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THE SEAFORTH SANATORIUM— The Givers and the Gift.



“Sgur Ouran’s steep crags and Conon’s sweet vale,
Shall welcome Mackenzie, High Chief of Kintail.”

IF the good intentions of the present Government regarding ancient Scottish buildings should ever be accomplished, it may be that some day, ere it be too late, what remains of the old castle of Eilandonan may engage the attention of those to whom the administration of such legislation may be entrusted. This ancient pile, erected on a rocky islet of the

western sea, was once the cradle, as it is now the shrine of the scattered remnants of that clan, which, spreading in number and influence, came at last to fill all the mansion-houses of Ross from the Butt of Lewis to the German Ocean. The origin of the Castle is lost in antiquity. It is known to have endured the attacks of the roving Viking, afforded shelter to King Robert the Bruce, received the unfriendly attentions of General Monk in the days of the Commonwealth, and was finally destroyed by Wightman after the battle of Glenshiel, in the year 1719. Colonel Stewart-Mackenzie of Seaforth, who, with his amiable wife, are the givers of the most humane and princely gift ever bestowed upon a Highland county, springs from that race of unsubmitting spirit whose ancient home now crumbles into dust beneath the shadow of the five sisters of Kintail, yet speaks eloquently of a vanished past and a power that is no more. In our day it may be said of it—

No warder calls on the castle walls,
No sound of joy or grief,
No clansmen shout in wassail rout,
No wife, no child, no chief.

Among the territorial families of Scotland there are few around which circle such a halo of romance as that of the

HIGH CHIEFS OF KINTAIL,

who were born and lived and fought within these mouldering walls, now a refuge only for the owl and the bat. The centuries are full of tales and legends connected with the clan, beginning with that far-off day when the king’s life was saved from an infuriated stag by a brave Caledonian, who thus linked the name of Mackenzie with their well-known crest and the familiar motto of *Cuidich an Rìgh*. Of the many romances connected with the family, those associated with Kenneth Mackenzie, commonly known as *Coinneach Odhar*, the Brahan Seer, are perhaps of most

general interest. He appeared towards the close of the seventeenth century—a plain, untutored clansman—yet one who is held in remembrance perhaps more than any of the long line of his chiefs. He professed and was credited with the gift of second sight. Whatever doubt may exist as to his supernatural powers, he was manifestly a shrewd man of considerable intellectual gifts and an outstanding figure in Ross-shire life in the generation to which he belonged. Even yet his name and fame are cherished by the people, and his “prophecies,” mainly bearing upon the fortunes of his clan and chiefs, still circulate freely in the more isolated portions of his native county. The

tell the future, into the water, and upon the person who finds it will fall his prophetic mantle. So the legend goes. His last prophecy foretold the doom of the family of his Chief, and it was supposed to have been fulfilled in the case of the Lord Seaforth, who, with his wife, were the personal friends of Sir Walter Scott. It was of Lady Seaforth he wrote, referring to her husband's death, predeceased by all his sons, a circumstance foretold by *Coinneach*—

“And thou, gentle dame, who must bear to thy grief,
For thy clan and thy country the cares of a chief.”

The serious troubles of the family began, like those of many other Highland lairds, with the



EILANDONAN CASTLE—An ancient stronghold of the Mackenzies of Seaforth.

traditional story of his death on the shore at Fortrose, near the Cathedral, which was then the ecclesiastical centre of the district, though not well authenticated, is firmly believed in by many Ross-shire people at home and abroad. He is said to have been burnt to death at the instigation of the Countess of Seaforth for having expounded a vision reflecting on the honour of her husband. A small stone pillar marks the spot on which the tragedy is said to have been enacted; and on the Ordnance Survey map there appears the legend, “The last witch was burnt here.” Passing Loch Ussie on his way to doom he threw the perforated pebble, by means of which he was able to fore-

struggles of the unfortunate Stewarts. Sheriff muir sealed the fate of the then Chief of Mackenzie, as it did also that of the Old Pretender himself. Seaforth became an exile. Thereupon arose a man of whom too little is heard in Highland story. Donald Murchison, ardent Jacobite, lawyer, soldier (he fought at Sheriffmuir), scholar, and progenitor of Sir Roderick Murchison, defying the forces of the Government, aided by a sympathetic tenantry and the difficulties of warfare in a mountain land, regularly collected the rents of the estates, and transmitted them to the exiled chief. The titles of nobility so long associated with the family ultimately became extinct and



THE SEAFORTH SANATORIUM—OPENING CEREMONY.

the vast heritage of the chiefs gradually slipped away, until at last there were left only the old acres of Brahan, with the historic castle, overlooking the "sweet vale" of the Conon. *Coinneach Odhar* was indeed so far a true prophet; yet if he could have peered a little farther into the future he might have told of a time which has now arrived, when the days of doom

would end, and a brighter morning dawn upon the ancient house of his Chiefs. Among his numerous prophecies, fulfilled or unfulfilled, there is not even a suggestion of this Sanatorium—the greatest act of benevolence ever performed by his own or any other Highland Chief.

On an elevated nose above the little village



THE SEAFORTH SANATORIUM—FRONT VIEW.

of Maryburgh, and two miles round the corner from the county town of Dingwall, two generous hearts, desirous of alleviating human suffering, and moved by the greatest of all the graces, have erected and endowed what will in future be known as the Seaforth Sanatorium for the care and cure of consumptives. The total amount of the endowment, when completely established, will reach the handsome sum of £100,000. No Highland Chief ever reared so magnificent and beneficent a monument as that which will commemorate and consecrate to future generations the memory of both the givers and their gift. But its value in arresting the plague, to which the poverty and the climate of the Ross-shire glens contribute so many victims, cannot be expressed in figures or assessed in sterling money. It is not to be a mere in-

body—no doubt an important factor in the process of cure. The building is beautifully situated. It may be said of it, as of Macbeth's house—

“This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.”

How snug, and bright, and quiet it looks! The stately pines and oaks of the woods of Brahan stretch out a finger and touch it on the west; the southern rim of the saucer that holds Loch Ussie shelters it from the biting northern blasts; while nothing can ever intercept the rays of even a mid-winter sun from cheering and warming the various apartments and those who are destined to occupy them.

It is a far cry from Eilandonan in its prime, with its record of mediæval war, to this latest



THE SEAFORTH SANATORIUM—BACK VIEW.

firmary, where the patient lies the livelong day murmuring elegies and brooding over his sorrowful fate—not entirely a place like Hornbook's—of

“doctor's saws and whittles
O' a' dimensions, shapes, an' metals,
A' kind o' boxes, mugs, an' bottles.”

On the contrary, it will be a hive of industry, where useful and suitable work, under the direction of a qualified medical superintendent, will provide sufficient occupation for mind and

development of human sympathy and generosity. There—was gathered all that ingenuity could then devise for the destruction of life—here—all the newest contrivances for its preservation and nourishment; and so pass we the milestones on the roadway of civilization. Charity, embodied in stone and lime, now sits in the landscape of which the giant bulk of Wyvis forms the central and crowning glory. The mariner passing through the Sutors, and navigating his ship into the upper reaches of

the Cromarty Firth, will find a new landmark to guide him on his way; the crofter of Ferintosh (where the good Lord President Forbes was wont to distil whisky free of duty) will observe a new light as he gazes at night towards the western hills and gauges the weather of the morrow; the traveller by road and rail will have his attention arrested by the crescent-shaped building on the hill; the sufferers within will experience a joyous hope of life prolonged, and universal benedictions will be the donors' reward.

[The excellent portrait of Mrs. Stewart-Mackenzie of Seaforth, which we have pleasure in giving this month, is from a painting by the celebrated artist, Mr. Ellis Roberts.—*Ed.*]

CURLIANA DINGWALL.

Young Mamore.

By TORQUIL MACLEOD.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE AFFAIR OF THE BED CHAMBER.

THE parlour of the Black Bull was full of the evening clatter and clash. The same company was there that had made the same jokes and drunk out of the same shining tankards from one forenoon to another this long time back. The Dominie in broadcloth, the Weaver with the cheezy voice, the Big Burly Fellow, Dreichfit, Leathersole the gipsy—and the whole clanjamfrey of Linnhetown worthies.

As usual, Peter Fairface hovered about the door between the parlour and the bar, smiling and rubbing his hands, and agreeing most conscientiously with whatever his customers said.

"Will Mister Barsillie be coming down this night for a crack, think ye, Peter?" cheeped the weaver.

"I could not say, I am sure," said Peter, "but he is in his room at this very moment, and it is very possible, gentlemen, that he will favour you with his company as usual. He is a canny gentleman, Mr. Simon Barsillie."

"Ay, as you say, Peter, he is canny," put in the Burly Fellow.

"And his speech is flavoured with very good Latinity, as I can testify." This from the Dominie, with a clearing of the throat. "What say ye, Leathersole?"

"I say a' that ye say, gentlemen, havin' nane o' the humanities mysel'."

"Very good, Mr. Leathersole, very good," laughed mine host, with one ear in the room and another in the passage. "But wheesht, gentlemen, here is Mr. Barsillie himself. It seems, sir, that we have but to express a wish for your company, and you immediately favour us. Good evening."

Leathersole smiled at the landlord's last remark and looked up at the roof.

"A good evening to you all, gentlemen."

And the Jesuit came in with his curious gliding way, that made no noise, and sat down at a table by himself.

"The usual glass all round, landlord."

"Very good, sir."

And Peter Fairface disappeared smiling and rubbing his hands harder than ever.

When he returned with the glasses, Leathersole slipped out of the room. The Jesuit, without turning round, knew that he was gone.

While the company were busy with their toasting and mine host was hanging on for his own hinmost glass, the gipsy stepped across to the bar, and taking out a letter, passed it over to the blushing and expectant barmaid.

"There ye are, Morag my dawtie, He telt me the day he wad be his ain letter next time. Have ye ony bit message back?"

"Maybe I might have that, Leathersole," giggled Morag, with the fine colour mounting up her face. Then she handed the gipsy a very dirty love letter which was largely made up of clumsy crosses set down in pencil.

"Noo lassie, is the road clear?"

"Ay, and here is a bit o' bread and cheese for fear ye are hungry. But take care o' yersel, Leathersole."

"Diinna be feared, my lass, just gie a look aboot ye afore I gang upstairs."

The girl left the bar and returned in a few moments.

"It is all right—they will be listening to one o' his foreign lies."

Without another word the gipsy passed out of the bar, listening for an instant at the door of the parlour, which was always closed out of deference to Mr. Simon Barsillie when he began his tales.

Then with noiseless steps Leathersole mounted the stairs and stood before the door of the Jesuit's bedchamber. At least Blue Chin had his match here for the velvet tread.

The door was locked as he anticipated. So taking a key out of his pocket, he felt it with his fingers to find out if it was oiled, and then carefully unlocked the door.

"Fegs, Donald made a good job o' that key, and that will be a half-mutchkin to Donald the next time we meet."

In another moment the gipsy had locked the door and was standing inside the room alone. It was a moonlight night, and the moonbeams showed him everything plainly. The room was so orderly that one might have thought it was uninhabited. There was nothing lying about, no papers, no litter, no clothes. The writing table alone attracted the gipsy's atten-