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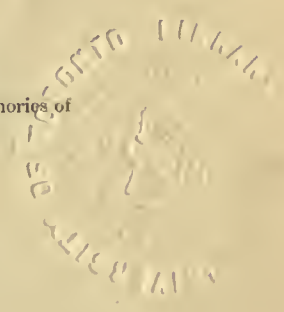
FAMILY AND GENEALOGICAL SKETCHES

BY

T. S.

REV. THOMAS SINTON, F.S.A. Scot.

Author of "The Poetry of Badenoch," "By Loch and River: being Memories of
Loch Laggan and Upper Spey," etc., etc.



Here have we no continuing city

Edinburgh

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PRESENTATIONS AND ADDRESSES

TO

JAMES CAMPBELL

J.P., D.L., LL.D.

Ex-Convener of the County of Banff

1873-1915

Presentation of Plate made to Dr. CAMPBELL at a Public Dinner given to him at Blair-Atholl on the occasion of his resigning the Assistant Factorship of the Duke of Atholl's Estates to take up the Management of Sir John Heron Maxwell's Estate of Springkell, Dumfriesshire, 23rd September 1873.

The Very Rev. NORMAN MACLEOD, D.D.,
in the Chair.

Inscription on Silver Tea Tray:

PRESENTED
Along with other Articles of Plate
TO
Mr JAMES CAMPBELL, C.E.
BY
A FEW OF HIS FRIENDS
IN
ATHOLE
23rd September 1873.

Presentation of Silver Epergne and Gold Watch

made to Dr. CAMPBELL at a Public Dinner given to him at Springkell, Dumfriesshire, on the occasion of his relinquishing the Factorship of the Springkell Estate to take up the Management of the Cally and Broughton Estates in Kirkcudbrightshire and Wigtownshire, 12th July 1877.

Sir JOHN HERON MAXWELL, Bart., of Springkell,
in the Chair.

Inscription on Silver Epergne :

PRESENTED

TO

JAMES CAMPBELL, Esquire

BY THE TENANTRY ON THE

SPRINGKELL ESTATE

And a few other friends in the district

As a mark of their high esteem for him during his four years' residence among them.

12th July 1877.

Presentation of an Address made to Dr. CAMPBELL by the Tenantry on the Cally and Broughton Estates at a Public Dinner to which he was entertained at Gatehouse-of-Fleet, Kirkcudbrightshire, on the occasion of his resigning the Factorship of these Estates, 12th May 1887.

**WELLWOOD HERRIES MAXWELL, Esquire, of Munches,
Convener of the County, in the Chair.**

ADDRESS

TO

JAMES CAMPBELL, Esquire

Factor for

**HORATIO GRANVILLE MURRAY STEWART, Esquire
Of Broughton and Cally, &c.**

WE, Tenants of H. G. Murray Stewart, Esquire, of Broughton, &c., have learned with sincere regret that you have resigned the Factorship of these Estates. We beg to assure you of the great regard we entertain for your high personal character, and our appreciation of the sterling uprightness, the marked ability, the shrewd common sense, and the sound judgment which have characterised your whole professional career since you came to live among us. As a thoroughly qualified, practical, upright business man, you were not long in gaining the full confidence and respect of the Tenantry on these Estates, and that confidence and respect you have retained unshaken.

While we feel assured that you never lost sight of the true interests of the Landlord, we cannot refrain from acknowledging the extreme fairness, courtesy, and care with which you considered every question which came before you. We have had great comfort and confidence in being associated with you in all our business relations, and we gratefully recognise that the kindly and satisfactory relations which happily continue betwixt Landlord and Tenants on these Estates (notwithstanding the trying times through which we have been passing ever since you became our Factor) are, in a great measure, due to your prudent and considerate management, and your personal influence.

In leaving Galloway, you carry away with you our warmest and best wishes for your future happiness and prosperity.

12th May 1887.

(Here follow the Signatures of the Tenants, 76 in number).

Presentation of Portrait.

At a largely attended Public Meeting, held in Banff on 23rd June 1904, at which all classes and interests of the County of Banff were represented, His Grace The Duke of Richmond and Gordon, Lord Lieutenant of the County, on behalf of the Subscribers, presented Dr. CAMPBELL with his Portrait, painted by Sir James Guthrie, President of the Royal Scottish Academy.

Inscription on Portrait:

JAMES CAMPBELL, D.L., LL.D.
Convener of Banffshire.

PRESENTED

BY

His Grace THE DUKE OF RICHMOND and GORDON
Lord-Lieutenant

**On behalf of over twelve hundred Subscribers, in recognition of Dr. Campbell's
valuable Services to the County.**

23rd June 1904.

Presentation of Address.

At Old Cullen, Cullen, Banffshire, on 5th September 1906, Dr. CAMPBELL was presented with an Address by the Tenants, Feuars, and other Residents on the Seafield Estates in Banffshire, on the occasion of his Marriage.

A Deputation, consisting of representatives from the various Estates, presented the Address in the following terms :—

ADDRESS

TO

JAMES CAMPBELL, Esquire, J.P., D.L., LL.D.

Factor for

The Right Honourable THE COUNTESS DOWAGER OF SEAFIELD.

WE, tenants, feuars, and other residents on the Seafield Estates in Banffshire, desire to offer to you our heartiest congratulations on the auspicious occasion of your marriage; and we sincerely wish you and your wife many years of health and happiness. Mrs Campbell, we can assure you, will receive a right hearty welcome to Banffshire.

We gladly avail ourselves of this happy opportunity of expressing to you our admiration for your high personal character, and our appreciation of your great-business capacity, sound judgment, and never-failing courtesy and fairness. In all your relations with us, ever since you were appointed over eighteen years ago to a position of great responsibility on these estates, you have discharged the varied and onerous duties of your important office with great acceptance, both to the Noble Lady whom you so ably represent and to the tenants and feuars on her estates, and with the highest credit to yourself. The faithful and

conscientious discharge of your many and difficult duties has gained for you the cordial esteem and the thorough confidence of the whole community; and we gratefully acknowledge that the amicable and satisfactory relations which happily exist between landowner and tenants on these extensive estates are largely due to your enlightened management, your personal influence and business tact.

We would further assure you of our high sense of your valuable public services to the North-East of Scotland, and especially to the County of Banff. You hold in the county over twenty public offices, including the high and honourable position of Convener; and no other man in Banffshire has for many years devoted so large an amount of time and attention to the conduct of public affairs as you have done, with so much honour to yourself and benefit to the community. Not only have you given largely of your time and abilities, to disinterested public services; you have also, as a public-spirited citizen, given liberally of your means for the public good. The presentation of your Portrait—made to you a few years ago by His Grace the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, Lord-Lieutenant of the County, on behalf of over 1300 subscribers—and the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws conferred upon you by the University of Aberdeen in 1903, were grateful and fitting acknowledgements of these public services, and of your philanthropic work in Banffshire.

We earnestly hope and pray that you and Mrs Campbell may long be spared to each other in health and happiness, and that you will continue for many years to come to devote your useful and honourable life to the common weal.

July 1906.

Signed by 2250 Tenants, &c., whose Signatures are contained in the accompanying Volume.

Presentation of the Freedom
of
The Royal Burgh of Cullen.

At Cullen, on the 9th October 1912, Dr. CAMPBELL was presented by the Town Council of the Royal Burgh of Cullen with the Freedom of the Burgh.

The Burgess Ticket is in the following terms:—

AT CULLEN,

And within the Council Chambers there, upon the Ninth day of October in the year 1912, in the presence of the Provost, and of the Bailies, Dean of Guild, Treasurer, and remanent Members of the Town Council of the Royal Burgh of Cullen, Compeared

JAMES CAMPBELL, Esquire, Deputy Lieutenant and Convener of the County of Banff, who, in recognition of his conspicuous abilities and his long and distinguished services to the County of Banff and the Royal Burgh of Cullen, was, in terms of Resolution of the Town Council, of date Ninth day of September Nineteen hundred and twelve, duly created and admitted a Burgess and Guild Brother of the said Royal Burgh, and, as such, is hereby entitled to all the liberties, privileges, and immunities thereunto belonging.

Extracted from the Burgh Record by me,

WM. C. PATERSON,
Town Clerk.

*Sealed with the Seal
of the Burgh—and Stamped.*

Presentation of Address.

At Edinburgh, on the 6th day of June 1914, Dr. CAMPBELL was presented with a **Joint Address** from:—

The County Council of the County of Banff;
The Road Board of the County;
The Standing Joint Committee of the County;
The Secondary Education Committee of the County;
The Banff District Committee of the County;
The Quarter Sessions of Banffshire;
The Joint Board of the Campbell Hospital at Portsoy;

on the occasion of his resigning the Chairmanship of each of these Public Bodies.

A Deputation, consisting of E. A. Thurburn, Esquire, of Mayen, Convener of Banffshire, and others, made the Presentation.

ADDRESS

UNTO

JAMES CAMPBELL, Esquire, J.P., D.L., LL.D.

Convener of the County of Banff

1896-1913.

THE County Council of the County of Banff received your resignation of the honourable and responsible office of Convener of the County with sincere regret, and on the 8th May 1913 they unanimously and cordially resolved to vote an Address to you expressive of their deep sense of gratitude for the great and valuable public services rendered by you to the County Council and Community of Banffshire. They further resolved to associate themselves with any other Public Bodies in the County who might desire to join the County Council in presenting you with this Address. The following Public

Bodies, of each of which you were Chairman, unanimously and heartily resolved to do so, viz. :—

- The County Road Board ;
- The Standing Joint Committee of the County ;
- The Banff District Committee of the County ;
- The Justices of the Peace in Quarter Sessions Assembled ;
- The Joint Board of the Campbell Hospital at Portsoy ; and
- The County Committee on Secondary Education.

On behalf of our respective Boards and the Community of Banffshire, whom they represent, we therefore desire to express to you our sincerest regret at your severance from much of the Public Business of the County. As a member and the respected Chairman of these Public Bodies, and in the administration of County Government generally, your intimate knowledge of every branch of County Business down to its smallest details, your sound judgment, your energy and ability in getting through work, your disinterested services, and your never-failing courtesy and fairness as a Chairman, have been freely placed at the disposal of the Community. In the long period of 25 years during which you have been associated with the Public Business of the County a great amount of important work advancing the welfare of the public in connection with Police Administration, the management of Roads and Public Health, and many other departments of County Government, has been carried through mainly by your able initiative and skilful guidance ; while through your public-spirited action in building at your own expense for the Lower District of the County the Campbell Hospital at Portsoy for the treatment of Infectious Diseases, and also in providing a Parish Home for the Poor of Cullen, there remains to the County permanent evidence of your large-hearted generosity.

As a Justice of the Peace you have, during these many years, presided with marked ability and much acceptance at all Meetings of Quarter Sessions at which matters of importance to the County were determined ; and, as Chairman of the Licensing Appeal Court of Banffshire since its institution in 1903, you have given able and judicious service.

In the matter of Education you have always taken the deepest interest. As Chairman of the County Committee on Secondary Education, as the representative of Banffshire and Morayshire on the Dick Bequest Trust, and in other capacities, you have done signal service in maintaining the admittedly high standard of Education which obtains in Banffshire, and you have con-

sistently used your gifts and your influence to make the same available to the poorest in every Parish. We rejoice that your services for Education are still retained to the benefit of the North of Scotland, as a member of the Dick Bequest Trust; as a member of the Aberdeen Provincial Committee for the Training of Teachers; as a Governor of the Technical College, Aberdeen; and as a Governor and Chairman of the North of Scotland College of Agriculture.

In all these offices, and many others, which you have filled so long to the lasting benefit of the County, your distinguished services constitute a record of public usefulness to which it will be difficult to find a parallel. In you we lose a public servant whose great ability, sound judgment, and matured experience have been freely and ungrudgingly employed in the public interest. Our best wishes, and those of the County which you have loved and served so well, go with you, and we earnestly hope that you will enjoy your well-earned rest and leisure in peace and comfort for many years to come.

Signed and Sealed on behalf of our respective Boards, the 5th day of May 1914.

E. A. THURBURN,

Convener of Banffshire and Chairman of the County Road Board, the Standing Joint Committee, and the County Committee on Secondary Education.

DUDLEY STUART,

Sheriff-Substitute of Aberdeen, Banff, and Kincardine for the Quarter Sessions of Banffshire.

WILLIAM FORBES,

Chairman of the Banff District Committee of the County Council of Banffshire.

ROBERT GREGOR,

Chairman of the Joint Board of the Campbell Hospital.

JAMES GRANT,

County Clerk of Banffshire, Clerk to the Banff District Committee of the County Council of Banffshire, and Clerk to the Joint Board of the Campbell Hospital.

JOHN G. FLEMING,

Clerk to the County Committee on Secondary Education.

JOHN L. M'NAUGHTON,

Clerk to the Justices of Peace of the County of Banff.

North of Scotland College of Agriculture.

At a Meeting of the Governors of the North of Scotland College of Agriculture, held at Aberdeen on 21st January 1915, Dr. CAMPBELL was, on the motion of The Very Reverend Sir George Adam Smith, D.D., LL.D., Principal of the University of Aberdeen, presented with the following **Resolution**, unanimously passed and adopted by the Governors.

RESOLUTION.

That the Governors record in their Minutes their sense of the great value, in the interests of Agricultural Education in the North of Scotland, of the gift of £3000 by their Chairman, JAMES CAMPBELL, Esquire, LL.D., for the purpose of providing four Bursaries of the annual value of about £30 each, to be held by Students attending courses in the University of Aberdeen and the North of Scotland College of Agriculture for a Degree or Diploma in Agriculture; that they recognise the wisdom of the conditions on which the gift has been made, and that they express to Dr. CAMPBELL their gratitude for the generosity with which he has so materially added to the very many services rendered by him to the North of Scotland College of Agriculture.

21st January 1915.

To

JAMES CAMPBELL, Esquire

J.P., D.L., LL.D.

CONVENER OF THE COUNTY OF BANFF

MY DEAR COUSIN,

“Scotsmen aye reckon frae an ill hour,” says an ancient national proverb, and so, perchance, one of the race may be excused if at the beginning of even a slight undertaking his first thought is of a churchyard ; and in the present instance it is, in some ways, not inappropriate that it should be so. Some time ago, in talking of our family, we regretted that almost all who knew anything of the past had gradually disappeared, and that those who were falling into the first rank had little information either as regards their forebears or their kith and kin—at least as compared with certain of our relatives who in their day had been the recognised sennachies in a wide circle of friends. We regretted, too, that those of our people who might come after us were likely to be even less informed when still lingering traditions would have finally died out under new conditions of life, and when any who might feel an awakening interest in such matters would have difficulty in discovering ancient lines and links of connection which are well within our view.

In our Highland churchyards there are, as a rule, hardly any ancient tombstones, so that there is many a plot of ground containing the dust of successive generations of famous families without a memorial of their name or other mark to distinguish their place of rest. In days gone by it would not have been reckoned as within the bounds of possibility that a time would come when no sennachie or old residenter would be at hand to inform and guide in the event of any uncertainty, and when all knowledge as to the identity of graves of individuals and even their houses, would completely die out in the countryside.

FAMILY AND GENEALOGICAL SKETCHES.

In the churchyard of Foss near Loch Tummel, Perthshire, there is a nameless parcel of ground still faintly known in tradition as the burial place of Mungo Reid and his wife, Euphemia Stewart, and no less than six of their children who died young. Mungo Reid's father was Hugh, tenant of the farm of Balnarn in Foss, who, with his brother Alexander, tenant of Drumachaldane, served in the Atholl Brigade of the Prince's Army—both their names appearing in the "List of Atholl Gentlemen who were concerned in the Rising of 1745." Hugh was killed at Culloden when his son was yet of tender years. In the room in which I write, there is a small chair still in wonderful preservation with the initials M.R. on each arm, which had formed part of the household furniture of Balnarn, having been presented to the youthful Mungo by some friend and well-wisher. And a few months ago a kind relative, who is one of Mungo's descendants, and who received it from his daughter, sent it as a gift to my son, who is his great-great-great-grandson. Mungo was your great-grandfather.

Within a mile or two of Balnarn was the House of Kynnachan, connected with the estate of that name, which in former times had been known as Easter Kinnaird, and had belonged to a branch of the numerously-represented Stewarts of Garth. This was the home of the widow of Major David Stewart of Kynnachan, who was killed at Culloden, and her three children—John, who did not survive his minority; Jessie, who married Robert Stewart of Garth, and was the mother of General David Stewart of Garth; and Euphemia, the younger daughter, who has a special interest for us. She and Mungo Reid fell in love, and though friends frowned upon the match, the young couple were not to be thwarted in their wishes. One night they met near a large tree close to the house, and after

going through the form of marriage in the presence of witnesses—one being the old nurse of the bride—they eloped to Edinburgh, where they were regularly married. I do not know the exact date of this, but their post-nuptial marriage contract is dated 22nd March, 1768. In celebration of the elopement, these words,¹ composed to a merry air, are still sung:—

Soraidh leat, a Mhunga Roid,
 A Mhunga Roid, a Mhunga Roid,
 Soraidh leat, a Mhunga Roid,
 Null gu Dùn-Eudainn.
 Cha 'n e do bheatha Coinneachan,
 Cha 'n e do bheatha Coinneachan,
 Cha 'n e do bheatha Coinneachan,
 Bho 'n ghoid thu leat a' bhaintighearn.

Phemie Stewart was co-heiress of Kynnachan, but according to country report received scant justice from the astute and grasping laird of Drumcharry, who had married her sister. She and her husband settled in the farm of Pitkerril in the Braes of Foss, along with which he had shealing ground on Schiehallion. Of their eight children—Jessie, Jean, Catherine, Clementina, Euphemia, John, David, and Hugh—six died in youth.² Two boys and a girl succumbed to fever when at the summer pasturage on Schiehallion. An elegy composed on this sorrowful visitation possesses a particular interest from the fact that a translation of it was given by Mrs Grant of Laggan in her “Letters from the Mountains.” Many of the verses are very

¹ For translation, see Appendix A.

² I have a copy of “The Gentle Shepherd,” in which, in a boyish hand, but firm and full of character, the signature, David Reid, 1794, is set down. He might then have been thirteen years of age. The volume had no doubt been given him by his aunt, Mrs Stewart of Garth, after whose father he was named.

FAMILY AND GENEALOGICAL SKETCHES.

beautiful, and they are throughout expressive of a mother's grief. The lament appears in Stewart's "Collection" as follows:—

Cumha do Chlainn Mhunga Reid ann am Braigh Fasaidh, mar gu 'm b' ann le 'm mathair, bean uasal, chliuiteach, air dha thriuir de Clainn (a thug barrachd air moran anns gach deagh bhuaidh), a bhi air an giùlan as a beatha so le fiabhras coimheach cas air lorg a cheile anns a' bhliadhna 1795.

'S i so 'n aimsir a leòn mi,
'S a dh' fhàg dubhach ri 'm bheò mi,
Dh' fhalbh m' aighear 's mo shòlas,
Theich mo ghrian 's thainig ceò orm,
Thuit mi 'n oidhche dhubh bhrònach 'g am chlaoidh.
Thuit mi, etc.

Thàinig osag neo-chaoimhneil,
Thug i dhiom mo mhedir ghaolach,
Dh' fhag i lom mi air aonach,
'S tric mo dheidir bhuan a' taomadh,
Bho 'n tha m' annsachd 's a' chaol-tigh gun chli.

O! eucail gun chaoimhneas,
'S olc a bhain thu ri 'm chloinn-sa,
Gun aon léigh ri fhaotainn,
Na gun lus anns an aonach.
Dheanadh furtachd na feum dhaibh 's an tìm.

C' àit am faic mi bhur aogas,
Fiurain bhoidheach, ghlan, ghaolach,
Dh' fhàs flathail deadh-bheusach,
Làn tuigs agus céille,
'S truagh an latha 'g 'ur treigsinn cho òg.

FAMILY AND GENEALOGICAL SKETCHES.

'S tric bhur òmhaigh ag cinntinn,
Air sùil mo throm inntinn,
Anns an oidhech' bidh mi cluinntinn,
Guth bhur beòil tighinn 'g am ionnsaidh,
Ach cha toir sibh dhomh cainnt 's mi fo bhròn.

'S tric m' osnaich ag éirigh.
Mar ri deársadh na gréine,
Is ann an sileadh na h-oidhche,
'S tric mo dheòir bhuam a' taomadh,
'S beag mo chadal, dh' fhalbh m' aogas is m' fheadil.

Cò chì mi ag caoineadh,
'S their gum beil sud gun aobhar,
Dh' fhalbh mo dhà mhacan ghaolach,
Dh' fhalbh mo nighean bu chaoine,
Och nan och! gur mòr aobhar mo bhròin.

Cò a ghleusas an fhiodhall,
O na chaidil thu Iain,
Am bi i tosdach gun uidheam,
No 'n dùisgear ceòl le 'm buidheann,
'S a chaidh nach mothaich i buille do mheadir.

Ciod e 'n stà dhomh bhi 'g innseadh,
Liuthad buaidh bha ribh sìnnte,
'S nach dean sibh chaidh pilltinn,
A thoirt sòlais do 'm inntinn,
Ged a tha mi gu tinn le trom-bhròn.

Pillidh 'ghrian anns na speuran,
 Fàsaidh duilleach air gheugaibh,
 Dùisgidh feur air na sleibhtean,
 Ach cha dùisgear mo chloinn-sa,
 'S trom an cadal tha daonnan 'n an còir.

Am fear a shiùbbhlas do chèin-tir,
 Bithidh dùil aig a chaomhaich,
 Gu-n till e 'n deigh saothair,
 Ach na shiùbbhlas do 'n chaol-tigh,
 Cha till iad a chaoidh anns an fheòil.

An t-uisg a thuiteas air sleibhtean,
 Dh' ionnsuidh 'chuain théid na steudaibh,
 Ri latha grein' ni e éirigh,
 Togaidh neoil e 's na speuran,
 Ach cha togar a chreubhag gun deò.

Ged a ghuilinn gach bliadhna,
 Ag osnaich gach ial diubh,
 Cha'n fhaigh mi 'chaoidh m'iarrtas,
 Chaidh 'n glasadh gu h-iosal,
 Ann an ionad na dì-chuimhn' fo'n fhòid.

C'aite nis bheil 'ur dachaidh,
 A thriur chloinne bu mhaisich?
 'N do chum am bàs sibh fo ghlasaibh,
 No 'n d'fhag sibh 'sheòmraichean glasa,
 Anns na chuir e sibh 'chadal ro òg.

FAMILY AND GENEALOGICAL SKETCHES.

Tamh cha d' rinn sibh 'na thalla,
Bha sibh uile gun smalan,
Chaidh bhur giùlan do 'n chala ;
'S nach 'eil curam na gearran,
Theich an oidhche 's thàin an solus d' ur còir.

Bheir sid sòlas do 'm inntinn,
Ged robh mi bronach air tìmibh,
Cha bhi mo shùilean ag sìor-shruth,
Stadaidh m' osnaich ag dìreadh,
Thig ial an latha na dìle is mò.

Cha mhair sneachda a' gheamhraidh,
'Na sheasamh daonna 's na gleanntaibh,
Cuiridh 'ghrian e 'na dheann-shruth,
Eirigh luibhean an t-samhraidh,
'S theid trusgan ùr air gach crann a chaidh leòn.

Cha bhi neoil dhubha dhuaichnidh,
Tighinn an comhnuidh mu 'n cuairt duinn,
Eirigh 'ghrian 's theid am fuadach,
'S gheibh sinn sòlas bhitheas buan duinn,
'S gach aobhar tuiridh is truaigh' theid air chùl.

Mo mhìle beannachd do 'm ghaolaich,
'S òg a dh' fhàg iad an saoghal ;
Ach 's gearr gu 'm faic mi an caoin-chruth,
Mar dhearsa gréine nach caochail,
Far nach dealach an t-Eug sinn ni's mò.

FAMILY AND GENEALOGICAL SKETCHES.

In Letter cxxx., Mrs Grant says : “ I think I have it now in my power to fulfil the promise I made you, of sending you a translation from the Gaelic.—You judge rightly that I am vain of acquiring so much knowledge of that original and most emphatic language :—In my next I will send you a literal translation, which I have by me, of part of an ancient fragment, a genuine one, remember, and hitherto untouched. The present subject, however, is modern.—The mourner whom the bard personates, is, indeed, soft, modest, melancholy, and fair ; and the deep and real distress the song commemorates is yet recent.—Mrs R——, a lady in the neighbourhood of Atholl went to the summer shealings in the mountains with three remarkably fine children, a boy and two girls¹ :—The boy, who was the eldest, was distinguished by a remarkable fine ear for music, and, though but eight years old, played on the violin very sweetly.—The children caught a pestilential fever some poor neighbour had brought up into the glen, and, being very remote from all assistance, and the convenience and attendance that sickness requires, the death of all the children was the consequence, at a very early period of the disease. The bard who soothed the sorrows of the parents, appears to me to possess native genius. Let him speak for himself.—

“Ah ! still must I languish,
Thus pining in anguish
For my joy and my pleasure,
My heart’s dearest treasure,
The fair sunbeams that brightened my soul !

¹This is a slip of the pen. The lament tells of “two loving little sons and a tender daughter.”

FAMILY AND GENEALOGICAL SKETCHES.

The loud storm blew boldly,
The bleak blast came coldly,
My sweet buds all blighted,
Forlorn and benighted,
Ah ! nothing can ease or console !—

“ Where was beauty fresh blowing,
Where was stature fast growing,
Where was truth and affection,
Where was thought and reflection,
That so early appeared in full bloom ?
At midnight when musing,
All comfort refusing,
I hear through my groaning,
Your voices low moaning,
O speak to me once from the tomb.

“ The sighs of my mourning,
Arise with the morning,
And when evening's soft showers,
Weep fresh o'er the flowers,
My tears fall as silent unseen.—
Who hears me lamenting,
But sadly consenting,
Must pity my grieving,
Since heav'n thus bereaving,
Has withered my fair plants so green !—

FAMILY AND GENEALOGICAL SKETCHES.

“ The viol so sprightly,
Who touches so lightly ?
O, peace to its sounding,
My troubled heart wounding,
For my son shall awake it no more !—
Nor my daughters gay smiling,
My cares once beguiling,
From their cold bed returning,
Shall banish my mourning,
Or hear me their absence deplore !

“ O children belov'd,
Where are you removed ?—
Have you left us so early,
Who cherished you dearly,
For the dark, silent chambers of death.
The fair sun returning,
Shall light the new morning,
Fresh grass on the mountains,
Fresh flow'rs by the fountains,
Shall wake with the Spring's gentle breath.

“ But no morning new breaking,
My children shall waken,
'Tis hopeless to number
The days of their slumber,
The long sleep that awakens no more !
Shall the cold earth's dark bosom
Still hide each fair blossom ?
Have angels not borne them
Where bright rays adorn them,
Where on wings of new rapture they soar ?—

“ On my fancy thus beaming,
 My eyes ever streaming,
 My breast ever heaving,
 Their image relieving,
 Shall soothe into pensive repose :
 In beauty transcendent,
 In brightness resplendent,
 I shall meet them when life has no close !

“ I have preserved, as far as possible, the simplicity of the original ; but its tenderness, the solemn sadness that runs through it, its pathetic beauties, I am sensible I have not reached. I have left out many verses—poetry in the ancient style knows nothing of concentrating thoughts. It was the object of undivided and unwearied attention to minds susceptible of all its beauties, unchilled by interest, unhardened by vanity. Children of nature did not turn wearied and satiated from the expression of genuine feeling to listen to every rattle by which novelty allures frivolous minds. Now you have a modern poem, which, if I have not spoiled it in the translation, will give you some idea of the language of nature and true sorrow. The stanzas are in a form unusual and uncouth ; but I could not think of deviating from the original measure, which is adapted to a wild, plaintive tune, quite in unison with the sadness of the subject.”

Pitkerril—*i.e.*, Baile-Chaorail—was the last holding towards Schiehallion in that narrow upland strath lying between the ridge of Creag Choinneachain and the preliminary acclivities of its mighty neighbour, known as Braighe Fasaidh, or The Braes of Foss. I visited the place some time ago and saw the gables of the old home bare and exposed to the weather, the little

FAMILY AND GENEALOGICAL SKETCHES.

fields around that sloped downwards towards the streamlet, and the spring at the foot of a grassy bank close by, which is still known as Fuaran Bean an Tighe—The Mistress' Well. Moved by the whole scene and by the associations that were awakened in my mind, I composed the following verses¹ :—

ANN AN GLEANN BHRAIGH FASAIDH.

Mi air m' uilinn an dràst',
'Coimhead mhàn fa 'm chomhair,
Leacainn ghlasrach nan carn,
Fo shlios àrd a' mhonaidh ;
Tha mi airsnealach, sgìth,
Gun nì 'gam ghonadh :—
'A ghrian bhi dol sìos,
'S mi leam fhìn air torran.

'S mi bhi faicinn an àit'
Gun chridh' blàth gun fhurán,
Is nan làraichean fàs
'S 'an robh mo chàirdean fuireach ;
Tha cearc-thomain le h-àl
Air an àilean lurach,
Agus fuaran gu bràth
Ris nach càirear cuinneag.

'S e bhi faicinn le sùil
Air nach duinteadh rosgan,
Nan geal-chaomhan chaidh null
Far nach drùidh orr' dosgainn,
A dh' fhag silteach mo ghruaidh,
'S chuir gu smuaintean bochd mi,

¹ For translation, see Appendix B.

FAMILY AND GENEALOGICAL SKETCHES.

An so—'m aonar air chuairt—
Feadh nam bruachan dosrach.

Air dhomb cuimhneach' 's an uair,
Gur e 's dual dhuinn turus,
'S a bhi greasadh gu luath
An deigh sluagh a shiubhail ;
Tha na chi mi ag ràdh
Gu 'n tig bàs oirnn uile,
'S gu 'm bi sinn mar gach àl
Bha 's a' bhràigh so subhach.

Bu tric dh'ìrich an ceum
An t-uchd réidh tha thall-ud,
'S iad bhi iomain na spréidh',
Ri la grein' 's a mhaduinn ;
Ach tha cianalas buan
Mu 'n Ruigh Uain 's mu Ghlacaidh—
Baile Chaorail gun smùid,
'S e gun bhual', gun mhainnir.

O, cha 'n iarrainn ri 'm là,
Ach na b' anns' bhi mar-rium,
'G eisdeachd torman nan allt
Ann an Gleann Bhraigh Fasaidh ;
Bhiodh Sith-Chaillinn mu 'n iar,
Ga mar d'lon' o ghaillinn—
Is Creag Choinneachain ri'ach
Air taobh shìos an aitreibh.

Pheimi Choinneachain's eldest daughter Jessie, or Janet,
married Donald Campbell, for some time tacksman of Lerigan

FAMILY AND GENEALOGICAL SKETCHES.

and Craiganour in Rannoch and afterwards of Balachroan in Badenoch, while her fifth daughter Jessie married James Menzies, Coshievile, and was the mother of John Menzies and five handsome daughters who were known as "Nigheanan Chois-a' bhileadh."

I have before me "the marriage contract of Donald Campbell, tenant in Craganour, and Janet Reid, eldest daughter of Mungo Reid, tenant at Pitkerrale in the estate of Kynnachan." The deed is written out by Robert Stewart "of Gairth," and was executed on the second day of January 1790. The children born of their marriage were—Archibald, born Feb. 1795 and died July 1868; David, born May 1797 and died 1830; John, born 1799, died in Australia 1853; Donald, born 1805, married Catherine Maclaren 1833, and died 1878; Margaret, born 1791, married John Macgregor, then schoolmaster at Kinloch Rannoch in 1813, and died 1849; Jean, born 1793, married Alexander Stewart, and died 1849; Jessie, born 1801, married John Scott, and died 1846; Clementina born 1803 and died 1878.

David was bred to the law and became factor on the Menzies and Garth estates. He met his death by an accident at Keltney Bridge. His horse had bolted, and, in the quick turn, carried its unfortunate rider over the parapet. This happened in 1830, and the following year his father died. I possess a small "In Memoriam" brooch containing the hair of father and son intermingled, with their initials and the dates of their deaths.

Poor David was imbued with the bardic spirit, and composed several songs. One of these is still well known and often sung in Perthshire. Some years ago a relative¹ who was proceeding

¹ Aunt Jeannie (Mrs Thomas Mackay, Edinburgh), for many long years the devoted friend of a large circle of connections.

FAMILY AND GENEALOGICAL SKETCHES.

along Loch Rannoch side in the mail coach was greatly interested to hear it sung by the driver in the deepening twilight. It is as follows¹ :—

'S mi bhi tamull air astar,
O 'n àit an d' altrum mi og.
Chualas sgeul nach cùis ghàire,
Mo ghràdh-sa bhi pòst' ;
'S ged tha cuid rium ag ràdhainn—
“ Dé 'n stàth bhi ri bròn ? ”
'N gaol a thug mi am phàisdean,
Ni mi àrach ri 'm bheò.

LUINNEAG.

Oigh ùr a' chùil dualaich,
Fhuair buaidh thar gach mnaoi,
'S do ghaol rinn mo bhuaireadh,
'S chuir tuaileas am cheann ;
Ged a chuir thu mi suarach,
'S ged a dh' fhuaireich do ghradh,
Bidh mi tuille fo smuaírean,
O nach d' fhuair mi do lamh.

Cha robh mi dh' aois ach deich bliadhna,
'N uair ghabh mi ciat dhiot an tùs,
'S gach aon latha 'ga mhiadach,
'S tu sìor-riarach mo shùl ;
'S beag an t-ioghn' mi bhi duilich,
Trom, muladach, ciùirt,—
Thu bhi 'n diugh aig fear eile,
'S mise 'seasamh air chùl.

¹ For translation, see Appendix C.

FAMILY AND GENEALOGICAL SKETCHES.

Ach 's e 's éiginn domh innseadh,
'S cha 'n eil brìgh bhi ga chleith,
Gu 'n robh mi òg anns an tìm,
'S air bheag prìs agus meas ;
Cha chunnta mo chaoraich,
'S cha deach taod ann am each,
'S ni mo thug an Fheill Martuinn
Riamh màl domh a steach.

Ach nan d' rinn thu leam lùbadh,
'Gheug ùr nan sùl tlàth !
Cha 'n fhaicte luchd-dùthch' thu
Fo chùram mu'n mhàl ;
'S ann a bhiodhmaid gu surdail
'Dol am mùirne gach là,
'S bhiodh daoine-uailse na dùthcha
'Toirt ùmhlachd do 'm ghradh.

Ach nis sguiream do thuireadh,
'S leigeam mulad fo laimh,
'S innseam aogas na cruinneig,
'S deise cuir anns an danns' ;
Maighdiunn shuairce, dheas, chuimeir,
Bha snidhicht', gun mheang
Mhealladh gaol o na gillean,
Ged is milis an cainnt.

Gur e 's cleachd do luchd-òran,
Bhi samhach ròs ris gach gruaidh,
'S ma bhios bilean car bòidheach,
Mar chaoran meoir iad 'n tràth bhuain ;

Bidh gach sùil ac mar dhearcaig
Bhios am fasgadh nam bruach,
'S gur samhladh do chasan,
Am bradan geal thig o 'n chuan.

Cha 'n eil flùr ann an gàraidh,
Ge dàicheil an snuadh,
No lus ann am fàsach,
No 'n taobh gàirich a' chuain ;
Cha do chinn an glaic aonaich,
No air craoibh an coill uain,
Na ni coimeas do 'm ghaolsa —
Gradh nan daoine o 'n taobh-tuath.

Ach ge bòidheach do phearsa,
Is ge dreachmhor do ghnùis,
Ge binne do chomhradh,
Na 'n smeorach seinn ciùil ;
Ged is gile na 'n canach,
Do dheud thana ghil dhlùth,
Is ge cùbhraidh leam d' anail,
Na cruinn mheala fo dhriùchd ;

Cha 'n iad sin, ge bu leòir iad,
Chuir mi 'n tòir ort a rùn !
Ach miad do mhisnich is d' eolais
Thair òigridh do dhùth' ch'.
'S e bhi cuimhneach do chòmhradh,
'S do rogha seòil anns gach cùis,
Is nach d' fhaod sinn bhi còmhla,
Dh' fhàg na deòir air mo shùil.

FAMILY AND GENEALOGICAL SKETCHES.

Fhuair thusa mar fhàgail,
Gach buaidh a b' àill leinn air mnai,
Soimhe, stuama, 'na 'd nàdur,
Caomh, càirdeil ri saoi ;
Caoimhneil, blàth ri luchd-eislein,
Deanamh feum dhaibh fo laimh,
'S tric a thug thu an déirce
'S cha b' e 'n éiginn bhiodh ann.

'S tric a thainig mi dbachaidh,
Bharr machair nan Gall,
Sgìth, fann, air bheag cadail,
Trom, airtneulach, mall ;
Gur e coimhneas mo chaileig,
'S i am ghlacaibh gu teann,
Dh' fhògradh mi-gheam o 'm aire,
'S bheireadh dhomh fallaineachd slàint'.—

'S ann an dubhar nan craobh,
Far an taom an sruth uain',
Dh' éisdeachd ùr-luaidh mo ghaoil-sa,
'S tric a dh' aom mi mo chluas ;
Cha b' e tagradh na faoineachd,
Air am bu chaomh leat bhi luaidh,
Ach rogha tuigs' agus ceille,
Mar bu bheus do mhnaoi uails'.

Nam faighinns' mo dhùrachd,
Mo rùn is mo mhiann,
Cha bhiodh iarrtas am ùrnuigh,
Ach bhi dlùth riut a chiall.

FAMILY AND GENEALOGICAL SKETCHES

'S mòr gu 'm annsa na dùthaich,
Bhi riut sùgradh gun fhiamh,
Far an goireadh an smùdan,
Is an dlùithe am feur.

Gu dé 'n stàth bhi 'ga chuimhneach ?
Chuir a' chuibhle car tual,
'S far 'n robh dùil leam ri caoimhneas,
Cha rohh 'n raoir ann ach fuath ;
Gu bheil gaol nan òg-mbaighdeann,
Gearr mar bhoillsge na h-uair,
'S gu dlùth air 'na déigh-sa
Thig duibhr' agus fuachd.

Nan do ghabh mi an leasan
A bheirinn do chàch,
A bhi gluasad gu teisteil
'S gun cheisd thoirt do mhnaoi ;
Cha bhiodh m' aodainn cho preasach,
Gun do leisgeul bhi ann ;
Ach gaol thoirt do thé dhiubh,
Gun éirig g' a cheann.

Ach ged rinn thu 'ghaoil m' fhagail,
Is do lamh 'thoirt dh' fhear ùr,
Cha chluinnte gu bràth mi
Ach ag àrdach do chliù ;
'S ged tha mi an dràsda,
Fad a thamh as an dù' ich,
'S toil-inntinn bhi 'g éisdeachd
Deagh-sgeul ort a rùin.

FAMILY AND GENEALOGICAL SKETCHES.

Here is another song,¹ composed by David Campbell, which my mother used to sing, as well as the preceding :—

Gur amaideach, gòrach,
Do dh' òigfhear gun tuath,
Bhi 'g iarraidh mòr-chomhradh
Ri òg-mhnaithean uails' ;
Mar an sneachd air Sithchaillinn,
Maduinn earaich gun ghruaim,
Tha iad bòidheach ri fhaicinn,
Ach an taic riu tha fuachd.

'S iomad òigfhear deas, iùlar,
Gun chùram 's an t-saogh' l,
Chunnaic mise 'g a lùbadh
Fo dhrùidheachd an gaoil ;
Gu 'm bheil sud ac' mar dhùrachd
Bhi 'g iarraidh ùmhlachd nan daoin',
Ach 'n uair lùbar an glùn dhoibh,
Théid ar n-ùrnuigh chuir faoin.

'Struagh nach mis' chreid an nì so
Mu d' rinneas m' inntinn a'nochd
Do 'n mhaighdeann òig uasail
'S deise ghluaiseas an cnoc,—
Mu 'n do thairg mi mar ìobairt,
Cridhe dìleas gun lochd—
Mu 'n do chaochail mo shuaimhneas
Mu d' thàinig smuairean is sprochd.

Ach ged thug mi féin gradh dhuit,
Cha bu tàir e ri luaidh,

¹ For translation, see Appendix D.

FAMILY AND GENEALOGICAL SKETCHES.

Ann am maise 's an àilteachd,
'S teàrc bheir bàrr ort 's taobh tuath ;
Gur tu ban-rìgh nan òighean
Anns gach còisridh is uails',
Is gur e d' fhaodainn ri phòsadh,
Dh' fhògradh bròn gu là luain.

Gar an cuirinn thu 'n inbhe
Bean iarla na diùc,
Chuirinn sìde mu 'd phearsa,
Is sròl a chealach do gnùis' ;
Cheanglainn òr mu 'd mhedir fhìnealt,
'S am faicteadh òmbaigh do shùil,
'S chuirinn, 'ghaoil, leat air choiseachd
Cùrsair choisneadh dhuit cliù.

Cha b' e dùrdail a' bhodaich,
Sìor-throd gun chion-fàth,
Na drandan a' chrosain,
A nochdainn do 'm ghradh ;
Gur e roghadh gach focail—
Ciùin, foisteanach, tlàth—
Bheirinn daonuan do 'n nighinn,
Bho chridh' is e blàth.

Ach soraidh slàn leat, a chailinn,
Mu 's e 'n dealach do rùn,
Cha bhi mise na 's faide
Cumail moill' air fear ùr ;
O'n tha fortan dhomh 'n easbhuidh
'S éiginn seasamh air chùl,
Feuch fhein gliocas 'n ad thaghadh,
Is na dean roghadh do dhiù.

FAMILY AND GENEALOGICAL SKETCHES.

Ge iomadh fuil uasal
Dhath do ghruaidh mar an ròs,
'S ge lìonmhor na buaidhean
Tha fuaight' riut o'n thòs ;
Cha rachainn ga d' fharraid
Airson glacaid do 'n òr,
Mur saoilinn do chridhe
Bhi tiomadh 'n am chòir.

David Campbell lies buried with his parents and kin in Cille Chonnain, near the head of Loch Rannoch. His brother Archibald succeeded him in the various factorships which he held. The youngest of the family was your father Donald, who married Catherine Maclaren, and occupied successively the farms of Annat in Rannoch, Kerrowmore in Glenlyon, and the Brae of Mozievard, near Crieff. His sister Jean, my grandmother, married Alexander Stewart, whose family sprung from that of Drumcharry, had settled on the farm of Clunes—he himself becoming tenant of Calvine and Pitmain. John Campbell and his mother retired from Balachroan in 1845, returning to Perthshire, and Jean (Mrs Stewart)—for many years a widow—relinquished Pitmain and went to reside at Balachroan with her family, dying there in 1849. By this time the tack of Balachroan was held by her son-in-law, Mr Duncan Macpherson, bank agent and factor, Kingussie.

In the following pages I propose to record part of our common lineage and family ramifications. As it would be quite impossible within the limits of such genealogical trees as I could find leisure to prepare, to set down all the names that occur, I shall merely trace our own descent directly and plainly ; so that any relatives who may be interested in such matters can easily link

FAMILY AND GENEALOGICAL SKETCHES.

on their particular connection with the line. This is the most convenient arrangement that is practicable, and I believe that it will be found satisfactory to all concerned.

During several successive days in late autumn—"Dies Boreales"—while engaged in putting together these sketches, and naturally thinking much of the past and of friends who had gone hence, how often did there occur to my mind memories of your two most excellent brothers, David, minister of Fortingall, and Archibald, factor for the Earl of Dunmore and the Duke of Marlborough, two dearly loved allies and heroes of my boyhood. And with them I associate our late cousin Thomas Alexander Mackay. All three were warmly interested in their kith and kin.

THE STEWARTS OF KYNNACHAN

A branch of the House of Stewart from which we are sprung occupied the estate of Kynnachan for six or seven score years. The first laird of this family, John, known as *Iain Mòr Choinneachain*, was the third son of Patrick Stewart of Ballechin, by his wife Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Alexander Lindsay, Bart., of Evelick. According to a tradition I have heard, his estate, which had been long possessed by scions of the Duntanlich family, was bequeathed to him by its last owner of this house. Old Kynnachan when in very advanced years used to have his chair brought out to the green in front of his home and placed under a certain tree, where he liked to repose for a great part of the day. Young John of Ballechin often visited at Kynnachan and obtained great favour in the sight of his aged kinsman by the solicitude with which from time to time he shifted the laird's chair so as to keep him constantly under the shade of the aforesaid tree. Iain Mòr Choinneachain was, like all his connections, a redoubted Jacobite. He was Lieut. Colonel in Lord Nairne's Regiment in 1715, and was associated with Brigadier Mackintosh of Borlum in the defence of Leith Citadel. In this connection I may quote a passage from Rae's "History of the Rebellion":—"His Grace (Argyle) having summoned the rebels to lay down their arms and surrender, upon pain of high treason, declaring withal that if they obliged him to bring cannon to force them, and they killed any of his men in resisting, he would give them no quarter. He received a resolute answer from a Highland laird called Kinackin, who told the Duke that, as to surrendering, they

FAMILY AND GENEALOGICAL SKETCHES.

laughed at it ! and, as to bringing cannon and assaulting them, they were ready for him ; that they would neither take nor give any quarter with him ; and if he thought he was able to force them he might try his hand." The Duke, who was only 200 paces off during this colloquy, having taken counsel among his officers, thought it best to retire.

John married Janet May, a relative of Smythe of Methven, by whom he had, along with several other children, a daughter, Clementina, who married Stewart of Portnellan, and a son David, afterwards of Kynnachan.

David Stewart made a romantic marriage with "Bonnie Jeannie Mercer," who belonged to an old Perth family.¹ He dreamed that he saw the lady who would be his bride, and his memory retained a vivid impression of her beautiful form and features. Shortly afterwards at a ball in Perth he beheld the demoiselle of his vision ; they fell in love at first sight, and were in due course married.

One day in the autumn of 1745, the laird of Kynnachan was engaged along with his servants making meadow hay, when a messenger arrived with a letter, upon perusing which David Stewart flung away the fork in his hand, exclaiming that he would not handle it again until the crown would be placed on the head of King James. He had a wide connection among well-known Jacobite families. Stewart of Ballechin, Stewart of Ardsheal, Stewart of Ballachulish, Stewart of Bonskeid, Menzies of Woodend, Mercer of Aldie, Macdonald of Glencoe, Cameron of Callart, Rattray of Tullichuran, and others, were among his near relatives. Kynnachan obtained a commission as major in the Atholl Brigade, serving in Lord Nairne's Regiment, and

¹ From her aunt Jean Mercer and her husband, Mark Wood, descended Sir Mark, Sir James, and Sir George Wood, sons of Alexander Wood of Perth, their son.

FAMILY AND GENEALOGICAL SKETCHES.

took an active part in obtaining recruits. Being severely wounded at Culloden, he was carried to the barn at Old Leanach, which afforded miserable shelter for thirty-one other persons in similar plight, including several of his own relatives. On Friday, after the battle, this hut was set on fire, and burned to the ground—the surrounding guard bayonetting anyone who attempted to escape; and so perished our unfortunate ancestor, who was a man of high spirit, abounding energy, and devoted loyalty to the cause which he had espoused.

Major David Stewart had occupied so prominent a position among the Jacobites of Perthshire that he bulks considerably in the traditionary lore of the country, and is commemorated in song. It is related that Kynnachan House was occupied one night by a detachment of Government troops. The officer in command, pretending a desire to befriend the lady of the house, advised her confidentially, to entrust her plate and jewellery to his care to preserve them from the rapacity of the soldiers—several gentlemen's seats in the neighbourhood having been lately despoiled by the troops. Penetrating his greedy design, she nevertheless concealed her feelings, allowing him to suppose that she would follow his advice. But no sooner had her unwelcome visitors gone to rest for the night, than the lady of Kynnachan packed up all her valuables, and with her children sought a distant place of safety. Part of her belongings were laid in a drawer, hurriedly pulled out, and carried away. Strange to say the chest of drawers is still preserved in the family, but wants the drawer that was never restored to its place. Next morning when the troops were about to leave, the officer, chafing at being outwitted, ordered them to fire successive volleys at the house, which broke every pane of glass in the windows. A daughter of the drummer, who had

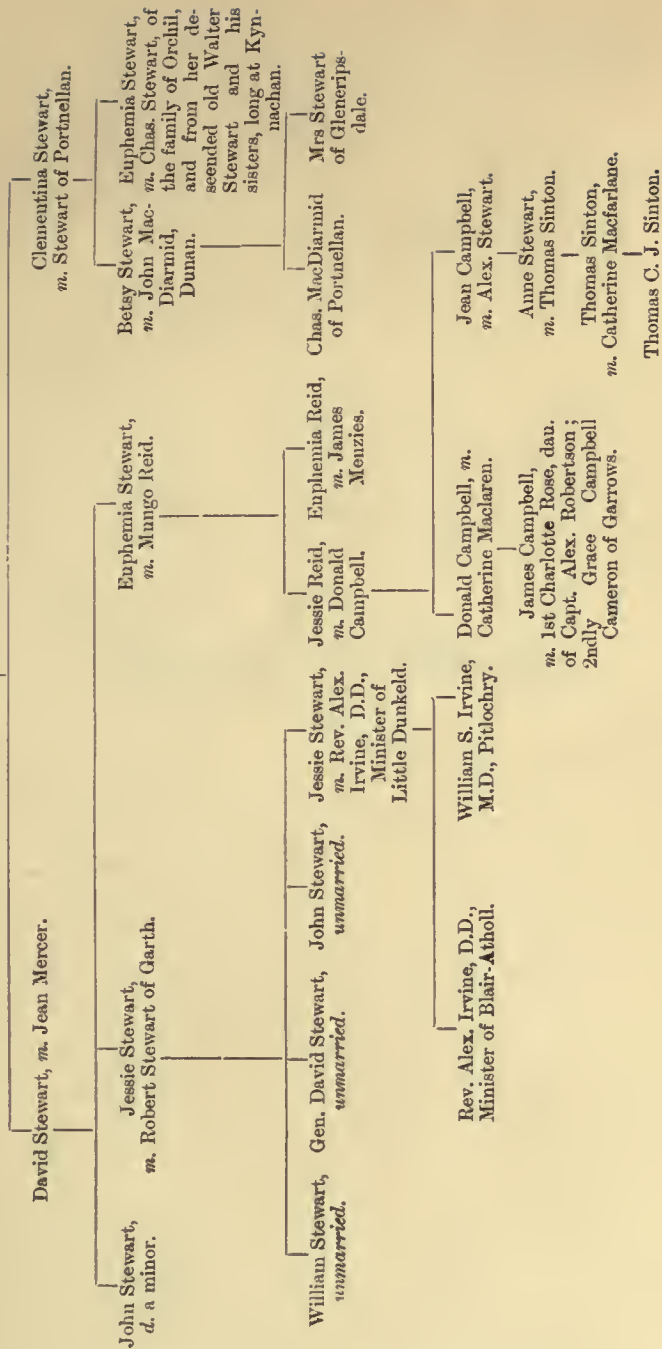
FAMILY AND GENEALOGICAL SKETCHES.

been lying ill in one of the rooms, on hearing the firing went to a window to look out, and was accidentally shot dead. The house of Kynnachan, recently burned, and a handsome garden wall, which yet remains, were completed in 1745, just before the laird took up arms for the Prince. This house was afterwards garrisoned by Government troops, but was soon captured by the Jacobites under the direction of Lord George Murray.

Robert Stewart of Garth, who had married the elder co-heiress of Kynnachan, became proprietor of the estate, which was afterwards inherited in succession by his sons, William, General David, and John Stewart. Being heavily encumbered, it passed out of the family along with Garth, Drumcarry and Inchgarth, about 1831.

STEWARTS OF KYNNACHAN.

John Stewart, 3rd son of Patrick Stewart of Ballechin,
m. Janet May, a relative of Smythe of Methven.



Stewarts of Ballechin

STEWARTS OF BALLECHIN

The Stewarts of Ballechin for centuries held a respectable place among the county families of Perthshire, to not a few of whom they became related. Ardent Jacobites, it need hardly be said, they were. They first owned the estate of Sticks—na Stuicean—near Kenmore until they acquired the lands in Strathtay with which they have been so long connected. The eponym of the family was Sir John Stewart of Sticks, “an honourable man, natural brother of the King.” He was a natural son of James II. The estate of Ballechin is still held by the family though no longer through male succession.

FAMILY AND GENEALOGICAL SKETCHES.

STEWARTS OF BALLECHIN.

Sir John Stewart *m.* Murrel Southyrland.

|
Patrick Stewart

m. Elizabeth Buttar of Gormack.

|
Sir James Stewart

m. Mairie Crichton, daughter of Sir
Robert Crichton of Eliock and
Clunie.

|
Robert Stewart

m. Margaret, daughter of Campbell
of Glenlyon.

|
Patrick Stewart

m. Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Alex-
ander Lindsay, Bart.

|
John Stewart

m. Janet May, a relative of Smythe
of Methven.

|
David Stewart

m. Jean Mercer.

|
Euphemia Stewart

m. Mungo Reid.

|
Jessie Reid

m. Donald Campbell.

|
Donald Campbell

m. Catherine Maclaren.

|
James Campbell.

The Lindsays of Evelick

THE LINDSAYS OF EVELICK

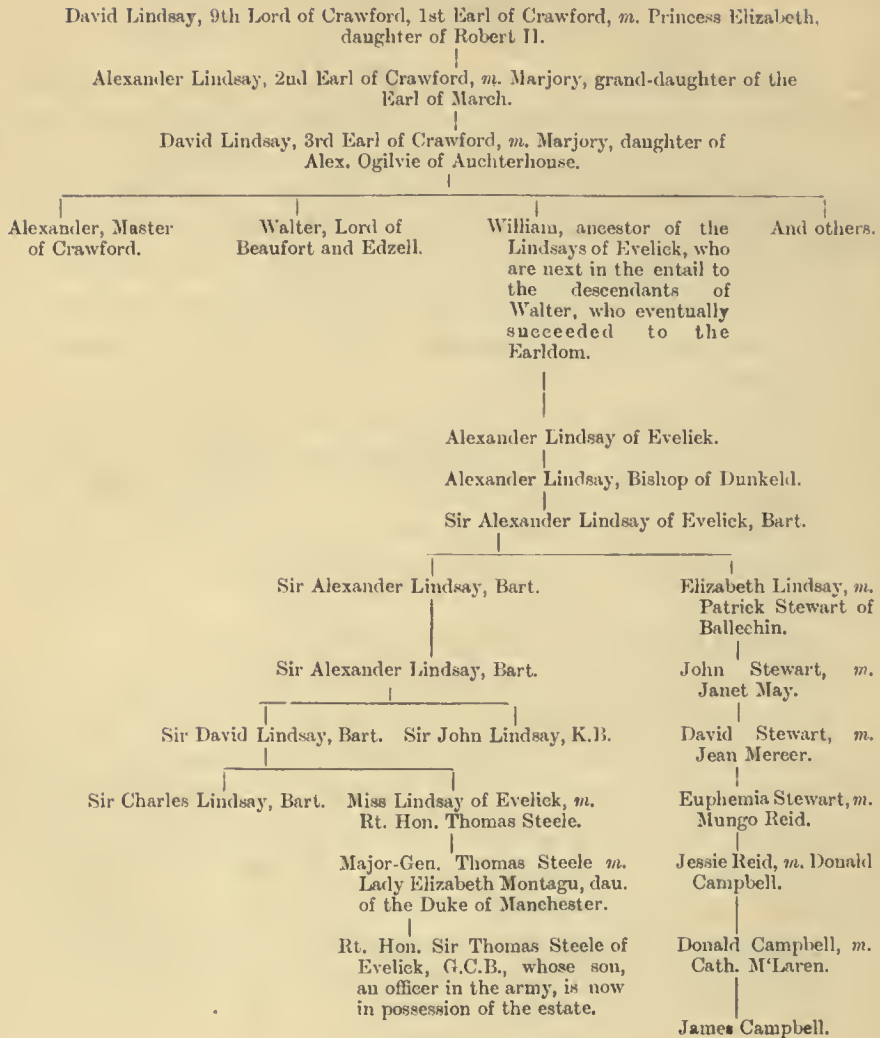
From William, third son of David Lindsay, 3rd Earl of Crawford, sprang the family of Evelick, who stood next in the entail of the comitatus to the descendants of Walter, the second son, from whom came the Edzell line now represented by the present Earls. Alexander Lindsay of Evelick was the father of Alexander, Bishop of Dunkeld, who again was the father of Alexander Lindsay of Evelick, created a baronet in 1666, who was the father of Margaret, wife of Patrick Stewart of Ballechin.

Rear-Admiral of the Red Sir John Lindsay, K.B., born 1737, a younger son of Sir Alexander—there were three in succession of this name and title—was a distinguished sailor, and was for some time M.P. for Aberdeen Burghs. He was accorded a public funeral, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

When Captain Sir Charles Lindsay, Baronet—son of Sir David—was drowned off the West Coast of Africa in 1799, Evelick devolved on his sisters as co-heiresses. The elder married Right Hon. Thomas Steele, Paymaster of the Army. Her son, Major-General Thomas Steele, inherited his mother's rights in the property, and bought up those of her younger sister, who died in 1847. He married Elizabeth, daughter of the Duke of Manchester, and was the father of General the Right Hon. Sir Thomas Montagu Steele of Evelick, G.C.B., a very distinguished soldier, whose sons are now in the army.

FAMILY AND GENEALOGICAL SKETCHES.

THE LINDSAYS OF EVELICK.



The Trichtons

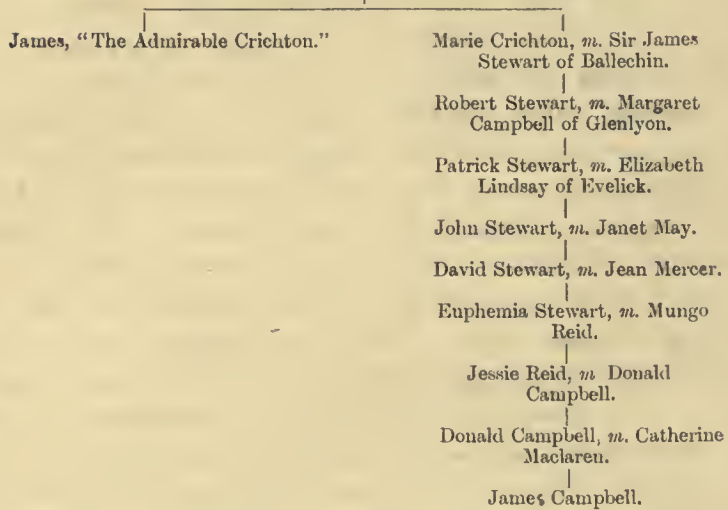
THE CRICHTONS

Sir Robert Crichton, Lord Advocate of Scotland in the reign of Queen Mary and James VI., belonged to a Dumfries-shire family which had given two bishops to the diocese of Dunkeld. Marrying a near connection of the Earl of Atholl, he purchased the estate of Cluny, and here, according to tradition, on 19th August, 1560, was born his illustrious son, James Crichton, who was destined to become "the wonder of his age." Going abroad to seek his fortune on the Continent, like so many of the Scottish youth of that period, he rapidly acquired an extraordinary reputation for almost superhuman gifts of mind and body, which cast a sort of glory upon his native land, and which became embalmed in the appellation of "The Admirable Crichton." While no doubt many fabulous legends got into circulation with regard to his personal attainments and career, we may believe that it was no ordinary scholar who so impressed his contemporaries with a sense of his commanding talents, and aroused such marvellous enthusiasm of praise. The *perfervidum ingenium Scotorum* was surely never better exemplified. The contract of marriage between his sister Marie and our ancestor, James Stewart of Ballechin, is dated at Blair in Atholl, 2nd February, 1586, wherein John, Earl of Athole, and James, first Lord Doune, afterwards known as "the bonnie Earl of Moray" (designated her uncles), are undertakers and sureties for the tocher.

FAMILY AND GENEALOGICAL SKETCHES.

THE CRICHTONS.

Sir Robert Crichton of Elioek and Cluny, Lord Advocate of Scotland, *m.*
Elizabeth Stewart, daughter of Sir James Stewart of Beath.



The Mercers of Aldie

THE MERCERS OF ALDIE

Although we are descended from "Bonnie Jeannie Mercer" of Perth, who under romantic circumstances became the wife of David Stewart of Kynnachan—himself connected with many old Perth families, including the Smythes of Methven—it was through the marriage of Jean Stewart of Ballechin to Sir Lawrence Mercer of Aldie that we came to be related to this fine old house which still in a manner subsists though merged in that of Lansdowne. Needless to say that they were ardent Jacobites. Colonel Hon. Robert Mercer of Aldie was in constant communication with our ancestor, Major Stewart of Kynnachan, during the course of the rising of 1745-46, and both equally devoted to the cause they had espoused, met their fate together in the fatal barn at Old Leanach.

MERCERS OF ALDIE.

Patrick Stewart of Ballechin, *m.* Eliz. Lindsay.

Charles Stewart, *m.* Anne Dow of Arnhull.

Jean Stewart, *m.* Sir Lawrence Mercer of Aldie.

Jean Mercer, *m.* Robert Nairne, 3rd son of Lord William Murray and Margaret Nairne: after his marriage known as Robert Mercer: died along with his son at Chlloeden.

William Mercer, *m.* Margt. Murray of Pitcaithly.

Jean Mercer, *m.* Lord Keith.

Margaret Mercer-Elphinstone, Baroness Keith, *de jure* Baroness Nairne, *m.* Count de Flahault, *d.* 1867.

Emily Jane Mercer-Elphinstone, Baroness Nairne, *m.* Henry, Marquis of Lansdowne.

Henry Charles Keith, present Marquis of Lansdowne, Baron Nairne, *etc.*, and Proprietor of the Aldie Estates.

John Stewart, *m.* Janet May.

David Stewart, *m.* Jean Mercer.

Euphemia Stewart, *m.* Mungo Reid.

Jessie Reid, *m.* Donald Campbell.

Donald Campbell, *m.* Cath M'Laren.

James Campbell, *m.* 1st Charlotte Rose, dan. of Capt. Alex. Robert-son; 2ndly, Grace Campbell Cameron of Garrows.

The Macphails or Campbells

THE MACPHAILS OR CAMPBELLS

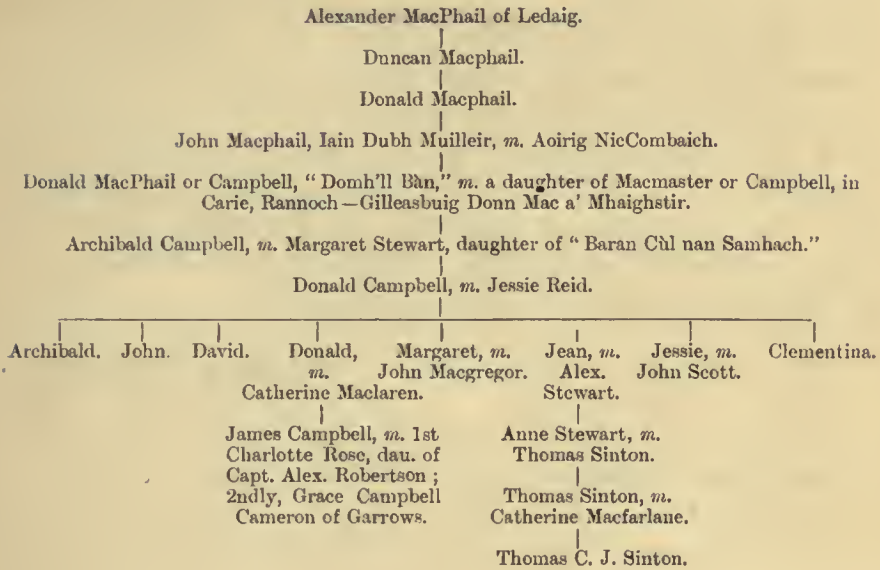
Alexander MacPhail was proprietor of the estate of Ledaig in Benderloch, but in consequence of a feud with the Clan Maclean, had to withdraw to Glenlyon, leaving his lands, from which he drew rents for a time, to be ultimately appropriated by Campbell of Lochnell. His great-great-grandson, previously known as Donald MacPhail, took the surname of Campbell on leaving Lochnell's Company of the Black Watch, in which he served for some years. It is probable, however, that these MacPhails were a branch of the Clan Diarmid, and descended from a certain Paul Campbell,—hence Clann Phàil. Alexander was succeeded in Baile 'Mhuilinn Eoghainnein by his son Duncan, who lived for 80 years in the same house, and whose funeral was attended by 18 grandsons. These all, according to tradition, came under the evil eye of the great wizard called "an Seirbhchearnach," and were blighted. One of Duncan's sons was Donald, who resided on the north side of Loch Tay, and whose wife had a son born on the morning of Latha Shròn a' Chlachair—*i.e.*, the well-known fight between Gordon of Huntly and Breadalbane—in which Donald M'Phail's brother-in-law was killed. Donald's wife was so much affected by her brother's death that she was not able to nourish the infant herself. A nurse was procured, and as soon as he was weaned this child, baptized John, was taken away by his grandfather Duncan and brought up in his house. John married and settled in Rannoch, first at Cuil a' Mhuilinn in Sliosmin, and afterwards at Milton of Drumachaoine, where he resided for 40 years, and had a numerous family. Heriot, his wife, was a

FAMILY AND GENEALOGICAL SKETCHES.

strong, robust woman, who wore a large knife suspended from a belt, or *crios*, and also wore a large purse commonly called "*sporan iallach*." Their son Domh'll Bàn entered the Black Watch through the good offices of Christian Campbell, Lady Menzies, who afterwards put the farm of Aulich within his option. This, however, he declined. The Chief of Menzies, overhearing the conversation, asked him on what grounds he did so, when Donald told him that the widow who occupied the place had a numerous tender family to provide for, whereas he had then only a few bairns, and that he would rather want than take her place. The laird was pleased, and gave him a holding at Loinnbhreac. Hardly had he entered upon its occupancy when Captain Duncan Campbell of Lochnell offered him a nineteen years' lease of Ledaig, his forefathers' inheritance, which, however, he was unable to accept. His son Archibald was first in Loinnbhreac and afterwards in Lerigan; and Archibald's son Donald went first to Craiganour and afterwards to Balachroan, where he died at a good old age in 1831. His wife, Jessie Reid, whose grandfather, David Stewart of Kynachan, was killed at Culloden, survived until March, 1854, when she died at Kerrowmore in Glenlyon. Her cousin Jessie, widow of Dr Irvine of Little Dunkeld, and sister of General David Stewart of Garth, died in 1865.

FAMILY AND GENEALOGICAL SKETCHES.

THE MACPHAILS OR CAMPBELLS.



FAMILY AND GENEALOGICAL SKETCHES.

And now, my dear cousin, I have finished the brief memoranda of our family and some of their connections, which I undertook to draw up when last we spoke of the subject. These might indeed be extended indefinitely. From a glance at other names on the genealogical tables you will see that many interesting branches have been left untouched which might very easily be traced did time and space permit. I trust that what I have done, however, will meet with your approval, and that these notes will help future generations of our folks to fulfil the time-honoured injunction of the Gaelic proverb—“Cuimhnich air na daoine bho 'n d'thàinig thu”—“Remember the men from whom you came.”

THOMAS SINTON.

THE MANSE, DORES,
Nov., 1911.

Appendix

APPENDIX

The following translations are throughout almost literally verbatim, retaining in great measure the Gaelic idiom, and not unfrequently the original rhythm. So close a rendering has undoubtedly its disadvantages, especially in the case of languages that differ so widely in their genius and structure as Gaelic and English; but so competent an authority as the late Principal Campbell Shairp of St Andrews, Professor of Poetry in Oxford, in urging me, as he often did, to collect and publish remains of Gaelic song, used to express strongly his opinion that these should be translated as verbally as possible. In doing "The Poetry of Badenoch" into English I carefully followed the advice of my esteemed friend with entirely satisfactory results—to judge from the tone of the reviews.

A (Page 9).

Luck attend thee, Mungo Reid !
Mungo Reid, Mungo Reid !
Luck attend thee, Mungo Reid !
Over to Dunedin.
Unwelcome thou to Kynnachan,
Unwelcome thou to Kynnaehan,
Unwelcome thou to Kynnachan,
Since thou stol'st away the heiress.

B (Page 18).

Now reposing on my arm, seeing downwards, over against me, a steep green surface with cairns of stones, under the high slope of the mountain, I am pensive and oppressed without anything paining me,—the sun going down and I alone alone on a hillock ;

APPENDIX.

And I beholding the spot destitute of warm heart or greeting, and the waste ruins of the dwelling wherein my friends resided. The partridge with her brood is on the pleasant lawn, and the well to which water-stoup is nevermore brought.

It is seeing with the eye on which eyelids close not, the dear ones gone over where no misfortune may reach them, that has moistened my cheek and cast me in a train of wistful thought, here, all by myself on sojourn among the heathery banks.

Remembering in this hour that a journey is our natural allotment—and to be fast hastening after the folks who have departed—everything I behold tells that death comes to us all, and that we will be like the generations that were blithe in this upland region.

Often did their steps ascend that smooth breast yonder, driving the cattle on a sunny day in the morning; but there is unbroken loneliness about the Green Shealing-ground and the Glade Pasturage—Pitkerril without smoke, without herd or fold!

Oh, I would ask, during my day only to be in the company of those most beloved, listening to the melody of the burns in the Glen of the Braes of Foss; Schiehallion to the west would be sheltering us from storm, and brindled Craig Kynnachan on the east of the homestead.

C (Page 21).

In the verses of this and the succeeding piece, David Campbell details the circumstances under which, like many another swain similarly situated, he sought relief in song. This was a natural resource for him. His father had a turn for rhyme, and Domh'll Phàil, the bard, was his cousin-german. Indeed many members of his race had a poetic vein. The second stanza forms the refrain.

On my being for a space of time afar from the place where I was nourished when young, tidings—no cause of mirth—were heard that my beloved one was married. And though some speak to me saying, "What avails to deplore?" the love I gave as a small child, I will cherish during my life.

APPENDIX.

Fresh nymph of the flowing hair, who didst obtain the palm over every woman, 'tis love of thee that hath caused my distraction and hath put disorder in my head. Though thou hast contemned me, and though thy love hath grown cold, I shall be henceforth under vexation, since I got not thy hand.

I was of age only ten years when I regarded thee with pleasure at first, and every day enlarging it, and thou ever satisfying my eye. Small wonder my being sorry, heavy, melancholy, hurt,—another man having thee to-day and I standing behind.

But I must needs tell—and there is no use in concealing it—that I was youthful at the time, and of little value and estimation; my sheep could not be counted, and halter went not on my horse, and neither did Martinmas ever bring in rent to me.

But if thou didst incline to me, thou fresh bough of the gentle kindly eyes, the country people would not see thee under anxiety as to rent: it is that we would be cheerily increasing in glad fondness each day, and the gentlemen of the country would be giving respect to my dear.

But now I would cease from lamenting, and I would let sorrow go, and I would tell the countenance of the maiden of most graceful turns in the dance; a damsel frank, elegant, comely, who was sedate, without blemish; who would allure love from the young men though sweet is their speech.

It is the wont of song-folks to be likening a rose to every cheek; and if lips are rather pretty, like berries on a twig of mountain-ash in the time of reaping are they;—every eye of theirs will be like a blackberry that will be in the shelter of the banks, and the comparison of feet is the white salmon that comes from the sea.

There's no flower in the garden, though elegant their hue, nor herb in the desert nor on the sounding shore of the ocean; there grew not in glade of the mountain, nor on tree in the greenwood, that would afford a comparison to my dear one—the beloved of north-country men.

But though beautiful is thy person, and though handsome thy face; though more musical is thy speech than the mavis singing melody; though whiter than mountain down thy narrow, white, closely set teeth; and though thy breath is sweeter to me than honey globes under dew:

APPENDIX.

It is not these—though sufficient—that made me seek thee, darling, but the amplitude of thy spirit and intelligence in superiority over the young people of thy native country. It is thinking of thy conversation and thy select method in every case and that we might not be together, that hath left tears on my eye.

Thou didst get as a hereditary endowment every grace that we would desire for woman—quiet, modest in thy nature—gentle, friendly towards a worthy man; kindly, warm-hearted towards the suffering, doing them good unobtrusively. Often didst thou give an alms, and it would not be one of stingy necessity.

Often came I home from the plain of the Lowlanders, tired, faint, having little sleep, heavy, weary, dull; 'tis the kindness of my lassie and she in my close embrace, that would banish discontent from my attention, and that would give me the soundness of health.

'Tis in the shade of the trees where the green torrents pour, to listen to the glowing speech of my loved one oft did I incline my ear. 'Twas not the pleading of silliness that you would love to be mentioning, but the choicest sense and wisdom, as would be the custom of a gentlewoman.

If I were to get my desire, my fondest wish and my delight, there would be no request in my petition but to be near thee, darling. Much more would I prefer than a country to disport with thee without fear, where the wood-pigeon would crow and the grass is thickest.

What avails remembering it? The wheel (of Fortune) has made a sinister turn; and where I had expectation of kindness, last night there was naught but aversion. The love of young maidens is brief as the flash of an hour, and closely after it comes darkness and cold.

Had I but taken the lesson that I would give to others—to walk decorously and without yielding affection to woman—my face would not be so wrinkled, without thine excuse being there; but to give love to one of them without ransom in return.

But though thou, dear, hast forsaken me and hast given thy hand to a new man, I shall never be heard but extolling thy praise; and though I am at present living long away from the country, it is a pleasure to be hearing a good report, beloved, of thee.

APPENDIX.

D (Page 26).

'Tis foolish and insensate for a youth without tenantry to seek much conversation with young gentle maidens. Like the snow on Schiehallion on a spring morning without gloom, they are fair to be looked at, but attached to them is cold.

Many an active polished youth without care in the world have I seen bending himself underneath the sorcery of their love. 'Tis that they have as a desire to be seeking the submission of men, but when the knee is bent to them our petition is scorned.

'Tis pity that I believed not this thing before I laid bare my mind to a young gentle maiden who most trimly steps on the green,—before I yielded as an offering a heart faithful, without flaw,—before my peace of mind changed, before vexation and dejection came.

But though I gave love to thee, 'twere no disgrace to be mentioned ; in beauty and grace few are they who will excel thee in the north. Thou art the queen of virgins in every most noble merry band ; and 'tis getting thee to marry that would forever banish grief.

Though I would not place thee in the station of an earl's or duke's wife, I would put silk about thy person and satin to veil thy face ; I would fasten gold around thine elegant fingers, in which the reflection of thine eye would be seen ; and I would send with thee, dear, a swift steed that would gain for thee fame.

It would not be the murmuring of the carl—ever censuring without cause—or the grumbling of the cross-grained churl that I would display towards my love ; 'twould be the choice of every word—mild, calm, tender—that I would always give to the damsel from a heart that is warm.

But farewell to thee, maiden, if parting be thy desire ; I will be no longer hindering a new man ; since fortune is wanting to me, it is necessary to stand back ; shew wisdom in thy choosing, and do not make selection of the worst.

Though many a noble strain hath tinted thy cheek like the rose, and though many are the gifts that are associated with thee from the first ; I would not for a handful of gold go to ask thee, did I not imagine that thy heart would be softening towards me.