ; was succeeded by his son Lewis, who died in 1653, and by a daughter of the Laird of Grant, was father of George, who was created a duke in 1684. His son Alexander succeeded him in 1716, who was succeeded by his son Cosmo George, in 1728, who was succeeded by his son Alexander in 1752, who was created a British peer in July, 1784, under the title of the Earl of Norwich. In 1767 he married Miss Maxwell, daughter of Sir William Maxwell, of Monreith, by whom he had a numerous family. His eldest daughter, Lady Charlotte, was married to the then Col. Lennox, afterwards Duke of Richmond, father of the present Duke of Richmond. His second daughter, Lady Magdalene, married Sir Robert Sinclair of Stevenson. His third daughter, Lady Susan, married the Duke of Manchester.

His fourth daughter, Lady Louisa, married Viscount Brome, afterwards Marquis of Cornwallis. Lady Georgina married the late Duke of Bedford,—and two sons, the celebrated Marquis of Huntly and Lord Alexander. Duke Alexander died in 1828, and was succeeded by the Marquis of Huntly, who died in 1836, and was succeeded by Charles Gordon Lennox, Duke of Lennox in the peerage of Scotland, Duke of Richmond in the peerage of England, and Duke d'Aubigny in the peerage of France. His grace succeeded his father in 1819; married, in 1817 Lady Caroline Paget, daughter of the Marquis of Anglesey, and has issue Charles, Earl of March and Darnly, late President of the Board of Health, in the administration of the Earl of Derby, 1859, married, in 1843, Frances Harriet, eldest daughter of Algernon Greville, Esq; Lady Caroline Amelia, married the Earl of Bessborough; Lord Henry Charles George; Lord Alexander Francis Charles; Lady Augusta Catherine, married Prince Edward of Saxe Weimar; Lord George Charles; Lady Cecilia Catherine, married Lord Bingham, eldest son of the Earl of Lucan. His grace the present Duke of Richmond, descended from the Royal blood of England and Scotland, holds a distinguished place in the British annals as a warrior, statesman, and promoter of agricultural improvements, as already noticed in a preceding article.

CHAPTER III.

Seats of Families and Eminent Men and Warriors.

Achnahyle, in the Braes of Strathavon.—At one time a mortgage of James Grant, brother to Easter Elchies. Afterwards, for a time, possessed by a family of the name of Grant, from which was descended Captain Charles Grant, of Glendarroch, Linlithgowshire, sometime an officer in the Strathspey Fencibles and 81st regiment, and captain in the Clan Alpine regiment, barrackmaster of Fort Duncannon, and a magistrate for Linlithgowshire. *Achnahyle* was long possessed by a family of the name of Stewart, tacksmen of extensive holdings from the noble family of Gordon. Mr. William Stewart, the late tacksmen of this family, had five sons—

John, a magistrate for the county of Banff, and captain in her Majesty's 39th regiment, who died at Bangalore, East Indies, 1835.

James, tacksmen of Lynchork, Strathavon.

William, solicitor and clerk of the peace of Inverness-shire, author of the 'Highland Superstitions,' &c.

Robert, who died in Jamaica in 1822.

Alexander, residing at Port Cottage, Strathspey.

Charles, M.D., and a medical officer in her Majesty's 86th regiment, who died at Curra-
chee, East Indies, 1844.

Delavorar.—For many generations possessed by a branch of the Clan Gregor.

Captain Robert MacGregor, who died in 1816, had five sons—

Charles, a captain of the 8th Garrison Battalion, on half pay, who died in 1831.

Peter, a lieutenant, who was killed at the storming and capture of Tumerra, in the East Indies.

John, lieutenant in the 88th regiment, who was killed at Buenos Ayres, in General White-lock's expedition, 1808.

James, lieutenant in the 84th regiment, who died in 1827.

Robert, the last tacksman of Delavorar of that family, who died in 1853.

Camp del Brida, now called St. Bridget.—For a long time possessed by the descendants of the gallant old Glenbucket, the devoted adherent of the Royal Stuarts and Prince "Charlie;" "the first and the last in the field."

John Gordon of Glenbucket, married to Ann Lindsay, daughter of Sir Alexander Lindsay, who died in 1750.

William, married to Ellen Reid, daughter of Sir James Reid, of Barra, died 1766.

John, his son, who died at St. Bridget, about 1815.

The representatives of the Glenbucket family, who still occupy St. Bridget, are possessed of a splendid snuff-horn, of large dimensions, presented by King James VIII. of Scotland to the old hero, Glenbucket, bearing a suitable inscription.

Crouchly.—For many generations possessed by a family who had long been regarded as the

local head of the Gordons of Strathavon and Glenlivet.

James Gordon, Esquire, Crouchly, for many years a magistrate for the county of Banff, who died in 1812, had six sons—

John, sometime an officer in the Northern Fencibles, who died in Strathavon.

Charles, a lieutenant in the Honorable East India Company's service, who died at Ellichpore.

George, of the Honorable East India Company's Civil Service, who died in London.

William Alexander, who for many years was the most distinguished officer of the brave old half-hundred, and whose gallantry won him distinguished rewards and honours, died at Nairn, in 1856. A remarkably handsome monument, in his native churchyard, has the following inscription:—

Underneath
Lie the Mortal Remains
of
WILLIAM ALEXANDER GORDON,
Lieutenant-General

In Her Majesty's Service,
Colonel of the 54th Regiment of Foot,
Companion of the Most Honourable
Military Order of the Bath.

He was born at Crouchly,
On the 21st day of March, 1769,
And departed this life in Nairn,
On the 10th day of August, 1856,
Aged 87 Years.

Brave and Zealous in his Profession,
Indulgent and Social in Domestic Life.
He died regretted by all who knew him.
This Tribute of Affection and Respect
Is Dedicated to His Memory

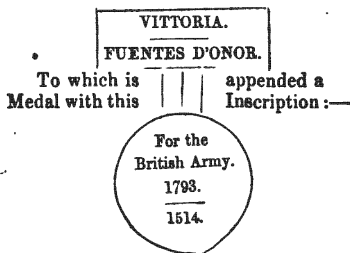
By
His Widow and her Sons.

On the monument are the following delineations:—

First, the badge of the Military Order of the Bath.

Secondly, a medal, with the word *Nive*, commemorative of General Gordon's gallantry on the occasion of passing the river *Nive*.

Thirdly, a medal inscribed



Besides the above decorations, there are his sword and sheath—the one suspended across the other.

James, long the paymaster of the gallant 92d Highlanders, and *fidus Achates* of one of Britain's bravest soldiers, Colonel John Cameron, of Fasifern, immortalised, for his gallant deeds, in the annals of British glory. It was Captain Gordon who laid his head in his first bed of honour near to the battle-field of Quatre Bras, from which subsequently his remains were transported to his native church-yard of Kilmalie, there to repose under a monumental column worthy of his name and fame. Captain Gordon, now of Ivy Bank, Nairn, a deputy-lieutenant and a magistrate of the counties of Moray and Nairn, still survives his brothers.

Robert, sometime of the Aberdeenshire Mili-

tia, and a magistrate for Banffshire, died in 1828. A beautiful tablet, in the church of Kirkmichael, bears the following inscription :

Sacred
To the Memory of
ROBERT GORDON, Esquire, Croughly,
Who died the 4th day of February, 1828.
Upright in Principle,
Clear in Judgment, and Disinterested in Character,
And Active in Disposition ;
At Home Affectionate, in Society Pleasing.
As a Magistrate Impartial,
As a Friend Sincere.
His Widow erects this tribute of Affection
To Departed Worth.

Fodder-letter. — The birth-place of George Gordon, son of James Gordon, of Fodder-letter, justly entitled to be ranked among the number of eminent men as a chemist and as a botanist. His knowledge was considerable and was employed in the extension of the useful arts. He discovered that by a simple preparation of a species of moss, or lichen, produced by the rocks or stones of the Grampian Mountains, an elegant purple dye could be made. He established a manufactory of this substance in Leith and procured from Government a patent for it. During his life-time much employment was given to the people of the country in collecting the *crottal* and other native materials, from which extracts were made for dyeing red, purple, and blue, which were latterly known under the name of "Cuthbert's dyes," after the inventor's son, Cuthbert Gordon ; but, unfortunately, the nature of the chemical works, inimical to health, and Mr. Gordon's premature death, in 1765, put an end to his useful

and successful invention so far as regarded the people of his native country—the chemical works having been sold by Mr. Cuthbert Gordon to a Glasgow company.

Ruthven.—For some time possessed by the last Baron Bailie, on the Gordon Estates, who had the power of “pit and gallows,” a power, we believe, which he never exercised to the extent of hanging a man with, or without, his consent, as was done by some of his contemporaries in Strathspey. This terror to evil-doers, who was a Grant and not a Gordon, and who died at Ruthven in 1743, before the abolition of Heritable Jurisdictions, would appear from the epitaph on his tomb-stone in the church-yard of Kirkmichael, to have been rather a popular, jolly, genial sort of a judge :

“This was a man remarkable,
At home, abroad, still hospitable,
A good companion, trusty friend
And still obliging to mankind.”

The Baron Bailie was succeeded by another Grant, of whom were descended Major Charles Grant, late of Auchernack, in Strathspey ; Captain John Grant, of Birchfield, and James Grant, Esquire, whom we shall notice more at length in the next series applicable to Strathspey. Ruthven was subsequently long possessed by another family of the name of Grant, a branch of the Glenlochy family.

James, the tacksman of this farm, who was an enterprising improver and successful agriculturist, died about 1840.

Peter, a captain in the First Royal Regiment, died about 1830.

John, a spirited farmer and cattle-dealer, noticed at length, under the head of Tomintoul, for his convivialities, still survives.

Glenlochy.—The birthplace of the Honorable John Grant, sometime Chief Justice of the island of Jamaica, and founder of the Kilgraston family in Perthshire, eldest son of Patrick Grant, of Glenlochy, Esquire, descended from Peter or Patrick, second son of John Grant, of Grant and Frenchie, then chief of that ancient name and clan, the said Peter Grant having been the progenitor of the house and tribe of Tullochgorum more than 500 years old. Upwards of 100 years ago, Glenlochy's eldest son, John, went to Jamaica, where he became Chief Justice of the island, and obtained high reputation for his strict impartiality and sound legal knowledge. On his return to his native country, he purchased the estate of Kilgraston, and having no family, was succeeded by his only brother, Francis Grant, Esq.,—the father of the present respectable proprietor of Kilgraston; of Francis Grant, Esq., R.A., the eminent portrait painter, whose works adorn the mansions of so many of the statesmen and nobles of England; and of Sir James Hope Grant, K.C.B., the distinguished General, whose gallantry and never-failing success in his every encounter throughout the Indian mutiny and late wars, have crowned with honour a life hitherto devoted to the service of his Queen and country. All Highlanders, and particularly the sons of the Avon and Spey, find in his gallant deeds a subject of pride and exultation.

Mains of Inverourie—Sometime possessed by Samuel Middleton, who, with small means,

might, like the father of the Chief Justice of Jamaica, be called "the best of parents." He had four sons—

Alexander, a Captain in the army, killed at the battle of Salamanca, in Spain.

William, who rose to the rank of Major in the 42d Regiment.

John, who was a Paymaster in the army.

Charles, who lately died at Maidstone, with the rank of Lieutenant Colonel. This Charles exhibits an instance of the genial patronage of the Marquis of Huntly, the last Duke of Gordon. Charles, when a young lad, about the age of fifteen years, was bound an apprentice to an ironmonger in Aberdeen. Of an aspiring disposition, he was discontented with his employment; and, presuming on the Marquis's kindness to his brothers, he presented himself to his lordship—wishing, like his brothers, to be a soldier. The lad's face and appearance proved a strong letter of recommendation in his favour, for he was soon afterwards presented with a commission, and ultimately rose to the rank of Lieutenant Colonel in the army.

Ballintruan.—Long possessed by a family of the name of Stewart, now represented by Donald Stewart, Esq.

Ballinlish.—The residence, for some generations, of a respectable family of the clan Cameron.

Castle of Drumin.—On the point where the Avon and Livat join, stand the ruins of the ancient and noble Castle of Drumin, presenting still an impressive memorial of the grandeur of feudal times. It was the ancient seat of the Barons of Strathavon, descendants of Alexander, Lord of

Badenoch and Earl of Buchan, which descendants eventually sold the Lordship of Strathavon and Drumin and Kilmachlie to the Huntly family. For many years, the farm of Drumin was possessed by the descendants of the family of Kilmachlie, and latterly by Major John Gordon, of the Minmore family, who had seen much service in various parts of the world, and who died about 1820.

James Skinner, Esq.—Factor for his grace the Duke of Richmond, and formerly factor for his grace the Duke of Gordon, has held the farm of Drumin for upwards of thirty years. Though originally bred to the legal profession, Mr. Skinner has given striking proofs that talents and energy applied to any subject of enterprise will achieve signal success, and show that good soil and judicious management will prevail over the disadvantages of a Highland region and cold ungenial climate. As the judicious commissioner for the wise, liberal and enlightened Duke of Richmond, it has already been seen under different heads, what immense improvements in the agricultural state of the country, and ameliorations in the condition of the people, have been effected within the last twenty years, and the author has seen from cursory observations, that it is not necessary for agricultural students to go to the Lothians or Strathmore to study farming, when they can get a model farm, and model lessons in farming at Drumin. As a specimen of Highland husbandry, the author, last summer, saw better cereal and green crops on the farm of Drumin, than he had seen in travelling through the best parts of the counties of Inverness,

Nairn, Moray, and parts of Banff. And as a specimen of the remarkable improvements in the dress and cleanly habits of the people, the author was particularly struck with the becoming head-gear and cleanly dresses of a large band of young people engaged as labourers, in a large field of thriving turnips.

Minmore.—The residence for several generations of a family of the name of Gordon, of whom, was Lewis Gordon, Esq., writer, in Edinburgh, long Depute Secretary to the Highland Society.

William Gordon, the last of the family that held that possession, had several sons, who distinguished themselves, both in the army and the legal profession.

John, his eldest son, was a captain of a ship, and died several years ago.

William is an officer in the East-India Company's Service.

Michael is an officer in the same service.

Charles, a writer in Edinburgh, and long Secretary to the Royal Agricultural Society, was knighted, and became Sir Charles Gordon. He died at Edinburgh, about ten years ago.

Tombreckachie.—Long the residence of a family of the name of Grant. Mr. Grant, who died about forty years ago, left two sons—

Charles, a captain in the army, who lost his leg, under the Duke of Wellington, and died at Elgin, some years ago.

William, an officer in the army, the last occupant of Tombreckachie, of that family, now living in Dufftown.

Deskie.—Long the residence of a family of the name of Stewart, who long dispensed un-

bounded hospitality and kindness on the banks of the Livat. This fine farm, which was greatly improved and extended by the said family, is now possessed by Mr. Bennet, a very enterprising agriculturist.

Auchiancrow.—The residence of a respectable family of the name of Grant, of whom were Peter, the *fidus achates* and devoted henchman of the noble Huntly, noticed in a former chapter, who would have risen to very high rank, had not the loss of a leg, at the battle of Fuentes D'Onor, compelled him to relinquish the service. As Major Grant, of the gallant 92nd Gordon Highlanders, in which he had served since 1794, he retired to his native glen in 1812, where he died in 1817, beloved and respected by all who knew him.

And John, a captain in the Aberdeenshire militia, who died in 1847.

Blairfundy.—The residence of a family of the name of Grant, descendants of the Clan Allan, in Strathspey. Alexander Grant of Blairfundy had three sons—

Robert, for some time an officer in the 27th regiment, afterwards tenant of Castleton and Blairfundy, who died about 1822.

William, an officer in the army, who died in Barbadoes, many years ago.

Charles, for some time an officer in the army, who died in 1826.

Auchorachan.—Formerly the residence of a family of the name of Gordon, represented by William Gordon, Esq., of Tomnavoulin.



PART III.

LOCAL CELEBRITIES AND CELEBRATED LEGENDS.



CHAPTER I.

Clach-na-Ban.—Fingal's Hunting Quarters—Description of his Stone Mansion—His wife Avon's Verandah and Arm-chair—Her Personal Attractions—Her Leaping Accomplishments—A Fatal Accident—Her Death and Burial—Her Chair visited by *enciente* females.

AMONG the many interesting curiosities to be found in the Highlands of Strathavon and Glenlivat, we shall first notice Clach-na-ban, or the Women's Stone; which, in the days of yore, is said to have formed a summer hunting-seat of Fingal, the great chief of Ossianic heroes. This stone, of gigantic dimensions, stands upon the crest of a steep precipice called Maul-Gainich, from "maul," a mount, and "gainich," sand. On the one side it stands twenty feet in height; on the other side it is lower, and of a sloping form. A number of excavations, either made by the instruments of Fingalian labourers, or perhaps by the elements of heaven in the course of ages, present a number of chambers and conveniences, some of them resembling large circular vessels, capable of containing considerable quantities of solids or liquids, down to one of the size of a punch-bowl; out of which the author, as one of a jovial company, once partook of the Highlander's "Athole brose," consisting of oatmeal

and whisky, eaten with spoons, qualified with some bumpers of usquebea, dedicated to the ancient architect and his celebrated spouse, "Avon of the white hands." It would appear that this lady was very fond of the *romantic*. At the side of the stone, overhanging the precipice, an arm-chair had been excavated for her ladyship's accommodation and enjoyment; and into this chair it was an object of ambition with men and women (and particularly with those "who loved their lords," and were in an interesting situation) to be let down by a plaid into the niche—for few persons have length of limbs to be capable of filling this chair; and the gentle reader will better understand the circumstance when he is informed, upon the best legendary authority, that this Fingalian heroine stood somewhere about eight feet in height—we presume *without her shoes*. We question much, whether shoes were worn by her race,—for we read in the poems of that first of poets, old Ossian, that the hero Dermid got his death by measuring, from the snout to the tail, a large bristly porker of the wild boar species, whose porcupine quills penetrated his soles, thereby communicating a poison to his system whereof he died. And we are entitled to assume, that if Dermid had shoes, he would have put them on when measuring this grunting monarch of *Bhein Gheillinn*.

We have no doubt (as some have doubted the authenticity of the poems of Ossian) that some sceptical persons may be disposed to demur to the dimensions of Lady Fingal's length of person. But let it be remembered that she lived fourteen or fifteen hundred years ago, ac-

cording to Ossianic antiquaries, and that in those days people's bodily proportions were very different from what they are now. The learned and facetious incumbent of Kirkmichael, in his statistical account, written in 1794, writes—"Many have asserted that in size and
 "in stature the people of modern times have
 "decreased considerably from that of their ancestors. The calculations of Mr. Henan, of
 "the Royal French Academy, upon this subject
 "are curious and eccentric. This gentleman
 "asserts that Adam measured 123 feet and Eve
 "118. Of what diminutive dwarfs is the present
 "generation dwindled down into in comparison
 "with those venerable prototypes of the human
 "race." And it would appear that both in respect of personal size, and athletic accomplishments, she would have graced much the modern associations for Highland games, and particularly for jumping. As there were no bridges in those days on the Avon, she, while accompanying her husband on his hunting expeditions (at convenient places, we presume, with a running-race), cleared the river Avon at a spring—a greater distance than ever was accomplished by
 any one of our modern Highland jumpers. But unfortunately this accomplishment became fatal to her. On one occasion, when taking a leap, when unattended by any of her suite, the river being swollen, and the ground being slippery, she lost her footing, fell back into the river, was carried down several miles to a place called Bogluachrach, where her body was interred with suitable honours, and a cairn of stones raised over her grave, to record the catastrophe to the end of time. "Avon of the

white hands," irrespective of her strapping person, was the *beau ideal* of Ossianic beauty. "Her hair, which was of bright auburn, fell down like a mantle to her very heels, uncurbed by snood or comb; a golden circlet bound her milk-white brow, and golden bands enclosed her ample wrists;" and of course tradition clothed her in flowing robes of Highland tartan. No wonder that her devoted husband "mourned her with a sorrow known only to a parent who hangs over the body of his only child;" and as a further commemoration of his beloved spouse Aun, he changed the name of the river, formerly called in Gaelic "Aun-na-clach-bann," "the river of the white stones," to *Avon*, according to the Gaelic stanza still quoted by the senachies of the country:

"Chaudh mo bhean's bhatha
Air nisg Ath-fhen na clachan sleamhuin
'S bho chaidh mo bhean's bhatha
Bheirmeid Ath-fhen Ainim er Naun."

"On the limpid water of the slippery stones,
Has my wife been drowned;
And since my wife has been drowned,
Henceforth shall thy name be Avon."

Not many years ago two curious gentlemen, we understood, employed labourers to explore Avon's place of sepulture, but after the lapse of so many ages, it is not to be wondered at, that they found no bones, notwithstanding the ample proportions of the lady's liths and limbs.

As a matter which may be interesting to those who *believe* and *disbelieve* in Ossian, we may state that the foregoing sketch of the lovely Avon was communicated to the author while a boy, by an old lady, the widow of his pa-

ternal uncle, who, for a long time, lived with her brother, the minister of Crathie (of which parish her excellent Majesty is now a parishioner), and where, in the days of her youth, the poems of Ossian were in full oral preservation. The author has heard Mrs. Stewart recite long pieces of poetry which, young as he was, left a lasting impression on his memory. Some years afterwards, in Edinburgh, when discussions as to the authenticity of those poems still ran high, some friends placed Macpherson's collections in his hands, and he had no difficulty in recognising and pointing out some of the pieces recited by his relation, though there were parts which he had not heard; and the impression on the author's mind has always been, that the "Poems of Ossian" were partly ancient and partly modern compositions. But whether Ossian sang those divine poems, or whether they have been the offspring of more modern bards and minstrels, still the honour belongs to the Highlands of having produced epic compositions equal to, if not excelling, in sublimity and pathos, even the inspired strains of Milton and Shakespeare.

CHAPTER II.

Dalastie, the Birth-place of the Circulating Schoolmaster—His Scholastic Attainments—Introduces the New System of Pronunciation—His Curriculum or Course of Instruction—His Mode of Discipline—Invents the Goggles, an Instrument of Punishment.—An Altercation between the Old and New Style.

NEAR to the site of Clach-na-ban, the hunting seat of Fingal and his spouse, Avon, in a place truly “rugged, bleak, and wild, a meet nurse for a poetic child,” about eighty years ago, was born Mr. John MacGregor, who, in his day and generation, made some noise as a man of letters in his native locality. It was he who taught for the first time the new style of pronunciation, long before the pronouncing dictionaries of Walker, and Fulton, and Knight, found their way to the braes of Strathavon. Having some months’ enlightenment in a Lowland model academy, he became a disciple of the new system, which placed the consonants K and L, and some others, under peculiar circumstances, as mutes and dumbies; superseding K in some words, as knowledge, and knot, and L in *could*, *would*, &c., which, according to the old style of reading, were literally enunciated. This great innovation on the old style was not accomplished without considerable opposition and

discussion on the part of a scholar of the day. A testy old tacksman, born in 1745, and called after the favorite prince of the day, who had *second editions* at the Dalastie seminary, one day called on the dominie, and, in the Gaelic language, demanded of him his warrant and authority for taking such liberties with the letter L in *could, would, &c.* The master, indignant at being thus reprimanded on the quarter-deck of his own ship, in presence of his crew, told his ancient querist he had better stick to his own calling, as he knew nothing of his (*ne sutor ultra crepidam*). Whereupon the O. S. called the N. S. a humbug and a blockhead, whereupon the N. S. threatened a summary ejection of the intrusionist, which, but for the interposition of the pupils, would have ended in an assault and battery, and breach of the peace. Mr. MacGregor's school-books, in a regularly ascending series of studies, were very cheap and simple. First came the "Shorter catechism," with the alphabet in large Roman characters, which being mastered; next came the Proverbs of Solomon, then sold separately for the use of schools; then came the New Testament, followed by the Bible, in regular consecutive succession—the readers arranged in different classes. In the writing department the straight up-and-down strokes, followed by the single letter—large text and small text, ending with the master's copies, from the word "Commandment" up to "Many men of different minds and many birds of different kinds," formed the aspiring exercises; while in the arithmetic department, addition and subtraction, division and multiplication, kept the slates

and pencils of the advanced pupils in active employment; and everything considered, the pupils made creditable proficiency. But doubtless the proficiency was promoted in no small degree by the system of the professor, who was a very strict disciplinarian, and some of his inventions, as rewards and punishments to stimulate the students to their studies, are deserving of record for the benefit of other knights of the ferula. Though armed with a tawse, or cowskin, with divers claws, of large dimensions, which he displayed *in terrorem*, Dalastie was not an advocate for corporal punishments in his seminary. His intuitive genius suggested a more effective plan of treatment. He got a thin board, bored and shaped into the figure of a pair of spectacles, minus the glasses, to the extremities of which were tied strings, for the purpose of tying the *barnacles*, which he called the goggles, to the unfortunate culprit's *os frontis*. For playing truant, or some such flagrant offence, the offender was condemned to the goggles, through which he was ordained to read aloud his lesson, attended by a body-guard to prevent a flight or damage to the goggles. What may have been the painful feelings of the condemned sufferer we have had no opportunity of knowing, though these may be surmised from the streaming tears falling down through the large orifices, on the culprit's book. But we can from experience define the feelings of the beholders, for more than once the exhibition has brought us to the ground in convulsive fits of laughter, and even the judge and executioner could not suppress outbursts of cachinnation at the sight of the

penitent, and his huge barnacles, which he wittily denominated the *second sight* !

After a course of two or three winter sessions at Dalastie's preparatory seminary, the pupils were deemed fit for a more advanced course of instruction at the parochial seminary of Tomintoul. Though the author's father had a mansion near the village, the river Avon, generally flooded and full of ice in the winter seasons, intervening between the said residence and Tomintoul, it was found necessary to put the author out to board in that seat of learning, and he will soon introduce the reader to another dominie of another stamp, under the head of another chapter.

CHAPTER III.

Gaulrigg, the Seat of the Arch-Warlock of the North, Gregor Wellox MacGregor—His account of his Ancestors—Their Adventures—Taking the Stone from the Mermaid—Taking the Bridle from the Water-Kelpie—MacGregor's extensive practice as a Necromancer—Obituary notice of MacGregor.

GAULRIGG, the seat of the Arch-Warlock, of the north, Gregor Wellox MacGregor, stands on an eminence, overlooking the river Avon, about four miles below the tomb of Fingal's wife. The house, built on a gentle acclivity on the crest of an eminence, to suit the taste of the architect, is higher at one end than the other, having a stone gable and chimney—an aristocratic distinction from the black houses which compose the rest of the hamlet or collection of dwellings in the place. But Gregor Wellox MacGregor was not the founder of his family or the builder of the house. He was only the last of an illustrious line of warlocks, who enjoyed the patronage of the noble family of Gordon, as the hereditary warlock of the family, holding also the office of gamekeeper, to which a small salary was attached. In the days of yore, great families had their warlocks, bards, senachies and pipers, as joints in the chief's tail. And

it was this hereditary descent that obtained toleration for the Wellox's family of warlocks, more for the sake of amusement than the sake of their necromancy. The last warlock that did good service to the Huntly Gordon family, according to the traditions of yore, performed his part at the battle of Glenlivat *versus* the machinations of the warlock of the house of Argyll,—having turned the elements against the enemy, in the shape of a blinding shower of sleet and snow, which did great damage to their eye-sight, arms and ammunition, ending in a most signal victory, gained by the few over the many. But this was long before the ancient line of the MacGregor necromancers had been established in Gaulrigg, and before they had got possession of the mermaid's stone and the kelpie's bridle, which, being the great oracles by which their operations are performed, must be historically described to the gentle reader. The wonderful stone which the vulgar are sometimes pleased to denominate "*Clach Ban na Buchuchd*," (but which, in our opinion, deserves a far more dignified, if not a more appropriate appellation,) we humbly submit should be called the Philosopher's stone, not so much out of compliment to its learned and elegant race of proprietors, as out of pure justice to the stone itself—for it is certainly the best substitute for the grand object of the chemist's research that has been hitherto discovered. If the philosopher's stone will convert metal into gold, the warlock's stone will convert water into silver, by a process, perhaps, more round-about, but equally certain. We learned from Mr. Wellox

MacGregor that this stone was originally extorted by a very ancient ancestor of Mr. Wellox, from an amorous slut of a mermaid, who, unfortunately for herself, happened to take a fancy to him—and no wonder, if he possessed the personal attractions of his lineal posterity. It happened, then, that this silly fool of a mermaid once thought it proper to throw herself in this gentleman's way, expecting no doubt, very different treatment from that which she experienced, when her unnatural sweetheart, instead of offering her any endearments, most ungraciously chained her to a post until she redeemed her liberty by this precious ransom. This was, no doubt, long, long, ago, nobody knows how long; and the stone has necessarily seen many revolutions of times and masters in the course of its day. It graced for a long time the warlike standard of the brave Clan Gregor, combining, as the upholsterer says, "great ornament with much utility," for while it served to set off not a little those splendid banners, it invariably secured their followers' victory over their contending foes. It afterwards returned to the Wellox family, with whom it has continued to the present day. It could not descend to a race of gentlemen, who could do greater justice to its excellent qualities, and, certainly, the fault cannot be traced to the late proprietor if, during his life-rent use of it, the stone had lost an iota of its former celebrity.

Whatever might have been the ornamental qualities of this wonderful stone in the days of yore, it has now no great ornaments to boast of,—it is a plain-looking article, strongly resem-

bling the knob or bottom of a crystal bottle ; and, were it not that Mr. Wellox solemnly assured us of his having been told by the great Lord Henderland himself, it must have at one time composed one of the Pleiades, we should have much difficulty in believing it to consist of any other substance, but who could resist such respectable authority? The late Lord Murray is supposed to have been the gentleman who discovered to Mr. Wellox, this convenient piece of information regarding the original nature and use of the stone. And though Mr. Wellox informed us that a single collision with the ground would instantly divest it of all its wonderful virtues, the stone certainly bears *ex facie* marks of rough usage, and even such inauspicious accidents as coming into contact with the ground, or perhaps harder materials, in its time. However, the stone itself will tell no secrets, and on the subject of accidents of this sort, it is the proprietor's interest to be equally mute.

But, whatever may be the nature and qualities of this stone, its virtues are sufficiently notorious,—a single immersion of it into a hogshead of water, instantaneously communicates to it such inconceivable virtue, that one drop of it is sufficient to cure the most desperate case of witchcraft in the land. Nor do the prevention and cure of witchcraft alone constitute the stone's sole line of business—for a valuable reward, there is no secret or calamity natural to man or beast in all this wide world, but it will reveal or prevent, *Exempli gratia*, should some miserable vagabond of a thief, residing within the pale of Mr. Wellox's

celebrity, be so fool-hardy as to lay his dishonest hands upon the goods or chattels of a neighbour—recovery of the goods, or, at least, an exposure of the thief, is the absolute consequence. The loser of the goods looks about him for his purse, and immediately proceeds to consult the grand oracle, Mr. Gregor Wellox, as to the person who had the effrontery to steal his goods. Mr. Wellox, willing to afford every information on reasonable terms, instantly produces the black stocking, containing the stone, a single dip of which clearly develops the whole circumstances. After a long consultation, involving some inquiries as to suspected persons, the lynx-eyed Mr. Wellox easily recognises some figures reflected on the vessel containing the water, by the stone conveying an exact representation of some old hag, not very reputable for her habits, residing in the complainant's neighbourhood, and thus all suspicions are fully confirmed.

It is no subject for wonder then, that this great oracle should be so highly prized and suitably encouraged. With commendable regard to the good of his beloved countrymen, Mr. Wellox was in the habit of occasionally making a tour of pleasure through the counties of Inverness, Ross, and Caithness, whence, after some weeks' absence, he returned home with the double satisfaction that, while he had, in the course of his rambles, conferred the greatest benefit on suffering humanity, he had, at the same time, a good deal improved his own resources. For the most part, however, he resided at his seat of Gaulrigg, where, like Professor Holloway, inventor and proprietor of

eures for all diseases, he might be consulted, either personally or by letter, on payment of an adequate consideration.

But the history of the stone would not be complete without that of its supernatural twin, the kelpie's bridle, which the author had also the felicity of examining, in his own hand, along with the ancient family relic, the sword of the renowned James MacGregor, which cut it out of the ill-fated kelpie's jaw.

Though rather a lengthy narration, we cannot do better than to recite Mr. Gregor Willox's own eloquent account of the adventure of his ancestor with a mischievous water-kelpie, in which Mr. Kelpie found that he had met with more than his match.

LEGEND OF THE WATER-KELPIE.

"In the time of my renowned ancestor, Mr. James MacGregor (rest to his soul!), who was well known to be a good man and a man of great strength and courage in his day, there was a most mischievous water-kelpie that lived in Lochness, and which committed the most atrocious excesses on the defenceless inhabitants of the surrounding districts. It was the common practice of this iniquitous agent to prowl about the public roads, decked out in all the trappings of a riding-horse, and in this disguise place himself in the way of the passenger, who often took it into his head to mount him, to his no small prejudice; for upon this the vicious brute would immediately fly into the air, and in a jiffy light with his rider in Lochnadorb, Lochspynie, or Lochness, where he would enjoy

his victim at his leisure. Filled with indignation at the repeated relations he had heard of the kelpie's practices, my ancestor, Mr. MacGregor, ardently wished to fall in with his kelpieship, in order to have a bit of communing with him touching his notorious practices; and Providence, in its wise economy, thought it meet that Mr. MacGregor should be gratified in his wish.

"One day, as he was travelling along 'Slochd Muichd,' a wild and solitary pass on the road between Strathspey and Inverness, whom did he observe but this identical water-kelpie browsing away by the roadside with the greatest complacency, thinking, no doubt, in his mind that he would kidnap Mr. MacGregor as he had done others. But in this idea he found himself woefully mistaken, for no sooner did Mr. MacGregor espy him than he instantly determined to have a trial of his mettle. Accordingly, marching up to the horse, who thought, no doubt, he was just coming to mount him, Mr. MacGregor soon convinced him of the contrary by drawing his trusty sword, with which he dealt the kelpie such a pithy blow on the nose as almost felled him to the ground. The stroke maltreated the kelpie's jaw very considerably, cutting through his bridle, in consequence of which one of the bits, being that which you have just examined, fell down on the ground. Observing the bit lying at his feet, Mr. MacGregor had the curiosity to pick it up, whilst the astonished kelpie was recovering from the effects of the blow, and this bit Mr. MacGregor carelessly threw into his pocket. He then prepared for a renewal of his conflict with its

former owner, naturally supposing the kelpie would return him his compliment. But what was Mr. MacGregor's surprise when he found that, instead of retorting his blow and fighting out the matter to the last, the kelpie commenced a cool dissertation upon the injustice and illegality of Mr. MacGregor's proceedings. 'What is your business with me?' says he. 'What is your business with me, Mr. MacGregor? I have often heard of you as a man of great honour and humanity; why, therefore, thus abuse a poor and defenceless animal like me; let me be a horse or let me be a kelpie, so long as I did you no harm? In my humble opinion, Mr. MacGregor,' continued the kelpie, 'you acted both cruelly and illegally; and certainly your conduct would justify me if I should return you twofold your assault upon me. However, I abominate quarrels of this sort,' says the conciliatory kelpie, 'and if you peaceably return me the bit of my bridle we shall say no more on the subject.' To this learned argument of the kelpie Mr. MacGregor made no other reply than flatly denying his request in the first place; and in the second place, mentioning in pretty unqualified terms his opinion of his character and profession. 'It is true,' replied the other, 'that I am what you call a kelpie; but it is known to my heart that my profession was never quite congenial to my feelings. We kelpies engage in many disagreeable *undertakings*. But, as the proverb says, necessity has no law, and there is no profession that a man or spirit will not sometimes try for the sake of an honest livelihood; so you will please have the goodness to give me the bit

of my bridle.' Observing the great anxiety evinced by the kelpie to have the bit of his bridle restored to him, and feeling anxious to learn its properties, my sagacious ancestor immediately concocted a plan whereby he might elicit from the poor dupe of a kelpie an account of its virtues. 'Well, Mr. Kelpie,' says Mr. MacGregor, 'all your logic cannot change my opinion of the criminality of your profession, though I confess it has somewhat disarmed me of my personal hostility to you as a member of it; I am therefore disposed to deliver up to you the bit of your bridle, but it is on this express condition—that you will favour me with an account of its use and qualities, for I am naturally very curious, do you know.' To this proposition the kelpie joyfully acceded, and thus addressed Mr. MacGregor: 'My dear sir, you must know that such agents as I am are invested by our royal master with a particular commission, consisting of some document delivered to us by his own hand. The commission delivered to a kelpie consists in a bridle, invested with all those powers of transformation, information, and observation, necessary for our calling; and whenever we lose this commission, whether voluntarily or by accident, our power is at an end, and certain annihilation, within four and twenty hours, is the consequence. Had it not been that my bridle was broken by your matchless blow, I must be so candid as to declare I might have broken every bone in your body; but now you are stronger than myself, and you can be half a kelpie at your pleasure. Only please to look through the holes of the bit of the bridle and you will see myriads

of invisible agents, fairies, witches, and devils, all flying around you, the same as if you had been gifted with the second-sight, and all their machinations clearly exposed to your observation.' 'My dear sir,' replied my ancestor, 'I am much obliged to you for your information; but I am sorry to inform you that your relation has so endeared the bit of your bridle to myself that I have resolved to keep it for your sake. I could not persuade myself to part with it for any consideration whatever.' 'What!' exclaimed the petrified kelpie, 'do you really mean, in the face of our solemn agreement, to retain the bit of my bridle?' 'I not only mean it but I am resolved on it,' replies my ancestor, who immediately proceeded to make the best of his way home with the bit. 'Come, come,' the kelpie would perpetually exclaim, 'you have carried the joke far enough; you surely do not mean to keep my bridle?' 'Time will show,' was always his laconic answer. The kelpie still continued his earnest entreaties, interlarded with anecdotes of great squabbles which he had formerly had with as powerful characters as Mr. MacGregor, and which always ended to his eminent advantage, but which he politely insinuated he would be sorry to see repeated. But when his grief and solicitude for his bridle began to evince themselves in a threatening aspect, a single flourish of MacGregor's trusty sword disarmed him of all his might, and made him calm as a cat. At length, when they arrived in sight of Mr. MacGregor's house, his grief and despair for his bridle became perfectly outrageous. Galloping off before Mr. MacGregor, the kelpie told him as

he went that he and the bit should never pass his threshold together; and in pursuance of this assurance he placed himself in Mr. MacGregor's door, summoning up all his powers for the impending conflict. However, James MacGregor resolved, if possible, to evade the kelpie's decree; and accordingly, going to a back window in his house, he called his wife towards him, and threw the bit of the kelpie's bridle into her lap. He then returned to the kelpie, who stood sentry at his door, and told him candidly he was a miserable legislator, for that, in spite of his decree, the bit of his bridle was that moment in his wife's possession. The kelpie now, finding himself fairly outwitted, saw the vanity of contending with James MacGregor and his claymore for what could not be recovered. As there was a rowan-cross above the door, his kelpieship could no more enter the house than he could pass through the eye of a needle, and he therefore thought it best to take himself off, holding forth at the same time the most beastly language to my ancestor, which he most heartily despised."

Since the author had the last interview with him, the renowned Mr. Gregor Willox has been laid with his fathers, leaving the stone and bridle to his son and daughter as heirlooms for the benefit of posterity. The good man died full of years, if not full of anything else which is coveted by the people of this world. But by his death it is believed that the spell which so long bound the northern community to his stone and bridle has been broken, and it is thought that those precious relics, which were scarcely honestly come by, may be

returned to the mermaid and the kelpie, their original owners, should they or their representatives be disposed to claim restitution of them.

Giving effect to the Latin axiom, *De mortuis nihil sed bonum*, the author would draw a distinction betwixt Mr. Gregor Willox's professional character as an hereditary necromancer, and his character as a private member of society, and as the father of a family. In the last two characters, Mr. Gregor Willox was esteemed respectable. He possessed intelligence and information above his fellows, and was a welcome associate at the hearths and tables of the principal people of the country. His wife was a prudent, good woman, and their family were praiseworthy for peaceable, industrious habits and conduct.

CHAPTER IV.

Balbeg of Delnabo, the residence of James Owre or Gray, a renowned Hero and Marksman of the Ossianic age.—The great Ghosts of Ben-Bynac and Craig-Aulnaic—Their romantic Habitations and Characteristics.—James Gray's Gallantry—His Difficulty with Ben-Bynac—Ben-Bynac annihilated.—Legend of James Gray and the great Ghosts.

"The gleaming path of the steel winds through the gloomy ghost. The form fell shapeless into air, like a column of smoke which the staff of the boy disturbs as it rises from the half-extinguished furnace."—OSSIAN.

Of whatever country, station, or character the reader may be, we presume it will be unnecessary for us to intrude upon his time by entering on a definition of the term "ghost." There is, perhaps, no nation or clime, from California to Japan, where that very ancient and fantastic race of beings called ghosts is not, under different terms and different characters, more or less familiar to the inhabitants. We do not mean, however, to follow this fleeting race of patriarchs through their wide course of wandering and colonization—we confine our lucubrations to the colony of the tribe which, from time immemorial, have settled themselves among the inhabitants of the Highland mountains. Be it known to the reader that, as early as the days of Ossian, and ever since, ghosts have been at all times a plentiful commodity

among the hills of Caledonia. Every native Highlander has allied to him from his birth one of these airy beings, in the character of an auxiliary or helpmate, who continues his companion not only during all the days of the Highlander's life, but also for an indefinite period of time after his decease. It will be readily believed that this ancient class of our mountaineers cannot have descended through so many changeful ages of the world without sharing in some measure those revolutions of conditions and habits to which all classes and communities of persons and people are equally liable, as has been already propounded, on the authority of a French philosopher and a reverend historian, in the cases of our first parents, noticed in a preceding chapter. Accordingly the ghost has suffered as great a degeneracy from that majesty of person and chivalry of habits which anciently distinguished the ghostly race of Caledonia as his mortal contemporary, man. Unlike the present puny, green, worm-eaten effigies that now-a-days stalk about our premises, and, like the chameleon, feed upon air, the ancient race of Highland ghosts were a set of stout, lusty, sociable beings. Differing widely in his habits from those of his posterity, the ghost of antiquity would enter the habitations of man, descant a livelong night upon the news of the times, until the long-wished-for supper was prepared, when this specimen of frankness and good living would invite himself to the table, and do as much justice to a bicker of Highland crowdie as his earthly contemporaries.

Beyond their personal attractions, however,

it is believed they displayed few enviable qualities, for besides their continual depredations on the goods and chattels of the adjacent hamlets they were ill-natured and cruel, and cared not a spittle for woman or child. The truth of this remark is well exemplified in the history of two celebrated ghosts, who, "once upon a time," lived, or rather existed, in the wilds of Craig Aulnaic, a romantic place in the district of Strathdavon, Banffshire. The one was a male and the other a female. The male was called Fhua Mhoir Ben-Baynac, after one of the mountains of Glen-Avon, where at one time he resided; and the female was called Clashnichd Aulnaic, from her having had her abode in Craig-Aulnaic. But although the great ghost of Ben-Baynac was bound by the common ties of nature and of honour to protect and cherish his weaker companion, Clashnichd Aulnaic, he often treated her in the most cruel and unfeeling manner. In the dead of night, when the surrounding hamlets were buried in deep repose, and when nothing else disturbed the solemn stillness of the midnight scene, "oft," says our narrator, "would the shrill shrieks of poor Clashnichd burst upon the slumberer's ears, and awake him to anything but pleasant reflections."

Of all those who were incommoded by the noisy and unseemly quarrels of those two ghosts, James Owre, or Gray, the tenant of the farm of Balbig of Delnabo, was the greatest sufferer. From the proximity of his abode to their haunts it was the misfortune of himself and family to be the nightly audience of Clashnichd's cries and lamentations, which they

considered anything but agreeable entertainment.

One day, as James Gray was on his rounds looking after his sheep, he happened to fall in with Clashnichd, the ghost of Aulnaic, with whom he entered into a long conversation. In the course of this conversation he took occasion to remonstrate with her on the very disagreeable disturbance she caused himself and family by her wild and unearthly cries—cries which, he said, few mortals could relish in the dreary hours of midnight. Poor Clashnichd, by way of apology for her conduct, gave James Gray a sad account of her usage, detailing at full length the series of cruelties committed upon her by Ben-Baynac. From this account it appeared that her cohabitation with the latter was by no means a matter of choice with Clashnichd; on the contrary, it appeared that she had for a long time led a life of celibacy with much comfort, residing in a snug dwelling, as already mentioned, in the wilds of Craig-Aulnaic; but Ben-Baynac having unfortunately taken it into his head to pay her a visit, he took a fancy, not to herself, but her dwelling, of which, in his own name and authority, he took immediate possession, and soon after expelled poor Clashnichd, with many stripes, from her natural inheritance; while, not satisfied with invading and depriving her of her just rights, he was in the habit of following her into her private haunts, not with the view of offering her any endearments, but for the purpose of inflicting on her person every degrading torment which his brain could invent.

Such a moving relation could not fail to

affect the generous heart of James Gray, who determined from that moment to risk life and limb in order to vindicate the rights and revenge the wrongs of poor Clashnichd, the ghost of Craig-Aulnaic. He therefore took good care to interrogate his new *protégée* touching the nature of her oppressor's constitution, whether he was of that killable species of ghost that could be shot with a silver sixpence, or if there was any other weapon that could possibly accomplish his annihilation. Clashnichd informed him that she had occasion to know that Ben-Baynac was wholly invulnerable to all the weapons of man, with the exception of a large mole on his left breast, which was no doubt penetrable by silver or steel, but that, from the specimens she had of his personal prowess and strength, it were vain for mere man to attempt to combat Ben-Baynac, the great ghost. Confiding, however, in his expertness as an archer—for he was allowed to be the best marksman of the age—James Gray told Clashnichd he did not fear him with all his might; that he was his man; and desired her, moreover, next time he chose to repeat his incivilities to her, to apply to him, James Gray, for redress.

It was not long ere he had an opportunity of fulfilling his promises. Ben-Baynac having one night, in the want of better amusement, entertained himself by inflicting an inhuman castigation on Clashnichd, she lost no time in waiting on James Gray with a full and particular account of it. She found him smoking his cutty and unbuttoning his habiliments for bed, but, notwithstanding the inconvenience of

the hour, James needed no great persuasions to induce him to proceed directly along with Clashnichd, to hold a communication with their friend Ben-Baynac, the great ghost. Clashnichd was a stout, sturdy hussey, who understood the knack of travelling much better than our women do. She expressed a wish that, for the sake of expedition, James Gray would mount himself on her ample shoulders, a motion to which the latter agreed, and a few minutes brought them close to the scene of Ben-Baynac's residence. As they approached his haunt he came forth to meet them, with looks and gestures which did not at all indicate a cordial welcome. It was a fine, moonlight night, and they could easily observe his actions. Poor Clashnichd was now sorely afraid of the great ghost. Apprehending instant destruction from his fury, she exclaimed to James Gray that they would be both dead people, and that immediately, unless James could hit with an arrow the mole which covered Ben-Baynac's heart. This was not so difficult a task as James had hitherto apprehended it. The mole was as large as a common bonnet, and yet nowise disproportioned to the natural size of his body, for he certainly was a great and mighty ghost. Ben-Baynac cried out to James Gray that he would soon make eagle's meat of him; and certain it is such was his intention, had not James Gray so effectually stopped him from the execution of it. Raising his bow to his eye when within a few yards of Ben-Baynac, he took an important aim; the arrow flew—it hit—a yell from Ben-Baynac announced its fatality. A hideous howl re-echoed from the

surrounding mountains, responsive to the groans of a thousand ghosts, and Ben-Baynac, like the smoke of a shot, vanished into air.

Clashnichd, the ghost of Aulnaic, now found herself emancipated from the most abject state of slavery and restored to freedom and liberty, through the invincible courage of James Gray. Overpowered with gratitude, she fell at James Gray's feet, and vowed to devote the whole of her time and talents towards his service and prosperity. Meanwhile, being anxious to have her remaining goods and furniture removed to her former dwelling, whence she had been so iniquitously expelled by Ben-Baynac, the great ghost, she requested of her new master the use of his horses to remove them. James observed on the adjacent hill a flock of deer, and wishing to have a trial of his new servant's sagacity or expertness, told her those were his horses—she was welcome to the use of them; desiring, when she had done with them, that she would enclose them in his stable. Clashnichd then proceeded to make use of the horses, and James Gray returned home to enjoy his night's rest. Scarce had he reached his arm-chair and reclined his cheek on his hand, to ruminate over the bold adventure of the night, when Clashnichd entered with her "breath in her throat," and venting the bitterest complaints at the unruliness of his horses, which had broken one half of her furniture and caused more trouble in the stabling of them than their services were worth. "Oh! they are stabled, then?" inquired James Gray. Clashnichd replied in the affirmative. "Very well,"

rejoined James, "they shall be tame enough to-morrow."

From this specimen of Clashnichd the ghost of Craig Aulnaic's expertness, it will be seen what a valuable acquisition her service proved to James Gray and his young family, of which, however, they were too speedily deprived by a most unfortunate accident. From the sequel of the story, and of which the foregoing is but an accident, it appears that poor Clashnichd was but too speedily addicted to those guzzling propensities which, at that time, rendered her kin so obnoxious to their human neighbours. She was, consequently, in the habit of visiting her friends much oftener than she was invited, and in the course of such visits was never very scrupulous in making free with any eatables that fell within the circle of her observation.

One day, while engaged on a foraging expedition of this description, she happened to enter the mill of Delnabo, which was inhabited in those days by the miller's family. She found the miller's wife engaged in roasting a large gridiron of fine, savoury fish, the agreeable effluvia proceeding from which, perhaps, occasioned her visit. With the usual inquiries after the health of the miller and his family, Clashnichd proceeded, with the greatest familiarity and good humour, to make herself comfortable at the expense of their entertainment. But the miller's wife, enraged at the loss of her fish, and not relishing such unwelcome familiarity, punished the unfortunate Clashnichd rather too severely for her freedom. It happened that there was, at the time, a large cal-

dron of boiling water suspended over the fire, and this caldron, the beldam of a miller's wife overturned in Clashnichd's bosom. Scalded beyond recovery, she fled up the wilds of Craig-Aulnaic, uttering the most melancholy lamentations, nor has she been ever since heard of to the present day.

CHAPTER V.

Delnabo—Its former Inhabitants—Once Inhabited by Noted Witches.—Legend of the Delnabo Witches.

“When Satan, for weighty despatches,
Sought messengers cunning and bold,
He passed by the beautiful faces,
And picked out the ugly and old.”—VOLLE.

IN this enlightened age of the world it would be the work of supererogation to enter into a lengthy description of the ancient and well-known order of witchcraft, the nature and constitution of which require very little explanation in a country where it has been so long established. Taking a retrospective view of the rise and progress of this once flourishing institution, we are told it was founded by the Grand Master, shortly after the creation of the world. That the wickedness of the inhabitants having kept pace with their increase, Satan found work multiplying so fast on his hands, that his own spiritual minions, numerous as they were, became inadequate to their employment. Being seldom blind to his own interest, the idea of enlisting a few human instruments to supply their deficiencies naturally suggested itself to his fertile genius, and such has been the thirst for magic and power, which has at all times pervaded the old women of those countries, that he never had great

difficulty in procuring abundance of volunteers to join his banners.

It will, no doubt, prove a matter of some astonishment to the amiable reader, how any body that has the honour of wearing a human face could think of espousing so desperate a cause for the sake of any gratification which Satan's kingdom affords. It is well known that no sooner do men or women enter on this profession, than there is a striking change in their personal appearance. Their countenances are no longer the emblems of humanity, but the signposts of malice and bad luck. "Looking like a witch" is a proverb that has been always descriptive of the most exquisite ugliness, and whoever has seen the *frontispiece* of a Highland witch will be satisfied with its force and propriety.

The face is so wrinkled, that it commonly resembles the channels of dried waters, and the colour of it resembles nothing so much as a piece of rough, tanned leather. The eyes are small and piercing, sunk into the forehead, like the expiring remains of a candle in a socket—the nose, large and sharp, forming a bridge to the contracting chin. These are represented as the enviable features of a witch. The wizard's appearance differs very little from that of his amiable sister, the witch, only that his face is covered over with a preternatural redundancy of hair, and that he wears beneath his chin a bunch of hair in the manner of a warrior, or a goat. For admission into the craft, it is well known that women are preferred. Their initiation into infernal orders is preceded by the execution of a formal covenant with Satan,

sealed with the mutual blood of the parties. The candidates are then inducted into the mysteries and secrets of their new profession with great pomp, in presence of their Royal Grand Master, who, set forth in *propria terrore*, presides over the ceremony. The place selected for this imposing ceremony is not unfrequently a spacious lake or pool, the members of the craft in attendance being furnished with their seaworthy navy, their brooms and riddles. The following particulars relative to an intended initiation, which was attempted in Strathdavon, "in the memory of the grandmothers of some people still living," while it conveys some idea of such a scene as that to which we alluded, may also prove a warning to those who may be thoughtlessly led to embrace the profession.

"In the time of my grandmother, the farm of Delnabo was proportionally divided between three tenants. At first equally comfortable in their circumstances, it was in the course of some time remarked by all, and by none more forcibly than by one of the said three portioners, that, although superior in point of industry and talent to his two fellow-portioners, one of the tenants was daily lapsing into poverty, while his two neighbours were daily improving in estate. Amazed and grieved at the adverse fortune which thus attended his family, compared to the prosperous condition of his neighbours, the wife of the poor man was in the habit of expressing her astonishment at the circumstance, not only to her own particular friends, but likewise to the wives of her neighbours themselves. On one of these occasions

the other two wives asked her what would she do to ameliorate her condition if it were in her power. She answered them she would do anything whatever. Here the other wives thought they had got a gudgeon that would snap at any bait, and immediately resolved to make her their confidant. 'Well, then,' says one of the other two wives, 'if you agree to keep our communications strictly secret, and implicitly obey our instructions, neither poverty nor want shall ever assail you more.' This speech of the other wife immediately impressed the poor man's wife with a strong suspicion of their real character. Dissembling all surprise at the circumstance, she promised to agree to all their conditions. She was then directed when she went to bed that night to carry along with her the floor-broom, well known for its magical properties, which she was to leave by her husband's side in the course of the night, and which would represent her so exactly that the husband could not distinguish the difference in the morning. They at the same time enjoined her to discard all fears of detection, as their own husbands had been satisfied with those lovely substitutes (the brooms) for a great number of years. Matters being thus arranged, she was desired to join them at the hour of midnight, in order to accompany them to that scene which was to realise her future happiness.

"Promising to attend to their instructions, the poor man's wife took leave of her neighbours full of those sensations of horror which the discovery of such depravity was calculated to produce in a virtuous mind. Hastening home to

her husband, she thought it no crime to break her promise to her wicked neighbours and, like a dutiful and prudent wife, to reveal to the husband of her bosom the whole particulars of their interview. The husband greatly commended his wife's fidelity, and immediately entered into a collusion with her, which displays no ordinary amount of ingenuity. It was agreed that the husband should exchange apparel with the wife, and that he should in this disguise accompany the wives to the place appointed, to see what cantrips they intended to perform. He accordingly arrayed himself in his wife's habiliments, and at the hour of midnight joined the party at the place appointed. The 'bride,' as they called him, was most cordially received by the two ladies of the broom, who warmly congratulated the 'bride' upon her good fortune and the speedy consummation of her happiness. He was then presented with a fir-torch, a broom, and a riddle, articles with which they themselves were furnished. They directed their course along the banks of the rolling Avon, until they reached Craic-pol-nain, or the Craig of the Bird's-pool. Here, in consequence of the steepness of the craig, they found it convenient to pass to the other side of the river. This passage they effected without the use of their navy, the river being fordable at the place. They then came in sight of Pol-nain, and, lo! what human eye ever witnessed such a scene before? The pool appeared as if actually enveloped in a flame of fire. A hundred torches blazed aloft, reflecting their beams on the towering woods of Loynchork. And what ear ever heard such shrieks and yells

as proceeded from the horrid crew engaged at their hellish orgies on Pol-nain? Those cries were, however, sweet music to the two wives of Delnabo. Every yell produced from them a burst of unrestrained pleasure, and away they frisked, leaving the amiable bride a considerable way behind. For the fact is, that he was in no hurry to reach the scene, and when he did reach it, it was with a determination to be only a spectator, and not a participator in the night's performance. On reaching the pool's side he saw what was going on—he saw abundance of hags steering themselves to and fro in their riddles by means of their oars, the brooms, 'halloing and skirling worse than the bogles,' and each holding in her left hand a torch of fir, whilst at other times they would swirl themselves into a row and make a profound obeisance to a large, black, ugly tyke, perched on a lofty rock, who was no doubt the 'muckle thief' himself, and who was pleased to acknowledge most graciously those expressions of their loyalty and devotion by bowing, grinning, and clapping his paws. Having administered to the bride some preliminary instructions, the impatient wives desired him to remain by the pool's side until they should commune with his satanic highness on the subject of her inauguration, directing her, as they proceeded on their voyage across the pool, to speed them in their master's name. To this order of the black pair the bride was resolved to pay particular attention. As soon as they were embarked in their riddles and had wriggled themselves by means of their brooms into a proper depth of water, 'Go,' says he, 'in the

name of the Best!' A horrid yell from the witches announced their instant fate—the magic spell was now dissolved—crash went the riddles, and down sank the two witches, never more to rise, amidst the shrieks and lamentations of the Old Thief and all his infernal crew, whose combined power and policy could not save them from a watery end. All the torches were extinguished in an instant, and the affrighted company fled in different directions, in such forms and similitudes as they thought most convenient for them to adopt, and the wily bride returned home at his leisure, enjoying himself vastly at the clever manner in which he had executed the instructions of his deceased friends. On arriving at his house he dressed himself in his own clothes, and without immediately satisfying his wife's curiosity at the result of his excursion, he yoked his cattle and commenced his morning labours with as little concern as usual. His two neighbours, who were not even conscious of the absence of their wives (so ably substituted were they by the brooms), did the same. Towards breakfast-time, however, the two neighbours were not a little astonished that they observed no signs of their wives having risen from bed—notwithstanding their customary earliness—and this surprise they expressed to the late bride, their neighbour. The latter archly remarked that he had great suspicions in his own mind of their rising even that day. 'What mean you by that?' remarked they. 'We left our wives apparently in good health when we ourselves arose.' 'Find them now,' was the reply, the bride setting up as merry a whistle

as before. Running each to his bed, what was the astonishment of the husbands when, instead of his wife, he only found an old broom. Their neighbour then told them that if they chose to examine Pol-nain well, they would find both their dear doxies there. The grieving husbands accordingly proceeded thither, and with the necessary instruments dragged their late worthy partners to dry land, and afterwards privately interred them. The shattered vessels and oars of those unfortunate navigators whirling about the pool, satisfied their lords of the manner by which they came to their ends, and their names were no longer mentioned by their kindred in the land. It need scarcely be added that the poor man gradually recovered his former opulence, and that in the course of a short time he was comparatively as rich as he was formerly poor."

CHAPTER VI.

Belnacoill, the native place of Lachlan Dhu.—MacPherson, the Highland Paganini.—Lachlan Dhu.—Macpherson's excellence as a Fiddler—His Peregrinations among the Saxons.—Enchants a Saxon Lady.—His Deceptions on the Lady.—His Castle resolves into a Black Hut.—The Lady visits her Friends.—He becomes a Country Fiddler.—His Pugilistic Accomplishments.—Legend of Lachlan Dhu and the Ghost of Bogandorran.

NEAR the haunted knoll of Aldichoish, opposite to the last-mentioned celebrated localities of Balbeg and Delnabo, adjacent to the banks of the Avon, about a mile above Tomintoul, stood, in the morning of the author's life, a little steading of black houses, or a little holding called Belnacoill, which steading, in the course of time, fell into the "Tombs of the Capulets," and the possession became absorbed into the more aristocratic possession of St. Bridget, the seat of the descendants of the gallant Gordon of Glenbucket. Belnacoill, from its humble, plebeian aspect, would have been passed without observation, but for the adventitious circumstance of its having been the birth-place of the great native musician of the Highlands of his day and generation. Here Lachlan Dhu Macpherson, to use an American phrase, was "raised," and here he "waked to ecstasy the living lyre," in the shapes of the harp and violin. Whether he could, like the

renowned Italian minstrel, Paganini, play on one string, we know not, but living traditions have it that he could make the fiddle almost speak—extracting therefrom such ravishing sounds as would have made “the Theban domes to rise,” swaying at will the hearts and passions of his auditors. As might be expected, Lachlan Dhu found it his interest, as was the practice of his enterprising countrymen, in his day, and since, to seek his fortune in the regions of Saxon gold, and his success was fully commensurate with his expectations. His violin furnished him with *open-sesame* keys to the mansions of the rich, and the great,—where his enchanting strains opened the pockets of the men, and the hearts of the women. We are not in possession of a history of his peregrinations, which would be a very interesting and romantic record; but he brought home with him one living proof of the witchery of his minstrelsy, in the person of a young and accomplished lady of family and some fortune, to whom he represented himself as the scion of a noble Highland family, whose devotion to the profession of sweet sounds and the love of adventures lured him from his home; and the lady, enchanted by his strains, without much inquisition into the truth of Lachlan’s tale, allowed herself to be woo’d and won, and to say :

For thee alone I’ll leave my home,
My friends, and all that’s dear;
For thee a wanderer I’ll become,
Without a parting tear.

But she soon found that “hope told a flattering tale;” the money that she got into her possession at her flight from her parental home, grew

less and less on their wayward wanderings, and she sighed for repose in the romantic Highland mansion of her deceiving Lothario. Lachlan, for more reasons than one, found it necessary to humour her desires, and walking over the mountains leading to his native home, the English lady, unaccustomed to the climbing of an endless succession of weary hills, anxiously inquired when they would behold his native castle—when, coming in sight of Tomintoul, he told her she would soon see the place of his nativity. “Oh, I suppose, my dear, all that we see belongs to you.” “Yes,” says Lachlan, shutting his eyes, “all I see belongs to you.” But soon the poor young lady was doomed to dree the pangs of disappointment as Lachlan led her into his turf-clad castle, the end of which was occupied by the family cow. The lady, like the eloquent Mr. Bright, being averse to live on Highland porridge, the only delicacy which crowned her board, she addressed herself to make her peace with those she left behind her in her native home, and in the course of time Lachlan found himself a solitary man in his solitary mansion. What may have been his subsequent expeditions in search of love and money we know not, but the latter part of his history records that he became a settled-down country musician, whose effective talents were, on all occasions of mirth and conviviality, in requisition. It is also on record that in the course of his travels he acquired, and excelled in, the noble art of self-defence; and in the handling of a flail or cudgel he was more than a match for the dead and living bogles, who in those days went about, like Irishmen at a fair, seeking for a partner

at the game of shillelagh. A single narrative communicated to the author by James Macpherson, of Toberay, commonly called Bonnyman, on account of his plain looks, the grand-nephew of the musical hero, Lachan Dhu, will be sufficient to confirm our statement as to Lachlan Dhu's warlike prowess.

"Late one night as my grand-uncle, Lachlan Dhu Macpherson, who was well known as the best fiddler of his day, was returning home from a ball at which he had acted as a musician, he had occasion to pass through the once-haunted bog of Torrans. Now, it happened at that time that the bog was frequented by a huge bogle or ghost, who was of a most mischievous disposition, and took particular pleasure in abusing every traveller who had occasion to pass through the place between the twilight at night and cock-crowing in the morning. Suspecting much that he would also come in for a share of this abuse, my grand-uncle made up his mind in the course of his progress to return him any civilities which he might think meet to offer him. On arriving at the spot, he found his suspicions were too well founded, for whom did he see but the ghost of Bogandorran apparently ready waiting for him, and seeming by his ghastly grin not a little overjoyed at the meeting. Then, marching up to my grand-uncle, the bogle clapt a huge club into his hand, and furnishing himself with one of the same dimensions, he put a spittle in his hand and deliberately commenced the combat. My grand-uncle returned the salute with equal spirit, and so ably did both parties ply their batons, that for a while the issue of the combat was

extremely doubtful. At length, however, the fiddler could easily discover that his opponent's vigour was much in the fagging order. Picking up renewed courage in consequence, my grand-uncle, the fiddler, plied the ghost with renovated vigour, and after a stout resistance, in the course of which both parties were seriously handled, the ghost of Bogandorran thought it prudent to give up the fight.

“ At the same time, filled, no doubt, with great indignation at his signal defeat, it seems the ghost resolved to re-engage my grand-uncle on some other occasion under more favorable circumstances. Not long after, as my grand-uncle was returning home quite unattended from another ball in the braes of the country, he had just entered the hollow of Auldichoish, well known for its *eery* properties, when lo ! who presented himself to his view on the adjacent eminence but his old friend of Bogandorran advancing, as large as the gable of a house, putting himself in the most threatening and fighting attitudes. Looking on the very dangerous nature of the ground on which they were met, and feeling no anxiety for a second encounter with a combatant of his weight, in a situation so little desirable, the fiddler would have willingly deferred the settlement of their differences till a more convenient season. He, accordingly, assuming the most submissive aspect in the world, endeavoured to pass by his champion in peace, but in vain. Longing, no doubt, to retrieve the disgrace of his late discomfiture, the bogle instantly seized the fiddler, and attempted with all his might to pull the latter down the precipice, with the diabolical

intention, it is supposed, of drowning him in the river Avon below. In this pious design the bogle was happily frustrated by the intervention of some trees which grew in the precipice, and to which my unhappy grand-uncle clung with the zeal of a drowning man. The enraged ghost, finding it impossible to extricate him from those friendly trees, and resolving at all events to be revenged of him, he fell on maltreating the fiddler with his hands and feet in the most inhuman manner.

"Such gross indignities my worthy grand-uncle was not accustomed to, and being incensed beyond all measure at the liberties taken by Bogandorran, he resolved again to try his mettle, whether life or death should be the consequence. Having no other weapon wherewith to defend himself but his biodag, which, considering the nature of his opponent's constitution, he suspected much would be of little avail to him—I say, in the absence of any other weapon, he sheathed the biodag three times in the ghost of Bogandorran's belly—and what was the consequence? Why, to the great astonishment of my courageous grand-uncle, the ghost fell down cold dead at his feet, and was never more seen or heard of."

CHAPTER VII.

Lecht Gown, or the Smith's Stone.

MOST of our readers have read, in the pages of our national annals, of the celebrated judicial combat, which took place on the North Inch of Perth, before King Robert III, his queen, and Scotch nobility, in the year 1396, between the Macphersons, properly the Clan Chattan, and the Davidsons of Invernahaven, called the Clan Dai—a branch of the Clan Chattan—a very barbarous mode of adjusting long pending disputes and difficulties between two contending bodies of clansmen, reminding one of the popular story of hanging a Highlandman to please the young chief, who had never seen an execution. A precedent had, however, occurred in Robert the First's time, when H. Hardange fought William De Saintlowe, on the North Inch, in the royal presence. According to the adage of Lord Lovat, on the scaffold—that "the mair mischief, the mair sport,"—it was arranged that the clansmen's difficulty should be decided by a combat of thirty against thirty, to whom, personally, however, the grand spectacle proved very poor sport. And of this, a sensible man, one of the thirty selected as the Macpherson's champions,

formed a sanitary opinion—for, deeming “discretion the better part of valour,” he, on coming to the stage, and seeing the combatants armed with sword and target, bows and arrows, knives, and battle-axes, taking their places within the barricades,—panic struck, plunged into the Tay, swam across, and soon distanced his pursuers. Here a difficulty arose, which nearly put a stop to the entertainment, as the Davidsons refused to discount one of their number, so as to make the numbers on both sides equal—when a diminutive and crooked, but fierce man, named Henry Wynd, a burgher of Perth, and an armourer by trade, sprung within the barricades, exclaiming, “Here am I, will any one fee me to engage with these hirelings, in this stage-play. For half a merk, (but, according to others, a French crown-piece) I will try the game.” The demand of the Gown Crom or crooked smith, according to Bower, the historian, was readily granted by the king and nobles, and the awful drama proceeded. The armourer, bending his bow, by an arrow killed one of the opposite party, on which he drew aside, which being observed by Clan Chattan’s captain, he asked him his reason for thus stopping. “Because,” says Wynd, “I have killed my man, and earned my wages.” The captain exclaimed, “the man who keeps no reckoning of his good deeds, without reckoning, he shall be paid.”—“Amfear nach cuntash vum cha chunda mirish”—on which the Gown Crom, in the multiplied deaths of his opponents, earned a sum exceeding, by many times, the original stipulation. The combat was terrific—heads were cloven asunder, limbs were

lopped from the trunk — the meadow was flooded with blood, and covered with dead and wounded men. Victory ultimately declared for the Macphersons, but not until twenty-nine of the Davidsons had yielded up the ghost. Nineteen of Cluny's men had also been slain, and the remaining eleven, with the exception of Gown Crom, who was excellent as a swordsman, mainly contributed to the result, were grievously wounded.

The bloody laurels which crowned the brows of the Gown Crom, in the mercenary part enacted by him in this tragedy, could not fail to be regarded as the marks of a beast by the virtuous and civilized community of Perth, and there is little doubt the execrations with which he was greeted, rendered it expedient for him "to flit and remove himself, his wife, bairns, goods, and gear," to another scene of operations. From the tales and traditions transmitted to posterity by Strathavon chroniclers, we are enabled to trace his migrations to the wilds of Strathavon. The countries of Strathavon and Strathdon are divided by a chain of hills. The summit of two corresponding ravines, leading to each of the said countries, and by which the road communicates, is known by the name of Lecht Ghown — and tradition has it, that here the Gown Crom had a smithy, in the shape of a large flat stone, to which the inhabitants of the adjacent countries resorted, with their arms, to be repaired by him. Ultimately, he removed to a locality situated about a mile northward of Tomintoul, still called Croft Gown, where he and his family, out of a black moor,

made a habitation and a home. On the character and habits of the worthy Gown, in his latter days, little light is thrown, but it is believed he was the progenitor of numerous descendants, who fulfilled the primitive command, and under the cognomens of Gow, in Gaelic, and Smith, in English, have waxed a numerous, influential, and wealthy sept in the countries of Strathavon, Glenlivat, Glenrinnnes, and neighbouring localities.

CHAPTER VIII.

Auchriachan, near Tomintoul—The Residence of a long line of the Clan Farquharson.—The Tacksman of Auchriachan in search of his Goats.—Lost in the Hills—His Adventure and Night's Quarters with Thomas Rymer and the Fairies of Glencoulas.

“There are Fairies, and Brownies, and Shades Amazonian,
Of Harper and Sharper, and old Cameronian;
Some small as pigmies and some tall as a steeple,
The spirits are all gone as mad as the people.”—Hogg.

THE origin and descent of the fairies, which had so long proved knotty subjects of controversy in other quarters of the kingdom, are points which have been finally settled and disposed of in these countries. No doubt now remains in the minds of those who have bestowed any attention on the important subject, of their being those unhappy angels whose diabolical deeds procured their expulsion from Paradise. In support of this rational theory the wise men of the day never fail to quote the highest authority. Scripture, they say, tells us those angels were cast down, and although, indeed, it does not mention to what place, sad experience proves the fact that the Highland mountains, and particularly the scenes of our present researches, received an ample share of them. To dispel any doubt that

may remain on the mind of the reader as to the soundness of this doctrine, we refer him to clerical authority. The Reverend Mr. John Grant, incumbent of Kirkmichael, in his statistical account of the parish in 1794, writes, "About fifty years ago a clergyman in the neighbourhood, whose faith was more regulated by the scepticism of philosophy than the credulity of superstition, could not be prevailed upon to yield his assent to the opinion of the times. At length, however, he felt from experience that he doubted what he ought to have believed. One night, as he was returning home at a late hour from a presbytery, he was seized by the fairies, and carried aloft into air. Through fields of ether and fleecy clouds, he journeyed many a mile, descrying, like Sancho Panza in his corcelino, the earth far distant below him, and no bigger than a nutshell. Being thus sufficiently convinced of the reality of their existence, they let him down at the door of his own house, where he afterwards often related to the wondering circle the marvellous tale of his adventure."

Wandering up and down, like the hordes of Tartary, they pitched their camp where spoil was most plentiful, and, taking advantage of the obstinate incredulity of some of their human neighbours, contrived to make themselves perfectly comfortable at the latter's expence. The unhappy hero of the following narrative, one of the ancient family of the clan Farquharson, who for two hundred years is said to have possessed the farm of Auchriachan, near Tomintoul, was convinced, too well, like the clergyman, of the existence of the fairy tribe.

“A farmer, who at one time occupied the farm of Auchriachan, of Strathavon, was one day searching for his goats in a remote hill in Glen-coulas, and what came on but a thick, hazy fog, which marred his way and bewildered his senses. Every stone, magnified by the delusion of the moment, appeared a mountain; every rivulet seemed to him to run in an opposite direction to its usual course, and the unhappy traveller thought of his fireside, which he expected never to see more. Night came on apace; its horrific gloom, as it approached, dispelled the unhappy wanderer’s forlorn hopes, and he now sat down to prepare for the world that has no end. Involved in perplexity at his unhappy situation, he threw a mournful look on the gloomy scene around him, as if to bid the world an eternal adieu; when, lo! a twinkling light glimmered on his eye. It was a cheering blink, that administered comfort to his soul. His frigid limbs, which lately refused their office, recovered their vigour. His exhausted frame became animated and energetic; and he immediately directed his course towards the light, which, from its reflection seemed not far distant. On reaching the place, however, his joy was a good deal damped when he examined the nature of the place whence the light reflected. A human foot never seemed to have visited the scene; it was one of wildness and horror. Life, however, is exceedingly sweet, when we are on the brink of losing it, and necessity had so far subdued every vestige of fear, that Auchriachan resolved at all hazards to take a night’s lodging with the inmates, whatever their nature and calling might be. The door was open, and he entered the

place. His courage, however, was a good deal appalled on meeting at the door an old female acquaintance, whose funeral he had recently attended, and who, it appeared, acted in this family in the capacity of housewife. But this meeting, however disagreeable it proved to Auchriachan in one respect, ultimately turned out a fortunate circumstance for him, inasmuch as his old acquaintance was the happy means of saving his life. On observing Auchriachan—for that was the farmer's title—enter the abode, she instantly ran towards him, and told him he was done for unless he chose to slip into a by-corner of the principal apartment, where he had better remain until she found an opportunity of effecting his escape. The advice of the friendly housekeeper he thought it prudent to adopt, and he was accordingly content to hide himself in a crevice in the apartment. Scarce had he done so, when there entered the dwelling an immense concourse of fairies, who had been all day absent upon some important expedition, and being well appetized by their journey, they all cried out for some food. Having all sat in council, the question proposed for discussion was, 'What was their supper to consist of?' When an old sagacious-looking fairy, who sat in the chimney-corner, spoke as follows: 'Celestial gentlemen, you all know and abhor that old miserly fellow, the tacksman of Auchriachan. Mean and penurious, he appropriates nothing to us; but, on the contrary, disappoints us of our very dues. By learning too well the lesson taught him by his old and weakened grandmother, nothing escapes a blessing and a safeguard; and the consequence is, that we

cannot interfere with the gleanings on his fields, far less the stock and produce. Now Auchriachan himself is not at home this night; he is in search of his goats, our allies; his less careful household have neglected the customary safeguards; and lo! his goods are at our mercy. Come, let us have his favorite ox to supper.' 'Bravo!' exclaimed the whole assembly; 'the opinion of Thomas Rymer is always judicious; Auchriachan is certainly a miserable devil, and we shall have his favorite ox to supper.' 'But whence shall we procure bread to eat with him?' inquired a greedy-looking fairy. 'We shall have the new baked bread of Auchriachan,' replied the sagacious and sage counsellor, Mr. Rymer, 'for he is a miserly old fellow; he himself is not at home, and his wife has forgot to cross the first bannock.' 'Bravo!' exclaimed the whole assembly; 'by all means, let us have the new-baked bread of Auchriachan!'

"Thus did Auchriachan, honest man, who indeed was not at home, with no very grateful feelings learn the fate of his favorite ox, without, however, dissenting from the general voice that pronounced his doom. And, in pursuance of the same unpleasant decision, he had the additional mortification to see his ill-fated ox deliberately introduced by the nose and killed in his presence. Meantime, when all were engaged cooking the ox, the officious housekeeper took occasion, under pretence of some other errand, to relieve Auchriachan from his uncomfortable seclusion. On issuing forth from Mr. Rymer's council-chamber, Auchriachan found the mist had entirely disappeared—the

stones were now of their natural size—the rivulets now ran their usual course—the moon threw her silver mantle over the lately murky scene, and he had now no difficulty to make his way home, lamenting, most sincerely, the lot of his favorite ox.

“On arriving at home, he was cordially welcomed by his happy family, whose great anxiety for his safety was probably the cause of the omission of that duty that poor Auchriachan had so much cause to deplore. His overjoyed wife, supposing her husband to be no doubt in a hungry cue, provided a basket of new-baked bread, and milk, and urged him to eat, for sure he might well be hungry. He did not, however, mind her solicitude for his comfort—he was sorry and sullen, and cared not for the provision, particularly the bread, well knowing it was only an abominable phantom. At last he inquired, ‘Which of you served the oxen, this night, my lads?’ ‘It was I, my father,’ replied one of his sons. ‘And did you mind the customary safeguard?’ ‘Indeed,’ says the son, ‘from my great agitation for the fate of my father, I believe I forgot.’ ‘Alas! alas!’ exclaimed the affectionate father, ‘my dear and favorite ox is no more!’ ‘What!’ exclaims one of the sons, ‘I saw him alive, not two hours ago!’ ‘It was only a fairy *stock*,’ says Auchriachan, ‘bring him out here, until I despatch him.’ The farmer then, venting the most unqualified expressions of his indignation upon the *stock* and its knavish proprietors, struck it such a pithy blow on the forehead as felled it to the ground. Rolling down the brae at the

back of the house to the bottom, there it lay, and the bread along with it, both unmolested; for it was a remarkable circumstance that neither dog nor cat ever put a tooth on the carcase."

CHAPTER IX.

Tomintoul and its Celebrities.—The Capital of the Grampians.
—Its History and Etymology.—Great progressive Improvements and Extension.

ON an elevated tract of tabular land, in the centre of Strathavon, or as it is often called Strathdown, stands the capital of the Grampian Highlands of Banffshire, Tomintoul, the etymology of which, we believe is Tom-Doul, in English, the Barn-mount. Some will have it *Tom-deul*, the devil's mount—a definition scarcely complimentary to the place and people. In support of this last definition, an exciseman, more noted for his wit, than for his piety, used to relate, as a fact, that when Satan, on a certain occasion mentioned in Scripture, offered to relinquish all the kingdoms and places of the world, he, Satan, excepted and reserved the place of Tomintoul to himself, for a *special preserve*. But, we believe, it would be no difficult matter to demolish the exciseman's profane assumption, as Tomintoul cannot compete with the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah, in points of *iniquity* and *antiquity*; and, besides, as the historian of the capital of our native land, we feel called upon to vindicate the morality and character of the place from many libellous aspersions which it

has little deserved. Tomintoul was founded by the family of Gordon, as a village, about a century ago; and within the last fifty years, it has increased vastly in buildings and population. The tenements of land on which the houses are built, measure thirty-six falls, or thereby, each in extent, held on nineteen years' leases, from Whitsunday, 1825, renewable on the expiry of every nineteen years, for a whole period of one hundred and fourteen years. In addition to the tenements, the tenants are accommodated with certain portions of land around and near the village, each portion varying from one to twelve acres, at moderate rents—the rent of each tenement, being twelve shillings yearly. The population of the village, which, at the date of Mr. Grant's statistical account, in 1795, consisted of only thirty-seven families, now consists of seven hundred people. The village is laid out in two long extending rows of houses facing the street, with a large and commodious square in the centre—the generality of the houses being of a substantial and comfortable aspect, including a neat church and manse, built by the Parliamentary Church Commissioners, and a handsome and commodious parochial school-house and schoolmaster's accommodations.

Like the exciseman before mentioned, the Rev. Mr. Grant, who was addicted to wit and humour, gives a graphic, but, we think, rather *sinister* account of the manners and habits of the inhabitants in his time. He says, “no monopolies are established here—no restraints on the industry of the community. All of them sell whisky, and all of them drink it.

When disengaged from this business, the women spin yarn, kiss their inamoratas, or dance to the discordant sounds of an old fiddle. The men, while not participating in the amusements of the women, sell some small articles of merchandise, or let themselves, occasionally, for a day's labour, and by those means earn a scanty subsistence for themselves and families;" and, he adds, "a school is stationed at this village, attended by forty or fifty little recreants, all promising to be very like their parents." Pursuing his humour, Mr. Grant, by way of illustration, gives an amusing, if not flattering, biographical sketch of a personage, who, during Mr. Grant's time, enjoyed great notoriety and distinction, being known under the name and title of "The Countess." We subjoin his description of the life and character of this heroine.

THE COUNTESS, A GREAT PUBLICAN.

"In personal respect and fortune, at the head of the inhabitants, must be ranked the hostess of the best inn, at the sign of the "Horns." This heroine began her career of celebrity, in the accommodating disposition of an easy virtue, at the age of fourteen, in the year 1745. That year saw her in a regiment in Flanders. Caressing and caressed, superior to the little prejudices of her sex, she relinquished the first object of her affections, and attached herself to a noble personage, high in the military department. After a campaign of two years, spent in acquiring a knowledge of man and the world,

Scotland saw her again ; but, wearied of the inactivity of rural retirement, she then married, and made her husband enlist in the Royal Highlanders, at the commencement of the war, in 1756. With him, she navigated the Atlantic, and sallied forth on American ground, in quest of adventures—equally prepared to meet her friends, or encounter her enemies in the fields of Venus or Mars, as occasion offered. At the conclusion of that war, she revisited her native country. After a variety of vicissitudes in Germany, France, Holland, England, Ireland, Scotland, America, and the West Indies, her anchor is now moored on dry land, in the village of Tomintoul. It might be imagined that such extremes of climate, such discordant modes of living, such ascents and declivities, so many rugged paths, so many severe brushes as she must have experienced in her progress through life, would have impaired her health, especially when it is considered that she added twenty-four children to the aggregate of general births, besides some *homunculi* that stopped short in their passage. Wonderful, however, as it may appear, at this moment she is as fit for her usual active life as ever ; and, except two or three grey hairs vegetating from a mole upon one of her cheeks, that formerly set off a high ruddy complexion, she still retains all the apparent freshness and vigour of youth.”

In supplement to the Rev. Mr. Grant’s certificate of character, it is sufficient for us to say that the Countess, under the sanitary influence of fresh air and good spirits,—expanded like a balloon, without the aid of gas or crinoline, to a circumference of several yards, and

the weight of some twenty stone. One or two of her warrior patrons used to give her annual benefits, on which occasions they fought their battles over again, ending sometimes in *beauty spots*, noways creditable or satisfactory to the parties concerned. But in so far as regards the author, the Countess and her canteen were not matters of observation, but only of tradition—and he seeks not further to “draw her frailties from their dread abode” to which she was consigned long before his admiring eyes opened on the wonders of Tomintoul.

A Deputy Schoolmaster.—A Fallen Son of the Church—A Sketch of him, Personally, Morally, and Professionally.

THE author being translated from the haunts of herds and flocks to the haunts of busy men in the great emporium of Tomintoul, presenting to his youthful mind subjects of novelty, and surprise, such as his translation from Tomintoul to Edinburgh some two years afterwards, in quest of an ascending scale of education, gave rise. The author's kit being deposited in his new quarters, of which a description will be given in the sequel, he was conducted to the grand edifice provided by his Grace of Gordon, for the accommodation of the parochial schoolmaster, and some hundreds of the rising generation, in a very populous parish. Protestants and Catholics then harmoniously mingled together,—for in those days sectarian feelings and prejudices, held no place in this community, where Protestants and Papists intermarried, their children becoming adherents of either

persuasion, and accompanying father or mother to the church or chapel, as they inclined, without any of those domestic jarrings which now-a-days distinguish more enlightened communities. On entering the large hall, under the guidance of our guardian, we beheld long rows of girls and boys, and what might be called men, seeking knowledge under difficulties, who all turned a scrutinising look on us and our mountain costume. At the desk near the fireplace sat a figure, who it appeared was the great man who ruled over this noisy community; and our readers will excuse us for giving a short sketch of the person and history of this knight of the ferula who, the reader must understand, was not the parochial schoolmaster principal, who was then attending the Divinity Classes at Aberdeen College, but a substitute for the time being; and, on his coming forward to receive our conductor, we were not a little surprised to find the governor, dressed out like a Glengarry Highlander, in the Highland costume, not of the most elegant description, being very ordinary fabrics that had seen a good deal of service; but Mr. Donald Mackenzie's address and conversation soon showed that if he was "soldier clad" he was "major minded." His brow, now shaded with silver hairs, bore the stamp of expressive intelligence, while his language, polished and polite, portrayed the scholar and the gentleman. From other sources we soon learned that Mackenzie was a shining diamond in his day — a poet, and an orator, and certainly his reading of pieces in Scott's collection, one of our school books, has never been forgotten by us — a teacher of

youth, and an aspirant to holy orders, giving great promise of an eloquent and powerful preacher. Unfortunately the *ignis fatuus* that too often crosses the path of genius, eclipsed his rising sun and stopped his way to ecclesiastical preferments, fame and honours, reducing the poor fellow from the long coat and pantaloons to the short coat and kilt, for in the homely and significant language of our informant, "his tail stopped his mouth," and having too much of Burns' temperament in his composition, he could not resist being one of two or three merry boys at any time. An eminent instance of this occurred when a roving warrior, who had done duty as drill sergeant and adjutant to a militia regiment, in the course of a cruise to Tomintoul in search of strong drink, laid his evil hands on poor Donald Mackenzie, who, for twenty-four hours, joined the warrior in a deep carouse, ending as usual in such cases in a Highland fight, which put one of his eyes in deep mourning, and otherwise placed our governor, who was generally a rigid disciplinarian, in that predicament, which often shows the contrast between precept and example. It was amusing, although not gratifying, to his pupils to see the poor governor, two days after the fight, sitting demurely at his desk with a bandage and bonnet over the wounded eye, interfering much with his perceptions in proving the questions which had been on the scholars' slates for two days, waiting his approval or condemnation. This is a world of change and revolution; and having soon transferred our steps to another scene, we lost sight of poor Mr. Donald Mackenzie and his revolving fortunes;

but we have never forgotten him, at hearing "Norval's account of himself," "Old Will Boniface," and Chatham and Burke's speeches recited in school or on the stage.

No. 3.

MacGregor's Hotel—Year of Waterloo—His State Room—Tap Room and Finish—Finished State of the Furniture.—Patrons of the Hotel.—John of Ruthven, King of the Drovers—A Sketch of Him.—Three Stages of drinking.—Adapting the Drink to the Constitution.—A Difficulty.—A Fight, and Reconciliation.—Fairs, Fights, and Infirmary.—The Day after the Fair.

THE establishment to which the author was consigned as a boarder, while attending the parochial seminary of Tomintoul, was kept by Mr. Robert MacGregor, merchant and hotel keeper, in the square of Tomintoul, where the author, young as he was, had ample opportunities of studying the manners and habits of the remarkable men of the time and place; and first and foremost Mr. MacGregor, our landlord, has a claim on our recollections; Mr. MacGregor, forty odd years ago, was somewhat over the prime of life, still of very active habits, and considering the varied and chequered nature of his calling, pretty vigorous in person and health, for his habits were habits of irregularity, in other words, leading *regularly an irregular life*. Small customers, dealers in pieces of personal garments, from a bonnet down to a shoe-tacket, and particularly in the necessaries of life, whisky, snuff, and tobacco, needles, treacle, black sugar, and sugar-candy, and many other articles belonging to the various branches of general merchandise, kept the

merchant and his assistant on the trot all day. But while night brought a cessation from labour to all men and beasts, except the publicans, play-actors, and members of parliament, it brought no rest to MacGregor. The winter evening entertainments in Rob MacGregor's *divan* were patronised by social parties fond of a game at cards, and it may be of more exciting amusements. Even the Sabbath day, a day of rest even unto those who, reversing the order of nature, turned day into night and night into day, brought no respite to Robert MacGregor. His helpmate, and an excellent helpmate she was to him in his vocations, once of a pleasing form and aspect, was then a grim, attenuated spectre, for a spectre in fact she soon afterwards became, the natural result of the irregular life the poor good woman was doomed to lead. The establishment in those days consisted of a state apartment, used alternately as the family ordinary and landlord's dormitory. This was also the reception-room for the evening parties, and the visitors of this much frequented Highland divan. Off this state-room was a closet contrived "a double debt to pay," a dormitory for the author and others, a counting-house, where the slate for recording the scores of persons requiring credit for their reckonings was hung, and a cellar containing the jars of whisky modified in its specific potency according to the condition of the guests. In other words, double strong for the first stage of drinkers and drunkenness, proof quality for the second stage, and half-and-half for the last stage of the conditions which are described in the sequel, thus considerately adapting the

strength of the drink to the strength of the drinkers, a sort of freemasonry in the mysteries of innkeeping which it might be for the interest of the customers in their sober moments to know when they came to the serious affair of settling the old scores, at the *Cleekhim Inn*, so as to insist for a discount according to the condition and descending scale of corporeal and spiritual strength. Next to the closet was the kitchen, which on occasions was converted into a tap-room: next to the kitchen was the shop, in which spirits might also be "consumed on the premises;" and, farthest back of all, the *back slums* or *finish*, designed for the accommodation of the more plebeian part of the community in *foul* and *fair days*, and as an infirmary or penitentiary for those who had occasion to mourn over broken heads and empty pockets. Those who may have had the curiosity, as we had some twenty odd years ago, to visit Hindmarshe's subterranean tavern in West Register Street, Edinburgh, known as the *Finish*, and chiefly patronised by street-porters and Irish students, can form an adequate idea of the finished state of the furniture in the last-mentioned place of entertainment.

Having resolved to make himself generally useful, the author was specially initiated in the secrets of all the callings carried on in this extensive bazaar. He could sell pins and tobacco, the pins by the spots, and the tobacco by the *counter measure*. He often took his place at the card table to make up a set at "Catch the ten," loo, or brag, and play at stakes running from a nail to a penny per card, and, like more advanced gamblers, had the wheel of fortune

favorable and adverse by turns; and in this way he came into familiar and intimate contact with the celebrities of Tomintoul and its neighbourhood.

To describe the persons, dress, manners, and habits of the principal patrons and customers of MacGregor's hotel would require more space and time than we can spare. These may properly be abridged into two classes, civil and military—the military of all ranks and degrees, from the colonel down to the private, including majors, captains, and subalterns, both on active service and the retired list. In the first degree of notoriety stood the celebrated Colonel Grant, of Lurg, then a denizen of Strathavon, of whom we shall not fail to give a sketch under the proper head of the warriors of Strathspey, his native country. At the head of the civil class stood the celebrated Mr. John Grant, known as “John of Ruthven, and King of the Drovers,” a man of note in his day and generation; and as the hero of Tomintoul, the hero of the present story—Mr. John Grant, was one of three brothers, all remarkable for their stalwart, elegant, manly, personal proportions, and comely attractive physiognomies, all noticed under a separate chapter. But John falls to be noticed under the present head for his *striking* convivial practices as the chief civil patron of MacGregor's hotel. As such he was much feared and respected, on account of his readiness to enforce his behests by the *argumentum ad baculum* with which he silenced any opposition to his sovereign will and pleasure. Living for a long time the life of a bachelor, and his fireside having, in long winter

nights, no great attractions, Mr. John Grant was attracted oftener than prudence dictated, to ride or walk to Tomintoul, two or three miles distant, to see some fair friends, or spend a few hours at MacGregor's divan—on which occasions the King of the Drovers generally had a tail of followers, to administer to him a dose of flattery in exchange for a dose of *usquebea*; and the approach of the great man was generally heralded by the loud speech and jokes of Ruthven, at the expense of his tail, whose “laugh was ready chorus,” and all the inmates rushed to give a polish to the whiskified *mahogany*, and put the state-room into fitting order, while Boniface was ready with his own best joke to usher in the king of the quadrupeds, whose well-known voice and phrase of “Pooh! pooh!” gave promise of fun or a fight—but, in any event, a long *chalk* on the slate.

Mr. John Grant was then, in Highland phrase, a “*pretty man*,” of which he himself had a very distinct knowledge, having a habit of stargazing, and throwing back his head like a cock, when drinking water. In the author, his majesty had a great admirer; for young as we were, we took much delight in studying his character in its different phases, as well as that of the satellites who followed in his orbit; even if we were an unwilling witness of their orgies, the proximity of our dormitory made us an auditor of the sayings and doings of King John's wild *menagerie*, as he “stirred them up with a long pole;” and their exhibitions in the course of a night's entertainment are still stereotyped on our memory, from which we present the reader with a photographic reflexive sketch.

The party being seated, the listening waiter soon hears a rap, or a clatter on the table, and appears, asking—"Were you dinting, Sirs?" On which King John exclaims—"Bring me a bottle of your best whiskey,"—and jar No. 1 is tapped. And now commences a practical lecture, illustrative of the physiological phenomena of drunkenness, which we divide into three heads or stages, under the distinctive appellations of Blythe, Bosky, and Borajo, according to the definition of a late ingenious Highland physician, who, theoretically and practically, was well qualified to lecture on this interesting subject.

Under the influence of the first bottle, the blythe stage of excitement, begins with an increase of heat, muscular strength, and accelerated circulation; animated countenance; vivid powers of imagination, and easy flow of spirits, of wit and humour;—dull care and all unpleasant emotions are sent to Coventry for the time being, and all is pleasure and delight. The genial influence of those joyous feelings may be gathered from the conversation of the party. Taking their cue from the chairman, each abounds in fun and frolic, often at the expense of some one present. Mutual recriminations for notorious gallantries and affairs with the fair; the scandals of the parish; the increasing state of the population; the last fight; the last market; the price of cattle and sheep, and the improving signs of the year, corroborated as they are by the "annual prognostic," afford appropriate subjects of conversation to the blythe party. And now and anon is heard a Gaelic song of warlike deeds or

melting love—for who can sing Gaelic songs like the sons of the Avon?

But bottle No. 1 is now “drained to friendship’s growth,” and another “dinting” brings the waiter, and the waiter brings another bottle, probably out of jar No. 2, to which the merry boys address themselves. As the drinking continues, the party verges on the second, or *bosky* stage of intoxication. Repetitions of toasts—the vacant laugh and incoherent exclamation, mingled with emphatic oaths, perpetually burst on the ear of the auditory. Noise and ribaldry usurp the place of mirth, and a propensity to muscular exertion, such as dancing, squeezing of hands, and wrestling supervene. It is at this stage that the quarrelling and fighting generally take place. Construing some casual remark by one of the party addressed to another as an insult to himself, or to his kith and kin, a violent *collie-shangie*, or altercation ensues, raising the mercury in their barometers to the fighting pitch; and the loud talk, opprobrious epithets, and violent gesticulations of the disputants warn the host and his household of the coming *melée*.

With due regard to the preservation of property, the household put in a place of security, all articles of a perishable nature; take all lethal weapons out of the way, and place in a corner one of the lights, to show the parties concerned and the spectators what they are about. The stage being clear, the parties militant, if allowed to show fight, which much depends on the will of the chairman, come together like two wild bulls, tumbling over

tables and chairs, crushing and crashing, battering and bruising each other's *knowledge-box*, until the president, if a neutral party, thinks it proper to declare the victor. But if a party interested in the "Pley," a few finishing blows from his pithy arm put an end to the affray, and the vanquished, bleeding and bruised, were generally removed to the "finish" or infirmary—such articles of furniture as suffered fractures and casualties being also conveyed to the same place, and the remaining combatants, being washed and refreshed by the friendly hands of the hostess and assistants, amidst the scornful "pooh, poohs" of the president—perhaps the table was anew replenished and drinking resumed. In the way of explanation, and perhaps apology and reconciliation, all the members of the sederunt gave opinions on the cause and merits of the fight, but in general no two persons came to the same conclusion, except as to the propriety of having another bottle to make up the peace, and the third "dinting" brings another bottle, probably out of jar No. 3, to which the party next address themselves.

But, according to the well-known law of animal physiology, that all excessive excitement is followed by a corresponding collapse, the operators by degrees sank into a state of lethargy, or at best their exclamations were incoherent and confused, muttering unintelligible soliloquies; these expiring efforts at animation soon subsiding into a state of profound somnolency, accompanied by a snoring or stertorous sound. The drinker was now in the third, or *borajo state*, or what is commonly called *dead drunk*—a second state of childhood,

requiring the offices of those gentle Nightingale nurses who wait on those big *bairns*, in the way of delivering their bodies over to their friends, or consigning them to the *finish* until they can make a resurrection. And in the cases of a belligerent patient—the reader can imagine but a small part of his surprise when he opens his eyes in the *finish*. In vain he tries to bring the jumbled contents of his *head-piece* to demonstrate to him the cause of his present situation—the after-piece which brought him into his present position is, to his confused memory, a bewildered dream. Summoning to his aid an acquaintance to assist in his painful situation, the distressing relation, and the cracked mirror of the dormitory showing a plurality of disfigured faces, black eyes, broken noses, wounds and bruises, and putrefying sores, depict in striking colours the sweets and sour of his night's entertainment. The arrival of his relations with *docken salve*, salts and senna leaves, and the substitution of the anti-phlogistic treatment, render unnecessary, as a work of supererogation, the solemn reproofs and admonitions proceeding from parental affection and solicitude. At that moment the patient would willingly take the *pledge* against the *evil spirit*—the *usquebea*—and its consequences. How long this pledge would be kept sacred is another question.

But this narrative forms a small portraiture of a small private exhibition of the bull-fights of Tomintoul, forty or fifty years ago, when, on the occasion of a market, all the attic spirits of Strathspey, Strathavon, and Glenlivat, had old family feuds and difficulties to adjust, *argu-*

mentum ad baculum, giving great employment, not to the public prosecutor, but to the native practitioner of domestic medicine—skilful in the useful arts of setting bones and trepanning heads. But all sublunary matters are subject to mutation; and the Irish pleasure of breaking skulls and bones has happily given place to more rational recreations, even on market-days in Tomintoul.

In giving the reader a peep behind the scenes, into the arts of innkeepers and their *modus operandi* in adapting the drink to the drinker's constitution, we would deprecate the idea that honest Robert MacGregor and his worthy spouse practised any arts except those which were regarded as fair and legitimate by the rules of the trade or profession in times ancient and modern. Speaking to the characters of the said worthy pair, as members of society, we gladly testify to the fact that Mrs. MacGregor, before described, was regarded as a kind-hearted, friendly, charitable person; and that her husband, in spite of his unamiable "tricks in trade," was, in the main, a generous, liberal, and kind-hearted man. They both lived respected, and died regretted.

No. 4.

Forbes' Hotel, Year of Waterloo.—Arrival of a Mysterious Personage.—The King of the Gipsies (Christopher North) and his Consort—Sketch of his Person, Dress, and Habits.—Meeting of two Potentates, the King of the Gipsies and the King of the Drovers.—Nationalities.—A National Challenge.—The Gael Vanquished.—The Caird More idolised by the Natives.

ON a fine summer evening, we think, in the

year of Waterloo, the eyes of the primitive people of Tomintoul were attracted by the appearance of two travellers traversing the street towards the square or centre of the village, a male and female, dressed in the attire of parties who made occasional visits to the Highland regions, known in this country by the cognomen of "Cairds" or "gipsies." The man was remarkable on account of his personalities: tall, broad-shouldered, and of stalwart proportions; his reddish or auburn hair falling redundant over his ample shoulders (and hirsute appendages, not common in those days), bearing himself with an air of assurance and swagger indicating a strong man rejoicing in his strength; carrying on his back an ample knapsack of stores, while his slouched hat, garnished with fishing-hooks and tackle, showed that this great caird was as much addicted to fishing as to making spoons. His female associate was a contrast to that of her mate—slim, fragile, and more like a lady in her walk and bearing than the wife of a man who followed the tinkering trade. Arriving at the square, some of the natives were surprised to see this great caird making for the head inn, the "Gordon Arms," the Duke of Gordon's hunting quarters, patronised only by the great men of the day. The host of this very respectable Highland establishment, Mr. Peter Forbes—a good specimen of a publican—was a plain matter-of-fact man, who viewed everything in a plain, honest, commercial spirit, for he too was a pluralist—a merchant and a publican, like his contemporary MacGregor, and would, we think, have been apt to regard the

outward signs of the travellers as realities which he would be apt to think inappropriate to the sign of the "Gordon Arms." But Mr. Forbes in those days had, for his privy-council, his better half, a genial, motherly wife and manager, who would no doubt scan, without much explanation, the disguise assumed by the great unknown and his fair associate, who, for a time, became inmates of the head hotel, from which they were in the habit of sallying forth, each armed with a fishing-rod, to pursue the sport of angling—a circumstance, the novelty of which, as regarded the tinker's wife, excited no small degree of surprise—and many conjectures were hazarded as to the real origin and descent of the mysterious pair, on which however, like the Brownies of Tullochgorum, they declined to enlighten the curious, leaving it to them to come to any conclusion they thought meet.

Among the many infected with this curiosity our hero, the King of the Drovers, influenced by admiration of the peculiar proportions of the "King of the Cairds," felt a great desire to come into close proximity with the stranger; and, as he was at the time paying his addresses to the fair daughter of the host of the "Gordon Arms," he found ways and means to come into contact with the other potentate, who, finding out from the inmates some of his characteristics, had a similar desire to compare notes with the Drover King, who received an invitation to spend an evening at the "Gordon Arms, which was cheerfully and promptly accepted.

The party being strictly private, consisting only of the two potentates themselves, we

cannot, as we would wish, gratify the curious reader with a full and particular account of the interesting topics that formed the subject of discourse betwixt the magnates—but, like the old sexton and kirk officer, who, on being asked if he could preach a sermon, said he could at any rate “draw an inference,” we, from the antecedents of at least one of the parties, may draw logical inferences of the nature of the subjects suggested to their thoughts by the influences to which their respective national feelings and entertainment subjected them for the time, being ample libations of generous usquebea bringing both within the pale of the second or bosky stage of excitement and warlike disputation. We believe we are right, from the known sequel, in saying that the conversation turned on the comparative national characteristics of Highlanders and Lowlanders, each warmly espousing the claim to pre-eminence of the national body to which he belonged; and the same logical deductions entitle us to infer that the Highland representative warmly “pooh pooh’d” with sovereign contempt the Caird’s comparison between the sons of the mountains and the sons of the plains; and we know the fact that those warm and emphatic discussions resulted in a challenge, given and accepted, to bring the difficulty to a solution by a trial of strength in the persons of the two champions themselves, which we are told consisted of matches at athletic exercises, and drinking—the competition to come off quietly in the presence of an umpire: and we know, moreover, that the matches came off accordingly, and that in each and all of them, the royal Caird,

representing the Lowlands, was the victor; and the royal Drover, representing the Highlands, was the vanquished—thus transferring to the brow of the former the laurels which the latter staked on the mighty issue. The humiliating intelligence soon oozed into the ears of his compatriots *sotto voce*, tending not a little to increase the mysterious curiosity raised by the character, whose personal prowess was strikingly exemplified in the encounter with the supposed invincible hero of Tomin-toul, and to attract to his person no small share of admiration.

In the course of his fishing excursions, the Caird once came into contact with the author, then on a visit to his native home. Crossing the River Avon on a pair of stilts, called in the Gaelic, *cassan chorrach* (foolish feet), appendages generally used by boys and men in passing the rivers in ordinary seasons, a figure of the description before given, abandoning his fishing operations, made towards us, and, on emerging out of the river, he, *sans ceremonie*, seized hold of our stilts, saying, in a half-Lowland half-English accent, "Let me try your stilts, laddie." Whereupon, with a jocular chuckle, he attempted to mount; but, the stilts being far too short and fragile to admit of his getting a firm fixture in them, he performed some awkward evolutions and gyrations, which satisfied him he was not the right man in the right place.

The author told him that the stilts were two feet too short for his sides, and far too fragile to bear such a heavy man. "I believe you, laddie," says he; "they will suit your shanks better than mine." "What a shocking

bad river this is for fishing," added he. "What do you fish for?" said we. "Anything I can get," answered he. "Well, that will not be much," responded we. "The Avon requires hooks of a particular dressing to catch fish of the salmon species, which at this time are only to be found in deep pools, and small fish are not to be had, unless you fancy salmon fry; but if you affect trout fishing, go to yon wild gorge," pointing out to him the Auldnack, partly in view; "and if you do not object to wade, from pot to pot, the perpendicular-walled water, and fish with the bait, you may catch fat yellow trouts, from one to three pounds weight, by dozens," — the author himself, though no great fisher, often realizing a heavy basket-full.

The Caird More seemed charmed at such an expedition, telling us if his arrangements permitted, he would try the wilds of the Auldnack; and if not that year, the next time he came to the country. At his request, we showed him our residence, of the romantic sylvan beauties of which, he expressed much admiration; and then asking the author's name, which was told, the "Caird" patting him kindly on the back, bade him a friendly adieu. Resuming his fishing apparatus, he left the author to draw his own inferences as to the profession and condition in life of this impressive specimen of manhood, of whom he had heard various marvellous accounts—but it required no spirit of divination to conclude that the Caird More was a gentleman of rank and education, who, with his lady, was travelling *incog.*, and in disguise; assuming the gipsy-

garb as a matter of taste and, perhaps, convenience. After this encounter, the author, who often looked in vain for the gipsy fishers, learned that they had transferred their peregrinations to another scene. But the correspondence addressed to him at the inn, and other causes of knowledge, reflected some light on the realities of the "great unknown," who was discovered to be the author of the divine poem "Isle of Palms," then only second in the poetic world to the "Lady of the Lake." He never returned to Tomintoul, but the wild romantic scenery of the locality lived in his recollections, giving birth to several graphic legends, depicting only as his pen could depict, the desolations of winter and the splendour of summer in the hills and vallies of romantic Glen-Avon.

Soon after, his beautiful, heart-touching tale, the "Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life," astonished, by the amiable softness and sweetness of the conceptions, all those who had beheld the massive tenement which contained a heart so full of tender and genial impressions. In his demise, a great star fell from the literary firmament, a constellation of poetry and romance which has not, and, perhaps, never will be surpassed—"for, take him all in all, we shall never look on his like again."

On a day in July, 1858, while the author, full of mournful reflections, was proceeding to visit the grave of a beloved relative, who had been consigned to the land of forgetfulness, the preceding day, he beheld before him on the road, an old man bending under a load of years, tottering along, leaning on his staff—

but it was the ruin of what once had been a stately mould of human life, and such as attracted the passing notice of the author, who was regarded by the passenger with a scrutinising gaze. He entered into conversation with a relative, who, on rejoining the author, asked him if he knew yon man, adding, "yon is the celebrated John Grant, of Ruthven." The author casting a long and lingering look behind, concluded his reflections in the words of the poet, "Son of the morning, oh! how fallen!" More than thirty years had elapsed since the author had met with Christopher North's antagonist, the "hero of a hundred fights;" and he, in conversation with our relative, expressed his astonishment that his *quondam* spare, black-haired friend should have assumed a personification so different from that which he had expected to behold in his *protégé* of MacGregor's hotel. *Sic transit gloria mundi.*

No. 5.

The Duke of Richmond's Hotel in 1858.—Its Modern Luxuries and Comforts, a Contrast to 1815.

IN the course of a recent excursion to Tomintoul, the capital of the Grampian Highlands, the author, for the sake of antiquarian and historical researches, took up his quarters in the "Duke of Richmond's Hotel," kept by Mr. James Grant, a native of the town. A retrospective view of this locality and its history, read a commentary on the mutability of temporal things and the shortness of human life. The house, which the celebrated Countess rendered classic, has given place to a more modern mansion. The once aristocratic shoot-

ing quarters of his grace, Alexander, Duke of Gordon, long and respectably presided over by Mr. Peter Forbes and his worthy spouse, no longer sported the sign of the "Deer's Head," the crest of the house of Gordon, and the halls, houses which for so many years afforded good entertainment for men and horses, were converted into plebeian mercantile purposes. The state-room, tap-room, and finish of the once ranting, roving, jovial "Rob MacGregor," exhibited the signs of dilapidation and decay. The excellent hotel, so long kept by Mr. James Cameron, dignified with the civic title of bailie, had been converted to other purposes. And those so long occupied by Mr. John Macdonald, like an old friend with a new face, in the possession of Mr. Grant, presented an agreeable contrast in 1858, to Mr. MacGregor's hotel, in the year of Waterloo. Instead of sand upon the floor, as in the days of MacGregor, comfortable carpets, rugs, sofas, side-board, and other conveniences, graced Grant's state-room; instead of MacGregor's stilted and wooden beds, Grant sported elegant bedsteads and curtains, and suitable furniture; his Finish, a respectable furnished hall; and his kitchen and *cuisine* turned out ham, eggs, spelding and grilled salmon for breakfast, and roast and boiled, of superior kinds, for dinner, with liqueurs which might rejoice the heart of Mr. Bright, who praised the inn, while he abused the road leading to it, over the lecht or Gown Crom's locality, who, unfortunately, was not there to repair the broken springs of Mr. Bright's carriage. The great desideratum in Grant's hotel is a water-closet, a

luxury not enjoyed even by Alexander, Duke of Gordon, in his day, at the "Deer's Head." While the author missed so many objects of early attraction, he saw some improvements reflecting great credit on the noble proprietor. An essential one of these, was the introduction into the town of an abundant supply of water, taken from a great distance, at a considerable expense,—a great boon, promotive of the sanitary condition of the inhabitants and place.

No. 6.

Janet Innes, alias Guanack, of the 92d Regiment.—Her Adventures in Holland and Egypt—Her Graphic Description of Battles, Sieges, Deaths, and Funerals—Her Passion for Tobacco, Snuff, and Stimulants.

WE shall conclude our Tomintoul gallery of native celebrities, by a brief notice of a heroine of the camp. A portrait, however, very unlike that of the worthy Countess, with which we set out. In our boyish days, we were much attracted by a little lively woman, who came about our house, known under the soubriquet of *Guanack*—a Gaelic appellation, signifying a sprightly person. Guanack, whose Christian name was Janet, in early life took the scarlet fever, or a love for the red coat, and gave her heart and hand to a kilted son of Mars, whom she followed to the "tented fields," in various quarters of the world. In person, Guanack, like Minnette, the lively French vivandier, so graphically drawn by the author of "Tom Burke of Ours," in her youth, must have been both pretty and vivacious. Her face still retained traces of faded beauty—her *petit* figure, short

body, and legs, seemingly longer than corresponded to the upper department, moved as if set upon springs, with a military gait and measured step — marching to the sound of the pipes and drum, and, like a man accustomed to a walking-stick, who travels awkwardly, without it, Guanack, from the force of early habit, was always most at home when loaded with a burden—no matter what it might be. Her military education also reconciled her to any amount of fatigue, if supplied with a modicum of the mountain dew, and a little of the weed for her cuttie-pipe, or graddan for her sneashin mull, for she, like a provisional commissary, carried many minor instruments — such as pipes, boxes, knives, screws, &c., in an ample pocket, by her side.

We remember being much amused in early life, hearing from a relative the particulars of a scene that took place at a diet of catechising, held some time after the British war with the French, in Egypt. In those days as now in some parishes, the minister, or catechist, went over the parish once a year, holding in particular convenient localities, meetings, to which the neighbouring parishioners were cited to be catechised and instructed in the principles of our Protestant religion. On such occasions, it was the practice of the catechist to take the “Shorter Catechism,” and, commencing at one end of the assembled circle, ask each person a question, expecting an answer,—it being usual for most persons to have the questions and answers by heart or memory. On one occasion, it so happened that a woman of the description called *half-*

witted—one capable of manual and ordinary labour, but of weak understanding—had taken a place in the circle of the persons to be catechised,—and the minister, ignorant of her imbecility, asked her the next question, “Who brought you out of the Land of Egypt, and out of the house of bondage.” Supposing that the question was one personal to herself, ignorant as she was of Scriptural knowledge, and supposing that the minister had received false information as to her antecedents, she exclaimed, “Me out of the Land of Egypt, who told you that lie, Mr. Grant? I never travelled farther than the Carding Mill of Forres, and sair tired was I of the load and the journey—deil speed the liars, say I.” Amidst a burst of suppressed laughter, the minister was proceeding to an explanation with the gowk, as she was called—when, conceiving that he still insisted on her having been in Egypt, and supposing that her character had been aspersed by some malicious slanderer, she exclaimed, “Stop your lying gab, man, I’ll let you ken I was never a sodger’s wife, or sodger’s leman. I am an honest, virtuous maiden, and I won’t lose my character with your questions.” The expressive looks and emphatic gesticulations which accompanied the gowk’s speech put an end to all restraint—peals of laughter, in which the minister joined, were renewed and increased at the surprised, indignant aspect of the injured and defamed “*Innocent*,” and the minister found it necessary to adjourn the diet to another time and place, at which Annie Gowk should not form one of the assemblage.

Had our friend Guanack, instead of Annie

Gowk, been the person catechised, we are inclined to suppose that she also would have interpreted the minister's question as one personal to herself and her antecedents. Having, in her military peregrinations, actually impressed her foot-prints on the sands of Egypt, as an attaché to the gallant 92d Highlanders, we are disposed to conclude she would gladly have availed herself, with her usual volubility, of the opportunity of giving a full and particular account of the homeward voyage from Alexandria to Cork, and the march from Cork to Glasgow, in search of Scotch air and fresh recruits, in 1802—making, if permitted, flying descriptive digressions to her campaigns in Holland, and other foreign parts, interspersed and illustrated with vivid and graphic pictures of the death of the gallant Abercromby, and Colonel Erskine, of her own regiment, in Egypt. The grand charge of the 92d, led on by the gallant Huntly (himself severely wounded) at the battle of Bergen, in Holland, 2d October, 1799—for, on such occasions, Guanack, like Minnette, acting the part of a mortal angel on the battlefield, administered to the parched lips of the wounded soldier, the reviving cup which kept him from the dead.

An eloquent historian of voyages, sieges, battles, wounds, and death-scenes—even Scott or Napier—would have found in little Guanack an original and valuable authority, on those events which came within her observation. Some few years ago, the author, in traversing the square of Tomintoul, readily recognised the military gait of poor Guanack, and had a cordial meeting with her. Time told his tale

on her once active agile frame—still, her vivacious spirit lingered in its mansion. In a late excursion to his native country, the author made inquiries for his old friend and historian, Guanack, but was told that “the bowl of life, and the silver chord had been broken at the fount,” and that a few months before, she had gone to the land from which no traveller returns.

No. 7.

Thomas Gow, the Romancer—His Early Life and History—His Military and Matrimonial Adventures.—His Extraordinary Powers of Improvising—His Fishing Exploits.

THOMAS GOW, a native of Tomintoul or its immediate neighbourhood, born about the year 1780, and who departed this life in the course of last year, claims our notice as a remarkable man, both as a warrior and as a man of genius. Thomas, in early life, owed nothing to the graces either in person or face. His face, of an oval, somewhat Milesian or Irish cast, with bushy black hair and swarthy complexion, was by no means an index to the genius which burned within the unimpassioned exterior. His person, short and squat, also possessed nothing to attract the attention or interest the feelings or fancies of his fellows, male or female. Born in the locality where the Gown Crom and his progeny, the ancestor it is said of the Gows of the country, multiplied and replenished the earth—Thomas Gow was no bad representative of the personal description of the hero of the North Inch of Perth. In early life, Thomas took the

shilling, and "followed to the field a warlike lord." While on his military travels, we think in the town of Paisley, he contracted a matrimonial engagement with a Lowland lassie, which, however, Thomas considered as only binding on one of the parties; for leaving his spouse in her native place, he spared her the trouble of following a military life, consenting only to receive from her periodical visits of such duration as might be convenient, both while in the army and after he returned to the plough, which he did as soon as possible—the Gown Crom's warlike and propagating mantle not having fallen on this descendant, so that his wife justly said of him "that he would make a poor Solomon," and probably he would be the last to join his Mormon namesake in the regions of California. But, if he did not affect the claymore or the musket, he could draw as long a bow as his ancestors; but his bow was of the Baron Munchausen kind, for Thomas's forte was the marvellous, having a creative fancy of his own, so rich and inexhaustible that he could draw on it to any extent at sight and at pleasure. In winter evening social circles, at which were recited the wild and frightful tales of yore, Tom Gow seldom failed to give some apt entertainment by the narration of some crowning tale of an unparalleled amusing or frightful description, as suited the feelings of his auditors—full of plots and incidents, smooth and flowing as if read out of a book, with an air of gravity and speciousness suitable to the subject and the occasion,—a tale he probably never heard before. Of Tom Gow's ready made legends, the reader will find in the following fishing story a favor-

able characteristic specimen of his marvellous creations.

Tom Gow, crossing his legs and assuming a serious reflective aspect, would wind up something in the following style.

“I can tell you a better story than that in, what happened to myself a good many years ago. Since I was a boy I had a propensity for catching fish, from the minnow to the salmon, and though I should not say it, I was as expert an angler and fisher as most folks. But of all fishing sports there is none equal to the spearing of salmon, either in day-time, or at night with the blaze or torch-light. It is a sport of which the grouse-shooting or deer-stalking Saxons have not as yet tasted the glories. Well, I got a very proper spear of five prongs and barbs, made for myself, set in a shaft of rowan tree, fourteen feet in length, for day fishing in the Avon. Well, it is an odd thing in natural history, that when nature is dying and Autumn fruits and leaves strew every field, the fishes choose it as the season to sow their seeds, no doubt for good and sufficient reasons, known to them though not to us; and the sear and yellow season of the year was, in olden times, a happy season for the spearsman and night-fisher in every river and brook. For which of us has not enjoyed, more or less the exciting joys of following the flaring torch, reflecting its beams on the crystal stream, and seeing the fish gently sidling towards the *ignis fatuus*, till under the shadow of the spear—and then the stroke, the splash, and the capture. Well, I was alive and on the scent. A freshet had occurred, I knew that the fish,

leaping over the wires and cruives of the Spey, would be on their way to their native streams to deposit their ova, and I was on the watch. Taking a step down the way of Craigchalky one day, with spear on shoulder, I espied in the pool below a very large fish. Stealing gently along the margin of the pool, trailing my instrument behind me, I came within stroke of my prey. Raising my spear, I extended my bending shaft till the instrument covered the shoulder of the fish, when I struck with all my might and main, and by the soft sound of the spear I knew I had hit my mark; but the force of my blow and the uncertainty of my footing played me a 'plisky.'—Obeying the laws of gravitation, I found myself in a grave situation, soused over head and ears in the deep pool, with the shaft of my spear broken in twain. On recovering my feet and emerging from the pool, great was my mortification to see my expected prize scudding down the stream, at least I saw a stump of the shaft sticking out of the water, and I had no doubt the fish and spear were on their way to the sea, for which all sea fishes always make as for a great hospital when wounded, and I had no doubt my friend of Craigchalky did not much relish the keepsake I had given him. But quits we could not be, though I wished, as the song says, 'we never had met.' From the nature of the ground it was vain for me to attempt a pursuit, and while the fish pursued his way to his home in the deep, I pursued mine to my own, neither of us, I take it, very well pleased with our adventure.

"Well, another year glided on, and another year was numbered with the past, and another

spawning season had arrived which found me in possession of another spear, not less ponderous and effective than the lost one. One day while taking observations at my old stance of Craigchalky, what was my surprise to see a stick with a red tassel appended to the top, pursuing a zig-zag course of progression up the river, contrary to the practice of sticks in general, which take an opposite direction. I had no doubt resting on my mind that the stick was the appendage of a living agent of some sort, and I was resolved to be at the bottom of the mystery. Waiting my opportunity till the stick was in a convenient situation, I raised my spear, and striking home with all my might I heard a grating sound, as if one iron had come contact with another; and immediately a large fish splashed violently under my spear. Learning wisdom from experience, I dropped my spear, having a strong, stout shaft attached to it, and making my way to the tail of the pool I watched the fish, no doubt on his way to the sea to undergo a second cure, and seizing both shafts I trailed a fish of some thirty pounds weight to the bank, having transfixed in his body both my spears, the lost one not much the worse for tear and wear. But what was most extraordinary was the fact, that the broken shaft had formed new sprouts at the top, on which had grown a tuft of ripe, red rowan berries! Such are the wonders of the world, and such are the facts of my fishing story, showing the truth of the old adage, that 'facts are sometimes more strange than fiction.' "

When Tom Gow, with all gravity, concluded his narrative, his auditors looked at each other

unutterable things, wrapped in silence and in wonder at Tom's talents for spinning fictions. And, thinking that he had carried captive their beliefs in his legend, he gently shifted his course into a new current of conversation, waiting another opportunity of giving a fresh specimen of his creative genius. What an acquisition would Tom Gow have proved to the Wizard of Abbotsford, as a companion to Tom Purdie; and little did Christopher North know of the Koh-i-noir who lived within cannon-shot of Forbes' hotel, when he, in the year of Waterloo, was collecting jewels for a literary casket at Tomintoul.

Forty years ago, many a happy hour the author spent, enjoying Tom Gow's "Arabian Night's Entertainments." Some years ago, while on a visit to his native country, the author passed an old, grey-headed man, who sat by the road-side, near Tomintoul, with a handkerchief wrapped round his head, and a shepherd's plaid, tending some cattle, on whom the author bestowed a passing look, receiving from him a vacant stare, such as will be exchanged by passing strangers. On inquiring of his relations about Tom Gow, he was led to understand that it was he, who now in his old age enacted the part of a cowherd, as seen by the author on this occasion. The lapse of thirty years had made them strangers to each other. On a recent visit to that country, the author, wishing to see his old romantic friend, was concerned to find that a few months before, at a very advanced age, he had "thrown off the mortal coil," and that "the place which once knew him now knows him no more for ever."

CHAPTER X.

THE SCHOOL OF BLACK ARTS,

A TALE OF KING'S COLLEGE, ABERDEEN.

Dedicated to the Masters of Arts of that University.

AT Cabrach, in the province of Tomintoul, was "raised," some time ago, a "child of the mist," who rejoiced in the name of Donald MacHardy. To him "knowledge did not open her page," further than what consisted in the course of education imbibed by the humbler classes at the parish-school during the winter months of the year, consisting of the *curriculum* of the circulating schoolmaster, described in another page—a course of education sufficient to qualify an aspirant to the honourable posts of corporal and serjeant in the military, and the employments of police and portorage in the civil service—departments at that time very much monopolised by the descendants of Ossian and Fingal. But if like his compatriots, Donald's stores of general erudition were somewhat limited, his stores of legendary lore were ample, for he was known to excel his fellows for his knowledge of demonology and the marvellous, which perhaps obtained for him some note among his school-

fellows and neighbours; and we doubt not it was this romantic temperament which obtained for him the notoriety which we are about to relate.

It would appear Donald's predilections led more to the civil than the military line of life open to him, preferring the paths of industry to the paths of glory, "which lead but to the grave." Under the patronage and protection of some of his school-fellows and countrymen, who studied medicine and divinity at the famous town of Aberdeen, he resolved to seek his fortune in that city as a street-porter, for which vocation his Herculean frame and a back, fitted for any burden, from a calf to a bullock, peculiarly qualified him. Donald's "Paul Pry" disposition to know all the sights and wonders of the great city, was readily gratified under the leadership of his promising patrons, and he was taken to the theatres, oyster and pie-shops, frequented by his betters, and saw night scenes at Justice Port and Denburn, in which young divines and damsels performed parts in comedies which led him to form grave doubts as to the *divinity* and *modesty* of the performance of both sexes; for, however much such exhibitions were unprofitable to those destined for the *cure of the body*, *multum magis*, did they appear unsuitable for those designed for the *cure of souls*—for he naturally opined that those syrens who took such notable liberties with his own person and dress, were of the description which Solomon in the Proverbs describes as "leading down to the chambers of death." But there was a play getting up for his own special benefit, as to which he was kept in the dark.

As human anatomical *subjects*, or as they were afterwards, in the days of Hare and Burke, called *shots*, were rare and difficult to be had in those days, the medical lecturers and demonstrators were wont to have casts or models of the human body, made of composition, in which the organs, arteries, veins, and muscles, &c., were represented and delineated as in the human body—sometimes intersected with wires and machinery, by which the model could be galvanized and made to move, and act, and perform evolutions like the members of a living body. A subject of this description, used in the anatomical hall, at King's College, the palm of the hand of which enclosed a ball of lead, could by such machinery be made to strike a heavy blow on an ignorant party, brought into close contact with the "shot." And it was arranged by a party of conspirators to make the spectre exert its powers on Donald MacHardy. The skeleton, clothed in the professor's gown, to hide the *inner man*, with the front behind, to admit free action of the wires, was put into working order, and Donald was engaged by one of his friends to carry a bag of coals into a room pointed out to him, and indicated by a burning lamp above the door. Waiting his advent, the *subject*, with naked jaws, was placed outside the door, left a little open, to admit of the action of the machinery. On Donald's arrival at the lamp, he beheld with astonishment the lantern-jaws of the attendant at the door, but still supposing him to be a "leaving cretar," kept on short commons, Donald politely essayed to pass into the room; on which the janitor, without preface or introduction,

dealt such a pithy blow on Donald's cheek as to make him stagger and drop his sack. "What is that for, ye baney scare-crow?" exclaims the incensed and smarting Highlander. "Because you are a Heeland thief," squeaked out the effigy, *à la ventriloquist*. "A Heeland thief, am I?—then tak' ye that, ye Aberdeen black-guard," said Donald, directing a blow at the doorkeeper's chest, which went smash through his frail tenement of wax—Donald's fist, like a cannon-bullet, striking the open door through the body of his antagonist, which, falling down against the door, raised a horrid shriek, or screech, or wail—a compound of all that was horrific—followed by bellowing sounds, and clanking of chains, and stamping of feet or hoofs, as if making for the lobby. Donald, not waiting to make inquisition into the particulars, flew with the fleetness of a roe, directing his course to the quarters of his supposed friend, countryman, and counsellor, "Master Charles," as the one he supposed most fitting to hold communion with him on the subject at issue. He did not find Master Charles at home, because that worthy young gentleman was just employed in assisting at a coroner's inquest on the body of the anatomical model, and devising plans for speedily repairing the damages inflicted by the pithy hand of Donald MacHardy. But, calculating on a scene and afterpiece, consequent on the aforesaid "difficulty," he lost no time in making his way home, and according to his expectation he found Donald there before him. Affecting great ignorance of MacHardy's adventure, Master Charles asked him how he did. "Just as weel as can be expected after

taking the life of a deevil." "The life of a devil!" exclaimed Master Charles, with affected surprise.—"Ay, just the life of a deevil," responded Donald. "There's the hand that did it, no an hour syne." "Oh, Donald! Donald! you surely did not imbrue your hand in blood?"—"Na, na, Master Charles, I did na *brew* my hand in blood, for deevils and speerits, I tak it, have no blood to spare; but I *brewed* it in brimstone, of whilk you may still feel the smell on my hand. Just scent ye that, Master Charles, and say if it has na been in the *guts* of an evil speerit. Hech, sirs, sic a town!" "But how did you come to commit this murder?" said Master Charles, "for your hand does certainly smell of something bad, like wax or brimstone, and I think there is some blood on it." "Weel, murder or no murder," says Donald, "it happened just so. Master Gordon, the young doctor, trysted me to tak a bag of coals to ane of the rooms in the lang black passage, in the auld town college, and just as I came to the door pointed out to me, a nasty scare-crow of a loon, in a black cloak, wi' jaws like death, met me in the door, making faces at me to frighten me, and just as I was passing him civilly into the room, speering no questions, he up with his horny paw, and hit me sic a blow on the lug, that it made me reel and stagger; and when I speered the reason for his incivility, he calls me a Heeland thief! Who could thole that, I would like to ken, Master Charles? and so I dealt him such a poke on the ribs as went clean through the cretar's *intervals*, so that my fist played thud on the door at his back. And oh, such a skirling and wailing as

it set up, and sic bellowing and rattling of chains, and stramping of feet in the room inside I never heard, or will forget as lang as I leeve.” “Dreadful story,” exclaims Master Charles; “by some mistake you have gone to the door of the School of Black Arts. How thankful you should be that the devils did not catch and make cockaleekie of you?” “Well,” says Donald, “I have heard of sic a school, and of some folk that had been at it in foreign parts, but did not think they kept sic a school in Aberdeen; but I’m thinking they winna try their pranks soon again on a Glenlivat man. But, oh, Master Charles, I feel very faint and sair-needing—will ye send out the lassie for a bottle of Glenlivat whiskey?” “Will no less than a bottle do, Donald?” says Master Charles. “Na less,” said Donald; “and I think she may just bring twa bottles wi this half-crown, to see and cure me of the trimmles; and I have to go a lang journey afore I sleep; for, please God, by the peep of day I’ll start for Cabrach, and put all the black deevils and schools of this town on this side of the Ladder hills.” “But,” says Master Charles, “what if old Clooty break his chain, and overtake you in the Glenbucket hills?” “Na fears of that,” said Donald; “he will hae work enoch on his hands to mend the broken banes of his prentice. And I got from ane of the Freemasons of Tamintoul the art of putting down the deevil at any time and place, just by reading a verse of the Bible, whilk they read *backwards*, when taking him up at making Masons; and I’ll have in my pouch my mother’s blessed Bible, the smell of which would turn the auld thief’s

stomack gif he should come near me. But, oh, Master Charles, dinna I look very fay and demented?" "Yes, you do," said Mr. C.; just look at yourself in the looking-glass." "Na, na, Master Charles, for my sake dinna show me that—I'm sure I would see more nor myself in it. I ance got a fright in a looking-glass on a Hallow-even." Master Charles, not relishing the fugitive resolution adopted by Donald, apprehending some disagreeable and inconvenient relations which might, through Donald, come to the ears of parents and friends at home (but which Donald at parting solemnly promised to keep under lock and key,)—strove to remove Donald's horrors by means of the bottle-dhu, and cheering news and conversation, but all in vain—Donald, like a dog, stretching himself on the rug beside the fire, waited with impatience for the dawn of day, and speedily settling his small affairs in the granite city, he left what he deemed, in the auld and new town of Aberdeen, the Sodom and Gomorrah of modern times, without any inclination, like Lot's wife, to look behind him; and his friends and acquaintances at home were put into possession of full and marvellous relations of Donald Mac-Hardy's travels and adventures, which gained him no small share of celebrity in his native land—omitting, however, in his narrations such passages at the Finishes of Justice Port and Denburn as might bring into trouble the parties concerned in those Corinthian after-pieces.

CHAPTER XI.

Charles More's Fight with Satan.—Charles More, a Warrior of the 92d.—Returning from a Tomintoul Market Whisky Plenus.—His Soliloquy and crooked ways.—Insulted by Satan.—A Fight.—A Drawn Battle.—Vows, and Broken Vows.

CHARLIE STEWART, or Derg, commonly called Charlie More, exceeding in height two Scotch ells, with corresponding quantities of bones and sinews, had, in the heyday of his youth, been a jewel in the coronet of the gallant Huntly—a hero in the band of heroes, the invincible 92d; the glories of which Charlie More, in his own imagination, concentrated in his own proper person; for Charlie and the 92d were one and the same—the honours of both being dear to him as his life. On occasions of fairs, funerals, and public festivities, the recollection of those glories were apt to be exhibited in bellicose performances; for, when Charlie's dander was up, though a peaceable man on ordinary occasions, “with twopenny he would fear no evil, with uaquebea he would fight the Deevil.”

On the night of a Tomintoul market, mirk and dark, Charlie was progressing along the bye-road which led to his upland home, following a zigzag mode of progression, giving

at the same time unmistakeable indications of a disordered stomach in the form of a violent hiccup, which called forth repeated audible imprecations against Rob MacGregor's wishie-washie usquy, which, he said, was enough to turn the stomach of a sow. The auditor of those soliloquies, who was a neighbour of Charlie's, and well up to his temper and *idiosyncrasy*, under his present circumstances, took it into his head to take a rise out of him. Planting himself behind a tall thorn-bush, close to the road side, the spectator, in a feigned foreign voice, called out—"Charlie More, you are drunk!" Charlie, so accosted, steadied himself to take an observation, and taking the dark object, personated by the bush, to be the assailant, Charlie, with some warmth, replied, "Well, if I am drunk (hiccup), it is at my own expense, and not yours (hiccup)." "Charlie More," said the bushman, "you are a drunken blackguard." "Am I," replied Charlie; "I would like to know what blackguard (hiccup) tells me so?" "I am the D—l," answered the bushman. "Well," said Charlie, "I makes no (hiccup) doubt that you be something of the sort; and, if you be,—one would suppose you might find better work in your own black hole, or in Tomintoul, than to be blackguarding by the road side, insulting peaceable (hiccup), wayfaring people; and Devil, though you be," says Charlie, making a move towards the bushman, "I have a mind to larn you better manners, you dirty varmint (hiccup)." "Charlie Moore," says the bushman, "you are a great coward, and so is the 92d." "Are we," says

Charlie; "then we shall make daylight through you for that same." Whereupon, wheeling up his forces to the enemy, Charlie More's pithy cudgel raised aloft, descended with a force that would cleave a rock, on the black object of his fury, which, yielding like a dockan beneath the blow, Charlie lost his equilibrium, and, as he thought, found himself in the claws and clutches of "Auld Hornie;"—the bushman at the same raising a yell of triumph, which added not a little to the 92d's discomfiture. "Claws off, Mr. Devil," said Charlie, "Claws off (hiccup). You don't fight like a man; you scart like a woman. Let go your hold of my plaid;" and, making a violent effort, Charlie got extricated by making a back sommersault out of Cloutie's hands. "I find you have spuilzied my bonnet," said Charlie. "Give back my bonnet, you dirty, scarting shadow of horns and claws (hiccup)." "Mr. Charlie, I will keep the bonnet as a keepsake until I get your body: you ken, Charlie, what a sinner you are, and how many great sins you have committed." "Well," says Charlie, "I will believe you, when you (hiccup) tell me of any of them." Whereupon the bushman told the most notable of Charlie's gallantries and evil deeds at home and abroad. "Well," said Charlie, "I perceive devils, like asses, have long lugs, and are fond of scandal and clishmaclavers (hiccup). But look at home, Mr. Devil, your own character is none of the best, and I can maintain that you are a thief, and no gentleman, when you would spuilzie an honest man's bonnet." "Well, Charlie," said the bushman, "will you have a snishan

out of my snishan-horn." "No," answered Charlie, "I shall have none of your *graddan* (hiccup); you are not to make a witch or a warlock of me. A snishan may be your listing-money. But give me back my Glengarry bonnet; it can be of no use to you in your hot hole. And, as to your getting me (hiccup), I intend to turn a Christian, and baulk you, as Michael Scott did your grandfather, the devil of his time (hiccup); and, if he is still to the fore, you may tell him that from me, you tinker thief. The 92d was never afraid of any of your sort, you stink-pot and thief that you are, and I will publish your character at Tomintoul and Kirkmichael too; do you hear (hiccup)." Despairing of recovering his bonnet by any art of logic, foul or fair, Charlie resumed his progress homewards under many difficulties. On arriving at home, his wife and family were not a little shocked at the state of his face and hands, tattooed, torn, and bleeding. "Oh! good man, good man," exclaimed his helpmate, "what is this you have been about; wha have ye been fighting wi' now." "Well, if you must know," said Charlie, "I will tell you. I have given such a thrashing to the Deevil as he never got afore, for insulting me and my regiment (hiccup). I am thinking he will not forget it in a hurry, do you see; but the dirty varmint stole my bonnet." "Gude save us, good man; where did this happen?" inquired the wife. "So far as I can make it out," answered Charlie, "it was about the Burn of Gaulrigg (hiccup)." Charlie, being washed and refreshed, consented to go to bed, gratifying his

curious family with the particulars of the engagement betwixt Clotie and the 92d, with many embellishments, reflecting great honour on himself. The exciting narrative attracted, by the peep of day, members of his family to the field of battle, and great was their surprise to find a tall dilapidated bush of thorns with the good man's Glengarry bonnet sticking on its apex—suggesting to all that the bush, and not the D—l, had been Charlie More's antagonist. This discovery tended to shake the verity of Charlie More's account of the engagement, who, however, offered to make *akidavit* to the truth of his original statement and dialogue with Satan—a thing to which the bush could be no party. But, coming at length to suspect the trick of the bushman, Charlie took the teetotal pledge, which endured only till the next Tomintoul market. Worthy Charlie, having ran his race, and it is hoped turned a Christian, according to his intention on the foregoing occasion, now rests in his narrow cell among the warriors of his native glen.

CHAPTER XII.

The Hydropathic or Water Cure, as practised in the Highlands.—The Water of St. Fergan's Well, near Kirkmichael.—History of the Well.—Its removal from Italy to Knockfergan.—Knockfergan once a Market Stance.—A Great Fight.—The Battle of the Kebboc.—Former crowds of Water-drinkers, and their Offerings to the Genii of the Well.—Water of the Warlock's Stone.—Water of the Serpent's Stone.—Water of the Dead and Living Ford, and Fumigation.—Water of a Human Dead Head.—The Wife of Camp Delmore's experiment.

Of late years we have heard much in praise and dispraise of the hydropathic or water cure. Some professors have found it convenient to set up hydropathic establishments, the remedial medicines being of a very simple and cheap description. But we believe that in the Highlands of Scotland no such establishment will ever be a popular one. In regions where water is so plentiful, and so cheap, and so much at the command of every individual *ad libitum*, we are inclined to believe that the remedial qualities of the crystal element of the fountain, will always be regarded as a good agent only where nothing more exciting and invigorating can be obtained. In other words, we apprehend that a water cure establishment, or a teetotal hotel, set up in Tomintoul would

have very few customers, and that an opposition establishment for dispensing *usquebea*, *alias*, *the water of life*, would find much more favour in the eyes and the hearts of the natives of the place. It is no doubt true that there were some medicinal wells, renowned for their miraculous cures, placed within the reach of mortal sufferers. But, generally speaking, these wells had something more than the tonic and curative principles of the water to recommend them. These springs of life had their origin in the miraculous interposition of saints and supernatural beings, and tradition and spells brought the votaries of Hygia to drink the spring, which without those charms would have been supposed of no curative avail. Of such a description was St. Fergan's Well, in the hill of Knockfergan, near Kirkmichael. One of the traditions connected with this renowned spring relates that it once flowed under the sunny sky of Italy, but that, like some of the Pope's missionaries, it was transferred to a far-off country to perform miracles, not in the cure of souls, but of bodies. Leaving this tradition to be discussed by persons fond of the marvellous, we know of a verity that a century ago Fergan's Well had great celebrity on account of its history and its cures, being frequented by crowds of water drinkers, who travelled lengthy journeys to locate for a time in its vicinity, as persons in search of health and pleasure do now at the favourite Spa of Strathpeffer, in Ross-shire. It had a guardian spirit or genii in the shape of a fly that always haunted the spring, and whoever drank the water, left some offering to the genii in the shape of

money, pins, and even rags of cloth—and the author is old enough to have seen some of these votive offerings. From the celebrity of the Well, it was at one time a market stance, although the declivity of the ground rendered it very unsuitable for the purpose. But a great Highland fight, called the Battle of the Kebbock, (its origin having been a dispute about a cheese, in which the men, and perhaps some of the women took sides, according to the clannish factions of the day)—and from the nature of the ground, great damage having been done to persons and property—the market was transferred to Tomintoul long before the Countess opened her canteen; and there it is still annually held, under its old name of the “Well Market,” in the month of August.

But though Fergan’s Well was once deemed a cure for all diseases of the person, we are not aware that it exercised any sway over supernatural agents. Hence it was, that water of different kinds, were resorted to, as more potent and certain in their operations, and these we shall shortly notice in this chapter.

We have already, in a preceding chapter, introduced the reader to the great necromancer of the North and his philosopher’s stone, and need not recapitulate the history of the stone, and the efficacy of its cures of all evils proceeding from supernatural agency. Next to the warlock’s stone, the serpent’s stone is an object very interesting “to the curious reader.” We cannot, however, enlighten him as to the *modus operandi* of the serpent in the creation of the stone, but we have seen it; and

though no profound believer in miraculous relations, we could not refuse assent to the fact that the serpent's stone had performed great wonders in its day. The serpent's stone generally kept company, in the cabinets of the minor necromancers, with the druid's stones, of which the author has a pair in his possession, resembling much, in polished shape, a pigeon's egg. In cases of affections proceeding from witchcraft, fairy agency, and evil eyes, water in which the serpent's stone, and druid's stones had been immersed, with incantations known only by the practioners of the necromantic art, was supposed to be an effective panacea; and the author has seen a good woman, noted for her supernatural arts and devices, producing from her sacred bag, some of these oracles; immersing them with many ejaculations of the nature of the unknown tongue, into a basin of water, which, with like incantations, she afterwards sprinkled on cattle labouring under a complaint something like what is called the quarter illness, or red water; but we were too young to record on the tablet of our memory how far the good wife of the *Crask's* experiments, were successful in curing a disease, which she had no doubt proceeded from some supernatural evil agency of the day.

Besides the above modes of treatment under the water cure, there was one to which the author, in his juvenile days, was himself subjected, much against his will. On the morning of New Year's day it was the practice, more in accordance with old habits and traditions than from a belief in the efficacy of the prescriptions, to subject all the inmates of a High-

land mansion in Strathavon to a double course of treatment, far from being pleasant or palatable to the parties concerned. On New Year's even, lots of juniper were arranged round the fire to dry till the morning ; some careful person was also despatched to a "dead and living ford," (that is a ford passed by people and funerals) who drew a pitcher of water, observing all the time the most profound silence, great care being taken that the vessel containing the water did not touch the ground, otherwise it would lose all its virtues. The first course, consisting of the *usquecashrichd*, or water from the dead and living ford, by its sacred virtues preserved the Highlander, until the next anniversary, from all those direful calamities proceeding from the agency of infernal spirits, witchcraft, evil eyes, and the like. The second course, consisting of the fumes of juniper, not only removed whatever diseases might affect the human frame at the time, but fortified the constitution against their future attacks. These courses of medicine were administered in the following manner.

Light and fire being kindled, and the necessary arrangements having been effected, the high-priest of the ceremonies for the day, and his assistants, proceeded with the hallowed water to the several beds in the house, and, by means of a large brush, sprinkled upon their occupants a profuse shower of the precious preservative, which, notwithstanding its salutary properties, they sometimes receive with jarring ingratitude.

The first course being thus served, the second is about to be administered, preliminary to

which it is necessary to stuff all the crevices and windows in the house, even to the key-hole. This done, piles of juniper are kindled into a conflagration in the different apartments of the house. Rising in fantastic curls, the fumes of the blazing juniper spread along the roof, and gradually condense themselves into an opaque cloud, filling the apartment with an odoriferous fumigation altogether overpowering. Penetrating into the inmost recesses of the patient's system (for patients they may well be called), it brings on an incessant shower of hiccupping, sneezing, wheezing, and coughing, highly demonstrative of its expectorating qualities. But it not unfrequently happened, that young and thoughtless urchins, not relishing such physic, and unmindful of the important benefits they reaped from it, diversified the scene by cries of suffocation and the like, which never failed to call forth from the more reflecting part of the family, if able to speak, a very severe reproof. Well knowing, however, that the more intense the "smuchden," the more propitious are its effects, the high priest, with dripping eyes and distorted mouth, continues his operation, regardless of the feelings of his flock, until he considers the dose fully sufficient, upon which he opens the vent and the other crevices to admit the genial fluid, to recover the spirits of the exhausted patients. He then proceeds to gratify the horses, cattle, and other bestial stock in the town with the same entertainment in their turn !

To the grand remedies of arch warlocks, mermaid stone, the serpent stone, the druid

stone, and dead and living ford, falls to be added another grand panacea for all diseases incident to man and beast—the juice of a dead head from a church-yard. And we cannot illustrate this part of our subject better than presenting to the reader the legend of the *good wife of Camp-del-more*.

“There was at one time a woman, who lived in Camp-del-more, of Strathavon, whose cattle were seized with a murrain, or some such fell disease, which ravaged the neighbourhood at the time, carrying off great numbers of them daily. All the *forlorn fires and hallowed waters* failed of their customary effects; and she was at length told by the wise people whom she consulted on the occasion, that it was evidently the effect of some infernal agency, the power of which could not be destroyed by any other means than the never failing specific, the juice of a *dead head* from the church-yard, a nostrum certainly very difficult to be procured, considering the head must needs be abstracted from a grave in the hour of midnight. Being, however, a woman of a stout heart and strong faith, native feelings of delicacy towards the blessed sanctuary of the dead, had more weight in restraining her for some time from resorting to this desperate remedy than those of fear. At length, seeing that her bestial stock would soon be completely annihilated by the destructive career of the disease, the wife of Camp-del-more resolved to put the experiment in practice, whatever the result might be. Accordingly, having, with considerable difficulty, engaged a neighbouring woman to be her companion in this hazardous expedition, they set out, about mid-

night, for the parish church-yard, distant about a mile and half from her residence, to execute her determination. On arriving at the church-yard, her companion, whose courage was not so notable, appalled by the gloomy prospect before her, refused to enter among the habitations of the dead; she, however, agreed to remain at the gate till her friend's business was accomplished. This circumstance, however, did not stagger our heroine's resolution. She, with the greatest coolness and intrepidity, proceeded towards what she supposed an old grave—took down her spade—and commenced her operations. After a good deal of toil she arrived at the object of her labour. Raising the first head, or rather skull, that came in her way, she was about to make it her own property, when, lo! a hollow, wild, sepulchral voice exclaimed, 'That is my head, let it alone!' Not wishing to dispute the claimant's title to this head, and supposing she could be otherwise provided, she very good-naturedly returned it, and took up another. 'That is my father's head,' holloed the same voice. Wishing, if possible, to avoid disputes, the wife of Camp-del-more took up another head, when the same voice instantly started a claim to it as his grandfather's head. 'Well,' replied the wife, nettled at her disappointments, 'although it were your grandmother's head, you shan't get it till I've done with it.' 'What do you say, you limmer?' says the ghost, starting up in his awful habiliments. 'What do you say?' repeated he in a great rage, 'by the great oath you had better leave my grandfather's head.' Upon matters coming to this length, the wily

wife of Camp-del-more thought it proper to assume a more conciliatory aspect. Telling the claimant the whole particulars of the predicament in which she was placed by the aforesaid calamity, she promised faithfully, that if his honour would only allow her to carry off his grandfather's skull, or head, in a peaceable manner, she would restore it again when done with it. Here, after some communing, they came to an understanding, and she was allowed to take the head along with her, on condition she should restore it before cock-crowing, under the heaviest penalties.

“On coming out of the church-yard, and looking for her companion, she had the mortification to find her ‘without a mouthful of breath in her body ;’ for, on hearing the dispute between her friend and the guardian of the grave, and suspecting much that she was likely to share the unpleasant punishment with which he threatened her friend, at the bare recital of them she fell down in a faint, from which it was no easy matter to recover her. This proved no small inconvenience to Camp-del-more's wife, as there was not above two hours to elapse ere she had to return the head, in terms of her agreement. Taking her friend on her back, she carried her up a steep activity to the nearest adjoining house, where she left her for the night, then repaired home with the utmost speed, made *dead bree* of the *dead head*, and ere the appointed time had expired, she restored the head to its guardian, and placed the grave in its former condition. It is needless to add, that, as a reward for her

exemplary courage, the *bree* had its desired effect, the cattle speedily recovered, and so long as long as she retained any of it, all sorts of disease were of short duration."

CHAPTER XIII.

A Christening Banquet in Strathavon.—The Tacksman.—The Tacksman's Wife.—The Company.—The Ceremony.—The Dinner.—The Bill of Fare.—The Entertainment.—Affairs of Honour and Difficulties.—Minister and Tacksmen put to Bed.—Morning Bitters, their Varieties.

OF all those events which interest private circles of friends, the birth and christening of a child forms one of the most agreeable and exciting. The fond parent, filled with those visionary hopes which the imagination is so apt to conceive, as the portion of those objects most dear to his fancies, beholds in his new offspring, the future hero or statesman, whose fragile hand may be destined to wield the sword of a general or the pen of a statesman. Such is the impression of the Highland parent, in particular, who, in his provincial circle, may find one who has risen to high rank, by his gallantry or talents, from circumstances equally humble with those of the newborn infant's paternity,—and the happy parents cheerfully devote what their means can afford to give the christening its deserved *éclat*. Some days before the banquet, all luxuries which can be commanded for the occasion are in requisition. The hunters of the hills roam in quest of venison and game of all sorts,

while the fisher pursues the silvery tenants of the stream, and scores of lives of quadrupeds and bipeds, are sacrificed at the shrine of festivity,—and, according to the station of the parents, all friends, kinsmen, and neighbours, are invited to the banquet.

The writer, in early life, was an attentive witness of the proceedings of a christening of an opulent tacksman's child, and these left an indelible impression on a retentive memory. He remembers the arraying of the little great man, who was to grace a kindred name—in his splendid paraphernalia of white robe, ribbons, lace-cap, and roses. He remembers the arrival of the minister on horseback, accompanied by a gillie, or footman, a true type of Friar Tuck, of Copemanhurst, as a specimen of stalwart proportions—his ample sable, clerical garments, encasing a large protuberance of stomach and expansive chest, proclaiming him a patron of good living. He wore a large bushy wig, encircling his neck, well pomatumed and powdered, according to the fashion of the day. His advent was soon followed by the military magnates of the country, from the aged captain, with his hair combed back to the crown of his head, according to the fashion of the old school, down to the dandy ensign, with his nicely combed *love-locks*—and a host of tacksmen and tenants, destined to take their places at the festive board, according to their positions in the ladder of distinction. He remembers the tacksman, a handsome, portly man, dressed in his blue coat, white vest, corduroys and top-boots, and the tacksman's wife, arrayed in silks, ribbons, and lace-cap, “happy in her-

self, and the cause of happiness in others." He remembers the imposing ceremony of the christening—the bevy of sponsors, male and female, who were honoured with the charge of the little hero on the occasion. He remembers seeing the far extended board, covered with crystals, plates, and ornaments in the shape of garnished christening cakes, &c., and the company in due and solemn state, taking their places, according to their stations. The minister and old captain supported the landlady, and the tacksman was supported by similar magnates. That the feast was sumptuous may be well supposed. No lack of rich broths and soups of various kinds,—salmon and venison—roasted and boiled beef, mutton, poultry, haggis, and puddings of all kinds, and every creeping thing that could contribute toward a crowning feast.

The feast despatched large toddy bowls and ladles were placed in the hands of approved compounders of punch, supplied with lemons, and every ingredient used in the manufacture of the choice elixir-vitæ. Glasses of a large globular form, with long ornamental stalks, which would contain nearly a gill, were driven to and fro, between the guests and the adjacent bowls, like weavers' shuttles; and health upon health, and cheer upon cheer, made the rafters ring at the vociferations of the loyal and happy party. At this distance of time (we do not choose to tell how many years), we cannot recount the interesting topics that engaged the groups of the guests surrounding the board, but we have no doubt that the military men talked of battles, sieges, and martial glory; the tacksmen

and tenants of their wives, horses, and cattle, improved modes of husbandry, and other kindred subjects; and the young men of the fair sex, feats of strength, fights, balls, and diversions. We remember that, to a late hour, the jolly minister, his round red face beaming like a harvest-moon, ruled pre-eminent, with stentorian voice, over this noisy association, calling now for a toast, and now for a song, for he was no damper or check on the joyous spirits of the jocund company. We remember that, when far advanced in the night, the minister and the tacksman were summoned to hold a convocation with the tacksman's wife, in what was called the green-room, the furniture therein being painted of a green colour; and we remember that it required no little logic and persuasion to convince the tacksman and the minister, that the recumbent position was more fitted for them than the vertical one, as, yielding to the influence of gravitation, they inclined towards their mother earth—but the lady's cogent eloquence, enforced with additional potations, induced the venerable pair to consent to be bedded together, on condition that there should be no stop put to their friendly hilarity—and, divested of their coats and boots, they were hoisted into bed, in the most loving and fraternal positions.

Soon after closing this scene in the green-room, one of a more *striking* description took place on the great stage of festivity. Some of the sons of Mars, having their pugnacious qualities abundantly fired by their libations, manifested a disposition to give proofs of their warlike qualifications, and two sections of the Clan

Gregor revived an old family dispute as to the comparative antiquity of their blood and family. Those disputations speedily rose to high words, charged with oaths and abusive epithets, leading to the natural result—a disposition to enforce the *argumentum ad hominum* with the *argumentum ad baculum*. Starting to their feet, the belligerents, stripping coats and neckcloths, challenged each other to mortal combat. The whole assembly rushed towards the combatants, some with a view to take friendly sides in the impending battle, according to their kindred ties or predilections, while the elderly and peaceably disposed part of the company, including a host of women, attracted to the scene of strife, endeavoured to quell the rising storm, and to prevent mischief to mortal man and fragile furniture. Fortunately, one party of the belligerents challenged the other party to turn out to a fair field, in order to batter and bruise the contending party to their heart's content—an invitation readily accepted by the challenged party—but no sooner were the challengers and their seconds outside the door, than the peacemakers, shutting the door and forming a phalanx, prevented the challenged from joining issue in the intended battle. Hats, plaids, and pieces of dress, being taken out by the back-door to the outside “party”—they were advised by the elderly conservators of the peace to postpone their quarrel to a more convenient opportunity, and to take themselves off to their own dwellings, an advice which was also administered to the inside belligerents, who, with guards of men and women, proceeded

towards their homes; and, eventually, the rest of the party got into "a committee of the whole house," who, over a replenished bowl, discussed at length the merits and demerits of the contending MacGregors and their pretensions—and some of those ultimately retiring with a cork-screw mode of progression, left others in a state of unspeakable, immovable prostration, fit subjects for a parody on King James the First's description of a drunken party—

"In their mawes there was nae mank,
Upon the forms some snored;
Ithers frae off their hunker's sank,
We een like collops scored."

But the sun arose upon a peaceable house, all the inmates being steeped in somnolent oblivion—the raging storm subsiding into a dead calm—and it was long before the two worthy occupants of the green-room wakened up to conscious activity.

The tacksman, probably much amazed at finding a *powdered wig* substituted for his wife's *night-cap*, started from his couch, and, with boot in hand, knocked loudly on the door for an attendant, who might bring him and his companion their morning refreshment, in the shape of bitters, to clear up the haze which darkened his recollections. A young relative answered the summons, and on opening the door was not a little astounded at the appearance presented by the tacksman. One side of his head was red and rosy, from the effects of his late potations, while the other side was as white as a sheet, giving evidence of having come into close contact with the minister's powdered wig. His dark

eyes, shining through red and white complexions, presented a most *outré* and ludicrous appearance. The girl, at the extraordinary apparition, burst into a loud cachinnation, and leaving the tacksman, not a little astounded, at her conduct, proceeded to inform his wife of the extraordinary exhibition. Repairing to the green-room, the tacksman received his wife with a burst of indignation at his niece's conduct, which was only met by loud bursts of unrestrainable laughter on the part of his wife, which excited the tacksman's ire into a fury, raging and rampaging so that the dormant parson was awakened up from his trance—enquiring what was the cause of the riot. Speedily returning with a looking-glass, his wife presented it to the tacksman's wondering eyes, and, on a moment's reflection, his rage subsided into laughter at his own expense. The parson, with his wig awry, and much in need of the tonsor, starting up and beholding the figure presented by his bed-fellow, joined his loud guffaws to the merriment. The required refreshment, in the shape of various sorts of bitters and home-brewed ale, soon appeared, and the worthy minister spent the day in repairing the damage done to his wig and constitution, neither of which suffered material injury. We remember that the wind-up was far less satisfactory to the lady of the house than it was to the juvenile members of her family. The favourite long-stalked glasses had suffered decapitation to a great extent, while other crystals and frail articles of furniture were beyond the skill of native artizans. We had seen his grace, Alexander the Duke

of Gordon, going about with a star on his breast—and we, in our fancy for finery, got one of the stalks of the broken glasses inserted into a button-hole of our jacket, converting the bottom of the glass into a star, fully as large and as brilliant as that which graced the breast of his grace the Duke of Gordon. Such were the beginning, middle, and end of a christening banquet in Strathavon, a long time ago.

CHAPTER XIV.

Prince Charles Stuart and Flora Macdonald, from the Narratives of her Cousin, the late Mrs. Nicolson M'Connochie, aged 94.—Biographical Notices of Flora Macdonald and Mrs. M'Connochie.—Anecdotes of the Prince.—In the Robber's Cave—His Dress.—Death of Roderick Mackenzie.—The Duke of Cumberland.—The Prince's Valet, Richard Morrison.—The Prince as Betty Binke.—The Prince as Lewis Caw.—Devoted Attachment of Flora to the Prince—Her Death-bed Injunctions.

DIED at the Manse of Kilmore, Glen-Urquhart, on the 14th August, 1858, Mrs. Margaret Nicolson, mother of the Rev. Mr. M'Connochie, at the advanced age of ninety-four years. This venerable lady was the last living chronicle of personal recollections of one of the two celebrated personages whose names and history have long been, and will long be, regarded with romantic interest by the sons and daughters of Tartanland—Prince Charles Edward Stuart and Miss Flora Macdonald, the hero and heroine of a national drama of unfading interest.

Mrs. M'Connochie was the grand-daughter of Flora, daughter of the Tighter Dhonolach, or tutor and brother of the Lord Macdonald of the day, from which branch was also descended the celebrated heroine, who received the name of Fionghal (in Gaelic) or Flora (in English),

after Mrs. M'Connochie's grandmother. Besides this, Mrs. M'Connochie was descended from a long line of the Nicolsons and Macqueens, ministers mentioned by Dr. Johnson in his tour to the Hebrides. By another connexion than that, through the noble family of Macdonald, Mrs. M'Connochie was nearly connected to the heroine by another marriage in their families. This double affinity brought Miss Nicolson, early in life, into close and confidential intercourse with Mrs. Captain Macdonald, then of Kingsburgh, but who was to the last spoken of and known under the popular name of *Flora Macdonald*. At the closing scenes, in the evening of her life, Miss Nicolson found it a labour of love to sit by her declining relative's couch, and minister to her wants and wishes. In the course of this attendance, Miss Nicolson, who had imbibed with her mother's milk a predilection for the name and history of "Bonnie Prince Charlie," was a delighted and attentive listener to her relative's everlasting descriptions of the prince's person and graces, and his trials and sufferings during his five months' wanderings in the Western Highlands and Isles ; narrating always with emotion, if not with tears, his prominent adventures, from the fatal day of Culloden Moor—the grave of so many gallant Highland hearts, and the tomb of the Royal Stuart's last hopes and aspirations—down to the day of his embarkation for France ; embracing a series of exciting adventures, unparalleled sufferings, bodily privations, and wonderful escapes, such as no prince or peasant ever before endured ; the like of which cannot

be read in the pages of fiction, or seen portrayed on the theatrical stage.

Had the renowned Shakespere, or any of the more modern dramatists of note, flourished in the era of Prince Charles Edward Stuart, what an attractive and instructive theatrical representation might have been founded on the prince's short and chequered career in his father-land, a story abounding in plots, battles, sieges, courts, camps, victories and reverses, and scenes and incidents of the most exciting and interesting national character.

Behold the young adventurer, in 1745, on the spot of Glen-Finnan, on which now stands a monument to record the event, totally destitute of resources adequate to the enterprise on which he had entered, with little else than his heart and sword, appealing to the "gentle Lochiel," and a few persons present, to aid in restoring his family to the throne of his race. His name, his person, and, it may be, his helpless condition, opened to him a way to every Highland heart; and Lochiel's previous prudent resolves to refuse to become a party to the desperate adventure, as his brother Fassifern predicted, melted away like snow before the sun, and the royal banners of the house of Stuart were once more unfurled to "the battle and the breeze." Behold him again in October following, standing in the palace of his ancestors, his brow bound with laurel as the victor of Preston Pans and of Cope; surrounded by a noble band of lords and chiefs, who staked life and fortune on the issue of the cause; and by a brilliant court of "chieftains young and ladies fair; an assemblage of the Graces, of which

he himself was the “koh-i-noir,” or fascinating centre — beloved by men and adored by women.

But what a contrast the sunny picture of 1745 presents to the dark one of 1746. Behold him then a wandering fugitive, chased like a hare, from cover to cover, by Cumberland’s “blood-hounds,” with a price of £30,000 on his head; the associate for a time of a band of mountain robbers, whose only redeeming qualities were that they had been at Culloden with the prince, and were fugitives like himself,—now carrying on a guerilla war against the enemy, at times and places convenient. The dress which Charles wore at this time, (described by Hugh Chisholm, one of his associates, and afterwards a chairman in Edinburgh, and an object of interest to persons having Jacobite predilections,) consisted of a yellow wig and bonnet that had seen much service, a clouted neckerchief, a coarse coat of many colours, a tartan vest, a belted plaid, tartan hose, and Highland brogues, tied to his feet by leathern thongs, and one shirt of the colour of saffron. The banditti kept no change of garment to supply the place of this *Irish uniform*—but Providence was kind. Lord George Sackville, marching from Fort Augustus to Strathglass, with some “red soldiers,” in quest of the prince, passed near the robbers’ haunts, who, watching their opportunity, rushed on a retinue of officers’ servants in the rear, and “making moor-cocks” of the carriers, found ample stores of necessaries and luxuries, to which the poor prince had long been a stranger. It was at this juncture that the death of the devoted

Roderick Mackenzie took place. Roderick Mackenzie, belonging to a respectable family in Edinburgh, had joined Charles as one of his life-guards. Tall, slender, and graceful in person, and with features somewhat resembling the prince, he might, with ordinary observers, have passed off for Charles. As he could not return to Edinburgh after Culloden, he also in July, 1746, was skulking in the hills of Glen-Morrison. Being overtaken by a party of the enemy, he bravely defended himself for some time; but, being shot down at last, he exclaimed — "Villains, you have killed your prince!" A joyful exclamation to the soldiers, who, cutting off his head, hurried with the supposed prize to Fort Augustus, to the duke, who had it packed, proceeding with it himself immediately to London.

Richard Morrison, formerly valet to Charles, and then under sentence of death at Carlisle, under the promise of a pardon, was taken to London to identify the head, which he pronounced to be a deception. The truth of this anecdote has been questioned, but the veracity of it is attested by the Chevalier Johnstone, Mr. Home, and the declarations of Hugh Chisholm and Richard Morrison, and local traditions. Morrison, in France, in 1755, was recommended by the prince to his father, James the Eighth, as valet, saying "he had been condemned to be hanged;" quaintly adding, "It would be too long to say how he had escaped."

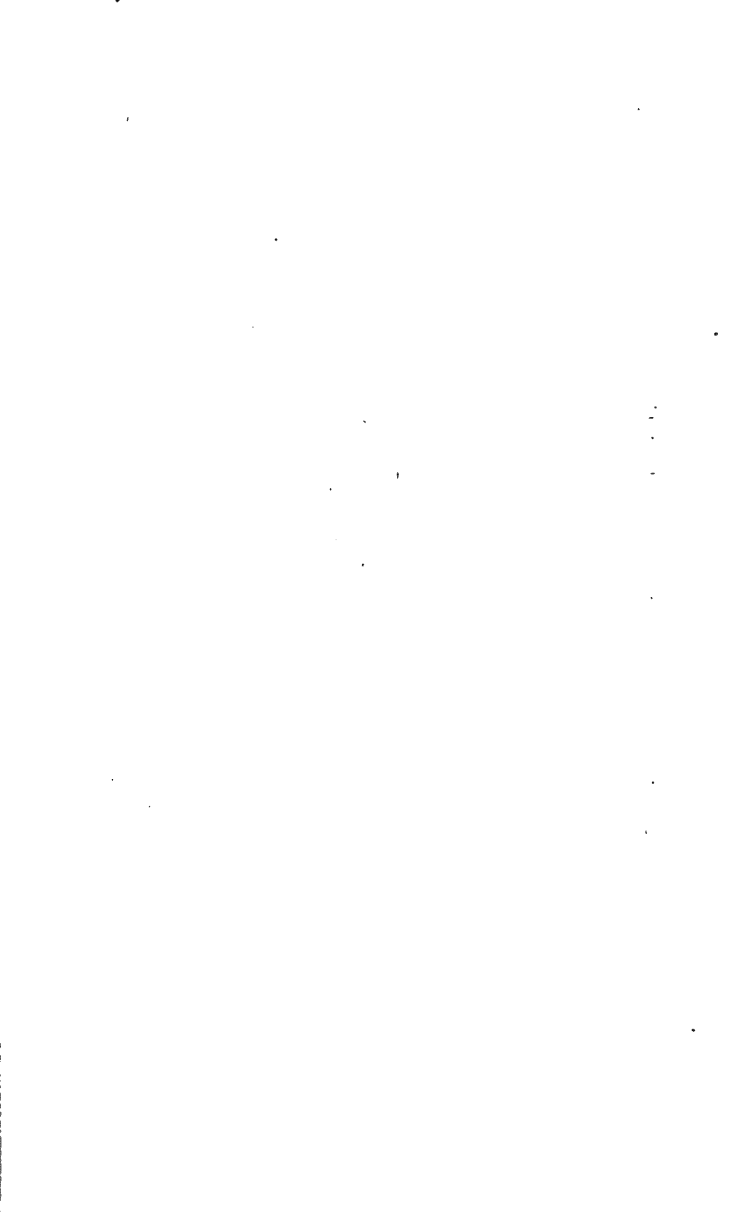
Behold him again personating the character of Betty Burke, a pretended Irish spinner, and servant of Miss Flora, in their flight from the Long

Island to Skye. Betty's long, uncouth figure, Milesian face, and Irish drapery represented nothing belonging to the graces. Her want of science in the management of her petticoats by flood and field was construed into want of modesty by female observers, who vented their execrations on the "impudent Irish limmer." These open reproofs, as well as those of her mistress under the same head, were submitted to with great good humour by the "Irish spinster." Behold him again in the character of Lewis Caw, a pretended rebel refugee, who was doing duty as servant to honest Malcolm MacLeod, in their journey from Skye to the mainland on the west coast, when poor Caw, keeping up the deception, was subjected to much contumely—a Highland maid-of-all-work having once indiguantly refused "to wash the feet of his mother's son."

But if the story of Prince Charles and Flora Macdonald read an impressive lesson on the fickleness of fortune in war and politics, it records a striking instance of the force and steadfastness of woman's love. Indeed, "the ruling passion strong in death" is an adage strikingly exemplified in the undying attachment of the devoted Flora to the person and fortunes of the unfortunate prince; for with her the feeling, which might be called a passion, grew with her age, and only ceased with her life. By her own desire, the tokens of regard and gratitude he presented to her at their final parting, were placed on her person when "laid out," according to the fashion of the day; and we believe her winding-sheet was one in which the prince had slept when under her own guardianship at Kingsburgh. How unfortunate

for the poor wayward prince that she was not his guardian-angel to the last!

Had Flora flourished in the more enlightened days of Victoria, rebel as she was, we doubt not the proofs of gallantry and devotion given by her in her perilous adventures with the prince would have been rewarded by "crosses and tokens of merit" from many noble hands. As it was, the memorials of admiration dedicated to reward and record her noble virtues were chiefly of a private description. One favourite mode of perpetuating her name among her countrymen and kinsmen was by consecrating some of the living generation into memorials of the hallowed dead. Hence the name of Fionghal, an Ossianic or Fingalian name, at one time confined to a few aristocratic families on the west coast, became a household god at many of the hearths of the Highland homes, where the name of Charles was frequently found one of the same family circle. And it will occasion no surprise that, in the manse of Glen Urquhart, a young lady, the grand-daughter of the friend and associate of the celebrated Flora, bears that honoured name. By such "mystic ties" the names and virtues of the dead were enshrined among the living, in a manner more emphatic to eye and heart than by "storied urn or animated bust, which back to its mansions could not call the fleeting breath."



PART IV.

ECCLESIASTICAL STATISTICS.

CLERICAL CELEBRITIES.

CHAPTER I.

The Minister of Kilmichael and the Second Sight.—The Minister's Characteristics.—His Wife's Personalities.—The Widow of Carnlochan.—Her Mania for her Sunday Bottle.—A Visit from her Spiritual Pastor.—His Spiritual Reception.—Strange Sights Returning Home.—Finds two Mauses, two Doors, and two Wives.—A Double Bedded Bed Room.—A Double *See Sickness*.—Morning Bitters.—Curtain Lectures.

SOME sixty years ago, there lived in a certain Highland parish called Killmichael, a notable woman, the tenant and occupant of a large and respectable holding, left to her, with the charge of a young family, by her husband, who was cut off in the prime of life by an epidemic disease. Possessing ample means, enterprise, and tact, the young widow carried on successfully the heavy concerns devolved on her, setting an example to her male cotemporaries, in the energetic style in which she reared and turned her stock and crop to the market. As a maid, she was the beauty and the toast of a country side, and a pair of black, bewitching eyes, and a comely countenance, got her the cognomen of the "Pretty Widow," so that suitors for her heart and hand were not wanting in the better farming class of the parish. But all these wooed in vain; the handsome goodwife of Carnlochan was entirely devoted to her fine, rising family, who, male and female, grew up like

olive branches around her—remarkable in the parish for their personal graces and mental endowments; advantages which the widow beheld and promoted with a mother's pride, bestowing on them education such as her means could afford, at school and college. It was a promising family picture, fair to behold; but it is an old adage, that "Every family has its secret," and that "No one is without a fault," proverbs well exemplified in the private history of the domestic habits of the widow of Carnlochan.

Careful, and anxious for worldly prosperity, she commenced her week's labours on Monday morning, before most of her neighbours were out of bed, and her course of labour and anxiety was only terminated on the next Sunday forenoon, when she saw her fine family and servants, genteelly and decently attired, set out for church, to which every one was despatched that could be spared from the farm; and no doubt the reader will suppose that the parent and mistress of the family headed the procession to "the porch that leads to heaven." But no! unfortunately the wife of Carnlochan had become the victim of a habit which assumed the character and type of a mania, which overcame every opposing principle and the dictates of prudence and propriety. For, soon as the family had left the house, the widow, laying her hand on a quart bottle of prime whisky, retired with it to her own chamber, where, making comfortable preparations for a long *siesta*, and securing her door and crevices against intruders and eaves-droppers, she addressed herself to her bottle, in her bed, as the minister and the congregation addressed them-

selves to their Bibles in the church. On the subjects of her meditations and performances, which were always strictly private, none of her family or friends could throw any light; but her spirits were now and anon renovated by a fresh draught, "by word of mouth," from the bottle-dhu, until its entire contents were imbibed by her sucking powers, after which she doubtless took to herself a comfortable sleep, to refresh her for her morning's labours. But whatever may have been the depth and strength of her potations, these never interfered with the duties of the Monday morning—for the household found her as fresh as a daisy, at the head of her establishment, seeing every man and woman in their proper place and vocation.

This unfortunate habit became the subject of general remark and affected regrets, particularly among persons of her own sex, many of whom envied the widow and her family for their worldly gifts and graces, and who, over a cup of bohea, would dwell long and earnestly on this blot on the fair fame of the fair widow of Carnlochan. From her antecedents and industrious character, the widow was still kindly regarded by her male and female cotemporaries when they met on public or private occasions. But the minister's wife, who was supposed to regard with some jealousy the widow's attractive looks in days gone by, and the native graces of the rising lads and lasses of Carnlochan as compared to the rising generation at the manse, never lost an opportunity, public or private, of denouncing, in the most emphatic language, this black spot on the sun of Carnlochan, which she magnified into a total

eclipse, and represented it to be the duty of her liege lord, the minister, to take the poor widow to task for her scandalous delinquency. And ultimately the reverend gentleman himself, from a more benevolent motive than that of his spouse, saw the propriety of paying a professional visit to his fair friend the widow—of which she, by some “Dugal Cretur,” got a premonitory hint—and knowing the source and party who prompted the visitation, she resolved to give her spiritual guardian a very spiritual reception.

The widow, as was the practice of the day before the *Black Cutters* had found a location in our glens, was a smuggler in a small way, on her own account, making, in a sly out-of-the-way corner, not known to the district gauger (who was generally blind to the sins of his respectable neighbours), as much barley into malt and whisky as kept the family and their visitors in the main necessary of social life. The widow, as her own distiller, found it convenient to keep aqua-vitæ of various proofs in her secret keepings, consisting of No. 1, or the foreshot, (what first came off the still, 40 or 50 overproof, called the treble strong;) No. 2, which next came off in 20 or 30 overproof, called the double strong; and No. 3, the ordinary distilled water, something 11 O. P., called the single strong. Of course No. 1 was chiefly used as a panacea for colics or British cholera; No. 2, for particular parties and occasions, when *multum in parvo* was expedient; and No. 3, for ordinary potations. For reasons to be explained, there was set apart, for the minister, a bottle of No. 1, the strongest and

the best. And, to tell truth, the worthy divine was no bad judge of the quality of John Barley-corn, though, in the general, he was neither a tippler nor a toper. But on presbyterial or parochial occasions calling for libations suitable to the spirit and practice of the times, Kill-michael stood by the bowl or his tumbler to the last; and being a stout, handsome man, still in the prime of life, he carried his drink like a man and minister; and in those days teetotal and abstinence societies were unheard of—neither were delirium-tremens, *et hoc omne genus*, known in the land.

But, to come to the marrow of our story: one fine, sunny day, the approach of the parson was announced to the widow. It was the work of a moment to mount a cap of snow-white cambric and ribbons, and handsome shawl, and to place the supplies in the cupboard. After a frank and cordial greeting between the pastor and parishioner, and usual friendly inquiries for the healths of parties and their families, the widow produced a black bottle and a large jug of creamy milk, and rich old goat cheese, cake and biscuit, and insisted that the parson should take a refreshment after his long and fatiguing walk—a motion which he was far from being opposed to; and she made up a stiff tumbler of whisky and milk, which was pronounced by the minister as most refreshing, and the goat cheese as most delicious. But there was a weight on the minds of both parties, which both were anxious to remove—a feeling something akin to “popping the question.” The widow herself was the first to open a door to the difficulty, by recounting the sorrows and trials of a poor widow, left with

a young, helpless family, to struggle with the world; which evoked from the minister some commendation of her conduct as a widow and mother, and flattering compliments as to her promising family, who he was delighted to see in their place every Sunday.

"But, my dear Mrs. J.," said the parson, "why have I not the pleasure of seeing their good-looking mother in her place, along with them?" "Well, sir," said the widow, "I freely allow you have a good right to ask the question, but it is not so easy for me to answer it. God and my neighbours know I am a toilsome, hard-wrought, anxious woman—from Monday morning to Sunday noon endeavouring to bring up my young family honestly and decently, and it is no wonder that after sending my family to the kirk, I should take some bodily and mental ease, just to recruit my energies for next week's toil, for I am my own grieve and my own dairy-maid. Will ye but come to the window, Mr. S., and look over the state of my farm—my new land and houses, and the quality of my crops?" And as the parson politely did so, complacently surveying the whole, the widow, by sleight of hand, poured from the bottle a quantity of spirits into his ample tumbler, and on his turning round, full of commendation for her operations, she filled up his tumbler with milk from the jug, slicing down her Parmesan cheese, insisting he would finish his refreshment, expressing great regret she had not better to offer him; and then, with flowing tears, resumed the subject of her trials and sorrows.

Filled with *foreshot* sufficient for three, it shot through the arteries and veins of the

minister's heart, exciting the most kind and benevolent feelings towards the widow, who, in her melting mood, looked most winning and attractive; and the parson could not find it in his heart to wound afresh her feelings by moot-ing the scandals of the parish farther than trying to exact a solemn pledge from her, that she would appear in her place at church next Sunday. But, while admitting fully he was right, and thanking him most emphatically for his kind interest in herself and family, she insisted on his taking half a glass more of spirits, and more milk, just to help him to walk home, and, *nolens volens*, the sweet persuasive tongue of the syren widow got the devoted divine to take this additional dose of her "fire-water." After this stage of the communing, it is understood that, on the part of the divine, divinity formed no part of the subject of discourse. It is true, the parson still pressed the widow to come to church, but the arguments used having reference to black eyes, pretty mouth, &c., were more of a corporeal than spiritual nature. It was alleged by some eaves-dropper, and not denied by the widow, that friendly ebullitions, in the shape of clapping and caressing, might have escaped the minister, but she denied the use of *apostolical salutations*—admitting, however, it was as well that the kirk session and the lady of the manse were not present at the parting scene. Part, however, the parties must, and she gave him a Scotch convoy, just to see how he took the road; and, from the eccentric, zigzag style of his progression, the widow rejoiced in the success of her tactics to turn the tables on proud Mrs. Bawbee of the manse, and to give her a "Roland for an Oliver."

Pursuing his corkscrew-mode of walking, the parson observed on the road before him, coming towards him, two men, as he thought, exact counterparts in size, shape, dress, and manner. The parson stared at the men, and the men stared at the parson. Addressing, as he supposed, one of the men in Gaelic, he inquired if he was John MacGregor in Polchor? He answered he was. "And who is that man that is along with you?" added the parson.—"There is no man with me but myself," answered John.—"Then, John," said the parson, "I see your ghost." John, astonished at the parson's zig-zag walk and conversation, and the parson astonished at his duplicate associate, both parties repeatedly stopped to take observations. When John turned, his companion turned. When John raised his foot and stick, his companion simultaneously did the same, like soldiers on parade—filling the parson with no small astonishment. But he had not proceeded far when, in a narrow road on the river-side, he met a white horse, and cart, and driver, and going abreast, side by side, another white horse, and cart, and driver, exactly of the same similitude and dress. Knowing that the road was narrow enough to admit of a single horse and cart, the parson inquired in Gaelic, "Whose two horses and carts are these?" to which a voice answered, "The horse and cart belong to John Grant, Tornaberrack." By this time the parson saw there was "something rotten in the state of Denmark." Seeking his home, by highways and byeways, to avoid further collision with things natural, or supernatural, he was astonished to find two mansees instead of

one, side by side. Finding the doors of both alike, he knocked, and running into his parlour by one of two open doors found two identical arm-chairs, into one of which he deposited his body. Full of curiosity as to the result of his mission to Cairnlochan, the parson's wife exclaimed, "Well, my dear, you are come—what news? Did the black widow confess her shame?" "No, my dear," answered the parson, "but I have to confess my shame." "Your shame!" exclaimed his wife, "What do you mean, Mr. S.?"—"I mean," said he, "that she got the better of me, and put witchcraft and the glamours, or second-sight into my eyes (hiccup); for now I see before me two wives, and *one* was enough, my old girl (hiccup)—and a duplicate of everything. I have four hands and four feet (hiccup)." "Surely, Mr. S., you did not allow the hussy to put the glamours on you? Was there nobody in the room with you?" "None, that I saw, Babbie; but there might be plenty of them for all that (hiccup)" "Surely, Mr. S., you have not been drinking with the jade," says the wife. "Well, I must own to the soft impeachment," said the husband. "O, Mr. S., I see you are not yourself—you must go to bed, and I'll make a cup of tea for you." "Well, I will, Babbie; but you must show me the right door, for I see two on the room." The parson and the wife made for the *right* door, but he, taking a lurch or run to a side which she was not strong enough to counterpoise, both of them, with a fearful crash, came into contact with an old crazy coffin-shaped piece of furniture—an instrument called a *spinnet*, which long *did* the duties of a piano—

and the centrifugal force of the collision brought the minister, his wife, and the spinnet to the ground, which awakened all the echoes in the house, and brought Jenny, the old nurse, to be a witness of the catastrophe, and great was her surprise to see the minister, mistress, and spinnet all in one cairn on the floor. "Ah! what is this, mistress," quoth old Jenny, "Whist, whist, woman; go and shut the doors," said the mistress. "Aye, what is this, indeed," says the minister. "I think there is an end to your grandmother's spinnet, Babbie, and de'il ma care; for twenty years I have been tired of its jingle, and a grand jingle it made at the last—I don't want to see the *second sight* of it (hiccup). Do you understand (hi—hi—hah—hah—hiccup)?" "Come, comè, give up your nonsense, Mr. S., and turn on your knees, till we get you up." "No, no, Babbie, I'll not go on my knees to-day; I am not in the spirit, but the spirit is in me, which makes a great difference. Do you understand (hi—hi—hah—hah—hiccup)? But, steady, old girls, do not make a finish of the spinnet." Propping up this fallen son of the church, they got him at length into his bedroom. "Holloa! old girls, I see you have got another bed here—one for me and one for Babbie. Well, I approve of the arrangement, in summer weather particularly, seeing that the pretty widow is not in the case (hi—hi—hah—hah). '*Comprenez vous?*' '*In vino veritas,*' old girl." "The pretty widow," exclaims the furious wife, "has, I think, made a beast of you. What can be the meaning of such talk?" "Oh, I can tell you, mem," says Jenny: "*his maut is abune his meal.*"

“Or rather, old girl, my whisky is abune my milk (hi—hi—hiccup).” With such interesting comments, the minister enlivened the labours of the old girls in denuding him of his coat and vest, and hoisting him into bed. Soon after which his jokes ended—subsiding into a profound sleep of a very lengthened duration, from which he was awakened by a sensation of something like sea-sickness, which eventuated in the evacuation of large quantities of curdled milk, cheese, and other indigestible matter, which probably physicians and opticians might be led, on physiological principles, to conclude had reference to the phenomenon of the glammers or the second sight. And, indeed, not much counsel was required to enlighten the minister on this point; for, in the course of his sober morning’s reflections, unpleasant as they were, he remembered a visitation of the same nature at Aberdeen, when he and his Highland fellow-students assisted each other in convivial jollifications on being raised to the honour and dignity of master of arts.

On reaching his lodgings, one evening, after a very protracted sederunt, and potent potations of Glenlivet, he was surprised to see two girls, counterparts of each other, enter side by side into the room, placing two candles on his table, and thereafter going through some other housemaid operations in the same plural number. And, deeming himself not yet “fou, but just a wee drap in his ee,” he applied himself to making some philosophical experiments, to solve the *phantasmagorian* phenomenon. Raising one hand, and in it a candle, he saw two hands and two candles,

though only one hand and one candle were raised. Then taking the mirror he saw therein two faces instead of one, and tracing this delirium to the freaks and influence of the *evil spirit*, *Donald Blue*, he went to bed a wiser and a sadder man. But it was reserved for the wife of Carnlochan and her *hocus pocus* to open his eyes, when too late, to a full sense of the extent of derangement and disorganisation to which the machinery of human life can be subjected by human agency.

A single fact, demonstrated to us by physicians and physiologists, may well serve to illustrate the cause of the phenomenon. The weight of the entire blood of a man (says Professor Johnstone, in his learned and excellent work, the 'Chemistry of Human Life') varies from twenty to thirty pounds. The heart beats on an average sixty or seventy times in a minute; every beat sends forward two ounces of the fluid. It runs on at the rate of 150 feet in a minute, and the whole blood passes through the lungs every two minutes and a half, or twenty times an hour. In periods of great exertion or excitement, the rapidity with which the blood flows is much increased, so that the whole of it sometimes circulates in a single minute. No wonder, then, that when, by alcoholic excitement, the blood pressing on at the fever pitch of 120 beats in a minute (producing, in fevers, delirium and mania) bringing the optic nerves under such preternatural pressure—the optical delusions described should have been produced.

But, to return to the thread of our discourse, the parson's worthy lady, having no knowledge in her own person of philosophy or phan-

tasmagoria, laid the unfortunate part that had been enacted by her worthy co-partner, entirely to account of the diabolical arts of the black widow, and, in the course of the night, had, in her own mind, prepared a pithy discourse on the subject, which she resolved to preach to her reverend lord at his breakfast, in the morning; a consummation he was fully prepared for, seeing from her flushed face and panting breast, the strength of the rising storm, “nursed by her, to keep it warm.” But he prudently resolved to let her have full vent to her discourse, after the manner of Mr. Caudle, under the curtain lectures of his first wife; the parson reserving to himself to sum up, by way of a running commentary or critical review the contents of her exordium. Time will not admit of our giving a full report of her lecture, which was divided into three heads, viz.:—*The black Widow; the black D—l*; and the *black Parson*. Her address abounded in rhetorical figures of speech—nominative and accusative cases, interjections and conjunctions, enunciated with vehement force and energy. The unfortunate widow formed the doomed target at which she levelled her arrows, “a systematic drunken vagabond and desecrator of the Sabbath-day; a hardened contemner of modesty and decency and evil example to her family and neighbours; a consort of Satan, who, on Sundays, shared her company and her bottle, for teaching her the arts of demonology and glamoury.” The parson was accused of being willingly cozened by the widow and Satan, into acts of wantonness and drunkenness,

coming home to his family a monument of folly and depravity, 'with passing comments' on the fate of the dear old spinnet, memorial of ancient worthies, whose ghosts were looking on with horror at the act of depravity which put "an end to its period!" This Job's comforter having finished her consolatory discourse, we believe the parson summed up as follows :

" Well, Barbara, it is good for you nobody is here, except myself, to report your discourse to the world. It might subject you to serious legal penalties, at the instance of the poor woman who has been so much defamed by you, for I believe she is innocent of all you have laid to her charge, except the unfortunate vice of solitary drinking on Sunday. Even Satan has been defamed by your defamatory tongue. He, an incorporate spirit, you accuse of consorting corporeally with and partaking of the whisky of the object of your malice on Sundays, just as if there were no other work for him to do, in prompting the many evil and uncharitable thoughts and feelings that occupy the hearts of some other women I know, even when they are in the House of Prayer. And with respect to your libel on myself, in connexion with Satan and the widow, it is entirely groundless, excepting that I admit a suspicion that the widow, wishing to retaliate on you, and not on me, the pains and penalties of my visit, had managed to infuse too much whisky into the milk, of which, I perhaps, had too freely partaken. I should have been more guarded. The consequences I deeply regret, but, permit me to say, no kind-hearted wife

would inflict additional wounds on a wounded spirit, as you have just done; and with these remarks we shall close the present discussion."

The minister's words sank deep into his wife's heart. She retired to hold counsel with herself on their truth and import. The effect was to cast out the demon jealousy which had taken possession of her mind, and to produce the reaction of warm feelings of love and regard for husband, who she concluded had been the victim of a deliberate plot. Speedily returning, with downcast looks and tearful eyes, to her husband's pillow, she exclaimed, "Well, my dear, I have thought over our conversation, and think much that has been said should not have been said. As to the widow and Satan, I retract nothing of what I said, and I believe them to be a black pair of associates, but I am very sorry for what I said to you, being now satisfied you have been the innocent victim of evil spirits. I am sensible I should not have outraged and wounded your feelings under your present painful reflections, and, under these sincere feelings of sorrow and repentance, I seek forgiveness and a reconciliation." A cordial kiss conceded this petition, and the manse again became a dwelling of peace, concord, and happiness.



PART V.

FORESTS, MOORS, AND RIVERS.



CHAPTER I.

Highland Sports and Sportsmen, and Sporting in general.—
 Game and Game Laws.—Poachers and Poaching.—Deer
 Forests.—Deer Hunting—Its pleasures, positive and
 negative.—Grouse.—Moors in the North.—Grouse Shoot-
 ing, as it was and as it is.—The Grouse Disease and its
 Causes.—Salmon Fishing.—The Court at Balmoral.—
 Royal Pastimes.—The Northern Meeting at Inverness.—
 Highland Sports.—Nobility and Gentry at last Meeting.

THE history of this branch of Highland sports is a very interesting one, and rendered of late still more so by political discussions. But, notwithstanding the statements enunciated by patriots, who court the fleeting breath of popular applause, it will be seen that the alleged increase of territories set apart for the antlered monarchs of the forest were of far greater extent some hundreds of years ago than they are now. In the days of Queen Mary, female though she was, deer-hunting was in the ascendant. At a great hunt in Glen-tilt, in 1564, 2000 were collected from Athol, Badenoch, Mar, and Murray, of which 360 were killed, besides roes and five wolves. And in the days of Charles I, between five and six hundred Highland archers and men spread themselves over an area of from seven to ten miles, and drove the deer in herds of many hundreds to an appointed place. Taylor, the Water Poet, mentions that 400 were slain in two hours by

a hundred couples of greyhounds, guns, and many other instruments of destruction. A century ago, the deer-forests of the family of Gordon were of the following prodigious extent : —Comprehending Ben-avon, about 20 square miles; Glenmore and pertinents about same extent; Braefeshie, about 15; Gaick, 30; Drumuachder, 25; Benalder, 50; Lochtraig, 60; in all about 220 square miles. Latterly, the Duke of Gordon's forests were—Braefeshie, 13,706 Scotch acres; Gaick, 10,777; Drumuachder, 3782; Benalder, 14,927; Glenmore and pertinents, 10,173; Ben-Avon, 22,066; Glenbuilg, 3396; Glenfiddich, 5522.

The largest modern forest is that of the Duke of Athol, which, according to his evidence in the late case of the Earl of Wemyss against Campbell of Monzie, extends to 100,000 acres. The next is the forest of Farquharson of Invercauld, but which is partly under sheep and partly under deer, altogether about 130,000 Scotch acres. Next to which ranks Lord Fyfe's forest of Mar, about 60,000 acres. There are a number of other deer forests of much smaller extent, but the extent is not much increased of late years; and by comparison, it will be found that the extent of ground under deer is now much less than it was a hundred years ago.

But, irrespective of this fact, it will be found that the clamour raised by rabid politicians of the school of Mr. Bright (whose poetry on deer, written in the inn of Glen Urquhart, met with a *bright* response), rests on no solid foundation. In the first place, even Feargus O'Connor, if alive, could not get followers to fall into a scheme so Utopian as to attempt

raising cereal or green crops in the habitats of the wild deer. Cereal crops of different kinds will only grow at certain altitudes above the level of the sea. Even the hardest of woods, our mountain pine, will not, in its most indigenous localities, such as Glenmore and Rothymurchus, grow above the region line of the winter snows, and much less will any species of agricultural produce grow in such altitudes. Viewed, therefore, as a question between the deer and the agriculturist, the interests are quite distinct and irrespective of each other. But, says the political agitator,—“If corn lands and deer forests are distinct things, the forests interfere with the raising of sheep, in which the commonwealth is interested as affording food and clothing to man.” But even here the reasoning will be found fallacious, inasmuch as the walks and feeding of deer and sheep are very different in their kind. The deer affect the elevated mountain corries, yielding grasses and reeds of an Alpine character, in quest of which they will run and roam over great tracts of mountain grounds at particular seasons of the year; while the sheep affect the sweet grass of the glens and valleys. The sheep will not thrive in the favourite haunts of the mountain deer, neither will the deer thrive in the walks of the sheep; so that, in a general point of view, the political economy founded on this argument will be found equally visionary and untenable. It is no doubt true, that in the winter season the deer, for the sake of shelter, will haunt the valleys proper to sheep flocks, but their foods differ in their kinds, and their visits are at a time when sheep are brought

to the straths and localities of men, either for turnip feeding or winter shelter; so that, in point of fact, what is good for a deer is not good for a sheep, and what is good for a sheep is not good for a deer. And as regards the matter of political and social economy, the proprietor of a deer forest has a moral right to turn his grounds to the use for which nature and situation adapt them. While it is profitable to him to preserve a deer forest as a healthful and exciting source of recreation to himself and others, it affords employment and means of living to a number of persons who, as keepers and gillies, draw annual revenues from the lovers of forest sports; thus turning to some account mountain regions which would be otherwise wholly unprofitable.

GAME AND GAME LAWS.

Another eloquent theme of declamation with the popular orators of the day is what is called the *restriction of the liberty of the subject*, in restraining him from slaying the beasts of the forests and the fields at his discretion. But this question, morally and politically viewed, has two sides. It no doubt accords to the inclination of the natural man that he should be allowed to turn his barley into malt, and his malt into ale and whisky, without the supervision of excise or the payment of excise duties, and that he should have the right to take his gun and slay the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air without let or hindrance on the part of lairds and gamekeepers. But, morally and politically viewed, we shall find that popular reforms, founded in accordance

with the natural will of man, would be destructive to the well-being of the commonwealth. If every man, according to the law of nature, were allowed to be his own distiller, every man, like the renowned Sir John Falstaff, might say—"Shall I not enjoy myself in mine own inn?" for every man's house might be called "his own inn." We shall leave Mr. Gough and the other advocates of temperance and teetotalism, who, as it is, draw such fearful pictures of national drunkenness, national crime, poverty, and disease, as the baneful consequence of national intemperance, in spite of excise restrictions, Forbes Mackenzie's act, and exorbitant duties on alcohol, to portray the moral and physical demoralization and national ruin which would be the inevitable consequence of leaving man to the freedom of his own will, in respect of the indulgence of his natural appetites for intoxicating drinks.

But, coming to the more germane subject of our discourse, as respects the effects of the *game-laws* on the habits and prosperity of the people, Mr. Bright, that distinguished popular senator to whom we have already referred, in a prelection some time ago addressed by him to the mechanics of Glasgow—and in high-sounding, though not *sound*, orations, addressed by him to the manufacturers of Manchester and Birmingham, held up the nobility and landed aristocracy as being the class who enjoyed "the goods the gods provide for man," each "being born with a silver spoon in his mouth," and, as an Irishman would add, *with a silver gun in his pocket*; in other words, that those who were born to the inheritance of

land, inherited the right of preserving and killing the game on their properties,—no doubt a great privilege, though if “property has its rights, it has also its duties.” But let us suppose that every man was born with a *silver gun in his pocket*, which he might use at his discretion, we may safely come to the conclusion that, as in some countries every man is born a soldier, so in this country every man would be born a sportsman or poulterer. We know, from long professional and official experience, that there is no propensity more inveterate than a poacher’s addiction to his nefarious practices. We have heard of the daring deeds of Ross-shire poachers a hundred years ago—of kidnapping a Gaelic-speaking gamekeeper of Munro of Fowlis, who, for lack of an interpreter, was put on board a king’s ship at Aberdeen as an incorrigible deer-stealer, pursuant to a *sham warrant* which they produced. We have heard of John More, of Strathdireadh, who brought seven stags to his house before breakfast (having killed four of them in one collision with a herd). We have known of a Strathspey man, William Smith, of Rinnuy (an excellent Gaelic poet), who for many years wandered in the mountains and forests of Athol, Braemar, and Badenoch, in pursuit of deer and game—and who, until he was appointed a serjeant in the army, with a promise of promotion, could not be made to forego the exciting pleasures of his precarious calling. We knew his brother Lewis, who, addicted to the same practices, lost his life in a storm, returning from Glen Avon loaded with venison. We knew John Davison, the terror of gamekeepers and gillies of the day, who, we believe, died in the prose-

cution of his darling occupation in the hill, it is supposed, from want of nourishment and exhaustion. And we knew a noted poacher, of the name of Mill, at Inverness, who, for some years spent as much of his time in prison as out of it; and yet, no sooner was Charles Mill's term of imprisonment terminated than he coolly and openly resumed his sporting operations in the grounds about Inverness. From these premises we come to the conclusion that, next to the encouragement of intemperance, the encouragement of idle and unrestrained habits of sporting and poaching, on the part of the rural population, would be the greatest evil that could happen to the community, morally, socially, and politically. Instead of "Speed the plough," the sentiment would be "Speed the gun." All rapidly progressing improvements in agricultural and rural avocations would suffer retrogressive decline. And if now there are complaints as to the scarcity of grouse and game, a few years of general sporting from January to December, would make grouse as scarce as the caparcailzie, and there would be no complaints as to damages from hares and rabbits, because the breed would be nearly extinct. We are far from being the advocates of aristocratic privileges, where a change of the law would be for the benefit of the people in general, and we should like to see the power given to proprietors to indulge respectable parties in sporting occasionally on their own possessions, in quest of hares, without the payment of game duty, more liberally exercised; but we admit that every case depends on its own merits, and that it may be difficult to make distinctions.

DEER STALKING; ITS PLEASURES, POSITIVE AND
NEGATIVE.

From many old veteran gamekeepers and gillies, we have had very exciting and amusing relations and anecdotes of deer stalkers, from the green apprentice in the art, to the trained scientific veteran, who has studied the arts of beguiling all the wariness of his prey. We have heard of Lord John Green, a freshman from Oxford, and the Honorable Mr. Gull, fresh from her Majesty's ship "The Terrible," trying their first essay, under the guidance of two veteran deer stalkers, Huston Mactavish and Hamish Cumming. We have heard of their scaling the flinty ledges and roaring cataracts of the Ault Graut, sometimes like water kelpies, immersed in the cataracts; sometimes crawling on their bellies like land-crabs, quite regardless, in their excitement, of damages to clothes and person. In this difficult ascent, Mr. Gull, who was a great humourist, amused himself by introducing Scotch pebbles of a large size, into Lord Green's pockets. At length, emerging from the mouth of the gulley, great was their excitement on seeing a royal head between them and the "lifts," as Hamish called it, and great was the trepidation with which the shaking votaries of sport prepared their deadly tools to commit slaughter on the unconscious stag, who chewed his cud in ignorance of what was intended for him. With many sagacious hints from Hamish, the parties still crept on their bellies to make a nearer approximation to the royal horns, but the range was still a very long one, when the

noble beast of prey, snuffing the wind after the fashion of his kind, sprang to his feet. The stalkers sprang to theirs, and pointing their deadly weapons, no doubt at the head and horns before them, a double volley was fired, and in breathless agitation the sportsmen watched the result. But the *quarry* seemed not to have received the compliments intended for him. With a gentle amble, such as the racehorse makes before he starts in the ring, the stag and his family associates took their stand upon the next ridge, looking down with great complacency on the bloody-minded party below. "Do you think," said Lord Green to the veteran Huston, "that our bullets hit him?" To which Huston, with a significant shake of the head, replied, "Well, she tuke it very easy if she got it." And Hamish, with a knowing wink of his eye to Huston, whispered, "Ah, ay, if she be kilt she'll sent wort; but I'm no thinkin sheil sent wort to-night."

This great feat being over, the party addressed themselves to refresh their bodies, without and within. On an inspection of his personalities, Lord John was astonished to see that his knees and elbows were exposed, and bleeding from wounds and bruises, unwittingly sustained, in scaling the ravine, and what was worse, he missed his *ticker*, as he called his watch, the recovery of which, was not likely to depend on a handsome reward. Then it was that Mr. Gull proposed that they should get kilts, according to Sam Slick's notion of economy, "as skin minds itself, without the expense of a tailor." Here Hamish complained of many wounds and bruises, which were in-

visible to any but himself. He also complained of a great heat in his "*trot and stamack*," and that he had lost the *bung* of his sneishan horn. "Hoich, Hoich, Huston, let us take a sneishan," a refreshment followed by a much-relished *drink* of brandy from Mr. Gull's ample flask.

MOORS AND GROUSE DISEASE.

The nobility and gentry of England, and of the plains of Scotland, have for many years back, been taught to regard their sporting locations in the Highland mountains, with an interest somewhat akin to that with which they regard their patrimonial locations in their native counties. They are taught to regard the multiplication and condition of the game on their moors with a solicitude only second to their anxiety for the successful breeding of their stock on their rural manors, and any calamity affecting the prospects of the sporting calendar is regarded as a great misfortune. The disease which has affected the grouse tribe, in many localities, during the last two or three years, has, therefore, occasioned as much speculation and complaint as the potato failure in the Highlands, during the last few years, which set many heads and pens at work tracing the cause and nature of the disease, some ascribing it to atmospheric influences, some to insects, and some to deterioration of the plant by excessive and forced propagation. So have many ingenious theories been propounded as to the causes and nature of, and remedies for the grouse disease—some ascribing the com-

plaint to tape-worm, some to unwholesome feeding, such as that afforded by old decayed and unsucculent heather, which, instead of affording nourishment, provokes the birds to drink more than a natural quantity of water, which produces intestinal disease; and, in support of this doctrine, a correspondent of the new sporting paper, the *Review*, who had been thirty years in charge of one of the principal Highland moors, in a review of the nature and symptoms of the grouse disease, states that "the first indications in 1843, affected birds on high grounds. In 1849, disease virulent on high grounds. In 1850, few old birds left. From 1850 to 1855, no disease. In 1855, bad nesting season—few young birds, old birds left high ground, and were shot on low grounds. In March 1856, dry east winds and hard frost, at night, produced a blight on heather, which assumed a red hue, and if a match were set to it, it would burn for miles. This spring, old birds died in great numbers, even sitting on the nest." Some ascribe the disease, generally, to the change of seasons and unseasonable falls of snow during breeding season, *addling* the eggs and starving the young progeny, which, instead of taking shelter under the parent's wings, like domestic poultry, run about as soon as they leave the shell. Some will have it, that the grouse tribe, like the potato plant, have, owing to some causes above explained, been in a declining, sickly condition for some time back, and a sapient *medical adviser* suggests, that during the win-

ter season grouse should be fed like barn-door fowls, by the gamekeepers, with a view to improve their physical condition. But this ingenious medical man, probably, forgot that *Jack Crow*, the citizen of the world, and who is always watchful of his own interest, would monopolise the lion's share of the food intended for *Jack Grouse*. And, even if the keepers could initiate the denizens of the hills in the practices of birds of the domestic tribe, there is no security that the artful poacher might not, in the keeper's absence, administer to the keeper's flock some ingredients that might have a temporary injurious effect on their sanity and longevity. But all those tendencies to shorten the life of this favourite tribe of bipeds does not complete the catalogue.

We lately read of a wiseacre, who, ascribing the longevity of trees to their local stationary condition, fixed himself to a site, denying himself all locomotion. And, if the tale be true, this imitator of the forest lived to a green old age. Nevertheless, we believe, that according to the law of nature and the physiological nature of all animals, exercise and locomotion, in a due and natural extent, are essential to the health and well-being of every living creature. At the same time, every thing good for man and bird, may be rendered injurious by excess. *Exempli gratia*, if a man were for some six weeks or two months, pursued by armed men and bloodhounds, like the aboriginal American Indians when invaded by the Spanish Dons of the sixteenth century, we should suppose that the exciting sport, however

agreeable to the *pursuers*, would be but poor amusement to the *pursued*—a system of training very likely to interfere with the due performance of the functions of health and life. And, by a parity of reasoning, we may be justified in supposing that, although grouse have the advantage of wings and feathers, whereby they can distance their pursuers on ordinary occasions, yet they, like other living creatures, must have a due proportion of food and rest to keep them in a state of constitutional salubrity. Regardless of this fact, the sportsman, only mindful of his own pleasure, with dog and gun, for weeks, pursues from morning to night the devoted covies from place to place, and, at the close of a season of relentless warfare, in which the feathered families have sustained severe casualties, the survivors are left in a state of weakened condition, little fitting them for enduring the inclemency of a Highland winter. We apprehend it is this system pursued from year to year by sportsmen, some of whom are animated by a love of sport, and some by a determination to have their “pound of flesh” for their pound of money, in revenge of the laird or factor, who puffed too much the merits of the moor—which thus visits upon the poor tenants of the heath the sins of their lying, unnatural protectors. Very different were the feelings and conduct of an honourable gentleman who has long presided over the destinies of the denizens of extensive moors in Strathspey. At a large public dinner held in Grantown lately, he stood up, and in a neat and effective speech proposed the health of “The Grouse family,” a toast which was cordially re-

ceived and drank by the company, with Highland honours! We do not mean to affirm that the health of the parties proposed was in any way improved by this benevolent expression of feeling, on the part of the proposer and drinkers of the toast, but it was demonstrative of a kind and neighbourly feeling towards the "Crowing Tribe," then in a sickly condition.

From the whole premises, and the various causes of disease above recited by various authorities, we apprehend that a jury of neutral men, while they would give effect to the causes of mortality propounded, particularly the bad breeding seasons and bad feeding, would return a verdict of *culpable grouse slaughter* against the lords, lairds, and tenants, who have relentlessly pursued to the death most of the denizens of their moors, leaving the survivors in a condition unfitting them to fulfil the primitive command, "to multiply and replenish the earth"—a verdict which would induce all wise and good men to hold the hand of the slayer, and to allow the favourite birds of the mountain to follow their natural habits in peace and quietness, until they are restored to their wonted numbers and condition.

SPORTING AS IT IS; PROFIT AND LOSS.

The pastime of sportsmen in the Highlands has always been considered a very expensive amusement. The competition for good grouse moors has brought high rents to proprietors, ranging from three pence to one shilling per acre, according to the quality of the ground, and the nature of the accommodations. The wages of game-

keepers, watchers, and gillies, the expenses and keep of dogs and horses, travelling charges, house-bills, and other incidental expenses, will amount to more than the rent—so that on most moors, the prime cost of a brace of grouse to a sportsman may range from half a crown to five shillings. Nay, we know that in these times, half a guinea per brace may be nearer the cost on some moors; and when one will contract with a *middleman*, renting a moor, as a speculation, for a day's sport, the bill of costs will far exceed that calculation. We lately read of a sportsman for a day, who last season came across a countryman, who valued every thing according to his own country standard. Seeing the sportsman retiring to the inn, with only a brace of grouse in his hand, the countryman accosting him, remarked that he had "but puir day's sport." "Yes," answered the sportsman, "and these cost me half a guinea a piece." "Hout, Hout," rejoined the native, "I tkink it is guid that ye got na mair of them at the same price."

But this is the dark side of the question. No doubt the lairds, the gillies, and the country people have all the profit, and the sportsman all the loss, in pounds, shillings, and pence; but money is only to be valued according to the standard of equivalents in the social and political world. Behold the Saxon sportsman proceeding to his moors on the eve of the great day, the twelfth of August—his pale parchment physiognomy, perhaps, rendered still more cadaverous by hirsute appendages of Crimean cuts and fashion, his trembling, feeble steps—still breathing from his pulmonic cells a store of miasma

imbibed from the putrid Thames, like a spectre escaped from the churchyard—and, behold him again returning to his metropolitan home, with expanded cheeks suffused with the bloom of health, his eagle-eyes, muscular limbs and springy steps; and, calculating according to the standard of health and enjoyment, we may conclude that he has had his profit. For the pound avoirdupois of silver coin he left behind him, he has taken the “Jew’s pound” of flesh and muscle, likely to last and carry him through the next winter’s campaign, full of life and elasticity. Nor is this the only item entering into the calculation. His family circle has been made happy by substantial communications from the foot of Cairngorm, Benevis, or Benwivis. On the fourteenth of August, the arrival of a square box, at a certain mansion in a certain square, or place, in London, diffuses great joy among the inmates, from the grand-papa and mamma, to the sucking child, and all the relations are summoned to a feast, to partake of the savoury produce of the Highland mountains, killed by the dear hands of a father, or brother, or a son, the praise of whose generous qualities dwell on every tongue. And these feasts and happy re-unions are frequently re-enacted, not only in the house of the sportsman, but in the houses of all the near relations of the Highland campaigner, who receive similar souvenirs of regard in their turn. But if the Saxon lord or commoner should be a deer stalker, and if he should be fortunate enough to bring a royal head to the ground, what rejoicing takes place in the happy mansion on the receipt of the gratifying *bulletin*!

The arrival of venison haunches, and the savoury feasting consequent thereon, are pleasures small in comparison to the arrival of the happy sportsman himself and his splendid trophy. And when the Caper-Fey is duly installed in the lobby; with what joy all the relations crowd to view the great acquisition, and to hang their hats and caps on the spreading antlers of this valued piece of royalty! Such are the ways by which the accounts of profit and loss between the Lord of Westminster and the Lord of Cairngorm are fitted and balanced to the mutual satisfaction of both parties.

RIVERS AND SALMON FISHING.

“ONCE upon a time,” and long since the days of Izaak Walton, the lovers of the “gentle craft” would find ample sport in the streams of the Highland mountains. No doubt lords and lairds of some of the principal rivers, such as the Dee, the Spey, the Ness, and the Beaully, have found tacksmen of *waters* as well as tacksmen of *lands*, but in general the rivers were open questions with all those who delighted in sporting with the finny tribes. In our youthful days we have pursued the calling of a fisher with net, rod, and the spear. We have been of a party of torch-light fishers—the most exciting sport in the world. With a large iron basket, poised on a curved handle, inserted in an iron socket attached to the basket, filled with flaming torch wood, we have seen a band of stalwart lads, almost in a state of nudity, each armed with a four-pronged spear, advancing slowly against

the rippling current with poised spear in hand, —we have seen the silvery salmon shining in his crystal element, sidling, as if drawn by magnetism towards the fatal light, followed, perhaps, by one or two more in his wake—until, under the light of the torch, when the spear falling with a splash, transfixed the victim of *ignis fatuus*—and thus, fish after fish became the prey of the deadly spears till a large number completed the night's sport of the band. We have seen in small rivers, during a flood, a long bag-net placed in position, and a band of men with sticks and spears drive down fish of all sorts and sizes into the huge net, the contents of which disgorged upon a bank, dancing and leaping for life, would form a *living subject* for a painter or a sketcher, which cannot now be had for any price.

In these days we are no advocate for wholesale slaughter, perpetrated at times when the victims ought to be preserved for the propagation of their species. But still, one cannot help contrasting the time when the Highland streams swarmed with fishes of all denominations, to the present state of matters, when, owing to an excessive mercantile spirit on the part of the lords and tenants of some Highland rivers, the tenants of the streams have become as scarce as the denizens of the moors. We hear questions propounded why rivers formerly prolific, have become almost barren; but we think that the question admits only of one solution, and that is, that the breed is nearly extirpated by the operations of professional fishers carried on during the open season, for mercantile profits—and often by the poachers in

close time. Considering the present condition of the rivers as affording poor and tedious sport to the angler, however much he may be attached to the "gentle craft," we think that the price exacted for the privilege and pleasure of whipping pool after pool, with seldom a *rise* or a *nibble*, and still seldomer a run upon his line-wheel—for a day's sport in rivers, dearly purchased by ten or twenty shillings per day, which we have heard of as the fee for a day's sport,—and in some cases we have heard that a captured fish should not go to the captor, but, like the fee, be the perquisite of the subletting tenant of the river. Herein consists, we opine, a grievance on which the Honorable Mr. Bright might properly expend some patriotic bile, transferring his vituperation from the lairds and tenants of forests and moors, to the lairds and tenants of rivers and fishings.

While penning the foregoing thoughts on rivers and fishings, "as they were, and as they are," we have been refreshed by the perusal of an article in a recent number of 'Blackwood's Magazine,'—the lucubration of a piscator who wandered to the far North in quest of his favourite sport. "A Saunterer in Sutherland" seems to have made rare discoveries, valuable to himself and to other devotees to the "gentle craft." He discovered hundreds of lochs and waters teeming with salmon-trout fresh from the sea, and which were seemingly anxious to give and take sport on fair terms." The "Saunterer" says, "the number of lakes in Sutherland amazes the traveller, and not only delights but bewilders the angler. They count, not by units, but by hundreds—two hundred in one

“parish, and more than one thousand in the “county;” very many of them abounding with salmon and salmon-trout, and a great variety of loch trout—in particular a loch called Garbet-beg, “crowded” with salmon and sea trout, “for the catching of which nothing is required but the factor’s permission and a strong wind!”

It would appear from the Saunterer’s story, that the angler can hardly go wrong. “All along the Northern sea coast, eastward and westward from Scourie,” according to him, “there are more lochs than land, and some knowledge, as well as plenty of fish, is to be got in some of those waters. Within a stone’s throw from the door, and lying literally on the sea-beach, there is a loch, which under moderately favorable circumstances, is to be seen ‘hottering’ with well sized trouts.” But the Saunterer says that the nearer the sea-level, the fish seem to have a greater regard ‘for life-preservation!’ He says “that in one loch, whose “Gaelic name signifies *disappointment*, you shall “see hundreds of trouts of ravenous appetites and “reckless demeanour, but the most tempting “lure seldom obtains any other notice than a “contemptuous and unseemly toss of the tail.” But it would appear that further up towards the hills, the fishes “are more open to reason and apprehension;” and he adds, “that between Scourie and the next Inn, there is a week’s fishing without leaving the roadside.” He does not, however, accord the same praise to the finny tenants of the rivers Borgie and Hallowdale, where he found the salmon and trout to be “a perverse generation,” as they will

in one river "refuse to take and be taken in the evenings," and in the other seem only then to awake to a sense of duty!" The Saunterer asks, why "in some rivers, fish of the salmon kind take as soon as they enter, and in others not until they pass days and miles in their new element; and why, in most Highland rivers, though you might have ten times the number of fish in any one cast that you might have in a cast on the Tweed, or other Lowland rivers, you have not ten times the chance, nor either so good a chance." To which we answer, that in our humble apprehension, much, or all depends upon the appetites of the fish for the Saunterer's flies, or lures, as he calls them; for we know that the fish of most rivers affect flies of colours peculiar to their native rivers, a secret well known to all hook-dressers, who will dress hooks for the Spey, Ness, and other rivers, with very different materials and colours; and we apprehend, had the Saunterer found out the secret, his lures in the far North might be treated with more respect than a "contemptuous and unseemly toss of the tail."

As Sutherland is not a *terra incognita*, and has of late been much frequented by the piscators of the South, we shall raise no doubts or difficulties as to the correctness of the Saunterer's *funny* prelections—neither shall we say, that he has been affected with, what is called in the Highlands, the "glamours," or the *second sight*; or that he was an adept at the rule of multiplication, when he speaks of "a thousand lochs and more,"—some of them "crowded," and some of them "hottering" with fishes, contending, as it were, for elbow room.

It must be admitted that he has made out an attractive case, pregnant with animal magnetism, in favour of the Sutherland rivers, lochs and lakes, which we have no doubt will attract many ardent sportsmen to Loch Assynt, Loch Inver, Loch Shin, and Loch Staek, as soon as the summer flies glide on the waters. In conclusion, the author, not being himself a Saunterer, and acquainted with all the Highland rivers and lochs (although he has had knowledge of many Highland rivers and lochs), he can only speak from secondary evidence as to the comparative merits of rivers in the central Highlands, and in the far North. But he is inclined to believe that in the early part of the season, the Oich and the Garry, although not "crowded" or "hottering" with fish, can compete as salmon-fishings with the rivers and lochs of Sutherland.

The Court at Balmoral.—Royal Pastimes.—The Northern Meeting.

All Scotchmen, and particularly Highlanders, rejoice that her Majesty has raised a palace in the centre of the Grampian mountains, to which she annually retires to recreate mind and body from the cares and fatigues of regal state; and, in the sweets of rural retirement, to indulge in the expression and exercise of her native benevolence of heart. Here, clothed in robes of unadorned simplicity, she shines more than when crowned with rubies and diamonds, and sets an example to all the ladies of the land

in the various relations of consort, parent, and sovereign. In the character of Queen, and benefactress of her people, the tender solicitude and sympathy for her gallant soldiers, who, in every corner of the world, have devotedly shed their blood for their Queen and country, adding fresh glory to the annals of her reign,—the well-known grief and tenderness displayed by her at the unparalleled sufferings of her brave armies and people at Sebastopol, Cawnpore, and Lucknow, and the fact of herself and Court setting to work with their own hands to make clothing for the gallant sufferers, are all facts which will live in the memories and affection, not only of the soldiers, but of the nation at large. As a patroness and benefactress of her people, in the private and social relations of life, her large, liberal, and well-considered bounties and charities, evince the goodness and generosity of her heart and disposition. In her happy Highland home, where her annual arrival diffuses joy in the breasts of the noble and peasant around the palace of Balmoral, the exercise of those domestic virtues which so eminently distinguish her, shine forth with hallowed grace. Behold her seeking out the poor inmates of the cottage, greeting them with unaffected cordiality,—inquiring after their needs and wants; and supplying them with a bountiful hand. Behold her mingling with all classes in the humble parish church on the Lord's day, joining them in the devotions of the heart addressed to the Throne of Grace; the contemplation of all which leads us to think and say,—“Many of the daughters of men have done well, but thou excellest them all.”

Connected with her Majesty's graceful condescension in mingling with the humble natives at the church of Crathie, an anecdote has lately gone round the public journals, descriptive of a very untoward incident, which we relate for the amusement of the reader. In the Highland Scotch churches, one of the elders, or a beadle, generally an old man, with a view to draw more largely on the charitable dispositions of the congregation, goes round at the close of the service with a box affixed to a long handle, called the "ladle," which he stretches forward along the pews, to receive the offerings of the occupants. It would appear that this good old mode of squeezing charity was not departed from even in the case of her Majesty. The front of her Majesty's seat being a far extended one, the functionary, so as to reach her Majesty's purse at the far end, leaned against the door of the pew, and the *sneek* of the door being insecure, the door opened from the beadle's pressure, and down he came headlong upon the royal occupants; the bawbees, which formed the contents of the ladle, flying into her Majesty's lap with a great jingle, to the infinite horror of the poor prostrate beadle, and the ill-suppressed merriment of the audience. Her Majesty and suite had their gravity, like the gravitation of the beadle, put to a severe test. But the man of the ladle felt assured that his malversation of office, which once upon a time might have met feudal punishment, in this case, met with the royal pardon—her Majesty graciously assisting in restoring the *bawbees* to the ladle, with a golden addition to the contents.

Not only does her Majesty join her subjects in the house of prayer, but even condescends to promote and countenance their innocent enjoyments in the house of mirth. In the splendid ball-room of Balmoral, embellished with antlered trophies of royal sportsmen, the servants, gillies, and neighbouring peasantry were lately treated to a ball and supper, at which the Prince-consort, the Prince of Wales, and Prince Arthur, condescended to mingle in the country dance and the Highland Fling, her Majesty looking on with cordial approbation of the rustic hilarity till a late hour in the evening.

The same authority, the newspapers of the day, in reference to her Majesty's visit to Loch Katrine, to inaugurate the new works for the supply of the city of Glasgow with water, give currency to the following amusing piece of royal genealogical history :—

The Queen and the Salt-market.—"The Montgomeries of Eaglesham had from an early period a dwelling-house in the Salt-market; Alexander, Lord Montgomery (who died about four centuries ago), had a daughter Margaret, married to John Stuart, Earl of Lennox; their son was Matthew, Earl of Lennox; his son, John, Earl of Lennox; his son, Matthew, Earl of Lennox; his son, Henry, Lord Darnley, husband of Queen Mary; their son, King James VI. of Scotland, and I. of England; his daughter, Princess Elizabeth; her daughter, Princess Sophia; her son, George I.; his son, George II.; his grandson, George III.; and his grand-daughter, Queen Victoria. It would thus appear, that the ancestors of our sovereign, fourteen generations back, lived

“in the Salt-market of Glasgow. What would
 “Bailie Nicol Jarvie have said, could he have
 “divined, that in the year 1859, the descendant
 “of a Salt-market lass would sit on a British
 “throne,—come down from London to assist
 “at the completion of an amicable and perma-
 “nent union between his worthy successors in
 “the magistracy of Glasgow and the descend-
 “ants of his old friend Rob Roy MacGregor,
 “and actually send the water of Loch Katrine
 “through the streets of Glasgow.—My con-
 “science !”

The Northern Meeting.—While her Majesty holds her Court at Balmoral, the nobility and gentry of England and Scotland located among the Highland mountains, in search of sport and health, hold an annual re-union in Inverness, the capital of the Highlands, and for a time the capital of the aristocracy. The Northern Meeting, instituted at Inverness about eighty years ago, has received, of late years, a great accession of company, from the prevailing *penchant* of the nobility and gentry of England for the Highlands and Highland sports. About the 20th of September, this annual re-union, attracting all the leading stars of fashion located among the mountains, is held for two consecutive days, to witness a succession of Highland games during the day, and to enjoy the pleasures of a brilliant assembly and ball in the evening. In this remote region, which, for the time, may be called the Court-end of the kingdom, the nobility, like the planets, revolving around the royal sun of Balmoral, one may count lords and ladies of title, members of noble families, officers and men of distinction,

in hundreds. The games to which they are treated, consist of pipe-music,—Strathspey Marches; dancing—Highland Fling, reels, reel of Tulloch, and sword-dance—throwing the hammer—putting the stone—tossing the caber—foot-race—hurdle-race—and others similar sports, to which our Saxon nobles are getting very partial, while the attractive “garb of old Gaul,” worn by the *élite* of chiefs and clans, associated with the conception of martial deeds,—poetry and song—always finds favour in the eyes of the daughters of England and Scotland—a partiality amply returned by the favoured sons of the mountains for the favourite daughters of the plains.

CHAPTER II.

The Strathgarve Sportsmen—Messrs. Wormald, Dilk, and Jones.—Sketches of a Sportsman's Shooting Dress.—Bullock's Hide and Horns, *à la* Satan.—Claims a Highlander in a Moss.—Treaty for a Respite.—A Brain Fever.—Threatened Legal Proceedings.—Mr. Mackenzie, of Highland Bank, a true Highlander. The Saxon *versus* the Gael—A National Challenge—A Match at Punch—The Gael vanquished.—Challenge renewed—A Match at Whisky—Challenge declined.—Highland Bank victorious.

MORE than thirty years ago, when Saxon lords and gentlemen first caught the *heather mania*, the wild, bleak, and romantic country of Strathgarve, in Ross-shire, became the sporting residence for a number of successive years of a gay party of sportsmen, who in their day and generation created no small sensation in their annual visitations. Messrs. Womald or Wormald, Dilk, and Jones were, we believe, the head lions of this sporting association; and sport they were determined to have and to give. The natives of this secluded part of the world were at first a good deal astonished at the manners and habits of their English visitors. They abounded in gold sovereigns and silver currency, which, to the great pleasure of the natives, they liberally dispensed in the shape of meat, whisky, and ale, to all those who came within the pale of their operations; and, in the

course of time, they became adepts in standard Highland accomplishments. In particular, one or two of them, at least, became a match for Tam O'Shanter in imbibing any quantity of Highland punch; and the convivial life they led naturally begot a turn for practical jokes at the expense of their neighbours. Our informant, a decent countryman, who was often a witness of their *pranks*, as he called them, told us that one of them was known by the cognomen of "Hell-fire Jack." We believe it was this gentleman who got Schultz and Co., or some other fashionable tailors, to make for him a shooting-dress, (composed of bullock's hide, and glass eyes, tail, and cloven feet, as appendages to his shoes, *à la Satan*,) which he naturally supposed would surprise some of the natives of the Highland mountains. Dressed in this sporting garment, he went forth on one occasion to try its effects on the nerves of a Highlander. Seeing a lonely native, with a horse and cart, making his way to a moss, he concealed himself in a convenient place for the purpose of giving an effectual surprise to the poor Celt in the moss. Springing from his hiding-lace, as if from the ground, he presented himself before the horrified native, who, in his own mind, had no doubt that he now saw with his eyes, in *propria personâ*, the black "king of terrors." Dumb-founded at the sight, the poor man gazed with silent horror, when Clooty personified, exclaimed, "I am the d—l; Donald, you must go with me." To which Donald replied, "Oh, Mr. Deevil, will your honour be pleased to speak in Gaelic?" "No, Donald," replies Clooty (forgetting his character); "there is no Gaelic

in h—ll. “Oh, Mr. Deevil,” says Donald, “I am a puir man with a wife and family; I hope your honour will give me some time?” (for Donald had heard that Satan had given respite to others.) “Well, Donald,” says Clooty, “how long will you want?” To which Donald replied, “I hope your honour will give me a twelvemonth.” “Well,” added Clooty, “I don’t care though I should grant your petition; but at the end of the respite you must be looking out for me.” Poor Donald, with bonnet in hand, returned many thanks to his “Royal Highness, Mr. Deevil;” and then directing his course homewards, he forgot to take his horse and cart along with him. Reaching his habitation and his wife, he raised his hands and wept aloud, saying that Satan had claimed him in the moss, and that he was bound to go to him at the end of a year. Confounded and astonished, his wife and family thought he had gone “delirious”—an idea which his ejaculations of horror tended to confirm; and they thought it best to call in the missionary minister of the place, to reason poor Donald out of his dementation. The missionary strove in vain to convince Donald that he was labouring under a mental delusion, and that he could not have seen Satan, who was an invisible spirit; but Donald’s ocular perceptions were adduced as authorities “strong as holy writ,” in confirmation of his oracular averments; and nothing could dissuade him from the conviction that Satan would have him, soul and body, on that day twelvemonth, in respect of his promise and paction. The minister told him that such promises were not binding; and,

with the Bible in his pocket, he might defy "old horney," even if he ever should come to claim the fulfilment of the illegal compact, which he assured him he never would do. But the parson's theological arguments could not overcome Donald's traditional convictions, founded on the case of Captain Macpherson Balchroan, and other veracious legends; and the poor man took to his bed in a high fever of excitement. But Horney had been seen by more than Donald, and had been traced to the Lodge at Loch-Garve; and it was soon mooted that he was a man in bullock's clothing. The affair between him and Donald had reached the authorities; and the sportsman got a hint that a criminal prosecution for putting the lieges in bodily fear was imminent. This produced explanations to Donald, in the shape of a handsome *douceur*, and an assurance that there would be no claim made upon his body at the end of the respite.

Our informant gave us several particulars relating to the drinking powers of Messrs. Wormald and Co.; and there was one exploit in which he felt a patriotic and personal interest, as being a clansman and something more of one of the parties concerned. The narrative bore, that Mr. Mackenzie, of *Highland Bank*, a real gentleman and true Highlander, on his way to his possessions in the far west, encountered Mr. Wormald at the old little inn of the day. "That from little to muckle," in the way of drinking punch, Wormald, as the champion of England, challenged Highland Bank, as the champion of the Highlands, to a drinking match at punch; and, in presence of two umpires, the

match was entered on in real earnest. Our informant affirmed "that Wormald knocked down the punch like whey; and though the Highland Bank drank as long as he had room for drink, Wormald's big carcase and more ample receptacles carried the day; and Highland Bank's bonnet was carried off by him as a trophy." Our informant said this was a very severe affront to Highland Bank, as a Mackenzie and as a Highlander; and that he longed to wipe off the stain on his escutcheon. That accordingly, on his return from the Western Highlands, he sent a challenge to Wormald to meet him at a match of "pure whisky," which the Saxon thought it proper to decline; and this refusal, in the language of our informant, made him a "fugie, and the honour of Highland Bank and the Highlands was recovered and vindicated."

It is an old saying in the Highlands that "every dog has his day;" and each of these gentlemen had many merry days during a succession of years in Strathgarve, where they were very popular, on account of their liberal "*bucksheesh*" to the natives; but, one by one, they disappeared from that stage; and we fear by this time they have all disappeared from the stage of life.

PART VI.

HIGHLAND TOURS AND TOURISTS.

CHAPTER I.

An Expedition to Cairngorm.

AMONG the fashionable crowds of amateurs, artists, and tourists, who lately wended their way to the Highland mountains, a gay party of tourists, bound for the far-famed mountain, Cairngorm, arrived opposite to it on the Highland road, on the forenoon of a fine summer day. A few straggling clouds hovered about on its sides; but the summit of the mountain was then clear, the sun shining brilliantly on its crowning peaks. The party, youthful, gay, and energetic, and of the order of English and Irish nobility, consisted of a gay colonel (Cadogan), a son of the emerald isle; a gallant major (Strutt), who had served with the colonel at Sebastopol, as their hirsute appendages indicated; and two lively and lovely young ladies, the Hon. Misses Juliet and Matilda Strutt, sisters of the major; with a lady's-maid and coachman or groom. The love of fame is as strong in the breast of woman as that of glory in the heart of man; and the ladies were seized with an eager desire to ascend Cairngorm, as a feat which might astonish and amuse the old governor and family at home, having along with them photographic and drawing apparatus for taking views, which would enable them to give graphic sketches of "the land of

blue mountains, green forests, and heroes," and hoping to find, and take along with them a lot of the brilliant Cairngorm crystals, as trophies. And gillies and ponies accustomed to the expedition were in instant requisition. Two such men, with shelties sure and stedfast, were open to engagement for a "customary consideration"—a class of men far superior in respect of education and intelligence to the common gillies of other countries. "Pray," says the colonel, "how many miles do you count it from here to the top of the mountain?" "Cannot say exactly," answered the guide, "as the road is not measured; but it is a good many miles." "Half-a-dozen miles?" says the major. "Ay, it is all that, and a bittack" (Note: A Highlandman's bittack may be several miles, according to *considerations*). "How may the weather be on the mountain?" says Miss Juliet. "Oh, that is hard to say, Mattam, he is so near the clouds," says Donald. The ponies and saddles being provided and examined, and, along with the photographic apparatus, creature comforts such as could be supplied at the good little inn of Alvie, being packed into a basket, John the groom, a burly specimen of the English footman, full of beef and beer, was appointed the commissary; and the lady's-maid, lively and frisky, volunteered to accompany John, who was not a married man, with shawls, &c., for the ladies. Crossing the Spey in a boat, the ladies, with wide-rimmed hats on their heads, to protect them from the sun, mounted their ponies, and, under the guidance of their guides, took the way to wild Glenmore and Cairngorm. Arrived at Glenmore, its magnificent basin-

like form attracted their artistic admiration. To quote the language of an eloquent author, Dr. McCulloch, which has been often quoted, "Everywhere is seen rising young woods of various ages, promising, when centuries shall have passed away, to restore to the valley its former honours. But it is the wreck of the ancient forest which arrests all the attention, and which renders Glenmore a melancholy—more than a melancholy—a terrific spectacle. Trees of an enormous height, which have escaped alike the axe and the tempest, are still standing, stript by the winds even of their bark; and, like gigantic skeletons, throwing far and wide their white and bleached bones to the storms of heaven. While others, broken by the violence of the gales, lift their split and fractured trunks in a thousand shapes of destruction, or still display some knotted and tortuous branches, stretched out in sturdy and fantastic forms of defiance to the whirlwind and the winter. It is one wide image of death, as if the angel of destruction had passed over the valley." A scene of such picturesque grandeur, the party felt disposed to have photographically sketched; and the ladies called for their apparatus. But it appeared, that John, and Martha, the lady's-maid, had already evinced symptoms of the fagging order. It was some time before they appeared; and when they did appear, their flushed faces and "heaving flanks" gave unmistakeable signs of considerable distress. The rough outlines of a sketch of Glenmore having been taken, the parties *lubricated*, according to their needs and inclinations, from the contents of the basket;

and new dispositions were made for ascending the mountain.

A stout staff, to assist in maintaining his vertical equilibrium, was cut for John the commissary, who, for various reasons of expediency, as well as humanity, was eased of the drawing apparatus and basket by the guides. "Jack Falstaff," as he was now facetiously designated by the colonel, and his companion Martha, whom the colonel designated Mrs. Ford, were cautioned, as likely to be in the rear, to mark and follow the newly-made tracks of the horses, from which they were not to diverge, for fear of swamps and precipices. The party, continuing to ascend about midway to the top, entered into a zone or belt of mist, which gradually ascended from the vale below. The phenomena presented by this investiture were strikingly picturesque and beautiful. The cambric-like veil which enclosed them reflected prismatic colours like those of the rainbow, produced by the rays of the sun; while here and there, large rends, like tears in a large veil, occasioned by the action of currents of air in passing over air—producing gorges—disclosed, as it were, at a large window, a magnificent view of the winding silver Spey, the wooded cone of Kinrara, the rugged rock of Craig Ellachie, (the crest and ward-hill of the Clan of Grant) and, in the far west, Craigubhie, (the ward-hill of the Clan Chattan Macpherson) exhibiting a map-like view of the far-famed and romantic countries of Strathspey and Badenoch—"land of mountains, glens, and heroes."

A view taken out of this "castle in the air" was deemed a valuable acquisition; and the delighted party held on, and soon alighted at

the highest pinnacle of Cairngorm, where, as time was short and the day far spent, sketching operations were immediately entered on by all hands. Scarcely had they done so, however, when the sun was obscured by a dark, dense cloud, which hung over the north-west shoulder of the mountain; and the eyes of the guides and gentlemen were attracted towards another cloud, of a whitish, lurid colour and castellated form, the resemblance of which to various forts—such as Edinburgh and Stirling Castle—attracted the fancy of the warriors. The cloud, slowly moving from south to north, seemed to occasion to the gillies considerable anxiety and uneasiness; and when questioned on the subject, said that the white was a thunder-cloud, and the dark one in the rear was a rain-cloud, and that if the two met there would be dreadful thunder and rain. The officers, from their experience of tropical thunder, concurring with the gillies, and seeing the contingency, apprehended by the lads an imminent one, warned the ladies of the coming calamity, and urged them to pack up their alls, and prepare for an immediate flight to the lower world. Just as the ladies were mounted, and the parties commenced their march, the foremost limb of the approaching lurid cloud came into contact with the dark cloud over the gully which divides Cairngorm from the Badenoch range of mountains, and suddenly a flash of lightning flared on the eyes of the party, instantly followed by a Grampian peal of thunder, which must be heard to be described. From the spectator's proximity to the warring elements, his ear was assailed by a loud crash, of a metallic sound, as

if a thousand hammers were simultaneously struck on a sheet of iron, in one awful crash—followed by a roar resembling the pouring of a torrent of water on a huge burning furnace—accompanied by rumbling and roaring, as if tearing to pieces the heavens and the earth; and this awful explosion finds echoes in the rocks, corries, and caverns of Glenavon, rolling and reverberating along, like a naval salute at a grand review (such as greeted our gracious sovereign at the French fort of Cherbourg), until the sound declines into growling groans at the extreme point of the mountain range. “By Jove,” says the colonel, “that is equal to Sebastopol, Harry.” “It is so,” says Harry. But this peal which we have described was a slight one compared to the others which followed—for the said two clouds, having fully joined battle, like two giants or gladiators fighting in mortal strife—the lightning flew about in all directions; and the explosions and reverberated continuations thereof, for a time dwelt on the ear, in one continuous roar. Presently the rain, which, like a waterspout, poured down from the first point of action, had its area widely extended. Our party was soon overtaken; not by a shower of rain, for there was no wind or sufficient fall to disseminate the broken clouds into particles or drops—it was just a waterspout, in proof of which the ladies’ stirrups and feet gushed water like the leaden spouts of a house under a heavy fall of rain. The water foamed gurgling out of the shoes of the officers and gillies; but, noble spirits all, not even the tenderly brought-up ladies gave way to useless fears or lamentations. Committing

themselves to the Great Shepherd, who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb (presiding over the thunder-storm, and directing its bolts, so that not even a sparrow falls to the ground without Divine permission and consent), they trusted implicitly in Divine providence and protection, exhibiting, even in this extremity, an interest in the fate of the two servants. As they descended, the gentlemen kept singing out and reconnoitering, as well as they could, through the misty, dark atmosphere; and at last they heard a faint responsive shout, and soon they came on two objects resembling "two bundles of wet fish," as John Falstaff afterwards described himself and companion. "Halloa," says the colonel, "what made you and Maddy stop here?" "Oh," says John, "we thought we were both done for. Martha tumbled down and nearly broke her *harm*, and I busted my clothes a-helping her. Please God, master, if I get out of this 'orrid ills,' I shall never again try such a 'controversy.'"

On a personal inspection, it was found that neither John or Martha could maintain a vertical position. Chilled with wet and fear, they were quite incapable of locomotion. In this perplexity, one of the gillies, fertile in expedients, and accustomed to such difficulties, suggested that the two ladies should allow themselves to be carried on the backs of Hemish and himself. That the "monkey" (meaning John, the "flunkey"), on whom he darted a contemptuous look, and the maid should be placed on the ponies, and that the gentlemen should keep them from falling off. That, by this plan, they would take a more abrupt and direct road

to a farmer's house at Druiside, at no great distance. To this plan the ladies gently demurred, on the ground of cruelty to the gillies, and doubting the decency and propriety of the proposed mode of conveyance for themselves. But to the first objection, as to the "weights and measures" of the ladies, the gillies declared that "light ladies" were nothing to them; and the second objection was obviated on the part of the officers, by stating that Miss Nightingale, of Crimean celebrity, and others of the lady nurses, were carried on men's shoulders.

In making arrangements for this new procession, there was much matter for the artist and the moralist. In respect of the dresses of the parties, the heavy rains had, as far as regarded the head-gear, levelled all distinctions. The hats of the gentlemen had assumed the cut and figure of the steeple hats of Charles I. The broad-brimmed felt hats of the ladies had assumed the shape of a *sac-de-nuit*, or Canterbury bells, the rims hanging down to the tips of their noses, to the great detriment of their visual faculties; and as to the camp followers, their *Golgothas* were entirely fitted to the figures of their skulls; and it was observed that the personal habiliments of John and Martha had suffered much dilapidation at the parts used by persons walking "on all-fours." The party being now put in their respective positions—ladies strapped on gillies' backs by their plaids, and the *monkey* and the maid placed on horseback—reminding us forcibly of the revolution in the social order of things expressed in the tenth chapter of Ecclesiastes, verse 7 ("I have seen servants upon horses, and princes walking as

servants on the earth")—the party, led by the sure-footed guides, followed by the goat-footed ponies, descended zig-zag, General Wade's kind of traverses, which evoked many squeaks from Martha, and exclamations from John, as the ponies sidled along, sagaciously following their master's footsteps. At length, from an eminence overlooking the Drui, those who could see, observed the signs of a human dwelling. This cheering sight revived the colonel's poetical and vocal powers, singing "I knew by the smoke which so gracefully curled," &c.

In view of the humble dwelling which must form for a night the ladies' quarters, they anxiously inquired of the gillies as to the landlady's character, manner, and habits; and they were well pleased to learn she had been for a long time a servant of the Duchess of Bedford, (a sister of the great and good Duke of Gordon), who for many years had resided at the Doune of Rothymurchus, and whose active benevolence, kind and charitable disposition, diffused habits of civilization and morality among the people of the place, so that, as Hemish said, she knew how to behave to "high ladies," being a cleanly, kindly, clever woman.

Arrived at the domicile, a peal of dogs announced the arrival of the strangers, summoning to the doors the inmates of the house. Donald and Heumas, led by the good wife into the best apartment of the house, deposited each his precious little burden in arm-chairs by the fireplace. Miss Matilda, who had been a silent sufferer from spasmodic pains, occasioned by her hydropathic treatment, suddenly became pale as a lily. Her heart, like a piece of over-

strained mechanism relieved from the undue pressure, stopped its motions. Her head fell on her bosom in a fainting condition; but she was in the hands of a good physician. Producing a crystal bottle of whisky, full of lemons, cloves, and other cordials, the good wife insisted on the young ladies taking each a portion of the contents, which they, under cogent reasoning, consented to do. Committing the maid to the care of her girl, to be treated in a closet, the good wife proceeded to operate on the ladies. Raising a blazing fire of dry peats, and brushwood, she drew from a chest of drawers a pair of clean white blankets, which she toasted at the fire, placing them and clean pillow-slips on the bed in the apartment. Barring out intruders and eaves-droppers, she next proceeded to divest the ladies of their dripping habiliments, the drippings from which were flooding the apartment. With many ejaculations of pity and sympathy at the soaked state of the ladies' clothing, as "hoot—hoot—oich—oich—O the poor dear lambs"—and such like comments, she consigned those two blushing mortal angels "naked as to the earth they came," into the warm fleecy blankets, and in respect of Miss Matilda's internal pains, of which she got a hint from her sister, she next produced from another chest a milk-white fleece of wool, which had lately been washed and dried by her own hands, and which, toasted to the fire, she wrapt around the loins of Miss M., who was neither able or willing to offer resistance to the landlady's salutary operations. Having then got the girl to hand in to her at the door of the "sanctus sanctorum" a kettle

of boiling water, and other materials, she produced a canister of bohea and a black tea-pot, and by toasting the pot by the fire, to aid the process of infusion, she administered cup after cup of the reviving beverage to her patients, and all pains and penalties speedily gave place to pleasant feelings and sensations. In the *but* end of the house, the warriors, the gillies, and the monkey, as the gillies called him, were making merry over the remains of Falstaff's commissariat, consisting of a bottle of whiskey, some meat, and bread and cheese. Falstaff's reviving faculties favoured the company with his picture of the "great eruption and volcanar of the *ill*, which he said was like mount Hetna, of which he had seen a picture,—vomiting thunder, fire, and brimstone,—at the spot where he and Maddy lay." At length the colonel and his messmate, the major, presented themselves at the casement of the ladies' bower, to talk of war and glory. "Pray, ladies," says the gallant Hibernian, "may I take the liberty to ask if you are alive, of which Falstaff has great doubts." "O yes, and well;" responded the piano voices within. "Well, by Jove," said the colonel, "you are bricks, as we say,—two noble brave-hearted heroines—whose courageous conduct in the field to-day entitles you to the Victoria cross, and at any rate, in the mean time, Harry and I have conferred on you honorary titles, commemorative of this day's proceedings. Juliet is henceforth to be known and called by the style and title of Lady Glenmore, and Tilda by that of Lady Cairngorm, names in which you were baptized by holy water from heaven, by Jove." A burst of joy

from the ladies expressed how much they appreciated those Highland honours—memorials of the most romantic incident in their lives, and which were hailed by them with joyful feelings of satisfaction. Both the colonel and major enjoined on them not to sleep in their Cairngorm *sac-de-nuit*, or any part of their mountain garbs; admonitions which the cherubs assured them had been fully attended to by the kind hostess. But they said nothing about the *order of the Golden Fleece* conferred by her on Miss Tilda. Promising to return to them early next morning, with ample supplies of outward and inward creature comforts, and wishing them a long sleep and pleasant dreams, the warriors, with many hearty cacchinations, evoked by colloquies betwixt the gillies and the *monkey*, (who, full of exclamations, expressive of pains and casualties, was placed upon one of the shelves,) wended their way to the inn of Inverdrewic, leaving it to the landlady to complete her operations in peace.

Her next process was to prepare her patients for a long sleep, by administering to them a sleeping potion, which she assured them was superior to any of Doctor O—d's medicines. A cup of "athole brose," composed of mountain honey lubricated with mountain dew—the Highlander's nectar, was prepared for each of the ladies, who were partly persuaded and partly compelled, to swallow the ambrosial food; and having combed and thoroughly dried the ladies' hair, and wrapping their heads in snow-white mutches, the landlady left her patients merry and amused in their place, to prepare the person of Martha, the maid, in her closet. Worthy Martha was a

different patient from the ladies. From the crown of her head to the sole of her foot, she averred herself to be full of wounds and bruises, and putrefying sores, which the landlady proceeded to dress *secundum artem*, and having, without objection, administered to her a large dose of the "ambrose," well lubricated with the mountain dew, the landlady next proceeded to her laundry operations, to get the ladies' dresses washed and got up for the morning.

It was long of the day next morning before the eyes of the ladies were opened to a sense of their situation; and when they did awaken, it was to a sense of lively buoyancy and refreshed feeling, with no achings or sense of mortality. A cup of bohea completed this agreeable sensation, and the dresses, got up to perfection by the hands of Mrs. M. and her sister, who had received beneficial lessons at the laundry of the Doune, were put on tables at their bedside, and Martha, having been made up by Mrs. M. and her sister, with many ejaculations, expressive of her personal ailments, proceeded to assist the young ladies at their toilet, presenting to them a lively personification of Kate Dalrymple, in the old song—A "wriggle in her walk had Kate Dalrymple," &c. As she with a hirple ambled along, she exclaimed,—“Glory to the Almighty, ladies, that I see you to-day both alive.” “That we are, and well, Martha; how do you do?” “Well,” responded Martha, “if my poor mother knowd what I suffered yesterday, I am sure the poor woman would have cried her bellyful. I am sure, my ladies, going to the top of them ‘orrid’ ills is a temptation of Providence and evil spirits; and

so John and I thought, for he said a volcaner had bust out, pouring out thunder-fire, like mountains in foreign parts, and so John and I got quite spifflicated at your being all swallowed up, and trying to escape down the 'ill we got vast tumbles, and my knees and helbows, and other parts of me are scorified black and blue, and would have been mortified, had not the good woman rubbed them with honey and spirits, which she said would stop petrification. And then, all my pours (pores) shut up—I cannot draw my breath thro' my nostrils." "O," says Matilda, "take courage Mat; you will soon get over all that, and you will look back on your affair of yesterday as good sport." "A jaunt of pleasure, indeed, Madam—very like a whale. Well, expected pleasure often turns out pains, and I suppose that is what prevents so many, high and low, from marrying." "Well," says Juliet, "I suppose you and John talked a good deal on that subject yesterday, for you had a good opportunity." "O Lord, forgive you, Miss Juliet, — hih' hih' I think we soon got another subject to think on,—not where we was to be bedded, but where we was to be buried, for we thought we was to be buried among those 'orrid 'ighlanders," said Martha. "Aye, and 'buried' you would be," responded Juliet, with some ire, "if it were not for those noble Highlanders, who rescued you from a watery grave. But the Highlanders are so proud, you would not be buried among them, but in the strangers' corner, in the church-yard." "Marry-come-up," said Mat, "what makes ighlanders better than other folk, I wonder; is it their kilts and brimstone?"

"No," responds Miss Juliet, "it is nature's gift, giving them courageous hearts and noble minds, brave as lions, and meek as lambs." "Well, well, ladies," says Mat, "you know better; it is no for me to argufy the pint in this place, but if I am spared to see my old mother, and Auldworth church, where I was christened, I will make a vow I will never leave old England again."

While toilet operations and the foregoing conversation were going on, in the ladies' apartment, Mrs. M. was busy cooking the breakfast, the component parts of which were gathered at an early hour in the morning. Two tables of the cottage size were covered with spotless linen, on which were placed solids and liquids of a Highland breakfast in profusion, comprehending game, kippered salmon, fresh salmon, burn trouts, venison collops, eggs, honey, wild-berry jelly, fruits from the mountains of various kinds, and on the side-table the morning bitters of three kinds waiting the field-officers. To breakfast the ladies addressed themselves, and had fared sumptuously, when a peal of the dogs brought out the inmates to witness the advent of the officers—Falstaff, the monkey, doing duty over piles of ladies' boxes, baskets, &c., and faithful Donald and Heumas, with their not less faithful quadrupeds. The gallant colonel's favourite song, "Lesbia has a beaming eye," prevailed over the canine salutations; and the officers and ladies met with a joyous and cordial embrace. There was no occasion for asking for healths; for the colonel declared the ladies' eyes, cheeks, and dimples never appeared so killing and bewitching. While this agreeable

badinage was going on the party took side notice of a pantomimic scene going on between John and Martha, in which each by manual signs indicated the seats of their personal damages, both before and behind. Proud of their quarters, the ladies invited the warriors to inspect their canteen and their fare, of which Mrs. M., with many curtseys, begged of them to partake; but having breakfasted in their own quarters, they accepted only a bumper of Mrs. M.'s "Balm of Gilead" and some beautiful mountain-berries, called averans, or cloud-berries. Here the officers observing a fishing-rod, jocularly proposed to go and catch some fish and Cairngorm stones, till the ladies had finished their toilets, and were ready for the march. "O, gentlemen," says Mrs. M., "you will get no Cairngorm stones there; but I dare say a few could be got if you wish for them." "Oh, delightful," exclaimed Lady Cairngorm; "a few of them will make me a happy woman." Several of the natives in the neighbourhood having such to dispose of, soon found a ready market for them.

In the preparations for departing, the ladies were profuse in their thanks, and each pressed a sovereign on Mrs. M.'s acceptance, which she decidedly declined, saying she never took money from gentle or simple for any hospitality in her power to offer, adding that the pleasure of relieving the ladies in their predicament was to her a sufficient reward. The ladies, finding her resolute, took another way of effecting their ends. They each insisted, in spite of the sinister looks of Martha, to press upon her acceptance a valuable shawl as

keepsakes, which she reluctantly received, saying she was too highly honoured, and doubly rewarded. The officers freely distributed "bucksheesh" among the natives and children; and Lady Glenmore having taken the address of Mrs. M., parted from Inchdrewie with feelings of sincere gratitude and affection. Mounting the cart, the monkey and Martha took the road to Inverdrewie. The ladies mounted their favourite shelties, and the party, crossing the Spey in boats, arrived at Alvie Inn, where the horses and carriage were in a state of readiness, and the luggage stowed. The gillies, over and above their stipulated wages, having received from each of the ladies a sovereign, protested they were paid too much by far. John and Martha took their places on the driver's box, and the officers and ladies in the open carriage, starting for Inverness amidst the cheers of the gillies and spectators. The day was clear, and Cairngorm clearly open for inspection. The colonel insisted upon John's pointing out the place of his own and Mat's misfortunes; but no persuasion could induce them even to look at the "orrid 'ill," to which the warriors, by hand and hat, paid a parting salutation, to the great amusement of the ladies, and the horror of the "monkey" and his companion.

END OF VOL. I.

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