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HISTORIC SCENES

IN

FORFARSHIRE.

BY

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"THE WESTMINSTER STANDARDS PERSECUTING," &c.

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P R E F A C E.

This volume is a reprint, with corrections and additions, of a series of papers which originally appeared in the *Weekly News* of Dundee.

We began the papers by suggesting some considerations meant to commend what we were to write about to public attention. These considerations we have not reprinted : we felt that it was superfluous to do so. The acceptance which the papers met with as they appeared from week to week ; the desire expressed to have them in a permanent form ; and the very large number of Subscribers for this volume, to whom we offer cordial thanks, shew that the subject is an interesting one to a wide circle of readers.

Our title describes our subject. It is not the antiquities of Forfarshire, or its architecture, or its topography, or its landscapes, or its agriculture, or its trade and commerce. With these our subject, in so far as it has been treated, has hitherto been mixed up, generally in large and expensive works ; but it is quite distinct from them. It is the Historic Scenes of the shire ; to which nothing was relevant which did not contribute, more or less, to the making of such Scenes.

We have written for the information and entertainment of the general reader. All questions on which he could not be

expected to accompany us with intelligence and interest we have studiously shunned.

Our acknowledgments are due to preceding writers on Forfarshire, or on parts of it ; primarily to the Author of the Land of the Lindsays and Memorials of Angus and Mearns, whose researches have added so largely to what the public had previously known of the shire. History is not to be invented, but learned ; and if the sources from which we have learned much of the history embodied in the following pages, and the authorities on which we have relied for its authenticity, are less frequently named than they might have been, we do here all the more frankly acknowledge our obligations to them.

We are sensible of the very imperfect manner in which we have accomplished our task. We have spared no pains to be as accurate as possible ; but we cannot hope that we have escaped mistake and misstatement, in a work dealing with matters so multitudinous and multifarious, and over many of which so much obscurity hangs.

COUPAR ANGUS, December, 1875.

CONTENTS.

FORFARSHIRE.

Extent of—Population—Districts. 1.

THE MARITIME DISTRICT.

DUNDEE.

Antiquity of—Castle—Limits of Old Dundee—Name of the town, and lore about—Burned by Edward I. of England—Retaken by Wallace—Taken again by the English—Recovered by Wallace—Scrimgeour made Hereditary Constable of—National Council held in—Robert II. in—Contribution by, to ransom of David II., and new charter got—“Briggant” execution in—Visited by James V. and his Queen—Burned by Edward VI. of England—Zeal of, for the Reformation—Wishart’s Labours in—The Wedderburns—Their Gude aud Godly Ballates—Paul Methven—Mary and Darnley in—Amercied by Mary—One good deed by her—Earl of Gowrie captured in—Visited by James VI. in 1595 and 1617—An Asylum to Andrew Melville—Four meetings of General Assembly in—Stormed by Montrose—Sacked by Monk—Hilltown burned by Claverhouse—Authorities of, Conformists—They and population opposed to one another in 1715—The Pretender Proclaimed at—Exhibition of him at the Cross—Dundee in 1745—Queen Victoria landing at, and departing from, in 1844—Opening of Baxter Park—Inauguration of Kinloch Monument—Place of Public Execution—Birth-house of Admiral Duncan—Birth-house of Admiral Middleton—Strathmartin’s Lodgings—Whitehall—The Earl’s Lodgings (Crawford’s)—Witch Knowe—Residences of Argyll, the Wedderburns, etc.—The Luckenbooths—St Margaret’s Close—Wallace Craigie—Cowgate Port—Blackness—Belmont House—Heathfield House—Ancient Ecclesiastical edifices. 1—45.

LIFF AND BENVIE.

Roman Station and Camp in—Early Church at Invergowrie—Wishart’s memorable night at—Hurley Hawkin—Battle of Liff—Union of Scotts and Piets—Stuart zeal of minister of Benvie. 46—50.

MAINS AND STRATHMARTIN.

Claverhouse—The “Bloody Clavers”—Lord Macaulay’s pencillings of him and his associates for fortnight—Nine Maidens’ Well—Clatto Moor—Broughty Castle—Notice of some Strathmartin ministers. 51—57.

MURROES.

Castle of Easter Powrie—Anciently belonged to the Earls of Angus—Tragic Story of Gilchrist, third Earl—Castle of Ballumbie—Story of the heroine, Catherine Douglas. 57—59.

MONIFIETH.

Grange—Seat of the Durhams—Centre of Reforming influence—Marvellous preservation of Lieutenant Durham—Meetings at Grange of Alexander Durham, sixth baron, Erskine of Dun, and Knox—Erskine's narrow escape at, from the Papists—Montrose a night at, on his way to the gibbet, and almost made his escape—John Durham of Pitkerro—Linlathen House, seat of the late Thomas Erskine, Esq.—The parish a model of coercion in religion—Fierceness of the '15 Rebellion in. 59—62.

BARRY.

Battle of Barry—Great victory of the Scots over the Norsemen—Monuments of the battle. 62—64.

MONIKIE.

The Live and Let Live Testimonial to Lord Paumure—Vestiges of war in the parish—William Rait, minister of, deposed for Jacobitism in 1715—Alexander Balfour, copious literary writer, a native of. 64—66.

PANBRIDE.

Panmure Castle, and House—Battle of Panmure—Panbride the birth-parish of Hector Boece. 66—67.

ARBIRLOT.

Black Den—Crown lost in—Kelly Castle and Barony—Once the property of Walter, Lord High Steward of Scotland—Old Christian Monument at Manse—Arbirlot the parish in which the late Dr Guthrie began his ministry. 67—68.

ARBROATH.

The Abbey—Founded by William the Lion—Dedicated to Thomas à Becket—Kings who sojourned in—William the Lion buried in—His grave identified—Twice visited by Edward I. of England—Often by King Robert Bruce—Parliament held in, in 1320—Suffered much from the English during the Wars of the Independence—Battle of Arbroath—Death of the Earl of Crawford and of the Laird of Inverquharity—James V. entertained in the Abbey—Overthrow of, at the Reformation—First and Second Reformed ministers of Arbroath—Captain Fall's attack on—Hospitalfield, the Monkbarns of the Anti-quary—The Right Honourable Fox Maule, Lord Panmure, banquitted in Arbroath—Bell Rock—Bell Rock Lighthouse. 68—79.

ST. VIGEANS.

Sculptured Stones at—Reading of one of them—Peter Young, tutor to James VI., buried in Church of—Ludicrous superstition in the parish—Anecdotes of John Aitken, minister of St Vigeans. 79—81.

INVERKEILLOR.

Redcastle, a Royal hunting-seat—The De Berkeleys of—The Inglerams—The Stewarts of Innermeath—Monstrous attack on, by Gray of Duninald—Lunan Bay, a landing-place of the Northmen—Vestiges of, in the neighbourhood—Auchmithie fishermen's awe of the Earls of Northesk, when Barons of Redcastle—Eathie House—A favourite residence of Cardinal Beaton—Still haunted by his ghost—The seat of the Earls of Southesk—Notices of several of these—Boysack, the Carnegies of, and their Jacobitism—Jacobite ministers of Inverkeillor. 81—87.

LUNAN.

Vestiges of the Northmen in—The Knaps—Memorials of war in—Walter Mill long parish priest of—Turned Protestant—His martyrdom. 87—89.

CRAIG.

Birth-parish of Andrew Melville—His education, and scholarly eminence—Made Principal of the University of Glasgow—Transferred to St Andrews—His special mission that of a Church Reformer—The head of the Second Reformation—What his struggle with King James cost him—His noble character—Illustrations of—The birth-parish also of Dr Alexander Leighton—Horrible persecution suffered by—Two Scots who rose to a high place in India, natives of the parish—The King's Cadgers' Road. 89—95.

KINNELL.

Traces of the Romans in—Indications of war in the locality—Barony of Kinnell given by The Bruce to the chief of the Clan Fraser for his exploits on the field of Bannockburn—Other Angus and Mearns' estates given for the same reason to the Lovats—Part of Montreathmont Moor, one of the Royal forests, in Kinnell—Royalty often hunted in it—James VI. did so for a week in 1617. 95—97.

MARYTON.

Old Montrose, the seat of the Grahams—Took from it their several titles of nobility—Notice of the family—The great Marquis—His heart got by Lady Napier after his execution, and embalmed—Taken to India, and worshipped there—Lost at Boulogne—Marquis's noble qualities—After his death, Old Montrose passed to the Earl of Middleton—His infamous character and administration—His fall, poverty, and death—Bonnington and Usan, and the Tullochs and Woods of—Censure of Lammie, minister of Maryton, for his activity to get the Earl of Southesk returned as a member of the General Assembly of 1648—Irvine, minister of the parish in 1715, forced to flee from it by the Jacobite Rebels. 97—100.

FARNELL.

Lands of, originally belonged to the See of Brechin, and Castle the Bishop's Palace—Worldly wisdom of Alexander Campbell, Bishop of Brechin at the Reformation—Kinnaird possessed by the Carnegies

from 1409—Kinnaird Castle the seat of the Earls of Southesk—Frequently honoured with the presence of Royalty—Burned by Earl Beardie after the Battle of Brechin—Notice of the Carnegies of Kinnaird—Stuart zeal of David, first Earl of Southesk—Fined by Cromwell—Father-in-law of the Great Marquis of Montrose, who, when on his way to Edinburgh to his doom, was conveyed by Kinnaird Castle—Second Earl a reputed magician—His extraordinary disappearance from Earth—Fifth Earl a leading Jacobite in 1715—Proclaimed the Chevalier at Montrose—Fought for him at Sheriffmuir—Entertained him at his Castle—Was forfeited, and died an exile in France—Estates bought back by Sir James Carnegie of Pitarrow—Titles restored to Sir James's great grandson in 1855—Farnell Castle—Laudable use made of, by the Ladies Carnegie. 100—104.

MONTROSE.

Sacked by the Danes in 980—Castle of, occasional residence of William the Lion—Edward I. of England in Montrose in 1296—Recovered by Wallace, and Castle demolished—Wallace landed at, from France, and met by Sir John Ramsay of Auchterhouse and other friends—Accidentally burned in 1244—David II. twice in the town—The port from which Sir James Douglas sailed for Palestine with the heart of King Robert Bruce—His fate in the expedition—Feud between Montrose and Dun—Priest of the town murdered by John Erskine of Dun—Erskine on the Continent for years, and returned a warm friend of learning and Church reform—Set up his famous school in Montrose—George Wishart a scholar in and then teacher of—Persecuted by Bishop Hepburn for teaching the Greek New Testament—The Melvilles, Andrew and James, also scholars in school—High educational position maintained by Montrose—Reconciliation of Montrose and Dun—Reformation early embraced by the inhabitants of Montrose—Attempt of the English to land their fleet at, frustrated by Erskine of Dun—General Assembly at Montrose—Passage at arms between King James and Andrew Melville—Conflict in Montrose between the Covenanters and the Cavaliers—Severe Visitation of the plague—The port from which the Pretender sailed for France—House in which he spent his last night in Scotland—Sympathy of Montrose with Prince Charles Edward in 1745—Contest between the Loyalists and the Rebels for the possession of the town—The Rebellion crushed out by the Duke of Cumberland—His severity—The Bridges on the Eks—Joseph Hume a native of Montrose—Monument to. 104—115.

THE SIDLAW DISTRICT.

GUTHRIE.

Carbuddo—Roman camp of Haerfaulds—Guthrie Castle, the seat of the Guthries—Antiquity and mark of the family—Squire Guthrie sent to France to bring Wallace back again—Sir David Guthrie of Guthrie's high offices—Fatality of Flodden to the family—James Guthrie, the martyr in 1661, a son of the Laird of Guthrie—Notice of. 116—118.

DUNNICHEN.

Battle of Nechtan's Fort—Memorials of—Dunnichen House, seat of the late George Dempster, Esquire—His high character—His *soubriquet* in Parliament—His services to all the interests of the country—His own account of his management of his estate—Scientific and lettered society of Dunnichen House—The idea of Jamieson's Dictionary of the Scottish Language first suggested there. 118—122.

KIRKDEN.

Anciently a thanedom—Obelisk opposite House of Pitmuies, Tumulus near, and urns found in—Numerous sepulchral remains in neighbourhood—Thought to be monuments of the Battle of Barry—The Laws of Idvies and Gardyne, and feudal uses of—Gardyne Castle, the seat of the Gardynes—Their fierce and bloody feuds with neighbours. 122—123.

CARMYLLIE.

Abounds in relics of the slain in war—Presumed to be further monuments of the Battle of Barry. 123.

INVERARITY.

Old historic families who possessed the lands of the parish—Kincaldrum House, the seat of the late Edward Baxter,—Now the property of his son, the Right Honourable William Baxter, M.P. for the Montrose Burghs, and late Financial Secretary to the Treasury. 123—124.

TEALING.

Figures only ecclesiastically—John Glas, founder of the Glassites, ordained minister of, in 1719—Heresies into which he fell—Suspended by his Presbytery—Deposed by his Synod, and sentence confirmed by the Commission of Assembly—His subsequent labours—Walter Tait, sometime minister of, another sectary. 124—126.

GLAMMIS.

Roman Station at Hayston—Glen of Ogilvy—Legend of St Donevald and his Nine Maidens—Rescue of William the Lion in the Glen from bandits by Earl Gilchrist and his sons—Retreat of Claverhouse to the Glen in 1689—Glen of Denoon—Old Pictish fort on the top of basaltic hill in. 126—130.

NEWTYLE.

Pictish Fort on Kilpurnie Hill—Observatory on—Castles of Hatton and Balcraig—Garrison of Covenanters in Hatton Castle—Bishop of Aberdeen resident in, after the Revolution—Strength and zeal of the Prelatic party in the parish—Bannatyne Castle—Early poetry of Scotland collected in, by George Bannatyne—Hill of Keillor—Sepulchral remains, and Monumental Stone. 130—133.

AUCHTERHOUSE.

Trace of the war between the Scots and the Picts—Auchterhouse visited by Wallace—Wallace Tower—First Stewart proprietor of, a half-

brother of James II., Chamberlain of Scotland, and created Earl of Buchan—Seventh Earl fined by Cromwell for his support of Charles I., and taken cognisance of by the Kirk Session—Tragic story of “Fair Matilda”—Extracts from Kirk Session Records from 1645 to 1665. 133—136.

LUNDIE.

Lundie Castle—Seat of the Duncan family—Trophy at, of Admiral Duncan’s Victory, off Camperdown—Placed at the entrance gate to Camperdown House, and inspected with great interest by Her Majesty, as she passed in 1844—Church of Foulis—Its offensive “*paintrie*.” 137—138.

KETTINS.

Castle of Dores and Pitcur—Persons of distinction given by Pitcur Castle to the county and country—The two Hallyburtons, Provosts of Dundee—The “*bauld Pitcur*” who fell at Killicrankie—Inter-marriage of the Huntly and Pitcur families, and issue of. 138—140.

THE STRATHMORE DISTRICT.

KETTINS.

Roman camp at Campmuir—Weem near Lintrose House—Euphemia Murray of Lintrose—Sculptured stone at Kettins village—Notice of some ministers of Kettins from 1606 to 1716—Rebelliousness of the parish in 1746, and forced settlement of Robert Trail. 141—144.

COUPAR ANGUS.

Roman camp at—Abbey built on centre of camp—Founded in 1164 by Malcolm IV.—Cistercian monks planted in—Visited by Alexander II., Wallace, The Bruce, Robert II., and Queen Mary—Burying-place of the Hays, great benefactors of the Abbey, of the Muschets of Cargill, and of the Durwards—Outrage on the Abbey by Lindsay and his associates—Furnished the Advocates Library, Edinburgh, with its copy of the *Scoti-Chronicon*—Demolition of, at the Reformation—Abbot’s residence at Campsie—Worldly wisdom of last Abbot—Abbey erected into a temporal lordship in favour of James Elphinstone, Lord Coupar—Hereditary Bailie of the Regality of the Abbey—Town burned by Colkitto in 1645, and the minister, Robert Lindsay, with many others killed—George Hay, minister at the Revolution, deprived for his Jacobitism. 144—149.

NEWTYLE.

Graham’s Knowe and King’s Well—George Patullo and Thomas Black, ministers, staunch Covenanters, and their sufferings for the cause—Black’s successor, Alexander Mackenzie, a strong Prelatist, deprived for non-jurancy—Persecution of John Clephane, minister in 1715—Forced to flee the country. 150—151.

EASSIE AND NEVAY.

Sculptured stone at Old Manse—Circular mound on which Castle Nairne stands—Probably a military station of Edward I. of England—Sylvester Lammie, minister at the Revolution, deprived for non-jurane. 151—152.

RUTHVEN.

Weem in—Tradition of battle in—Barony long the property of the Crawford family—Castle at Queich—Gibbet on Candle Hill—State of the parish in 1715. 153—154.

AIRLIE.

Castle of Baikie, and Fentons of—The Castle a Royal residence—"Ambry," carved coping-stone, &c., at the Kirk of Airlie—Roman camp near Cardean—Airlie Castle—Antagonism, political and ecclesiastical, of Argyle and Airlie, and old feud between them—Castle had repelled an attack of Montrose—Surrendered to Argyle, who plundered and burned it—Lyric on the "Burnin" of—John Robertson, minister of Airlie at the Restoration, a staunch Presbyterian, and deprived. 154—158.

GLAMMIS.

Anciently a thanedom—The Castle, a Royal residence—Malcolm II. murdered at Glamis—Extant monuments of the murder—Buried at Glamis—His traditional gravestone—Sir John Lyon, founder of the noble family of Strathmore, married the Princess Jane, daughter of Robert II., who brought him the thanedom of Glamis as her dowry—Sir John killed in a duel—Glamis forfeited on the execution of Lady Jane Douglas—a Royal residence again—James V. frequently lived at—Story of Lady Jane Douglas—Attachment of Strathmore family to the Stuarts—Fifth Earl gave his life for them at Sheriffmuir—The Pretender in Glamis Castle in January, 1716—Accounts of his appearance and manners—Flax spinning mill on Glamis Burn. 158—163.

KINNETTLES.

Battle for Popery in—Flax spinning mill at Douglstown—The Lindsays of Kinnettles—James Lawmonth, minister of, deprived in 1649—Alexander Taylor, last Episcopal minister of, author of *The Tempest*—William Paterson, and John Ingles Harvey, of Kinnettles—Eminence to which they rose. 164—166.

FORFAR.

Roman camp near—Battle of Restennet—Old Royal Castle—Its probable site—Malcolm Canmore and his Queen Margaret often resided in—Their character and influence—New Royal Castle—Resided in by William the Lion, Alexander II., and Alexander III.—Gilbert de Umfraville Governor of the Castle in 1291—His answer to demand of surrender by Edward I.—Edward in Forfar in 1296—Lodged in the Castle—Castle captured by Wallace, recovered by the English, retaken by King Robert Bruce, and demolished—Never rebuilt, but Bruce had House in town—Memorials of the residence of our Kings

at Forfar—Priory of Restennet—Its site—Curious privilege of canons of—Royal Visits to—Illustrious dead buried at—Public Records, &c., lodged in for safe custody—Staple trade of Forfar in 16th century—Ludicrous joke played off on Sutors of Forfar by Drummond of Hawthornden—Height of the anti-witch mania in Forfar—Forfar strongly Prelatic—Attempt to have the Covenant sworn at, in 1639, frustrated—Royalist Committees sitting at daily in 1644—Its Commissioner in Parliament a noted Royalist—Treatment of a Suspected Commonwealth spy in—Summary vengeance for—Proceedings on the Restoration—Detachment of military stationed in Forfar after the Revolution—Earl of Strathmore killed on the street of—Fate of a Forfar Sutor in 1745—Outbreaking of a Highland feud in neighbourhood—King James's boast of Forfar—Judicial decision as to stirrup cup—Earl of Strathmore's plan for draining Loch—New Cemetery—Dr Jamieson, a minister in Forfar for seventeen years. 166—180.

KIRRIEMUIR.

Courthill—Witch-pool—Mute antiquities—District infested by Caterans—Castle of Inverquharity—Possessors of the barony—District largely represented in Battle of Harlaw—Notice of some of the Ogilvys of Inverquharity—Shielhill, scene of the Water Kelpie by Jamieson—Ballad quoted—Ballinscho, historic families owning it—Logie, seat of the Kinlochs of Kilrie—Notice of David Kinloch—Ballandarg, seat of the Grahames of Morphee—Illustrious ancestors of—Kinnordy, seat of the late Sir Charles Lyell, Bart.—George Ogilvie from Benvie intruded on the parish in 1713—Scene at his induction. 180—190.

RESCOBIE.

Ancient importance of—Old fort on Turin Hill—Another on Pitscandly Hill—Vestiges of the great Battle of Restennet—King Donald Bain died here—Was attacked and vanquished by Edgar Atheling, who put out his eyes and committed him to prison—Was confined and died in the Castle of Rescobie—Its Site. 190—192.

ABERLEMNO.

Sepulchral Remains—Sculptured Stones—Memorials of Battle of Aberlemno—Melgund Castle—Cardinal Beaton's—His character—Melgund now Earl of Minto's—Mysterious disappearance of the Murrays from—Aldbar Castle—Historic families who have possessed it—Notice of Patrick Chalmers, Esq. of—Sculptured stone found in ruins of chapel—Balgavies Castle—Sir Walter Lindsay—Jacobitism of Aberlemno—John Ochterlony, Prelatic minister of. 192—199.

OATHLAW.

Old fort on Finhaven Hill—Roman camp at Battledykes—Finhaven once a Royal residence—Long the principal residence of the Lindsays—Crawford family—Castle of—First Earl of Crawford—His feats of arms—Tiger Earl and Earl Beardie—His rebellion against James II., submission on Renet Green, and entertainment of the King in his Castle—Illustrations of his Tiger character—Fifth Earl, a great

favourite of James III. and James IV., and created Duke of Montrose—"Wicked Master" of Crawford—Marriage in Finhaven Castle between his son and Margaret, daughter of Cardinal Beaton and Marion Ogilvy—Eighth Earl—Unhappy marriage between him and Lilia Drummond of Stobhall—A Popish zealot, and traitor to his country—Prodigal Earl—His career and end—Debasement of his only child, Lady Jean—Earl Ludovick—Sacrificed his all for the Stuart cause—Princely state of the Earls of Crawford in their palmy days—Andrew Allan, minister of the parish, deposed in 1649—Intrusion of John Grub, Prelatist—Rough usage of John Anderson, minister, in 1715. 199—211.

TANNADICE.

Anciently a thanedom—Laws of—Tumuli on—Queich Castle—A seat of the Earls of Buchan—Castle near Auchlouchrie. 211—212.

CARESTON.

Roman station of *Æsica*—Original name of the parish—Story of Carald, the Danish leader—Careston Castle—Historic families of whom it has been a seat—Nether Careston the first place in the district where fanners were used—Lawn before the Castle the resting-place of Montrose, in his retreat from Baillie and Urry—Eminent persons produced by Careston. 212—216.

BRECHIN.

Antiquity of the city—Roman Camp of War Dykes—Brechin a seat of the Druids—Next, of the Culdees—Cathedral founded by David I.—His policy to supplant the Culdees—Maison Dieu—Brechin Castle—Visited by Edward I. of England in 1296—Received there from John Baliol the surrender of the Crown and Kingdom—Again visited by Edward the same year—Recovered by Wallace in 1297—Sir Thomas Maule's famous defence of—The Bruce in Brechin in 1310—Lordship of Brechin did not come to the Maules till 1642—Some old Lords of—Sabbath Markets in—Bishops of mark in the See—James IV. in Brechin in 1503—Bishop of, protested against the Act allowing the lieges to read the Scriptures in the vulgar tongue—The Reformation in Brechin—Disposal of revenues of Popish Church in—Suffering of, in hostilities between the parties of King James and his mother Mary—Hospital instituted by James—Severe visitation of the plague in 1647-8—The Covenanters' head-quarters in Angus in 1644—Burned by Montrose—Notice of Arbutnots of Findowrie—Extracts from Kirk Session Records,—Earl of Panmure a zealous adherent of Charles I.—Heavily fined by Cromwell—Fatal quarrel on Hauche of Insche—Contention between Sir Patrick Maule and the Bishop as to their powers in the civil affairs of the burgh—Dependence of Brechin on its markets—Anti-witch mania in—Burned in 1672—The rulers in, hailed the Restoration—The Revolution unwelcome to them—Troops quartered in, in 1695—Continued strength of the Jacobite and Prelatic spirit in—Usage of Willison and Provost Doig—Brechin in 1715—Earl of Panmure proclaimed the Pretender at the Cross—Enlarged his estates to increase his power of helping him—Fought for him at Sheriffmuir—Entertained him two days in his Castle in January 1716—Was forfeited, and fled to Continent, where he died—Estates bought

back by nephew—Presbyterian retaliation in 1726—Brechin in 1745—Many from, at Culloden—Edgars of Keithock, and their Jacobite zeal—Laying of foundation stone of building for Public School and Mechanics Institute in 1838—Eminent men whom Brechin has produced. 216—236.

DUN.

John Erskine of, Superintendent—Other distinguished members of the family—Dun came into their possession in 1357—Their high ancestry—Knox at Dun for a month in 1555—Frequent meetings of the Reformers at—Dun House sacked by the Marquis of Montrose. 236—238.

LOGIE-PERT.

Tumuli in the Laws of Logie and Leighton—Skeletons found in them—James Melville educated in Logie—His first religious impressions there—North Water Bridge—Night passed on it by the Covenanters on their way to Dunnottar Castle—Barbarous treatment of, in the Castle—Sympathy of Logie with Charles and Prelacy in 1645—Longevity in Craigo—Cottage by North Water Bridge, the birthplace of James Mill, father of the late John Stuart Mill—Notices of both father and son. 238—243.

STRICKATHRO.

Roman station Tina—Kenneth III. murdered in this parish by assassins hired by Finella—Her fate—Tradition of a very ancient battle in Strickathro—Was the scene of the battle between David I. and the Earl of Moray—Also of the battle of Brechin—High-handed proceedings of the Jacobites in, in 1715—The Right Honourable George Rose, a native of this parish. 243—246.

THE GRAMPIAN DISTRICT.

EDZELL.

Edzell Castle—Seat of the Lindsays—Came to them by the marriage of Sir Alexander Lindsay and Catherine Stirling—Notice of some of his successors—Castle visited by Queen Mary in 1562—Magnificence of, and princely state maintained by its owners—Burial vault of family—A sort of resurrection in—Lindsays of Edzell stout Reformers and Covenanters—Changed sides on both religion and politics—Violence of their zeal for Prelacy and arbitrary power—Devotion to the Stuarts their ruin—Last Laird's "flittin," from Edzell—Died an hostler in Kirkwall—His sisters and their fate—Military stationed in Edzell Castle in 1746—Rev. George Low a native of the parish. 247—254.

LOCHLEE.

St Drostan the apostle of Christianity to—Meeting of Bruce and Comyn in Glensck—Invermark Castle—Church of Glensck burned by Montrose in 1645—Battle between Presbytery and Prelacy very keen and tough in the district—Hidings in Glensck—Tragic and comic occurrences in—A Visitor from another world—Brown, President of the Linnean Society, a native of Glensck—Alexander Ross, poet, schoolmaster of. 254—259.

LETHNOT AND NAVAR.

Cairns in—Dennyferne Castle—Lords of Navar—Arch-fiend held his own with—Conflicts of Episcopal minister with him—Adder's Stone in the Calleter—Virtues of such stones—Graves of suicides on Wirran Hill—Cobb's Heugh and Black's Pot—Battle of Saughs—Episcopalian Chapel in Lethnot burned in 1746—Peter Grant and his daughter Annie—Jonathan Duncan a native of Navar. 259—266.

MENMUIR.

The Caterthun—Their design—Local tradition explaining how such great works were raised—Sepulchral remains and sculptured stones—Menmuir originally a thanedom, and had a Royal residence—Apportionment of it—Ballhall Moss—Sir John Lyon of Glammis slain in, by Sir James Lindsay—Beattie's Cairn—Covenant received with surprising favour in Menmuir—Kirk Session Records, shewing the state of, during the Civil War—Witch prosecutions—Fairy superstition—Menmuir in 1715 and 1745—Carnegie of Balnamoon—Stories of. 266—275.

FERN.

Historic families who have possessed it—Vayne Castle—Traditions concerning—Deil's Howes—Balquharn and Brandyden, Brownie and Ghaist of—Its vengeance on the Lord of Fern—Its great serviceableness in the locality—Deuchar—Laird of, who fell at Harlaw—Story of his sword—James Melville, brother of Andrew, sometime minister of—James Cramond's wavering—Notice of James and Henry Tytler, natives of. 275—283.

CORTACHY AND CLOVA.

Cortachy Castle—Seat of the noble family of Airlie—Notice of leading members of—Their house of the dead—Clova—Historic owners of—Castle of—Witch prosecution in the parishes—Charles II. fled to Clova in the Start—Account of—Farce of his Coronation at Scone—Notice of Lindsay and Brown, ministers of Cortachy. 283—290.

KINGOLDRUM.

Stones in foundation of old church of—Stone Coffins in fields of—Parish anciently a demesne of the Crown—Forest in—Castle of Balfour—Notice of several ministers of—Thomas Scott, Chief-Justice of Upper Canada, a native of. 290—294.

LINTRATHEN.

Castle of—Further account of Alan Durward—Notice of Lawrence Brown, minister of the parish. 292—294.

GLENISLA.

Anciently a royal demesne—Forther and Newton Castles and Craig House destroyed by Argyll—Antiquities on Ballaty farm—Corryvanoch Well. 294—297.

CONCLUSION.

Weems and Druidical remains in the Shire—Common views of—Burton's opinion on. 297—304.



HISTORIC SCENES

IN

FORFARSHIRE.

FORFARSHIRE ranks among the larger shires of Scotland. It contains 832 square miles, or 532,480 English acres, exclusive of portions of the parishes of Lundie, Coupar, and Alyth, the greater part of which is in Perthshire ; and its population at the last census (1871) was 240,049.

The Shire has been divided into four well-defined Districts, the Maritime, the Sidlaw, the Strathmore, and the Grampian. This division is natural, and it will be convenient for us to follow it, taking the Districts in the order in which we have named them.

THE MARITIME DISTRICT OF FORFARSHIRE.

This District extends from the Firth of Tay and the German Ocean to the foot of the Sidlaws ; and our Historic Scenes in it we shall begin at Dundee, the chief centre of the population of the county, and the chief seat of its manufactures and commerce.

DUNDEE.

The town can boast a great antiquity. It was made a Royal Burgh about 1195 ; but it was a place of considerable importance centuries before that date. In the beginning of the twelfth century, Edgar, the son of Malcolm Canmore, was carried into it from the Carse of Gowrie, where he fell sick, to die in the tenth year of his reign. It had a palace in the eleventh century ; and Malcolm Canmore and his excellent queen, Margaret, occasionally resided in it. In 834 it was the head

quarters of Alpin, in the war which he was then waging with the Piets, and which ended in the amalgamation of the Scots and Piets into one nation. It has been said that, in the same century, King Donald, with his Queen and Court, visited Dundee, and remained in it a considerable time, and that in it he was baptised into the faith of Christ. Some have even asserted that it was in existence at the period of the Roman invasion, and as there is no proof of the contrary, they were entitled to hold and express this opinion, had they only offered it as a conjecture instead of a positive assertion.

One of the first edifices of Dundee was the Castle. It was built on a high rock, which then occupied the site where Castle Street now runs. Under the shadow of this fortress houses naturally rose, security to life and property being the great want of those rude and troublous times, and house was added to house, till the hamlet became a village, and the village swelled into a town. Thus, doubtless, did houses multiply, but it was in the immediate neighbourhood of the Castle, as long as there was room for them there. Accordingly, it is known that the boundaries of Dundee long were Todsburn on the west, the Tay on the south, Wallaceburn on the east, and a line nearly parallel with what is now called the Murraygate on the north. Within these narrow limits was old Dundee confined; and it consisted of two principal streets, the Seagate and the Cowgate. For many ages St Mary's Church, now the Steeple Church, was designated *The Kirk-in-the-Field*. It goes by this name in some charters even as late as the beginning of the seventeenth century.

Some interest attaches to the origin and the meaning of the name of the town, and to the lore, literary and legendary, which has been brought to bear on them. According to Buchanan, Dundee is *Dun-Taw*—that is, the hill or fort on the Tay; *Dun* being the Celtic for either a hill or a fort, forts being usually built on hills, and *Taw* being the Celtic for the Roman *Tavus* and our *Tay*. Happily, this analysis of the name is not so certainly the true one as to oblige us to acquiesce in it; for it is prosaic and tame, compared with Boece's earlier analysis, and the air of romance which he had thrown around it. According to him, the original name of the town was *Alectum*, or *Ail-lec*. The word was Gaelic, signifying pleasant or beautiful; so that "*Bonnie*" is no mere modern compliment to Dundee, its ancient name implying the idea which the epithet expresses. The

modern name is commemorative of an event, which was itself enough to make the town an Historic Scene. The occasion of the change of the name from Ail-lee to Dundee, was as follows :—David, Earl of Huntingdon, heir presumptive to the Scottish crown, accompanied Richard I. of England in the third crusade to recover the Holy Land from the Infidels. Shipwrecked on the coast of Egypt, and taken prisoner by the Saracens, he was sold by them for a slave. His rank being concealed, he was bought for a small sum by a Venetian, who brought him to Constantinople. Recognised there by some English merchants, he was ransomed and sent home. On his voyage homeward he was overtaken by a dreadful tempest. During the raging of the tempest he prayed, supplicated the intercession of the Holy Virgin, and vowed that, if he was delivered from the devouring deep, he would build a church to her honour. His frail craft outrode the fury of the winds and waves. As he approached the estuary of the Tay, and the sky became clear and serene, one of the first objects which he descried was the Law behind Dundee. The sight of it assuring him that his prayers had been heard, he sailed for it, and by and by landed safely at some point of the shore which the spacious Harbour now covers. In memory of his deliverance he devoutly called the place *Dei Donum*, that is, The Gift of God, which the inhabitants, who were not in those days greater Latinists than their neighbours, soon corrupted into *Dondei*, and this *Dondei* they afterwards turned, for euphony's sake, into Dundee. Ascribing his escape to the intercession of the Virgin, the Earl, faithful to his vow, built and endowed St Mary's Church, which forthwith took the place of the Church of St Clement, who had hitherto been the tutelary saint of the town. In testimony of the same pious gratitude he also founded a monastery for Tyrone monks at Lindores, in Fife.

Earl David could well afford to exercise such princely munificence. Any amount of largess which piety or superstition might prompt could hardly be felt to be a burden on his vast estates. Hearing of his safe arrival in Dundee, after so many adventures and perils, the King, his loving brother, hastened to meet and welcome him, and caused his return to be celebrated over the kingdom with every demonstration of joy. He, at the same time, erected Dundee into a royal burgh, and conferred it on the Earl, who henceforth styled it "my burgh of Dundee." With the burgh he made a grant to him of the extensive crown-

demesne lands which adjoined it, including Upper and Lower Dudhope, the Clepingtons, the Craigies, Claypotts, and Guthriestown, Baldovie, Drumgeith, and Pitkerrow. These grants were in addition, not only to the Earldom of Huntingdon, but to the Earldoms of Garioch and Lennox, the Lordship of Strathbogie, and the lands of Innerbervie, Lindores, Longforan, and Inchmartin, which the affectionate and generous William had previously bestowed on him. Moreover, for the erection of the Church of the Blessed Virgin there is said to be extant a copy of a Papal bull, authorising the Earl of Huntingdon to collect money from the well-disposed throughout all Christendom, and requiring the faithful to assist the Prince in his laudable and pious design.

Soon after these events, in 1209, Alan, the Lord of Galloway and Constable of Scotland, married Margaret, the eldest daughter of Earl David. The marriage was celebrated in Dundee, from which we may infer that it was then the Earl's residence; and it had great issues in the country's history. This Princess Margaret was the grandmother of John Baliol, afterwards King of Scotland.

It has been the fate of Dundee to suffer several sackings and burnings. It was twice taken by Edward I. of England, when he invaded Scotland with the guilty ambition of annexing it, as he had annexed the Principality of Wales, to the English crown. On the death of Alexander III., and of his granddaughter and heiress, the Maiden of Norway, there appeared no fewer than twelve competitors for the vacant throne. The chief of these were Baliol and Bruce, of whose rival claims Edward was most unhappily admitted to be the umpire. Both claimants, as also the barons and clergy, meanly and basely agreed to his being umpire, on the pretence set up by him that he was Lord Paramount of Scotland. At the same time the Regent of the kingdom surrendered it into his hands, and the commanders of its fortresses placed them at his disposal. Gilbert de Umfraville, Earl of Angus, and Governor of the Castle of Dundee, presented an honourable contrast to his compeers. He had received his charge, he said, from the nation, and would not yield it to Edward till both he and the two competitors for the Scottish crown gave him a writ of indemnity for so doing.

Edward, having given the crown to Baliol, steadily pursued his policy of annexing Scotland to England. By studied in-

sult and wrong he goaded Baliol and his people into what he termed rebellion, that he might have a pretext for subjugating the country by force of arms. He entered it at Berwick at the head of an army of 31,000 infantry and 4,500 cavalry, and marched through it as far north as Aberdeen and Elgin, his track being marked by all the desolation to which fire and sword could reduce it. Dundee did not escape the ruthless destroyer. As he approached it its terror-struck inhabitants hid much of their treasure in the Church of the Blessed Virgin, which the Earl of Huntingdon had reared to her; and many of themselves took refuge in it, hoping that it would prove a sanctuary to them. The hope was vain. Having taken the town and pillaged it, Edward set fire to the church, and the horrors of the scene are to be imagined rather than described. The roaring of the flames, the crashing of roofs, and the shrieks of the burning vied with one another which should utter the loudest dirge-wail, as one red ruin was engulfing the sacred pile and its refugees and treasures.

This was in 1296. Next year the heroic Wallace rescued Dundee out of the hands of the savage conqueror. When about sixteen years of age Wallace had been sent to the town for education, the fame of its Grammar School being then the attraction, and it was here that he gave the first sign of his being the destined deliverer of his country. The son of Selby, the English Governor of the town, insulted and assaulted Wallace, and, in an instant, the insolent and violent Southron lay at the hero's feet bleeding and dying. This was in 1295. Immediately fleeing Dundee, meditating schemes for his country's independence and freedom, and revealing himself to his countrymen as opportunity offered, by performing prodigies of prowess and strength, Wallace was able, in two years, to return to the captive town with a force sufficient to recover it. He had hardly sat down before it when tidings reached him that the English were advancing on Stirling. He hastened to encounter them; and by tact and valour, which made up for his great inferiority in numbers, he gave them a most disastrous defeat. Many thousands of them were cut in pieces, and many thousands more were drowned in the Forth, which they attempted to cross. Retracing his steps to Dundee he renewed the siege; and the English garrison, appalled by assailants so resistless, surrendered the Castle on condition of their lives being spared.

Wallace now made an inroad for foraging purposes into the territory of the enemy ; and in his absence, Morton, an English captain, retook Dundee, and again garrisoned its Castle. On his return from England, Wallace again invested it, conducting the siege with all his characteristic ardour and energy. In the meantime Edward again invaded Scotland at the head of another large and powerful army. To oppose him, Wallace withdrew so many of his forces from Dundee, leaving the residue with his compatriot Scrimgeour, who pressed the siege till the English garrison surrendered at discretion. Morton was hanged ; and Scrimgeour was directed to demolish the Castle, that it might no more be turned into a stronghold of the enemy, as had of late repeatedly happened. If Scrimgeour fulfilled this direction, the Castle must have been rebuilt by Edward when he recaptured Dundee ; for it is upon record that in 1312 or 1313, Sir Edward Bruce took town and Castle from the English.

The only thing further which we read of Wallace doing for Dundee was, his constituting Hereditary Constable of the town the above Scrimgeour, who was the ancestor of the favourites whom the Charleses ennobled from three to four centuries afterwards, the one under the title of Viscount Dundee, the other under the title of the Earl of Dundee. Wallace did this in 1298, in the character of the Guardian of Scotland, which office he resigned the same year. The war between Scotland and England continued for five years after this date, during which Edward invaded Scotland no fewer than three times, but it was only in one of these that he came again into close personal connection with Dundee. That was in the invasion of 1303, in which, entering Scotland by the western marches, fields laid waste, and towns and villages set on fire, marked his progress to Edinburgh, whence he pursued his destructive course by Linlithgow and Clackmannan to Perth, and thence by Dundee, Brechin, Aberdeen, and Banff, to Kinloss, in Morayshire. After remaining for some time at Lochendorb, a strong fortress on an islet in a lake in the wilds of Morayshire, and receiving there the homage and fealty of the northern chiefs, he returned south by Dundee, and slept in it on the night of the 20th of October.

Robert I. was crowned at Scone in 1306 ; and in the third year of his reign a National Council assembled in Dundee to strengthen his government. The "bishops, abbots, priors, and

the rest of the clergy," issued their manifesto "to all good Christians to whose knowledge these presents shall come," declaring Robert, the grandson of Bruce, to whom Edward had wrongfully preferred Baliol, the legitimate occupant of the throne, "in whom the right of his father and grandfather to the kingdom of Scotland, by the judgment of the people, doth yet remain and continue entire." They had, accordingly, "made our fealty to the said Lord Robert, our illustrious King, and we hereby acknowledge and profess that the like is due hereafter, by our successors, to him and his heirs." This patriotic Council was held in the Church of the Minorites in Dundee.

In 1314 King Robert resided some time in Dundee, dispensing his royal favour "as dew upon the grass." All the charters and records of the town had been destroyed by the English. The burgesses therefore applied to him, that the rights and privileges granted to the town by his predecessors, prior to the English invasion, might be continued and ratified. Robert issued a commission to "recognise the liberties" of the town; and he confirmed and perpetuated them, in terms of the petition of the burgesses.

In 1346 David II., the son and successor of Robert, fell into the hands of the English on the fatal field of Neville's Cross, and was held in captivity by them for eleven years. Dundee was zealous for his ransom, and liberal in contributing to it; in gratitude for which he granted it a new charter, confirming to its citizens all their old privileges, and conferring new ones. Certainly, its "liberties" were then extensive enough. Kirriemuir, Alyth, Coupar-Angus, and Kettins, came within the range of them, and were forbidden to hold markets, and persons attending markets in them were made liable to severe penalties.

Richard II. of England reduced Dundee to ashes in 1385. The truce between England and Scotland which John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, had succeeded in establishing for three years, was no sooner at an end, than the war between them was renewed with increased fury. Richard entered Scotland at the head of an army of 60,000 men. The Scots, encouraged and strengthened by a large body of French auxiliaries, under John de Vienne, Admiral of France, retaliated by incursions into England, ravaging Cumberland, Westmoreland, and Lancashire, and collecting a rich booty. Richard directed his course to

Edinburgh, destroying all the towns and villages that lay in his way, gave the capital to the flames, and, proceeding northward, subjected Perth, Dundee, and other places in the low countries to the same fate.

The annals of Dundee for the fifteenth century are peculiarly barren of events suitable to our purpose. We mention only one, an execution in the town alike astounding and memorable. For the honour of Angus, we fervently hope that the "briggant," whose infamy the story relates, was not a native of the county or the country, but a foreigner; and that, if any faith is to be put in his daughter's confession, we have not had another *cannibal* family since Christian times began in our fatherland. We give the story in the old quaint words of Pitscottie. "There was," says he, "ane briggant ta'en with his hale familie, quho hauntit ane place in Angus. This mischievous man had an execrable fashion to tak' all young men, or children aither, he could steal away quietlie, or tak' away without knowledge, and ate them, and the younger they war', esteemed them the more tender and delicious. For the whilk cause and dampnable abuse, he, with his wayff and bairnis, were all burnt, except ane young wench of ane year old, wha was saiffed and brought to Dundie, quhair she was brought up and fostered, and quhan shoe cam to ane vomanis yeires, she was condemned and burnt quick for that cryme. It is said that when shoe was coming to the place of execution thair gathered ane hudge multitud' of people, and 'speciallic of wemen, cursing her that shoe was so unhappie to committ sa damnable deides. To whom she turned about with an ireful countenance, saying, 'Quhairfoir chyd yea me, so as if I had committed an unworthy act? Give me credence and trow me, if yea had experience of eating men and vomenis flesh yae wold think it so delitious that yea would nevir forbear it agane.' So, bot any signe of repentance, this unhappie traitour died in the sight of the people."

The sixteenth century introduced an era which crowded Scenes that had been Historic before, and added to them new ones without number.

In 1540 James V. honoured Dundee with a royal visit. He and his Queen, Mary of Guise, attended by the Archbishop of Glasgow and the Bishop of Caithness, and a large and imposing retinue of the nobility and gentry, made a progress through the kingdom. They tarried at Dundee for six days, during which

they were most sumptuously and magnificently entertained by the town. The festivity and rejoicing were enhanced by a marriage which took place at the same time, with the King's consent. The Earl of Erroll was united in wedlock to the eldest sister of the Earl of Lennox. The Archbishop of Glasgow performed the ceremony, or as we should rather say, celebrated the sacrament; and the royal party graced it with their presence.

Dundee was again given to the flames by Edward VI. of England as late as 1547. The union of the two kingdoms, through a marriage between the reigning families in them, was a project which Edward's father had very fondly cherished. The object aimed at was in the highest degree desirable. It promised, as experience has amply proved, most variously and effectually to advance the best interests of both kingdoms. Protector Somerset was bent on accomplishing it by the marriage of Edward to Mary, the young Queen of the Scots. But there were great difficulties in the way. The Queen-Mother's violent attachment to France and to Romanism was an obstacle which itself threatened to be insuperable, though there had not been any other. Then, the mode of courtship was unpromising. Many Scottish friends of the marriage alliance with England were alienated from it by the attempt to force it with the sword. They sympathised with the Earl of Huntly, who, as Hume says, remarked pleasantly "that he disliked not the match, but hated the manner of wooing."

To enforce the proposed marriage, Somerset appeared in Scotland with an army of eighteen thousand men and a fleet of sixty sail, the one-half of these ships of war, and the other half laden with provisions and ammunition. He encountered the Scots in the neighbourhood of Pinkie; and, at a loss of less than two hundred men, won an easy and complete victory over them, leaving above ten thousand of them dead on the bloody field, and taking about fifteen hundred of them prisoners.

After the Battle of Pinkie, Somerset's fleet ravaged the coasts of Fife and Angus. A detachment of his army was also sent north to secure Dundee and its neighbourhood. Measures for the protection of the town were forthwith taken. By an order of the Lords of Secret Council, troops were levied and equipped, and put under the command of Provost Hallyburton and the Laird of Dun. But all these defensive preparations came to nought. Seventeen hundred English lancers, foot and horse,

entered Dundee without even any show of opposition. They occupied it for eight days ; during which they set to work to fortify it. Shortly before this, France had taken steps to help her ally. M. d'Esse had landed at Leith with six thousand French and German auxiliaries. He sent forward to Dundee Count Rhinegrave with two companies of Germans, and M. Des Estanges with one company of French soldiers, and followed himself with the rest of his forces. As he approached, the English demolished the fortifications which they had been erecting for a week, pillaged the town, set fire to it, and evacuated it.

Dundee, it may be noted, was not fortified before this date. The English began its fortifications in the short space for which they now occupied it, and the French afterwards completed them.

The great event of the sixteenth century was the Reformation from Popery ; and Dundee has the honour of having been the first burgh in Scotland that openly declared for the Reformation, and the first that organised a Reformed Church ; for which reason, as well as for its continued and ardent zeal for the Reformed cause, it was sometimes called the Second Geneva. We read in the Diurnal of Occurrents, under date 1543 : " In this time there was ane great heresy in Dundee ; there they destroyed the kirks." Ralph Sadler, the English ambassador, put it thus in reporting to his master : " The work began at Dundee, by destroying the houses both of the Black and Grey Friars." Two things concurred to raise Dundee to this sort of primacy. The one was the early labours in it of the martyr Wishart, and the other was the very effective manner in which those labours were followed up by some of the first converts of Protestantism in it.

George Wishart, brother of the Laird of Pitarrow, in the Mearns, devoted himself to the work of an evangelist, and was an admirable preacher of the Gospel, to the knowledge of which he had been brought. His natural talents were good ; his scholarship was high, having been perfected both at Cambridge University and on the Continent ; his character was noble, zeal for God and love to man alike exalting it, and courage and firmness, meekness and gentleness, finely blending in it ; his eloquence was most winning and persuasive ; all which combined to give him rare power of rousing and swaying his fellow-men. His very appearance is said to have been in no ordinary degree prepossessing and commanding. One of his pupils at Cambridge

describes him as “a man of tall stature, black-haired, long-bearded, comely of personage, well-spoken after his country of Scotland,” and with all the culture and politeness of one who was “well-travelled.”

Wishart had for some time kept a school in Montrose, and taught his scholars to read the New Testament in the original language. It was to escape the persecution this offence exposed him to that he had left his native country. Returning to it in 1543, he began his ministry in Dundee, chiefly with lectures on St Paul’s Epistle to the Romans, full of the theme with which Luther had wrought the mighty religious revolution in Germany. Crowds of all ranks and classes attended his ministry, and by means of it many were brought to know and confess the true doctrine of Christ, and to abjure the errors and corruptions of Popery. The clergy took the alarm; and one day, as Wishart closed his discourse, Robert Mill or Myle, one of the chief men of Dundee, and a tool of Cardinal Beaton, openly forbade him to trouble the people any more with his doctrines, and commanded him to leave the town. Wishart is said to have answered, and his words proved prophetic—“God is my witness that I never minded your trouble, but your comfort; yea, your trouble is more grievous to me than it is to yourselves; but, sure I am, to reject the Word of God, and to drive away his messenger, is not the way to save you from trouble, but to bring you into it. When I am gone, God will send you messengers who will not be afraid either of burning or banishment. I have, at the hazard of my life, remained amongst you, preaching the word of salvation; and now, since you yourselves reject me, I must leave my innocence to be declared by God. If it be long well with you, I am not led by the Spirit of truth; and if unexpected trouble befall you, remember this is the CAUSE, and turn to God by repentance, for he is merciful.”

Wishart betook himself to the west country, where he preached with great acceptance and success; but by and by tidings reached him that the plague had broken out in Dundee. Though rejected by it, or rather, though driven from it by its rulers, he, with a heart yearning over its miserable inhabitants, hastened back to it, to speak unto the people the words of that life which is plague-proof, and to minister to the temporal relief of the afflicted and the dying. He did both, with unwearied assiduity and compassion; reckless of the danger to which he

exposed himself by labours so exhausting, and by visits to scenes so pest-tainted; not counting his life dear, if he could do good to the souls and the bodies of others. On one occasion he made public intimation that he would preach at the East Gate of the Cowgate. The place was fitly chosen. Without the gate were the booths which had been erected for the reception of the plague-smitten, at the spot which has since borne the appropriate name of the Sickmen's Yards. The gate being shut made a sort of separation between the healthy and the infected. Wishart took his stand on the top of it, chose for his text, "He sent His Word, and healed them, and delivered them from their destructions;" and preached a sermon on it such as he only could have preached, and that in circumstances so singularly solemn and impressive. And yet this God-like work he did at the imminent risk of finishing it with his life. Rome was by this time panting for his blood; and an infamous priest stood close by the gate, with his dagger concealed under his mantle, ready to pierce him as he descended. Something in the appearance of the intended assassin exciting Wishart's suspicions, he seized his hand and wrenched the dagger from it. The villain, taken almost in the act of murder, confessed his intent, and the enraged multitude would have executed summary vengeance on him, had not Wishart shielded him from their fury.

Cardinal Beaton ere long made Wishart his victim. He burnt him at the stake in St Andrews, on the 28th March, 1546; feasting his eyes on the tragic spectacle from that very window of his Castle out of which, two months afterwards, his own bleeding body was hung by a sheet over the wall.

The other thing which contributed to give Dundee its Protestant eminence was the very effective following up of Wishart's labours by some of the early converts to Protestantism in it. Prominent among these were the three brothers Wedderburn, James, John, and Robert, sons of James Wedderburn, merchant burghess of Dundee. They were educated at St Andrews, where they drank of St Leonard's Well; and all the three were endowed more or less with the gifts of poetry and song, and with great power of satire. James wrote a Tragedy intituled *The Beheading of John the Baptist*, and a Comedy intituled *The History of Dionysius the Tyrant*; in both of which he held up the corruptions of Romanism and the vices of the clergy to public ridicule and reprobation. These productions of James have not been preserved to us; but

we may form some idea of them from the Gude and Godly Ballates, to which his brothers John and Robert were such large contributors, that they passed under the name of the Dundee Psalms. Divers of these James Melville learned by heart, when at school in Montrose; and Row, in his History of the Kirk of Scotland, mentions certain books "whereby many in Scotland got some knowledge of God's trueth," among which are "Wedderburn's Psalms and Godly Ballads, changing many of the old Popish songs to godly purposes." We shall give four specimens, which will show the various poetic measures in which the authors wrote, as well as the style of their attack on the old religion.

The first is on the dominion which Romish Idolatry and Hypocrisy had long exercised over men, leading them astray from Christ, "the licht of day," into destruction :

"Turnand till Goddis infinite,
Puttand thair hope and their delyte
In warks inventit with the slicht
Of Sathan, contrair to thy licht.

"Sum makis Goddis of stok and staine,
Sum makis Goddis of Sanctis baine,
Qubilk war thay levand heir, wald say,
Idolaters, do way, do way."

The second specimen is on Rome's merchandise of souls :

"That cruell beist [the Pope], he never ceist,
Be his usurpit power,
Under dispens to get our penneis,
Our saulis to devoir.

"Quha culd devise sic merchandise
As he had thair to sell,
Onless it was proud Lucifer,
The great maister of Hell?

"He had to sell the Tantonie bell,
And pardonis thairin was,
Remissioun of sinnis in auld scheip skinnis,
Our saulis to bring from grace.

"With bullis of leid, quhyte wax and reid,
And uther quhyllis with grene,
Closit in ane box, this usit the fox,
Sic peltrie was never sene."

The third specimen is an address to the priestly order, calling on them to amend their lives, and to cease practising the superstitions into which they had debased the religion of Christ :

"Priestis, mend your life,
And leif zour foule sensualitie,
And vylde stinkand chastitie,
And ilk ane wed ane wyfe.

“ Priestis, pray nae mair
To Sanct Anthon to save thy sow,
Nor to Sanct Bride to keip thy cow ;
That grevis God right sair.

“ Priestis, worship God,
And put away your imagerie,
Zour pardonis and fraternitie,
To hell the way and rod.

“ Priestis, sell nae mes,
Bot minister that sacrament,
As Christ, in the New Testament,
Commandit you expres.

“ Priestis, put away
Zour paintit fyre of purgatory,
The ground of your idolatrie ;
It is near Domisday.”

The last specimen is on substantially the same theme as the third :

“ Thay sell you als the Sacramentis sevin,
They micht have maid as weill alevin,
Feu or mony, od or evin,
Your purses for to pyke,
Wald they let bot twa usit be,
Of Baptisme, and of my Bodie,
As thay war institute be me,
Men wald them better lyke.”

As is well known, satire was a weapon which the Reformers generally, following the cue of the old prophet on Mount Carmel, freely used, and with which they gave Popery many a deadly wound. The writings of Dunbar and Lindsay, for example, were more widely circulated in their day, and are now better known, than those of the Wedderburns ; and their power lay much in the exquisite satire of them. The days of priestly craft and extortion were numbered when Lindsay had taught the people to sing of “ Friar Gled and Corbie Monk, and the Raven rudely ruggin’ and ryvin’,” and the Pauper’s tale of how he had been reduced to beggary by the clerical cormorants—

“ The vicar took the best cow by the head,
Incontinent, when my father was dead.
And when the vicar heard tell how my mother
Was dead, fra hand, he took to him anuther :
Then Meg, my wife, did mourn baith even and morrow,
Till at last she deit for very sorrow :
And when the vicar heard tell my wife was dead,
The third cow he cleiket by the head.
Their upmost clayes, that were raplash gray,
The vicar gart his clerk bear them away.
When all was gane I nicht make na debate,
But with my bairns part for till beg my meat.”

The Pardoner's occupation was gone when the people were taught to laugh at him, as he thus commended his wares :—

“ My patent pardons ye may see,
Cam fra the Cam of Tartary,
Weill sealed with oyster shells.
Though ye haue na contrition,
Ye shall haue full remission,
With help of hukes and hells.
Here is ane relic, lang and hraid,
Of Fyn Mac Coul, the right chaff blaid,
With teeth and altogether :
Of Collin's cow here is ane horn,
For eatin of Mac Connal's corn,
Was slain into Balquidder.
Here is ane cord, haith gret and lang,
Whilk hanget Johnnie Armstrong,
Of gude hemp saft and sound ;
Good holy people I stand for'd,
Whaauer beis hanget with this cord,
Needs never to be drowned.
The culum of Sanct Bryde's cow,
The gruntel of Sanct Anton's sow,
Whilk bure his holy bell :
Whaauer he be hears this bell clink,
Give me ane ducat for till drink,
He shall never gang to hell.
* * * * *
Come win the pardon, now let see,
For meal, for malt, or for money,
For cock, hen, goose, or gryse.”

After the martyrdom of Wishart, the Reformed cause continued to make progress in Dundee, Paul Methven being eminently instrumental in advancing it. Originally a baker, he had been suddenly transformed into a preacher and parson, without the tedious, costly, and (as regards efficiency) often worthless process of a University education. His character and deportment were not always as unexceptionable and exemplary as was to be desired. Latterly he fell under gross scandal, for which he suffered “exemplary punishment,” as Dr M'Crie phrases it, in the severe discipline to which the General Assembly subjected him. But his natural eloquence was most impressive ; and so mighty was he in the Scriptures, that the most learned of his Popish opponents were not able to resist the wisdom and power with which he spake. In February, 1558, he was summoned before the Queen Regent and the Bishops for preaching publicly in Dundee ; but this summons her Grace discharged. In November following, he was summoned a second time, and, disobeying, he was banished, and such as should countenance him were denounced ; yet his

townsmen, one after another, took his part, and protected him. In May, 1559, he was summoned a third time, to stand trial before the Lord Justice at Stirling; and, failing to appear, he was denounced rebel, and put to the horn as fugitive, &c., for not appearing to underly the law, usurping the authority of the ministry of the Church, and taking upon himself the service thereof, not being lawfully admitted thereto at the feast of Pasche (26th March) last, and for the space of three days immediately preceding said feast, and continually thereafter, administering the sacraments of the altar to several of the lieges within the burghs of Dundee and Montrose, in a manner different from the divine and laudable use of the faithful Catholic Church; and also for convocation and gathering of the lieges within the said burghs, at the time foresaid, he not being admitted or approved by the Ordinaries of these places, and without their license haranguing and preaching to the said lieges, and persuading and seducing them to his erroncous and seditious doctrines and heresies; thereby usurping the King and Queen's authority, and stirring up the lieges to commit sediton and tumults, contrary to the proclamations."

These things shew the power which Methven's labours were exerting; and the hatred, anger, and alarm with which he was regarded. He would doubtless have been honoured with the crown of martyrdom, had not worthy Provost Hallyburton shielded him; for which Dundee was punished with a fine of £2000. The struggle at length issued in 1560, in the abolition of Popery by Act of Parliament, and the ratification of the Protestant Confession of Faith, drawn up by the Six Johns: John Winram, John Spottiswood, John Willock, John Douglas, John Row, and John Knox.

In 1565 Mary's ill-starred marriage to Darnley took place, and soon after she and her husband spent two days in Dundee. They were received and treated with every outward token of loyalty. Mary made the visit memorable by the Queen's Donation, as it was called; that is, the gift to the Magistrates and Council, for behoof of the community, of all the ecclesiastical property in and around the town, which remained at that date in the possession of the Crown, to be applied to the maintenance of the ministry, and the relief of decayed burgesses and the poor in burgh hospitals.

The above marriage was celebrated on the 22d July, and by the 15th August the opposition to it had developed into a

formidable insurrection, headed by Moray, Hamilton, Argyll, and others of the nobility. Mary's military preparations to quell the insurrection reduced her to great pecuniary straits. She pledged jewels for two thousand merks, and she borrowed sums from the merchants of Edinburgh, and ten thousand merks from the Corporation, giving it in security the mortgage of the superiority of Leith. To recruit her exhausted treasury, she likewise amerced certain individual offenders, and certain towns, of which Dundee was one. It owed this distinction not only to its wealth, but also to its zeal in the cause of the Reformation. Moray had personal friends in it, said to be in his pay, and the Magistrates were alleged to have favoured him and his fellow-conspirators, and to have allowed men to be levied in the town for their service. Mary, therefore, imposed on it a fine of two thousand merks, and proclaimed Provost Hallyburton a rebel for his stern opposition to the Popish and arbitrary policy which she had begun to pursue.

There is another deed which Mary did in connection with her visit to Dundee which deserves to be held in remembrance. The common burying-place in the town had heretofore been the churchyard of St Clement's, which occupied the site where the Town House now stands. It was in the heart of the town, and over-crowded. Mary was not an adept in what we now call sanitary science; but she had sense enough to see that such a burying place must be dangerous to health and life. She accordingly directed that it should be shut, and that instead of it the cemetery of the Minorites, with the contiguous grounds which had belonged to them, should be opened to the public for interment. Then and thus the Howff began to receive its dead, and continued to do so till a comparatively recent period, when sanitary considerations required that it too should be shut.

It was in Dundee that the Earl of Gowrie was captured, shortly before his execution. He had borne a chief part in the Raid of Ruthven, meant to take James VI., then a boy of sixteen, out of the hands of his two favourites, Lennox and Arran. The Scottish nobility could not bear the arrogance and insolence of these two upstarts, and their influence with the King; and their rapacity, and profligacy, and Popery made them utterly odious to the mass of the people. Hence the plot to rescue the King from them, and to put him in hands from which he should have other and better counsels. On his way to Edinburgh from Athole, where he had been enjoying the chase, of

which he was passionately fond, he was invited to stop at Ruthven Castle, the seat of the Earl of Gowrie. He accepted the invitation, found himself a captive next morning, and when he burst into tears on making the discovery, the consolation administered to him by Glammis was, "Better bairns weep than bearded men." But bearded men had to weep in their turn. On recovering his liberty, after upwards of ten months, the King affected twice to forgive his captors; but, under the influence of evil counsels, he repented of his clemency. Their raid was pronounced treason by the Estates, and sentence of banishment was passed upon them. Gowrie asked and obtained from the King permission to choose the place of his exile, and he chose France. Coming to Dundee to embark for it, he was in no hurry to do so; and, as he lingered, he yielded to the temptation of implicating himself in a new plot, which was to take Stirling Castle by surprise, and to deliver the King from the execrated Arran, who still ruled him. The plot was discovered and cost Gowrie his life. Colonel William Stewart, with a body of a hundred soldiers, surrounded the house in Dundee in which the Earl lodged, and in spite of his brave defence of himself for, it is said, twelve hours, took him prisoner, and conveyed him to Edinburgh; and, after a most informal trial, he was found guilty of treason, and was publicly beheaded at Stirling.

Dundee was a temporary asylum from the fury of his persecutors to Andrew Melville, the celebrated champion of Presbytery. With great ability and learning, and with inflexible firmness he resisted the imposition upon Scotland of the yoke of Episcopacy. Having been summoned before the Privy Council to answer for a sermon at St Andrews, in which it was alleged that, declaiming on the grievances of the nation, he had used seditious and treasonable words, he refused to obey the summons, pleading that for his teaching he was answerable in the first instance only to his Presbytery. The King's indignation was intensified by this plea, and he resolved to punish him with the utmost rigour. Adamson, Archbishop of St Andrews, received from Arran a warrant to apprehend him. Apprised of his danger, Melville made Dundee his refuge, whither some of his relatives accompanied him. He remained in it as long as he safely could, and then made his escape from it in a way worthy of being mentioned. Early on a morning about the middle of June, 1584, he left the Harbour in a small boat, under the management of a sailor-cousin, and after much fatigue

and some peril they reached Berwick in safety in the course of next day.

In 1595, James VI. visited Dundee on his way northward to subjugate the country, which the Popish Earls had kept in a state of chronic ferment and rebellion. Parliament had declared those Earls guilty of high treason, and their estates and honours forfeited. To execute this sentence the Earl of Argyll was appointed Lieutenant of the North, and was sent with a band of troops to invade the lands of the traitors and to seize their Castles. The King himself came to Dundee, intending to remain there till he should learn the success of the Earl's expedition. The first news from him was disastrous. Huntly and Erroll met Argyll at Glenlivet, and with an army much inferior in number, gave him a severe defeat. The King left in haste to support and avenge his Lieutenant; but, by a new charter, he ratified all the immunities of Dundee, and, in gratitude for several loans which it had advanced to him—specially for its liberal contribution to the expense of His Majesty's matrimonial expedition to Denmark—he conferred on it new and important privileges, making it equal to the most favoured corporation in his dominions.

We may add here, though it will somewhat anticipate time, that, at the impulse of what he termed his "salmon-like affection and earnest desire to see his native and ancient kingdom," James yet once more returned to Scotland, and visited Dundee, honouring Dudhope Castle by sojourning in it. This was in the next century; and in 1617, on the 28th May, the town rejoiced in the light of his Royal presence, the Town Clerk, Mr Alexander Wedderburn, having "welcomed him in a panegyric speech, and by two Latin poems." Both speech and poems have perished, so that they are beyond the reach of either the praise or the blame of our modern criticism, whose verdict would likely have been that they were fulsome enough. The great object of James in revisiting Scotland at that time was to establish Prelacy in it, in which he made good progress, so far as mere power could make it, but at an expense which culminated finally in the ruin of the Stuart dynasty.

In the last twenty years of the sixteenth century the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland met in Dundee no fewer than four times. It was more accessible than the metropolis to the northern legions, and it was therefore hoped that the members in attendance might be the more manageable, so as to

yield to the ecclesiastical measures which the Court was bent on carrying. The first of these four Assemblies was held in 1580, and is memorable for having "found and declared the office of a bishop, as then used and commonly understood, to be destitute of warrant from the Word of God, and a human invention, tending to the great injury of the Church. They, therefore, with one voice abolished the office in the Kirk, and charged all who held it to demit at once, and to desist, under pain of excommunication, from all ministerial duties until they were admitted anew by the General Assembly." The other Assemblies were more subservient. The second of the four was held in 1593, and made a show of resistance to the known tendencies of the Court, by demanding of the King the rigorous execution of the laws of God and the realm in the punishment of all Papists. The third was held in 1597, and was pliant enough to agree that the Popish Earls of Angus, Huntly, and Erroll, having professed penitence, and made submission to the Kirk, should be admitted to absolution. The fourth was held in 1598, and made such advances to Prelacy as to enact that it was lawful and expedient that the clergy should sit and vote in Parliament, and in other meetings of the Estates of the Kingdom; and that fifty-one of them, or thereby, should do so—that being the number of bishops, abbots, and priors who were wont to come to Parliament in the good old Popish times.

Charles I. pursued the project of making Scotland Prelatic as zealously as his father had done, and more recklessly. Hence the renewal of the National Covenant, with a bond suited to the times. Hence the framing and swearing of the Solemn League and Covenant; and hence the Civil War, which eventually cost Charles his throne and his life. In that war Dundee suffered for its steady adherence to the cause of the Covenants, or, in the vocabulary of the Royalists, for its sedition and rebellion. On the 4th April, 1645, the Great Montrose stormed and pillaged it. In the course of the preceding year he had won many of his brilliant, but (for Charles) fruitless victories over the Covenanters. He had attacked and defeated them at Tippermuir, at the Bridge of Dee, and at Inverlochy. He had invaded and ravaged Argyll's country; had laid waste with fire and sword the Lowlands of Aberdeenshire and Moray; had plundered Elgin and Banff; and had burnt Stonehaven, Cowie, &c. After performing these feats, defection from his standard, and the measures taken by the Estates to oppose him, obliged him to

retire from the open country to the mountains ; but, before doing so, he made Dundee feel his power and wrath. Leaving Dunkeld at midnight, with a detachment of 900 men, he marched to Dundee, reached it about ten o'clock in the morning, and summoned it to surrender. Refusing to obey, it was carried by storm, fired in several places, and given up to the rapine of his barbarous Highland and Irish troops. As the sack was proceeding, Montrose's scouts surprised him with the tidings that Baillie and Urey, the Parliamentary Generals, with a force of nearly 4000 men, were within a mile of him. He instantly called his soldiers from the work of plunder, which they were loth to cease ; put them in order ; began his retreat about sunset ; covered it by a series of most skilful manœuvres ; slipped between the two bodies, into which, in order to make sure of him, Baillie and Urey had divided their army ; and, after three days and two nights, secured himself in the fastnesses of the mountains.

It is pleasing to record that, five years after this, Dundee repaid the Marquis with a humanity and a compassion which contrast most honourably with the indignities which others did him, and with his own harshness and cruelty in his brief day of power. Having been captured and delivered up by M'Leod of Assynt, he was conveyed by Dundee to Edinburgh, to be condemned, hanged, and quartered. The citizens of Dundee beheld him with respectful, tender pity, and supplied him with clothes and other necessaries ; and how great his wants now were, how miserable his plight was, two sentences from the broad page of the country's history will show. The troop of soldiers escorting him to the south "treated him in the most ungenerous manner, heaped reproaches and outrages upon him, meanly refused to allow him any change of dress, and led him from place to place in the same peasant's habit in which he had disguised himself." In the words of an eye-witness, "he sat upon a little shelly horse, without a saddle, but a quilt of rags and straw, and pieces of ropes for stirrups, his feet fastened under the horse's belly with a tether, and a bit halter for a bridle, a ragged, old, dark, reddish plaid, and a *Moutrier* cap upon his head, a musketeer on each side, and his fellow-prisoners on foot after him."

General Monk sacked Dundee in 1651. This was the greatest disaster which it suffered for its fidelity to Monarchy and Presbytery. Charles II. having sworn the Covenants, and been

crowned at Scone, resided for weeks in Dundee. His presence, fine figure, and fascinating manners raised the loyalty of the town to the highest pitch. It advanced large sums of money to him, raised at its own expense some troops of cavalry for his service, and provided him with six pieces of artillery and a handsome equipage for the camp, till he should recover the palace. These things drew down upon the town Cromwell's vengeance. Having gone to receive his "crowning mercy" at Worcester, he employed Monk to subdue Scotland to the English Commonwealth. When he had taken Stirling Castle, Monk turned to Dundee. He appeared before the town and invested it on the 26th August; but before assaulting it, he sent out some troops to scour the adjacent country, and to take into custody every enemy of consequence whom they found. The Committee of Estates was then sitting at Alyth, consisting of several noblemen, gentlemen, and ministers; among whom were the Earl of Leven, the Earl of Crawford, the Earl Marischal, Lord Ogilvy, Sir Adam Hepburn of Humble, Sir James Foulis of Colinton, and the Reverend Robert Douglas and James Sharp. Five hundred of Monk's cavalry, under Colonel Aldrich, came upon them by surprise; made them prisoners; and carried them to Broughty Castle, whence they were shipped for England.

Having accomplished this feat, Monk opened fire on Dundee. Its governor, Sir Robert Lumsden of Innergelly, was brave; its fortifications were for that age strong; and its garrison, amounting to ten or eleven thousand men, was double the number of the besiegers. Monk made his final assault on it at nine o'clock on the morning of the 1st September; having learned that the inhabitants and the soldiers were in the habit of breakfasting in the alehouses, and indulging in rather deep morning potations. The assault was successful; the walls fell; the Republican soldiers rushed in furiously among the inhabitants; the garrison was put to the sword; the houses were pillaged and fired; and men, women, and children were given up to indiscriminate slaughter. More than twelve hundred of them perished. Governor Lumsden, with a portion of the citizens and of the garrison, fled to the Steeple, and held it for three days; but they were starved into surrender, and butchered in the churchyard. Two battalions of Lord Duffus's, and another corps, were in like manner butchered in the market place. The gallant Lumsden, after obtaining quarter, was basely put to

death in cold blood, and his head exposed on an angle of the Steeple, where it remained a long time till the stone fell to which it had been fixed. The clergy of the town, though they had advised its surrender, were treated with the utmost insolence and rudeness, and sent prisoners into England. The massacre continued for three days. It ceased only when Monk's savage soldiers were arrested and paralysed by the heart-rending spectacle in Thorter Row, of an infant sucking the cold breast of its murdered mother. The loss of property was enormous, as well as of life. Dundee was at that time one of the richest towns in the kingdom. The money, besides the plate and the most valuable furniture of other parts of the country, including those of many of the nobility and gentry, had been gathered into it as a place of safety. Each of Monk's soldiers is said to have received £60 as his share of the plunder, and much more would of course be destroyed than the plunderers were able to carry away. Balfour estimates the spoil at above two millions and a half Scots; and Gumble, Monk's chaplain and biographer, pronounces it "the best plunder that was gotten in the wars throughout all the three nations."

The refugees from other parts swelled the number of Monk's prisoners. "Many persons of the highest rank, who had repaired to the town as a place of security and strength, were taken. Among these were the Earls of Buchan, Tweeddale, and Buccleuch, Viscount Newburgh, Lords Balcarras, Elibank, and Ramsay, and the Master of Burleigh. There were fifteen gentlemen bearing titles of Knighthood, eleven gentlemen of landed property, nine members of the Faculty of Advocates, twenty-four writers, merchants, and citizens of Edinburgh, besides several ministers from the south of the Forth, all of whom had sought shelter in Dundee."

On the eve of the Revolution, the Hilltown of Dundee was given to the flames by the infamous Claverhouse. For his services to destroy the liberty and religion of Scotland, James VII. had rewarded him by granting him the estate of Dudhope, and the Constabulary of Dundee, and by also creating him Viscount Dundee. His arrogant and illegal claims as Constable, and his imperious attempts to enforce them, soon brought him into conflict with the authorities of the town, and the contention between him and them one day waxed so violent that he fled bareheaded from the Town Hall in terror for his life.

Gathering his dependents in the Glen of Ogilvy, he returned, without delay, to wreck his vengeance on the devoted town. Mrs Maxwell of Tealing espied him as he and his vassals descended the southern slope of the Sidlaws, and, suspecting his design, managed to give Dundee warning of his approach. By the time of his arrival it was so well prepared to meet him that he did not dare to attack it, and, in the rage of disappointment, he set fire to the Hilltown, and retired, leaving it one blazing mass.

The terror which he thus inspired is said to have brought the authorities of the town to his measures regarding the establishment of Episcopacy in it; for, soon after, the Privy Council thanked them for dispersing a conventicle, and imprisoning the preacher. In those days none were allowed to live in the town but such as attended the ministrations of the Episcopalians. Even family worship in any other form was forbidden, and the performers and abettors thereof thrown into prison.

It is in connection with the Rebellion of 1715 that Dundee next appears as an Historic Scene in our national annals. The majority of the Magistrates of the Second Geneva were then on the side of the Pretender, the Chevalier de St George, the eldest son of James VII. ; while the inhabitants generally were loyal to the House of Hanover. The anniversary of the birth of George I. fell on the 28th of May, and on the day before the Magistrates prohibited the celebration of it. The citizens trode the prohibition under foot, assembled in a body, and proceeding to Dudhope Castle, presented themselves before it in arms, and drank His Majesty's health, and other loyal toasts, with enthusiasm, accompanying these with a volley. The anniversary of the Restoration of Charles II. fell on the next day, and the Magistrates, to commend their own Toryism, and to brand the Whiggery of the population, kept it with all due honour.

The Earl of Mar unfurled the Pretender's standard at Braemar, on the 6th September, 1715 ; and, soon after, Graham of Duntrune, styling himself Viscount Dundee, proclaimed him at Dundee. The Battle of Sheriffmuir, fought on the 13th November, really sounded the knell of the Chevalier's adventure ; but landing at Peterhead, on the 22d December, he proceeded southwards, and on the 6th of January, 1716, he made his public entry into Dundee on horseback, with the Earl of Mar on his right, Earl Marischal on his left, and about three

hundred gentlemen in his train. For about an hour he showed himself on the High Street, and multitudes flocked to look on him. His friends, consisting of the Jacobite Magistrates and gentry, the non-juring clergy, and a remnant of the people who still believed in the divine right of Kings to rule wrong, welcomed him with bursts of acclamation, and were admitted to the honour of kissing his hand. After spending two nights in Dundee, he left for Scone, where he appointed the mockery of his coronation to be performed on the 23d instant; but, in a few days, he again passed through Dundee a fugitive from the Earl of Argyll, on his way to Montrose, where he embarked for France, and bade Scotland a final adieu. Argyll reached Dundee a day or two after the Pretender had passed through it in his flight, and, finding it deserted by its Jacobite Magistrates, who had imitated their Chief in consulting their safety by flight, he nominated half-a-dozen of persons, whom he authorised and required to take care of the town and its affairs till proper Magistrates should be appointed by lawful authority.

Dundee figured again in 1745, when Charles Edward, eldest son of the Pretender, made a last and desperate effort to recover the throne on which his ancestors had so long sat. Having been furnished by France with a small supply of money and arms, he landed in July on the coast of Lochaber, attended by The Seven Men of Moidart, as they were called—the Marquis of Tullibardine, Sir Thomas Sheridan, Sir John M'Donald, Kelly (an Episcopalian clergyman), Æneas M'Donald, Francis Strickland, and Buchanan. Having raised the standard in Glenfinnan, he marched southward at the head of fifteen hundred Highlanders, and on the 4th September, made his public entry into Perth, where he caused his father, then resident in Rome, to be proclaimed King. From Perth he despatched Clanranald and Keppoch to Dundee, who levied contributions from it, and seized two vessels which were in the Harbour, laden with arms and ammunition, and forwarded them to Perth for the use of the insurgents. At the same time a party of Prince Charles's adherents, numbering about six hundred, and commanded by Sir James Kinloch, took possession of Dundee, and held it for nearly five months, turning its Churches, as Monk had done in his day, into stables for their horses. Sir James published the Pretender's manifesto, setting forth Scotland's grievances, and promising pardon to all who, though they had deserted his House, should now return to their allegiance, and containing

also his commission to his son Charles, constituting him sole Regent of the Kingdom. He likewise made one David Fotheringham Governor of the town, and exacted from it heavy contributions of the sinews of war.

In 1715 the Magistrates and Council had been, as we have said, on the side of the Pretender, but in 1745 they were against him. On the 14th January, 1746, they got quit of the rebels who had so long occupied the town, and on the 2d April they voted a most dutiful address to King George, exuberant with professions of loyalty, and with praises of their own loyal deeds; and even extolling the "Butcher" Duke of Cumberland, George's second son, who had the command of the Royal army, and whom they had a month before honoured with the freedom of the town in a golden box. The address was signed by Provost Alexander Duncan of Lundie.

On the 16th April the Rebellion was quenched, and the hopes of the House of Stuart finally extinguished upon "Colloden's fatal heath."

"Drummossie muir, Drummossie muir,
A waefu' day it was to me;
For there I lost my father dear,
My father dear and brethren three.

"Their winding sheet the bluidy clay,
Their graves are growing green to see,
And by them lies the dearest lad
That ever blest a woman's e'e.

"Now wae to thee, thou cruel Duke,
A bluidy man I trow thou be,
For monie a heart thou hast made sair,
That ne'er did wrang to thine or thee."

Well might Dundee have joined in such a lament. It must have supplied its own share of the blood which drenched the field, judging by the number of persons of note connected with Dundee who escaped from Culloden with their lives for a prey. Of these, about three weeks after the battle, there reached Dundee Graham of Duntrune, calling himself Viscount Dundee; David, Lord Ogilvy, eldest son and heir of the Earl of Airlie; Fotheringham, the late Governor of the town; Fletcher of Ballinshoe; Sandilands of Bourdeaux; Henry Patullo; Graham and Blair, merchants in Dundee; and Blair, writer in Edinburgh.

Of recent events of which Dundee has been the scene, we

shall mention only three, different the one from the other, but each sure to fill a niche in the country's history.

The first one of these is the landing at Dundee in September, 1844, of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, Prince Albert, and the Princess Royal. On the fifth of that month Sir James Graham, Her Majesty's Home Secretary, wrote Provost Lawson that Her Majesty might be expected to arrive at the port from Woolwich on the night of Tuesday the 10th, or on the morning of Wednesday the 11th. On the 7th, the Private Secretary of Lord Haddington, First Lord of the Admiralty, wrote Mr M'Ewan, Secretary of the Trinity House, accepting the proffered services of that House to pilot the Royal squadron in these waters, for which purpose the Dundee, Perth, and London Shipping Company had placed at the disposal of the Master and Brethren of Trinity their splendid steamship Perth.

All public bodies, and indeed the entire community, set to work immediately to prepare for giving the Royal party a worthy welcome. Everything possible in so short a time was done to provide that their reception should be such as might please and honour them, and assure the Sovereign that she lived and reigned in the hearts of all classes of the population.

At four o'clock on the afternoon of Tuesday, the Perth, with a large party on board, began to descend the river. On passing the buoy Her Majesty's steamer the Volcano already appeared in the offing, and the Perth communicated with it. Sailing southwards it next descried the war steamer Stromboli, with which also it communicated, giving it a pilot, and learning from it that Her Majesty was still several hours distant. Returning to the mouth of the river, after hours spent in high enjoyment as well as expectation, it again proceeded southward and met the Royal squadron. "We are hailed," says one who was on board, "by the foremost vessel, as she sweeps past us, and ordered to send a pilot on board the Victoria and Albert. A burst of cheering from the deck, and Captain Spink's order from the paddlebox to lower away the boat succeeds. We near the Royal yacht with the red stern lights, and our boat returns with orders for the Perth to go ahead and lead the way. In doing so we pass close alongside, and, we fear, disturb the Royal slumber with another irrepressible cheer. Running ahead we soon after receive salutes from Carnoustie, and approach the bonfires blazing on the North and South Ferries. Broughty replies to us with guns and fireworks. Dundee awakes!—hark

to the cannon and the merry peal of bells ! At four o'clock the Victoria and Albert anchored below the Beacon Rock, and when the party from the Perth landed, the joyous population of Dundee was crowding in masses through every street towards the docks."

By seven o'clock on Wednesday morning there were on the Quay, to receive the Royal visitors, the Magistrates and Council ; the Earl of Airlie, Lord Lieutenant of the County, and suite ; the Sheriff of the Shire ; the M.P. for the Burgh ; the Town Clerks, and Harbour Trustees, and deputations from St Andrews, Arbroath, Brechin, Forfar, and Montrose. The landing took place at half-past eight o'clock. Numerous addresses having been presented and most graciously received, the Queen, the Prince Consort, and the Royal Princess walked slowly along the pier to the foot of the Mid Quay, where their carriages were waiting them, and having taken their seats, the procession moved on. Its course was by Castle Street, the High Street, the Nethergate, South Tay Street, North Tay Street, Bridewell, and Dudhope Power-Loom Works, and thence by the road in front of the Barracks. A little beyond Dudhope Church, the carriages of the Magistrates, which had been in front of the procession, drew aside, to allow the Royal carriages to pass on, and Her Majesty and the Prince having graciously bowed adieu, the Royal cortege drove on at a rapid pace towards Lochee.

The scene, both at the landing and along the whole route of the procession, baffles description. The vessels in the Harbour and in the River were decked in their gayest ; public buildings and private houses, offices and shops, vied with one another in the profusion, elegance, and splendour of their decorations ; immense crowds filled every available inch of space where a peep of the Royal party and the gorgeous pageant could be got ; and the constant and deafening cheers, the waving of handkerchiefs and flags, the pealing of bells, and the roaring of cannon, must have produced on Royalty the deepest impression that the heart of Dundee and of the whole surrounding region was glowing with loyalty and love.

The whole day was kept in a style royally festal. On the return of the Magistrates and Council to the High Street, they left their carriages and entered the Council Chambers, to congratulate the Provost on the success of the arrangements for the morning, and to give thanks for the efficient support which he had received. In the Town Hall at noon, like congratulations

and thanks were repeated at a meeting of the Provost, Magistrates, Councillors, Harbour Trustees, Guildry, and other Public Bodies, the M.P. for the town, the Sheriff of the County, and a number of the principal citizens. The Lord Lieutenant gave a dinner in the Royal Hotel to the Vice-Lieutenant and other gentlemen of the Lieutenancy to the number of about forty. The Provost, the Magistrates and Council, the Harbour Trustees, the deputations from the other burghs, and a numerous party, dined in the British Hotel. The entertainments were sumptuous, the spirit of the guests was wound up to the rapture pitch, the toasts were appropriate, and the speeches were instinct with an eloquence which only such an occasion could have inspired.

On the 1st October Her Majesty returned from Blair-Athole by the same route by which she had gone to it, Lord Aberdeen, in notifying her intention to the Provost, expressing a hope that "the excellence of the arrangements made for her landing would be equally conspicuous in her embarkation." Without a sentence of detail, which would be useless repetition, we shall only say that his Lordship's hope was abundantly fulfilled, and that the greetings of another immense gathering of Her Majesty's people at her departure were not a whit behind those which had three weeks before hailed her on her arrival.

The place of the landing and the departure was the Mid Quay, which in honour of the Royal visit was henceforth named the Queen's Quay. At the upper end of it Mr Leslie, Harbour Engineer, had improvised for the landing a Triumphal Arch, which was exceedingly admired. A strong desire having been generally expressed that this arch should be perpetuated in one formed on its model, but constructed of more durable materials, to be a standing memorial of Her Majesty's visit, and of the attachment of her people to her person, and family, and throne, the Harbour Trustees forthwith took up the suggestion. Lord Panmure, with his usual readiness and liberality, headed the subscription with £750, and the idea was at length realised in the completion of the massive and beautiful Arch which adorns the Queen's Quay. The style of its architecture is Norman; it is eighty-four feet in height, and eighty-two in breadth; a spiral stair in the east tower leads to the top; there is an electric clock between the towers; and the initials of the Queen and her Consort embellish the structure.

The second recent event which we were to mention is the

opening of the Baxter Park on the 9th September, 1863. This splendid Park, extending to thirty-five acres, was presented to the inhabitants of Dundee by Sir David Baxter and his sisters, Miss Eleanor and Miss Mary Ann Baxter. David Baxter was long at the head of the firm of Baxter Brothers, of world-wide fame in connection with the linen trade of Scotland. The works of the firm in Dundee are one of the great sights of the town, and have been visited by hosts of admirers. They have abundantly rewarded the skill, energy, and enterprise of their owners; while their owners' sense of stewardship, under signal success in trade, has been beautifully manifested in most liberal contributions to the Treasury for Good-doing. The head of the firm was so much a business man, and the business of it was so immense, that he shied municipal engagements; but, as a late writer has justly said, "In all movements for the amelioration of distress and suffering—whether of a local, national, or foreign nature—the name of David Baxter was to be found in a prominent place. Whether it was the Indian Famine Relief Fund, the Crimean Fund, the Cotton Famine Relief Fund, or movements of a more local nature, the open hand and well-filled purse of Mr Baxter were always ready to come to the rescue, and set the example to his wealthy fellow-citizens."

The reason which he himself assigned for his beneficence taking the form of a Park for the people was "that the growth of Dundee was rapidly encroaching on the pleasure grounds on which the townspeople had been accustomed to recreate themselves; and he and his sisters desired to give to the town a pleasure ground of which it could not be deprived, and where the labouring population of Dundee might be permitted to breathe freely." The grounds for the Park were bought for £15,000; the laying of them out, which was done most judiciously and tastefully after Mr Baxter had visited the chief public Parks in England, and had obtained the counsel and aid of Sir Joseph Paxton, must have cost as much more; and when to these sums is added the sum mortgaged to keep the Park in order, the aggregate cost of the gift to the donors would not be less than £50,000.

The Park was opened on the day named above, and, altogether, it was such a holiday as Dundee had never seen before. In the morning, in the Corn Exchange, the freedom of the town was presented to the venerable Earl Russell, and also the freedom of the Guildry Incorporation. He, accompanied by

his Countess and their son, Lord Amberly, had come that morning from Meikleour House, where he was then residing, and he was met at the Parliamentary boundary by the Magistrates, and at Bank Street by the Earls of Dalhousie and Camperdown, and by the whole Town Council, and conducted to the Corn Exchange, where the honours mentioned above were conferred on him.

The procession from the centre of the town to the Park was a most imposing pageant. It comprised some 8000 persons, the streets through which it passed were lined with five or six times that number, and were richly decorated with flags, flowers, and arches. It stretched nearly two miles; it began to enter the Park about a quarter past three o'clock, and it was about a quarter to five o'clock before the last of it was within the gate.

The proceedings commenced with the Aberdeenshire Volunteers playing the Old Hundred, and the '70,000 who surrounded the platform took up the air with sublime effect. The doxology, "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow," &c., having been sung, and prayer offered up by the Rev. Robert Lang, A.M., Sir David Baxter presented the munificent gift to the people of Dundee, by handing the title-deeds and the keys of the Park to the Earl of Dalhousie, as representing the Trustees. The Earl accepted the gift, and gave Sir David and his sisters thanks for their princely generosity. The inhabitants had, in testimony of their gratitude, subscribed for a marble statue to Sir David. The statue had been executed by Mr John Steell, R.S.A., Edinburgh, and placed within the pavilion in the park, with the following inscription on it:—"This statue of Sir DAVID BAXTER of Kilmaron was erected by 16,731 subscribers, in grateful acknowledgment of the gift of this Park to the people of Dundee by him and his sisters, Miss ELEANOR and Miss MARY ANN BAXTER; and in affectionate remembrance of their late father, William Baxter, Esq. of Balgavies, they desire that his name be associated with the gift. A.D., 1863." The statue was now presented to Sir David by Mr John Leng in name of the subscribers, and Sir David accepted it, and responded to Mr Leng's address. Three cheers were given for the Queen on the motion of Sir David. Three cheers and one cheer more for Sir David and the Misses Baxter, with long life, health, and happiness to them, were given on the motion of the Earl of Dalhousie, the bands playing Dainty Davie. Three cheers and one cheer more were given for the Earl of Dalhousie,

on the motion of Sir David, the bands playing Brechin Castle. Three cheers, with long life to them, were given for Earl and Countess Russell, on the motion of the Earl of Camperdown, the bands playing The Old English Gentleman, and the Earl responded. We cannot afford to give specimens of the speaking. Suffice it to say that it was brief, appropriate, and most hearty, and that it was enthusiastically cheered by the multitude in attendance. Fireworks and illuminations closed the day, of which it is not enough to say that it will be long remembered in Dundee—as long as the Baxter Park exists the memory of the opening day will not altogether perish.

The day was, as we have stated, the 9th of September, 1863. On the 1st January of that year, while the Park was yet being laid out, Her Majesty the Queen, on the recommendation of Lord Palmerston, had conferred his baronetcy on Mr Baxter, making him Sir David Baxter of Kilmaron. The honour was bestowed on him in consideration of his commercial eminence, his public and private worth, and his princely beneficence, and it was enhanced by his being associated in it with Francis Crossley of Halifax and William Brown of Liverpool; men like himself, whom commercial enterprise had made *millionaires*, and who had also devoted large portions of their fortune to the good of their fellowmen.

The third recent event in Dundee which will live in history, and which we were to notice, is the inauguration of the monument to the late Mr Kinloch of Kinloch, one of the greatest patriots of whom Scotland can boast. He was born in Dundee in 1775, went to France in 1793, and, ere he had passed out of his teens, had become a pronounced friend of the people, and a zealous supporter of their rights. Born before his time, he had to pay the penalty usually exacted, in one form or other, from his class. Opposed to the Corn Laws, and to all taxes on the food of the people, he was obnoxious to the entire landocracy: the most Whiggish of whom in those days would, like Lord Melbourne long afterwards, have thought the Statesman mad who should have proposed the abolition of those laws and taxes. An apostle of free trade against all sorts of monopoly; a friend of peace and economy, of universal suffrage, vote by ballot, and annual Parliaments; and, for the accomplishment of all these ends, a strenuous advocate of a thorough reform in Parliament, he took a foremost place among the faithful few who, in those evil times, stood in the breach, played the men for their country,

and saved it. Mr Kinloch's politics, acceptable in themselves to the mass of the community, were commended and enforced by the badness of the times, and the privations and sufferings of the working classes. Meetings to ventilate and advance Radical principles began to be held; the Government, headed by Castlereagh and Sidmouth, took the alarm, and prompt and energetic measures were resolved on to suppress the incipient conspiracy, sedition, treason!—for by all these bad names did they brand every manifestation, however constitutional, of popular discontent with things as they were.

On the 16th August, 1819, a great meeting in Manchester, to petition for the reform of the representation of the people in Parliament, was broken in on and dispersed by two regiments of yeomanry, two of infantry, and a brigade of artillery. A number of persons was killed, and several hundreds were seriously injured. The Manchester Massacre, as it was well termed, roused public indignation to the highest pitch, and the Political Union in Dundee resolved on a public meeting to protest against it. At this meeting, which was attended by about 10,000 persons, Mr Kinloch consented to preside—the Provost, the Member for the county, and several others having refused to do so. We have before us a copy of the speech which he delivered from the chair on that occasion, and a wonderfully temperate speech it was. He himself said of it—"I was cited to appear before a set of prejudiced judges, and a packed jury, for the atrocious crime of having said that we needed reform; that cutting of throats was murder; and that Castlereagh was a knave, and old Sidmouth a fool." But he meant in his facetiousness, that this was the construction which "prejudiced judges and a packed jury" would have put on his speech, rather than the speech itself. It was marvellously calm and moderate; sparing of invective, and even of satire; perhaps the sentence in it most flavoured with the latter being that in which he asked, in case the people had been really represented in the House of Commons—"Would the wealth of the country have been squandered, as it has been, in support of chuckle-headed Legitimacy, and for the restoration of that devil Ferdinand, the Pope, the Jesuits, and the Inquisition?"

Mr Kinloch was advised, instead of standing trial for this speech, to flee his country, and he was declared an outlaw. He preferred France for his asylum, and remained in it for three years, when his daughter Miss Cecilia Kinloch of Carnoustie,

was presented to George IV. at his visit to Edinburgh, and begged that the sentence of outlawry on her father might be recalled. It was recalled, and Mr Kinloch was allowed to return to his home and his friends. He returned only the more wedded to his political principles from what he had suffered for them; and tongue, and pen, and purse, and influence were devoted to their furtherance, till they triumphed in their adoption by the Legislature. During that period his connection and intercourse with Dundee were intimate and frequent. He had before that time laid Dundee under deep and lasting obligation, having at his own expense, and in spite of all the opposition which its self-elected Town Council could offer him, obtained an Act for the improvement of its Harbour, on which the prosperity of Dundee so much depends; the Guildry presenting him with a piece of plate of the value of 100 guineas, "in testimony of their respect for his character as an excellent and accomplished country gentleman, and of their gratitude for his zealous services to the community, in the matter of the Harbour Bill." The great body of its inhabitants were in sympathy with his Radicalism, and there was nothing which he was not ready and forward to do to deepen the combat for Reform, and to hasten the victory which was by and bye to crown it. With all thorough Reformers he was an immense favourite, and when Dundee got a member of Parliament to itself, it wreathed the laurel around Mr Kinloch's brow by electing him its first representative in the first Reformed Parliament.

His Parliamentary career, alas! was very brief. He took his seat in St Stephen's on the first day of the session, the 29th January, 1833, and he was numbered with the dead on the 28th of March ensuing, in the fifty-eighth year of his age. Profound, tender, and widespread, was the grief caused by his demise. Immediately it was resolved to honour him with a monument; but, from various causes, the resolution was not accomplished till the beginning of last year. The monument preferred was a statue of the patriot, and it was inaugurated on the 3d February, 1872, and now adorns the north-west corner of the Albert Institute Square, the finest imaginable site for it. The inauguration was a complete success. Lord Kinnaird presided at the ceremony, and made an appropriate and admirable speech. Provost Yeaman, the Honourable Charles Carnegie, Sir John Ogilvy, Mr Peterkin, &c., were also

very felicitous in their addresses, and the enthusiasm of the crowd in attendance, numbering from 25,000 to 30,000, was boundless. The statue was pronounced an excellent likeness, and both in Albert Square, and at the refection which followed in the Thistle Hall, John Steell, Esq., the sculptor, was duly honoured, not only for executing his task so successfully, but for undertaking it from love to Dundee, his native town, and as the first statue erected in it. The inscription on the pedestal is most striking :—

GEORGE KINLOCH,
of Kinloch.
Outlawed for
The Advocacy of Popular Rights,
22d December, 1819.
Proclaimed First Member for Dundee,
In the First Reformed Parliament,
22d December, 1832
Born in Dundee, 1775.
Died in London, 1833.
Erected by Public Subscription,
To Commemorate a Signal Triumph
of Political Justice,
3d February, 1872.

How time in its progress does often signally rectify the greatest irregularities and wrongs ! To Mr Kinloch's memory the 3d February, 1872, brought rich compensation for all the labours and sacrifices which his patriotism cost him. And Her Majesty has since added mightily to the compensation by bestowing on the patriot's son and successor the honour of a baronetcy. Most worthy was Sir George Kinloch of the honour ; but we believe that he spoke truly, as well as with beautiful and touching filialism, when he said at Alyth that his baronetcy was more a tribute to his father's memory than to himself. And Lord Kinnaird, now a British Peer and Lord-Lieutenant of Perthshire, presented another illustration of the same thing—we mean of the father's wrongs being righted in the happier experience of the son. So he spoke of himself at the refection in the Thistle Hall, and that most naturally and fitly on such an occasion ; pointing a moral of the greatest importance to all, more especially to those whose lot it is to suffer for well-doing to their country or their kind. "I confess," said he, "when that statue was unveiled, some painful, though pleasing recollections, were recalled to my mind of two very near and dear relations—a father and an uncle—who were

personal friends of Mr Kinloch, but who, like him and others, able and willing to serve their country, were precluded from so doing because, in the case of the House of Commons, unless you had the favour of either a Whig or Tory nobleman, the proprietors of close burghs, an Independent Liberal had very little chance of being returned to the House of Commons. With regard to my father, he could only look to being returned to the House of Lords by an election of the Scotch Peers. Now that elective body remains as the only monument in this country of that close, narrow, nay, corrupt system of self-election. He sat for a time in the House of Commons, when he succeeded to the Peerage, and then, owing to his political opinions, he was for life excluded from taking part in public matters. A man who had great talents, and whose whole object was the promotion of those measures which he believed, and which Mr Kinloch believed, were to benefit mankind, he was obliged to seek recreation and the study of Art abroad ; but then the name had gone before him, and from town to town he was hunted, never being allowed to live in one place above a few months, and when his son went to that country he was not allowed to receive a letter unless it had been previously read and stamped by the police."

Dundee, viewed as a whole, has thus been the scene of many memorable events. But there are in it particular localities which, viewed by themselves, have some good claim to rank as Historic Scenes, and, before leaving the town for the country, at a few of these we shall now glance.

The Seagate, plebeian as it has become, was at one time the Belgravia of Dundee. People who plumed themselves on being the "society" of the town lived in it ; and many of the Lairds of the surrounding country, as the Guthries, the Afflecks, the Brigtons, and the Burnsides had their town residences in it. Nearly opposite the foot of Peter Street were the Cross and the Town House, in front of which criminals suffered the last penalty of the law. It was here that the cannibal Angus "brigant," already mentioned, was burned, and it was here too, as late as 1699, that Grizzel Jaffray bore the same doom for witchcraft.

As Grizzel was suffering at the stake, and the town in a state of the highest excitement by her execution, a vessel appeared in the river whose captain was a near relative of the murdered woman. Shocked by the tragedy that was being acted, and disgusted with his native town for acting it, he forthwith set

sail for India, accompanied by his only son. They there amassed a large fortune, which was eventually brought home, the estate of Murie in the Carse of Gowrie purchased with it, and the well-known family of the Yeamans of Murie founded. In 1849 the effects in Murie House were exposed to sale, among which were a curious Indian chest, in which it was believed that the Captain's son brought his treasure from India to Forfarshire, and a portrait, believed to be that of the Captain himself, which sold for 130 guineas.

That old house at the head of the Seagate, and on the south side of it, a much frequented Inn in the days of our fathers, with the sign of the Blue Bell, taken down so lately as 1868, was the town residence of Sir George Murray of Grandtully. In it was born, in 1731, Admiral Duncan, first Lord Viscount Duncan, ennobled for his naval exploits, especially for his glorious victory, off Camperdown, in 1797, over the Dutch fleet under Vice-Admiral de Winter. His father, Alexander Duncan of Lundie, was then Provost of Dundee, and it may be presumed that he had either bought or rented the house from the Grandtully family.

Alison, in his History of Europe, has said of the Admiral, "Duncan's character, both in professional daring and domestic suavity, closely resembled that of Collingwood. He had the same rapid eye and intrepid decision in action, the same boldness in danger, the same vigour in command, the same gentleness in disposition. Tall, majestic in figure, with an athletic form and noble countenance, he recalled the image of those heroes in whom the imagination of the poets has loved to embody the combination of vigour and courage with strength and beauty. The rapidity of his decision, the justice of his glance, was equal to that of Nelson himself." The Sovereign having conferred on him the well-merited patent of nobility, both Houses of Parliament having unanimously thanked the fleet, and the City of London having presented his Lordship with the freedom of the city, and a sword of 200 guineas value, Angus and Dundee followed with all the honours which they could bestow. On his first visit to his native town, his reception and his procession along the High Street in full uniform, and carrying his London sword, were like the revival of a Roman triumph. His portrait was subscribed for and placed in the Town Hall, with the following inscription:—

"The Right Honourable Viscount DUNCAN, Commander of

the British Fleet in the North Seas, in the glorious engagement with the Dutch, near Camperdown, on the 11th of October, 1797, when the enemy were completely defeated, with the loss of nine ships of the line, among which were those of the Admiral and Vice-Admiral.

The whole English fleet consisted of ships	. 24
The whole Dutch fleet consisted of ships	. 26
The number of guns in the English fleet	. 1198
The number of guns in the Dutch fleet	. 1259

This portrait of the gallant Admiral was placed here at the request of a general meeting of the noblemen and gentlemen of Angus, who were justly proud that their county had given birth to so distinguished an officer. And, as a further testimony of their satisfaction, they at the same time resolved that a piece of plate of 200 guineas value should be presented to him by the county, in memory of that great and important victory."

Recent times have added some fresh memorials of that victory, and of the hero who won it. In 1859, on the occasion of converting the East Tidal Harbour into a floating dock, in order "to commemorate the brilliant achievements of the late Right Honourable Lord Viscount Duncan of Camperdown and Lundie," the Dundee Harbour Board "agreed that the name Tidal Harbour of Victoria Dock be discontinued, and the name Camperdown Dock be substituted." In 1865 a fine portrait of the Admiral, from the original painting in the Trinity House, Leith, was purchased by subscription, presented to the Town Council, and hung up in the Council Chamber.

That large antiquated edifice in Greenmarket Square, at the foot of Crichton Street, with its ground floor sunk below the level of the street, and with recesses arched at the top, is the old Customhouse of Dundee, and was the birth-place of Admiral Charles Middleton, first Lord Barham. His father, a Collector of His Majesty's customs, lived in that house, and Charles was born in it in 1730. The author of the *Yellow Frigate* represents the edifice as having been, prior to its being used as the Customhouse, the town residence of the Drummonds of Stobhall; but what authority he had for doing so we are not aware.

That hoary, lofty tenement behind the Town House, on the west side of the point where St Clement's Lane joins the Vault, was the town residence of the ancient Barons of Strathmartine, and was therefore called Strathmartine's Lodgings. The size and style of the mansion, if they were in keeping with the state

of its owners, indicated the high place which those Barons must have held amongst their peers.

West of this, in the Nethergate, is Whitehall Close, in which stood the Whitehall of Dundee. Till a comparatively recent period, the remains of it were to be seen in a strong vaulted building in a dingy, dirty court of this close. Sculptured stones and inscriptions which belonged to it are found in several of the buildings in or near its site, and a portion of the west wall has yet escaped demolition. Over the entrance of the close is a sculpture of the royal arms of Charles I., with "God Save the King, C. R., 1660," in decayed letters. On the lintel of a door is "Tendit acerrima virtus;" and over the broken lintel of a chimney is "Obay ye King James VI. in de——," dated 1589, and ornamented with the crown and the royal lion of Scotland. This Whitehall was often graced with the presence of Royalty. It was the residence of Mary and Darnley when they visited Dundee in 1565; of James VI. in some of his visits to the town; and of Charles II., immediately before leaving Scotland on his disastrous expedition to Worcester. There were likewise held in it frequent Conventions of the Estates, and of the burghs of Scotland, and several meetings of the General Assembly of the Kirk.

A little to the west of Whitehall was the town residence of the Earls of Crawford, called by way of distinction, The Earl's Lodgings. This spacious mansion is said to have been built in the thirteenth century, and to have extended, with its offices and grounds, from the Nethergate to the Tay. It had attached to it a chapel or oratory, dedicated to St Michael, and which was used for the daily devotions of the family. Many of the Earls of Crawford were born in this town residence, among whom, it is believed, were Earl Beardie and his son, the original Duke of Montrose; and many of them were also buried out of it in the Howff, in a tomb which is said to have thrown into the shade the best houses of the dead around it, as much as their palatial Lodgings threw into the shade the best of the aristocratic mansions of the living in Dundee. The last vestiges of it disappeared with the formation of Union Street, and the changes in the neighbourhood connected therewith. Here, and in their Castle of Finhaven, the powerful Earls of Crawford lived for ages in feudal splendour, excelled nowhere in Scotland; and here, in the fifteenth century, was celebrated, with boundless pomp and magnificence, the marriage of Archibald, sixth

Earl of Angus and Lord of Liddesdale, to Lady Maud, daughter of the Earl of Crawford. This Earl Archibald was commonly called Bell-the-Cat. He headed a conspiracy to seize the King, James III., and to murder his favourites. While he and his fellow-conspirators were hesitating as to the best method of accomplishing their design, Lord Gray reminded them of the fable of the mice. Met in solemn conclave, the mice resolved that their enemy, the cat, should have a bell suspended round her neck to warn them of her approach. But the difficulty was to find one among them ready to undertake the hazardous office of suspending the bell. Earl Archibald, after a pause, boldly cried out, "I shall bell the cat," and hence the *soubriquet* Bell-the-Cat, by which he was ever after familiarly designated.

Outside the West Port, at the head of the Overgate, is the Witch Knowe, and the name explains itself. Dundee had its own share of the anti-witch mania, and Grizzel Jaffray was but one of its many victims. So numerous were they that they were usually disposed of in batches or companies. Regent Moray, for example, in one of his expeditions to the north to reduce the Clans to obedience, had a witch-burning at St Andrews; and on his way south, says Birrell in his Diary, "he caused burn ane other company of witches in Dundee." As late as 1670, the ministers of Dundee, with consent of the Council, did send for a "prover" or "pricker"—that is one who could discover a witch by the witch mark—no very satisfactory mode of detection, if we may believe Sir George Mackenzie, then Lord Advocate of Scotland, who thus dilates on it:—"The Devil's mark useth to be a great article with us, but it is not *per se* (by itself) found relevant, except it be confess be them (the accused) that they got the mark with their own consent; *quo casu* (in which case), it is equivalent to a paction. This mark is given them, as is alleged, by a nip in any part of the body, and it is blue. *Delrio* (a learned Jesuit, now forgotten), calls it *stigma* or character, and alleges that it is sometimes like the impression of a hare's foot, the foot of a rat, or spider. Some think that it is impossible there can be any mark which is insensible, and will not bleed, for all things that live must have blood, and so this place behoved to live without aliment, for blood is the aliment of the body; but it is very easy to conceive that the Devil may make a place insensible at a time, or apply things to squeeze out the blood.

"This mark is discovered among us by a pricker, whose trade

it is, and who learns it as other trades [by, it is presumed, serving an apprenticeship to it], but this is a horrid cheat, for they allege that if the place bled not, or if the person be insensible, he or she is infallibly a witch. But, as *Delrio* confesses, it is very hard to know such a mark *a nevo, clavo, vel impetigine naturali* (from a natural callousness or discolouration), and there are many pieces of flesh which are insensible, even in living bodies; and a villain who used this trade with us, being in the year 1666 apprehended for other villainies, did confess all this trade to be a mere cheat."

The Overgate was originally called Argylegate, and it has still its Argyle Close. It was so named doubtless because the family of Argyle had a residence in it. Tradition, accordingly, yet points to a house in it, opposite what was the Windmill Brae, as having been the abode of that noble family. In this street were the lodgings also of some of the Wedderburns, the Forresters of Millhill, the Stirlings of East Brankie, and the Scrimgeours of Fordell.

At the west end of the High Street, where the Overgate joins it, were the Luckenbooths; and that old building, with the turret on the north-east corner of it, was the residence of General Monk in 1651, after he had taken the town by storm. It was also the birthplace of the celebrated Anne Scott, daughter of the Earl and Countess of Buccleuch, and afterwards the unfortunate Duchess of Monmouth. Shortly before her birth her parents had taken refuge in Dundee from the vengeance of Cromwell. It was her lot to be married to the Duke of Monmouth, a natural son of Charles II. He conspired against his father and against his uncle, the Duke of York, and when the latter came to the throne, Monmouth, tempted by the great discontent that prevailed, appeared in arms against him; and coming to a decisive battle without force enough to oppose the Royal army, he was defeated and captured, tried for treason, condemned, and beheaded in 1685, at the age of thirty-six. It was in the Luckenbooths, moreover, that the Pretender lodged during his stay in Dundee in 1715.

In St Margaret's Close, on the south side of the Nethergate, there were in ancient times both a Palace and a Mint. The Close took its name, it is believed, from the sainted Queen of Malcolm Canmore. May he not have built the Palace? Whether he did or not, Malcolm and his Queen occasionally resided in it, as did many of their successors, perhaps till the

erection of Whitehall. It was then inhabited successively by the Earls of Angus, the Scrimgeours of Dudhope, and by Graham of Claverhouse, Viscount Dundee. Robert III. was the first that coined money in the Mint; and of the coining there the Mint Close is to this day the memorial name. When the Mint House was taken down, portions of the wood of it were so sound as to admit of being made into snuffboxes; and, bearing the following rather catching inscription, there was great demand for them:—

When good King Robert ruled this land,
I was a stately tree;
He cut me down, then covered I
The Mint of strong Dundee.

It will be granted on all hands that the magic pen of Sir Walter Scott has made the Monksbarns of The Antiquary an Historic Scene of no ordinary interest. Wallace Craigie, comprehending the eastern suburb of Dundee, Constable Street, Princes Street, the Crescent, &c., is supposed by some to be that Monksbarns, and George Constable of Wallace Craigie, who died in 1803, at an advanced age, is supposed to be the veritable Jonathan Oldbuck of Monksbarns. The honour certainly lies between it and one other place on the coast, to which we shall by and by come. Monksbarns was in the neighbourhood of Fairport, a natural and happy enough name for Bonnie Dundee. Mr Oldbuck had “an excellent temper, with a slight degree of subacid humour, learning, wit, and drollery, the more poignant that they were a little marked by the peculiarities of an old bachelor; a soundness of thought rendered more forcible by an occasional quaintness of expression;” and in these qualities he is said to be an exact likeness of Mr Constable. They differed in their “womankind” and in several other things, but the differences were all within the license of the novelist—more especially of a novelist who tells us that he wishes so to disguise his “benevolent and excellent old friend,” that he might not be recognised, but who confesses that he was unsuccessful in the attempt.

The only surviving remnant of the ancient fortifications of the town is the archway at the east end of the Cowgate. It was originally one of the gates of the town, and the common belief is that it was from the top of this gate that Wishart preached in 1544, in the time of the plague. But it was years after that date ere the town wall was built. The only artificial

defence which it then had was a gate at the end of each street, uniting the houses on both sides of the street. It must have been from such a gate that Wishart preached, probably from that which was on the end of what is now called the Sugarhouse Wynd.

Blackness has both a painful and a pleasing prominence among like localities in and around Dundee. The estate was long the property of the Wedderburns, who suffered severely for their fidelity to the Stuart race. Sir John, the fifth baronet, fought for them at Culloden, was taken prisoner, carried to London, and executed on Kennington Common on 28th November, 1746. He was one of five who then and there expiated their treason with their life, and on the same Common on the 22d of August another three of the Scottish officers had been hanged and disembowelled. But ere long the ruined fortunes of the Wedderburns of Blackness were repaired. The honours and lands were restored to the son of Sir John, the seventh baronet; and his son George was long member of Parliament for the Dundee district of burghs, and Postmaster-General of Scotland.

The political fever spread by the First French Revolution added two to the particular localities which we are disposed to class among the Historic Scenes in Dundee. One of these is Belmont House, in the Perth Road. There grows the Tree of Liberty, planted in imitation of the French, and in celebration of the reign of liberty which the French Revolution had inaugurated. This Tree a crowd of the fevered populace of Dundee, on a Wednesday night, pulled up in the park in front of Belmont House, carried it shoulder-high to the Cross of the town, planted it there—its branches decorated with ribbons, oranges, halfpenny rolls, and biscuits—proclaimed it The Tree of Liberty, kindled a huge bonfire at the Cross, and danced and shouted in frantic exultation, as if the millennium of an emancipated world had begun. The Provost, Alexander Riddoch, who was justly suspected to have little sympathy with the jubilant mob, was present watching their proceedings, and him they compelled to walk, hat in hand, three times around the Tree, and to exclaim at the top of his voice—"Liberty and Equality for ever!" As the fuel of the bonfire began to fail, a cry was raised, "Get Gordon's coach!" Gordon, a hotel-keeper on the north side of the High Street, was looking from a window upstairs at the comedy that was being acted below,

and, to save his coach, he most archly cried, "Halloa, my brave lads, here is the key of my coal-cellar, enter it, and you will find nearly two tons of coals; take them, and make a splendid fire!" The mob was delighted, and the welkin rang with "Gordon for ever! Gordon for ever!" On the Thursday the Provost, having at command a sufficient force of the military, determined to remove the Tree. This, however, he prudently deferred doing till the Sunday, when there would be less risk of popular excitement and tumult. When Sunday came it was torn up and thrown into the Thief's Hole, but too much interest now centred in it to allow it to come to any such inglorious end. It was taken back to the park of Belmont House, and planted on the west side of the gate, where it has grown to a goodly size, and is becoming venerable in years, and still retains the name of the Tree of Liberty.

The other scene which we owe to those days of frenzy is Heathfield House, in the Hawkhill. It was then inhabited by Bailie Webster, who had a son who was not endowed with the wisdom of Provost Riddoch. He would not do homage to The Tree of Liberty planted at the Cross; not only so, but, as he mingled with the multitude, he ventured some audible remarks which were understood as profanely contemptuous of trees of liberty in general. The moment they were heard, the demolition of the Bailie's house was resolved on, and a crowd rushed to it to execute the resolution. "We'll no get in at the gate," cried a young man; and, with quick invention, he shouldered a large tar-barrel, carried it to the gate, set fire to it, and in a little while the gate was consumed. Heathfield House was now in the power of the assailants, who, however, instead of razing it to the foundations, contented themselves with breaking every window of it, and smashing such articles within as their stones could reach.

There were in Dundee many other places, chiefly ecclesiastical, which were for ages Historic Scenes, but which have ceased to be so to us, the history associated with them having been entirely lost. They are thus briefly enumerated in *Ful-larton's Gazetteer* of Scotland, in the article on the town:— Of "the ancient ecclesiastical edifices of Dundee which have disappeared, the oldest, St Paul's, was situated between Murray-gate and Seagate. St Clement's occupied the site of the present Town Hall. A mile and a half west of the town a burying ground, still in use, marks the site of the church of Logie, a

mensal or table-furnishing church of the Bishop of Brechin. On a rocky rising ground north of the High Street stood the chapel of St Salvador, probably an appendage of the Royal palace situated in the adjoining close of St Margaret or Mint Close. Outside of the Cowgate Port, between the Den Bridge and the east end of the Seagate, stood the chapel of St Roque : commemorated in the name of a lane, which runs from King Street to the Seagate, and is called St Roque's Lane, or vulgarly Semirookie. On a rock, a little eastward from Carolina Point, stood the chapel of Kilcraig, meaning, in the language of the Culdees, the church upon the rock, but afterwards called by the Roman Catholics the Church of the Holy Rood. This chapel is commemorated in the name of Roodyard, still applied to the locality. At the foot of Hilltown stood the chapel of Our Lady, commemorated in the name of the adjoining Lady Well. On a rock at the western part of the Harbour, originally called Nicholas Rock, and afterwards Chapelcraig, stood the chapel of St Nicholas. On the east side of Coultie's Wynd still stands a vestige of the basement part of the wall of the chapel of St Mary. A large cluster of houses called Pleasance, near the western approach to the Barracks, probably indicates the site of a forgotten chapel dedicated to Our Lady of Placentia. There appear to have been four or five other chapels ; and there were also in the churches, particularly in the cathedral one which still survives, various well-endowed altars to particular saints, and served by separate officials. There were likewise five convents—a Franciscan Friary on the Howff ; a Dominican Friary to the west of the Franciscan, and separated from it by the Friars' Vennel, afterwards called the Burial Wynd, and now called Barrack Street ; a monastery of Red or Trinity Friars, on or near the site of the Hospital, probably the Hospital itself, at the foot of South Tay Street ; a convent of the Nuns of St Clair, still in existence at the head of the Methodist Close, Overgate, and containing now a large hall which is occasionally used by the Incorporation of Hammermen, by the preacher, by the scientific lecturer, by the itinerant salesman, and even by the histrionic actor ; and a cloister of Magdalenes at the west end of the town, commemorated in the name of the large field or promenade called Magdalen Yard."

LIFF AND BENVIE.

We step from Dundee to our western limit. Invergowrie, which was originally a parish by itself, but was long ago united to Liff, is in the south-west extremity of the Maritime District of the shire. It has a place in our annals as early as the days of the Roman invasion under Agricola. There is good reason to suppose that it was their next station to Orea, in Richard of Circencester's Ninth Iter, and which he marks as "ad Tauum:" that is, at or on the Tay. Leaving Orea, which was two miles north of Perth, the invading army marched by Kinfauns, Kilspindie, Rossie, &c., and encamped at Cater Milley, half a mile north of Invergowrie, and about two miles west of Dundee. Cater Milley is the Doric of *Quatuor Millia*, Four Thousand; the station being so named, it may be believed, from the circumstance of Four Thousand being somehow connected with it. What that circumstance was can only be conjectured. The supposition of General Roy is as likely as any other, and it is that, on returning from the territories of the Horestians, the Roman commander put four thousand of his soldiers on board of his fleet at Invergowrie. Traces of the camp at Cater Milley were visible about the beginning of this century, but they have since been quite obliterated. According to Maitland's measurement of them, the camp must have been six hundred feet square, and fortified with a deep ditch and a high rampart.

Invergowrie is consecrated ground, which no lover of sacred antiquities can tread on without peculiar emotions. It was, according to some, the first site of a Christian Church on the north of the Tay. Mill, in his history of the Popes, alleges that there was a church at Invergowrie as early as A.D. 431; and whatever may be thought of this, there seems no reason to doubt the tradition that a church was erected here by Boniface, a legate or missionary from Rome, who landed in the bay in the seventh century, travelled through Forfarshire in fulfilment of his mission, and founded churches in several places in it. That ivy-clad ruin at the mouth of the Burn of Invergowrie may be the remains of the church which succeeded that of Boniface. The two large stones in front of the ruin are called the "Goors of Gowrie," and the "Ewes of Gowrie," and they

are named in a prophecy ascribed to Thomas the Rhymer, and which runs thus :—

“ When the Goors of Gowrie come to land,
The day of judgment is at hand.”

The making of the line of the Dundee and Perth Railway has rather rudely discredited the prophecy. That line runs some distance outside of the “ Goors,” and has brought them to land ; and the prediction of the Rhymer has not yet come to pass.

Nine centuries after Boniface landed at it, Invergowrie had another and a very different visitor. George Wishart spent a memorable night in it. He was on his way from Montrose to Edinburgh, his enemies panting for his life, and the crown of martyrdom being just about to be set on his head. He “ lodged (we quote from Stevenson’s History of the Church and State of Scotland) the first night with James Watson, an honest man, at Invergowrie, two miles from Dundee, where being laid in bed, he was observed to rise a little after midnight, and go forth into a garden, that he might, without being observed, give vent to his sighs and groans. There he prostrated himself upon the ground, weeping and making supplication, for near an hour, and then returned to his rest. William Spalding and John Watson, who lay in the same chamber, and had followed him out to see whither he went, began, as if ignorant of what had passed, to ask him where he had been. But he made no answer. In the morning, inquiring of new, why he rose in the night, and what was the cause of such mourning—for they told him all that they had seen him do—he, with a dejected countenance, answered, ‘ I wish you had been in your beds, which had been more for your ease, for I was scarce well occupied.’ But they, praying him to satisfy their minds further, and to communicate some comfort to them, he said, ‘ I will tell you that I assuredly know my travel is nigh at an end. Therefore, pray to God for me, that I shrink not when the battle waxeth most hot.’ Hearing these words, they burst forth into tears, and said to him it was a small comfort. Whereunto he replied, ‘ God will send you comfort after me. This realm shall be illuminated with the light of Christ’s Gospel, as clearly as ever was any realm since the days of the apostles. The house of God shall be built in it ; yea, it shall not lack, whatsoever the enemies shall devise to the contrary, the very cope-stone. Neither shall this be long in doing ; for there shall not many suffer after me. The glory of God shall appear ; and truth shall once triumph in spite of the

devil. But, alas ! if the people become unthankful, the plagues and punishments which shall follow will be fearful and terrible.’”

In the neighbourhood of Invergowrie is a scene where Alexander I. made a narrow escape with his life. At his baptism, his godfather, the Lord of Gowrie, had, according to the custom of those times, gifted him with the lands of Liff and Invergowrie. On these was a Castle or Palace (for it is called both), known by the strange name of Hurley Hawkin, immediately on the west side of the Churchyard of Liff, the spot being still marked by a small circular mound formed of the ruins of the edifice. Alexander was residing in it in fancied security, when a band of rebels from the Mearns and Morayshire entered into a conspiracy to seize his person and take his life. The night for the execution of the plot had come, and the rebels were at the doors of the Castle, endeavouring to force them, when they were discovered, and the King saved. Assisted by his Chamberlain, Carron, a son of that Carron whom Alexander's father, Malcolm Canmore, had surnamed Scrimgeour, “that is to say, *an hardie fighter*” (Holinshed), and made the Royal standard-bearer of Scotland, and whose descendant Wallace afterwards made Constable of Dundee, the King was got in safety to Invergowrie, where he embarked in a boat and passed to the south, to raise a force with which to return and punish the traitors. In gratitude for this signal deliverance, Alexander founded the Abbey of Scone in 1114, dedicated it to the Holy Trinity and St Michael, and endowed it with the lands of Liff and Invergowrie, and with their respective churches.

Our next Scene is a battlefield. The normal state of things between the Picts and the Scots had for three centuries been consuming war. At length—in the ninth century—a decisive engagement was fought between them, which was soon followed by a happy union of the two Crowns and the two Kingdoms. It was fought on the ground extending from the back of the Law of Dundee to about the north-east boundary of the parish of Liff—the Picts being led by Brude, and the Scots by Alpin. The battle commenced with great fury, and continued long doubtful. Alpin, looking on from the Law—perhaps from the vitrified Pictish Fort on it, the remains of which may still be traced—observed one of the wings of his army beginning to give way. To support it he sallied out with the garrison and his attendants, and gave the enemy a fresh charge ; but this

adventure proved fatal to him. The Scots sustained a complete defeat ; and the Picts are said to have owed their victory, in no small degree, to a stratagem of Brude, which Bruce successfully imitated at Bannockburn. Brude mounted upon the baggage horses all his attendants, and even the women in the camp, and put them in array on the neighbouring rising ground, as if they had been a fresh reinforcement of regular troops to attack the foe. The Scots, terror-struck, instantly gave up the conflict, and took to flight. Alpin, taken prisoner with the chief of his nobility, was beheaded ; his head was fastened on a pole and carried in triumph to Abernethy, then the capital of the Picts ; and his body was buried in the field where he fell. The head, it is said, after being exposed for some time on the wall of Abernethy, was recovered by a band of valiant Scots.

We have to this day remarkable monuments of this great battle. Pitalpin signifies the grave of Alpin, and this is the name of the lands where Alpin was slain. The name points more especially to the spot where the body of the vanquished monarch was interred. The spot, tradition says—and there is absolutely nothing to gainsay it—is that thickly planted grove close to the road from Dundee to Coupar-Angus, about a mile from Lochee, and rather more than a mile north-east of Camperdown House. It is a tumulus, with a stone on the top of it, called from time immemorial King's Cross ; which stone is said to have supported the standard of the Picts on the day of battle, and it certainly may have done so, the hole in it being sufficiently large to hold a goodly royal flagstaff. Notable it is, too, that in this tumulus, at a comparatively recent date, was found a skeleton, about eighteen inches below the surface, the head not joined to the rest of the remains, but placed contiguous to them. Then, a little to the westward, was another tumulus, removed in 1787, which contained eight or ten graves lined with flagstones, the heads of those graves being due west, and the bones in them so decayed that they mouldered on being touched. They were very probably the graves of Picts of distinction who fell in the battle of Pitalpin. Moreover, in 1732, there was found in the same locality, a fine snake-bracelet, which is now in the National Museum of the Antiquarian Society of Scotland.

We have given what has hitherto been the more commonly received version of the Battle of Liff. But according to some chronicles, the Alpin of the ninth century fell and was buried

in Ayrshire. His grave-stone, called Lacht Alpin, in the parish of Dalmellington, was known and recognised three hundred and fifty years after his death; and in the foundation charter of Ayr, William the Lion made it one of the boundaries of the trade of the town. Suspecting that he and the Alpin of Liff have been confounded, some have made the latter to have lived a century earlier; have dated the Battle of Liff, A.D. 730; and have altered the chief actors in it and other details of it; affecting an accuracy to which it is easy to pretend, but which really is not attainable. When old Chroniclers differ about events that preceded the dawn of history, nothing comes of setting up the authority of one against that of another. On such events none of them has any historical authority whatever. All of them merely chronicled traditions, most of them several hundred years old when they wrote; and our rule, which we venture humbly to recommend, is to follow the chronicle which reads best. There is pleasure in doing that; while there is neither pleasure nor profit in rapping against one another the heads of Chroniclers who had not a particle of history in them, and who were not a whit more capable of judging between diverse and conflicting traditions than we are.

We have said that the union of the crowns and kingdoms of the Picts and Scots soon followed; and it did so in this wise—The grandfather of Kenneth M'Alpin, *i.e.*, of Kenneth, the son of Alpin, had married Urgusia, a Pictish princess, sister of Constantine and Hungus, who were successively Kings of the Picts. On the death of Hungus, Kenneth M'Alpin claimed the Pictish throne in right of his grandmother, Urgusia, "The feeble state of the (Pictish) nation, and the incapacity of the true heir, combined to favour his ambitious designs; and, after a struggle of three years, he succeeded in uniting the two crowns in his own person. . . . And the two nations, being of congenial habits, springing from a common origin, and speaking cognate tongues, readily coalesced."

Benvie was a separate parish till it was united to Liff in 1753. At the Revolution, its minister, Mr George Thomson, made himself conspicuous by his Stuart zeal. At a meeting of Presbytery he had fidelity and courage enough to pray publicly for King James. This could not be borne. The populace set upon him, and pulled off his gown; the magistrates imprisoned him; and, soon after, he was fain to resign, and retired to Edinburgh, where he died in 1692.

MAINS AND STRATHMARTIN.

The next parish to the east is Mains and Strathmartin, in writing of which in the *New Statistical Account of Scotland*, its minister, the late worthy Dr Cannan, says, with most amusing batedness of breath, "It may not be improper to mention that Claverhouse, the residence of Lord Dundee, is in the parish, and that an edifice, in the form of a ruin, has lately been erected on the site of his mansion by his lineal male descendant, Mr Webster, formerly Graham of Balmuir." The property and residence of such an historic personage is, without controversy, an Historic Scene; and we therefore not only *may* but *must* mention it in passing. And it may be added that it was long before an Historic Scene, if, as is generally supposed, the Mains was the residence of the old Earls of Angus, and Claverhouse the site of their Castle; and that the glory of their great and long line is enough to roll away the reproach of a dozen of Lords of Dundee.

John Graham, the "Bloody Clavers," eldest son of Sir William Graham of Claverhouse, was born in 1643; was educated at the University of St Andrews; served his military apprenticeship in France and Holland; returned to Scotland in 1678, the eighteenth year of the persecution which was meant to exterminate the Covenanters; and was soon appointed by the Duke of York captain of a troop of horse. The servant exactly fitted the master; his rule of action being to do whatever he was commanded, utterly indifferent how inhumane, immoral, or impious it might be. "In any service I have been in," said he, "I never inquired farther in the laws than the orders of my superior officers." Indelible infamy attaches to his memory. Occasional attempts are made from time to time to wipe it away; but each of them only seems to darken and deepen it. Lord Macaulay's pencillings of him and his associates, and his glimpse of a single fortnight of their work, are an effectual antidote against the devil-worship, to which, under the guise of hero-worship, our Napiers and our Aytouns would entice us. The noble and eloquent historian brings them on the stage after the death of Charles II. and the accession of James VII.; and the worth of our quotation from him must be our apology for the length of it.

“The fiery persecution, which had raged when he (James) ruled Scotland as vice-gerent, waxed hotter than ever from the day on which he became sovereign. Those shires in which the Covenanters were most numerous were given up to the license of the army. With the army was mingled a militia, composed of the most violent and profligate of those who called themselves Episcopalians. Pre-eminent among the bands which oppressed and wasted these unhappy districts were the dragoons commanded by John Graham of Claverhouse. The story ran that these wicked men used in their revels to play at the torments of hell, and to call each other by the names of devils and damned souls. The chief of this Tophet, a soldier of distinguished courage and professional skill, but rapacious and profane, of violent temper and of obdurate heart, has left a name which, wherever the Scottish race is settled on the face of the globe, is mentioned with a peculiar energy of hatred. To recapitulate all the crimes by which this man, and men like him, goaded the peasantry of the Western Lowlands into madness, would be an endless task. A few instances must suffice; and all those instances shall be taken from the history of a single fortnight, that very fortnight in which the Scottish Parliament, at the urgent request of James, enacted a new law of unprecedented severity against Dissenters.

“John Brown, a poor carrier of Lanarkshire, was, for his singular piety, commonly called the Christian carrier. Many years later, when Scotland enjoyed rest, prosperity, and religious freedom, an old man who remembered the evil days described him as one versed in divine things, blameless in life, and so peaceable that the tyrants could find no offence in him except that he absented himself from the public worship of the Episcopalians. On the first of May he was cutting turf, when he was seized by Claverhouse’s dragoons, rapidly examined, convicted of nonconformity, and sentenced to death. It is said that, even among the soldiers, it was not easy to find an executioner. For the wife of the poor man was present: she led one little child by the hand: it was easy to see that she was about to give birth to another; and even those wild and hardhearted men, who nicknamed one another Beelzebub and Apollyon, shrank from the great wickedness of butchering her husband before her face. The prisoner, meanwhile, raised above himself by the near prospect of eternity, prayed loud and fervently as one inspired, till Claverhouse, in a fury, shot him dead. It was reported by

credible witnesses that the widow cried out in her agony, 'Well, sir, well; the day of reckoning will come;' and that the murderer replied, 'To man I can answer for what I have done; and as for God, I will take Him into mine own hand.' Yet it was rumoured that even on his seared conscience and adamant heart the dying ejaculations of his victim made an impression which was never effaced.

"On the fifth of May two artisans, Peter Gillies and John Bryce, were tried in Ayrshire by a military tribunal consisting of fifteen soldiers. The indictment is still extant. The prisoners were charged, not with any act of rebellion, but with holding the same pernicious doctrines which had impelled others to rebel, and with wanting only opportunity to act upon those doctrines. The proceeding was summary. In a few hours the two culprits were convicted, hanged, and flung together in a hole under the gallows.

"The eleventh of May was made remarkable by more than one great crime. Some rigid Calvinists had from the doctrine of reprobation drawn the consequence that to pray for any person who had been predestined to perdition was an act of mutiny against the eternal decrees of the Supreme Being. Three poor labouring men, deeply imbued with this unamiable divinity, were stopped by an officer in the neighbourhood of Glasgow. They were asked whether they would pray for King James the Seventh. They refused to do so except under the condition that he was one of the elect. A file of musketeers was drawn out. The prisoners knelt down: they were blindfolded; and, within an hour after they had been arrested, their blood was lapped up by the dogs.

"While this was done in Clydesdale, an act not less horrible was perpetrated in Eskdale. One of the proscribed Covenanters, overcome by sickness, had found shelter in the house of a respectable widow, and had died there. The corpse was discovered by the Laird of Westerhall, a petty tyrant who had, in the days of the Covenant, professed inordinate zeal for the Presbyterian Church, who had, since the Restoration purchased the favour of the government by apostacy, and who felt towards the party which he had deserted the implacable hatred of an apostate. This man pulled down the house of the poor woman, carried away her furniture, and, leaving her and her younger children to wander in the fields, dragged her son Andrew, who was still a lad, before Claverhouse, who happened to be march-

ing through that part of the country. Claverhouse was just then strangely lenient. Some thought that he had not been quite himself since the death of the Christian carrier, ten days before. But Westerhall was eager to signalise his loyalty, and extorted a sullen consent. The guns were loaded, and the youth was told to pull his bounet over his face. He refused, and stood confronting his murderers with the Bible in his hand. 'I can look you in the face,' he said; 'I have done nothing of which I need be ashamed. But how will you look in that day when you shall be judged by what is written in this book.' He fell dead, and was buried in the moor.

"On the same day two women, Margaret Maclachlan and Margaret Wilson, the former an aged widow, the latter a maiden of eighteen, suffered death for their religion in Wigtonshire. They were offered their lives if they would consent to abjure the cause of the insurgent Covenanters, and to attend the Episcopal worship. They refused; and were sentenced to be drowned. They were carried to a spot which the Solway overflows twice a day, and were fastened to stakes fixed in the sand, between high and low water mark. The elder sufferer was placed near to the advancing flood, in the hope that her last agonies might terrify the younger into submission. The sight was dreadful. But the courage of the survivor was sustained by an enthusiasm as lofty as any that is recorded in martyrology. She saw the sea draw nearer and nearer, but gave no signs of alarm. She prayed and sang verses of psalms till the waves choked her voice. After she had tasted the bitterness of death, she was, by a cruel mercy, unbound and restored to life. When she came to herself, pitying friends and neighbours implored her to yield. 'Dear Margaret, only say, God save the King!' The poor girl, true to her stern theology, gasped out, 'May God save him, if it be God's will!' Her friends crowded round the presiding officer. 'She has said it; indeed, sir, she has said it.' 'Will she take the abjuration?' he demanded. 'Never!' she exclaimed, 'I am Christ's: let me go!' And the waters closed over her for the last time."

On the south bank of the Dighty, opposite the churchyard, is the Nine Maidens' Well; a name of which tradition has handed down an explanation too interesting to be passed over. The legend is to the following effect:—A farmer in Pitempton, blessed with nine lovely daughters, one day sent one of them to that well to fetch him a draught of water. She not returning,

another was sent to learn the cause of the delay, and to hasten the gratification of the farmer with the coveted draught. Neither of them returning, daughter after daughter was sent, till the whole nine had been dispatched on the same errand. The astounded father at length followed them, and was horrified with the spectacle which met his eye. His nine daughters lay dead at the well, and two large snakes were throwing their slimy folds around them. The reptiles, on seeing him, hissed loudly, and would have made him their prey also if he had not saved himself by flight. The whole neighbourhood at once assembled in a state of the utmost excitement, and a young man, the suitor of one of the sisters, boldly attacked the snakes, and wounded both. They left their victims, and, wriggling their way towards the hills, hotly pursued by the youth and his companions, were destroyed at Balluderon, near the base of the Sidlaws.

At Balluderon is a stone covered on one side with figures of men on horseback, and of dogs and serpents. Two serpents were sculptured on another stone at the gate of the schoolmaster's garden at Strathmartin. In the gable of an old house which, till 1824, stood close to the north side of the churchyard, was a stone bearing the figure of a man, who had a head somewhat resembling that of a hog, and carried on his shoulder a warlike weapon. All these are supposed to be monuments of the tragic fate of the Pitempton farmer's nine daughters at the well, and are regarded as giving credibility to the legend. The fame of the Glen of Ogilvy, it is true, is likewise associated with nine maidens, as we shall find when we come to it; but why should not the fame of Strathmartin be so as well? Auchendoir, in Aberdeenshire, too, has a well at which nine maidens were killed by a bear; but what right that gives incredulity to shake its head at the story now in hand we are at a loss to see. If two serpents killed nine maidens at Strathmartin Well, why should not a bear kill nine maidens at Auchendoir Well?

The western part of the parish of Strathmartin, called Clatto Moor, is of considerable note in history. It is said that Agricola with a portion of his host encamped on it, perhaps after the battle of Mons Grampius, when, as Tacitus narrates, he "led his forces into the territories of the Horestii," understood to have been Angus. Wallace and his band of patriots and heroes also once encamped on it, as they approached Dundee for one of those sieges which they laid to it for its deliverance. And, ac-

ording to some, it was from his camp on Clatto Moor that General Monk, in 1651, dispatched a detachment to Alyth to disperse the Estates met there, and where they took so many of the nobility and gentry of the country prisoners.

Broughty Castle becomes conspicuous in the war between the Scots and English from 1547 to 1550. It had been built by Lord Gray soon after 1490, when the Earl of Angus resigned in his favour the estate on which it is situated. A sculptured stone bearing the date 1496, at the north-west angle of the tower, below the battlement, determines its age. Protector Somerset, having routed the Scots at Pinkie, followed up his victory by a week's havoc of the coast on both sides of the Firth of Forth. His fleet on its way homeward visited the Angus coast, took the Castle of Broughty, which they fortified anew and garrisoned, and then set to plundering the surrounding country. The Earl of Arran, Regent of the Kingdom, in vain attempted to dislodge and expel them. The siege which he laid to the Castle he was soon obliged to raise. The Earl of Argyle, with a considerable force of Highlanders, renewed the siege, but was also unsuccessful. These failures were the result of treachery as well as weakness. Many of the Scottish nobles espoused the English interest. "Argyle, a supporter of the Reformation, and one of the ablest and most powerful of the Scottish nobles, had collected an army of Highlandmen for the purpose of capturing the Castle of Broughty and expelling the enemy from the neighbouring district; but he, too, was gained over to the English interest, partly by skilfully playing off against him his great rival Huntly, and partly by a bribe of one thousand crowns. Even Huntly, the pillar of the Romish party (who, it will be recollected, was taken prisoner at the battle of Pinkie), promised that, if allowed to return home, he would join the English faction, and promote the views of King Edward."

All this emboldened the English to strengthen their position, by building a fortress on the adjoining hill of Balgillo, flattering themselves that their entrance into the heart of the country would thus be sure and easy. In the meantime their ships, lying in the estuary between Broughty and Dundee, held the coast on both sides at their mercy, and most cruelly ravaged it. When the position of affairs was thus very critical, and looked all but desperate, help at length came from France. Six thousand French and German auxiliaries were dispatched to

Scotland, under the command of Marshal D'Essé, and when his efforts at deliverance threatened to be futile, he was superseded by Monsieur Paul De Thermes, with a reinforcement of a thousand foot and three thousand horse. The Regent was thus enabled to press the enemy so vigorously and efficiently that, on the 20th February, 1550, they surrendered Broughty and Balgillo, and the garrisons of both were put to the sword. At the same time both fortresses were dismantled.

On the 1st July, 1606, forty-two ministers of the Kirk presented a petition to Parliament against the introduction of Episcopacy. Mr William Rait, then minister of Strathmartin, was one of the petitioners. His successor, Mr Henry Fithie, was more pliant. Having in a Synod Sermon, shied naming the "Malignants," the General Assembly in 1643 made him crave pardon on his knees, and promise amendment; and we are not surprised to find that one with such a tendency to time-serving, was, with seventeen of his brethren in the Synod, deposed in 1649 by the Assembly's Committee for Visitation. Mr William Thomson, one of his successors, was of a different stamp. The General Assembly of 1740 having resolved to depose the eight Seceding ministers, he was one of the fifteen members who dissented from the resolution.

MURROES.

Murroes has two Scenes well entitled to be reckoned Historic. The one is the Castle of Easter Powrie, now called Wedderburn. It is supposed that, as far back as the thirteenth century, it belonged to the Earls of Angus. In 1207, Gilchrist, the third Earl, granted the church of Murroes and others to the Abbey of Arbroath—perhaps as a penance for the murder of his Countess, who was a sister of King William the Lion. As a farther punishment of him, William also bestowed upon the Abbey a considerable part of the Earl's possessions. His crime was very heinous, and the only thing that could be said in extenuation of it is, that it was rashly committed in a fit of jealousy. There is a touch of the romantic in the sequel of this very tragic affair. Summoned to stand trial, and failing to appear, Gilchrist was outlawed, his castles demolished, and his

lands confiscated. He lived for some time an exile in England, which he was forced to leave by an international law passed between it and Scotland, that neither of them should harbour an enemy of the other. He returned to Scotland, where, for the purpose of concealment, he had to shift about from place to place, suffering great want and misery. Returning from an expedition into Moray against Donald Bain, King William, says Buchanan, when "at a little distance from Perth, met three countrymen, who, except in rags and wretchedness, did not appear to resemble rustics, and seemed desirous to avoid encountering the multitude. On being brought before the King, after eyeing them earnestly for some time, he demanded to know who they were. Gilchrist, who was the oldest among them, having thrown himself at the feet of His Majesty, after lamenting bitterly his unhappy fortune, told him who he was. The remembrance of the splendour in which his earlier days had passed so affected all who were present that no one could abstain from tears; and the King, commanding him to rise from the ground, restored him to his former honour and dignity, and received him into his friendship as before."

The other Historic Scene in this parish is the Castle of Ballumbie. It is associated with the name of a lady whom Scotchmen will mention with honour to the latest generation. James I., confessedly one of the best, if not the very best, of the Stuart Kings, was assassinated on the night of the 20th February, 1437, in the Convent of the Dominicans or Black Friars at Perth, in which he was then residing, having spent the previous Christmas in it with great splendour. The chief conspirators were the Earl of Athole, his kinsman, Sir Robert Graham, and his grandson, Sir Robert Stewart. The third was Chamberlain to the King, and greatly facilitated the design of the traitors. James was standing before the fire, in his nightgown and slippers, talking gaily with the Queen and her attendants, when the convent was burst open. The ruffians made their way at once to the royal bedchamber. The first impulse of the parties within the apartment was to barricade the door of it, when, lo! it was discovered that an accomplice within had removed the bolts and destroyed the locks. A young lady—one of those in waiting on the Queen—made a bar of her arm, and thrust it into the staple from which the bolt had been taken away. The arm was soon and easily broken, the room entered, and those who were in it trampled on and wounded by

the ferocious, blood-thirsty ruffians. But her heroic deed gained for the King a few moments of time, during which, tearing up with the tongs a board of the floor of the bedchamber, he slipped into a small secret vault that was below, and replaced the board; and there, had he been less impatient of his confinement, his life might have been saved. The monastery was searched in vain for him, when one of the murderers, hearing him calling to be pulled up, shouted to his companions, and, descending into the vault, they dispatched the King with many wounds. According to an account of his death written at the time, there were no fewer than sixteen wounds in his breast alone.

The devoted heroine who sacrificed her arm for her Sovereign and who risked her life to save his, had that been possible, was Catherine Douglas, a daughter of Sir William Douglas, Knight, and the wife of Sir Richard Lovel of Ballumbie.

MONIFIETH.

The chief Scene in Monifieth is Grange. In the times of the First Reformation it was the seat and centre of an influence which must have been highly advantageous to the Protestant interest. It was the property and residence of the Durhams, a family of mark as far back as the reign of Robert Bruce, Sir William Durham of Grange being then a person of rank and distinction, and which still survives in the Durhams of Largo, Fifeshire. The late Sir Philip Charles Durham, Admiral, K.C.B., and the late General James Durham, revived the ancient lustre of the race.

Sir Philip, in his youth, was marvellously delivered from a watery grave. Having risen from a midshipman to the rank of a lieutenant, he was serving on board the Royal George when that noble vessel sank at Spithead. He was hoisting on board a supply of provisions, when, observing the ominous motion of the vessel, he jumped on the weather quarter of the deck, and sang out, "The Ship is sinking." The words were scarcely out of his mouth when the ship capsized, upon which he sprang through one of the portholes, followed by a marine, and he, clinging to him, they sank together. With wonderful presence of mind he threw off his jacket and waistcoat, which the marine

was grasping, rose to the surface, and was picked up by a boat. The marine was drowned, and when his body was recovered, some days afterwards, he was still grasping the waistcoat, in the pocket of which was Durham's pencil-case. The Lieutenant was one of seventy saved on that occasion out of twelve hundred who perished. It is a gun from the wreck of the Royal George that stands on the terrace in front of Largo House.

Alexander, the sixth baron of Grange, was a zealous Reformer, a relative and very intimate friend of Erskine of Dun, the famous Superintendent of Angus; and often did these two, both at Dun and at Grange, take counsel for the furtherance of the good cause, not seldom having the benefit of the presence, and wisdom, and ardour of John Knox himself, who was a frequent visitor of Erskine.

It was at Grange that Erskine very narrowly escaped being captured by the Popish party, who bore him a deadly grudge. We have not happened to meet with the details of this plot against him, or even with the precise date of it. It may have been as early as 1555, in which year Knox arrived in Scotland, persuaded the Protestants to desist from hearing mass, and spent a month at Dun, preaching daily, and the principal persons in the neighbourhood attending his sermons. This was enough to make the Papists mark Erskine for their victim. Or it may have been as late as 1559, in which year Knox, in less than two months, made a tour of the greater part of Scotland, visiting Kelso, Jedburgh, Dumfries, Ayr, Stirling, Perth, Brechin, Montrose, and Dundee, and returning again to St Andrews. The effect was increased alarm and rage in the Queen Regent and the adherents of the old religion; they set a price on the head of Knox, and had no scruple against waylaying and assassinating any of his friends and coadjutors.

It was at Grange, too, that Montrose so nearly gave the slip to the party who were conveying him a prisoner to Edinburgh. He passed a night at Grange on his way southward, and the lady of the house did her best to deliver him by stratagem. She first plied his guards with drink till they were intoxicated and fell fast asleep. She then dressed the Marquis in her own clothes. In this disguise he passed all the guards unobserved, or at least unsuspected, and was on the point of escaping, when a soldier, not altogether unable to mark what was passing, gave the alarm, and the great prize was again secured.

Pitkerrow House was the mansion of John Durham, the second son of the above Alexander of Grange ; and of John was descended James, who followed a somewhat singular course. At the commencement of the Civil War James was a staunch loyalist, and a captain in the King's army. When forty-five years of age he joined the Covenanters, abjured the profession of arms, and betook himself to the study of theology, rising to eminence in it, and leaving behind him several valuable theological works. He was first one of the ministers of Edinburgh, then one of the King's chaplains, and lastly one of the ministers of the Inner High Church of Glasgow, in which he preached before Cromwell in 1651. He was colleague to the celebrated Zachary Boyd, and on Boyd's death Durham married his widow, Margaret Mure, a daughter of Mure of Glanderston.

To not a few in coming generations Lintrathen House will be an Historic Scene. It will be thought and spoken of as the seat of the late Thomas Erskine, Esq., advocate ; and his merits as an author, notwithstanding some peculiar opinions entertained by him, his high Christian character, and his great philanthropy, will not suffer his name to be soon forgotten.

The Scottish Reformers abolished Popish tyranny, under which the land had long groaned, but they unhappily established a system of coercion in religion, which was little better than the yoke of Rome ; and if we were asked to point to a parish which was a model of the working of that system, we should point, we think, to Monifieth. We have not examined the twelve large volumes of its Register which are extant. We judge merely from the specimens culled from these by the Rev. (now the Rev. Dr) Samuel Miller, and given in his Statistical Account of the parish. Every parishioner was forced to attend the kirk on the Sabbath day. The penalty on absentees was "twa shillings" each. Every parishioner was obliged to communicate at the Lord's table. The penalty on neglecters appears, from the case of "Robert Leis," who "wes ordeanit to mak his repentens, and pay fourty shillings of penaltie." Then, as now, marriage was honourable in all, with this qualification then, however, that the parties to it should be able to repeat the Creed, as also the Ten Commandments, before the first dispensation of the Lord's Supper after marriage. "1564, Andro Fyndlay and Elspit Hardye ratefeit ye cōtract of mariag, and the said Andro prōisit to haif the believe before ye solēnizatiō of his mariag, under the pane of v merk, and ye cōandiments

before ye ministratiō of the Lord's Supper, under ye pane of uther v merk." Sobriety was forced in like manner. The principle of total abstinence had not then (1646) been discovered, but the limits of moderation were fixed, and every transgression of them made penal. "It is actit, that whosaevir heirefter sall be fund to drink in aill-houses, bying or selling, to remaine longer nor a pint aill or chapin aill the hand (*i.e.*, per man) sall pay twa dolors." And this was a mitigation of previous severity, for as early as 1563 a culprit convicted of "ye presumful abus and vyc of drukinnes" was sentenced by the Session to be "brankit, stockit, dukit, and banisit ye haile paris." Even to female infirmities they were not more lenient, applying the birch to them with equal sharpness. "1643, Robt. Scott, ye bedell, ressavit v sh. to buy ane pynt of tar, to put upon the weomen that holds the playds about thair head in the church;" a bit of discipline apparently upon sleepers who tried to hide their shame by covering their heads with their plaids. "1640, Helen Scott ordeanit and actit for her offence of selander to keip ye preiching dayly; to sitt dayly in ane visible pairt, qr ye minr. may sie her; and if she obeyis not ye samyn under ye pane that she sall stand in ye jowgs, and yrafter to be banisit out of ye paroch, if ever she beis found to selander any of her neighbours heirafter, or to flytt with thame."

The Rebellion of 1715 raged fiercely in this quarter. The rebels violently drew Mr John Ballantyne, then minister of the parish, from his charge; but he was soon restored to it.

BARRY.

The great Scene in Barry is a battle field. As early as 866 the Norsemen began their piratical incursions, from which Scotland suffered so much for nearly a century and a half. So often did they return, and so successfully did they pursue their conquests, that there remained latterly to the Scots nothing of the country to the north of the Forth and the Clyde save the districts of Fife, Strathearn, Gowrie, and Lennox, with the two northern districts of Athole and Argyle. Malcolm II. having

defeated those marauders with great slaughter at Mortlach, Sueno, King of Denmark, to avenge the overthrow and recover the loss at Mortlach, fitted out a great fleet, and put it under the command of Camus, one of the ablest of his officers. Camus by and by anchored in Lunan Bay, and landed his troops in the neighbourhood of Redhead, the promontory on the south side of the Bay, and the north-east end of the Sidlaw Hills, which begin with Kinnoull Hill at Perth. After a circuitous route, marked by all the desolation which fire and sword could effect, Camus at length pitched his camp at Carnoustie, and waited for Malcolm, who was known to be approaching from Dundee. Both armies were large, well equipped, and eager for battle, and much it was felt depended on the issue—either the continued hold which the northern sea-wolves had got of Scotland, or the rescue of it from their grasp. The Scots won a decisive and glorious victory, but the engagement was very sanguinary. Camus himself was slain, and an immense number of his followers. The local rhymes on it run in such strains as these :—

“Lochty, Lochty, is red, red, red,
For it has run three days wi’ bluid.”
“There lies the King of Denmark’s son,
Wi’ twenty thousand o’ his horse and men.”
“There lies the King of Denmark sleepin’,
Naebody can pass by this without weepin’.”

Soon after this the Danes evacuated Scotland at Burghead. They had been the terror and the scourge of every other country of Europe. They had succeeded in setting one of their leaders on the throne of England; and surely it reflects high honour on our fathers that they baffled them in all their attempts to settle permanently in the mainland of Scotland, and finally expelled them from it.

“The monuments of this victory,” says Buchanan, “still remain. An obelisk and a village in the neighbourhood still preserve the name of Camus.” The village, Camustown, in the parish of Monikie, and the obelisk or large upright stone, called Camus Cross, both manifestly point to the Danish general. The latter is alleged to be on the very spot where, two miles from the field of carnage, whence he was fleeing, Camus was overtaken and killed by, it is said, a remote ancestor of the Earls Marischal, who cut off a part of his skull. And certainly it is most remarkable that, about 1620, the then Lord Panmure opened the tumulus at Camus Cross, in the presence of a number of gentlemen, when a skeleton of gigantic dimensions,

in good preservation, was discovered, nothing being imperfect but the skull, a part of which was wanting! Buchanan farther says, "To this day, when the wind raises the sand at Balbride, many bones are uncovered, of larger dimensions than can well agree with the stature of men of these times." "Balbride," *i.e.*, Panbride; the battle was fought on the border line between the parishes of Barry and Panbride, and is, therefore, called sometimes the Battle of Barry, and sometimes the Battle of Panbride. We must not omit to note that Carnoustie is likewise a monumental name. It is The Cairn of the Host, the host meant being the fallen host of Camus. They found their tomb here; and over them, especially over their officers and other persons of distinction among them, cairns were accumulated according to the custom of those times. It may be added that in several contiguous parishes cairns and mounds were scattered, being in all probability the graves of Danes who were buried where they were cut down in their flight from Barry's bloody field.

We may observe that in those days there were giants—some among the native population, and more among their hostile invaders—so that references to gigantic skeletons, gigantic tombs, &c., are not to be sneered at as fabulous. The fact is so well authenticated that it requires a great deal more credulity to disbelieve than to believe it.

MONIKIE.

Camus Cross already took us into the parish of Monikie. A little to the west of the Cross is the Live and Let Live Testimonial, erected in 1839 to the late Baron Panmure by his numerous tenantry. It is an elegant and imposing structure, rising to the height of 105 feet, commanding a view of portions of not fewer than seven counties, and being a most conspicuous landmark over a great expanse of ocean and of firth on the East of Scotland. Its name is most felicitously descriptive. Never did a landowner act more consistently and thoroughly on the Live and Let Live principle; and, accordingly, the inscription on the monument bears that it was raised "to perpetuate the memory of a nobleman who, through a long life, has made the

interests and comforts of his tenantry his sole and unwearied object."

The parish is bisected by a hilly ridge running from east to west; and in the ridge is "a deep and winding ravine, traversed by one of the streamlets, and called Denfiend, or the Fiends Den." There must have been good and, doubtless, curious reasons for the name given to the Den; but as there is no record of them, none at least that has come our way, we must leave it to the imagination of our readers to supply them. "Near a place called the Cur-hills, in the southern district, are a number of cairns, called the Frier-cairns, the monuments of some ancient battle, and the depositories of stone coffins, urns, and human bones. From any light which history reflects on these, we can hardly be wrong in regarding them as the monuments, either of the Battle of Barry, or of that of Panmure, to which we shall presently come.

At the Revolution, Mr William Rait, minister of the parish, took the oaths to William and Mary, reluctantly, as we may well believe; for he joined the Pretender in 1715, and was next year deposed for his disloyalty.

Alexander Balfour, a copious and esteemed miscellaneous writer, was a native of this parish, having been born in it in 1767. In the avocations of business, in which he was engaged till 1819, he abundantly made up, by self-culture, for the scantiness of his school education, and was a frequent contributor to the periodical press. In the year we have named general paralysis of body obliged him to relinquish business. He lived through another decade, spending his days in a wheel-chair, from which he could not rise without assistance, and devoted himself entirely to literature. The productions of his pen were Campbell, or the Scottish Probationer; Biographical Preface to the Poetical Works of Richard Gall; many Contributions in Tales, Sketches, and Poems to Constable's Edinburgh Magazine; Characters omitted in Crabbe's Parish Register; Contemplation, and other Poems; The Founding of Glenthorn, or the Smuggler's Cave, a novel in 3 vols., which first appeared in the Minerva Press; papers in the Caledonian Magazine, and Literary Olio, published at Dundee; and Highland Mary, in 4 vols. Joseph Hume, M.P., having presented a number of his works to the Premier, Mr Canning, a donation of £100 was granted him from the Treasury. He died in 1829; and a posthumous volume of his Remains was published, under the title of Weeds and Wildflowers.

PANBRIDE.

About two miles north-east of the Testimonial, and in the parish of Panbride, is Panmure House—a most magnificent mansion, finely situated, in the neighbourhood of the vaults, and foundations of the old Castle which was so long the residence of the Lords of Panmure, wanting, however, the “vast plantations” by which the old Castle was surrounded, and which gave the seat so much of its magnificence and beauty. It was in the neighbourhood of the Castle that the Battle of Panmure was fought in 1337. In that year David II. being yet a minor, Edward III. of England again invaded Scotland, and his army had reached as far north as this district. Sir Andrew Murray, then Regent of Scotland attended by the Earls of Fife and March, was encamping with the Scottish army in the forest of Platane. Being advised that the army of Edward lay at Panmure, Sir Andrew marched to it with his forces, attacked the invaders, and routed them. In that battle the English lost four thousand men, and, among others, Henry, Lord Montford, a nobleman of high military authority as well as rank among them.

Panbride, moreover, is the parish of Hector Boece, not one of the least of its honours. The barony of Panbride was for generations the property of the family to which he belonged; and to this day there are places in the vicinity bearing names which are said to be memorials of him. Hunter’s Path, a farm on the north side of the moor of Arbirlot, being interpreted, is Hector’s Path; and Heckenbois Path, an old road in the same moor, being interpreted, is Hector Boece’s Path.

Boece was born about 1465, and holds a high place among the pioncers of Scottish literature. He received the rudiments of his education in Dundee; studied at the Universities of Aberdeen and Paris; was for a time Professor of Philosophy in the College of Montacute; and, in 1500, was appointed Principal of the College of Aberdeen, which had just been founded by Bishop Elphinstone. His great work was his History of Scotland, in which, says Bishop Lloyd, he put Fordun’s “tales” in his Scoti-chronicon “into the form of a history, and pieced them out with a very good invention, that part in which he chiefly excelled.” Maitland is less witty and

severe, and probably less unjust to him. He remarks—"In forming a final estimate of the literary character of Boece, we must bear in mind that when scholar-craft, in this country at least, was rare, he was a scholar, and contributed, by reviving ancient learning, to dispel the gloom of the middle ages; and that, while the history of his country existed only in the rude page of the chroniclers who preceded him, or in the fading records of oral tradition, he embodied it in a narrative so interesting, and language so beautiful, as to be worthy of a more refined age."

ARBIRLOT.

Only Arbirlot lies between us and Arbroath, and will not long detain us. If a place where a literal crown has been literally lost is an Historic Scene, the parish of Arbirlot has such a scene. The Elliot Water runs through the parish from north to south, and on the side of it, a short way above the village of Arbirlot, in a hollow called the Black Den, tradition bears that in passing through that hollow one of the kings of Pictland lost his crown, and the sceptic who doubts its testimony may be confronted with one of those "chiels that winna ding." It is a fact that, about the beginning of last century, a labourer found a golden crown in that very Den. Part of it he sold at home for £20 Scots, and the remainder he sent to London to ascertain its value; but, as has often happened with such lucky peasants, he never received any return.

The Castle of Kelly was situated on the right bank of the Elliot, not far from the parish church, and it too is an Historic Scene. It is enough to make it such that, before the Auchterlonys possessed them, the Barony and Castle were the property of Walter, the Lord High Steward of Scotland, and The Bruce's son-in-law, whose blood still runs in the veins of the occupant of the throne of the United Kingdom.

At the Manse of Arbirlot is preserved a very interesting example of an early Christian monument. Jervise, in his Memorials of Angus, gives a drawing of it, and remarks:—"This stone, which is here represented, was discovered in the foundations of the old parish kirk of Arbirlot, some twenty-five

years ago. It is about $5\frac{1}{2}$ feet high, by about $2\frac{3}{4}$ feet broad, bears the representation of a cross (probably of the pattée sort) near the top and bottom of the stone, of two open books, and a small circle. One of the volumes has a clasp, and probably the line which connects the upper book with the cross below, is intended to represent a rope or chain, thereby shewing that the custom of thus preserving the sacred writings and works of the Fathers had been in use at the time this stone was erected, but that period is, of course, unknown.

“Probably this is the monument of some old ecclesiastic of Arbirlot, or Abereloth, as the name was anciently written, the first recorded of whom is William of Eglisham, who flourished in the time of Robert the Bruce.”

Coming to more recent times, perhaps the event which the ecclesiastical world at least, both in Scotland and far beyond it, will most readily associate with the name of Arbirlot is, that it is the parish in which the late Rev. Dr Thomas Guthrie commenced his ministry.

ARBROATH.

Arbroath owes much of its place in history to its Abbey, the venerable and picturesque remains of which are to this day much admired by visitors. The Abbey was founded about 1178 by William the Lion, and dedicated to the memory of Thomas á Becket, Chancellor of England, and Archbishop of Canterbury. The monks installed in it were brought from Kelso, and were of the Tyronesian order, which followed the rule of St Benedict, and they rose to the height of their wealth, and power, and fame in Scotland when they obtained possession of the Abbeys of Lindores and Arbroath.

Seven years before William founded the Abbey of Arbroath, Becket had fallen a martyr for maintaining the rights and immunities of the Church against the encroachments of the laity. In the dispute between the crown and the tiara, he sided with the Pope. Henry II., mortally offended at him, thus bemoaned himself:—“What an unhappy prince am I, who have not about me one man of spirit enough to rid me of a single insolent prelate, the perpetual trouble of my life!” His

attendants quite readily understood the hint thus given them. Four ruffians of the Court immediately formed a design against the Archbishop's life; and, when he was at vespers in the Cathedral of Canterbury, they executed it on the 29th Dec., 1170. Two years after his martyrdom Becket was canonised, and a year after that, as a penance in testimony of regret for his murder, when Henry came within sight of the church in which the Saint was buried, he was fain to alight from his horse and to walk barefooted in pilgrim's habit to his tomb; where, after he had prostrated himself and prayed for a considerable time, he submitted to be scourged by the monks, and passed all that day and night without any refreshment, kneeling upon the bare stones.

William the Lion and Thomas á Becket had been early and very ardent friends. The King, too, was superstitious enough to sympathise with the homage which had begun to be paid to the Saint's memory, and which in some parts by and by "effaced the adoration of the Deity, nay, even that of the Virgin." He, therefore, dedicated to him the Abbey of Arbroath, the first establishment of the kind in that part of his dominions. As its chartulary shows, William and his Court often met in it, as did his successors, Alexander II. and Alexander III., granting charters which are dated from it, and transacting other business of the nation. It at length supplied William with a grave. He died at Stirling in 1214, in the seventy-fourth year of his age, and was buried before the high altar of the monastery which he had reared, and had likewise richly endowed. His obsequies were celebrated with great and solemn pomp, and with much sincere lamentation. All the prelates and nobles of the kingdom attended his corpse from Stirling to Arbroath; spent there fourteen days in mourning for him, and in devotional exercises appropriate to the occasion; and ordained, ere they parted, that for a year to come no feasts should be made, and no plays performed in any part of the kingdom.

It is pleasing to add that the tomb of the Royal founder has probably been identified. In 1815 the Barons of Exchequer took measures to arrest the dilapidation of the venerable pile, which had been going on for two centuries and a half of neglect, and in the chancel, immediately before the high altar, the clearing away of the rubbish laid bare an effigy covering a stone coffin, in which were the bones of a person of goodly stature;

and there does seem good reason for regarding these as the effigy, the coffin, and the bones of William the Lion.

Edward I. of England thrice visited Arbroath, and rested in its Abbey. First, on the 7th July, 1296, when four Knights, and Abbot Henry, and the whole Convent, did him homage. This was in Edward's first invasion of Scotland, when his progress through it was something like triumphal, and when *en route* to Montrose, he travelled from Forfar to Arbroath, and from Arbroath to Farnell. Next, on the 5th or 6th of August in the same year, when he received at Arbroath the homage of Baron Mark of Clapham, passing westward by it to Dundee. Yet again, he was at Arbroath on the 1st August, 1303, on his way northwards to Lochindorb, of which we have already written, his heart more intently set than ever on the complete subjugation of Scotland, and which, indeed, he for a time seemed to accomplish.

King Robert Bruce also often visited Arbroath, and conferred on it many tokens of his favour. We know from writs still extant that the Abbey was his residence in February, 1318; in May, 1319; in April, 1320; in March, 1323; and in Sept., 1328. His abode was the Abbot's House, which has survived the wreck of ages, and which the fact of its being the residence of The Bruce has surely invested with associations of transcendent interest.

It was in the Abbey of Arbroath, and in 1320, that Robert Bruce held that Parliament which so nobly declared Scotland's independence, and embodied the declaration in a remonstrance to the Pope, the reading of which is said to have made him tremble. The remonstrance was written by Bernard of Linton, then Chancellor of Scotland and Abbot of Arbroath, he who sung the Battle of Bannockburn in an heroic poem, of which only a fragment has come down to us. Edward II., having for some time had no success in his war against Scotland, enlisted the Church on his side. He made the Archbishops of Canterbury and York to assert anew their claims of spiritual supremacy over Scotland. He sought the aid of the Pope himself, and, for England's gold, the servile and venal John XXII. made himself the ready tool of England's ambition. He commanded a two years' truce between England and Scotland, studiously withholding, however, from Bruce the title of King; who therefore disregarded the truce when it was proclaimed, alleging that the Robert Bruce addressed might be some person

among his Barons, and that he could receive no communication that was not addressed to him under the title of King. The ghostly father renewed the thunders of his excommunication against Bruce and his adherents, and, incensed at the contempt poured on his former censures, ordered the Prelates of York and London to repeat the ceremony of reading the excommunication on every Sabbath and festival-day throughout the year. All this roused the indignation of Scotland to the highest pitch, and the Parliament of 1320 gave voice to it in a manifesto worthy of the surviving heroes of Bannockburn, and whose terms and tones yet awaken responsive echoes in the bosoms of all their descendants worthy of such a parentage. It denounced Edward I. of England, and father of the present Monarch, who, "covering his hostile designs under the specious disguise of friendship and alliance, made an invasion of our country at the moment when it was without a King, and attacked an honest and unsuspecting people, then but little experienced in war. The insults which this Prince has heaped upon us, the slaughters and devastations which he has committed, his imprisonment of prelates, his ruining of monasteries, his spoliations and murder of priests, and the other enormities of which he has been guilty, can be rightly described, or even conceived, by none but an eye-witness." It extolled "our most serene Prince, King and Lord ROBERT, who, for the delivering of his people and his own rightful inheritance from the hand of the enemy, did, like another Joshua or Maccabeus, most cheerfully undergo all manner of toil, fatigue, hardship, and hazard." It declared: "Him, Divine Providence, and the right of succession according to those laws and customs which we will maintain to the death, have made our Prince and King. To him are we bound, both by his own merit, and by the law of the land, and to him, as the saviour of our people, and the guardian of our liberty, are we unanimously determined to adhere. But if he should desist from what he has begun, and should shew an inclination to subject us or our kingdom to the King of England, or to his people, then we declare, that we will use our utmost effort to expel him from the throne, as our enemy, and the subverter of his own and of our right, and we will choose another king to rule over us, who will be able to defend us; for as long as a hundred Scotsmen are left alive, we will never be subject to the dominion of England. It is not for glory, riches, or honour that we fight, but for that liberty which no man will consent

to lose but with his life." It besought his Holiness "to admonish the King of England that he should be content with what he possesses," and let Scotland alone; and it warned his Holiness, if he should favour the designs of England "for our destruction," to "be well assured that the Almighty will impute to you that loss of life, that destruction of souls, and all those various calamities which our inextinguishable hatred against the English, and their warfare against us, must necessarily produce."

During the wars of the Independence the Abbey of Arbroath now and again suffered seriously from the English. For example, in the days of Abbot John, the immediate predecessor of Bernard of Linton, they must have conquered it; as we may infer from their taking the Abbot a prisoner of war, and carrying him into England. Then, as another example, the Bishop of St Andrews made a grant to the Abbey in 1350, stating "that the church of the monastery of Arbroath, placed on the brink of the sea, had suffered almost irreparable injuries from the frequent assaults of the English shipping," and that his grant was therefore given for repairs which these assaults had made necessary. Well might the Southrons hate Arbroath as the scene of the ever-memorable Parliament of 1320; and they had many other like reasons for hating it. Thus, towards the end of the previous century, its Abbot Henry did a deed which provoked their deepest ire, and could never be forgiven. When the hearts of all others, barons and prelates, failed them, Henry had the courage to tender to Edward Baliol's written renunciation of Edward's authority over Scotland, as pretended lord-paramount thereof.

The Battle of Arbroath dates in the fifteenth century. It was fought in January, 1446, between the Lindsays and the Ogilvys. The occasion of it was the Abbey Chapter's choosing Ogilvy of Inverquharity, nephew of John Ogilvy of Airlie, as chief Justiciar in their regality, in place of the Master of Crawford, afterwards known as the Tiger Earl, and Earl Beardie. His extravagance, as the Chapter thought, rendered a change indispensable. This Crawford took as a high indignity; and he resolved to resent it, and to retain the Justiciarship. Ogilvy, on the other hand, was equally resolute in maintaining his right to the office, both from the choice of the Chapter and from his relation to Airlie, who, it was said, had a hereditary claim to it. Arms alone could settle the

strife ; and Tytler's account of the battle is very vivid, and about as brief as any glimpse of it which we could give.

“There can be little doubt,” says Tytler, “that the Ogilvys must have sunk under this threatened attack, but that accident gave them a powerful ally in Sir Alexander Seton of Gordon, afterwards Earl of Huntly, who, as he returned from Court, happened to lodge for the night at the Castle of Ogilvy, at the moment when this baron was mustering his forces against the meditated assault of Crawford. Seton, although in no way personally interested in the quarrel, found himself, it is said, compelled to assist the Ogilvys by a rude but ancient custom, which bound the guest to take common part with his host in all dangers which might occur so long as the food eaten under his roof remained in his stomach. With the small train of attendants and friends who accompanied him, he rejoined the forces of Inverquharity, and, proceeding to the town of Arbroath, found the opposite party drawn up in great strength on the outside of the gates. The families thus opposed in mortal defiance to each other could number among their adherents many of the bravest and most opulent gentlemen in the country, and the two armies exhibited an imposing appearance of armed knights, barbed horses, and embroidered banners. As the combatants, however, approached each other, the Earl of Crawford, who had received information of the intended combat, being anxious to avert it, suddenly appeared on the field, and, galloping up between the two lines, was mortally wounded by a soldier, who was enraged at his interference, and ignorant of his rank. The event naturally increased the bitterness of hostility, and the Crawfords, who were assisted by a large party of the vassals of Douglas, infuriated at the loss of their chief, attacked the Ogilvys with a desperation which soon broke their ranks, and reduced them to irreclaimable disorder. Such, however, was the gallantry of their resistance, that they were almost entirely cut to pieces ; and five hundred men, including many noble barons in Forfar and Angus, were left dead upon the field. Seton himself had nearly paid with his life the penalty of his adherence to the rude usages of the times ; and John Forbes of Pitsligo, one of his followers, was slain ; nor was the loss which the Ogilvys sustained in the field their worst misfortune ; for Lindsay, with his characteristic ferocity, and protected by the authority of Douglas, let loose his army on their estates ; and the flames of their castles, the slaughter of their vassals, the

plunder of their property, and the captivity of their wives and children, taught the remotest adherents of the Justiciar of Arbroath how terrible was the vengeance which they had provoked."

A week after the battle, the Earl of Crawford died in his castle, at Finhaven ; but could not be buried until a sentence of excommunication under which he lay was removed. Exactly on that day twelvemonth on which he received his death wound, he had ravaged the lands of Bishop Kennedy of St Andrews. The Bishop had therefore excommunicated him ; and "no man durst earth him," till the Bishop sent the Prior of St Andrews to take off the sentence of excommunication, and pronounce forgiveness over his corpse. The Laird of Inverquhar was taken prisoner, and carried to the castle of his adversary, where he also died of his wounds ; or, as another version of the tragedy has it, was smothered with a down pillow by his sister the Countess of Crawford, in revenge for the loss of her husband.

The battle began "on the outside of the gates," as Tytler expresses it. Tradition says that it was on the outside of the gates to the north of the Abbey ; and it is confirmed by the tumuli in that locality, marking the graves of the slain. Having well nigh exhausted itself at the gates, a lull ensued ; but it would appear that detachments of both armies, perhaps fleeing from the first scene of the carnage, met somewhat to the northward, at the Leys, in the parish of Inverkeillor, and these resumed the conflict with great violence. So the local rhyme bears :—

" At the Loan o' the Leys the play began,
An' the Lindsays o'er the Ogilvys ran."

In 1528 James V., attended by a large retinue, was twice entertained in the Abbey of Arbroath. James was then only sixteen years of age ; but he was a youth of much precocity, which he had already begun to manifest. It was in this year that he was delivered from the thrall of the Douglasses, in whose hands he had been a mere puppet ; and it was to his own shrewdness and energy that he owed his deliverance. For their own base ends those who held him in captivity had sadly both neglected and spoiled his education ; but the discipline of adversity had been highly beneficial to him, and his character had acquired a firmness, maturity, and vigour much above his years.

It is rather strange that we have no reliable information

regarding the overthrow of the Abbey in the sixteenth century. The solitary tradition is that, in 1560, Ochterlony of Kelly burned it in consequence of a quarrel which he had with the Abbot. The Abbot then was Lord John Hamilton; and looking at his rank and power, the tradition which we have mentioned is not very credible. And if we reject it, we are left to presume that, like other edifices of the kind, the Abbey fell a victim of the zeal of the Reforming populace, who would not be restrained by their leaders to destroying only the implements and monuments of Popish idolatry, but did violence, more or less, to the buildings which had been polluted with it.

It may be mentioned that the first Reformed minister of St Vigeans, which included Arbroath till 1580, was Ninian Clement, and that the second was James Melville, brother of the celebrated Andrew Melville. Melville's name is in the roll of the first General Assembly of the Reformed Kirk, held in December, 1560. His first charge seems to have been Tannadice, but he was removed to St Vigeans in 1573, and it was during his incumbency that Arbroath was erected into a separate parish. James Melville does not figure so conspicuously in history as his brother Andrew, or his nephew James, but he was a man of great worth and influence. His name is often found for nearly forty years among the men to whom was committed the management of the most important and difficult business of the Kirk; and, as has been said of him, he was "the chief ecclesiastical personage about Arbroath for many years after the fall of the Abbey." The latest notice of him is in the following extract, made by Dr M'Crie from the Commissary Records of St Andrews, of date the 27th April, 1591, according to which Thomas Ramsay in Kirkton (East Kirkton of St Vigeans), bound himself "to pay to the right worchipful Mr James Melvill, minister of Aberbrothock, four bolls beir, with two peck to the boll, and twa bolls aitmaill, with the chertie, guid and sufficient stuff—the mail to be for the said Mr James awin acting, all guid and fine as ony gentill man sall eat in the countrie adjacent about him; or, failzeing deliverie, to pay for every boil 4 lib. money."

In 1778 the French Government recognised the independence of the United States. This made war with France inevitable; and in 1781 one of its officers made a foolish and impotent attempt to storm Arbroath. Captain Fall, of the privateer *Dreadnought*, of Dunkirk, having anchored off the town, fired

several shots into it ; after which he sent a flag of truce on shore, with a letter threatening to reduce the town to ashes if the Mayor and chiefs were not sent directly to make some agreement with him. To gain time, the Magistrates answered that he had not mentioned any terms of ransom, and begging his forbearance till he should hear from them again. He replied that his terms were £30,000 sterling at least, and six of the principal citizens for "ostage;" and that if they were not "speedy" he would shoot their town away directly, and set fire to it. The Magistrates having in the meantime made some preparations for defence, set him at defiance, bidding him do his worst, on which he opened a heavy fire on the town, and renewed it next morning ; which, however, did no further damage than knock down some chimney tops, and burn the fingers of those who were fool enough to handle his heated balls.

We said in one of our papers on Dundee that there is only one other place which can compete with Wallace Craigie for the honour of being the Monkbarons of The Antiquary. That place is Hospitalfield, so called from the Hospital on it, and which stood nearly two miles north-west of the Abbey. Its claim is generally preferred to that of Wallace Craigie, the cliffs and coves and country to the north-east of Arbroath agreeing so strikingly with the scenes of The Antiquary that it is difficult to resist the conclusion that they must have furnished these scenes. The truth would seem to be that George Constable, Esq. of Wallace Craigie, was the original of Jonathan Oldbuck, but that the novelist transferred him from Wallace Craigie by Dundee to Hospitalfield by Arbroath, that he might be in proximity to Fairport, St Ruth, Musselcraig, Ballyburghness, Halket-head, Knockwinnock, Trotcosey, and all those places which form the enchanted ground of what is, perhaps, the best of all Sir Walter Scott's matchless novels.

Of recent events in Arbroath, to which the future historian will be sure to give a place in his pages, we shall advert to only one. It relates to a family which may truly say of the past history of Forfarshire, *cujus magna pars fui* (of which I have been a great part). It relates to a member of that family who has been second to none of his predecessors in those virtues which command public esteem, and who has excelled them all as a politician and a statesman. When long oppressed Liberalism lifted its head, about the beginning of the third decade of this century, the Hon. Fox Maule forthwith did feats

for it worthy the son and successor of William, Lord Panmure, the Father of Reform in Scotland. When a member of the House of Commons he was made a Privy Councillor, Under-Secretary of the Home Department, Secretary-at-War, and President of the Board of Control. On succeeding to the estates, and being raised to the House of Peers in 1852, he was made a Knight of the Order of the Thistle, a Knight of the Grand Cross of the Bath, and Keeper of the Privy Seal of Scotland; and as Minister of War from February, 1855, to February, 1858, he rendered to the country invaluable services, during both the Russian campaign and the revolts in India. In appreciation of those services, and in testimony of the county's esteem of its Lord-Lieutenant, he was banqueted in the Hall of the Market Place, Arbroath, on the 30th Dec., 1856. Sir John Ogilvy, M.P., was in the chair; about 1000 gentlemen were present; the speaking was excellent; and, as usual with Fox Maule, Lord Panmure, and Earl Dalhousie, his own eloquence took all hearts by storm.

Out in the German Ocean, about twelve miles south-east of Arbroath, is a rock, formerly called the Scape, and the Inchcape, and now the Bell Rock. It is a reef of which some 427 feet by 230 are bare at low water, and rise about 4 feet above the sea; but at high water the whole reef is covered to the depth of 12 feet. In the latter case, the spot was most perilous to seamen, in those days when there was nothing to mark it. The legend is, that in those days an Abbot of Arbroath attached a bell to the rock, which the agitation of the waves when they rose above it made to ring, and give warning of the hidden danger below; that a Dutch pirate called Sir Ralph the Rover, cut the bell adrift; and that, in signal retribution of his wanton wickedness, his own craft struck on the rock, and he and his pirate band perished on it. Southey's ballad of the Inchcape Bell is founded on this legend. It is a thing of beauty which all, more especially coast-people, should be able to say or sing; and lest there should be a single reader of this volume without a copy of it, we shall here transcribe it:—

“No stir on the air—no swell on the sea,
The ship was still as she might be;
The sails from Heaven received no motion;
The keel was steady in the ocean:
With neither sign nor sound of shock,
The waves flowed o'er the Inch-Cape rock;
So little they rose, so little they fell,
They did not move the Inch-Cape bell.

The pious Abbot of Aberbrothock
 Had placed that bell on the Inch-Cape rock :
 On the waves of the storm it floated and swung,
 And louder and louder its warning rung.
 When the rock was hid by the tempest swell,
 The mariners heard the warning bell,
 And then they knew the perilous rock,
 And blessed the Abbot of Aberbrothock.

“ The sun in heaven shone bright and gay,
 All things looked joyful on that day ;
 The sea birds screamed as they skimmed around,
 And there was pleasure in the sound ;
 The float of the Inch-Cape bell was seen,
 A darker spot on the ocean green.
 Sir Ralph the Rover walked the deck,
 And he fixed his eye on the darker speck,
 He felt the cheering power of spring,—
 It made him whistle—it made him sing ;
 His heart was mirthful to excess,
 But the Rover’s mirth was wickedness ;
 His eye was on the bell and float,—
 Quoth he, ‘ My men, put down the boat,
 And row me to the Inch-Cape rock,—
 I’ll plague the priest of Aberbrothock !’
 The boat was lowered, the boatmen row,
 And to the Inch-Cape rock they go.
 Sir Ralph leaned over from the boat,
 And cut the bell from off the float,
 Down sunk the bell with a gurgling sound ;
 The bubbles rose and burst around.
 Quoth he, ‘ Who next comes to the rock
 Won’t bless the priest of Aberbrothock !’

“ Sir Ralph the Rover sailed away ;
 He scoured the sea for many a day ;
 And now grown rich with plundered store,
 He steers his way for Scotland’s shore.
 So thick a haze o’erspread the sky,
 They could not see the sun on high ;
 The wind hath blown a gale all day ;
 At evening it hath died away.
 On deck the Rover takes his stand,
 So dark it is they see no land.

“ Quoth he, ‘ It will be brighter soon,
 For there’s the dawn of the rising moon.
 ‘ Can’st hear,’ said one, ‘ the breakers roar ?
 For yonder, methinks, should be the shore.
 Now where we are I cannot tell,—
 I wish we heard the Inch-Cape hell !’
 They heard no sound—the swell is strong,
 Though the wind hath fallen they drift along,
 Till the vessel strikes with a shivering shock,
 ‘ Oh, heavens ! it is the Inch-Cape rock !’

“ Sir Ralph the Rover tore his hair,
 And cursed himself in his despair.

The waves rushed in on every side ;
 The ship sinks fast beneath the tide,—
 Down, down they sink in watery graves,
 The masts are hid beneath the waves !
 Sir Ralph, while waters rush around,
 Hears still an awful, dismal sound :
 For even in his dying fear
 That dreadful sound assails his ear,
 As if below, with the Inch-Cape bell,
 The devil rang his funeral knell."

The Lighthouse Board for Scotland commenced a lighthouse on the Bell Rock in 1807, and finished it in 1810, at a cost of £61,331 9s 2d. Mr Robert Stevenson was engineer of the structure, which is in the form of a circular tower, 115 feet high, diminishing from a diameter of 42 feet at the base to 13 feet at the point where the lantern rests. It has suitable apartments for keepers, and every way serves most efficiently the purpose of its erection. It exhibits two lights, one very bright, and the other tinged with a red shade. They constantly revolve, so as to show alternately every two minutes, and in hazy weather two large bells are constantly tolled, the sound of which is heard at a considerable distance.

The Bell Rock Lighthouse is occasionally visited by pleasure parties. These have every attention shown them by the keepers, who take their names in an album, and also any *impromptus* they may be disposed to inscribe in it. Sir Walter Scott honoured this Pharos of the Forfarshire coast with a visit, and in his fine *impromptu* he makes the Pharos speak thus :—

"Far on the bosom of the deep,
 O'er those wild shelves my watch I keep ;
 A ruddy gem of changeful light,
 Bound on the dusky brow of night ;
 The seaman bids my lustre hail,
 And scorns to strike his tim'rous sail."

ST VIGEANS.

It is not to be doubted that on the sculptured stones at St Vigeans there are historic records, pointing to Historic Scenes ; but they must be mute to us till we are able to decipher them ; and as the Rev. William Duke, A.M., minister of the parish,

said in a paper read by him at a meeting of the Antiquarian Society of Scotland, "The sculptured stones of Scotland form a class of remarkable monuments that have long alike excited the curiosity and baffled the ingenuity of the learned and speculative." But one of the stones at St Vigeans has, it is fondly thought, been read, and the reading has deepened the interest that attaches to them all, and whetted the edge of antiquarian curiosity. The inscription on it, Mr Duke says, is "the only specimen of a Pictish inscription that has come down to us. It speaks of the stone as erected to Droston, son of Voret, of the race of Fergus, and a Pictish King Droston was killed at the Battle of Blathmig or Blethmont, a mile or two off, in the year 729; the inscription is on the edge of the stone." We may believe that Blathmig or Blethmont was Kinblythmont, and that the battle fatal to Droston was one of that civil war in Pickland of which we read in the general history of the country as beginning in 724, raging for several years with great fury, and terminating in the complete triumph of Hungus, the ablest and most powerful of all the Pictish kings.

If the birth-place of historic personages is an Historic Scene, their burial-place is the same, and in a vault of St Vigeans rests the dust of Peter Young, tutor of King James VI. under George Buchanan. If Young had less wit, he had more worldly wisdom than his superior. He could act the courtier, and did so; and, while Buchanan lived and died in poverty, he rose to rank, honour, and wealth. James made him a Privy Councillor and King's Almoner, conferred on him the estates of Seaton and Dickmontlaw, and knighted him Sir Peter Young of Seaton. He died in 1628, and was buried in a vault at the back of the church of St Vigeans, the new aisle of which has a tablet to his memory, with a Latin inscription, panegyrising his learning, prudence, and elegance of manners, which endeared him to his king and country, and to the kings and princes abroad to whom he had been sent as an ambassador. Sir Peter's father was John Young, a burges of Dundee, and his mother Margaret Scrimgeour, of a branch of the Dudhope family, and from him sprung the Youngs of Seaton, Ochterlony, and Aldbar.

In the beginning of the eighteenth century St Vigeans had not rid itself entirely of the absurd and ludicrous superstitions of bygone ages. We read in the Old Historical Account of the parish, "From the year 1699 to 1736 the Sacrament of the

Lord's Supper had never been dispensed in this church. A tradition had long prevailed that the water-kelpy (what Mr Home, in his tragedy of Douglas, calls the angry spirit of the water) carried the stones for building the church; that the foundations of it were supported upon large bars of iron; and that under the fabric there was a lake of great depth. As the administration of the Sacrament had been so long delayed, the people had brought themselves to believe that the first time that ordinance should be dispensed the church would sink, and the whole people would be carried down and drowned in the lake. The belief of this had taken such hold of the people's minds, that on the day the Sacrament was to be administered some hundreds of the parishioners sat on an eminence about a hundred yards from the church, expecting every moment to see the dreadful catastrophe.

In 1816 died John Aitken, minister of St Vigeans, and father of the Kirk of Scotland, in the ninety-first year of his age, and the sixty-second of his ministry. Two rather good stories are told of him. The one is, that visiting pastorally at Auchmithie one of the examinable persons, who had not been very ready in answering the questions put to him, asked the minister, and fairly blotted him, "Weel, sir, how many hooks will it tak to bait a fifteen score haddock line?" The other story is that, when an old man and afflicted with deafness, he consulted an Edinburgh physician on his infirmity. Having got advice, he offered a fee, which the physician would not accept, saying that he had long made it a rule to take no fee from country clergymen, on the ground that they could ill afford it. "But," said Mr Aitken, "I can, I have no family." "Why," said the Doctor, "did you not tell me that at first? Then you will be a bachelor? Destroy the prescription I gave; go home, and get married as fast as you can; and be assured that ere long you will hear in the deafest side of your head."

INVERKEILLOR.

Of Historic Scenes in Inverkeillor parish Redcastle is the chief. Chalmers in his *Caledonia* says it was built by Walter de Berkeley, therefore called the Lord of Redcastle, in the reign of William the Lion. But tradition says that it was

built by William himself for a royal hunting seat. May it not have been built by the King, and the Castle and barony afterwards granted by him to Walter de Berkeley, who was his Chamberlain? If we take this view, we may concur with those who fancy that they discern the connection of the locality with Royalty in many of the names belonging to it. Kinblethmont, that is, as they interpret, the King's blythe mount; Hawkhill, where he kept his hawks; Courthill, where he kept his courts; Cothill, where he kept his cattle; Tom-au-moid, his prison or warding place; Ironshill, where the chains for criminals were forged; and Gallowshill, where they finished their course. There was also quite adjacent and convenient the means of disposing of that class of criminals for which the gallows was thought too good. In Lunan Water were two pools, called to this day the Witch Pools; the one a little south of the Gallows Hill, and the other a little west of Redcastle. The name they bear explains the use that was made of them; and the day alone will declare how many poor wretches proved their innocence by sinking to the bottom of these Pools as a stone.

Redcastle occupied an eminence on the coast immediately on the west side of Lunan Bay, where its ruins are still to be seen. By a female marriage the Castle and barony passed from the Berkeley family to Ingleram of Baliol, ancestor of King John Baliol. After being in other hands, they were acquired, in 1367, by Sir Robert Stewart of Innermeath, of whom were the Lords Innermeath; and in this family they continued, and the Castle was occupied by it till about the close of the sixteenth century.

In 1579 a most monstrous attack was made on Redcastle. It was then occupied by the widowed and aged Lady Innermeath, with a son and daughter, the latter the wife of Lindsay of Vayne. The old lady was Elizabeth, daughter of John Beton of Creich, who, before her marriage, had born to James V. the daughter who became Jean, Countess of Argyll, who was with Queen Mary when Rizzio was murdered in her presence, and whom the General Assembly took under discipline for representing Queen Elizabeth at the Papistical baptism of her infant son. With a band of his followers, and without any provocation of which a whisper has come down to us, Andrew Gray, son of Patrick, Lord Gray, and owner of the neighbouring estate of Duninald, set on Redcastle to destroy it and all who were in it. While the savage was sacking and burning

the rest of the building, the tower happily sheltered the inmates from him—the flames, however, nearly suffocating them, and causing Lady Vane to miscarry.

King James issued his mandates to Gray to desist from his violence ; but he trampled on them. The King then ordered the Provost and Bailies of Dundee to join Erskine of Dun in an attempt to arrest him, and protect his intended victims. This succeeded for a time in staying him, but only for a time. In the absence of the Innermeaths, Gray at length renewed the attack ; made himself master of the Castle, tower and all ; kept possession of it for some weeks ; destroyed it as far as he was able ; and returned home with the plunder. Indicted for this atrocious outrage, he declined to stand trial, and had his lands and goods confiscated, and himself declared an outlaw ; but he must have somehow got his sentence cancelled, for a few years after he was one of the assize who tried Archibald Douglas, accused of complicity in the murder of Darnley.

As was to be expected from their repeatedly landing in the Bay of Lunan, there are distinct vestiges of the Northmen having been in the parish. On the west of the Bay is an artificial mound called Corbie's Knowe. The ensign of the Danes was a raven, or, in Scotch, a corbie ; and it seems very natural to suppose that Corbie's Knowe was the spot where the Danes erected their standard, probably once and again, when they set foot on Scottish soil to execute their piratical designs. In this locality, too, there are traces of Danish camps, both on the lands of the Earl of Northesk, and on those of Mr Craigie ; and near to those on the latter is a farm house called Denmark ; and there appears little reason to doubt whence a house so situated got its name.

The barony of Redcastle was acquired in 1621 by Sir John Carnegie, afterwards first Earl of Northesk, from William, second Earl of Tullibardine. It continued in the possession of the Northesk family for upwards of a century ; and David, the fourth Earl, parted with it very reluctantly, his sister, the Duchess of Montrose, writing to his Countess, "I'm concerned that my brother is disapoynted of that small part of the barenry of Ridcastle that hi intended to cipe." Lord Panmure purchased it ; and the Panmure family still retains it.

The rule of the Earls of Northesk, as the barons of Redcastle, would seem to have been, if mild, yet firm, inspiring their vassals with a salutary awe of them. In the bottom of

their Castle was an excavation, twenty-five feet deep, which they used for a prison ; and it is said that the fishermen of Auchmithie had such a horror of this dungeon, that they besought their feudal lords to throw them over the Red Head, rather than cast them into it.

In 1549, the lands of Ethie became the property of Sir Robert Carnegie, the father of the first Earl of Northesk. Sixteen years after, they were erected into a barony ; and in 1707, they, with other lands, were erected into the Earldom of Northesk and Lordship and Barony of Rosehill. Ethie House is finely situated near Red Head ; and is supposed to be the Knockwinnock of The Antiquary. It was not built by Cardinal Beaton, but it was one of his favourite residences ; and, notwithstanding of some additions made to it since his day, it is yet in much the same state in which it was when he occupied it.

So attached to Ethie House was the Cardinal, that he did not leave it on his murder. His ghost lingered about it, and, indeed, it still does so. "It is still reported," as an indisputable fact, that "at a certain hour of the night, a sound is heard resembling the tramp of a foot, which is believed to be the Cardinal's, and it is popularly called his *leg* walking very deliberately up and down the original stone stair, which still connects the ground flat with the second storey of the House." Mr Fraser, from whose History of the Carnegies we quote, adds :—"The haunted room, which is in one of the attics, has long been unoccupied. It is always kept locked, and few have been privileged to enter it. By the kindness of Lord Northesk, the writer was allowed to explore the mysterious apartment. He found a veritable trace of the Cardinal in the form of a large oak cabinet, the only article of furniture in the room. It is a fixture, the back of it being the right-hand side of the staircase. The front of the cabinet is beautifully carved."

Ethie House is the seat of the Earls of Northesk, several of whom figure somewhat conspicuously in our annals.

The first of them was Sir John Carnegie of Ethie, Knight, son of Sir David Carnegie of Colluthie and Kinnaird, and sheriff of Forfarshire. He was a person of much ability and energy ; a favourite of both James VI. and Charles I. ; and a zealous supporter of Charles's measures, both civil and ecclesiastical. Having been so in the famous Glasgow Assembly of 1638, of which he was a commissioner, he deemed it prudent next year

to flee the country ; and took shipping for France, but was driven by a tempest to Dunbar ; where he was apprehended and imprisoned, but was soon liberated. That same year, Charles ennobled him by the title of Lord Lour ; and, in 1647, he made him Earl of Ethie, which title was afterwards changed into Earl of Northesk. In 1654, he was fined £6000 sterling by Cromwell's Ordinance of Pardon and Grace.

His son David succeeded him as second Earl in 1667. He married Jean Maule, daughter of Patrick Maule (afterwards Earl) of Panmure ; and his favourite residence was Errol House, which, with the barony, his father had purchased. He died there, and his body was conveyed to the family burying-place, in the church of Inverkeillor ; lying a night by the way in the church of Dundee, where it was received with all honour.

His son, also David, was the third Earl. He married Lady Elizabeth Lindsay, youngest daughter of John, fourteenth Earl of Crawford. Their third daughter, Lady Christian, became the wife of James, fourth Marquis of Montrose, created Duke of Montrose in 1707. It was she who assisted the Countess of Nithsdale in effecting the escape of her husband, as he lay in the Tower of London under condemnation for his part in the Rebellion of 1715 ; and the account of which forms one of the most thrilling chapters of female affection and heroism.

David, fourth Earl of Northesk, was Sheriff of Forfarshire, and succeeded his father in 1688. He strongly supported the Union in 1707. Affecting to be neutral in the Rebellion of 1715, he yet to some extent supplied the insurgents with arms and ammunition. The consequence was that he suffered from both belligerents. Mar ordered his house to be searched, and the wine in it to be transported to Perth. The searchers found in it twenty-one dozen of other wines, and nine bottles of claret. His tenants as well as himself suffered from both sides ; Argyle's army pillaging them to the tune of £1918 2s 9d, and Mar's to the tune of £660 3s 11d.

His son George, fifth Earl, died unmarried, and his brother George succeeded him as sixth Earl in 1741. Being a younger brother, he had entered the Royal Navy in his youth ; and he made a most memorable narrow escape from being buried alive. In 1738, " when his ship was lying off the island of Minorca, he was seized with a severe illness, and having been conveyed to the house of Sir John St Clair in that island, he there sank so low that he was supposed to be dead. He was laid in his

coffin, a funeral party was told off, and all the other preparations were made for his funeral. In these distressing circumstances his friend, Sir Robert Boyd, afterwards Governor of Gibraltar, happening to apply a glass to his mouth, discovered that he still breathed, and thus were the arrangements for his interment happily suspended." He rose to such distinction in the Navy, that he was ultimately appointed Admiral of the Blue. He married Lady Anne Leslie, eldest daughter of Alexander, Earl of Leven and Melville; and their eldest daughter, Lady Elizabeth, marrying the Honourable James Hope, second son of the Earl of Hopeton, ultimately became Countess of Hopeton.

His son William, seventh Earl, adopted his father's profession, in which he did much honourable service. He succeeded to the Earldom in 1793; and was succeeded by the eighth Earl in 1831.

Boysack, after being possessed by the Earl of Argyle, and by Lord Spynie, was acquired by the first Earl of Northesk, and was erected into a barony for his second son, Sir John Carnegie, Knight. The Knight's son bought the lands of Kinblethmont from Sir John Wood of Bonnyton in 1678; and his granddaughter, Margaret, was married to Sir John Wedderburn of Blackness, Baronet, who suffered for his Jacobitism on Kennington Common in 1746. The Carnegies of Boysack were as keen Jacobites as the Wedderburns of Blackness. After acquiring Kinblethmont, they lived at it, preferring it as a residence to Boysack. James, the fourth laird of Boysack, and the last male Carnegie of that family, was private secretary to Prince Charlie in 1745; and "the flaxen wig, the tartan coat of antique cut, and the walking-staff used by the Prince while wandering in the Highlands after the battle of Culloden, are still to be seen at Kinblethmont. These articles Mr Carnegie received from the Prince after his escape to France, and they have ever since been carefully preserved as heirlooms in the Boysack family."

Inverkeillor was largely blessed with loyalist ministers, in those days when the Prelatic party modestly appropriated this epithet. Mr Arthur Fithie uniformly supported all the Court measures for metamorphosing the Kirk. On the introduction of Episcopacy in 1606, when the Bishop rode in state to Parliament, he walked at the stirrup of the Metropolitan, with his cap at his knee. He was made constant moderator of his

Presbytery. In 1703, Mr James Rait, the minister of Inverkeillor, was outed for non-jurancy. He intruded at Lunan in 1713, and again when residing in Montrose; and, in 1717, he was deposed for his intrusions, his accession to the late Rebellion, and his contumacy.

LUNAN.

In the parish of Lunan are vestiges of the Northmen, similar to those in Inverkeillor. Among these we are disposed to class the knaps in it, that is, the hillocks raised on eminences, such as were in former times so common in Scotland for beacons or signal-posts, and on which fires were lighted to give warning of the approach of an enemy or of any like imminent danger. "Almost every farm," says the Statistical Account of Lunan, "had its knap. It was a very ancient practice throughout the whole of Scotland (and in many places is still kept up), for the relations of the dead, the day after the funeral, to carry the chaff and bed straw on which the person had died to some hillock or knap in the neighbourhood of the house, and there burn them. It is probable that those knaps had been used for that purpose, which would account for every farm town having its knap." But is it not at least as probable a conjecture, that these knaps were for beacons; and that they were so frequent in Lunan, because sad experience had taught its inhabitants how liable they were to be surprised by ruthless invaders from the North, who found so convenient a landing-place in their well sheltered Bay?

Cathie Loch, in this parish, bears, as we take it, a memorial name. Cathie, or Cath rather, is a Gaelic word, and signifies a battle. We infer, therefore, that nigh to this loch a battle was fought of sufficient importance to give the loch its name. Accordingly, in the neighbourhood of it are two artificial conical mounts, and a ridge connected with them, which may be traced to the distance of an hundred and twenty yards, and which is succeeded by a range of little tumuli, running in the same line, and extending about eight hundred yards. These are further and conclusive marks of a place where war had done its deadly work. At what date this happened we are not able to say, but

it is likely enough that the battle thus indicated was fought between the natives and some invading host of Northmen who had just disembarked at Lunan Bay.

Walter Mill, the martyr, was for long the parish priest of Lunan. Having renounced the errors of Popery and embraced the principles of the Reformation, he was, in April, 1568, apprehended at Dysart by two priests in the service of Archbishop Hamilton, brought to St Andrews and imprisoned in the Castle. All private means to shake his constancy having been tried in vain, an assembly of Bishops, Abbots, and Doctors of theology met to try him in the Metropolitan Church of St Andrews. Partly from his age (he was eighty-two years old), and partly from the treatment to which he had been subjected, it was feared that he would not be able to climb up into the pulpit, where he was required to take his place, or to make himself heard. But he mounted with wonderful agility and strength, and made the church ring with his voice. Sir Andrew Oliphant, a priest, and a tool of the Archbishop, interrogated him concerning the marriage of priests, the number of sacraments, the mass, &c. He answered most readily, pertinently, and forcibly; and ended by saying, "You shall know that I will not recant the truth, for I am corn, and not chaff. I will not be blown away with the wind, nor burst with the flail, but will abide both."

Mill was condemned to be delivered to the temporal judge, and burnt as a heretic. But so great was the sympathy with him, that Provost Patrick Learmonth refused to do the part of temporal judge; and not a rope would any individual supply to bind the victim to the stake. The Archbishop had to improvise a temporal judge in one of his own domestics; and his own pavilion had to furnish the rope required. As the fatal hour approached, Mill's firmness and courage increased. When the pile was ready, he ascended it with a cheerful countenance; declared and vindicated the cause for which he suffered; praised God, who had called him to seal the truth with his life; and exhorted the people, as they would escape eternal death, to place their entire dependence on Christ, the one and only sacrifice, and to relinquish the fatal errors of the Romish priests and bishops. He also said, "I shall be the last that shall suffer death in this land for this cause," and his words proved prophetic. His death was emphatically the death of Popery in Scotland.

“The martyrdom of Mill was not only a wicked and cruel act on the part of the Romanists, but it was egregious and suicidal folly. It excited the deepest indignation throughout the kingdom. The cruelty of the priesthood was everywhere execrated, and the constancy of the venerable martyr was the theme of universal admiration. Many were shaken in their attachment to the Romish Church; and those who had already joined the Congregation were confirmed in the course which they had taken. In St Andrews, the people erected a great heap of stones upon the spot where Mill had been burned, that the memory of his sufferings might be preserved; and although the priests repeatedly caused them to be removed, and threatened curses to them that should lay down any more, still there were hands ready to deposit new stones in the place. In all parts of the country images were taken out of the churches and destroyed; and in Edinburgh in particular, the image of St Giles, the tutelary saint of the town, was first thrown into the North Loch, and then burned to ashes.”

CRAIG.

Craig was the birth parish of the celebrated Andrew Melville. He was born at Baldovie (Jervise says at Dysart), a small estate in the parish, of which his father was proprietor, on the 1st of August, 1545. He was the youngest of nine sons, of whom James, minister first of Ferne and then of Arbroath, was one, and who, when Andrew was only two years old, lost their father at the disastrous battle of Pinkie. Their mother also died in the course of the same year. One of the nine brothers was Richard, who became minister of the neighbouring parish of Maryton; and he and his wife did the parents' part to Andrew, rearing him with the most affectionate care. He was a student of the University of St Andrews, which he left with the reputation of being “The best philosopher, poet, and Grecian of any young master in the land.” After this he studied in the Universities of Paris and Poitiers; went thence to Geneva, where he was appointed to the Humanity Chair, and entered on terms of intimacy with Calvin, Beza, Scaliger, and other such illustrious men. He retained his Professorship in Geneva for

five years, and then returned to Scotland; Beza addressing a letter to the General Assembly of the Kirk, in which he stated that, as the greatest token of affection which the Church of Geneva could shew to the Church of Scotland, they had suffered themselves to be deprived of Andrew Melville, in order that his native country might be enriched by his gifts.

On his return, Melville was by and by installed in the office of Principal of the University of Glasgow; which he raised from a very ruinous condition to be the first seminary in the kingdom. Having filled this office for six years, he was transferred to St Andrews, to be Principal of St Mary's College there, and Primarius Professor of Divinity; with the view of his carrying out, by his talents, and energy, and influence, a scheme of University reform, which the Assembly had devised, and Parliament had assented to.

But Andrew Melville's special mission was that of a Church Reformer; and in the list of Scottish Church Reformers, he confessedly stands next to Knox himself. If Knox was the head of the First Reformation, Melville was the head of the Second. The First was Reformation from Popery; the Second was Reformation from Prelacy, which James VI. was so intent to impose upon Scotland. Of the struggle between the King and the Principal we can give no details, or even outline. We can only say that the Principal prevailed, partially and temporarily in his life-time and that of James; and completely and permanently in the Revolutions, ecclesiastical and civil, of 1638 and 1688. But the struggle cost him much; much sacrifice and suffering as well as labour. It cost him his office. It cost him his liberty and his country. In 1584, Blackness would have been his prison, if his nephew James, learning his danger, had not apprised him of it, and persuaded him to flee into England; where he was confined in the Tower of London for four years; and in 1622 he died, aged seventy-seven years, an exile in Sedan, where he spent the last eleven years of his life, Professor of Biblical Literature in the Protestant University there.

Melville's character was a truly noble one. Immovable firmness, dauntless fortitude, and unswerving fidelity to his convictions of truth and duty, were its most prominent features; and of these we feel strongly tempted to give a few illustrations. They have been often given; but they may be new to some of our readers, and none can be too familiar with them.

When Regent Morton, baffled to bribe Melville to acquiesce in the continuance of bishops in the Kirk, took to threatening, and exclaimed, "There will never be quietness in this country till half-a-dozen of you be hanged or banished!" "Tush, sir," replied Melville, "utter these threats to your purple-robed minions. It is the same to me whether I rot under ground or in the air. The earth is the Lord's. My country is wherever goodness is. I have been ready to give my life, when it would not have been half so well expended, at the pleasure of my God. I have lived out of your country ten years, as well as in it. Let God be glorified, it will not be in your power to hang or exile His truth."

When Moderator of the extraordinary meeting of the General Assembly, held in 1858, to oppose the King's Erastianising and Prelatising measures, Melville declared in his opening address that "the bloody gully of absolute power was whetted for their destruction; and that the object of their tyrannical oppressors was to pull the crown from Christ's head, and to wrench the sceptre out of his hands." The Assembly adopted a complaint and remonstrance to the King, and appointed a deputation to present it, with the Moderator at its head. Admitted into the Royal presence, they read the paper, and laid it on the table; when Arran, snatching it up, and furiously asking, "Who dare subscribe those treasonable articles?" Melville stepped forward and said, "We dare, and will subscribe them, and we will surrender our lives in the cause!" and, seizing a pen, he put his name to the document, and all the rest of the deputies followed his example.

When James charged the Commissioners of the Kirk with sedition for holding an Assembly without his express warrant, Andrew Melville answered for them, "Sir, as divers times before I have told you, so now again I must tell you, there are two kings and two kingdoms in Scotland; there is Christ Jesus, the King of the Church, whose subject King James VI. is, and of whose Kingdom he is not a king, nor a lord, nor a head but a member. They whom Christ has called, and commanded to watch over his Church, and govern his spiritual Kingdom, have sufficient authority from him to do this both jointly and severally; the which no Christian King or Prince should control and discharge, but fortify and assist; otherwise they are not faithful subjects of Christ and members of his Church. We will yield to you your place, and give you all due

obedience ; but, again I say, you are not the head of the Church ; you cannot give us that eternal life which even in this world we seek for, and you cannot deprive us of it."

Yet again : Melville was among the Scotch ministers whom James summoned to London in 1606, and whom he subjected to the discipline of hearing sermons from the English bishops touching the points in dispute between Prelatists and Presbyterians. On a St Michael's day, they were obliged to attend the Royal chapel, which, to please the Duke of Lorraine, who was present, was fitted up very much as if it had been a Popish chapel. On his returning to his lodgings, Melville embodied his feelings in a Latin epigram, which has been translated thus :—

" Why stand there on the Royal altar high,
Two closed books, blind lights, two basins dry ?
Doth England hold God's mind, and worship close,
Blind of her sight, and buried in her dress ?
Doth she, with chapel put in Romish dress,
The purple whore religiously express ?"

A copy of this epigram having fallen into the hands of his enemies, Melville was arraigned for it before the English Council ; and Bancroft, the Archbishop of Canterbury, having expatiated on the heinousness of his offence, Melville answered thus for himself :—" My Lords, Andrew Melville was never a traitor ; but there was one Richard Bancroft (let him be sought for), who, during the life of the late Queen, wrote a treatise against his Majesty's title to the crown of England, and here is the book." Bancroft was confounded, and sat mute, while the Scottish presbyter proceeded to accuse him of Sabbath profanation, and of silencing and imprisoning faithful ministers for not conforming to the vain and superstitious ceremonies of an anti-Christian hierarchy. Gradually advancing nearer the Archbishop, shaking his lawn sleeves, and calling them Romish rags, he continued to address him thus :—" If you are the author of the book called ' England Scottizing for Geneva Discipline,' then I regard you as the capital enemy of all the Reformed Churches in Europe, and as such I will profess myself an enemy to you and your proceedings, to the effusion of the last drop of my blood ; and it grieves me much that such a man should have his Majesty's ear, and sit so high in this Honourable Council."

Craig was also the birth-parish of Dr Alexander Leighton, the father of the excellent Robert Leighton, first bishop of Dunblane, and afterwards Archbishop of Glasgow. He was of

the Leightons of Usan, and we have every reason to presume that he was born there. He studied at St Andrews, whence he went to Leyden, and took the degree of M.D. ; after which he took up his residence in London, and commenced the practice of physic. He loathed the lordly pretensions and the Romanising practices of the Bishops of that day, and ventured to write against them. He went to Holland for the publication of his book, which he intituled, *An Appeal to the Parliament; or Sion's Plea against the Prelacie*; and summe whereoff is delivered in a decade of positions, in the handling whereoff the Lord Bishops and their appurtenances are manifestly proved, both by divine and humane lawes, to be intruders upon the priviledges of Christ, of the King, and of the Common-weal; and therefore, upon good evidence given, she hartelie desireth a judgement and execution. On his return to London two copies of his Plea were presented to Parliament; and the melancholy sequel has been thus summarised:—He (the author) was soon afterwards arrested by two pursuivants of the High Commission, and was conducted to the house of Dr Laud, who was then Bishop of London, and who may with sufficient propriety be described as the Inquisitor-General of England. On the Bishop's warrant he was committed to a dark, cold, and loathsome dungeon in Newgate, to a place not fit for the reception of a Christian's dog, and there he was kept, without meat or drink, from Tuesday night to Thursday at noon. It was only after a dismal interval of fifteen weeks that the inquisitors would permit even his wife to visit him. Four days after his commitment she had been treated with the most barbarous inhumanity and indecency by a pursuivant and other ruffians, who were sent to ransack his house, under the pretext of searching for Jesuit books. They presented a pistol to the breast of a boy five years of age, threatening to shoot him if he did not inform them where the books were to be found; and so affrighted the poor child that he never recovered it all his days. They not only carried off books and manuscripts, but robbed the house of arms, clothes, and furniture. His wife had sufficient courage to remind them that a day of reckoning might yet come; and come it did, in a signal manner, to the chief authors and abettors of such flagitious proceedings. Some of Laud's emissaries infested him in Newgate; and, by means of flattering and deceitful promises, one of them prevailed on him to confess that he was the writer of the book in question. During a

subsequent visit, he offered to procure him pardon and favour, on condition of his disclosing the names of those who had encouraged him to write; but although nearly five hundred individuals had, by their subscriptions, testified their approbation of Sion's Plea, he had too much magnanimity to betray any one of his friends and adherents. After this refusal, he was brought before the Court of Star-Chamber, and required to answer a long information, setting forth his many and grievous offences. He admitted that he was the author of the book, but denied all criminality of intention. No counsel dared to plead his cause, and he returned to prison in order to await his doom. It was the opinion of four physicians that poison had been administered to him in Newgate. He had been seized with a violent distemper, which was accompanied with loathsome symptoms, and his strength was so completely exhausted that he could not be produced before this atrocious Court. In his absence the following sentence was unanimously pronounced on the 4th of June, 1630:—That Dr Leighton should pay a fine of £10,000; that the High Commission should degrade him from his ministry; that he should be brought to the pillory at Westminster during the sitting of the Court, and should there be whipped; that after whipping he should be set upon the pillory for a convenient time, should have one of his ears cut off, one side of his nose slit, and his face branded with the letters S.S., denoting a sower of sedition; that he should then be carried back to prison, and, after an interval of a few days, should again be pilloried at Cheapside, should then likewise be whipped, have his other ear cut off, and the other side of his nose slit; and should then be detained in close custody in the Fleet Prison, for the remainder of his life. When this sentence was pronounced, it has been stated that Laud pulled off his cap, and gave thanks to the God of mercy; nor does such an act appear to be in any respect inconsistent with the general character of the ferocious and unrelenting bigot to whom it is imputed. This is the same individual whom the High Churchmen of our own times describe as an excellent prelate. Between the passing and the execution of the sentence, Leighton made his escape from prison; and two of his countrymen, named Anderson and Elphinstone, were each fined £500 for aiding and abetting him in his flight. He was, however, retaken in Bedfordshire; and, before the expiration of a fortnight, having again been committed to the Fleet, he endured

the first part of his punishment on the 26th of November ; it was inflicted with the most unrelenting severity ; the second part followed after a short interval ; and his bodily frame having thus been miserably shattered he lingered in prison for the tedious space of nearly ten years. In 1640 he presented a petition to the Long Parliament, reciting the direful persecution to which he had been subjected, and he now obtained such redress as could be afforded to him ; but, as Benson has too truly remarked, ‘no sufficient reparation in this world could possibly be made to a man so deeply injured.’”

Craig, moreover, was the birth-parish of other two persons of some note, and whose names are not unfamiliar to those who are conversant with the history of our Eastern Empire. David Scott, Esq. of Duninald, was born there, and for a long time held a high place in the direction of the affairs of the East Indian Company. And his nephew, David Scott, son of Archibald Scott, Esq. of Usan, equally distinguished himself in the East. These Scotts, it may be added, were a very old family, and till lately had a considerable position in the county. “It appears,” says Jervise, “that Scotts have been located in and near Montrose since the time of Robert the Bruce. The first Scott of Logy, a merchant and burghess of that town, was ancestor of the Scotts, at one time lairds of Usan and Duninald, one of whom, towards the close of last century, was M.P. for the county of Forfar, and afterwards for the burgh.”

There is yet one Historic Scene more in Craig which must not be passed over. It is the Road which began at the fishing port of Usan, and ran north-west through the parish, and by which fresh fish was daily conveyed to the King and Court when they were at Forfar. “The breadth of the Road was the length of the mill-wand, or rod by which a mill-stone was trundled from the quarry to the mill ;” and to this day it goes by the name of the Kings Cadger’s Road.

KINNELL.

Kinnell, though at some distance from the coast, is reckoned to belong to the Maritime district of the shire ; and if places having traces of the Romans are Historic Scenes, Kinnell is such a scene. In 1829, on the farm of Mainsbank in this

parish, was found by the side of a ditch, out of which it had doubtless been cast, an Aureus; a gold coin of the Emperor Antoninus Pius. It had on the one side the head of the Emperor, with the inscription, "Antoninus Aug. Pius P.P. Imp ii.;" and on the other side a victory, with the inscription, "Tr. Pot. xix. Cos iiii.;" that is, being translated, "Antoninus Augustus Pius, Father of his Country; twice saluted with the title of Emperor by the army and the Senate; nineteen times invested with the Tribunitian power; and four times with the Consulship." Antoninus succeeded to the imperial throne in A.D. 138; appointed to the command in Britain Lollius Urbicus, who drove back the Caledonians into their fastnesses beyond the Grampians; and re-built the wall between the Firth and the Clyde, which the incursions of the barbarians had destroyed. He also followed the route through Angus by which Agricola had marched in the preceding century, and by which, in the beginning of the next century, the Emperor Severus penetrated so far north that his soldiers were struck with the length of the days and the shortness of the nights compared with those in Italy. It would seem that the extreme point to which he pushed was the promontory separating the Cromarty and the Moray Firths. There is no difficulty, then, in accounting for an Aureus of Antoninus Pius being found in Kinnell.

In sepulchral remains, and in names of places, there are manifest indications of this locality having been devastated by war. In a barrow on the top of Wuddy-law, the highest ground in the parish, have been found "earthen vessels containing a black fetish mould, urns, and half-burnt bones." Urns and bones were also found on Westfield of Hattonmill, at the removal of a cairn there; and at Glasterlaw and other places. On the north-west of the parish are many cairns in a space of about two acres of ground; not far from which is the Battle Drum Wood on the north; and the Battle Burn on the south, which is said to have flowed with blood as far as the Fithy; while, a little to the east are the Battle Cairn and the Battle Well. These are unmistakable memorials of great carnage; and when the reader asks, What carnage? we can only repeat the answer which has been often given—tradition makes them the memorials of a dreadful battle between the Piets and the Romans, of which no other history than these memorials themselves has come down to us.

The barony of Kinnell may be regarded as an Historic Scene, on account of a circumstance which associated it with Bannockburn. King Robert Bruce gave the barony, which then comprehended the most of the parish, to his Chamberlain and brother-in-law, Sir Alexander Fraser of Oliver Castle and Nidpath, the chief of the clan Fraser, in reward of his exploits, on the field on which the King and his patriot heroes won so glorious a victory. Other large and valuable estates, both in Angus and Mearns, were gifted about the same time by The Bruce to the Lovats, and which long connected them with both counties. In 1851, Thomas Fraser, a cadet of Lovat, built the Castle of Braikie, over the entrance to which his initials T.F. are yet to be seen.

Some four or five hundred acres of the Moor of Montreathmont, one of the great Royal forests of Scotland, lay in the barony of Kinnell. It was, therefore, frequently honoured with the visits of Royalty, in pursuit of the pleasures of the chase. In 1617 James VI. paid it one of those visits. We have already seen that he passed the night of the 21st May that year in Dudhope Castle, Dundee, the residence of Sir John Scrimgeour, Hereditary Constable of the town. But he left early next morning for Kinnaird Castle, the seat of his favourite, Lord Carnegie; and it would seem that he enjoyed himself for eight days in hunting, of which he was very fond, in his Royal forest in that district. He did not at least return to Dundee till after the lapse of eight days.

MARYTON.

Of Historic Scenes in Maryton, Old Montrose is the chief. It was the property and the principal residence of the noble family of the Grahams of Montrose. It was from the town of Montrose that Lindsay, the original Duke of Montrose, took his title; but it was from their old seat of Old Montrose, Maryton, that the Grahams took their several titles of Lord, Earl, Marquis, and Duke. They were an old family; the first of them who settled in Angus being David of Graham, who was the grandfather of the patriot, Sir John Graham, who fell at the battle of Falkirk, fighting with Wallace for the independence of his country; but it was in the Great Marquis of the

seventeenth century that, as some would say, the glory of the family culminated. He was born at Old Montrose in 1612; and the part which he acted in the Civil War of his day is well known. After swearing the Covenant, and being for a time a zealous supporter of the Presbyterians, he deserted them, and went over to the side of Charles. This was in 1642; and we have already touched on some of his brilliant, though fruitless, military exploits, till the tide turned against him at Philiphaugh; and he was captured in 1650 by M'Leod of Assynt, and conveyed in the most miserable plight a prisoner to Edinburgh, where he suffered a cruel and ignominious death; his sentence being that he be hanged three hours on a gibbet thirty feet high, his head fixed to an iron spike on the Tolbooth of Edinburgh, his body quartered, his limbs placed over the gates of the four principal towns of Scotland—Perth, Stirling, Aberdeen, and Glasgow; and his corpse (unless he should be released from the excommunication of the Kirk) interred in the Borough-moor under the gallows.

After his execution, some adventurous spirits, employed by Lady Napier, managed to get possession of his heart. It was embalmed skilfully, and at great cost, and put in a rich case of gold, which was taken to India by a Napier, the mother of Sir Alexander Johnston. There the precious relic got the reputation of being a talisman, and was stolen, and worshipped in an Indian shrine! Sir Alexander contrived to get hold of it, and to take it out of the list of Indian deities; but his father and mother again lost it at Boulogne, after which it was never recovered.

The Marquis had some noble qualities; and they shone, as we think, more in his death than in his life. Who does not feel the happy contrast between his calm dignity and resolute endurance, and the spirit and conduct of those who rioted in the indignities and cruelties which they inflicted on him? Who can read, without feelings of even more that admiration, those lines which he wrote with the point of a diamond on his prison window the evening before his execution?

“ Let them bestow on every airth a limb,
 Then open all my veins—that I may swim
 To Thee, my Maker, in that crimson lake—
 Then place my parboil'd head upon a stake;
 Scatter my ashes—strew them in the air—
 Lord! since thou knowest where all those atoms are,
 I'm hopeful thou'lt recover once my dust,
 And confident thou'lt raise me with the just.”

After the death of the great Marquis, Old Montrose passed into the hands of the Earl of Middleton, a great favourite of both the Charleses, and an infamous minion, without a single redeeming quality. It was he that, in 1661, proposed and carried the reversal of all the Acts of Parliaments and Conventions held since 1638 ; a deed, as Bishop Burnet says, "only fit to be concluded after a drunken bout ;" and very likely it is that it was concluded then ; for, as the Bishop's father says, "It was a maddening time, when the men of affairs were perpetually drunk." Middleton was Royal Commissioner to that Parliament ; and it is recorded that he often took his seat on the throne in such a state of intoxication that no business could be done, and the House had to be adjourned. It was he, more than any other person, that compassed the judicial murder of the Marquis of Argyle that same year. It was he that, with the view of possessing himself of the estates of the Marquis, had his eldest son, Lord Lorn, tried on the wicked law of leasing-making, and sentence of death pronounced on him ; but the King spared his life. It was he that, with certain members of the Privy Council, made a tour through the west of Scotland, forming a very horrible chapter of our nation's history ; the scenes of debauchery and profaneness which were acted during their progress being, in the last degree, revolting and disgusting. It was he, moreover, that insisted that all ministers, who had been admitted since 1649, when patronage was abolished, and who had not obtained a presentation from the patron, and induction from the Bishop of the Diocese, should be deprived of their livings, and expelled from their parishes.

Having by these measures filled the cup of his iniquity, Middleton was, in 1662, deprived of all his offices, and reduced to poverty, alleviated only by his being sent to be Governor of Tangier in Africa ; an exile in which he soon died.

Bonnyton or Bonnington is now a part of Old Montrose ; but it was once a separate property, and was the seat of the family of Wood. "The foundation of the Castle they inhabited," says the last Statistical Account of the parish, "is still to be seen ; and of a moat or broad deep ditch by which it was surrounded and fortified, the vestige still remains."

The lands of Bonnington adjoin those of Usan, a famous fishing station in olden times ; and as we have already noted, when the Court resided at Forfar, fresh fish was daily conveyed

from Usan to it, by a road which led through Montreathmont Moor, the track of which is still known as the Cadger's Road. The old Forfarshire family of Tulloch, which, before 1493, had merged by marriage into that of Wood, is said to have held the lands of Bonnington under the tenure of daily supplying fresh fish to the Royal table.

In 1649, the Commission of the General Assembly suspended Mr John Lammie, minister of Maryton, for the active part which he had taken the previous year to get David, Earl of Southesk, chosen a member of the Assembly. His Lordship had made himself a "black sheep" by joining in the "Engagement." Mr Lammie must have borne his censure meekly, and walked very wisely; for his suspension was removed in 1650. The Jacobites gave "measure for measure," when their brief day came in 1715. They spoiled the goods of Mr Charles Irvine, then minister of the parish, and forced him to take shelter in Edinburgh till the Rebellion was quashed.

FARNELL.

At the date of the earliest notice of them upon record, the lands of Farnell belonged to the See of Brechin, and the Castle was the Bishop's palace. At the Reformation the Bishop of Brechin was Alexander Campbell, brother of the Laird of Ardkinglass, then Comptroller of Scotland. Sharing the worldly wisdom of his contemporary and relative, Donald Campbell, Abbot of Coupar, he managed, in view of the evil day which he saw to be coming, to get the power of disposing of the benefices within his diocese; and his Grange of Farnell he alienated to his patron and chief, Archibald, fifth Earl of Argyll. Colin, sixth Earl, sold the lands of Farnell to James Lord Ogilvy of Airlie. After half a century they were again sold to David Master of Carnegie; and, he dying without issue in 1633, his father, David Lord Carnegie, succeeded to them, and they have since formed a part of the Southesk estates.

The Carnegies possessed Kinnaird from 1409, when, partly by purchase, and partly by marriage, it came into the hands of their common ancestor, Duthac de Carnegie, who fell at Harlaw,

in 1411. Kinnaird Castle, the seat of the Earls of Southesk, is the Historic Scene in the parish. It must occupy the site of the old one, if it be true that one of its towers was part of the ancient Castle. In itself, and in its surroundings, the present Castle is one of the most superb seats of our Scottish nobility; and its predecessor would seem to have been the same in its day. Ochterlony, writing two hundred years ago, describes it as being "without competition the fynest place, taking altogether, in the shyre; a great house, excellent gardens, parks with fallow deer, orchards, hay meadows, wherein are extraordinare quantities of hay, very much planting, ane excellent breed of horse, cattle, and sheep, extraordinare good land." How would he describe it were he to see it now, after the immense improvements it has undergone, and the very possibility of several of which he did not so much as conceive!

Kinnaird has been frequently honoured with the presence of Royalty. Edward I. of England rested at it on the 7th July, 1296, when he was on his way from Arbroath to Montrose. In 1602 and 1617 James VI. was the guest of Lord Carnegie in his Castle of Kinnaird during which visits he enjoyed the chase in his neighbouring Royal forest. Both the Charleses likewise visited the Castle, its owner ranking among the most devoted and powerful of their adherents.

In 1452 the Castle of Kinnaird was given to the flames. Walter of Carnegie, the son of Duthac, fought on the side of his sovereign against Earl Beardie in the Battle of Brechin, and the Earl took vengeance on him by burning his Castle, and "all his writs and evidents were consumed" in the conflagration. In 1513 the house of Kinnaird supplied Flodden with one of its victims. John, the son and successor of Walter, fell on that field, with many of his kinsmen. In 1547 it gave a member to the Bench. Sir Robert, the fourth from Duthac, made law his study. He was the author of a book of some authority in its day on Scots law, cited as *Liber Carnegii*, and in the year named he was made a Lord of Session. His eldest son, Sir John must have been esteemed a man of wisdom, and must have been in the confidence of Queen Mary, for, as her difficulties thickened and closed upon her, she is said to have written him a letter craving his advice. Dying without issue, he was succeeded by his brother, Sir David, on whom James conferred some high offices, and made him a peer in 1616; and whom Charles I. in 1633 raised to an Earldom, by the title of

the Earl of Southesk. He was a steady and zealous supporter of both sovereigns in their policy.

The Earl paid the penalty for the side which he took in the Civil War. He was fined for it the sum of £3000, under Cromwell's Act of Grace and Pardon. In other ways, too, did he suffer for it. Very heavily must the fate of the great Marquis of Montrose have fallen upon him and his house. The Marchioness was Margaret, one of the Earl's daughters; and when the Marquis was on his way to Edinburgh to suffer execution he was conveyed to Kinnaird Castle to take a last farewell of his relatives there. The meeting and the parting must have been unspeakably heartrending. The scene is to be imagined, not described.

The second Earl, commonly called the Black Earl, exiled himself during the Commonwealth to attend on Charles II. in Holland. It was by the mode of his death, or rather, of his disappearance from this mortal scene, more than by any deed of his life, that he contributed to make his Castle an Historic Scene. Having been educated at Padua, in Italy, he had passed for being a magician, and, like all his class, was in compact with the Evil One. As the price of the supernatural powers received from him, he had given himself to the Archfiend; and when he had no more work for him on earth, he took him to himself in both soul and body! In the "Devil's Den," close by the family burial vault, was the "Starney-Bucket Well;" and driving one very dark stormy night, the Earl, with his coach and four, was lost in that Well! It became to them the passage to the Infernal Regions! It was to them the open mouth of the pit which swallowed them up! It would appear, however, that till of late their confinement was not very close. Of this, the great grandfathers and great grandmothers of the present generation had ocular demonstration. They often saw the Earl revisiting his old haunts, and disporting himself in driving a coach along the lawns, with the horses beautifully plumed and decorated with innumerable *blue* lights! (Burning brimstone emits a *blue* flame.) So tradition says; and let no reader meet it with an incredulous laugh. So history says; for what is a great deal of history but tradition committed to writing? and is not the story of the Black Earl's exit printed in the Land of the Lindsays, very much in the terms in which we have now given it?

The third Earl, Robert, was the husband of Lady Ann

Hamilton ; and those who are curious to see how that Countess figures in history, are referred to the Count de Grammont's Memoirs of the Court of Charles II.

It was the destiny of James, the fifth Earl, to see 1715, and he played a highly important part in that epoch. He attended Mar's "hunting match" at Braemar, on the 26th August, where he swore fealty to the exiled heir of the Stuarts, and fidelity to his fellow-rebels ; singing with them by anticipation :—

“ The auld Stuart's back again,
The auld Stuart's back again,
Let howlet Whigs do what they can,
The auld Stuart's back again.”

He was one of the chiefs of clans who, on the 6th September, assembled with their retainers at Aboyne and raised the standard of the Chevalier ; which was no sooner set up than, sad omen ! the fierce wind blew down the golden knob from the top of it.

“ Then second-sighted Sandy said,
We'll do no gude at a', Willie ;
While pipers played frae richt to left,
Fy, furich Whigs awa', Willie.”

A few days after, the Earl proclaimed the Chevalier at Montrose as James III. of England, and James VIII. of Scotland, Ireland, and their dependencies. The "brave, generous Southesk" fought for him at Sheriffmuir on the 13th of November following. Next month, when the Adventurer arrived in Scotland, none welcomed him more warmly. He invited him to his Castle of Kinnaird, where he had the honour of entertaining him for days, and where those who will may yet be permitted to feast their eyes on the remains of the curtains of the bed in which he slept.

The Earl was of course forfeited for joining in the Rebellion, fled to France, and died there in 1729, his only son predeceasing him. The representation of the family then went to the Pitarrow branch of it. In 1764, Sir James Carnegie of Pitarrow bought back the estates ; and, in 1855, the House of Lords allowed his great grandson's claim to the dignity and title of Earl of Southesk, Baron Leuchars, in the Peerage of Scotland.

The Castle of Farnell is on the north bank of the Den of Farnell, in a beautiful lawn, and is surrounded by some fine old trees. It is, for its age, in a state of wonderfully good repair ;

and the use to which the noble family of Southesk have devoted it reflects upon them the highest honour. They have turned it into an asylum for aged and indigent females, to whose subsistence and comfort the ladies of the family in particular have the blessedness of seeing.

MONTROSE.

As was to be expected from its antiquity, size, and situation, Montrose has been the scene of many historical events. It is said that, as early as 980, it was attacked by the Danes, who destroyed both the town and the Castle, and massacred the inhabitants. The Castle occupied a strong position upon, or close by, the Forthill, about a mile above the point where the Southesk falls into the sea. The invaders, says Buchanan, "set sail for the mouth of the River Esk, where they landed their forces, seized and plundered the nearest town on the coast, and murdered the citizens without distinction of age or sex. They spread similar devastation throughout all Angus, as far as the Firth of Tay." This, it may be stated, was the invasion in which the Danes proceeded to Luncarty, where Kenneth III. gave them so signal an overthrow.

William the Lion made the Castle of Montrose an occasional residence, dated charters from it, for the space of twenty years, from 1178 to 1198, and appointed a person of the name of Crane to be its gatekeeper.

On the 7th July, 1296, Edward I. of England came to Montrose by Arbroath and Farnell, and continued in it till the 12th of the month; receiving the homage of many barons and clergy from all parts of the country, including several from the neighbourhood. Next year Wallace rescued the town out of the hands of the English, and demolished the Castle, which it would seem was never rebuilt. After the fatal battle of Falkirk in 1298, Edward continued the war for five years to accomplish his nefarious purpose of destroying the independence and freedom of Scotland. And he very nearly succeeded. In 1303, Wallace landed at Montrose, having been solicited to return from France to oppose Edward; and he was met and hailed by

many friends ; among others, by Sir John Ramsay of Auchterhouse, with whom, as Blind Harry has it—

“ With thre hundreth to Ochtyrhous he past.”

But Wallace's career was then drawing to a close. A large price having been set on his head, Sir John Monteith basely betrayed him to the English ; and, on the 23d August, 1305, he was dragged at the tails of horses through the streets of London to Smithfield, where he was put to death with all imaginable ignominy and barbarity. He was then decapitated and quartered ; his head fixed on London Bridge, and his limbs exposed at Newcastle, Berwick, Perth, and Aberdeen.

In 1244 Montrose was accidentally consumed by fire, and the consumption would appear to have been complete ; so much so that Camden, understood to be alluding to that great calamity, says, “ The town is built out of the ruins of another of the same name.” The name he gives it is *Celurca* ; following Boece, who makes this to have been the original name of the town.

Montrose had its Convent, built and dedicated in 1230 to the Virgin Mary ; of which, however, so little is known, that the very site of it is now a matter of conjecture. Its founder was Alan Durward, or Alan the Durward, *i.e.*, the Hostiarius, or doorkeeper of the King's residence ; and this Alan was the son, and the last male descendant of Thomas Lundin of Lundie, who had held the same office. The family of the Lundins or Lundies settled in Fife and Angus in the reign of David I., and is now represented by the Earl of Camperdown and Baron Duncan of Lundie. The Monks of the Montrose Convent were Dominicans ; and, as late as 1576, the famous Patrick Panter, of the Newmanwalls family, and Abbot of Cambuskenneth, got the authority of Parliament to remove the establishment to the more immediate vicinity of the town (it is likely that it had been on that part of the links, bearing the name of St Mary, a little east of Victoria Bridge) ; and for the better maintenance of it in its new situation, he granted it many and rich endowments. But the Monks were so dissatisfied with the locality to which they had been brought, on account of the disturbance caused them by the noise and traffic of the public thoroughfare, that, in 1524, they petitioned Parliament to allow them to return to their old quarters, where they managed, let us hope, to spend comfortably the few remaining years of monkery in Scotland.

David II. was twice at Montrose in 1369, first in October

and next in December ; where he confirmed the charters which David I. had granted to it, and conferred on it several new privileges. He was by that time a widower, his Queen having died in February that year, when on her way to Rome, in prosecution of her appeal to the Pope against the sentence of divorce which her husband had procured against her from the Scottish Bishops ; and, in February next year, David himself followed her unlamented ; nay, though the son and the immediate successor of The Bruce, his death was “ regarded by his subjects as a national deliverance.”

It was from the port of Montrose that Sir James Douglas, with a numerous retinue of knights and squires, set sail for Palestine in the spring of 1330, to fulfil the last charge laid on him by his deceased master, King Robert Bruce. That charge was to carry the King's heart to Jerusalem, and to deposit it in the Holy Sepulchre, which he had vowed that he would be a crusader to recover from the Saracens. Calling Sir James to the side of his death-bed, he said unto him, in the presence of the rest of the courtiers, “ Sir James, my dear friend, none knows better than you how great labouring and suffering I have undergone in my day, for the maintenance of the rights of this kingdom ; and when I was hardest beset I made a vow, which it now grieves me deeply that I have not accomplished. I vowed to God that if I should live to see an end of my wars, and be enabled to govern this realm in peace and security, I would then set out in person, and carry on war against the enemies of my Lord and Saviour, to the best of my power. Nor has my heart ceased to bend to this point ; but our Lord has not consented thereto ; for I have had my hands full in my days, and now, at the last, I am seized with this grievous sickness, so that, as you see, I have nothing to do but to die. And since my body cannot go thither and accomplish that which my heart hath so much desired, I have resolved to send my heart there in place of my body, to fulfil my vow ; and now, since in all my realm I know not any knight more hardy than yourself, or more thoroughly furnished with all knightly qualities for the accomplishment of the vow, in place of myself, therefore I entreat thee, my dear and tried friend, that for the love you bear to me, you will undertake this voyage, and acquit my soul of its debt to my Saviour ; for I hold this opinion of your truth and nobleness, that whatever you undertake, I am persuaded you will successfully accomplish ; and thus I shall die in peace,

provided that you do all that I shall tell you. I will, then, that as soon as I am dead, you take the heart out of my body, and cause it to be embalmed, and take as much of my treasure as seems to you sufficient for the expenses of your journey, both for you and your companions; and that you carry my heart along with you, and deposit it in the Holy Sepulchre of our Lord, since this poor body cannot go thither. And it is my command that you do use that Royal state and maintenance in your journey, both for yourself and your companions, that into whatever lands or cities you may come, all may know that you have in charge to bear beyond seas the heart of King Robert Bruce of Scotland."

Sir James thanked "the most noble and gentle King" for the honour done him; and promised, by the faith which he owed to God and to the order of Knighthood, that to the best of his power he would obey his command; and not long after this the King expired. Faithful to his charge and his promise, Sir James proceeded for Jerusalem, taking Spain on his way; and having landed at Seville, and learned that Alphonso, the young King of Leon and Castile, was waging war with Osman, the Moorish King of Granada, what Douglas deemed a Holy War, he joined him, and was slain in a battle fought near Thebes. His few surviving friends brought his body and the precious casket he bore back to Scotland; and the heart of The Bruce was buried by the Earl of Moray in Melrose Abbey.

"We bore the good Lord James away,
And the priceless heart he bore,
And heavily we steered our ship
Towards the Scottish shore.

"No welcome greeted our return,
Nor clang of martial tread,
But all were dumb and hushed as death
Before the mighty dead.

"We laid our Chief in Douglas Kirk,
The heart in fair Melrose;
And woful men were we that day—
God grant their souls repose!"

In 1493 Montrose appealed to the King (James IV.) against the oppressions of Erskine of Dun; and the result of the application was a royal warrant "till our Scherof of Forfare and his Deputies" to quit the Laird with a "Summons of Spulzie, Burgh of Montrose v. Erskine of Dun." For upwards of a century there had been no love lost between Montrose and

Dun ; and the feud between them had various and frequent outbreakings. At length John Erskine, the future Superintendent of Angus, in the haughty, domineering spirit which he had inherited from his ancestors, killed Sir Thomas Froster, a priest of the town, in the bell-tower of the Parish Church. This occasioned his going for years to the Continent, whence he returned in 1534 an ardent friend of the revival of letters and of Church reform in his native land. He brought with him a Frenchman, Monsieur Massiliers, an excellent Greek scholar, whom he set up and maintained at his own expense in Montrose as a teacher of Greek. This was the first school of the Greek language in Scotland ; a language till then almost unknown in the country. George Wishart was one of Massiliers' pupils, and, on his master's death, succeeded him in the office of teacher ; in which he continued till, for presuming to instruct his scholars in the Greek Testament, Hepburn, Bishop of Brechin, alarmed for the interests of the Church, summoned him before him on a charge of heresy ; when Wishart not only withdrew from Montrose, but left Scotland.

This school Andrew Melville, the great champion of Presbytery, attended in his boyhood, coming to it from the adjacent parish of Craig ; and such proficiency did he make in it that, when he went to the University of St Andrews in his fourteenth year, he surprised the Professors with his knowledge of Greek, a tongue with which they had little or no acquaintance. This school James Melville also (Andrew's nephew) attended, coming to it from the same parish ; and he bears testimony in his Diary to the excellence of the education which it gave, and to the spiritual benefit which he received from the connection with Montrose into which it brought him. The first Reformed minister of the town was Thomas Anderson, "a man of mean gifts," says James Melville, "but of singular good life ;" and under the ministry of this good man he became a communicant of the Church at the early age of thirteen. Anderson's reader was John Beattie, to whose memory Melville pays this very high tribute, "a godly honest man, wha read the Scripture distinctlie, and with a religious and devout feilling, whereof I fand myselff movit to gif guid care, and learn the stories of Scripture, also to tak plesure in the Psalmes, quhilk he haid almost all by hart, in prose." Anderson was succeeded immediately or soon by John Durie, whose son-in-law James Melville became.

It may be added here that Montrose has always held a comparatively high educational position. Its schools were famous even as early as the days of The Bruce ; and he granted twenty shillings out of the public revenue for their support. Since the revival of learning in Scotland, its Grammar School has turned out many first-class scholars ; four of whom, Joseph Hume, Sir William Burnet, M.D., and Sir James and Sir Alexander Burnes, were Fellows of the Royal Society of London. This supposes first-class masters ; among whom was David Lindsay, son of the Laird of Edzell, afterwards Bishop Lindsay, first of Brechin, and then of Edinburgh. It was he who, when Janet Geddes hurled her stool at the Dean's head, as he began to read the services in St Giles's Cathedral, exclaiming, " Villain ! dost thou say mass at my lug ?" mounted the pulpit, and tried to restore order, but was met with sticks, and stones, and every missile at hand ; and on the public street was assaulted by the populace, and owed his safety, probably his life, to the Earl of Roxburgh and his attendants.

The great and happy change which took place on Erskine's personal character ; his place and work as one of the chiefs of the Protestant Reformers in Scotland ; the favour which he shewed to Montrose in the school which he established in it, and otherwise ; all these led to a complete reconciliation between Montrose and Dun. The inhabitants of Montrose were among the first in the country to embrace the Reformation ; which may be traced to the influence exerted on them from Dun, and to the copies of the Holy Scriptures, which their merchants, who had much intercourse with the Continent, brought home with them in spite of legal prohibitions, and got more or less into circulation. Yet, in ardour and resoluteness, their Protestant zeal hardly equalled that of some of their neighbours—that of Dundee, for example. It was comparatively moderate ; and, when tested, proved more pliant.

In 1548, in the war in which England courted Scotland for the heart and hand of Mary to Edward, the English attempted to land their fleet in the mouth of the South Esk at Montrose. Erskine of Dun frustrated the attempt. Setting himself at the head of the inhabitants, and of his retainers, he divided them into three bands, which he disposed with much military tact to wait the enemy. As they were endeavouring to land, Erskine, with the dart-men and other light troops which he himself led, attacked them with great spirit and vigour, and drove them to

where his other two bands were concealed, ready to give the English courtiers a warm reception. "There," says Buchanan, "forming a junction with the other parties, who were drawn up in order of battle, they all attacked the enemy, who, notwithstanding, did not give way till the others on the neighbouring hill showed themselves with their banners. Then, at last, they ran with such haste to the sea, and to the ships, that of about eight hundred who landed scarcely a third part escaped."

The General Assembly of the Kirk met in Montrose in 1600. James's policy in convening it so far north was to get Prelacy established by the votes of servile northern legions, whom he expected to be in attendance. Great preparations had accordingly been made for a meeting which was to sound the knell of Presbytery in the land, and to secure, by the help of Diocesan Episcopacy, the triumph of absolute monarchy and arbitrary power. But James was rather signally foiled for the present. Andrew Melville, whom he had prohibited to attend Assemblies, compeared in this one as a representative of the Presbytery of St Andrews. James passionately demanded why he persisted in attending Assemblies, after he had discharged him from doing so; to which Melville made another of his ever-memorable replies: He said that he had a commission from the Church, which it was his duty to fulfil; and, putting his hand to his throat, he addressed the King thus:—"Sir, take this head, and cut it off, if you will; you shall have it sooner than I shall betray the cause of Christ." Imperiously forbidden to appear in the Assembly, Andrew Melville remained in the town; and by his presence and counsels greatly encouraged and aided the brethren. The Assembly did indeed consent that fifty-one ministers should be chosen to represent the Church in Parliament; but it jealously limited and shackled their powers. They were not to be called Bishops, but Commissioners; they must have the Church's express warrant for proposing anything in her name in Parliament; they must not be silent when measures prejudicial to her were introduced; at each Assembly they must render an account of the manner in which they had fulfilled the trust committed to them; they must be each the pastor of a particular congregation; in the administration of the government of the Church they must claim no higher power than their brethren, and be equally subject with them to the authority of the Courts of the Church; they must sit as

commissioners in General Assemblies only when appointed to do so by their respective Presbyteries ; and on deposition from the pastoral office by the Church, they must, *ipso facto*, lose their seats in Parliament.

In the civil war of the seventeenth century, Montrose was the scene of some sharp passages between the combatants. A Committee of the Covenanters met in it in 1639 ; and a body of cavaliers tried in vain to seize some pieces of ordnance which had been placed for the defence of the town. Next year a ship from Holland landed in its harbour with ammunition and arms from the Covenanters. About two o'clock on a morning of April, 1644, young Irvine of Drum appeared in the town, at the head of some three hundred horse and foot, with trumpets sounding, and swords drawn ; his immediate object being to possess himself of "twa brassin cartowis," or small cannon, that were in it. The citizens, having been apprised of Irvine's design, stood in arms, and roused the neighbourhood by kindling fires on the Steeple, and ringing the bells. "But," says Spalding in his "Trubles," "all was for nocht ; the Royalists "dang the toune's people frae the calsey to thair houssis, and out of the foirstaires thay schot desperatlie, bot thay war forssit to yield by many feirfull schotes schot aganes thame ; quhair unhappellie Alexander Pearsons, ane of thair balleis, wes slayne." The victorious invaders then occupied the town for a short time ; but were imposed on by the treachery of a resident in it named Burnet, though himself a Royalist. To the ship which he had promised to place at their service in the harbour, he contrived to get the Provost and many of the inhabitants conveyed, as also the coveted "twa brassin cartowis ;" and when Drum and his friends approached to go on board, the ship opened fire on them, killing two of them, and wounding others. The infuriated soldiers left the town, after sacking it ; taking with them two of the principal citizens, and, under their belts, "a pype of Spanish wyne," which they drank "hartfullie."

The plague visited Montrose in 1648, and, from May that year to February, 1649, filled it with sorrow, lamentation, and woe. Crowds fled from the infected town into the country ; and a large proportion of those who remained in it died. A tumulus, still pointed out on the Links, immediately north-east of the town, is said to be the place where its numerous victims were interred. Brechin, though it did not escape the same

visitation, collected and gave in charity to the distressed people of Montrose, "the tyme of the infecting seekness," £42 14s 2d ; and its own parochial records bear, "Because of ane fearfull prevailing pestilence entered into the city, enlarging and spreading itself, dailie destroying and cutting down many, which occasioned ane scattering and outgoing of all the members of Session to landward, for their refuge and saiftie, therefore there was no Session or collection in this our Church of Montrose betwixt the last of May, 1648, and the first of Februarii, 1649."

Montrose figures somewhat prominently in the Rebellions of the next century. At the Cross of Montrose, in 1715, the Earl of Southesk proclaimed the Chevalier St George, under the title of James VIII. of Scotland. He landed from Dunkirk at Peterhead on the 22d December, 1715 ; and on the 2d January, 1716, he passed by Montrose on his way to the Palace of Scone, where he appointed his coronation to take place on the 23d of that month ; and so suddenly did his adventure collapse that, on the 3d February, James VIII., as crownless as ever, reached Montrose a fugitive from the Earl of Argyle, and blasted by the ridicule of the Hanoverian Hue and Cry after him : "Whereas, one James Stewart, *alias* Oglethorpe, *alias* Chevalier, *alias* Pretender, *alias* King, *alias* no King : neither Cæsar nor Nullus : neither a man nor a mouse : neither a man's man, nor a woman's man, nor a statesman, nor a little man, nor a great man : neither Englishman nor Frenchman, but a mongrelian between both ; neither wise nor otherwise ; neither soldier, nor sailor, nor cardinal : without father or mother, without friend or foe ; without foresight or aftersight, without brains or bravery, without house or home, made in the figure of a man, but just alive, and that's all ; hath clandestinely lately eloped from his friends through a back door, and has not been seen or heard of since ; and, whereas, the said *alias* pretended to come here, to watch and fight, to bring men and money with him, to train an army and march at the head of them, to fight battles and besiege towns, but in reality did none of these, but skulked, and whined, and speched, and cried, and stole to his head-quarters by night, went away before morning, and having smelled gunpowder, and dreamed of an enemy, burnt the country, and ran away by the light of it."

The night of the 3d February James spent in a house at the south end of the High Street of Montrose, the site of which, Mr

Jervise says, is now occupied by the house of George Smart, Esq., corn merchant. In that house he wrote to the Duke of Argyle the letter intimating that he had consigned to certain magistrates a sum of money, to repair so far the loss which his unfortunate adventure had caused the country. At eight o'clock next night, having ordered his horse to the front door of the house, with all his guards mounted in the usual manner, he went by a back door to the lodgings of the Earl of Mar; and he and the Earl, with two attendants, walked by a private lane to the shore, where a boat was in waiting, which took them on board the *Maria Theresa* of St Maloes, with some of the chief persons of the Pretender's suite; and, setting sail, they landed seven days after near Gravelines.

In 1745, Prince Charles Edward repeated the attempt of his father to recover the kingdom. Montrose sympathised with him, as did also the county, which was then strongly Jacobite and Prelatic. There was keen contention between the loyalists and the rebels, as to which of them should have Montrose for their head-quarters. The loyalists had it first; but it would seem that the rebels drove them from it. To regain their position, the loyalists anchored in the river, opposite to Ferryden, the *Hazard*, a war ship mounting sixteen guns and some swivels, and having a crew of eighty men. The rebels set themselves to take this vessel, and they succeeded; assisted by a transport from France, which appeared on the coast with a party of Lord John Drummond's Regiment, some Irish piquets, and six pieces of artillery. They named their prize Prince Edward; and to them it was a great prize, not only for the value of itself and its contents, but because it enabled them to land troops with safety for days to come. The revenge of the loyalists lay in Admiral Bing's chasing a French gun-ship on the coast, and sinking her long boat full of men, whose carcasses were afterwards washed ashore.

It was the Duke of Cumberland who crushed out the rebellion in Montrose, as elsewhere. When he visited the town in 1746, he found the spirit of Jacobitism virulent and ascendant in it. The boys made bonfires on the 10th of June, the Pretender's birthday; and "Jacobite gentlewomen got on white gowns and white roses, and made a procession through the streets." As it was ladies that offered the affront, the military officers in the town had gallantly overlooked it; but Cumberland was a man of another mould. The commanding officer he ordered to be

broken on account of his leniency ; and he threatened "because the inhabitants are nourishing up their children to rebellion, to cause them to be whipped at the Cross, to frighten them from their bonfires."

The erection and opening of the bridges on the North and South Esks, were events of more than local interest ; and we merely mention that the former was finished in 1775, and the latter in 1830. The latter stretches over two channels, into which the island of Inchbrayock divides the South Esk. The wider of the two, and the more northerly, is spanned by a suspension bridge, at a cost of about £23,000. It is a beautiful structure, and serves its purpose satisfactorily ; but, in 1838, the rush of a crowd, witnessing a boat race, at the east end of the bridge broke one of the upper chains of it, which fell on the lower, and several individuals, caught between the chains, were killed.

We have said that Joseph Hume was educated at Montrose, and ranked among the first-class scholars it produced. But we must not quit Montrose without saying more of a man, whose connection with the town was itself enough to make it an Historic Scene. Joseph Hume was born in Montrose in 1778, and was sprung of parents in humble life. After being educated in the Grammar School of his native town, he served an apprenticeship to a surgeon in it, and in 1793 began his medical curriculum at the University of Edinburgh. Having graduated, he sailed for India, and was there attached as surgeon to a regiment. He at once set himself to acquire the native languages of India ; and his knowledge of these and his capacity for business by and by obtained for him the lucrative appointment of Interpreter and Commissary-General. He returned home in the prime of life with a well-earned fortune ; and resolved to devote himself to the service of his country in the field of politics. He was a thorough Liberal ; a genuine Radical, indeed ; ready to strike at the root of every abuse, and to exterminate it from the soil of Britain. A Tory, bolting out at the door of the House of Commons, on a night when the Reform Bill was in debate, was asked by a friend in the lobby, "What is doing within?" and was answered, "Joseph Hume is just driving the last nail into the coffin of the Duke of Wellington ;" a happy account of his vocation, which was hammering at every abuse, more especially at every form of wasteful expenditure, till he had driven the last nail into its coffin !

It was in 1812 that Joseph Hume first took his seat in Parliament, as member for Weymouth and Melcomb Regis ; but he did so by mistake and had to resign soon. His patron was a Tory ; and the moment his *protege* had the audacity to speak of Reform, he must vacate his seat. After six years he again entered the House ; and, as has been said of him, " began, unaided and alone, that career of Reform in which he persevered to his death. Free Trade, Financial reform, Parliamentary reform, and Indian reform, were the elements in which he lived. At first despised and ridiculed, afterwards dreaded as the *justum et tenacem propositi virum*, he ended by gaining the respect of friends and foes, and the confidence of the whole nation. It was not by the force of a commanding intellect or the fascination of a brilliant oratory that he achieved this end. The breadth of his action, his singleness of aim, his perfect independence of all party or personal consideration, and an almost heroic earnestness and self-denial in carrying out his views, were the secret of his influence. Himself as incorruptible as Aristides, he made it a special duty to hunt out and expose political corruption under whatever guise it lurked, and the whole army of place-hunters and jobbers found in him their most indefatigable and inexorable foe. There were many abler, but there was no more useful member in the House during the greater portion of his Parliamentary career. His death, which took place February 20th, 1855, was regarded by his countrymen as a national loss."

Montrose honoured itself in honouring Joseph Hume's memory, by that fine statue of him, executed by Mr Calder Marshall, A.R.A., which adorns the High Street of his native town, and which, with the burghs associated with it, he so long and worthily represented in Parliament. The statue was inaugurated on the 24th September, 1859.

THE SIDLAW DISTRICT.

Having finished the Maritime District of the shire, we take next the Sidlaw one, beginning at the north end of it, and pursuing our course southward.

GUTHRIE.

The first Scene that meets us in this District is Carbuddo, or, as it is often spelled, Kirkbuddo. Here the Romans had a camp called Haerfaulds; said to be the most entire of all the Roman temporary camps which have been discovered. It was 2280 feet long by 1080 feet broad; "somewhat less," says the author of the Topography of the Basin of the Tay, "than the small camp at Ardoch, and would hold about 10,000 men upon the Polybian system. The area is nearly the same with that at Campmuir, near Lintrose; hence, as formerly mentioned, General Roy conjectures that the number of men sent by Agricola, on board his fleet amounted to between three and four thousand; and he is likely to be right, as his calculations are founded upon correct measurements. We agree with him in thinking it probable that Agricola, on his return from Horestia, divided his army into two bodies, one of which marched by Strathmore, halting at Campmuir; while the other division marched by Haerfaulds, Cater Milley, and the Braes of the Carse; and when the army again united at Grassy Walls, he might, perhaps, find Orea at the confluence of the Amon and the Tay."

Carbuddo is in the southern portion of the parish of Guthrie: in the northern portion of it is Guthrie Castle, not only a charming object in the landscape, but deservedly ranking among Historic Scenes, for the historic personages produced by it, or connected with it. Squire Guthrie, an ancestor of the Guthries of that Ilk, and who comes into notice in the era of Sir William Wallace, was in high estimation among his contemporaries. After the fatal battle of Falkirk, Wallace resigned the guardianship of Scotland, and retired to France, where he continued for years. Edward's successes, as he persisted in his attempt to subdue the country, made the self-seeking, factious Scottish barons fain to wish Wallace back again; and Squire

Guthrie was the person whom they deputed to go to France, to invite and urge him to return. They could not have paid a higher compliment to the Squire's wisdom, and weight, and patriotism.

The offices of Lord Register, Lord High Treasurer, and Lord Chief-Justice were among the greatest offices of the State; and all these Sir David Guthrie of Guthrie filled in his day. He flourished in the 15th century, and may be regarded as the most illustrious member, politically, of the Guthrie family, which is believed to be the oldest in the county of Angus. His son and successor, Alexander, was one of the nobles who laid down their lives on—

“ Flodden's fatal field,
Where shivered was fair Scotland's spear,
And broken was her shield !”

Alexander's eldest son was another of the victims of “ red Flodden,” as were also three brothers-in-law.

But Guthrie Castle furnished a yet nobler victim for its country's altar. On the 1st of June, 1661, the Reverend James Guthrie, minister of Stirling, followed the Marquis of Argyle on the scaffold. He had been one of the leaders of the Remonstrants, “ the straitest sect,” the most scrupulously faithful, and, therefore, unmanageable, of the Presbyterian party. He had also, eleven years before, been selected to pronounce the sentence of excommunication on the infamous Middleton, now the Royal Commissioner to the Scottish Parliament. His accusation was that he had framed or promoted the Western Remonstrance; that he was the author of the pamphlet, intituled *The Causes of the Lord's Wrath*; and that he declined the authority of the King in ecclesiastical matters. The old and infirm but heroic man made an unanswerable defence; but it was of no avail with his judges. He was condemned, not to be beheaded like the Marquis of Argyle, but to be hanged at the Cross of Edinburgh as a traitor; his head to be placed on the Netherbow, his estate to be confiscated, and his children to be declared incapable of any office, dignity, possession, lands, or goods within the kingdom. He heard the sentence, merely saying, “ My Lord, never let this sentence affect you more than it does me, and let never my blood be required of the King's family.” In walking from the Tolbooth to the place of execution, he requested that the cords which pinioned his arms might be slackened to allow him the use of

his staff in supporting his tottering frame. On the scaffold "he spoke an hour," says Burnet, who was present, "with the composedness of one who was delivering a sermon rather than his last words." Just before he was turned off, raising his napkin from his face, he cried, "The Covenant, the Covenant shall yet be Scotland's reviving!" "His last words, which he uttered with a cheerful countenance and elevated voice, were those of the prophet Habakkuk, 'Art thou not from everlasting, O Lord, my God, my Holy One? I shall not die, but live.'"

This faithful witness, thus honoured with the crown of martyrdom, was a son of the Laird of Guthrie; was educated in Prelatic principles; and a Prelatic partisan says, "that if he had continued fixed to his first principles, he had been a star of the first magnitude in Scotland."

DUNNICHEN.

In Dunnichen we come to the field of one of the great battles of ancient times. There, as early as 685, Egfrid, King of the Angles of Northumbria, and Bridei, King of the Picts, tried the fortune of war. The conflict goes by the name of Cath-Duin-Nechtán, or, the battle of Nechtán's Fort. Nechtán, a King of the Picts, occupied a fort on the adjoining hill, the traces of which are still to be seen. The hill was therefore called Dunnichen, *i.e.*, Nechtán's hill. For the same reason a swamp or loch in the neighbourhood was called Nechtán's Mere; and hence, also, the name of the whole parish. Egfrid was the aggressor; and he paid the penalty of his aggression with his life, and with the rout of his army. The memorials of this battle would seem to be abundant. The late Reverend James Headrick says, in his Statistical Account of the parish, "It is probable that some battle had been fought here; for, a good many years ago, on the East Mains of Dunnichen, there was turned up with the plough a large flat stone, on which is cut a rude outline of an armed warrior's head and shoulders; and not many years ago, the plough also uncovered some graves on another part of the same farm. These graves consisted of flat stones on all sides. They were filled with human bones, and urns of red clay, with rude ornaments upon them; the urns

being filled with whitish gray ashes. By exposure to the air, the bones and the urns mouldered into dust.

“In a round gravel knoll near the Den of Letham, a considerable number of similar graves were found. The graves were situated in a thick bed of fine sand, which intersected the knoll; and were constructed every way similar to the former. They contained human bones, which seemed to have been crammed together without much regard to arrangement. The urns with their ashes were every way similar to the former. The neck-bones of some were adorned with strings of beads. These were of a beautiful glossy black colour, neatly perforated longitudinally, and strung together by the fibres of animals. They were of an oval figure; large and small ones were arranged alternately; the large ones flat on the two opposite surfaces, the small ones round. They seemed to consist of ebony, or of some fine grained species of wood, which had been charred and then finely polished. On keeping them some time, they split into plates, and the woody fibres separated. The bones, also, and the urns, mouldered into dust. In some of these graves rusty daggers were found, which fell in pieces by handling. It appears that the bodies had been first burnt, as the ashes contained numerous particles of charcoal of wood.”

All these were obviously the hoarded spoils of war; and is it not quite likely that they were the memorials of the Battle of Dunnichen, fought in the seventh century between the Picts and the Northumbrians?

But the scene of chief interest in this quarter is Dunnichen House, the seat of the late George Dempster, Esquire; *clarum et venerabile nomen* in the annals both of the county and of the country. He was member of Parliament for the Forfar and Fife district of burghs (these consisting of Forfar, Perth, Dundee, Cupar, and St Andrews) from 1762 to 1790. In the few but choice words of the Edinburgh Review, he was “a man of ability, education, and public spirit, seconded and made more than ordinarily acceptable by a genial and happy temperament, and a grace of manner which commended every scheme and enforced every suggestion;” and there was no scheme calculated to promote the public good which he did not set himself to devise and advance. He was the zealous and steady friend of agriculture, manufactures and commerce, letters, and, in short, every thing that was beneficial to his native country and to mankind. “Honest George” was the honourable

soubriquet under which he went in Parliament, for his sturdy independence, his incorruptible integrity, and his implacable hostility to everything that savoured of jobbery or speculation. He honoured his political principles by his hearty fealty to them; and his opinions on agricultural and commercial questions he commended by exemplifying their operation, as far as he had the opportunity of doing so. He exerted his influence in Parliament to relieve and expand the linen trade; and he did much, too, to foster the cotton manufacture. He gave efficient help to the establishment of the Dundee Banking Company; whose bank was the first in Scotland out of Edinburgh and Glasgow. He did more than any other man to obtain the Act for the encouragement of the fisheries, and to institute the British Fishing Company; and it was he who discovered the method of sending salmon sound and fresh to the London market. The Convention of Royal Burghs marked its sense of his services to the country by presenting him with a piece of silver plate; and Dundee acknowledged the benefits it had derived from him by having his portrait painted by Gainsborough, and hung up in the Council Chamber, whose walls it graces to this day. While too many of his compeers were worshipping the wisdom of their ancestors, and clinging to feudal usages which were pernicious to the interests of all classes concerned in them; while the rage was to clear the Highlands of the human species to make room for deer and grouse, and to turn the working classes of the Lowlands into single men, to suit the Bothy system, and to save the pockets of the landocracy a dreaded poor-rate, Mr Dempster could write then to the Editor of the Scots Magazine, and the sentiments of his letter have not yet been too well learned by our squirearchy and nobility:

“For these last forty years of my life I have acted in the management of my little rural concerns on the principles you so strenuously inculcate. I found my few tenants without leases, subject to the blacksmith of the barony; thirled to its mills; wedded to the wretched system of outfield and in; bound to kain and to perform personal services; clothed in hodden, and lodged in hovels. You have enriched the magazine with the result of your farming excursions. Pray direct one of them to the county I write from. Peep in upon Dunnichen; and if you find one of the evils I have enumerated existing—if you can trace a question at my instance in a court of law with any

tenant as to how he labours his farm—or find one of them not secured by a lease of nineteen years, at least, and his life—the barony shall be yours.

“The Highland Society’s being silent on the subject of the emigration of the Highlanders who are gone, going, and preparing to go in whole clans, can only be accounted for by those who are now more intimately acquainted with the state of the Highlands than I can pretend to be. One would think the society were disciples of Pinkerton, who says :—‘ The best thing we could do would be to get rid entirely of the Celtic tribe, and people their country with inhabitants from the Low Country.’ How little does he know the valour, the frugality, the industry of those inestimable people, or their attachment to their friends and country ! I would not give a little Highland child for ten of the highest mountains in all Lochaber. With proper encouragement to its present inhabitants, the next century might see the Highlands of Scotland cultivated to its summits, like Wales or Switzerland—its valleys teeming with soldiers for our army, and its bays, lakes, and firths with seamen for our navy.

“I was pleased with your recommending married farm servants. I don’t value mine a rush till they marry the lass they like. On my farm of 120 acres (Scotch), I can shew such a crop of thriving human stock, as delights me. From five to seven years of age, they gather my potatoes at 1d, 2d, or 3d, per day ; and the sight of such a busy, joyous field of industrious, happy creatures revives my old age. Our dairy fattens them like pigs ; our cupboard is their apothecary’s shop ; and the old casten clothes of the family, by the industry of their mothers, look like birthday suits on them. Some of them attend the groom to water his horses ; some the carpenter’s shop ; and all go to the parish school in the winter time when they can crawl the length.”

We only add, that the society Mr Dempster gathered around him was *elite*, alike for science and culture ; and that the world owes not a little to its gatherings in Dunnichen House. It owes to these, for example, the Scottish Dictionary by the late Reverend Dr Jamieson, minister of the Secession Church, first in Forfar, and afterwards in Edinburgh. It was in Dunnichen House that the idea of the Dictionary was first suggested to the Doctor, by Grim Thorkelin, Professor of Antiquities at Copenhagen. The learned Professor had taken note of hundreds of

purely Gothic words, which he had observed to be quite current in Angusshire and Sutherlandshire ; and of a conversation on this with Dr Jamieson, the Scottish Dictionary was the result.

KIRKDEN.

The original name of this parish was Idvies. The Kirk then stood on the lands of Gask, in a field called to this day the Kirk-shed. Towards the close of the last century, it was removed to its present site in Finney Den ; and the name of the parish was changed to Kirkden.

Idvies had anciently the importance of a thanedom. In 1219, the thane of it was Gyles ; who was, in that year, one of the perambulators of the marches between the lands of Kinblethmont and those of Arbroath.

In Kirkden, on the plain between the Finney and the Lunan, opposite the house of Pitmuies, and close by the turnpike road, is an obelisk niched into a large stone. It still stands five feet high, though, if it has escaped shortening by violence it has long borne the wear of time, which has nearly effaced the horses and other figures sculptured upon it. About the end of last century a tumulus near the obelisk was opened, and several urns containing the ashes of the dead were found in it. In the adjoining plain were dug up nearly a score of stone coffins, each containing a human skeleton entire, and also on the farm of Bractullo were dug up some stone coffins, containing human bones, and strings of beads made, apparently, of wood, that had been charred. It is not to be doubted that these monuments are historic ; and the conjecture is that the obelisk was erected by Malcolm II., more than eight hundred years ago, to commemorate his victory over the Danes in the battle of Barry, and that the ashes, bones, and skeletons discovered are the remains of warriors who fell in fleeing, or in pursuing those who fled, from that ensanguined field.

There are in the parish two of those mounds called Laws, and which were in feudal times the scenes of judicial trial and of capital punishment. The one of them is on the barony of Idvies, and the other is on that of Gardyne. Gardyne Castle,

as old as 1658, but which has received large modern additions, is romantically situated on the brink of a precipice overlooking a richly-wooded ravine through which a "limpid and purling tributary of the Finney" flows. If the Castle is to have a place among our Scenes, it must be for the feuds of the Gardynes of that Ilk with the Guthries of Guthrie. These were so frequent, and fierce, and bloody that the King was obliged to interpose, commanding that their quarrels should be submitted to the decision of certain councillors, barons, and ministers whom he named. "In 1578," says Mr Jervise, "It would seem that Patrick Garden of that Ilk had fallen by the hand of William Guthrie. Ten years afterwards, doubtless out of revenge for the death of their chief, the Gardynes attacked and killed the head of the family of Guthrie; and, according to the charge preferred against them, the deed was committed 'beside the Place of Innerpeffer, upoune sett purpois, provisione, auld feid, and foirthocht felony.'" Before two years elapsed the Guthries made another onset on the Gardynes, which resulted in the slaughter of the chief of the latter family, and his namesake of Tulloes."

CARMYLLIE.

There is nothing in Carmyllie to detain us. We need only say that it abounds in relics of the slain in war, which we have seen to be so common in contiguous places, and which had all received the same sort of sepulture. The presumption is therefore reasonable, that they met their death at the same time, and in the same terrible conflict; that, as the Statistical Account of the parish has it, they are the cairns, and tumuli, and coffins, urns, ashes, and "bones of the Danes who had fallen in their flight from the battle of Barry, where they were defeated by the Scots under Malcolm II. The ancient stone cross which marks the grave of Camus, their General, is at no great distance."

INVERARITY.

It is only the historic persons connected with them that raise any places in this parish to the rank of Historic Scenes. From

1395, the Earls of Crawford had Kirkton, Hillton, and other lands in this district. The lands of Lour and Inverarity have been in the possession of a number of families of historic note. At an early period, they were the property of Henry of Neuith, Knight, who had to resign them to the King for failing to render unto him the services due for them. In 1265, Alexander III. gave them to Hugh de Abernethy. When his extensive estates fell to heiresses, they passed by marriage to the Lindsay, Stewart, and Leslie families. Lesly's wife was heiress of the Lour portion; and Norman de Lesly got charters of it in 1390. In 1464, George Lesly, first Earl of Rothes, granted a charter of the barony of Lour, the lands of Muirton, and half of the lands of Carrate, with the superiority of the barony (Lour had before that been erected into a barony), in favour of David Guthrie of Kincaldrum, Treasurer to the King. After passing through some other hands, the Earl of Northesk acquired the barony in 1643; and in 1694 David, fourth Earl of Northesk, sold the dominical lands and Mains of Lour to David Fotheringham of Powrie. They now form part of the Powrie estate; and the fine mansion of Fotheringham occupies the site on which the old Kirkton stood.

To come to recent times: at Kincaldrum House, on the 26th July, 1870, died the well-known and highly esteemed Edward Baxter, one of the merchant princes of Dundee, and one of the honourable traffickers of the earth. Kincaldrum is now the property of his son, the Right Honourable William Edward Baxter, M.P. for the Montrose District of Burghs, and late Financial Secretary to the Treasury. This alone is enough to make Kincaldrum an Historic Scene; but Mr Baxter is a comparatively young and rising statesman; and, should he follow his father's example, making Kincaldrum his country residence, it may yet take rank with such places as Hawarden and Hughenden, which will be as much the names of Historic Scenes in the mouths of posterity as Broadlands and Drayton Manor are in ours.

TEALING.

It is only ecclesiastically that Tealing makes any figure in history. It originated one of our Scotch ecclesiastical sects. The Reverend John Glas, the founder of the Glassites, was

minister of the parish, having been ordained there in 1719. Soon after his ordination he began to vent opinions, then strange in Scotland, such as that the Kingdom of Christ is not of this world, but spiritual and heavenly, entirely distinct from earthly kingdoms, and independent of their support. All State Churches he therefore regarded as unscriptural in their constitution, and opposed to religious liberty ; and copious illustrations of his views he drew from the tenor and the history of the National Covenant and the Solemn League and Covenant, the binding obligation of which was then a favourite topic with the Kirk clergy. Such heresies could not be connived at. In 1727, Mr Glas was brought to the bar of his Presbytery, where he made an honest and explicit statement of his sentiments ; declaring his disapproval of those passages of the Westminster Confession which treat of the power of the civil magistrate in matters of faith and worship, and of liberty of conscience ; and also denying the divine authority of the Presbyterian form of Church government. His Presbytery suspended him in April, 1728, and when he continued, notwithstanding, to exercise his ministerial functions, his Synod deposed him in October of the same year ; which sentence was confirmed by the Commission of the General Assembly in March, 1730. After his deposition, he ministered at Tealing, in Dundee, Edinburgh, and Perth, and again in Dundee, where he spent the residue of his life. He was the writer of the well-known Letters on Hervey's Theron and Aspasio.

Mr Glas's followers, who never became numerous in Scotland, were named Glassites ; but in England and America they were more commonly called Sandemanians, from Mr Robert Sandeman, a native of Perth, Mr Glas's son-in-law, and one of his most efficient converts, who, by his labours and writings on behalf of the cause, ultimately became better known than Mr Glas himself.

Mr Glas died at Dundee in 1733, in the 79th year of his age, and the 55th of his ministry. He had by his wife, Katharine Black, fifteen children, all of whom he survived. His son, Captain George Glas, was the author of *The History and Conquest of the Canary Islands*, translated from the Spanish, with a Description of the Islands ; and also of *A Description of Teneriffe*, with the Manners and Customs of the Portuguese who are settled there.

Another apostatising clergyman having connection with

Tealing was the Rev. Walter Tait. He was ordained minister of Lundie and Fowlis in 1875. After labouring there for four years he was translated thence to Trinity College Church, Edinburgh. He was afterwards charged with heresy, and, being convicted, was deposed by the General Assembly. He, as well as Mr Glas, became the founder of a sect, which, however, was not called by his name. It now bears a title much more imposing than Taitites would have been. It is the Apostolic Catholic Church, and would in these days be called Irvingite rather than Taitite, if it did not disclaim all such names as implying the following of earthly leaders. It is governed by twelve Apostles, and, as has been said, "while it professes to abide by the written Word, it yields itself up to the guidance of prophetic utterances given forth by frail and fallible men."

These cases showed strong dissenting, schismatic proclivities in a small and rather sequestered parish, where they would not very readily have been suspected; but the unity of the Church in the parish did not suffer any very serious or permanent injury from them. In 1845 the minister of the parish had the satisfaction of announcing to the world that there "are only one Glassite and one Independent in the parish."

GLAMMIS.

Hayston, in the Sidlaw section of Glamis, is understood to present one trace of the Romans having been in the district. The trace is a small circular moat, surrounded by a clay dyke. It cannot have been meant for protection, but is supposed to have been a station of the Romans for observation; and it was well chosen for the purpose. The prospect which it commands is very extensive.

The Glen of Ogilvy, in the same division, is of much note, legendary if not historical. It was once full of the odour of sanctity. St Donevald dwelt in it about the beginning of the eighth century. He had nine daughters who for their rarely pious worth were canonised as the Nine Maidens. They lived in the Glen "as in an hermitage," and led a most laborious, but abstemious, mortified life. They cultivated the ground

with the labour of their own hands ; they ate but once a day, and their meal was barley bread and water. After their father's death Garnard, King of the Picts, assigned them a lodging and oratory, and some land at Abernethy. Their reputation was such that King Eugen VII. of Scotland visited them at the Pictish capital, and made them large presents. They died there, and, Deborah-like, were buried at the foot of a great oak ; and so honoured were St Donevald's nine "virgin-doctors" after their death, as well as in their life, that their shrine at the Abernethy Allon-bacuth was much frequented by devout pilgrims down to the Reformation from Popery.

Three centuries after their day the Glen of Ogilvy again became famous in connection with William the Lion. We have already told the tragic story of the murder of William's sister, the wife of Earl Gilchrist, and Countess of Angus. As it stands related to Glen Ogilvy the story has some additions, if not variations. King William was one day hunting in the Glen, which was then a forest. In pursuing the chase he got separated from his party, and was attacked by a band of banditti. Earl Gilchrist had three sons, who were partakers with their father in the murder of their mother, and against them, as indeed against all the Gilchrists, the King had declared vengeance, and seized their lands. They betook themselves for safety to the forests and mountains, and dens of the land, and hid in them for several years. They happened to be skulking in the Glen of Ogilvy on the memorable day when the free-booters attacked the King. They were close by, and saw his danger, though themselves were unobserved ; and, rushing forward, they rescued His Majesty out of hands from which there was otherwise no chance of his escaping. On learning who his deliverers were William pardoned them, restored them to their confiscated possessions, and added to these the Glen of Ogilvy, giving it to Gilbert, the brother of Earl Gilchrist ; and in honour of the place where they saved their Sovereign's life, they took the name of Ogilvy, which they have borne ever since, and which has long been so common in Angus.

The Glen of Ogilvy was the retreat of Claverhouse at a very critical juncture in 1689. A convention of the Scottish Estates assembled in Edinburgh on the 14th of March, and was about to resolve that James had forfeited his right to the crown, and to vote the vacant throne to William and Mary, when, to arrest proceedings if possible, Claverhouse suddenly appeared, alleging that

the Covenanters had formed a plot to assassinate him and Sir George Mackenzie, the late King's advocate, and demanding that all strangers should be removed from the town. This was at once refused, as it would have placed the Convention at the mercy of the Duke of Gordon, who held the Castle for James ; on which Claverhouse left the Assembly with indignation, and rode out of the city at the head of fifty troopers to raise an army to thwart the Revolution.

“ To the Lords of Convention, 'twas Clavers who spoke,
Ere the King's Crown go down, there are crowns to be broke,
So each cavalier who loves honour and me.
Let him follow the bonnet of Bonnie Dundee.

“ Come, fill up my cup, come, fill up my can,
Come, saddle my horses, and call up my men ;
Come, open the West Port, and let me gae free,
And it's room for the bonnets of Bonnie Dundee.

“ Dundee he is mounted, he rides up the street ;
The bells are rung backward, the drums they are beat,
But the Provost, douce man, said, Just e'en let him be ;
The town is weel quit of that deil of Dundee.

“ Come, fill up, &c.

“ As he rode down the sanctified bends of the Bow,
Each carline was flyting and shaking her pow ;
But some young plants of grace, they looked couthie and slee,
Thinking—Luck to thy bonnet, thou Bonnie Dundee !

“ Come, fill up, &c.

“ With sour-featured saints the Grassmarket was panged,
As if half of the west had set tryst to be hanged ;
There was spite in each face, there was fear in each e'e,
As they watched for the bonnet of Bonnie Dundee.

“ Come, fill up, &c.

“ The cowls of Kilmarnock had spits and had spears,
And lang-hafted gullies to kill cavaliers ;
But they shrunk to close-heads, and the causeway left free,
At a toss of the bonnet of Bonnie Dundee.

“ Come, fill up, &c.

“ He spurred to the foot of the high Castle rock,
And to the gay Gordon he gallantly spoke ;
Let Mons Meg and her marrows three volleys let flee,
For the love of the bonnets of Bonnie Dundee.

“ Come, fill up, &c.

“ The Gordon has asked of him whither he goes—
Wheresoever shall guide me the soul of Montrose ;
Your Grace in short space shall have tidings of me,
Or that low lies the bonnet of Bonnie Dundee.

“ Come, fill up, &c.

“There are hills beyond Pentland, and streams beyond Forth ;
If there’s lords in the Southland, there’s chiefs in the North ;
There are wild dunniewassals three thousand times three,
Will cry *Hoich !* for the bonnet of Bonnie Dundee.

“Come, fill up, &c.

“Away to the hills, to the woods, to the rocks,
Ere I own a usurper, I’ll couch with the fox :
And tremble, false Whigs, though triumphant ye be,
You have not seen the last of my bonnets and me.

“Come, fill up, &c.

“He waved his proud arm, and the trumpets were blown,
The kettle drums clashed, and the horsemen rode on,
Till on Ravelston crag, and on Clermiston lee,
Died away the wild war-note of Bonnie Dundee.

“Come, fill up my cup, come, fill up my can,
Come, saddle my horses, and call up my men ;
Fling all your gates open, and let me gae free,
For ’tis up with the bonnets of Bonnie Dundee.”

After this flight from Edinburgh, Clavers took up his abode in his country seat of Dudhope, professing to live in quiet, and to offer no opposition to the new Government ; but he was in fact busily engaged in a treasonable correspondence with James and the Highland chiefs, and was only biding his time to take the field. The Earl of Leven was therefore despatched with two hundred men to arrest him ; but, receiving timely notice of his danger, he retired from Dudhope to a small remote house in the Glen of Ogilvy ; and there he skulked till the approach of a body of dragoons compelled him to abandon his retreat, and take refuge in the Duke of Gordon’s country, where he arranged with his Highland supporters for the intended rising.

The Glen of Denoon is in the same section of the parish ; and that isolated basaltic hill, rising from the bottom of the Glen to a very considerable height, strikes every wayfarer. The one side of it is quite precipitous ; and the other is so steep, that any attempt to scale it must have been easily repelled. On the summit of the hill are the remains of an old fort, which had been surrounded by a wall some 27 feet high and 20 feet broad, and enclosing upwards of an acre of ground. The fort must have been a very strong one. The common opinion is that it was built by the Picts ; which receives countenance from the circumstance of an ancient toft, close by the side of the hill, going to this day by the name of Pict’s Mill ; and that it was meant and used for an asylum in times of danger. The ruins on the hill top, in the retirement of the

Glen, may be little heeded by many now-a-days ; but the retreat of the natives to it, probably for ages, when either foreign invasion or domestic insurrection threatened their safety, gives it a marked place among the Historic Scenes of the shire.

NEWTYLE.

On the top of the Hill of Kilpurnie, or Kinpurnie, in the parish of Newtyle, there had been a fort, similar to that on Denoon. It, too, is believed to have been Pictish ; and it is a pretty general opinion among archeologists that both were erected prior to the Roman invasion, and, therefore, upwards of eighteen hundred years ago. Antiquarians are proverbially credulous, and fond of the marvellous ; but this opinion rests on something like proof. Those forts were built without cement, as all Pictish erections were. It was the Romans who introduced into Britain the art of building with cement. They were likewise vitrified, according to Pictish custom. By the action of fire applied to them, the uncemented walls were fused more or less, and the stones composing them were formed into one solid mass. The Kilpurnie fort is supposed to have been, not for a place of refuge like that on Denoon, but for observation, according to some, and for beacon fires, according to others. It appears to us that it may have served, and may have been intended to serve, both these purposes.

The roofless walls now surmounting Kilpurnie, and seen at a great distance both on sea and land, are the walls of an observatory, built last century by the Honourable James Mackenzie, Lord Privy Seal, then proprietor of the Belmont estates, to which the Hill of Kilpurnie belongs. He was a scientific, cultured man, and peculiarly fond of astronomy ; and many an hour by night did he spend in that observatory, often with the celebrated Professor Playfair, watching the heavenly bodies, and discussing the laws which regulate their motions.

“This theatre ! what eye can take it in ?
 By what divine enchantment was it raised,
 For minds of the first magnitude to launch
 In endless speculation, and adore ?
 One Sun by day, by night ten thousand shine,
 And light us deep into the Deity.”

Hatton Hill adjoins the Hill of Kilpurnie on the south-west, and on the north-west base of it is Hatton Castle, built by Lawrence, Lord Oliphant, in 1575, now and for long a ruin; and at a short distance southward of it was the Castle of Balcraig, the traces of which have almost wholly disappeared. Of events associated with the latter, we know nothing; but the former comes into view in the Civil War in the seventeenth century. In 1645, Lord Lindsay occupied the Castle of Hatton with a garrison of the Covenanters; at which time, probably, was formed the small camp near Auchtertyre, the vestiges of which may still be seen by the Crew Well. Montrose, who had lately won the victory of Auldearn, and was freed from the presence of Baillie's army, which pressing straits had forced to retire into Inverness, having good information of the state of matters in the south, resolved to strike a blow at Lindsay. Leaving the wilds of Badenoch, and crossing the Grampians, forced marches brought him within seven miles of Lindsay, before his Lordship was apprised of his approach. Just then, however, the Gordons deserted him: according to Highland custom, the greater part of his troops stole away homeward with the plunder they had amassed, and which was worth more in their view than King and Covenant put together; and the Marquis was thus obliged to relinquish his design against Lindsay and his raw levies, and, contenting himself with burning Newton of Blairgowrie, to retrace his steps northward with all speed.

Half-a-century afterwards, Hatton Castle again comes into notice. The Bishop of Aberdeen then resided in it, and zealously exerted himself to uphold the cause of Prelacy, after the nation had abjured it. A note in the Session Records, of date 8th May, 1698, ten years after the Revolution, gives us a glimpse of the state of matters in the parish. "Which day, the prisbitry violently entered the church by breaking up the doors thereof; so that from the 8th day of May foresaid, the parishoners did conveen to the Haltoun, where they are to have sermon maintained by the Bishop Aberdeen, and others in his name during his abode in the parioch." This note shows that Prelacy had still a strong hold of the parish; and further notices bear that the Bishop continued publicly to officiate in it down to at least 1710; that the Presbyterian minister did not, till 1719, and after judicial procedure, get possession of the parish books, utensils, &c.; and that in 1715, the Prelatic and Jacobite

rebels were so powerful and so zealous, that they shut the church against the Presbyterian minister, violated by their rude soldiery the sanctity of his house, and forced him to "abscond" for a season.

On the other side of the Glack of Newtyle, which was the chief haunt of the Angus cannibal "brigant," is Newtyle Hill, and at the northern base of it is Bannatyne (also written Ballantyne) Castle, the manor-house in days of yore of the estate of Kirkton of Newtyle. If not erected, it was enlarged by Lord Bannatyne, one of the Senators of the College of Justice. His brother George, with most laudable taste and industry, set himself to collect the early poetry of Scotland, much of which would otherwise have perished. He accomplished this undertaking in this mansion of his brother, to which he came from Edinburgh in 1568 to escape the plague which then raged there. Mr Myles, in his *Rambles in Forfarshire*, says, "When the plague was raging in Scotland in the 16th century, Mr Bannatyne shut himself up in Bannatyne House, and occupied his time in making a collection of our ancient poetry, which has handed down his name to our own day, and will perpetuate it to the latest posterity. The MS. extends over 800 closely written folio pages; and, having been written in three months, is an extraordinary monument of perseverance and patience. It is a collection of all the fine and lofty strains of the mighty 'Makkaris' of ancient times, which would in all probability have perished had not the pious care of George Bannatyne rescued them from oblivion. In the north side of the building there is a capacious circular turret, which is believed to have been Mr Bannatyne's study. Few turrets of time-worn towers have been so honoured. Hundreds of them have been polluted with blood, and made famous by crime; while the turret of Bannatyne House is only tarnished by unexampled literary and poetical devotion."

A doubt has of late been raised as to the authenticity of this bit of history as regards the "turret" said to have been Mr Bannatyne's "study;" but who would allow a mere doubt to strip that "turret" of associations so delightful, and which some half-dozen of generations have connected with it?

The next hill of the range is the Hill of Keillor, on the northern declivity of which is the hamlet called Chapel of Keillor, where, doubtless, had once been a chapel with a burying place, which accounts for the sepulchral remains which

have been found there ; and not far from the above hamlet is an old and striking monument, making the spot on which it stands historical, though no syllable of the history has come down to us. It is, one writer says, “one of those remarkable sculptured monuments of the ancient inhabitants of Scotland, embellished, in this instance, with the rude outline of the boar.” Another writer says, “at Baldowrie there is an erect Danish monument six feet high. It contains some figures, but they are almost entirely defaced.”

AUCHTERHOUSE.

In Auchterhouse parish the vestiges of war in very remote times are not few or indistinct. In his *Statistical Account* of it, the late Reverend George Winehouse writes :—“On a farm in the south-east district of the parish several traces of a battle have been recently discovered. In one place the spade and mattock were opposed by a strong plate of vitrified stones. The stones were of the same kind with those on the surface of the contiguous cornfield. The plate was of a circular figure, of four yards diameter, and on it lay a bed two inches thick of nearly decomposed bones, covered by a surface of the ashes of burned wood ; and, in other places, stone coffins, containing human bones, have been disinterred in the prosecution of agricultural improvements. May we not suppose that these human bones and ashes of human bones are part of the sad remains of the last sanguinary struggle between the Scottish and Pictish nations for the ascendancy in Scotland, which commenced at Restenet, and closed at Pitalpin ?” The question in the close of the extract may, we think, be reasonably answered in the affirmative. We at least do not know anything else recorded in history which would so well explain the sepulchral remains disinterred here by modern agricultural improvements.

The House of Auchterhouse is the only manor-house in the parish, and “the best specimen now in this part of the country of an old baronial residence.” From the Historic events of which it has been the scene we select the following :—

In 1303 Sir William Wallace visited it. When he landed

that year at Montrose, as has been already narrated, Sir John Ramsay of Auchterhouse was waiting to receive him. He was a particular friend of Wallace, and one of the noble band who devoted their all to support him in his efforts to vindicate the independence and freedom of the country. On that occasion Sir John took Wallace as his guest to Auchterhouse, and with him three hundred of his followers.

“Good Sir John Ramsay, and the Ruthvens true,
Barclay and Bisset, with men not a few,
Do Wallace meet—all cauty, keen, and crouse,
And with three hundred march to Ochterhouse.”

Near the house are the ruins of a square tower, its walls twelve feet high and nine thick; “part of a strong building which, when entire, had occupied a much larger space than the present house.” It is called Wallace Tower, for what reason there is no room to doubt. It may be the tower of the mansion which received Wallace and his attendants in 1303; or, if it was not then in existence, it was, when built, called by the name of Wallace Tower, to perpetuate the memory of a visit of which every generation of the “Ochterhouse” family would be naturally and justly proud.

In the latter half of the fourteenth century Auchterhouse passed from the Ramsays to the Ogilvys by the marriage of Isabella, the only child of Malcolm Ramsay, to Sir Walter Ogilvy of Powrie. About 1466 it passed from the Ogilvys to the Stewarts by the marriage of Margaret, the only child of Sir Alexander Ogilvy, to James Stewart, half-brother of King James II. He was afterwards created Earl of Buchan, was once and again Chamberlain of Scotland, and died about 1499-1500. The seventh Earl of Buchan was a keen supporter of Charles I., for which Cromwell fined him £1000 Scots. And this was not the only penalty which he had to pay for his loyalty to the Stuart race. The Session of Auchterhouse took cognisance of him. On Sabbath, April 4th, 1650, he had to stand upon his “dask” (pew) in the church, and to profess his sorrow for having taken part in the war in behalf of the King, after which, to bind him to better behaviour, “he did hold up his hand and swear to the Covenant, and subscribed it.”

“Fair Matilda” was the daughter of one of the Earls of Buchan, for whose heart and hand the Græme and the Rose contended, as sung in the ballad entitled Sir James the Rose; and story says that a large hawthorn tree near the

House marked the spot where, in the tragedy that ensued, the combatants fell, and Matilda with them. Other places have claimed to be the scene of the tragedy, but the claim of Auchterhouse appears to us to be as good as that of any of them. The ballad should be familiar to the dwellers in Auchterhouse age after age, and the Sidlaws should respond to its tender, plaintive strains. We give a few of the last stanzas of it. The bravest four of Græme's men had sunk beneath Sir James the Rose's sword, when—

“ Behind him basely came the Græme,
And pierced him in the side ;
Out spouting came the purple tide,
And all his tartans dyed.

“ But yet his sword quat not the grip,
Nor dropt he to the ground,
Till through the enemy's heart his steel
Had forced a mortal wound.

“ Græme, like a tree with wind o'erthrown,
Fell breathless on the clay ;
And down beside him sank the Rose,
And faint and dying lay.

“ The sad Matilda saw him fall ;
‘ Oh, spare his life ! ’ she cried ;
‘ Lord Buchan's daughter begs his life ;
Let her not be denied ! ’

“ Her well-known voice the hero heard ;
He raised his death-closed eyes,
And fixed them on the weeping maid,
And weakly thus replies :

“ ‘ In vain Matilda begs the life,
By death's arrest denied :
My race is run—adieu, my love'—
Then closed his eyes and died.

“ The sword, yet warm, from his left side
With frantic hand she drew ;
‘ I come, Sir James the Rose, ’ she cried ;
‘ I come to follow you ! ’

“ She leaned the hilt against the ground,
And bared her snowy breast ;
Then fell upon her lover's face,
And sunk to endless rest.”

The Civil War of the seventeenth century brought the battle unpleasantly close to the gate of Auchterhouse. Sunday, June 1st, 1645, “ There was but anes preaching, because of the enemie being so neir the towne.” So the Kirk Session Records bear, and these Records are full of other events possessing some interest, even if their claim to make Historic Scenes

should be disputed. The following extracts from them have already been printed, but we suspect that only a small fraction of our readers has seen them. On July 5th, 1646, a Fast was intimated from the pulpit for the 9th July, "because of the desolate stat and cure of several congregations which have been starved by dry-breasted ministers this long time by-gone, and now are wandering like sheep but shepherds, and witnesseth no sense of scant ; and because of the frequent scandal of witches and charmers in this part of the land." On Sunday, September 27th, the minister read out of the pulpit "the names of those who were excommunicate bee Mr Robert Blair, in the Kirk of Edinburgh, to wit, the Earl of Airly, Sir Alexander M'Donald, the Lord of —, and some others." On January 7th, 1649, "the minister and twa of the elders went through the church after sermon, desiring the people to subscribe the Covenant." On January 6th, 1650, "the minister desired the Session to make search every ane in their own quarter gave they knew of any witches or charmers in the paroch, and delate them to the next Session." On Sunday, July 18th, 1652, "Janet Fife made her public repentance before the pulpit, for learning M. Robertson to charm her child ; and whereas M. Robertson should have done the like, it pleased the Lord before that time to call upon her by death." November —, 1665, "Mr William Skeinner, minister and Moderator of the Presbyterie of Dundee, having preached, intimat to the congregation, Mr James Campble his suspension from serving the calling of the ministrie, till the Synod assemblie of Dundee, for ane fornication committed betwixt him and dam Marjorie Ramsay, Countess of Buchanne ; for the qlk, by the said Presbyterie's order, he beganne his repentance on the pillare, and sat both sermons, and is exhorted to repentance." December 24th, "Mr James Campble, for ane fornication foresaid, being thryce in the pillare, upon evident signs of his repentance, was absolvit." December 21st, "that day the Countess of Buchanne, for ane fornication committed with Mr James Campble, her chaplain, beganne her repentance." We may add, for the satisfaction of all concerned, that next year Mr Campbell was presented to the parish of Lundie, and that he and the Countess forthwith joined in the holy bonds of matrimony.

Before 1653, Auchterhouse had become the property of the Earls of Strathmore ; and Patrick Lyon of Auchterhouse, who fell at Sheriffmuir in 1715, was a scion of the Strathmore family.

LUNDIE.

The pretensions of Lundie to a place among our Historic Scenes it derives almost exclusively from Admiral Duncan. We have already noticed him in connection with the house of his birth in Dundee. Lundie Castle was the seat of the family to which he belonged, and which he raised to the rank of nobility; and his dust rests in the family burying-place in Lundie Churchyard. The Castle was situated toward the west side of the park in which stands the magnificent mansion, Camperdown House, finished in 1828. It had been, for many generations before, the residence of the Duncan family; and to the wall of one of its offices was fixed a huge lion rampant, having between the two forepaws an escutcheon, with two ship's anchors across cut on the one side of it and the letters A. A. on the other; the figure which had adorned the prow of the flag-ship of Admiral de Winter, who surrendered to Admiral Duncan in the battle, off Camperdown. The ruins of the Castle have disappeared; but they bore witness to the spaciousness and strength of the old edifice. It had two towers, the one square and the other round, and each about 30 feet high. The building between the towers had been demolished to the vaults, forming five or six good sized arches, of which the tenant of the farm in 1823 made cart sheds, potato cellars, &c. It was time to remove them when they were put to such base uses.

The lion rampant, the trophy of the splendid victory of Camperdown, the Admiral's posterity have preserved with pious care; and in 1844, when the Queen visited Dundee, it was displayed at the entrance gate to Camperdown House from the Dundee and Coupar-Angus turnpike road, by which the Royal party travelled northwards. The cortege halted opposite the gate, and Her Majesty looked on the trophy with great interest; all the greater, it may be believed, on account of the intimacy which had subsisted between Admiral Duncan and some members of the Royal family. Her uncle, William IV., was a warm, admiring personal friend of the hero; and at his coronation in 1831, he created his eldest son Earl of Camperdown.

The church of Foulis, united parochially to Lundie, is a very

old fabric. It was built by Sir Andrew Gray of Foulis, 1437-60 ; and it has been much admired as a model specimen of the ecclesiastical architecture of the fifteenth century. Through the influence of the Gray family, some of the Popish imagery with which the painter's pencil had embellished it, had not been defaced as late as 1610 ; and was an eyesore to the Protestantism of the land. In that year, the Synod of the bounds required the minister, Mr Andrew Morton, who had been translated from Foulis to Lundie, to see "that the paintrie quhilk is upon the pulpitt and ruid loft, being monumentes of idolatrie, sall be obliterate bi laying it over with green colour." And, in April, 1643, "because the monumentes of idolatrie, painted in the Kirk of Foulis, are nocht as yet removed," he and others were commissioned by the Synod to pass to the said kirk, and abolish altogether the aforesaid monumentes." In his letter to the Synod in the following October, Mr Morton tried to satisfy the brethren "that my Lord Gray will demolish such of the paintrie as is offensive."

KETTINS.

Our district terminates on the south-west with Kettins parish ; in the Sidlaw section of which are the Castles of Dores and Pitcur. Upwards of a hundred years ago, while quarriers were working at the rock on which the former stood, an excavation of about a yard square was discovered, in which was a number of partially consumed bones. Large quantities of ashes have likewise been found at various places of the hill which the castle surmounted, as well as at the site of it. But the history of Dores is a blank to us ; we can only repeat concerning it that, according to tradition, it was one of the strongholds of Macbeth, and that he occasionally resided in it. Of Pitcur Castle more is known. It is rather a striking ruin, at the northern base of the Sidlaws, and was long the residence of the ancient and honourable family, the Hallyburtons of Pitcur. It must be somewhere about three hundred years old ; and was suffered to go into decay when the family removed to Hallyburton House, on another part of the barony, and in which the proprietor still resides.

Pitcur Castle has given the shire and the country persons of no little historic distinction. One of these was James Hallyburton, Provost of Dundee at the beginning of the Reformation from Popery. He was a leal-hearted and zealous Protestant; and, as we have seen, Paul Methven owed to him his liberty and his life, when the Queen-Regent had devoted him to destruction. He was one of the chiefs of the Protestant party, which was deeply indebted to his wisdom in counsel, his promptitude and energy in action, and his worth and force of character. In 1559 he saved Protestantism with life itself. The Earl of Arran having acceded to the Reformers, he and Lord James Stuart, afterwards Regent Moray, resolved to revive the drooping spirits of their adherents by vigorously pressing the siege of Leith, which was then in the enemy's hand. They placed artillery on a height near Holyrood, and put it under the command of James Hallyburton, reckoned the best military officer the Congregation possessed. The Queen-Regent had information of their proceedings and designs; and on the 1st day of October, when all the leaders of the party had gone to attend sermon, she ordered a chosen body of her French guard to make a sortie from Leith, and to seize the artillery. They did so with complete success. The Scots were defeated with serious loss; and James Hallyburton and his followers were among the slain. They were overtaken as they fled, and killed in a marsh which then lay between Restalrig and Holyrood Park.

His son and successor in the Provostship, whose surname was also James, proved himself worthy of his pedigree. He was the Tutor of Pitcur, Sir George Hallyburton, and uncle to him; and was Provost of Dundee for the long period of thirty-three years; in the course of which he was the Assembly's Commissioner for the district of Angus; one of the Commissioners sent by the Estates of Scotland to France to negotiate the marriage of Queen Mary to the Dauphin; one of the Committee of the Lords of the Articles, who sanctioned Mary's demission of the Crown, the coronation of her infant son, and the appointment of a Regent; and Royal Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Kirk: all high functions, which it was a high honour to him to have committed to him, and which he honoured by the manner in which he performed them.

The Lairds of Pitcur continued to be men of affairs, though their activity and influence were not always so wisely and

laudably directed and applied. In 1689 the Laird was an ardent and staunch Jacobite. He furnished his contingent to the insurgents under Viscount Dundee, and shared his fate ; being one of the nine hundred whom the rebels lost on the field of Killiecrankie.

“The bauld Pitcur fell in a fur,
And Claverse gat a clankie, O ;
Or I had fed an Athole gled,
On the braes o’ Killiecrankie, O.”

In the sixteenth century Popery and Protestantism had no more zealous champions, respectively, than the families of Huntly and Pitcur. But what wonderful changes time brings about ! The Gordons of Huntly and the Hallyburtons of Pitcur intermarried ; their blood commingled ; and whether from this cause, or from other influences, or from both, the stock has immensely improved. The House of Commons had not a more constitutional member ; one more free of the leaven of faction, whether political or ecclesiastical, and a more enlightened and stedfast friend of civil and religious freedom than the late Lord Douglas Gordon Hallyburton, long M.P. for Forfarshire ; and the remark is equally true of the Right Honourable Lord John Frederick Gordon Hallyburton, who succeeded Lord Douglas in his estate, and also, for a time, in his seat in Parliament ; and who is now the living representative of the old barons of Pitcur.

THE STRATHMORE DISTRICT.

KETTINS.

The next District of the shire is the Strathmore one. Beginning at the south-west boundary of it, the first of the Historic Scenes to which we come is a Roman camp at Campmuir, on the estate of Lintrose, and in the parish of Kettins. The history which it has preserved to us is simply that the Romans trod the soil at this spot, and tarried at it long enough to induce them to throw up a camp. The traces of the camp are still visible, and at no distant date were sufficiently distinct to decide the figure and the size of it. It was oblong; its mean length being 1900 feet, and its mean breadth 1200; and it was capable of containing, on the Polybian system, 10,000 men, or a legion with its auxiliaries. The supposition is that Agricola occupied this camp with one division of his army, in returning to winter quarters from the country of the Horestii; and General Roy, one of the best of our antiquarian authorities, comparing the respective sizes of this camp and that at Ardoch, concluded that this one lends countenance to his opinion, that, at Invergowrie, Agricola had put on board of his fleet from three to four thousand of his troops.

On the same estate, and on the highest part of a field east of Lintrose House, was discovered a few years ago an artificial cave, which had evidently been made for a place of refuge. It was about 50 feet long, 5 feet high, and 7 or 8 feet wide at the inner end, narrowing, however, to 3 feet at the mouth. The floor of it was paved, and the walls rudely built with large rough stones, *yet with lime*; and the upper courses projecting inwards till they nearly met, and admitted of being covered with flags and earth above. There had been two fireplaces in it, in which were found various pieces of charcoal, and in the bottom of the cave there was a quantity of human bones.

This cave has been called a *weem*, and taken for one of those underground abodes which the ancient inhabitants of the country had either for hiding-places or for winter quarters. But we doubt whether the Lintrose cave is nearly so old as the weems of the land, of which we shall have something to say ere

we close these papers. The weems were constructed before our fathers acquired from the Romans the art of building with lime. This subterranean retreat being built with lime, we are strongly inclined to the view of a writer who says:—"There seems little doubt that this cave had been one of the hiding-places of the Covenanters in the days of 'bloody Claverhouse;' and it would appear that it had become the (final) resting-place of some of those persecuted men." The Covenanters of the district had too much need in those days to hide in holes, as may be inferred from the heat of the Cavalier zeal of the Laird of Pitcur, and as will appear from further light which we have yet to shed on the state of the neighbourhood in those perilous times.

So we had written, when gentlemen who had examined the cave in question assured us that the writer on whose statement of facts we had relied was mistaken in affirming that the walls had been built with lime. This has altered our opinion, and we now see no reason to doubt that the Lintrose Cave is one of the weems of the Strath.

Lintrose, we must mention, possessed all the beauty and loveliness which Burns sang in "Blithe was she." The song was written at Ochertyre; but the heroine of it was not an Ochertyre Murray, but Euphemia Murray of Lintrose, justly called the "Flower of Strathmore," and who became the wife of Lord Methven, one of our Scottish judges.

Chorus.

"Blithe, blithe and merry was she,
Blithe was she but and ben;
Blithe by the banks of Ern,
And blithe in Glenturit glen.

I.

"By Auchertyre grows the aik,
On Yarrow banks the birken shaw;
But Phemie was a bonnier lass
Than braes of Yarrow ever saw.

II.

"Her looks were like a flow'r in May,
Her smile was like a simmer morn;
She tripped by the banks of Ern,
As light's a bird upon a thorn.

III.

"Her bonnie face it was as meek
As ony lamb upon a lea;
The evening sun was ne'er sae sweet,
As was the blink o' Phemie's e'e.

IV.

“The Highland hills I’ve wandered wide,
 And o’er the Lowlands I hae been ;
 But Phemie was the blithest lass
 That ever trode the dewy green.

“Blithe, blithe and merry was she,
 Blithe was she but and ben ;
 Blithe by the banks of Ern,
 And blithe in Glenturit’s glen.”

There is a sculptured stone in Kettins which had long served for a foot-bridge across the Burn of the village, till, in 1860, the late Lord Douglas Gordon Hallyburton raised it to a worthier position. The sculpture on it may be historical. It is likely enough that it is so, but it is mute to us, the characters in which its records are written being quite illegible.

Colin Campbell, A.M., minister of Kettins in 1606, was one of the forty-two brethren who subscribed the petition to Parliament, 1st July that year, against the introduction of Episcopacy. The orthodoxy of his successor in 1638, James Auchinleck, A.M., fell under suspicion. He was formally tried, indeed, for holding “the doctrine of universal grace.” The process issued in his acquittal ; but he did not abide the ordeal of the perilous times that succeeded. He was deposed by the Assembly’s Committee for Visitation in 1649. His successor was David Patone, A.M., who had his own troubles in the days of the Commonwealth. So disturbed was the neighbourhood in 1654, that there was no Session on the 21st May, “because of the Englishes coming alongs, who made the people to return quickly to their houses.” His son, James Patone, A.M., was admitted his father’s colleague in 1680 ; but he seems to have been *shaky* in his office, at least after the Revolution. He ceased to preach in 1716 ; for the sympathy, we presume, which he had manifested with “the bauld Pitcur” of Killiecrankie fame, and especially with the insurrection of the preceding year. His own cousin, George Duncan, one of the lieutenants of the county, took him prisoner, and advised him to relinquish his charge.

Thirty years afterwards, Kettins betrayed a rebelliousness, that could hardly have been apprehended of a parish which has, in recent times, been so exemplary for ready, quiet, and meek submission to the powers that be. It had the pluck to veto the settlement of Robert Traill as its pastor ; and its mode of vetoing it was rustically rough. The parishioners, headed by

two men in arms, one of them wearing a white cockade in his bonnet, prevented the Presbytery from meeting at Kettins for his ordination, on the day appointed therefor. They also got hold of Mr Traill himself, taking him in his lodgings; kept him a prisoner for nearly three hours; and threatened him with death, unless he subscribed a declaration to trouble them no more till the judicatories of the Church should again take the settlement under consideration. The collision between the ecclesiastical and the physical powers ended in the triumph of the former, which, studying the things that make for peace, performed the ordination at Meigle; but Kettins was relieved of its intruded incumbent by his translation to Banff in 1753.

COUPAR-ANGUS.

About a mile north by west of Kettins is another Roman camp, said to have been formed by Agricola in his Seventh expedition. Maitland, who wrote in the second quarter of last century, describes this camp as a square of 12,000 feet, capable of holding, on the Polybian system, some 11,000 men, and, on the Heginian, some 29,000; and he says that it was fortified by two strong ramparts and large ditches, which are still to be seen on the eastern and southern sides. "From the double ramparts," says the author of the Topography of the Basin of the Tay, "this does not seem to have been one of the temporary encampments of Agricola. We incline to think it a camp of Lollius Urbicus, and afterwards one of the *castra stativa* on which a town was founded by the natives on the departure of the Romans."

The town alluded to is Coupar-Angus, built on ground which the Roman legions had occupied for centuries. The small portion of the town south of the Burn is in Forfarshire, and the Romans having made the ground classic, the monks afterwards made it sacred. There, on the centre of the Roman camp, stood the Abbey; a scene rich, doubtless, in events of even national importance, however sparsely history may have handed them down to us.

The Abbey was founded in 1164 by King Malcolm IV., called also Malcolm the Maiden, the surname being given him,

as is supposed, because of his youthful and effeminate appearance. He placed in it Cistercian monks, the order which likewise went by the name of White Monks, their dress having been all white with the exception of the cowl and scapular. Like other monasteries that of Coupar was frequently honoured with the presence of Royalty. Alexander II. resided in it in November, 1246; in a charter from it of that date, he granted a hundred shillings to the Abbey of Arbroath. Sir William Wallace visited it in 1297, in that route in which he took from the English almost all the places of strength to the north of the Forth. He had just captured Perth, overwhelming the Southrons, who had possession of it, two thousand of whom were laid dead on the streets, and spoiling the city of all the riches and stores they had left in it; and as he approached Coupar on his way northward the Abbot, an Englishman who had been installed in the office, fled, and those of the monks who had made themselves conspicuous by their servility to the victorious invader followed his example. Robert the Bruce sojourned in the Abbey in 1317, as is shown by charters which he dated from it in December of that year; and, as appears from like evidence, King Robert II. was in it on two different occasions during the winter of 1375. Moreover, Mary and her suite rested a few nights in it in 1562, in her progress to the north to quell the conspiracy of the Earl of Huntly; and in it she is said to have written an outspoken, scolding letter to the Magistrates and Council of Edinburgh regarding the Provostship of the city.

The Abbey of Coupar was the burying-place of some families of more or less historic note. The chief of these were the Hays of Errol, who, next to Royalty, stood at the head of the benefactors of the Abbey. William of Hay endowed it with the lands of Linderpoles or Ederpoles out of the manor of Errol, in the Carse of Gowrie, soon after receiving that estate from William the Lion, which is supposed to have been about 1170. David of Hay, son and successor of William, gave the Abbey a net's fishing on the Tay between Lornie and the Hermitage; the latter being the place where a certain hermit, named Gillemichel, had lived; and we shall not err very seriously if we suppose that place to have been Inch-Michael, in the parish of Errol. These grants were made to the Abbey for the welfare of the soul of King William, and of the souls of William of Hay and his wife Ethue, and also of the souls of

the donor and his wife Eve. Gilbert of Hay, son and successor of David, granted the monks of Coupar a road through his estates for themselves and their cattle; and confirmed to them the pastures and fishings of Ederpoles, with the water, standing and running, of these lands, and the mill. Nicholas of Hay, son and successor of Gilbert, gave them a bovate of land in the Carse; and in their benefactions the senior members of the family were imitated by the junior. Having before us these records of their warm and generous favour to the Abbey of Coupar, we are not surprised to find that it was the place of sepulture of the Hays; and that when the seventh Earl of Errol was buried in it in 1585, his dust was laid to that of no fewer than thirteen of his predecessors.

William of Muschet granted the monks of Coupar the common pasture of his lordship of Cargill; and from a stone found in the kirkyard having carved on it a sword, and the name Willhelmus de Montefixo, it would appear that the Muschets also buried in the Abbey.

Thomas of Lundie, the King's Durward, or Hostiarius, bound himself and his heirs to give the Abbey a merk of silver yearly out of his lands of Balmerino, in Fife; and he likewise was buried at the door of the Abbey in 1231; and Alan, his son and last male descendant, was laid beside him in 1275.

The Abbey had many other benefactors, whom we must not wait to notice. Writers about it, in the scantiness of other matter, having better pretensions to the dignity of being historic, have industriously retailed the story of the outrage upon the Abbey by Alexander Lindsay, the profligate son and heir of David, Earl of Crawford, and we may give a place to it. Lindsay had a number of associates as reckless and lawless as himself. Among these were John and George Dempster, of Auchterless, Lindsay of Baikie, Blair of Shangy, and six other accomplices. This band, in their wantonness and wickedness, "hurt the privilege and freedom of hali kirk." They did so by "taking and holding of twa monkis of the said Abbey, and spulzeing of their horses parking at their place, and chasing of their servandis." The case was taken into Court, and the libel found proven. Lindsay was warded in Blackness, the Dempsters in the castles of Dumbarton and Berwick, and the rest of the criminals were charged to appear before the Sheriff of Forfar, that they, too, might be committed to durance vile.

It is a somewhat interesting circumstance that the Advocates'

Library, Edinburgh, owes its copy of the Scoti-Chronicon to the Abbey of Coupar. Fordun, the venerable father of Scottish history, wrote that work (at least the first Five Books of it, and twenty-three Chapters of the Sixth) in the latter years of the fourteenth century, and it soon multiplied into many several Chronicles. Every monastery of the kingdom by and by had a copy of it, to which it gave its own surname. The Black Book of Scone, the Black Book of Paisley, and the Book of Pluscardine, were copies of it. Some portions of the Scoti-Chronicon were inserted in the collection of Dr Gale, from a defective copy which he supposed to belong to Dr Boece. In 1719 Richard Hay, a canon of St Augustine, proposed printing the Chronicle, with Bower's Additions and Continuation, "conform to an authentic manuscript belonging of late to one of our decayed monasteries." The manuscript, "a large folio, written in old, but in glorious characters," belonged to the monastery of Coupar-Angus; it afterwards came into the possession of Hay, and is now deposited in the Advocates' Library.

Regarding the destruction of the Abbey at the Reformation, no details have been handed down to us. We do not so much as know who the "rascal multitude" (to use Knox's designation) were who made it a desolation. Perhaps they were a portion of the multitude who, having tried their "'prentice hand" at the work of demolition in Perth in 1559, carried it on in other parts till all the great religious houses in Strathmore polluted by Romish idolatry and superstition, were made a "heap;" executing to the letter the Mosaic law, which the Reformers of that day considered to be as binding upon them as it had been on the Jews under the theocracy—"Ye shall utterly destroy all the places wherein" they "served their gods. . . . And ye shall overthrow their altars, and break their pillars, and burn their groves with fire; and ye shall hew down the graven images of their gods, and destroy the names of them out of that place."

A meagre list of the Abbots of Coupar has been compiled; but we need not occupy room with it, there being nothing known of any of them, the last excepted, that is worth relating. They had a residence at Campsie, in the parish of Cargill. Their House there, with the lands, fishing, forestry and teinds, they ultimately leased; and a lease, happily extant, sheds interesting light on some of the habits of the Abbots, and on the recreations and luxuries in which they indulged. The

tenant to whom the lease in question was given, was Alexander Macbroke, Advocate ; and besides a yearly money rent of £20 Scots, he was bound to make payments in kind to his superior, the Abbot and convent, of "four dozen poultrie, with all aryage, and carriage," &c. : on twenty-four hours warning, he had to "find ane sufficient rower to the fishing of Neither Campsey, with an carriage man to bring hame the fishe frae the samyn ; with sufficient wax to St Hunnands lyght and chapel : And also, that the said place should at all times be patent and ready to him and his successors, brethren, and familie, as often as should happen him, or any of them to come therto, furnisht with four feddir beddis, and four other beddis, convenient for servandes and with all the sundry necessaris pertaining to said awcht beddis ; and also upholding said place of Campsey in sclates and biggin ; and attour, finding burd claitthis, towalis, pottes, pannys, plates, dishes, and other necessaries convenient for his hall, kitchen, panntre, bakehouse, brewhouse, and cellar as effeirs to his honesty and familie alenarlie ; with elden of sawn wood and browme."

The last Abbot of Coupar was Donald Campbell, fourth son of Archibald, second Earl of Argyll. He had some discernment of the signs of the times. Though a celibate, he had five sons ; and, shrewdly divining that the "day" of monasteries in Scotland, and, indeed, of the whole Popish system, was at hand, he prepared for the evil times that were coming on ecclesiastics by providing for his sons. There were five snug estates in the parish, all belonging to the Abbey—Keithock, Balgersho, Denhead, Arthurstone, and Cronan—and one of these the Abbot gave to each of his five sons. Other property of the Abbey he in like manner distributed liberally to other relations and friends ; and it was only the residuum of its lands and baronies that James VI., in 1607, erected into a temporal lordship, which he conferred, with the title of Lord Coupar, upon James Elphinstone, second son of the first Lord Balmerino. Lord Coupar having died without issue, the title merged into that of Balmerino, and was extinguished with it.

The office of Hereditary Bailie of the Regality of the Abbey had been previously bestowed on the Ogilvys of Airlie, and continued with them ; and, in 1747, when hereditary jurisdictions were abolished, the Earl of Airlie got £800 in compensation for the loss of the office.

In the time of the Civil War, Coupar-Angus suffered some-

what seriously. Coll Macdonald, commonly called Colkitto, was dispatched to it by the Marquis of Montrose to plunder it, which he did with characteristic cruelty. In the melee produced by the spoiling of the town, Robert Lindsay, A.M., the minister of the parish, was killed with many others. A troop, too, under Lord Balcarres, which attempted to check the devastation of the marauders, was routed. This attack on Coupar was made on or about the 20th April, 1645; and the policy of it is said to have been to divert the attention of the Parliamentary General Bailie, and to favour Montrose's escape into the Highlands, which he effected in that famous retreat of which we have already written.

In a supplication which Margaret Rhynd, the widow of Mr Lindsay, presented to Parliament in August following, she stated that "he was murdered by a number of merciless rebels for his zeal and forwardness in the cause of God, while she and her children were spoyled of all their means, and reduced to extreme necessitie." Her supplication was remitted to a Committee, that "they may doe and determine thairintill as they should think expedient." In June next year (1646), the General Assembly passed an Act in Mrs Lindsay's favour, recommending her case to public charity, which was readily responded to by many congregations in various parts of the Church.

George Hay was translated from Balmerino to Coupar in 1682. There was no Session in May, 1689, "the town being in confusion with Englishmen." Mr Hay strongly sympathised with the Jacobites, and, in 1698, was deprived for not taking the oaths to William and Mary, not praying for them, etc.

NEWTYLE.

Meigle, with its Historic Scenes, is in Perthshire; and in the Strathmore portion of Newtyle we point for a moment only to Graham's Knowe and King's Well, in the north-west of the parish. The former name we take to mark a place, somehow especially associated with Graham, the Marquis of Montrose; perhaps troops of his, when in this quarter, encamped on that very Knowe. The latter name, we doubt not, marks a well by which Macbeth passed, and out of which he probably drank when, his Castle of Dunsinnane having been taken by Macduff

and Siward, he fled northward, closely pursued by the conquerors. May it not have been when he had refreshed himself at this well that he resolved to make that ineffectual stand against his pursuers, of which Belmont, *i.e.*, the Mount of Combat, and the tumulus Belliduff are to this day the monuments?

When in the Sidlaw section of Newtyle, and at Hatton Castle, we touched on the strength of the Jacobite and Prelatic party in the locality. We may here give a further glimpse of it, and of the state into which it brought the parish.

In the Covenanting era Newtyle had been favoured with ministers who were true to the interests of the Presbyterian Kirk, and to all that these involved. George Patullo, A.M., a hearty and stedfast Covenanter, was appointed to attend the regiment of the General of Artillery, and to be one of the visitors of the University of Aberdeen, in which the opposition to the Covenants was so strong. Returning, in 1651, from Alyth, where he had been visiting a friend, he was seized by the detachment of Cromwell's troops, which had just surprised the Committee of Estates met at Alyth, and made so many of them prisoners. They carried him to their ships, which were in the Tay at Dundee, and he lay "five weeks in his clothes on the deck of the ships, and in Timmouth Castle;" after which he was taken to London, and, with John Rattray, minister of Alyth, was kept in close confinement in the Tower for the space of twenty weeks.

Thomas Black, A.M., was likeminded with his predecessor, Mr Patullo; but, in his day, fidelity to the principles which they both held was still more costly. In 1684, he was obliged to relinquish his charge. He did not keep the anniversary of the Restoration, and he did not compare before the Privy Council to answer for his disobedience, when cited to do so. These were unpardonable sins, for which his license was declared void, and himself was denounced.

His successor, Alexander Mackenzie, was a man of another stamp. A devotee of Prelacy and arbitrary power, the Restoration was to him a jubilee. But the Revolution ended it; and then his troubles came in their turn. He did not read the proclamation issued by the Estates when James had fled the country; he did not pray for William and Mary; and he did not observe the fast. Tried for these things in 1689, he was somehow acquitted; but, in 1695, he was at length deprived for non-jurancy. He continued in the parish, however, and

officiated in the "meeting-house," as the now established Presbyterians orthodoxly called it; and when the Rebellion of 1715 broke out, he and his friends took possession of the church and pulpit, and kept it till next year.

His successor, John Clephane, A.M., had hardly the shadow of a congregation, and little or nothing to do in baptising, marrying, catechising, or in pastorally visiting in the parish. No Session could be formed, and the administration of the Lord's Supper was found to be impracticable. Such was the influence of the outed minister, and of the Bishop of Aberdeen, sojourning in Hatton Castle, and of their active and zealous coadjutors, the Jacobite Lairds. As Mr Clephane was proceeding to the pulpit on a Sabbath morning in October, 1715, he was stopped in the churchyard, and kept out of the church by armed men attended by a crowd of roughs, instigated and guided by "a certain gentleman in the neighbourhood." Mr Clephane returned to the Manse, and preached in it; but was obliged that night to withdraw from the parish, and in a few days he removed out of the country. The "gentleman" referred to having been informed by his spies that he publicly prayed for King George by name, sent him a threatening letter. Shortly after, he visited the Manse in person with a band of armed retainers, and violently carried off a considerable part of the property that was in it. He repeated his visits, frightening Mrs Clephane and the household, spoiling more goods, breaking open lock-fast doors, and stabbing the very beds with naked swords, in search for the minister's person.

In process of time, after the collapse of the Pretender's cause, the zeal of those malignants cooled, and the tempest of their fury subsided; and Mr Clephane returned to his parish, and died in 1730, with the reputation of a good minister of Jesus Christ.

EASSIE AND NEVAY.

The fortune of that elaborately sculptured stone by the Old Manse of Eassie closely resembles that of its compeer at Kettins. After suffering long neglect and abuse, it has got its head lifted in these days when old world remains are laudably exciting so much curiosity and interest. From the bottom of

the small stream which runs by the Old Manse and Church, it has been raised to the side of the churchyard dyke, and stands among the generation of the upright. Though very likely inscribed with history, this stone is silent to us, for the reason which we have had already repeatedly to assign, we cannot read its records. We can only say with the writer of the Statistical Account of Eassie and Nevay, "Whether this pillar tells a national or domestic tale—whether it marks a grave or commemorates a battle—whether it represents a usage of the country or a rite of religion, are points on which different opinions will still continue to be formed;" and all opinions on these points must be so absolutely conjectural and uncertain that they are hardly worth discussing.

That large circular mound on which the farm-house of Castle Nairne is built, about a mile north of the Old Manse, is a prominent object in the landscape, and there seems no good reason to doubt that it marks an Historic Scene. A deep and broad moat surrounded the mound, and traces of a drawbridge over the moat are yet visible. The mound has not, as far as we know, been excavated and searched, but, not long ago, a very old sceptre-head was found on it, and on the neighbouring farm of Ingliston are pretty distinct outlines of an encampment. These things favour the opinion that the mound in question was cast up for a military station; and two things make it highly probable that it was a station of the invader, the First Edward of England. First, several coins of Edward have been found on the mound; and, second, it was quite in the line of Edward's course in his expedition in 1296. He must have marched by the now Castle Nairne in his way northward, after resting at Inverqueich, as we know that he did on the 2d July that year.

Silvester Lammie, A.M., was minister of Eassie at the Revolution, and was too Jacobite to conform to the new order of things. He was deprived for non-jurancy in 1695. He withdrew from the Church with the congregation, and preached in the Manse; from which it would seem that he was not ejected for a series of years.

RUTHVEN.

In a brae south of the Kirk of Ruthven there was a weem, such as we noticed at Lintrose, and such as, but for an oversight, we should have noticed at Auchterhouse also. Weems were underground dwellings of the aborigines of the country. Their rudest habitations were shallow excavations in the ground, of a circular or oblong form, seven or eight feet in diameter, and covered with boughs of trees and sods of turf. The first improvement on these was excavations somewhat deeper and larger, which were divided by large flat stones, without any cement, into two or three apartments, about five feet wide, and covered with the same sort of stones. The next improvement was the weems, or natural caves, made commodious by art, and with varieties in shape and size. "A single aperture, in most cases, served for door and chimney, and for the admission of light and air, though occasionally a small aperture has been found at the further end, apparently to give vent to the fire. The roof, when artificial, was formed, like those of the cyclopean structures of Greece, and of Mexico and Yucatan, of huge stones, overlapping each other in succession, until the remaining vacant space would be completed by a single block extending from side to side. Ashes, querns, deers' horns, and bones, have frequently been discovered in these weems, and occasionally a few rude implements, the relics of the primitive arts of the inhabitants. In one of them, in the parish of Auchterhouse, Forfarshire, a brass ring was found, but without any inscription; and in another, in Shapinshay, Orkney, a gold ring was discovered, of very remarkable construction." The weem in the brae of Ruthven was, we presume, of this third class.

Tradition says that, in the northern part of the parish of Ruthven, a battle was fought in 1296 between the forces of Edward I. and those of Robert Bruce. The alleged monuments of this battle are few and dubious; and as it is not mentioned or alluded to by Barbour, in *The Bruce*, or in the *Diary of Edward's Journey into Scotland* that year, we may be excused though we do not give credit in this instance to tradition.

The lands of Ruthven came into the possession of the Crawford family as early as 1329, and they continued in it till 1510. They then passed by purchase to another noble

house, the house, namely, of the Crichtons of Dumfries, of which the Admirable Crichton was a cadet, and they continued in this family till its extinction in 1742. The Castle of the barony was at Queich, near the Kirk of Ruthven, on the delta formed by the River Isla and the Burn of Alyth; a site which has been pronounced to be "perhaps the most romantic and picturesque of the many old Lindsay Castles in the district." On a knoll, called Candle Hill, the gibbet used by the barons of Ruthven in feudal times was erected; and many a victim, doubtless, the Earls of Crawford doomed to it during their long possession of the barony.

In the rebellion of 1715 the parish of Ruthven was the scene of much excitement, division, and tribulation. Forfarshire was then the stronghold of Jacobitism; and the great earthquake which it produced that year shook the shire from its centre to its circumference. The Session Records of this western extremity of it bear:—"Ruthven, 1745, August 20.—This day, the minister intimated from the pulpit that, by reason of the present troubles and confusions, and the distractions and divisions among the people, he was obliged to defer the celebration of the Sacrament of the Supper for this year." From a notice next year it would seem that the ecclesiastical powers of the parish had been loyal to the Hanoverian interest, or, at least, that a year's education in the school of adversity had made them so. "July 20, 1746.—Thomas Crichton, at the Mill of Ruthven, was rebuked before the congregation for his great sin and scandal, as having been engaged in the late wicked and unnatural rebellion."

AIRLIE.

The Moss or Loch of Baikie, in the parish of Airlie, was thus sung by the love sick swain:—

"Bonnie shines the sun on the high towers o' Airly,
Bonnie swim the swans in the Loch o' the Baikie;
High is the hill, an' the moon shining clearly,
But the cald Isla rins atween me an' my dearie."

On the rising ground, at the west end of this Loch was the Castle of Baikie—an Historic Scene, though every vestige

even of its ruins is now gone. From the earliest times the Barony of Baikie was possessed by the Fentons, an historic family, of which sprang the Earls of Kellie, whose titles are now conjoined with those of Mar. The first of them that appears was Sheriff of Forfar in 1261, and centuries afterwards they became allied by marriage to the noble houses of both Crawford and Strathmore. About 1458, David Lindsay, a younger son of the Earl of Crawford, married Margaret Fenton of Baikie. Their only son was bailiff to the Earls of Crawford; and it was he and his associates that committed the sacrilege on the monks and property of the Abbey of Coupar, which has been already mentioned. An ancestor of the Earl of Strathmore married the daughter and sole heiress of the last Viscount Fenton, by which marriage the lands of Baikie came to the Strathmore family.

But Baikie has a still higher claim to rank among the Historic Scenes of the Great Strath. There is every reason to presume that it was at one time the occasional residence of the King and his Court. After the execution of Jane Douglas, Countess of Strathmore, in 1537, James proscribed the Lyons, and confiscated their estates; and in the accounts of the Lord High Treasurer of that time is an entry of £40, paid for the repair of Glammiss and Baikie. Glammiss, we know, was repaired to make it fit for the King's sojourn in it; and it is reasonable to suppose that it was for the same purpose that Baikie was repaired.

The "ambry" at the Kirk of Airlie is a curious and interesting memorial of the Fentons of Baikie. It bears their arms and initials, and has engraved on it the five passion wounds of the Saviour. These are "also carved upon the coping stone of an old burying aisle, with the addition of the scourge, the pillar to which Christ was bound, the spear, and the pincers; with carvings of the fleur-de-lis, surmounted by a coronet." There is a like memorial of the Lyons of Glammiss—an effigy, now built into the west gable of the Parish Church, supposed to represent John the Baptist, and to have originally belonged to the chapel at Baikie. It is known that the Baptist was a very favourite Saint of the Strathmore family.

The traces of the Romans are abundant in the parish. "Near Cardean," says the Statistical Account of it, "there are the remains of a Roman camp, which, though partially obliterated by agricultural operations, can still be distinctly

traced. The natural position is very strong. It is protected on the north side by the Isla, which comes nearly close to it, and on the south by the Dean, which there flows through a deep gorge; and the flat ground contiguous to both seems to have been swamps. Some remains of the great Roman road, which ran east from this encampment along the hollow of Strathmore, are also still visible. There are about 500 yards of it, in good preservation, in the eastern part of this parish, commencing in a plantation on the farm of Reidie, and stretching along some moor ground on the lands of Auchindory. About a mile to the westward, in the old fir wood of Landerick, on the Glamis property, there is a small earthen tumulus, surrounded by a circular floss. It appears to have been used as a station of observation, as tumuli of the same kind are to be met with in other parts of the country, near the remains of Roman military works."

But the great Scene in this quarter is the old Castle of Airlie, superbly situated on the promontory formed by the confluence of the Melgum and the Isla. The modern Castle is erected on its ruins, and as much of these remains as is sufficient to show the massiveness and the strength of the ancient residence of the noble family of the Ogilvys. It repelled an attack which Montrose made upon it while he was yet a champion of the Covenant; but, in 1640, on the approach of Argyll, at the head of 5000 of his men, and with a small train of artillery, Lord Ogilvy, the Earl's eldest son, who, in the absence of his father in England, had charge of the Castle, regarding resistance as utterly hopeless, at once abandoned it.

The Earl of Airlie was peculiarly obnoxious to the Covenanters. The Royal cause had not a more devoted adherent, or one who, from his rank and following, and talents, and energy, was more likely to do it efficient service. Charles very highly appreciated him, and had entrusted him with the care of his interests throughout the central parts of Scotland. The Earl of Argyll, on the other hand, was the leader of the Covenanters both in the Council and in the field; and in the year we have named he was commissioned by the Estates to reduce to submission the disaffected clans and chieftains in the north. After executing his commission in Badenoch and Mar, he struck into Athole, crossing the Grampians and coming down Strathtay; and then he turned eastward into the territories of Airlie. Besides their antagonism on public measures, besides being at

opposite sides of the compass—political and ecclesiastical—they had a long-standing family feud. When and how it began we do not know, but we know of its breaking out more than half-a-century before the date of which we now write. In 1591 the Campbells had invaded the Ogilvys in Glenisla, ravaged their estates, massacred their people, and forced their chief and his lady to flee for their lives. And in the war between the Covenanters and the Royalists the private feud between the Campbells and the Ogilvys added greatly to the bitterness and ferocity with which they prosecuted it.

Lord Ogilvy having fled from it on the approach of the enemy, Airlie Castle became an easy prey to Argyll, who first plundered it, and then burned it to the ground; and the Earl himself is said to have “taken the hammer into his own hand and knocked down the hewed work of the doors and windows till he did sweat for heat.” The memory of the event has been preserved in the Burnin’ o’ the Bonnie Hoose o’ Airlie. The writer has made free with historic facts, mixing up the burning of Airlie Castle with that of Forter, and the Countess of Airlie with Lady Ogilvy; yet the song is one of the finest of our Scottish lyrics, and, as has been said, “blazes with both the poesy and the politics of the period.”

“It fell on a day, a bonnie summer day,
When the leaves were green and yellow
That there fell out a great dispute
Between Argyll and Airly.

“Argyll has ta’en a hunder o’ his men,
A hunder men and mairly,
And he’s away by the back o’ Dunkeld
To plunder the bonnie house o’ Airly.

“The lady looked o’er the hie castle wa’,
And oh! but she sighed sairly
When she saw Argyll and a’ his men
Come to plunder the bonnie house o’ Airly.

“Come down, come down, said the proud Argyll,
Come down to me, Lady Airly,
Or I swear by the sword I haud in my hand
I winna leave a stan’in’ stane in Airly.

“I’ll no come down, ye proud Argyll,
Until that ye speak me fairly,
Though ye swear by the sword ye haud in your hand
That ye winna leave a stan’in’ stane in Airly.

“Had my ain lord been at his hame,
As he’s awa’ wi Charlie,
There’s no a Campbell in a’ Argyle
Dare hae trod in the bonnie green o’ Airly.

“ But since we can haud oot nae mair,
 My hand I offer fairly ;
 Oh, lead me down to yonder glen
 That I mayna see the burnin’ o’ Airly.

“ He has ta’en her by the trembling hand,
 But he’s no ta’en her fairly,
 For he’s led her up to a high hill tap,
 Where she saw the burnin’ o’ Airly.

“ Clouds o’ smoke and flames sae hie
 Soon left the walls but barely ;
 And she laid her down on that hill to die
 When she saw the burnin’ o’ Airly.”

John Robertson, A.M., was minister of Airlie at the Restoration. He must have been a staunch Presbyterian, and must have been known to be so ; for he was deprived, by Acts of both Parliament and Privy Council, in 1662.

GLAMMIS.

The Historic Scene in the Strathmore portion of Glammiss is the Castle, “ a venerable and princely pile, the noblest architectural ornament of the county ;” the property and chief seat of the Earl of Strathmore. Glammiss was anciently a thanedom—that is, a royal demesne under charge of a steward, called a thane, and who ultimately became an hereditary tenant of the king. In 1363 King David II. gave the reversion of the thanedom of Glammiss, and also of Tannadice, to David Logie, the father, it may be presumed, of Margaret Logie, David’s second Queen.

The Castle of Glammiss first appears in our national annals in connection with the death of Malcolm II., in 1033. The Chronicle of Melrose, and the Chronicon Elegiacum, followed by Pinkerton and others, say that Malcolm “ died quietly in Glammiss.” But the tradition commonly received for ages has been that he suffered a violent death ; and we confess ourselves loth to surrender the tradition. It somewhat varies ; one version of it bearing that Malcolm was killed in the neighbourhood by some adherents of Kenneth V. ; and another bearing that a few conspirators, having corrupted his domestics, were admitted by night into the Castle and put him to death. It

varies also, in the reasons which it gives for his murder ; one being the offence of his nobility at the resumption of grants which he had made them ; and another being a very serious crime imputed to his Majesty, of which Wynton says in his *Kronykil*—

“—he had rewyist a fayre May
Of the land thare lyandby.”

It is uniform, however, as to the fate of the murderers. Fleeing eastward, the snow lying thick on the ground, they got bewildered, and entering on the Loch of Forfar, they perished in it, through the breaking of the ice under them. “The lake,” says Buchanan, “then freezing over them concealed their bodies for a time, till upon the thaw they were discovered, and being dragged out, were hung up on gibbets by the wayside, as an example to the living, and a mark of infamy upon the dead.”

Extant memorials of Malcolm’s death seem to us to favour the commonly received tradition as to the manner of it. “To the eastward of the village” (of Glammis), says the late Dr Lyon, in his *Statistical Account* of the parish, “within a wood near Thornton, there is a large cairn of stones surrounding an ancient obelisk, bearing similar characters to the one near the church, and which is called King Malcolm’s gravestone. Now, although he was buried at Iona, it appeared probable that these stones mark the spot where the battle (the skirmish with Kenneth’s adherents) had taken place, and where the King fell.

“Within a few yards of the manse is to be seen an obelisk, or large stone of rude design, erected, as is generally supposed, in memory of the murder of Malcolm II., King of Scotland. The perpetrators of that horrid deed fled with precipitation eastward during night, and when the fields were covered with snow. By mistake they directed their flight across the Loch of Forfar, where they perished. On one side of the monument there are the figures of two men who, by their attitude, seem to be forming the bloody conspiracy. A lion and a centaur on the upper part represent, as is supposed, the shocking barbarity of the crime. On the reverse of the monument several sorts of fishes are engraven, as a symbolical representation of the loch in which the assassins were drowned.

“At the distance of about a mile north-east from the castle, near a place called Cossins, there stands an obelisk not less curious than the one already mentioned. It is vulgarly called St Orland’s Stone. No probable conjecture has been formed

as to the object of it. On one side is a cross rudely flowered and chequered ; on the other side four men on horseback appear to be making the utmost despatch. One of the horses is trampling under foot a wild boar ; and on the lower part of the stone there is the figure of an animal resembling a dragon. It has been conjectured by some that these symbols represent officers of justice in pursuit of Malcolm's murderers."

Such are the monuments, and such is the reading of their symbols in which we are disposed to rest till a more feasible be offered. We qualify only one thing in the extract now made. Malcolm, it is said, "was buried at Iona." Knox, in his *Topography of the Basin of the Tay*, has assigned what seem to us strong reasons for disbelieving this, and has given much verisimilitude to the local tradition that Malcolm's ashes rest in the churchyard of Glammiss. "This island (Iona)," says he, "did not then belong to Scotland. It was either possessed or perpetually pillaged by the Danes. Malcolm had given the Viking many a signal overthrow, and it is likely the pagans would have thrown his carcase into the sea if it had been carried thither. The burying of our Kings in Hyona (Iona) appears to be a fable invented by the monks of St Andrews in the 12th century. There is to be seen in the churchyard of Glammiss a rude mass, without an inscription, 16 feet high and 5 feet broad, which, according to tradition, is King Malcolm's gravestone, and there is every probability that he was buried under it." We agree with all this as far as concerns Malcolm ; but we are not prepared to admit that "the burying of our Kings in Hyona appears to be a fable."

It was in 1372 that Glammiss came into the possession of the Lyons, who still hold it. Sir John Lyon, Knight, married the Princess Jane, the second daughter of Robert II. ; and, as her dowry, the King gave her husband a charter of his lands of the thanedom of Glammiss, to be held in free barony. He was the founder of the present noble family of Strathmore. It was this Sir John that fell in a duel with Sir James Lindsay of Crawford, at the moss of Balhall, near Brechin ; the occasion of the deadly quarrel being, it is supposed, envy at the royal favours which were heaped upon Sir John. On the execution of Lady Jane Douglas, Countess of Strathmore, in 1537, Glammiss was forfeited to the Crown ; and the Castle again became for a season a royal residence. James V. lived frequently at it, as also at Baikie, during the proscription of the Lyons.

The story of Lady Jane Douglas is one of the most affecting in our annals. She was the sister of Archibald, sixth Earl of Angus, and was married first to John, sixth Lord Glammiss, who died in 1527; and soon after his death she was married a second time to a gentleman named Campbell, of Skipnish. The crime of which she was accused is sometimes called witchcraft, and sometimes conspiring the King's death by poison. But, as Tytler has explained, in those times "poisoning and witchcraft were very commonly associated. The dealers in poisons were reckoned witches; and the potency of their drugs was thought to be increased by the charms and incantations with which they were concocted. Hence probably, the *mala fama* against Lady Glammiss as a witch or sorceress." The real charge against her was conspiring the King's death by poison and assisting the Earl of Angus and his brother, George Douglas, who were traitors and rebels. On her trial she was convicted, and condemned to be burned at the stake on the Castle Hill of Edinburgh. She heard her sentence with unruffled composure, and endured it with immovable firmness and fortitude; the crowd looking on equally commiserating and admiring her. She was popularly believed to be innocent, being regarded as the victim of implacable hate which the King had conceived against all connected with the house of Douglas. She was, withal, reckoned "the most renowned beauty of Britain at that time," as it is expressed in the "Life of James V.," and was pointed to as the model of every virtue. Recent researches, however, and the documents which they have brought to light, have greatly changed opinion concerning her Ladyship, so much so, that a living historian has written, "There can be no question that Lady Glammiss was guilty of treason in assisting her brothers in their attempts to 'invade' the King's person, and re-establish their authority in Scotland, and the whole circumstances of the case lead to the conclusion that she was guilty of the other crime laid to her charge—the compassing the death of the King."

Three other parties were apprehended as supposed accomplices with her Ladyship. The first was her husband, Campbell, who, the day after her execution, trying to make his escape from the Castle of Edinburgh, was let down over the walls by a cord which, being too short, he fell on the rocks, and was dashed in pieces. The second was the son she had born to Lord Glammiss, her first husband, now a boy sixteen years of age,

who lay in prison for five years, till the death of King James, when his titles and estates were restored to him as the seventh Lord Glamis. The third was an old priest, whom the King, when told of the tragic end of Campbell on the Castle rocks, set at liberty.

The Strathmore family was ardently attached to the Stuart dynasty. John the fifth Earl, fell fighting for it at Sheriffmuir, in 1715. The Pretender spent the night of the 4th January, 1715, in the Castle of Glamis, when on his way to Scone, where he expected to be crowned; and it is said that eighty beds were that night made up for his retinue. The Earl of Mar and about thirty gentlemen had met him a few days before at Fetteresso, the chief seat of the Earl Marischal, and by the time he reached Glamis, the friends gathering around him had multiplied. Mar wrote from the Castle that he was a perfect Absalom for beauty and manners. "The King, without any compliment to him, and to do him nothing but justice, setting aside his being a prince, is really the finest gentleman I ever knew. He has a very good presence, and resembles Charles the Second a great deal. His presence, however, is not the best of him; he has fine parts, and dispatches all his business himself with the greatest exactness. I never saw any body write so finely. He is affable to a great degree," &c. The letter from which we quote was printed and circulated over Scotland, in order to produce a favourable impression of the Chevalier on the public mind; which it failed to do. Even his friends did not all see him with Mar's eyes. "A Rebel," in a pamphlet of the time, wrote thus of him, the writer being no less a personage than the Master of Sinclair:—"I must not conceal, that when we saw the man whom they called our King, we found ourselves not at all animated by his presence, and if he was disappointed in us, we were twofold more so in him. We saw nothing in him that looked like spirit. He never appeared with cheerfulness and vigour to animate us. Our men began to despise; some asked if he could speak. His countenance looked extremely heavy. He cared not to come abroad among us soldiers, or to see us handle our arms or do our exercise. Some said, the circumstances he found us in dejected him; I am sure the figure he made dejected us; and had he sent us but 5000 men of good troops, and never himself come amongst us, we had done other things than we have done now." A quarter of a century afterwards, Gray, the poet,

wrote thus of him from Florence:—"He is a thin, ill-made man, extremely tall and awkward, of a most unpromising countenance, a good deal resembling King James the Second, and has extremely the air and look of an idiot, particularly when he laughs or prays; the first he does not do often, the latter continually."

We must not leave Glammis without pointing to another scene, though of a different class from the Castle. It is the mill for spinning flax on the Glammis Burn. "It was built," the Statistical Account says, "in 1806. It contains 16 frames. The water-wheel is of 16 horse-power. And in 1820 a steam-engine of 10 horse-power was added, to assist when the water becomes scarce in summer. There is also a plash-mill on the same stream for cleaning the yarn. 66 people of both sexes are employed on the premises. The females have from 3s 6d to 7s 6d, and the males from 12s to £1 per week of wages. The yarn spun at the mill is manufactured in different parts of the parish, and produces about 4000 pieces of brown linen annually, principally for the Dundee market. There are also manufactured annually by private individuals in the parish about 7500 pieces of brown linen, besides those wove by the proprietors of the mill. The cloth is chiefly Osnaburgs and sheetings."

For two reasons that mill is well entitled to a place among our Historic Scenes. First—If not the first erection, it was among the first in which machinery driven by mechanical power was substituted for the labour of human hands in the linen trade, the staple trade of the county, and which has attained such prodigious magnitude and importance; and second—That experiment, pregnant with such momentous issues, was made by the firm of William Baxter & Son (Edward), and the Glammis spinning-mill was the initiation of the enterprise to which the Baxter family owe their name and fortune. As it has been expressed, "It proved to be the foundation of the great house of Messrs Baxter Brothers & Co.—The younger brothers of Mr Edward—David (afterwards Sir David), John, and William, were the leading partners in that firm."

KINNETTLES.

In Kinnettles a battle was fought for Popery, perhaps more keen and tough than in any other part of the shire. The Bishop of Dunkeld owned Foffarty, an estate of some two hundred Scotch acres, now in the parish of Kinnettles, but then marching with its southern boundary. His tenant, Alexander Pyott, alarmed at the progress of the Reformation, went to Dunkeld, and took counsel with the Bishop how it might be stayed, assuring him that he was ready to strain every nerve in this holy work. So highly did the Bishop appreciate the zeal of this true son of the Church that he wrote out a disposition of his lands in his favour, with which Pyott immediately repaired to Rome, and got the deed of conveyance confirmed by a Popish bull. He and his successors evinced their gratitude by stoutly upholding the Popish cause, and were assisted by the adherents of the old religion in the neighbourhood. A chapel was built in Foffarty, and a priest appointed to conduct the Romish service, who had a manse, offices, garden, glebe, and salary. That chapel was burnt in 1745 by a party of Royal dragoons, and long stood roofless and ruinous. The last Popish proprietor of Foffarty yielding to the pressure of poverty, sold his lands to the Earl of Strathmore as late as 1758.

At Douglastown—a small village on the Arity, at the western verge of the parish—is a flax spinning-mill, erected in 1792, driven partly by water and partly by steam, and which, like the Baxters' mill on the Glamis Burn, contributed its own share in pioneering the trade which has reached such enormous dimensions in the county.

But any historic note belonging to it Kinnettles owes more to the eminent men connected with it than to anything else.

About 1511, the estate of Kinnettles came into possession of the Lindsays. The first Lindsay of Kinnettles was Robert, a cadet of the house of Evelick, and descended from a younger brother of the third Earl of Crawford; and the last male descendant of the family was his Grace Dr Thomas Lindsay, Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of all Ireland, who died in 1713.

James Lawmonth, A.M., was minister of the parish in 1649. In that year, the Assembly's Committee for Visitation deprived

eighteen ministers in the Synod of Angus. Lawmonth was one of them ; and, though a graduate, he was deprived "for insufficiency for the ministry."

The parson of Kinnettles in 1681 was Alexander Taylor, the last Episcopal minister of the parish. Summoned to Edinburgh to swear the oaths required by the Test Act, he was overtaken, in crossing from Burntisland to Leith, by a great storm, to which the world was indebted for his poem entitled *The Tempest*. It is said to "contain some curious passages," of which the beating of the waves on the small craft in which he sailed has been often quoted as a specimen :—

"Each kept his time and place,
As if they meant to drown us with a grace—
The first came tumbling on our boat's side,
And knock't us twice her breadth and more beside ;
But, vex't that it had wrought's no more disgrace,
It spits on us—spits in its followers' face."

William Patterson, son of a gardener of Mr Douglas of Brighton, was born and brought up in this parish ; and the high distinction, literary, scientific, military, and civil, to which he rose, is witnessed by the inscription on the cenotaph to him in Kinnettles churchyard—"Sacred to the memory of Colonel William Patterson, Fellow of the Royal Society, Member of the Asiatic and Linnæan Societies, Lieutenant-Colonel of the 102d Regiment, and for many years Lieutenant-Governor of New South Wales. He served thirty years in the army—twenty-five of which were passed in the East Indies and in New South Wales ; and in fulfilling his duty to his country, he twice circumnavigated the globe. His taste for Natural History induced him in the earlier part of his life to travel from the Cape of Good Hope into the interior of Africa, into which country he penetrated farther than any European had ever done before him. His unwearied assiduity in the pursuit of science, supported in an unusual degree by talent and zeal, enabled him to collect, and bring to England, specimens of plants and other curiosities till then unknown. He discharged with honour and fidelity the trust reposed in him as an officer ; and his services were particularly valuable in New South Wales as Lieutenant-Governor of that settlement. Nor did he then neglect his favourite pursuit, but continued to enrich both public and private museums by employing his leisure hours in useful researches. His life was not less amiable than useful ; and his happy disposition endeared him to his dependents, to society,

and to his friends. After a long period of ill-health, he attempted to return to his native country, but it pleased God to take him during his voyage. He was born in this parish on the 10th of August, 1755, and died on the 21st of June, 1810."

Another somewhat illustrious son of this parish is John Ingles Harvey, Esquire of Kinnettles. He was educated in his father's house till he attained the age of sixteen, when he was sent to one of the English Universities, where he excelled, especially in his Law Studies, carrying off several high prizes. Having thus made his mark, he was by and by appointed to a high office in the East Indies, and was afterwards promoted to the Bench as a civil judge in our Indian empire.

FORFAR.

The town of Forfar is the county town ; and is a royal burgh of unknown antiquity. The most ancient of the Historic Scenes connected with it is the Roman camp, discovered not long ago on an eminence little more than half a mile to the north-east of the town. The traces of it are so distinct, that those conversant with Roman military antiquities have been able to determine its form and dimensions, the number of its gates, the strength of its traverses, the position of the pretorium, and of the principal gate, with a square fort close by it, and that the west side was its front ; from which it has been inferred that the army which raised the camp was marching westward. "It is probable," says Knox, "that Agricola, on returning with that division of his forces which, we suppose, lay some time at Keithick, occupied with his whole army this camp at Forfar. As the intrenchments would contain more than 26,000 men, the Roman commander may have enlarged the dimensions for the sake of more accommodation ; there being there no chance of his ramparts being assaulted by an enemy. Or this camp might have been re-occupied by Urbicus, or by Severus, either of whom might enlarge the intrenchments, but it is clear that they had been formed upon the Polybian system."

The next Historic Scene, following the order of time, is in the Restennet quarter of the parish. It is the field of the Battle of Restennet, fought in the ninth century between the

Scots under Alpin, and the Picts under Feredeth. Buchanan says of it, "The hostile armies having encountered each other at Restenet, a small village in Angus, a sanguinary conflict ensued, which continued till the night closed upon an uncertain victory. The death of Federethus appeared to give the Scots the honour of the day; for he, when he saw the spirits of his men beginning to droop in battle, rushed with a band of noble youths into the wildest of the Scots, where, being cut off from the main army, he fell, together with the flower of his nobility." In this quarter are the remains of what some very competent judges have taken to be a Pictish camp; but the coins, urns, and pieces of armour which have been found here, are perhaps as much the memorials of the battle as of the camp.

Forfar basked for centuries in the sunshine of Royalty, beginning to do so as early as the reign of Malcolm Canmore (1057-1093). On the conquest of England by the Normans, Edgar Atheling, the heir of the Saxon line, with his mother Agatha, and his sisters Margaret and Christian, sought and found refuge in the court of Malcolm. This led to Malcolm's marriage to the "beautiful, accomplished, and pious" Margaret; and they resided much in their Royal Castle or Palace at Forfar. Where it stood is not certain; but it seems not improbable that it is the foundation of it that is yet seen on Queen Margaret's Inch; the artificial island near the northern shore of the Loch of Forfar. In consequence of the great reduction of the Loch by draining, the Inch now adjoins the lands and is a peninsula; but in those days it was separate from it, and was reached by a draw-bridge.

If that ruin marks the site of the Royal Castle in which Malcolm and Margaret spent so much of their time, it is an Historic Scene of singular interest. In it, it may be presumed, Malcolm, when he had defeated and slain M'Beth, held the assembly of his Maormors, or Great Barons, in which were passed several of those measures on which some have rested his claims to be reckoned a great legislator. In it, also, it may be further presumed, he held other conventions, civil and ecclesiastical, to deliberate and decide on questions of vital moment to the country. In it, moreover, were performed many of those good and holy deeds for which his consort was canonised.

Malcolm Canmore was a monarch of high patriotism, bravery, and energy, and his reign forms an important era in the history of Scotland. The good to himself and his people, with

which the ascendancy of his admirable Queen over him was pregnant, could hardly be exaggerated. It restrained and tamed his own natural ferocity, and guided and tempered his administration with wisdom, and justice, and clemency; while her Majesty's example, strengthened by that of the other exiles whom Norman conquest and oppression drove from England, had a most beneficent influence in improving the manners of our ignorant and barbarous countrymen. Malcolm had no education—he did not so much as know the letters of the alphabet—but he could worship at Margaret's feet with boundless respect and affection; and he did so, and confided to her the chief care of the kingdom. As her biographer, Turgot, says, "Malcolm respected the religion of his spouse, was fearful of offending her, and listened to her admonitions. Whatever she loved or disliked, so did he. Although he could not read he frequently turned over prayer-books, and kissed her favourite volumes. He had them adorned in gold and precious stones, and presented them to her in token of his devotion. She instructed him to pass the night in fervent prayer, with groans and tears. I must acknowledge that I often admired the works of the Divine mercy, when I saw a King so religious and such signs of deep compunction in a layman."

Reformations that took place among clergy and laity in her day Margaret bore a chief part in effecting; "employing her learning and eloquence not only in the instruction of her husband but in controversy with the clergy. At this period the Scottish clergy had ceased to celebrate the Communion of the Lord's Supper, on the plea that they were sinners, and dreaded to communicate unworthily. They made no distinction between Sabbath and week days; and they permitted the marriage of a man with his step-mother, or the widow of his brother—a practice originating probably in avarice, as it relieved the heir of a jointure. All these abuses the Queen corrected in a firm yet temperate manner. 'She displayed to the clergy,' says Lord Hailes, 'the vanity of their superstitious or indolent excuse for their neglect to celebrate the Communion, and she restored the religious observance of Sunday, an institution no less admirable in a political than in a religious light.' She held a solemn conference with the clergy regarding the proper season for celebrating Lent; and 'three days,' says Turgot, 'did she employ the sword of the spirit in combating their errors. She seemed another St Helena, out of the scriptures convincing the

Jews.'” We may add, that in these conferences Malcolm stood interpreter between the Queen and the Scottish clergy, who did not understand English. Gaelic was then the vernacular of the country.

It was in the reign of William the Lion (1165-1214) that the Old Royal Castle at Forfar was superseded by the New one ; for, though Boece was long sneered at as a fabler for writing that “Forfar was strengthened with two roiall Castles, as the ruins doo yet declare,” charter evidence of the accuracy of this assertion has been discovered. The New Castle stood on the Castlehill, that conical mound to the north-east of the town, now surmounted by a tower, erected in recent times. It was that Castle which was the occasional residence of William the Lion, whom we read of as holding a Court and an Assembly at Forfar. His son, Alexander II., resided in it more frequently than his father had done, holding Parliaments at Forfar in 1225 and 1227, and giving charters dated from it till towards the end of his reign in 1249. He likewise established on Queen Margaret’s Inch, on the site of the Old Royal Castle, a religious house, and, besides endowing it with money and other privileges, he gave two monks, appointed to officiate in it, pasture for six cows and a horse on his lands of Tyrbeg. To his son, Alexander III., Forfar was even a more favourite residence than it had been to his father and his grandfather. This is apparent from notices which we have on record of his Forfar gardeners and their wages ; of the rents of the demesne in his minority, and the cheese, butter, hens, and malt received from it ; of the meal, grain, and money expended on his hunting dogs, hawks, horses, and grooms ; of the carriage cost of sixteen pipes of wine from Dundee to the Castle of Forfar, and of the number and value of the sheep brought to it at Easter from Barry, and from the Grange of Glenisla.

In 1291, Gilbert de Umfraville had the command of the Castle of Forfar ; and when King Edward of England demanded the surrender of it, he answered as he did when the same demand was made as to the Castle of Dundee, of which also he was the Governor, and which has already been related by us. He refused, declaring that he had the Castle in charge from the Scottish nation, and that he would not surrender it to Edward without a letter of indemnity signed by him, and by the claimants of the Scottish Crown, and the guardians of the Scottish realm.

In 1296, Edward and his suite visited Forfar, and lodged in the Castle from the 3d to the 6th of July—two Churchmen and four barons there doing the invader homage. In the following year, while Brian Fitzadam held the Castle for Edward, Wallace either captured it, or it was deserted at his approach. But the English must have soon recovered it: it was in their possession in 1308; and, soon after, King Robert Bruce, assisted by Philip, the forester of Platane or Plater, took it by escalade, put all the English in it to the sword, levelled it and its fortifications to the ground, and it was never rebuilt. When Royalty, afterwards visited the neighbourhood, it sojourned either in the Castle of Glamis or in the Priory of Restennet. The armour and other antique things, which have from time to time been found near the Castlehill and in the Loch, popular tradition has connected with the fugitive murderers of Malcolm II.; but it is at least as likely that they may have belonged to the soldiers slain by Bruce at the capture of the Castle.

After he had demolished the Castle, Bruce had a house at Forfar, and we may infer that he was not a stranger in it from the fact that, only two years before his death, he gave his falconer in the shire of Forfar, Geoffrey of Foullertoune, and Agnes, his wife, the lands of Foullertoune in Forfarshire, with entertainment in the King's House at Forfar, when the King was there, for the falconer himself, a servant, a boy, and two horses.

The names of many localities in the neighbourhood are to this day memorials of the residence of our Kings at Forfar in those olden times. Such are the King's Moor, the King's Burn, the King's Seat, the Queen's Manor, the Queen's Well, the Palace Dykes, and the Court Road. The tenures by which certain farms in the neighbourhood were held are also memorials of the same thing. Tyrbeg, *alias* Turfbeg, and Balnashanner, were held on the condition of furnishing the Palace with three hundred cartloads of peats from these lands when the Court was at Forfar; and Heatherstack was held on the condition of furnishing heather fit for fuel to the Royal kitchen.

The Priory of Restennet or Rostinoth, situated on what was an island, but is now a peninsula, in the Loch of the same name, near the north-east boundary of the parish, was originally the sacred place of the district. It occupied the site of what had been the mother church, and that at Forfar was but a chapel, which long continued dependent on the Priory, and subject to

it. According to the finding of an inquest appointed by King Robert Bruce to ascertain the old rights and privileges of the establishment, its writs having perished in war and otherwise, the canons of Restennet, who were of the Augustine order, had, with other ample revenues, the curious privilege of "uplifting on each coming of the King to Forfar, for each day he abides there, two loaves of the lord's bread, four loaves of the second bread, and six loaves, called *hugmans* ; two flagons of the better ale, two flagons of the second ale, and two pairs of messes of each of the three courses from the kitchen."

The Forfar Glebe was at Restennet, more than a mile from the town, till as late as 1643. It was then exchanged for the Bread Croft, lying within the territory of the burgh, and which was to be in all time coming "holden in frie burgage and heretage . . . by the said Thomas Pierson, and his successors, ministers (of Forfar), serueing the kirk and cuire yrof."

For more reasons than one, the Priory of Restennet is an Historic Scene. It stood on the site of one of the three churches, which Boniface is said to have founded in Angus in the seventh century, in fulfilment of his mission from Rome ; the other two being at Invergowrie and Tealing. Again, the Priory was visited in its day by Royalty, and by those who guided its counsels on matters involving the highest interests of the country. It was honoured, we know, with the presence of The Bruce, and of his son David II., and probably with that of more than one of their successors, after the demolition of the Royal Castle at Forfar. At the Priory, besides, most desolate as it now is, repose the ashes of not a few of the illustrious dead. Among these, of persons of local note, are the Hunters of Burnside, and the Dempsters of Dunnichen. Among these it is all but certain is Feredeth, King of the Picts, who fell in the battle fought in this neighbourhood with Alpin, King of the Scots, as already stated by us ; the victor, as Boece says, "commanding his body to be laid in Christian buriall not farre from Forfaire," which can hardly mean any other than Restennet. And among these is certainly John, a son of The Bruce ; for, in June, 1344, David II. confirmed the grants which his predecessors had made to the Priory, and, from regard to it as the burial-place of his brother-german John, he made a new grant to it of twenty merks sterling from the great customs of Dundee. The Priory, moreover, is said to have been for a time the place to which public records, &c., were committed for

safe custody. It was far removed from border raids and conflicts, and was accessible from all parts of the kingdom ; and it was, therefore, made the depository of registers, charters, and other valuable documents.

As far back as the sixteenth century, the staple trade of Forfar was shoemaking, the shoes made being that peculiar kind called *brogues* and *rullions*, the difference between these being that, while both were made of horse leather, the hair was taken off for the brogues and kept on for the rullions. Johnstone, in his poetical panegyric on Forfar, published in 1642, gives prominence to the chief handicraft of the place. He says, as he has been translated :—

“The ruins of a Palace thee decore,
A fruitfull Lake, and fruitfull Land much more,
Thy Precincts (it's confest) much straightened be,
Yet Ancient Scotland did give Power to thee :
Angns and other places of the Land,
Yeeld to thy Jurisdiction and Command.
Noblis unto the People Laws do give,
By Handy-Crafts the Vulgar sort do live.
They pull off Bullocks-hydes and make them meet
When tanned, to cover handsome Virgins' feet :
From thee are Sandals to light Umbrians sent,
And solls with latches to Rope-Climbers lent :
And Rullions wherewith the Bows do go
To keep their feet unhurt with Yae and Snow.”

If Johnstone may be believed, Forfar may well boast of the antiquity of its shoe manufacture :—

“The ancient Greeks their Boots from this Town brought,
And also hence their Ladies' slippers sought.
This the Tragedians did with Buskings fit,
And the Comedian-shoes invented it.
Let not Rome henceforth of its Puissance boast,
Nor Spartans vaunt much of their warlick host :
They laid their Yoak on necks of other Lands,
Forfar doth tie their feet and legs with bands.”

From this manufacture came the designation, the Sutors of Forfar, and it helped to give point to the satire of Drummond of Hawthornden on the town. Visiting it in 1645, it refused to receive him, probably from fear of the plague, which was then prevailing in many parts of the country. He betook himself to Kirriemuir, where he got a hearty welcome, and where he played off a most ludicrous joke on the Magistrates of Forfar. Learning the quarrel then raging between Forfar and Kirriemuir about the Moor Moss, Drummond addressed a letter to the Provost of Forfar. That worthy somehow assumed that

the letter was from the Parliament, then sitting at St Andrews, and convened the Council, with the parson, to see the document opened, and to hear it read, when its contents turned out to be as follows :—

“The Kirriemarians and the Forfarians met at Muir Moss,
The Kirriemarians beat the Forfarians back to the Cross;
Sutors ye are, an’ Sutors ye’ll be—
Eye upon Forfar, Kirriemuir bears the gree !”

As a Scene which anti-witch zeal frightened and maddened, Forfar is second to none in Scotland. For a series of years its records are full of apprehensions, trials, and executions of these poor wretches. From 1650 to 1662 nine miserable creatures suffered at the stake in the Playfield. It seems, indeed, to have been in those days the chief business of the criminal authorities, and of all they could persuade or command to assist them in it. In spite of the severity against witchcraft for the ten preceding years, it would appear that in 1661 it was more rampant than ever, and new measures were taken for its suppression. The town was divided into eight districts, and a councillor assigned to each, for the purpose of “setting and changing the gairds for the witches.” If any of them were, in spite of such vigilance, like to escape detection, that surely afforded a strong presumption of their guilt. There must, in that case, have been more than human art at work in concealing them ! It was likewise decreed that “persones jmprisoned for withcraft shall have no watch with them jn ther prisones, nor fyre nor candle, but that sex men nightly and daily attend and watch them jn the vper tolbooth, and that the quarter-master shall order the watchmen to visit them at every three houres end night and day.” Even looking out of the windows of their prison was forbidden these hapless creatures ; and for this sin two of them were ordered to be “put jn the stockes” or to have their window nailed up.

“Johne Kinked, pricker of the witches in Trenent,” was brought to Forfar to help the authorities to discover and extirpate the hellish crew ; and so well did he do his work, and so honourable was it deemed, that he was made a freeman of the burgh, just ten days after the same honour had been conferred on Keith, sheriff-depute of the county, and of the noble family of Keith-Marischal ! A vote of thanks was passed to one, Alexander Heigh, for his “care and diligence” in “bringing over Johne Kinked for trying of the prisoners suspect of

witchcraft." Heigh was a dealer in "aquavitie"; and a very ungrateful fellow he must have been, since the evidence led went to show that from him "the devill" got much of the liquor with which he treated the jades when he met them in the Kirkyard, in order to put fire into their veins, and mettle into their heels.

The witches, Mr Jervise says, were "executed and buried near the public washing green. The site of the gallows (? stake), where human bones have been found in great quantities, is now occupied by a saw-mill and other works of industry, all adding their mite to the growing importance of the town. The branks or bridle—a well-known instrument of punishment for scolds, and those suspected of witchcraft—is still preserved, among other curiosities, in the county hall at Forfar. It is made of various pieces of iron, united by hinges, and surrounds the head of the delinquent, while a large dart-shaped piece is placed in the mouth to prevent the accused from speaking."

When the enemy thus threatened by witchcraft the utter ruin of the town, the Government did not leave the Forfarians to struggle alone with him. The Privy Council appointed a special Commission, consisting of their Lovitis, Cairncross, of Balnashanner, Hunter of Restennet, Hunter of Burnside, Guthrie of Halkertown, Keith of Cadam, Sheriff-depute, Guthrie of Carsbank, Scott, Provost, and the Bailies of Forfar, with full powers to meet when and where they should find expedient, and to hold courts for the trial of persons accused of witchcraft; and the deed of commission named Helen Cothall, Helen Guthrie, Elspeth Alexander, Isabel Smith, and Isabel Tyrie, prisoners in Forfar, as having "confest themselves guiltie of the abominable sin of witchcraft."

The work of this Commission is in the burgh records, from which Miller, in his History of Dundee, has given some extracts, which we shall reprint. "The Commissioners," says Mr Miller, "appear to have met at Forfar from time to time, and brought before them the hapless individuals obnoxious to the charge of witchcraft. Among some curious examinations is the following:—

"Helen Guthrie confessed, first, that about the time when St Johnstown's bridge was carried away, (the Bridge of Tay at Perth, carried away in October, 1621), she murdered her mother's daughter, the said daughter being her half-sister, and about six or seven years of age; and that for the said murder

her mother did always give her her malisone, yea, and upon her deathbed continued to give her malisone, notwithstanding the said Helen's earnest requests and beseechings to the contrary.

"Then about three years, the last oate seed tyme, she was at a meeting in the Kirkyard of Forfar, and that yr (there) were prnt (present) there the devill himself in the shape of a black iron heived man, and a number of other persons, besides Helen herself—and that they all danced together, and that the ground under them was all fyre flaughter—that Andrew Watsone had his usual staff in his hand—although he was a blind man yet he danced as nimble as any of the company, and made as great merriement by singing his old songs, and that the said Isobel Guthrie did sing her song called *Pinkletum tinkletum*.

"Helen goes to confess at another meeting. 'It was at midnight when they danced together a whyle, and then went to Mary Rind's house, and sat down together about the table, the devil being present at the head of it. And that some of them went to Jon Beinny's house, he being a brewer, and brought ale from hence; and ithers went to Alex. Heigh's house, and brought aquavitae from hence, and thus made themselves merrie; and that the devil *made much of them all*, and especially of Marion Rind. And at the said meeting they agreed to undoe the foresaid John Beinny in his means,' &c.

"She also confessed—'That at the first of these meetings Andrew Watson, Marion Rind, Elspat Alexander, Isobel Schyrie, and herself went up to the Kirk-wall, about the fartheast dore, and raised a young bairne unbaptized, and took several pieces thereof, at the fut, the hands, part of the head, and a part of the buttocks, and that they made a pye thereof, that they might eat of it, that by this means they might never (as they thought) make a confession of their witchcraft.'"

In the course of the struggle between Prelacy and Presbytery, Forfar became keenly Prelatic. The whole county indeed proved a stronghold of Prelacy, and of devotion to the Stuarts. If the Kirk in Angus did not lead the way, it followed most servilely in the wake of the Lords and Lairds, who conformed so generally to the Court Religion, concurring with James VI. in his "No bishop, no king," and with Charles II., that Presbyterianism is not fit to be the religion of a gentleman. The Synod of Angus was the only Synod in the whole Kirk, which, in 1607, tamely submitted to James's imposition of a *constant moderator*, a violation of the fundamental principle of

Presbyterian parity, and the first step to full-blown Diocesan Episcopacy.

In 1639, a movement was made to have the Covenant subscribed at Forfar, and money and men raised for behoof of the Covenanting cause; but the attempt altogether failed. The Earl of Southesk resolutely opposed it, in the face of his own son-in-law, the future great Marquis of Montrose, who was then a champion of the Covenant, preaching and fighting for the faith which he afterwards destroyed.

In 1644, Committees of the adherents of Charles sat daily at Forfar, to support him against the nation which had risen in its might to maintain its religion and its liberties; and General Baillie was a most unwelcome visitor, when next year he encamped a night at Forfar, in his vain attempt to prevent Montrose's escape into the Highlands.

In 1647, one of the Forfar "sutors," Alexander Strang by name, Provost of the burgh, and its Commissioner in Parliament, immortalised himself among his party by his speech and his vote against what some still persist in calling "the sale of Charles I. to his English enemies." Sir Henry Spottiswood thus celebrates this Abdiel in his cavalier lay:—

"Neither did all that Parliament agree
To this abhorrent act of treacherie,
Witness that still to be renowned *sutor*,
Forfar's Commissioner and the State's tutor
In loyalty; who being asked his vote,
Did with a tongue most resolutely denote
In loyal heart, in pithie words, tho' few—
'I disagree, as honest men should doo.'"

The war between King and Parliament having issued in the execution of Charles I. and the establishment of the Commonwealth, a Captain Buchan appeared in Forfar in 1651, who was suspected of being a spy of the English Republicans. The Magistrates apprehended him, and threw him into prison, for which the town suffered speedily and severely. Monk had just captured Dundee, when tidings reached him that Buchan was in custody. Immediately, before the Magistrates of Forfar had time to try the prisoner, Monk despatched Colonel Ocky to the presumptuous, daring burgh, with a considerable detachment of horse and foot, who not only set the Captain at liberty, but took summary vengeance on the town, pillaging it, and, breaking open the charter room, "took forth all their rights and records, and cancelled and destroyed the same." Hence the want of

ancient burgh writs, the oldest extant only bearing the date of 1660.

The Restoration having taken place, the Prelatic loyalists of Forfar set up their heads, and did their best to make the shadow go backward at least twenty-two years on the dial of Britain. The National Covenant, as it was sworn in 1638 and afterwards, and the Solemn League and Covenant, they pronounced "unlawfull oathes." Not only so, but such abjects were they as to proceed to set their seal on principles the most slavish; according to which, though civil government should become systematic, iron tyranny, there is no earthly remedy; his poor subjects sinning against high Heaven if they resist the monarch born to rule them, when he is rioting in destroying their goods and liberties and lives! "Wee—Prowest, Bailies, and Counsellors of the burgh of Forfar, under subscriyand and evry ane of ws—doe sincerly affirme and declaire that we judge it wnlawfull to subjects, upon pretence of reformatione or other pretence whatsoever, to enter into Leagues and Covenants, or to take vp armer aganest the King or theie commissioned by him," &c. One wonders if the Provost, Bailies, and Councillors of Forfar did really themselves believe in the God-blaspheming and man-degrading doctrine.

The minister of Forfar at the Restoration was Alexander Robertson, A.M. He must have been a resolute Presbyterian; for he was deprived in 1662, by Acts of both Parliament and Privy Council.

The Revolution having been accomplished in 1688, a detachment of the forces of William and Mary was next year stationed at Forfar. The immediate neighbourhood was Jacobite enough, not to be above the need of them for its peace and security; but the special object of the detachment was to watch the movements of the rebels, who, after the battle of Killiecrankie, warmed for a time about the base of the Grampians, and were continually passing to and fro between Dunkeld and Brechin, "blundering and plundering," if we may use a phrase lately invented by a high authority, and so good that it ought not to be forgotten, though nowhere was the spirit breathed in the Jacobite song, Wee, wee German Lairdie, more rampant:—

"Wha the deil hae we gotten for a king,
But a wee, wee German lairdie?
And when we gaed to bring him hame;
He was delving in his yairdie;

Shouging kail, and laying leeks,
 But the hose and but the breeks ;
 And up his beggar duds he cleeks,
 This wee, wee German lairdie.

“ And he’s clapt down in our gudeman’s chair,
 The wee, wee German lairdie ;
 And he’s brought fouth o’ foreign trash,
 And dibbled it in his yairdie.
 He’s pu’d the rose o’ English loons,
 And broken the harp o’ Irish clowns ;
 But our thistle taps will jag his thumbs—
 This wee, wee German lairdie.”

Forfar does not figure prominently in the Rebellion of 1715. The fate of the Earl of Strathmore on the street of Forfar, on the 9th May, 1728, was one of the tragic, though remote issues of the Rebellion of that year. Down to it, Carnegie of Finhaven had been a warm supporter of the Stuarts ; but having deserted to the side of the Hanoverians, he incurred the mortal hatred of the Jacobites. On the day we have named the Earl of Strathmore, his kinsman, Lyon of Brighton, and Carnegie, met in Forfar at the funeral of a daughter of Carnegie of Lour. After dinner, they indulged in drinking till they were all intoxicated, when Brighton taunted Carnegie as a turn-coat, and, on coming to the street, pushed him into the gutter. On getting on his legs, Carnegie ran up to his companions, drew his sword, and made a thrust at Brighton. The Earl of Strathmore, who had rushed in between the parties, to prevent bloodshed, and to reconcile them, received the wound meant for Brighton, and died of it on the Saturday following.

Rebellious as Forfar was in 1745, the lairds of Pitrichie and Echt were confined in it. Though the inmates of a jail, their fate was enviable compared with that which Councillor Binny, “another sutor” of Forfar, suffered. On his way home from Dundee, on a Friday, he was seized at Petterden, on the King’s highway ; blindfolded and fettered ; mounted on a horse, with a ruffian behind him, who grasped him about the body ; transported for the space of two hours, as he reckoned ; carried up several stairs of an unknown dwelling, and kept there in a most miserable state for thirty hours or thereby, “during which tyme they used their most endeavours with him, by horrid imprecations, menaces, and threatenings, to leave the present Magistrates their party, to which he had always firmly stood by, and come over to the oyr side of the question.” Some may be interested to know that the Councillor, still blind-

folded, was carried back by his "invaders;" and "about twelve at night, as he apprehends, being the Saturday, was left by them in the muir of Kincaldrum, unloused in a moment both at armes and face, and certified, with great oaths, to conceal the treatment he met with, and abide by the promises or oaths he had come under (no doubt, he came lengths with respect to their demands), oyerways it would fare worse with him. This part, where they left him, is within a mile, or thereby, where they first attackt him."

A Highland feud had one of its bloody outbreakings in the neighbourhood of Forfar in 1763. The clans at feud were the Farquharsons of Glenshee and Glenisla, and the M'Omies of the same Glens; the latter the ancestors of the M'Omies of Easter Skene and Tillyfour, Aberdeenshire. The quarrel was about some right of property, which it would be a waste of time and words to wait to explain. An action was raised before the Sheriff of the county, which brought the parties down to the town, and, unfortunately meeting near the Moor of Forfar, they fell on one another, and four lives were sacrificed in the fray.

Forfar is the place which James VI. named as furnishing the model of Scotch hospitality, of which he made his boast to the English. On his way to London to succeed Elizabeth on the throne, he was entertained with great splendour in one of the English towns. The Mayor, in honour of the occasion, kept open house for several days; and some of the courtiers ventured to hint that James must have seen few examples of such munificence among the narrow dignitaries of Scotland. "Fient a bit o' that are they," cried the King; "the Provost o' my burgh o' Forfar, whilk is by nae means the largest town in Scotland, keeps open house a' the year round, and aye the mae that comes the welcomer." The Provost of Forfar at that time kept an ale house; so that James's words were literally true.

It was in Forfar that the famous case occurred, which led to the judicial decision that no charge can be made for the stirrup dram. A brewster's wife having one day "brewed a peck o' maut," and set it to the door to cool, a neighbour's cow passing by drank the browst. The alewife took the case into court, when it was decided that, as by immemorial custom, nothing was ever charged for a standing drink or stirrup cup, the defendant ought to be assoilzied; the cow having swallowed the browst standing, and at the door.

It was Forfar that suggested to the Earl of Strathmore his witty invention for Loch draining—a difficult, tedious and expensive business, by the usual mode of effecting it, as the people in the Howe of Strathmore, and in all such Howes, know well by experience. At a public meeting held about the draining of the Loch, the Earl said he believed the cheapest method of draining it would be, to throw a few hogsheads of good mountain dew into the water, and set the *drucken writers of Forfar* to drink it up.

It is to the honour of Forfar that its new Cemetery is adorned with a tasteful monument to the memory of the late illustrious statesman, Sir Robert Peel, the first tribute of the kind paid to him in Scotland.

John Jamieson, A.M., D.D., F.R.S. and F.A.S.E., was minister of the Secession congregation in Forfar, from August, 1780, to May, 1797. We do not know whether Forfar is proud of his connexion with it ; but it may well be so. To say nothing of his many contributions to theological literature, all of high excellence, such other works as his *Scottish Dictionary*, his *Historical Account of the Culdees*, his edition of *Slezer's Theatrum Scotiae*, &c, &c., will transmit his name with rare honour to the latest generation.

KIRRIEMUIR.

Kirriemuir is a burgh of barony. Modern, as compared with such towns as Forfar and Dundee, it is yet a place of considerable antiquity and importance, though little is known of its earlier annals. A writer, giving an account of it in one of our best Gazetteers, remarks—"Though the town is ancient, few authentic, and no interesting events in its early history are known."

A little to the west of the town is a large artificial mound called the Court-hill, and no one needs to be told the reason of the name. On that hill, in other days, sat the Baron Bailie, administering justice in the burgh and the surrounding district. Close by the hill is the Witch-pool, a name which reminds us in what a great part of the Bailie's business lay for the space of nearly half-a-century. Our readers must understand that the

Witch-pool was not for drowning the witches. Witches were not drowned in those days ; they were burned. Real witches, indeed, would not drown. The pool was designed, not for punishment, but for trial. It furnished an ordeal to which those who were accused of witchcraft were subjected. It served the same purpose as John Kinked's "pricking" or "broding," and it was much handier and cheaper. If the accused floated when they were cast into the pool, they were guilty ; they were witches, and were forthwith burned. If they sank they were, of course, drowned, but they were innocent of the crime of witchcraft laid to their charge, and they were proved to be innocent at the small cost of the loss of their lives.

Such was the received faith on the subject ; such was the law of the case ; and so King James VI. expounded in his once famous treatise on demonology and sorcery. Discussing the probability of the innocent being accused of witchcraft and punished for it, he wrote :—"There are two good helps that may be used for their trial : the one is the finding of their mark, and trying the insensibleness thereof, the other is their fleeting (floating) on the water ; for, as in a secret murder, if the dead carcase be at any time thereafter handled by the murderer, it will gush out blood, as if the blood were crying to Heaven for the revenge of the murderer. So it appears that God hath appointed (for a supernatural sign of the monstrous impiety of witches) that the water shall refuse to receive them in her bosom that have shaken off them the sacred water of baptism, and wilfully refused the benefit thereof."

The parish has its antiquities—rocking stones, standing-stones, tumuli, &c. ; but for the reasons frequently assigned in these papers with reference to such objects in other quarters, they do not furnish us with Historic Scenes : at least, we are not able to read their records. The history, which was doubtless long associated with them, has passed into oblivion. Even tradition has not kept hold of any lingering remnants of it.

The Ogilvys of this and the neighbouring parishes figure in the history of the district, in the earliest glimpses which we have of it. Kirriemuir, being on the border of civilisation, was much infested with the Caterans from the north. They came down in bands to levy blackmail from the farmers on this side of the Grampians ; a contribution which they demanded as the price of their protection vouchsafed, and even of their forbearance ; and where the demand was refused, they robbed and

plundered. The rich vale of Strathmore presented a violent temptation to those ferocious and hungry marauders ; and it is said in the Statistical Account of the parish—" Many a tale is told of their incursions. We are informed that, even so early as 1392, three chiefs of the name of Donnachy, instigated or commanded by Duncan Stewart, a natural son of the turbulent Earl of Buchan, came down to ravage this district, and that a bloody battle took place in the Stormonth, in which Sir John Ogilvy, of this parish, was slain, with many of his followers."

Of family seats in the parish, raised by the deeds and the fortunes of their owners to the rank of the historic, Inverquharity is the chief. The Castle is at the point where the Carity falls into the South Esk, and is a fair specimen, in good preservation, of an old baronial residence. The age of the Castle is uncertain, but not so that of its curious, massive gate of grated iron. King James's license to the proprietor to " put ane iron yet therein, to fortifie his house and to strenth it," was given at Stirling on the 25th September, 1573, and it straitly commanded " that na man take on hande to make him impediment, stoppinge, na distroublance in the makinge, raisinge, hynginge, and upsetting of the said yhet in his said house, vder all payne and charge at aftir may folow."

In 1329 Inverquharity was given, by charter, by Margaret Countess of Angus, to Sir Alexander Lindsay of Crawford, and it continued in the possession of the Crawfords till 1405, when it was resigned in favour of Sir Walter Ogilvy, Carcary, Lord High Treasurer of Scotland. In 1420 he conveyed it to his brother, Sir John, the founder of the Inverquharity branch of the Ogilvys. His brother Walter, of Lintrathen, was the founder of the Airlie branch ; and whether he or Sir John was senior, and therefore the rightful chieftain of the clan, seems to have been always a moot question among the parties concerned. The barony passed by purchase, in the end of the last century, to the family of Lyell of Kinnordy.

In the Battle of Harlaw, in 1411, this district was numerously represented. That battle was fought to repel Celtic barbarism, personated in Donald, Lord of the Isles, who, in support of his claim to the Earldom of Ross, collected an army of ten thousand Highlanders, ravaged the counties of Moray and Aberdeen, and threatened to make a desert of the Lowlands, as far at least as the Tay, obliterating all that Saxon influence had done to humanise our ancestors since Malcolm Canmore's sainted

Margaret had begun that most needful and blessed work. The Earl of Mar met Donald at the village of Harlaw, on the water of Ury, about ten miles from Aberdeen, with an army greatly inferior in numbers, but much superior in arms and discipline. Mar was joined by Lord Ogilvy, Sheriff of Angus, at the head of his own warlike clan. The engagement was fierce and sanguinary: About nine hundred Highlanders fell, and almost the whole of Mar's army; and among the slain were Lord Ogilvy and his eldest son, and of his brave clan from Kirriemuir we know not how many. And, besides them, of families of note in Angus and Mearns, there fell on that bloody field Leslie of Balquhain, with six of his sons; Sir Jas. Scrimgeour, Constable of Dundee; Sir Thomas Murray; Sir Robert Maule of Panmure; Sir Alexander Irvine of Drum; Sir William Abernethy of Salton; Sir Alex. Straiton of Lauriston; James Lovel; Alexander Stirling; and Sir Robert Davidson, Provost of Aberdeen. Well might Scotland's muse lament over the disastrous day in the touching strains of the ballad, *The Battle of Harlaw*, of which we must content ourselves with giving only the three concluding verses:—

“ On Munoday at morning,
The battle it began;
On Saturday at gloamin',
Ye'd scarce tell wha had wan.

“ And sic a weary burying,
The like you never saw,
As there was the Sunday after that,
On the muirs down by Harlaw.

“ And if Hiellan lasses speer at ye
For them that gaed awa',
Ye may tell them plain, and plain enough,
They're sleeping at Harlaw!”

It was Sir Alexander Ogilvy, third baron of Inverquharity, that was made Justiciar of the Abbey of Arbroath, and that fought the battle of Arbroath with the Earl of Crawford, was wounded and taken prisoner to Finhaven Castle, and died there, as has been already related by us; and of the five hundred Ogilvys who perished in that battle, Kirriemuir doubtless furnished not a few.

Alexander, son of Sir John Ogilvy of Inverquharity, was a youth of great spirit, valour, and daring, and, like all his race, was an ardent supporter of Charles I. in the Civil War. He joined Montrose, and fought with him at Philiphaugh, on the 13th September, 1645, when the fortune of war turned so

fatally against the Marquis. His army was completely routed, and he himself was obliged to flee to the mountains, where he soon disbanded the troops still following him, and left Scotland. Young Ogilvy was taken prisoner at Philiphaugh; and was one of those cavaliers who were executed at Glasgow in the October following—Sir William Rollock on the 28th, and Sir Philip Nisbet and Ogilvy on the 29th. Bishop Wishart says of him, in his *Memoirs of Montrose*—“He was eldest son to Sir John Ogilvy of Inverquharity, a very ancient family, and not among the least famous in the Scots history. He was yet but a youth, scarce eighteen years of age, but had already displayed a genius for courage and magnanimity far beyond his years. Nor is it easy to conjecture what they could possibly lay to his charge, other than that new and unheard of kind of treason—a becoming loyalty and obedience to the best of Kings. But it seems it was necessary to sacrifice this intrepid young man to gratify the cruelty of Argyll, who was the inveterate and implacable enemy of the name and family of Ogilvy.”

Captain Ogilvy, son of Sir David Ogilvy of Inverquharity, fought at the battle of the Boyne in 1690, on the side of the dethroned James VII., against William III., when the latter was victorious, and James was obliged to flee to the Continent. Captain Ogilvy afterwards enlisted in foreign service, and at length fell in an engagement on the Rhine. He is said to have been the author of the Jacobite song, *It was a' for our rightful King*; and if so, he must have been as near of kin to the Muse as to Mars.

The present representative of the Inverquharity branch of the Ogilvys is the well known and highly esteemed Sir John Ogilvy, Bart., Baldovan House, lately M.P. for Dundee.

Shielhill is contiguous to Inverquharity, and in days of yore its proprietorship for many centuries, its Castle—romantically situated on the north side of the Esk, and on the top of a rock overhanging the river—and its chapel, dedicated to St Colm, gave it some conspicuousness in the Land of the Lindsays. But its bridge, built in 1769-1770, is its Historic Scene; and what has made it historic is that at it the late Dr Jamieson, author of the *Scottish Dictionary*, has laid the scene of his ballad, *The Water Kelpie*, beautifully written, and instinct with the lore of which Dr Jamieson was such a master, as about water kelpies, so about all kindred tribes of being. “The principal

design of the author of this piece," Sir Walter Scott says, "was to give a specimen of Scottish writing more nearly approaching to the classical compositions of our ancient bards than that which has been generally followed for seventy or eighty years past. As the poem is descriptive of the superstitions of the vulgar in the county of Angus, the scene is laid on the banks of the South Esk, near the Castle of Inverquharity, about five miles north from Forfar." The scenery is described as it appeared to the poet's eye, when—

- "And Prosen proud, with ribbet loud,
Comes ravin' frae his glen ;
As gin he nicht auld Esk affricht,
And drive him back agen.
- "Ae summer e'en, upon the green,
I laid me down to gaze ;
The place right nigh, quhar Carity
His humble tribute pays :
- "An ancient tour appear't to lour
Athort the neighbourin' plain,
Quhais chieftain bauld, in times of auld,
The kintrie call't his ain.
- "Its honours cow't, it's now forhow't,
And left the howlat's prey ;
Its skuggin' wude, aboon the flude,
With gloom owerspreads the day."

Then comes a vision of "a gaist," in a form so dreadful that it makes one's hair stand on end to read the account of it. It almost overwhelms the poet himself :—

- "With dreddour I, quhan he drew nigh,
Had maistly swarfit outricht ;
Less fleyit at lenth I gathered strength,
And speirit quhat was this wicht.
- "Syne thrice he shook his fearsoum bouk,
And thrice he snockerit loud ;
From ilka e'e the fire-flauchts flee,
And flash along the flude.
- "Quhan words he found, their elritch sound,
Was like the norlan blast,
Frae yon deep glack, at Catla's back,
That skeeps the dark-brown waste."

The "sound" struck bird, trout, par, salmon, and otter with terror and horror. The answer to the poet's *speirin* is long for insertion ; but as the ballad is, we fear, much forgotten, and as it is so rich in Kelpie lore, we shall give the answer entire.

- "Vile droich," he said, "art nocht afraid
Thy mortal life to tyne ?
How dar'st thou seek with me to speik,
Sae far aboon thy line ?

- “ Yet sen thou hast thai limits past,
That sinder spirits frae men,
Thy life ill spare, and aw declare,
That worms like thee may ken.
- “ In kintras nar, and distant far,
Is my renoun propall’t ;
As is the leid, my name ye’ll reid,
But here I’m Kelpie call’t.
- “ The stripes and burns, throw aw their turns,
As weel’s the waters wide.
My laws obey, their spring-heads frae,
Down till the salt sea tide.
- “ Like some wild staig, I aft stravaig,
And scamper on the wave ;
Quha with a bit my mow can fit.
May gar me be his slave.
- “ To him I’ll wirk, baith morn and mirk,
Qhile he has wark to do ;
Gin tent he tak’ I do nae shak’
His bridle frae my mow.
- “ Quhan Murphy’s laird his biggin’ rear’d,
I carryit aw the stanes ;
And mony a chiell has hard me squeal,
For sair-brizzod back and banes.
- “ Within flude mark, I aft do wark
Gudewillit, quhan I please ;
In quarries deep, quhile uthers sleep,
Great blocks I win with ease.
- “ Yon bonnie brig quhan folk waid big,
To gar my stream look braw ;
A sair-toll’d wicht was I be nicht,
I did mair than them aw.
- “ And weel thai kent quhat help I lent,
For thai yon image fram’t,
Abon the pend whilk I defend ;
And it thai *Kelpie* nam’t.*
- “ Quhan lads and lasses wauk the clais,
Narby yon whinny hicht,
The sound of me their daffin lays ;
Thai dar na mudge for fricht.
- “ Now in the midst of them I scream,
Quhan toozlin’ on the haugh ;
Than quhidder by them down the stream,
Loud nickerin’ in a lauch.
- “ Sicklikes my fun, of wark quhan run :
But I do meikle mair ;
In pool or ford can nane be smur’d
Gin Kelpie be nae their.
- “ Fow lang, I wat, I ken the spat,
Quhair ane sall meet his deid :

* “ A head like that of a gorgon, appears above the arch of the bridge. This was hewn in honour of Kelpie.”—*Jamieson.*

- Nor wit nor pow'r put aff the hour,
For his wanweird decreed.
- “For oulds befor, alongis the shoir,
Or dancin' down the stream,
My lichts are seen to blaze at een,
With wull wanerthly gleam.
- “The hind cums in, gif haim be win,
And cries, as he war wod—
Sum ane sall soon be carryit down
By that wanchancy flude.
- “The taiken leil thai ken fow weel.
On water sides quha won ;
And aw but thai, quha's weird I spae,
Fast frae the danger run.
- “But fremmit fouk I thus provoke
To meit the fate thai flee ;
To walderit wichts thai're waefow lichts,
But lichts of joy to me.
- “With ruefow cries, that rend the skies,
Their fate I seem to mourn,
Like crocodile, on banks of Nile,
For I still do the turn.
- “Douce, cautious men aft fey are seen,
Thai rin as thai war heyrt,
Despise all rede, and court their dede :
By me are thai inspir't.
- “Yestreen the water was in spate,
The stanners aw were cur'd ;
A man, nae stranger to the gate,
Raid up to tak' the ford.
- “The haill town sware it widna ride,
And Kelpie had been heard ;
But nae a gliffin wad he bide,
His shroud I had prepar'd.
- “The human schaip I sometimes aip ;
As Prosenhaugh raid haim
Ae starnless nicht he got a fricht,
Maist crack'd his bustuous frame.
- “I, in a glint, lap on ahint,
And in my arms him fang't ;
To his dore-cheek I kept the cleik,
The carle was sair bemang't.
- “My name itsell wirks like a spell,
And quiet the house can keep ;
Quhan greits the wean, the nurse in vain,
Thoch tyke-tyrit, tries to sleip.
- “But gin scho say, 'Lie still, ye skrae,
There's Water-Kelpie's chap,'
It's fleyit to wink, and in a blink,
It sleips as sound's a tap.
- “He said, and thrice he rais't his voice,
And geif a horrid gowl ;
Thrice with his tail, as with a flail,
He struck the flying pool.

“ A thunderclap seem't ilka whap,
 Resoundin' throw the wude ;
 The fire thrice flash't, syne in he plash't,
 And sunk beneath the flude.”

Since somewhere about the middle of the sixteenth century, the ownership of Balinscho or Benshie has been in persons connected with no fewer than three historic families. The first proprietor of it upon record in that century was Scrimgeour, a Bailie of Dundee, and one of the Dudhope family ; supposed to have been either the father or the brother of Henry Scrimgeour, the famous scholar and author, and Professor of Philosophy at Geneva. He died in 1572 ; and his sister Margaret was the wife of John Young, and the mother of Sir Peter Young of Easter Seaton, one of the tutors of James VI. The next proprietor was of the Airlie stock. About 1595 Ogilvy of Inverquharity having slain Lindsay of Blairiefedden, Sir John Lindsay of Woodray and Woodhead, a son of the tenth Earl of Crawford, killed Ogilvy of Balinscho, and took forcible possession of his lands. The third proprietor was Fletcher, a younger brother of Fletcher of Salton and Inverpeffer, who married a daughter of Sir Thomas Ogilvy, second son of Lord Airlie, whose life was part of the price with which Montrose purchased his great victory at Inverlochy. A successor of his added Lindertis to his patrimonial inheritance, and rose to the rank of a Major in the Indian army. The last Fletcher of Balinscho, a brother of the Major, was usually called in the district “ the daft laird,” and his *daftness* issued in the sale of his estates at his death, which then passed out of the Fletcher family.

Logie is the residence of the Kinlochs of Kilrie, a very old family, with a baronetcy, which was forfeited in 1746, for the part which their chief acted in the Rebellion of the previous year. The family is said to have “ produced many individuals eminent for their literature, their patriotism, and their loyalty.” One of these, David, a physieian, travelling in foreign parts, was seized and confined in the Inquisition in Spain, and obtained his liberty by an extraordinary cure which he performed on the Inquisitor-General, whose case had baffled all the native medical skill of the country. On returning to Scotland, he purchased lands with the wealth which he had acquired, was made physieian to James VI., and proved himself a man of great genius and learning, both by his pro-

fessional writings and by some elegant poems in the Latin language, which were admitted into the collection of the *Poetæ Scotigeni*.

Ballindarg is the seat of the Grahams of Morphie, the only landed Graham family now in Angus, the male lines of the Grahams of Fintry, Duntrune, and Claverhouse having been for some time extinct. The ancestral honours of the Grahams of Morphie have been variously estimated, but it must be admitted on all hands that it is no common lustre that has descended to them from John the Graham of Dundaff, the compatriot of Wallace; from James Graham, the great Marquis of Montrose; and from John Graham of Claverhouse, Viscount Dundee. The second and third of these we have had frequent occasion in these papers to say something about, and of the first we may state that a closer bosom-friend of his chief, a braver knight, and a more zealous champion of his country's independence did not enlist under Wallace's banner. He fell in the fatal battle of Falkirk, and was buried in the churchyard of that town. The inscription on his tomb is—

“Mente manueque potens et Valæ fidus Achates,
Conditur hic Gramus, bello interfectus, ab Anglis.
xxii. Julii, anno 1298.”

“Heir lyes Sir John the Graham, baith wight and wise
Ane of the chiefs who rescewit Scotland thrice;
Ane better knight not to the world was lent,
Nor was gude Grame, of truth and hardiment.”

His Grace the Duke of Montrose, the chief of the Grahams, and proprietor of Dundaff, where the ruins of Sir John Graham's Castle are still to be seen, is in possession of an old sword, on which the following lines are inscribed:

“Sir John ye Grame, very vicht and wyse,
One of ye chiefes relievit Scotland thryse,
Fought with ys sword and ner thout schame,
Commandit nane to beir it bot his name.”

To coming generations Kinnordy will be an Historic Scene, as the property and residence of Sir Charles Lyell, Bart., a man of rare general enlightenment and culture, and perhaps the most eminent geologist that Scotland has yet produced.

George Ogilvy, A.M., was translated from Benvie, and admitted to Kirriemuir on the 13th July, 1713. He was intruded on the parish, and the intrusion was violently opposed. At the Steps of Wester Tarbines, the members of the Presbytery were attacked by a numerous mob of men, women, and children,

who fired "blunt shot," and threw stones and clods at them. They were pursued for about a mile before they were free of disturbance; and then, at Cabbie-Latch in the Moor of Logie, upon the border of the parish, they performed the unwelcome admission. Next year, Mr Ogilvy commenced a process for stipend, which James, Earl of Panmure, defended; but the Lords decided in favour of the minister. He remained at Benvie, and did not take up his residence at Kirriemuir for two years and five months after his settlement. He died in 1771, aged about 90, and in the 61st year of his ministry.

RESCOBIE.

Rescobie and Aberlemno were inadvertently omitted in the Sidlaw District, to which, though placed here, the reader is requested to understand that they belong.

Rescobie was anciently a place of much more consequence than it is now. It was a burgh of barony; the town of Rescobie so privileged being, we presume, the Kirkton, which has totally disappeared. We also read once and again of the Royalty of Rescobie. The Retours of Edzell describe the farm of Durayhill and several other parts of the parish as Church lands belonging to St Andrews, and situated in the Regality of Rescobie. The Charter of Middle Drums speaks of the parish of Kinnaird as being in like manner in the Diocese of St Andrews, and Regality of Rescobie.

On the top of Turin Hill is Kemp or Camp Castle, as it is called; a mass of ruins covering the site of some great building, or, as it has been described, "of various extensive contiguous buildings, with a circular citadel of about forty yards in diameter." The walls of the citadel measured at one place thirteen feet in thickness, and in another place fourteen. The area of the circle enclosed was no less than six hundred and eighty-five square yards. Concerning these ruins it has been remarked that "even tradition does not tell a lie." The meaning of the compliment is, that it tells nothing about them; but in all probability they are the ruins of one of those old

forts, which our remote ancestors built, either against foreign enemies, or against the violence of neighbouring tribes, when deadly feuds broke out among them; or they might be meant to serve both ends.

There was another of those forts on the Hill of Pitscandly, of which there remained at the date of the last Statistical Account of the parish only "one or two of the foundation stones, and these almost wholly covered over with grass."

The vestiges of the great battle in this neighbourhood between the Picts and the Scots, in which Feredeth was slain, are pretty distinct. Pitscandly signifies the grave of the multitude; and it is likely enough that the name had its origin in the locality having furnished a grave to the multitude slain in the battle of Restennet. Then at the Blackgate of Pitscandly are two pillar-stones, the one larger and the other smaller, which are undoubtedly historic; and we know no reading of them which so much commends itself to us, as that of the late Rev. William Rogers, who says, "It is not impossible that the large stone, which is more than ten feet high and more than six feet broad, marks the place where Federeth, King of the Picts, fell, or was buried; and that the other stone is in memory of some other inferior but also distinguished chief." Many of high rank fell at the same time with the king. Buchanan says that "he perished with the flower of the nobility."

But the event which has more than any other made Rescobie an Historic Scene, is the death there of one of our own Scottish Kings. That was Donald Bain, brother of Malcolm Canmore. On the death of their father, Duncan, Donald had fled to the Hebrides; and it does not appear that he ever visited his brother Malcolm during his long reign of thirty-six years. But on hearing of his brother's death, he hastened to Scotland with a powerful armament, which Magnus Barefoot, King of Norway, had assisted him to collect. Malcolm had six sons, the oldest of whom, Edward, fell with his father at the siege of Alnwick. The five who survived him were under age at his death; and agreeably to the Celtic law of succession, their uncle Donald was preferred to the throne. Another thing favoured him; and that was the offence which many had taken at Malcolm's reforms, and at the favour shown to the Saxons who had come from England to Scotland as a place of refuge to them.

On possessing himself of the throne, Donald's first edict was

a sentence of banishment from the kingdom against all foreigners. The effect of this would have been to arrest the civilisation of the country, and to throw it back into the condition of the Hebrides, in which Donald had spent so many years of his life. With the permission of William Rufus, the English monarch, Duncan, an illegitimate son of Malcolm Canmore, gathered in England a large force of English and Normans, with which he came to Scotland, expelled Donald, and seized the throne. After a reign of four months, this Duncan was assassinated by the Maormor of the Mearns, and Donald Bain was restored to the throne. But only three years had elapsed when Edgar, one of the sons of Malcolm Canmore, was solicited to become a candidate for the crown, and was promised the support of the country. His uncle, Edgar Atheling, advised him to comply, and assisted him to raise a powerful army in England, with which he attacked Donald and vanquished him, put out his eyes, and committed him to prison, where he languished till his death, on which he was first buried at Dunkeld, and afterwards carried to Iona. The prison in which he was confined was the Castle of Rescobie.

Where the Castle was situated is not certain ; but we are inclined to the opinion that it may have been in the Loch of Rescobie. In those days, castles were built for security in lochs, as well as upon the tops of hills ; and on the south side of the Loch of Rescobie, within a few yards of its margin, there was, since this century began, a "large mass of stones piled up," which may have been the ruins of the Castle in which Donald Bain was imprisoned and died.

ABERLEMNO.

Aberlemno abounds in sepulchral remains. Besides cairns heaped over the dead, stone coffins are common ; evidently constructed in much haste, as if by persons afraid of being attacked before they had finished the rites of sepulture. These have been frequently met in the centre of the parish, but they are not confined to it. At no distant date, on the estate of Pitkenedy, was found one, containing a clay urn ; and near it were scattered a number of beads, of jet or cannel coal, of which

more than a hundred were gathered, forming, it has been said, "a necklace, probably the most complete hitherto found in Scotland." A little west of the Castle of Melgund are three tumuli, large enough to cover a hecatomb of the slain. In removing the stones of a tumulus at Carsgownie a stone coffin was found, with an urn in the centre of it, and around the circumference of the tumulus were similar coffins, but of ruder formation; the former seeming to be the coffin of a fallen chief, and the latter the coffins of his followers who had fallen with him.

These remains are clearly enough the wrecks of war; and, as the Statistical Account of the parish expresses it—"It is evident that the neighbourhood of the church has either been the scene of a succession of sanguinary conflicts, or else some great and protracted struggle has rolled hither and thither its tide of death over the adjoining fields."

The celebrated sculptured stones of Aberlemno we take to be monuments of the same dire visitation. "A few hundred yards to the north of the church"—we quote again from the Statistical Account—"there is a monumental stone, about eight feet in height, ornamented on one side with a cross, richly carved, and with two female figures in the garb and attitude of mourning. The other side is sculptured *in relievo*, with men, some on horseback and others on foot, intermingled with dogs. Near to this one are two smaller stones, which also have been ornamented; but the hand of time has greatly defaced them."

"One of the most perfect of these . . . is in the churchyard. On one side of this stone there is a curious cross in bold relievo, and entirely covered with flowered ornaments. On the reverse, towards the upper part of the stone, is another ornament, having no obvious meaning, but intended for ornament only. Beneath it there are some figures of men on horseback, armed *cap-a-pie*, with helmets. Two of these seem to be flying, but a third appears as if he were stopped in his flight by three men on foot, the first of which bears in his hand a weapon of a round form; the second has the same sort of weapon in his left hand, and in his right hand a spear which he is pointing at the man on horseback. The third figure is nearly obliterated. Below these there are two other equestrian figures, one of which holds a baton in his right hand, while the other appears to be in the attitude of encountering him."

We do not see that there is much difficulty or uncertainty in

the reading of these stones. The figures of armed warriors, &c., on the one side of them were appropriate symbols of the conflict and the havoc of the war which had filled the district with mourning. About the cross on the other side there can be no dubiety. That consecrated symbol not only pointed to the work of Calvary, but told also of the faith which, even in that rude age, those who erected and adorned these stones had in that mighty and blessed Saviour "who hath abolished death, and hath brought life and immortality to light through the gospel."

What was the war which had desolated Aberlemno, and of which these sepulchral remains and sculptured stones are the memorials? It was the war with the invading Danes in the beginning of the 11th century. The Annals of Ulster do indeed make mention of a great battle at Aberlemno in 697, in which "Conquar MacEcha M'Maldwin and Aod, the tall King of Daleriald," were slain. But it is not to be doubted that the remains and the stones with which we are now dealing, are chiefly, if not exclusively, the memorials of the battle at Aberlemno between Malcolm II. and the Northmen in 1012. One version of the story is, that it was fought with a detachment of the Danes, who were flying from Barry after their defeat there. Another version is, that the Danish host divided into three; that one division landed in the South Esk at Montrose, another at Lunan Bay, and the third at Barry, and that when the last was overthrown, one of the remaining divisions took to their ships and escaped; but that the other, endeavouring to reach the mountains with the view of passing to Moray, was overtaken and cut off near Brechin, which is understood to have been at Aberlemno. Which of these versions is to be preferred we do not wait to consider. Either sufficiently and equally explains the monuments in question. Both agree in making Aberlemno one of the great battlefields of the shire, and therefore one of our Historic Scenes.

Several particular localities in this parish are Historic Scenes. Melgund Castle is one of these. The barony of Melgund was acquired in 1542 by Cardinal Beaton. The Beatons, or, as the Fife branch prefer to spell it, the Bethunes, were an old family of note, as old as the days of William the Lion. It was the Cardinal who built the Castle of Melgund, and he resided much in it with Marion Ogilvy, his mistress, and the mother of his children, openly living with her as if they had been husband

and wife. He was a furious persecutor of the Reformers, and, as such, was justly odious to them ; but he made himself odious to others beside. Sir David Lindsay doubtless expressed the feeling of a great majority of the nation toward him when he wrote after his assassination :—

“ As for the Cardinal, I grant,
He was the man we weel could want,
And we'll forget him soon ?
And yet I think the sooth to say,
Although the loon is weel away ;
The deed was foully done.”

The Cardinal was the Wolsey of Scotland ; a man of inordinate ambition and avarice ; a thorough adept in the arts of priestly and courtly intrigue ; and, filling as he did the highest offices in Church and State, he unscrupulously made them subservient to the aggrandisement of his family and party, and to the maintenance of all that corruption and tyranny, ecclesiastical and civil, which had already brought the country to the brink of ruin. The pen of impartial historians has drawn his character thus—“ He was able, but unprincipled.” “ He was stained by great vices.” “ He united with great talents equally great vices, and left several children, the fruit of open concubinage.” The memorials of his infamy may yet be read on the ruins of his Castle. Over one window of a room of it are the Ogilvy arms, and over another window of the same room are the Beaton arms ; while on the corbel of the stair leading to this room are the Ogilvy arms, with the initials M. O. (Marion Ogilvy.)

From the Beatons, Melgund passed through the hands of several proprietors, till, by the marriage of the heiress of it to Sir Gilbert Elliot of Minto, it was carried into the noble family of Minto, and gives the title of Lord Melgund to the Earl of Minto's eldest son. Murray was the name of one of those proprietors. The founder of the family is said to have been a merchant in Dundee ; and there is a wonderful tradition concerning his posterity. It bears that, soon after the beginning of the last century, the merchant's son or grandson, with his whole family disappeared one winter night, when the tables were spread for supper, and the lamps blazing ; and that they were never more seen ! That they should leave Melgund, is not unintelligible ; they had gambled away their estate. But the mystery, and it is unsolved to this day, is, How did they disappear ? How did they dispose of themselves, so that they were

seen no more? One explanation is, that they fled to France. Another is, that they threw themselves with their silver plate (for it disappeared with them) into a deep pool of the small stream flowing by the side of their Castle. If we must choose between these explanations, we incline to prefer the former. It does humbly appear to us, that there is no pool in the Burn referred to so deep, but some adventurous Aberlemnoite would have seen, long ere now, whether there was silver plate at the bottom of it; and he could hardly have seen that, without seeing, at the same time, whether the Murrays were there too, keeping the plate company.

Aldbar Castle is another of our Scenes. Since 1296, when Lawrence de Cramond swore fealty to Edward I. of England, the barony has been in the possession chiefly of historic families; in that of the Cramonds till 1577, and afterwards in those of the Lyons, the Sinclairs, and the Youngs. It is worthy of notice that Thomas Ruddiman, the eminent grammarian, taught for a short time in the Castle after finishing his University course at Aberdeen in 1694. Mr Robert Young of Aldbar, the great-grandson of Sir Peter Young, preceptor of James VI., engaged Ruddiman to be the tutor to his son David. It would appear that his situation in the Laird's establishment was not very enviable; for within a year he accepted the humble office of schoolmaster in the parish of Laurencekirk.

In 1753, Aldbar was purchased by William Chalmers of Hazelhead, the representative of an old Aberdeenshire family, and his son and successor, Patrick, was Sheriff of Forfarshire from 1769 to 1807. But that which, above all other things, makes Aldbar an Historic Scene is that it was the seat of the late Patrick Chalmers, Esq. From 1835 to 1842 he represented the Angus Burghs in Parliament; and was, altogether, one of our most distinguished Commoners. He rendered invaluable service to the burghs and county by the influential support which he gave to every measure conducive to their interests. He was a model proprietor, believing and practising the maxim, that if property has its rights, it has also its duties. He did much to enhance the value and the amenity of his Castle and lands, and he did it with a philanthropist's delight in the employment which he thus gave to the artizan and labourer. A warm friend of education, he erected and endowed on his own estate one of the best schools in the shire. He gave premiums for superiority in cottage tidiness and gardening; and, in short,

spared no effort or expense in endeavouring to elevate the people by improving their habits and tastes.

In the republic of letters, and more especially in the department of Scottish history and antiquities, Mr Chalmers occupied a high place, as is testified by the honours which literary societies at home and abroad conferred on him, by his able assistance in the editing of some of the publications of the Bannatyne and Spalding Clubs, and, above all, by his magnificent volume on the Ancient Sculptured Stones of Angus. The style, so admirable in its antiqueness, in which he raised from its ruins the old chapel in the beautiful and romantic Den of Aldbar, conveying to it from the parish churchyard the remains of his predecessors, and to which his own were added on his death in 1854, will tell posterity, as long as the fabric endures, of his general culture, and of his accurate knowledge and exquisite taste as an antiquarian.

In the ruins of that chapel Mr Chalmers found a curious and interesting stone, which he transferred to the vestibule of his Castle, and of which Pinkerton thus wrote:—"It is well known that there exist in various parts of Scotland, but chiefly on the east side from the River Tay, singular erect stones, generally with crosses on one side, and upon the other sculptures, not ill executed for a barbarous age. Three are found at Aberlemno. That at the Chapel of Aldbar is singular, as, instead of horsemen and spears, there are two persons sitting, probably religious, and beneath them, a man seemingly tearing out a lion's tongue—perhaps Samson—and opposite to him a curious figure of an antique harp, and under these a man on horseback, a lamb, and other animals." The author of the *Statistical Account* of the parish judiciously remarks:—"It is most probable that this was either an altar piece, or that it was intended in some way to ornament the sacred edifice—whence it was taken. The subject is evidently a Scriptural one, although from the introduction of the harp, it is most probable that it was David, and not Samson, whom the sculptor designed to represent as achieving a victory over some beast of prey."

There is yet another of our Scenes in this parish. It is Balgavies Castle, the property and residence of Sir Walter Lindsay, third son of David of Edzell, the ninth Earl of Crawford. Sir Walter took the side of James VI., in his youth, was the King's apologist for his foolish and hurtful fondness for the Earls of Lennox and Arran, and was appointed one of the

gentlemen of the royal bedchamber. But he by and by changed sides. Becoming a pervert to Popery, a pervert's zeal inflamed him. He kept in his Castle an English Jesuit, and with his help confirmed the Popish Earls Huntly, Erroll, and Angus, and instigated them to those courses which made them such a plague to the King and the nation. They were in constant and confidential correspondence with the Court of Spain, to which, and to the Catholic League, they were ready to sacrifice the religion and the liberties of the land; and there is much ground for believing that it was in Balgavies Castle that this traitorous plot was hatched, and from it that this traitorous correspondence proceeded.

In 1593 James made an expedition to the north, avowedly to crush this pestilent faction; and, half-hearted as he was in the prosecution of this design, his vengeance happened to fall somewhat heavily on Sir Walter Lindsay of Balgavies. He overthrew his Castle, all but razing it to the foundation, and it was never rebuilt; the only vestige of it in our times being "the ruins of two of the vaults which still top a hillock in the corner of a field."

We may add, that in 1606 Sir Walter died a violent death. He fell by the hand of his kinsman, the Master of Crawford, son of the eleventh Earl. Throwing off all restraint, neither fearing God nor regarding man, he "overpassed the deeds of the wicked." He took to freebooting, and, at the head of a band of villains like himself, was the terror and scourge of the country, destroying property and life and not sparing his own nearest relatives.

Aberlemno was not behind its neighbours in its Jacobitism. John Ochterlony, A.M., who had been minister of the parish, and was chamberlain on the estate of Melgund, and proprietor of Flemington, signalised himself by his Jacobite zeal. In 1701, he was accused of withdrawing the people from those sent to preach by the Presbytery, overawing them by threatenings, and preaching to them in a meeting-house. He replaced himself in the church in 1703, and was deprived by a Justice Court. He intruded again in 1716; and was prosecuted before the Lords of Justiciary for "intruding into parish churches, lesson-making, and praying for the Pretender:" but the Solicitor-General deserted the diet in respect of His Majesty's Act of Grace. He still kept hold of the poor's box, mort-clothes, &c, which the Kirk-Session was obliged to demand of him in 1722.

He had a place of worship at Flemington for several years. In 1726 he removed to Dundee; and was that same year constituted Bishop of the non-jurant church of Edinburgh. The district of Brechin was assigned him in 1731, and he died at Dundee in 1742, aged seventy-five.

OATHLAW.

Oathlaw, anciently called Finhaven, is rich in Historic Scenes.

On the summit of Finhaven Hill are the ruins of what must have been, for its situation, an immense building. Its site shows its figure to have been a parallelogram; its main length being from 360 to 380 feet, and its main breadth from 90 to 120 feet, with outworks beyond of formidable dimensions. Its wall is calculated to have been, in its highest part, at least ten feet above ground, and six or eight feet below, and to have had more than proportionate thickness. It encloses a huge heap of stones, presenting all the looseness and rudeness which usually mark the work of "Desolation's blast." The chief well was on the western side, and was so large that it was at one time supposed to be the mouth of an extinct volcano. The stone of which the wall was built was mostly that of the Hill, which is conglomerate; but there are in it many traces of freestone, and of other species not common in the district, whencesoever they may have been brought. The structure was vitrified. By the action of fire applied to it after it was built, the stones had been liquified, and ran together, till, when cool, they formed a body more compact and hard than our modern cement is capable of effecting.

It seems to us that there is no room for hesitation about the purpose which this structure was meant to serve. We take it to have been one of the forts, erected by our grey fathers before the days of the Roman invasion for security against foes whether foreign or domestic, and it was evidently one of the great "strengths" of the kingdom. In its construction it appears to have been admirably fitted for this purpose, and it was admirably situated for it, too; on the top of a hill 573 feet above the level of the South Esk at the Castle of Finhaven,

and where, at the opening from the north of the Great Strath, it commanded the principal passes into it, through the valleys of the Isla, the Prosen, and the Esk. The idea that such an erection was intended merely for a beacon post, is, as it has been termed, "preposterous." Even the old legend, professing to account for the vast ruin, is not more unworthy of credit. That legend is to this effect:—That the ruin in question is the ruin of the first Castle which it was attempted to build at Finhaven. The attempt was not allowed to proceed far; not farther than the laying of the foundation. Any thing more which the builders raised during the day was always knocked down by some demon-power in the course of the next night. Watchers were set to protect the work, and to frighten away the mischievous spirit; but the result was, that the watchers themselves were frightened out of any wits which they had. Yet the enemy, though called a fiend in the legend, was not so very fiendish as was thought. At midnight it spoke thus to the watchers, amidst the din of the tumbling wall built the previous day:—

" Found even-down into the bog,
Where 'twill neither shake nor shog."

They took the hint, left the hill, and set to work in the vale, and their "stickit" work on the hill top remained to exercise the fancy of the Jonathan Oldbucks of future times.

At Battledykes, in this parish, are the remains of a great Roman Camp. Three sides of it, and part of a fourth, are said to be almost entire; five gates are distinctly seen; and so is the praetorium. Maitland accurately surveyed it in his day; and, according to his measurement, the mean length of the camp was about 2970 feet, and its mean breadth 1850, embracing an area of eighty acres. It was nearly three times larger than the famous camp at Ardoch, with which it communicated by the Roman Road which passed from Ardoch northward through Perthshire and Angusshire. Were it asked why the Romans had a camp of such magnitude and strength here, perhaps the explanation would lie in the numbers and valour of the native population in this quarter. Able to build on the Hill of Finhaven such a fort as we have been looking at, and resolved to defend it and themselves to the uttermost, the invader would naturally try to show himself as strong for attack as they were for defence. As it has been put, "The extent and magnitude of the camp at Battledykes, connected, too, with

the other camps in the neighbourhood, clearly shew that there must have been a strong and numerous body of the tribes at that time in this quarter. Most likely some powerful chief occupied the fort on the Hill of Finhaven. We can scarcely conceive of anything more perfect than the method thus employed for keeping all such in awe and subordination, when we consider that the dwellers in the fort must have seen the Roman legions continually passing and repassing at the foot of the hill from camp to camp. And how strongly and how constantly must they have been reminded of the presence of their masters, when we consider that the Roman camp was full in view of the fort, and that they must have heard every day the sound of the trumpet at the setting and the relieving of the watches?"

It is commonly believed that this camp was occupied by Agricola in A.D. 81; and General Roy says of it, "It appears to me to be one of the most entire of the kind hitherto discovered; at the same time that the similarity of its figure and dimensions prove indisputably that it held the same army formerly encamped at Ardoch and Grassy-walls."

Though Battledykes was occupied by soldiery, and from this circumstance derived its name, there is no record or tradition of any great battle having been fought here. It is therefore likely that the sepulchral remains found in the neighbourhood are to be accounted for by the deaths from natural causes at any place where multitudes of men rest for a season; and perhaps also by skirmishes which the Romans may have had here with the natives.

On the farm of Battledykes, and within the limits of the Roman Camp, are the King's Palace, the King's Seat, and the King's Bourne; significant names, and which seem obviously to point to a period when Finhaven was a Royal demesne and residence. Though we had no information when that was, we might well suppose that, with the Royal Forest of Plater or Plantane extending from Finhaven to the Hill of Kirriemuir, Royalty might have a seat, if it should be only a hunting seat, conveniently situated for pursuing in that forest the pleasures of the chase. But we have information of The Bruce giving the barony of Finhaven to one of his sons, which supposes it to have been then Crown lands. That was his illegitimate son, Robert Bruce, whom his father knighted, and who fell at the battle of Dupplin in 1332, fighting for his brother David II., against Edward, the eldest son of John Baliol.

Finhaven, long the principal residence of the great Lindsay-Crawford family, has associated with it many events of high interest and importance. The first Castle occupied the site where the ruins of the last are still to be seen, at the confluence of the Lemno and South Esk. The latest report on its condition which has come our way bears, that "the north wall of it was still entire, a substantial and beautiful piece of masonry, standing as perpendicular as when it was erected;" which we mention the more carefully, because it is such good news to all who believe in the prophecy of Thomas the Rhymer:—

"When Finhaven Castle rins to sand,
The world's end is near at hand!"

It was in 1375 that Finhaven and the Forestership of Plater fell to the Lindsays. King Robert II. then granted them by charter to Sir Alexander Lindsay of Glenesk. It is supposed that his son, Sir David created the first Earl of Crawford in 1398, may have built the first Castle of Finhaven; and it was the birthplace and chief country seat of most of his successors of the Glenesk line. He married the Princess Elizabeth, daughter of Robert II., and, besides ennobling him, the King gifted him with the barony of Strathnairn in Inverness-shire.

This Sir David was famous for his feats in arms, and specimens of his exploits have been handed down to us. When Duncan Stewart, illegitimate son of the Wolf of Badenoch, came south with a band of cateranes to pillage and kill, Sir David Lindsay of Glenesk, with Sir Walter Ogilvy, Sheriff of Angus, Sir Patrick Gray, and a number of their followers met him, Fordun says at Glenbrierichan, Wynton says at Glasklune, which is twelve miles farther south. In the conflict which ensued the Highlanders were victorious; Sheriff Ogilvy, his brother, and many of the gentry of Angus were slain, and Sir David Lindsay and Sir Patrick Gray were severely wounded. Sir David with his own hand had made many of the enemy bite the dust; but having pierced one of them with his lance and pinned him to the ground, "the savage mountaineer, though in the agonies of death, writhed his body up against the weapon, and collecting all his force, with a last dying effort fetched a sweeping blow with his broadsword, which cut through the knight's stirrup leather and steel boot

"Three ply or four above the foot,"
to the very bone."

It was Sir David who humbled effectually the pride of Lord Wells, a celebrated English warrior, in the tournament at London Bridge. Having been sent as ambassador into Scotland by Richard II., and having at a Scottish banquet heard Sir David extolling the prowess of his countrymen, Wells exclaimed—"Let words have no place; if you know not the chivalry and valiant deeds of Englishmen, assail ye mè, day and place where ye list, and ye shall soon have experience." "Then," said Sir David, "I will assail ye." Having given the challenger his choice of the time and place of combat, they met, according to his choice, on St George's Day, and at London Bridge, in the presence of King Richard, his Queen, the good Anne of Bohemia, the flower of the rank and chivalry of England, and a vast concourse of the common people. At the trumpet signal the knights rushed at each other "on their mighty horses right eagerly," and in the third course "Lord Wells was doung out of his saddle with sic violence that he fell to the ground.

'Flatlings down upon the green,'

with great displeasure of Englishmen." A desperate combat on foot succeeded, issuing in a complete and ignominious discomfiture of Lord Wells; to whom, as he lay at his feet, Lindsay showed all knightly courtesy and kindness, thereby enhancing the glory of his victory.

The victor died in Finhaven Castle in 1407, at the early age of 41, and was buried beside his royal spouse in the family vault within the Church of the Greyfriars, Dundee.

The circumstances in which Earl David and Sir Alexander Ogilvy of Inverquharity breathed their last in this Castle have already been related by us. They were carried into it, wounded, from the field of the battle of Arbroath, and they both expired in it, the Earl, it is said, "after a week of lingering torture."

David's son and successor was the Tiger Earl and Earl Beardie, so called from the ferocity of his temper and the exuberance of his beard. On Renet Green, about a mile to the west of the Castle, he made his submission to James II. He had joined in the rebellion against James, which had its outbreak in the battle of Brechin (of which more anon), and he had persisted in defying his sovereign, and in avenging confiscation and outlawry by all the depredation and destruction which he was able to commit, till he found himself deserted by

his fellow-rebels. When matters were in this state the King personally took a journey north against him, vowing that he would make the highest stone of the Castle of Finhaven the lowest. On Renet Green Beardie cast himself on the royal clemency. He appeared before James in poor apparel, bare-headed and barefooted, the picture of self humiliation and contrition ; and he addressed him in a speech so pathetic, that, when he ended, as Pitscottie says, the noblemen and gentlemen of Angus, who were present in great numbers, " held up their hands to the King maist dolorously, crying 'mercy'! while (till) their sobbing and sighing cuttit their words, that almaist their prayers could not be understood ; through the whilk their raise sic ruth and pity amang the company that nane amaist could contain themselves with tears."

James pardoned Beardie, and restored him to his titles and estates ; and, not forgetting his vow to demolish his proud Castle, he honoured the letter of it thus—

" Bounding nimbly to the highest tower,
Where Beardie went to pass his leisure hour,
Down to the lawn a crazy stone he threw,
And, smiling, cried—' Behold my promise true ! "

This stone was deservedly made a memorial stone, and was long fixed to the foot of the Keep by an iron chain.

Reconciliation being thus effected and solemnised, Beardie entertained the King and his attendants for three days in the Castle of Finhaven with the utmost magnificence ; and, six months afterward, " he tuik the hot fever and died, in the year of God ane thousand four hundred fifty-four years, and was buried with great triumph in the Grey Friars of Dundee, in his forbear's sepulchre."

Of his tiger character this Earl gave too many illustrations besides those given in connection with his rebellion against his sovereign. Other feudal lords had their gallows hills—he had a strong iron hook projecting from near the top of the south-east wall of his Castle, still remaining at the date of our latest report, from which he might conveniently suspend any offending vassal. And it required no great offence to doom one to dangle from that hook. A hapless minstrel, wandering one day into the grounds of the Castle, was overheard crooning some verses which prophesied evil concerning its owner. Brought into his presence, and made to repeat the verse, his doom was instantly pronounced by the Tiger.

“The ladie craved pity, but nane wad he gi’e—
The poor aged minstrel must die ;
And Crawford’s ain hand placed the grey head and lyre,
On the spikes of the turret sae high.”

On another occasion, a gallows was found in the Spanish Chestnut Tree, commonly called Earl Beardie’s Tree, which grew in the court-yard of the Castle ; said to have been the largest and the most beautiful and valuable tree ever seen in Scotland, as also the most aged, having sprung from a seed dropped by a Roman soldier in the days of the Roman invasion of the country. Mr Jervise writes :—“ On a messenger or gillie being sent from Careston to the Castle of Finhaven, he cut a walking stick from it (The Chestnut Tree), and the Earl was so enraged at the sacrilege that he had the offender hanged on a branch of it. The ghost of this luckless person still wanders betwixt Finhaven and Careston, and is the constant attendant of benighted travellers, by some of whom he is minutely described as a lad of about sixteen years of age without bonnet or shoes, and is known as Jock Barefoot. His freaks are curious, and withal inoffensive, and on reaching a certain Burn on the road he vanishes from view in a blaze of fire ! As if to confirm the story of Beardie still living in the secret chamber of Glamis—where he is doomed to play cards until the day of judgment—it is an old prophetic saying that

‘ Earl Beardie ne’er will dee,
Nor puir Jock Barefoot be set free,
As lang’s there grows a chestnut tree ! ’ ”

In the days of David, son of Earl Beardie, and the fifth Earl of Crawford, Finhaven Castle rose in dignity. From being the seat of an Earl, it became the seat of a Duke. In 1448 the Earl was created Duke of Montrose, the first dukedom ever conferred on a Scottish subject not of royal family. The title was taken from the burgh of Montrose, which, with its castle, customs, and fisheries, and the lordship of Kinclaven, in Perthshire, were erected into a Regality, to be called the Duchy of Montrose, and to be held on the tenure of the Duke rendering therefor a red rose yearly at the feast of St John the Baptist.

Earl David was from the first a great favourite of James III., and deservedly so. He was fervently loyal to him when individuals and factions were striving to grasp and wield the authority of the throne, and some of them were even base enough to be ready to sell the independence of their country. The King, therefore, bestowed on him many royal favours ; as

the keepership of the Castle of Berwick, the life rent of the Lordship of Brechin and Navar, and the Sheriffship of Angus, with the stronghold of Broughty at the mouth of the Tay. And when malcontent traitorous barons conspired with one another, and entered into intrigues with England, to dethrone James, and to set the crown on the head of his son, the Earl remained steadfastly and zealously faithful to his sovereign. When the conspiracy broke out in open rebellion, of the army with which James advanced against the insurgents, whom he found stationed at Blackness, near Linlithgow, Crawford furnished six thousand horsemen, and his influence with his kinsman, Lord Lindsay of the Byres, obtained from him two thousand more ; and his sense of deep obligation to him James showed by raising him to the highest place in the scale of nobility.

The Duke was a great favourite with James IV., as well as with his father ; closed his illustrious and honoured career at his Castle of Finhaven in 1495 ; and was succeeded by his second son, John, who, having killed his elder brother, shrunk from assuming the ducal title, and whose death by and by on the fatal field of Flodden foreclosed proceedings against him, for his fratricide, and all questions springing out of it.

The Castle of Finhaven was for twelve weeks the prison of his successor. His own son, whom history justly brands as the "Wicked Master" of Crawford, confined him in it for that space of time, and then for fifteen days in Brechin, to which he carried him ; during which he broke open and robbed his coffers, and seized his rents. He was the terror and scourge of his generation, but more especially of his neighbours and relations. So flagitious and enormous was his wickedness, that, in 1531, "he and his posterity were solemnly excluded from the succession to the estates and honours of the House of Crawford, and were blotted out as if they had never existed ;" and after leading the life of a desperado till 1542, "he was sticked by a souter of Dundee for taking a stoup of drink from him."

He was succeeded by Sir David Lindsay of Edzell, who, with a noble generosity, had the titles and estates of Crawford restored to the son of the Wicked Master. That son married Margaret, daughter of Cardinal Beaton by Marion Ogilvy, daughter of Lord Airlie ; for the Cardinal, maugre his vow of celibacy, did homage to the primordial law, "Be fruitful and multiply, and replenish the earth." Only a month before his

assassination in his Castle at St Andrews, this marriage was celebrated in Finhaven Castle with unexampled pomp and festivity, the Cardinal himself being present, and the bride bringing her husband a dower thereto unexampled in Scotland, amounting to four thousand marks. After a course in which he did not belie the proverb, "Like father, like son," this Earl died in 1574.

His son and successor, who was another Earl David, made even a richer marriage than his father had made. He wedded for his first wife Lilius Drummond, daughter of Lord Drummond, of Stobhall, and her dower is said to have been ten thousand marks.

The marriage turned out a wretched one, in consequence of a merry jest of Lady Crawford as to the paternity of her child. Her Lord took the jest in earnest, and sent her home to her family in disgrace. She rode back to his Castle to entreat his forgiveness and "comfort;" but he refused to listen to her. He then repented, and rode over to Stobhall, the Castle of the Drummonds, to seek for forgiveness himself; but she proved obdurate in her turn, and both died of grief that same night, and were buried in one tomb—"a story," says Lord Lindsay in his *Lives of the Lindsays*, "probably correct in all save its concluding catastrophe." The Earl survived Lilius, and was afterwards married to Lady Griseld Stuart, daughter of the Earl of Athole.

This melancholy story is the theme of the ballad of Earl Crawford, which deserves to be better known than it is. We shall transcribe the third and fourth parts of it:—

III.

- "Earl Crawford lay o'er castle wa',
And he beheld baith dale and down,
And he beheld her, Lady Crawford,
As she came riding to the town.
- "He called ane of his liverymen,
To come to him right speedilie,
'Gae shut my yetts, gae steek my doors,
Keep Lady Crawford out frae me.'
- "When she came to Earl Crawford's yett,
She tirl'd gently at the pin—
Oh, sleep ye, wake ye, Earl Crawford,
Ye'll open, let Lady Crawford in?
- "Come down, come down, oh, Earl Crawford,
And speak some comfort unto me,
And if ye winna come yoursel'
You'll send your gentleman to me."

- “ ‘ Indeed I winna come mysel’,
Nor send my gentleman to thee,
For I tauld you, when we did part,
Nae mair my spouse ye’d ever be.’
- “ She laid her mouth then to the yetts,
And aye the tears drap’t frae her e’e,
Says ‘ Fare ye weel, Earl Crawford’s yetts !
You again I’ll nae mair see.’

IV.

- “ Earl Crawford call’d on his stable-groom,
To come to him right speedilie,
And sae did he his serving-man,
That did attend his fair bodie—
- “ ‘ Ye will gae saddle for me my steed,
And see and saddle him speedilie,
And I’ll gang to the Lady Crawford,
And see if she will pity me.’
- “ Lady Crawford lay o’er castle wa’,
And she beheld baith dale and down,
And she beheld him, Earl Crawford,
As he came riding to the town.
- “ Then she has call’d ane of her maids
To come to her right speedilie,
‘ Gae shut my yetts, gae steek my doors,
Keep Earl Crawford out frae me.’
- “ When he came to Lady Crawford’s yetts,
He tirl’d gently at the pin,
‘ Sleep ye, wake ye, Lady Crawford ?
Ye’ll rise and let Earl Crawford in.
- “ ‘ Come down, come down, oh Lady Crawford !
Come down, come down, and speak wi’ me !
- “ And gin ye winna come yoursel’,
Ye’ll send your waiting-maid to me ?”
- “ ‘ Indeed I winna come mysel’,
Nor send my waiting-maid to thee,
Sae take your ain words hame again,
At Crawford Castle ye tauld me.’
- “ Oh, mother, dear ! gae make my bed,
And ye will make it saft and soun’,
And turn my face unto the west,
That I nae mair may see the sun.’
- “ Her mother she did make her bed,
And she did make it saft and soun’,
True were the words fair Lillie spake,
Her lovely eyes ne’er saw the sun.
- “ The Earl Crawford mounted his steed,
Wi’ sorrows great he did ride hame ;
But ere the morning sun appear’d,
This fine lord was dead and gane.

“Then on ae night this couple died,
And baith were buried in ae tomb ;
Let this a warning be to all,
Their pride may not bring them low down.

Faithless to the wife of his youth, it is not surprising that he was also faithless to his country. A Popish zealot, he was a leading member of the faction who, in 1585, plotted the invasion of the kingdom by the King of Spain and the Duke of Guise, and promised to assist them in making themselves masters of it. Tried for this conspiracy, with the Earls of Huntly, Erroll, and Bothwell, they were all found guilty and committed to prison ; but the amnesty granted at the King's marriage to Anne of Denmark set them at liberty, after which Crawford soon died.

His successor's *sobriquet* was the Prodigal Earl ; and it befitted him. He was prodigal alike of property and of life, plundering and killing as suited his need or his humour. He murdered his uncle of Balgavies, persecuted Sir David of Edzell, sought the life of his own son, and tried to complete the ruin of his family by breaking down and throwing away the estates belonging to it. He was at length apprehended, and imprisoned in the Castle of Edinburgh, where he died miserably ; leaving behind him a melancholy memorial of his prodigality in his only child, Lady Jean, of whom the Right Honourable author of the *Lives of the Lindsays* gives this brief biography :—“An orphan destitute and uncared for, and fated to still deeper debasement, having run away with a common ‘jockey with the horn’ or public herald, and lived latterly by mendicancy—‘a sturdy beggar,’ though mindful still of the sphere from which she had fallen, and ‘bitterly ashamed.’ Shortly after the Restoration Charles II. granted her a pension of £100 a-year, ‘in consideration of her eminent birth and necessitous condition,’ and this probably secured her comfort during the evening of her days.”

Of the remaining Earls of Crawford, of the old Lindsay family, we mention only Ludovick, who, for the Stuart cause, sacrificed his fortune, his country, and we may say his life. He was the bosom friend of Montrose ; and these two, it can hardly be doubted, concocted what is known in history by the name of the Incident. It went “a-gley,” as the best laid schemes often do ; but had it fulfilled the purpose of its concocters, the Marquis of Hamilton, Lord Lanark, and the Marquis of Argyll would have been entrapped, and either put to death, or hurried

on board a ship of war in Leith Roads and detained there until they could be tried for treason; Edinburgh would have been taken, and the Castle and the Marquis of Montrose, at that time a prisoner in it, would have been set free; Crawford and Montrose would have reigned without a rival; and, in short, the country would have been blessed with the realisation of all the devout aspirations of the Cavaliers.

Everything in and about Finhaven Castle, in the palmy days of the great Earls of Crawford, shewed the princely state which they kept up. Like the monarch himself, they had their Privy Council; and the Councillors were of the oldest and most honourable families of Angus. They had their constables, their armour-bearers, their chamberlains, &c., the two first being hereditary. In beauty, richness, and costliness, the furniture of their castle was unrivalled, and lacked nothing that could minister to comfort and luxury. The society visiting was the most select and exalted in the land; and for security, the trustiest vassals were located in the immediate neighbourhood, as at Barnyards and Markhouse. If ever earthly greatness and glory promised to be enduring it was here; but they have long since perished utterly. Of the gorgeous fabric, all that remains is the ruin familiar to the eye of the wayfarer; and of its proud occupants, all that remains is a "heap of dust."

"They rose to power, to wealth, to fame;
They gained a proud, a deathless name—
First in the field—first in the State—
But ah! the giddy tide of fate
Refloved, and swept them from their throne,
And thus they 'came Misfortune's own i'"

Much too long have we been tempted to tarry at Finhaven Castle; and we bid adieu to it with merely noting that, in 1635, Finhaven passed out of the hand of the Lindsays, first to the Earl of Kinnoull, and next to the Earl of Northesk, who, in 1672, disposed it to his second son, the Honourable James Carnegie, who sat in Parliament at the time of the Union between Scotland and England, and strenuously opposed it; and whose youngest son succeeded him, and was the Carnegie of Finhaven who killed the Earl of Strathmore on the street of Forfar, as has been already related by us.

Andrew Allan, A.M., minister of the parish of Oathlaw, was deposed by the Commission of the General Assembly of the Kirk in 1649; "they having heard him preach at two several tymes, and found him altogether confused, ignorant of

the purpose of his text," &c. In 1651, Parliament allowed his children £50 from vacant stipends.

John Grub, a Prelatist, intruded into the parish, and was declared an intruder by the Presbytery, in 1696. He was ejected, and declared fugitive, by the Privy Council in 1701. He intruded into Kirkden in 1715, and into Carmyllie in 1716; and for these intrusions, accession to the late Rebellion, and contumacy, he was deposed in 1717. When tried for these crimes the same year, before the Lords of Justiciary, the diet was deserted, in respect of His Majesty's Act of Grace. He and Francis Rait had an illegal meeting-house in Brechin, which was shut by order of the Lords of Justiciary in 1726. Public worship in the Episcopalian form was as unlawful then, as public worship in the Presbyterian form had been for the twenty-eight years that preceded the Revolution; and each party has the infamy of executing the law on its rival.

Not seldom did zealots make law for themselves, as well as execute it. This happened in Oathlaw, in the beginning of the Rebellion of 1715. Persuading themselves that the day of the Presbyterians had passed, and that the devout wishes of the Jacobite Lairds and their worshippers were now to be fulfilled, two women dragged the minister, John Anderson, A.M., out of the pulpit. As often happens to well-doers in this evil world, the two viragos suffered for their good deed. They were "ordained to stand, each in a white sheet, on the pulpit stair, in the very place where they attacked the minister, and be rebuked in the face of the congregation."

TANNADICE.

Tannadice was a thanedom at the date of the first notice we have of it. In 1363, David II. gave it and the thanedom of Glamis to John de Logy, probably the father of his second Queen, Margaret Logy. David's nephew, Robert II., afterwards gave both thanedoms to Sir John Lyon, as dower with his wife, the Princess Jane, the King's daughter.

There is hardly a place in the Strathmore portion of Tannadice that could well be called an Historic Scene. The history which was doubtless associated with the three Laws of the parish

has perished. The Laws themselves have been levelled in the progress of agricultural improvement, and are contributing their quota to the food markets of the country. They resemble other Laws which still remain in the shire. They were conical structures, containing sepulchral remains, of which the writer of the Statistical Account of the parish has said all that can be said, but it does not amount to so much as a fragment of history : "In these tumuli coarse earthen pots or urns were found, protected and surrounded by six flat square stones, and containing a quantity of black ashes, probably the remains of the illustrious dead ; while the remains of the less eminent seemed to have been deposited in and covered by the same number of stones, called coffins, but without any urns or ashes, or accumulations of earth. Perhaps the bodies of the former were burned, while those of the latter were not so honoured."

On the north side of the South Esk, and near the present Bridge of Sheathill, stood Queich Castle in days of yore. No vestige of the Castle is now to be seen ; but the site of it, on which a plain cottage stands, is "a precipitous rock, looking sheer down through deep and yawning chasms, upon a rush and turbulence of water, and almost isolated and rendered nearly inaccessible, and altogether romantic, by the river." Queich Castle was the property, and one of the residences, of a Historic family, the Earls of Buchan, the first of whom was a half-brother of James II., and, about 1466, married Margaret, the only child of Sir Alexander Ramsay of Auchterhouse. By this marriage he succeeded to the estates of the Auchterhouse Ramsays ; and these continued in the possession of the Earls of Buchan for very nearly two hundred years, when they passed, by purchase, in 1653, to the Earl of Panmure. But no memorable event, connected with the Buchans' possessions in Tannadice, or with their sojournings in Queich Castle, has come under our notice.

There was another Castle in Tannadice on the side of the Esk, which has also quite disappeared, and of which we know nothing more than that it was near Auchlouchrie, on the eminence still bearing the name of the Castlehill, "overhanging a deep gorge of the river, and having round its base a semi-circular fosse twelve feet deep and thirty wide."

CARESTON.

Careston, though the smallest parish in the shire, has its Historic Scenes.

The Noran and the South Esk join in this parish ; and in the peninsula formed by their junction, some antiquarians, whose judgment is worthy of being deferred to, place *Æsica*, one of the stations of the Roman army in its progress northward in A.D. 81. This opinion, it is thought, derives countenance, as from other considerations, so from the names borne to this day by a farm and a house in the neighbourhood. In the Statistical Account of Careston we read—"Perhaps the farm of Gateside took its name from the Roman station *Æsica*, as forming a gate or port to and from the river ; and there is yet in the vicinity a house named Ward-end, which might possibly refer to some lesser fort connected with the former one."

Careston was originally Carald-stane ; and one explanation of the name is curiously interesting. It is said to have been taken from Carald, a Danish leader in the army of Camus. The story is that, in fleeing from the battle of Aberlemno, he was overtaken and killed near the farmhouse of Nether-Careston ; and that to perpetuate the memory of this achievement over a chief of the invaders, his victors raised a barrow over the spot where he was buried, and erected an obelisk on it, which they named Carald-stane, or Carald's-stone, afterwards contracted into Careston. The obelisk is supposed to have been raised contemporaneously with the obelisks or Sculptured Stones of Aberlemno, which were at one time five in number. Says the author of the Topography of the Basin of the Tay—"There were formerly five of these obelisks (at Aberlemno), and in the vicinity are several *tumuli* and cairns. Some of these have been opened, wherein were found rude stone coffins, containing black earth and mouldering bones. *Stat. Acco.*, vol. 4, p. 50. There was formerly a sixth obelisk on the north side of the South Esk, in the parish of Careston, anciently called Carald-stane, and this obelisk was supposed to mark the spot where Carald, a Danish chief, fell ; and in the neighbourhood are two remarkable barrows."

The main part of the Castle of Careston is more than two hundred years old ; and through neglect, more than from the

wearing influence of the "tooth of time," it has suffered much dilapidation both within and without. But it was once one of the most splendid baronial residences in Angus. Ochterlony thus describes it:—"A great and most delicat house, well built, braw lights, and of a most excellent contrivance, without debait the best gentleman's house in the shyre; extraordinare much planting, delicate yards and gardens with stone walls, ane excellent avenue with ane range of ash-trees on every syde, ane excellent arbour, for length and breadth, none in the countrey lyke it. The house built by Sir Harry Lindsay of Kinfaines, after (wards) Earl of Crawford." There is still a rare style about the fabric, even in those parts of it where decay is most marked; and it is to be hoped, that when the present proprietor by and by enters on the possession of it, he will be able so to repair it, and so to decorate it with the remains of its fine old sculpture, that his Castle will be second to none in the county.

The families who have successively possessed Careston have been most of them, historic families. The first of them on record were the Dempsters. They took their name from their office, which we shall afterwards explain; that, viz., of Dempsters or Doomsters to the Parliaments of Scotland. In 1379, King Robert II. confirmed to Andrew Dempster of Careston, the office of heritable Dempster to the Parliaments. It was two of those Dempsters who, associating with the profligate sons of the Duke of Montrose, were accomplices with them in the sacrilege committed on the monks and horses of Coupar Abbey. The barony next fell to the Lindsays; after that to the Carnegies; after that, to Stewart of Grandtully and Murthly; and after that, to the Skenes—an old Scottish family, of which we read in the time of the War of Independence; the heads of which fell at Harlaw, Flodden, and Pinkie; and which figured also in the Civil War of the seventeenth century; James Skene having been a zealous Royalist, for which he had to go into exile; and his second son having joined the Covenanters, was taken prisoner at Rutherglen, and executed in the Grassmarket, Edinburgh, on the 1st December, 1680.

George Skene bought Careston from Stewart in 1720. Captain Skene, one of his successors, a zealous Reformer, like the late Lord Panmure, attended with his Lordship a public banquet in Paris, at which, soon after Napoleon was made First Consul, they had the audacity to drink to his overthrow. Napoleon arrested them, and the fines which he imposed on

them, and the bribes which they had to pay for their escape, were so heavy as to embarrass both of them for the residue of their lives. Of another of the Skenes some tempting stories are told. He was a great musician, and it was commonly believed that he could make the bag-pipes play in the Castle while he himself was at a distance, strolling in the fields. The commonly received explanation of the prodigies ascribed to him was that he had, when travelling on the Continent, acquired, like the Black Earl of Southesk, the art of magic. He was a great Bacchanalian, as well as musician, and riding home one night rather top-heavy, and falling over his horse's ears into a Burn which he was crossing, he cried to his man, Harry Walker, "Is that a man fa'in i' the water, Harry? I thocht I heard a plash!"

The farm of Nether Careston, which we have mentioned, almost deserves to be reckoned a Historic Scene, as being the first place in the district where the agricultural implement called *fanners* was used. Mitchell, the tenant of the farm, and a very advanced agriculturalist in his day, ventured on the innovation, and it required no little courage to do so. The alarm and horror of the district knew no bounds. The wind produced by the fanners was *Devil's Wind!* and for fear of a blast of it, nobody, for a time, would assist Mitchell and his family in working the fanners, and hardly anybody would let a particle of the meal made of grain so winnowed enter his house.

It was in front of Careston Castle that Montrose and his men first rested, on the 5th April, 1645, in accomplishing their famous retreat into the Highlands. They had left Dunkeld at midnight for Dundee, which they reached about ten o'clock in the morning. They had stormed the town. They had marched from Dundee to Arbroath, skirmishing a good part of the way with a detachment of Covenanters, who hung on their rear. They had cut across the country, passing between the two Parliamentary Generals, Baillie and Urrey; and they landed before Careston in the grey of the morning, their fatigue unrelieved by a moment's repose since they left Dunkeld. No wonder that they immediately sunk down on the lawn in profound sleep! And no wonder that Montrose, on hearing of Baillie's approach, had to prick many of them with their swords in order to awaken them! Thus aroused, they resumed their retreat, and were soon able, from the fastnesses of Glenesk, to bid their pursuers defiance.

To these things we must add that the eminent persons whom Careston has produced have made it historic. The Rev. John Gillies, minister of the parish from 1716 to 1753, left two sons, John and Robert. John became the Rev. Dr John Gillies, author of the *Life of George Whitfield*, and of *Historical Collections of the Success of the Gospel*, and for forty-four years minister of the South Parish, Glasgow. Robert, a merchant in Brechin, and ultimately proprietor of Little Keithock, had three sons, John, Thomas, and Adam. John was the author of the *History of Ancient Greece*, and many other works; and, on the death of Dr Robertson, was appointed *Historiographer Royal for Scotland*. John, a surgeon, went to India, where he made a large fortune, and was the father of Robert Pearce Gillies, who has told the story of his life in the *Memoirs of a Literary Veteran*. Adam was the late well known and greatly esteemed Lord Gillies, raised to the bench in 1811, and on which he sat till within a few weeks of his death in 1842. At the bar he made his mark by his noble defence of some "political martyrs" in the early part of this century. He was the first of our judges who studiously disused the Scotch vernacular, and even affected ignorance of it; and hence a ludicrous anecdote which is told of him. He was one day trying a case on circuit, in which some natives of Brechin were witnesses. One of them, an old man, whom Lord Gillies had known from his infancy, in giving his evidence called a *hat a hét*. "What do you mean by a hét, sir?" said his Lordship, snappishly. "I thoct," answered the witness, "that yer honour had been lang eneuch about Brechin to ken what a *hét* was!"

BRECHIN.

The age of the City of Brechin is unknown. The Pictish Chronicle, which has the earliest notice of it upon record, says that, in 990, it was "a great city." How long it had existed before that date, and when it had attained its greatness, are matters of conjecture, which Boece does not much assist in characterising Brechin as being in the time of Malcolm II. (1001—1031) "an old town of the Picts."

Long before that date the Romans were in its neighbourhood. At Keithock, three miles north of Brechin, they had a camp, called War Dykes, now Black Dykes. It is calculated to have been nearly of the same size as the small camp at Ardoch, capable of containing, on the Polybian system, about 12,000 men. With this division of his forces Agricola is thought to have left his main army at Battle Dykes, and to have proceeded to Keithock; and it is further thought likely that the camp he made at Keithock was reoccupied by Lollius Urbicus. It was on the line of the great Roman Road, which proceeding northward in Perthshire by Ardoch and Grassy Walls, passed through the southern part of Angussshire to Rae-dykes in the Mearns.

In the earliest era of its annals of which we have any glimpse Brechin was a seat of the Druids. Tradition has spoken of it as "the chief seat of Druidism benorth the Forth, and the Pictish capital." However this may have been, there is no room to doubt that, in Pre-Christian as in Christian times, Brechin owed much of its importance to its being a *sacred city*. It had been so with all like places in Scotland; with Abernethy, with Lochleven, and with Iona itself. Chalmers says, in his *Caledonia*, "that the principal seat of Druidism in Scotland seems to have been in the recesses of Perthshire, near the range of the Grampian hills;" but it was not confined within the limits of Perthshire, and it is certain that it extended northward into Angus in the line of the same "range." We shall come to marked remains of it in the "recesses" of the district to which Brechin belongs. We have them, indeed, in the parish itself; for we agree with Huddleston, in his edition of Toland's *History of the Druids*, that the three farms close upon Brechin, called Pittendreich, are identified with Pit-an-donach, which is, being interpreted, the burial-place of the Druids. We also agree with Mr Black, in his *History of Brechin*, that the site of public worship in the time of the Druids may have been the same as the Established site of it is now. "Without much stretch of the imagination," says he, "we can conceive that the site of the present Presbyterian Church of Brechin was the place of worship successively of Druids, Culdees, Romanists, Episcopalians, and Presbyterians. Nor is there any thing in the situation of the church of Brechin opposed to the idea that it was originally a Druidical temple. The church stands on a sandstone rock, the sides of which are precipitous on the south and east; and while

the western side slopes more gently, the northern side appears to have been a deep ravine ; for every excavation made on that side proves that the earth, to a very great depth, is forced or artificial. Such an isolated rock presented a fit site for the worship of the Druids ; and the dells around may then have been clad, as some of them still are clothed, with umbrageous trees, the castle and town of Brechin being, in the time of the Druids, both alike unknown. Whether such a succession of religious orders did or did not occur on the little mount which for ages has been the burying-place of the inhabitants of Brechin, it is impossible positively to say ; but there is nothing in the supposition inconsistent with what has occurred amongst other nations which have undergone changes in their religious dynasties—the newly established order having generally selected the places of worship of the expelled party for the site of the new churches or altars.”

In the next era, Brechin was a chief seat of the Culdees ; and they supplanted the gross superstitions and the bloody rites of the Druids. The Culdees came to Britain from Ireland in the sixth century with St Columba. Landing in Iona, they planted there their religious establishment ; which was essentially an institute for training missionaries to go forth and evangelise the country. A greater, a more difficult, and a more praiseworthy enterprise was never attempted ; and the success of it was marvellous. The parent institute in Iona multiplied betimes into three hundred Mission Colleges on the main-land and in the islands ; and to the labours of the men whom those Colleges educated and sent forth, Scotland owed for a number of centuries almost all its Christian enlightenment and civilisation.

The Culdees found their way to Brechin, and made it one of their centres of evangelisation, setting up in it one of their Colleges. In 990, Kenneth III. “gave the great City of Brechin to the Lord.” The general idea must be that he gave it to the Lord by giving it to His Church, by making it somehow specially tributary to the interests of the Church ; and the Church in Brechin, as elsewhere in Scotland, was then Culdee. When Malcolm II. (1003—1033), having defeated the Danes at Aberlemno, is said to have erected, in honour of the victory, a monastery at Brechin, the monastery could be no other than a convent for the Culdees. When David I. (1124—1153) gave a charter for holding markets on Sabbath in Brechin, he gave

it to the "bishops and the Culdees:" so his grandson, William the Lion (1165—1214), expressly said in confirming the charter.

The Church of Rome hated the Culdees. They did not partake with it in many of its abominations, but witnessed against them. They held fast by the Word of God as the only infallible standard and rule in matters of religion. They rejected transubstantiation, the worship of saints and images, purgatory and prayers for the dead, the infallibility of the Pope, the doctrine of the merit of good works, and other Romish tenets. The consequence was, that as Romanism grew strong, it persecuted Culdeeism, setting itself to extirpate it; and it so succeeded that by the end of the thirteenth century, or the beginning of the fourteenth, the Culdees had dropped out of view. By 1248 they had entirely disappeared in Brechin.

But there are yet unmistakeable traces of them about the city. The gardens on the west side of the present Parish Church, and belonging to the Kirk Session, are called the College Yards, and who can doubt that they were in days of yore the Yards of the Culdee College hard by? The well in these gardens, yielding remarkably pure and sweet water, is called the College Well, and who can doubt that it was the well of the Culdee College? There is a wynd called the College Wynd, and who can doubt the origin and the historic import of such a name?

Above all, the famous round tower is a standing memorial of the presence and power of the Culdees in Brechin. About it and the Abernethy Tower, the only other of the class in Scotland, there has been endless speculation. The opinions, too, about their age, their builders, and their uses, have been so many and diverse, that we cannot afford space to state them in a way that would be intelligible. There are many such towers in Ireland, and nowhere else in the world. From this we might naturally presume that the idea of the Round Towers came from Ireland. The sculpture on the Brechin Tower (there is none on the Abernethy one) is Christian symbols. The crucifixion is the subject carved over the door-way. From this we might naturally presume that the idea of the Round Towers was brought from Ireland by the Culdees; the missionaries by whom Scotland was originally Christianised. And these presumptions are sustained by the most learned investigations. They are in harmony with the conclusions to which Mr Petrie

came in his prize essay, published by the Royal Academy of Dublin; and they would seem to be now generally acquiesced in. His conclusions are, "1, That the Towers (in Ireland and Scotland) are of Christian and ecclesiastical origin, and were erected at various periods, between the fifth and thirteenth centuries. 2, That they were designed to answer, at least, a two-fold use, namely to serve as belfries and as keeps or places of strength, in which the sacred utensils, books, relics, and other valuables were deposited, and into which the ecclesiastics to whom they belonged could retire for security in cases of sudden predatory attack. 3, That they were probably also used, when occasion required, as beacons or watch-towers."

The Round Towers of Brechin and Abernethy remain; but all vestiges of the ecclesiastical buildings connected with them are gone. It was not so, however, so late as about the middle of the last century. Maitland, the historian, a native of the town (born about 1690, died in 1757), testifies that the ruins of the Culdee College or Church at Brechin were visible in his day. And of the ruins of the Culdee College or Church at Abernethy. Captain Grose, the "chiel amang you takin' notes" in Burns' time, actually took the engravings; and these are yet to be seen in his *Antiquities of Scotland*.

Brechin was burned by the Danes in 1012. Either their whole army, landing at Redhead, and taking a circuitous route by Brechin to Barry, gave it to the flames, or one of the three divisions, into which they are said to have formed, directing its course northward by Brechin, set fire to it. The latter version of the history is perhaps the more likely one; and if so, the division which burned Brechin must have been that which was pursued and cut off at Aberlemno.

It was about 1150 that the Cathedral of Brechin was founded by David I. About the same time the town is supposed to have been created a royal burgh; and, according to Keith, the first known Bishop of the See flourished about 1155-6. King David was a zealous Papist, and therefore a zealous ante-Culdeeite. The addition of a Prelate with a diocese to the orders previously existing in the Culdee Church, was significant of his policy, which aimed at suppressing Culdeeism, and completely conforming the Scottish Church to the Roman model.

With the Cathedral were connected several chaplainries, prominent among which was that of the *Maisondieu*, or, as it was

also called, the Hospital of the Virgin Mary. The chapel of Maisondieu was founded and endowed about 1256 by William of Brechin, grandson of David, Earl of Huntingdon, brother of William the Lion, whom the King, among many other tokens of his loving favour, made Lord of Brechin. The chapel was a small but elegant house, pretty well endowed; and in process of time, when the lordship of Brechin came to the Panmure family, the endowment was made to serve the interests of education as well as religion. The minister of the chapel was taken bound to "teach the youth of the city of Brechin in grammar, and exercise the place and charge of a master of the grammar school within the samyne." This was the origin of the Grammar School of Brechin, the rector of which, under an arrangement made in 1833, now draws a salary of £50 a year, in lieu of the old Maisondieu endowment. The site of this chapel was in what bears the memorial name of the Maisondieu Lane or Vennel. Part of the walls of it is still standing; and in the last stage of its existence as a house it had, alas! been put to a vile use. It was turned into a stable! which a fire happily put a period to, "the wood work and one or two horses being burned to ashes."

Brechin Castle, the favourite residence of the Earl of Dalhousie, is beautifully and romantically situated on the south of the city, and on the top of a cliff about eighty feet high, overshadowing the South Esk. It occupies the site of the Old Castle, of which we read as early as the days of Henry of Brechin, the son of David, Earl of Huntingdon. In the time of Edward I. of England, the Castle belonged to David of Brechin, who, though brother-in-law to The Bruce, long adhered to the English interest, and fought against the patriots of his native country

On the 10th July, 1296, Edward visited Brechin Castle, for a purpose the most humiliating to Scotland. It was to receive from John Baliol the formal surrender of his crown and kingdom. His vassalage to Edward proving too galling to be tolerable, Baliol solemnly renounced his allegiance to him, sending to his Court Henry, Abbot of Arbroath, with the instrument of renunciation. This gave Edward the pretext wanted for putting an end to the separate and independent existence of Scotland as a kingdom, and annexing it to his English dominions. He entered Scotland by Berwick with an army to which it could offer no effective resistance; and when he had

proceeded as far as Perth, Baliol felt himself reduced to the necessity of sending him a message offering submission, and imploring peace. Edward directed him to repair to Brechin Castle, where he would learn from the Bishop of Durham the terms on which alone mercy could be extended to him. He must not only abdicate his throne in favour of Edward, but he must do so in a manner the most degrading. "Divested of his royal robes, and crown, and sceptre, he was compelled to stand as a criminal, with a white rod in his hand;" to "confess that, misled by evil and false counsel, as he averred, and through his own simplicity, he had grievously offended his liege lord;" to "recapitulate his various transgressions;" to "acknowledge the justice of the English invasion and conquest;" and to "resign his kingdom, its people, and their homage, into the hands of his liege lord, Edward." And all this humiliation only saved his life; for he was forthwith sent a prisoner to the Tower of London, and thus ended his brief, inglorious, and wretched reign.

In returning from the north, into which he had gone as far as Aberdeen and Elgin, Edward again visited Brechin Castle, and spent in it the night between the 4th and 5th of August, 1296. Proceeding thence to Scone, he concluded what he fondly regarded as the conquest of Scotland, by removing from Scone to Westminster, along with the crown and sceptre, the famous stone on which the long line of Scottish Kings had been crowned and anointed—the Stone of Destiny—concerning which had been uttered the well-known oracle, which Edward thought he was falsifying, but which many regarded as restored to credit and accomplished by the accession of James VI. to the English crown.

"Unless the fates are faithless grown,
And prophets' voice be vain,
Where'er is found this sacred stone
The Scottish race shall reign."

In 1297, Wallace recovered the Castle of Brechin from the English garrison which Edward had left in it, and it seems to have continued in the possession of the Scots till 1303, in which year Sir Thomas Maule, brother of Sir William Maule of Panmure, made his famous defence of it. Edward had that year gone as far north as Moray, and in returning south, his progress was so triumphant, that the only fortress which did not at once open its gates to him was the Castle of Brechin. He laid siege to it with a force, compared with which the

garrison within was a mere handful. Its brave commander held out for twenty days against all the strategy and power of the assailants—appearing on the ramparts, and contemptuously wiping off with a handkerchief or towel the dust and rubbish raised by the embryo artillery of the English. But a shot at length struck him down mortally wounded. The shot was from an engine called the War Wolf: the power propelling it was powder, then beginning to be used in war; and the deadly missile was a rounded stone, the Wolf being capable of discharging stones of two or three hundredweight. Tradition says that the engine was planted on the east side of the deep ravine which then ran between the city and the Castle, and that Sir Thomas Maule was on the bastion, now as then on the south-east corner of the Castle, when the shot struck him. It is also noteworthy that, on the ground occupied by the besiegers, there have been found stone coffins; a skull with a nail in it, the owner of which may have been killed by a shot from the Castle; and a rounded free stone, which may have been one of the stones which the English had prepared for using in the siege. As Sir Thomas lay dying on the ground, his men asked him if they might now surrender, and were answered by upbraidings for their cowardice. His death, however, ended the defence; for the garrison capitulated next day.

In 1310, The Bruce must have honoured Brechin with a visit. By a charter dated at Brechin on the 4th of December that year, he conferred certain privileges on the church of Brechin.

Though a Maule of Panmure happened to be military commander of Brechin Castle at Edward's invasion, it was not till long afterwards (1642) that the lordship of Brechin became the property of the Maules. In the interval it was in many different hands. For a while after the War of the Independence it continued in the possession of Lords of the Huntingdon line; and two of these suffered the death of traitors. In 1320, Sir David of Brechin suffered as an accomplice of Sir William of Soulis and others in their conspiracy against the life of King Robert Bruce. His death was much lamented, but there can be no reasonable doubt of his guilt; and it was aggravated by his being a tool and pensioner of England, by his relation to the King, who was his uncle, and by the pardon which had been previously extended to him. On his forfeiture and execution, his sister Margaret, wife of Sir David of Barclay, had the lord-

ship of Brechin. Sir David of Barclay's heiress was Margaret ; and Walter Stuart, Earl of Athole, and second son of Robert II., married her, and assumed the estates and titles of Brechin. In 1437 he also suffered the death of a traitor. He was the chief actor in the murder of James I. in the Monastery of the Blackfriars, Perth ; and he, "after three days' lingering torture," was beheaded at Edinburgh in 1437, his hoary head fixed on a spear, and encircled with a crown of iron, and his titles and extensive estates forfeited.

In 1359 David II. confirmed to the Cathedral Church of Brechin all the privileges which his ancestors had granted it, and particularly that of holding markets on the Sabbath. This he did "for the fear and reverence of God, by whom kings reign, and princes decree justice ;" a rather remarkable reason surely, for granting to the Cathedral Church the privilege of turning God's day into a market day ! It must have been, of course, for the same pious reason that the Church accepted the privilege, and used it for upwards of a hundred years ! and that Bishop Carnock "ascertained," in the course of those years, "by an inquisition that the inhabitants of Brechin had a right of market on Sundays." The See of Brechin, it may be stated, had other Bishops of mark besides Carnock, under whom religion could hardly fail to flourish. Leuchars and Shorewood were two of these ; and in the reigns of David II. and James III. they were the Chancellors of the kingdom. So were Sinclair and Campbell, the former of whom was first a Lord of Session, and afterwards President of the Court, and married Queen Mary to Darnley ; and the latter was the Bishop who himself became Protestant at the Reformation, and turned it to such good account in the interests of the Campbells.

In 1503, James IV. paid Brechin a visit. In the books of the Lord High Treasurer, there is an entry bearing that there were paid, "the xv. day of October, in Brechin, to the four Italian menstrels, and the more tanbroner to ther hors met, x lb. v s." There is a like entry of payment at Scone on the 11th of October ; and immediately after the Brechin entry is one for Dunnottar, "Item, that samyn nicht in Dunnottar to the cheld playit on the monocords be the Kings command, xvij s." It would appear from these records, that James was on a journey northward, probably to quell a Highland rebellion which broke out immediately after his marriage to Margaret Tudor, daughter of Henry VII., the real foundation of the union of the crowns

and the kingdoms; and that his loving subjects were doing their utmost to gratify his well known passion for music.

James V. died in 1542; and next year, in the first Parliament after his death, a most memorable Act was passed. It ordained that "it shall be lawful to all our sovereign lady's (Queen Mary's) lieges, to have the Holy Writ, viz., the New Testament and the Old, in the vulgar tongue; and that they shall incur no crime for the having and reading of the same." This was a presage of the Reformation. It showed how the leaven was working; and Rome smelled the danger. The Archbishop of Glasgow, Chancellor of the kingdom, entered a protest on the records of the House against this Act, "for himself, and in name and behalf of all the Prelates of this realm present in Parliament;" and it shewed the orthodoxy and zeal of the Bishop of Brechin, that he was one of the adherents to this protest. But the Regent, notwithstanding, ratified the Act, and the Bible was soon in many hands.

The revolution implied in the Reformation was quietly effected in Brechin. We do not know that the zeal of the inhabitants for the Reformation was either very general or very ardent; but neither did zeal against it take any very definite and formidable shape and action; and upon the whole, the Cathedral city rather seemed to sail with the tide. The implements and monuments of Popish idolatry suffered, we presume, the same fate in Brechin as in Dundee and other such places; and the Cathedral itself was not spared. Campbell, the last of its Popish Bishops, and the creature of the Earl of Argyll, made good use of the power vested in him to dispose of the revenues of the See; and the inferior ecclesiastics, as far as they could, closely imitated him. The temporalities which they did not swallow up, being secularised and annexed to the crown, were given to hungry and greedy favourites. The Dun family was not forgotten. For £6 13s 4d Scots, to be paid yearly to the poor of Brechin, James Erskine, vicar of Falkirk, had for his life all the annual rents which had been bestowed on officials "for celebrating of messis, singing and saying of dirigie, and doing of utheris ryteis ceremonies, and papisticall services, whilk now be the Word of God, and laws of his Hienes realm, are damnit and altuterlie abolischit." And John Erskine, the Superintendent, for his "lang, earnest, and faithful travellis in the suppression of superstition, papistrie, and idolatrie, and avancement and propagation of the evangell of

Jesus Christ, the tyne of the Reformation of the religion, and in ydnt and faithful persuerance in the samin," has a grant for life of various sums from the Abbeys of Arbroath and Coupar, from Jedburgh and Restennet, from the Bishopric of Brechin, and other places ; and the grant is renewed for life to his grandson and namesake, John Erskine of Logie. As may readily be supposed, the gleanings left by those spoilers furnished but a very moderate competence to the plain Presbyterian Pastorate that succeeded the Papistical.

After the assassination of Regent Moray in 1570, and the execution of Hamilton, Archbishop of St Andrews, for his share in the murder of Darnley, as also in that of the Good Regent, hostilities broke out between the party of King James and the party of his mother Mary, in which Brechin suffered seriously. Both town and Castle were captured by the Earl of Huntly "in the Queines name and behalff;" they were recovered by Regent Lennox, and they were retaken by Huntly's brother, Sir Adam Gordon of Auchindown, in what goes by the name of the Bourd of Brechin. To defend it, the Earl of Brechin, acting for Regent Morton, assembled at Brechin all the military force in Angus. Auchindown, leaving the siege of Glenbervie, came unexpectedly by night, with a few of the best of his troops, and wrenched town and Castle from their defenders' hands. Learning next morning the smallness of the force with which Auchindown had done this exploit, the King's party collected their scattered troops and offered him battle ; but he valiantly met and completely routed them.

In 1572, James VI. instituted a Hospital in Brechin for the destitute of both sexes, and of all ages, appropriating to the support of it the annual rents paid to prebendaries and chaplains before the Reformation. Whether occasioned or not by the royal beneficence, the Hospital had no sooner come into operation than there was a prodigious development of beggary in the town. Beggary, in fact, forthwith became one of the great institutions of the place. The evil became so costly and so scandalous, that the Magistrates were forced to make a list of the really poor, to put badges on them that they might be known, and to prohibit others from begging. This originated the class of "privileged beggars" in Brechin, who, till as late as 1845, marched through the streets in a body every Thursday, making clamorous demands on the self-sustaining, which it was not easy to satisfy.

The plague visited the country in 1647-8, and was very severe in Brechin. A stone built in the wall of the kirkyard testifies that in the former of these years, and in the space of four months, six hundred persons died of it. The infected were separated from others, and put into huts erected on the common moor; and these were in many instances pulled down over their corpses, which was all the sepulture they got. The knolls thus raised might be traced till recently, when they were effaced by the laying out of the garden of Murlingden; whose original and proper name is said to have been Mourningden, a memorial name of the fell scene which the plague made it. Those of its victims, whose dust was carried to the churchyard, were buried in a plot by itself, which received no new tenant till as lately as 1809: not for fear of the dead being infected, but for fear of the plague, which was thought to be buried in the graves of its victims, escaping if these were touched, "in the form of a bluish mist or vapour," and overspreading the country!

In 1644, the Covenanters made Brechin their headquarters in Angus; and the Marquis of Argyll was there joined by the Earl Marischal, Lords Gordon, Forbes, Fraser, Crichton, and other noblemen. Next year, Baillie and Urry assembled their troops at Brechin, to prevent, if possible, the descent of the Marquis of Montrose upon the low country. From Brechin Urry and six hundred horsemen went to Fettercairn, to reconnoitre the enemy; where they fell into an ambushade, and were defeated at Halkerton, a little beyond the North Water Bridge. Montrose quite outwitted the Parliamentary Generals; passed by them in spite of all their vigilance; stormed Dundee; and sent his baggage and part of his troops on to Brechin. Those troops set fire to it, and a considerable number of the houses of it was burned down. Spalding says, "The townspeople of Brechin hid their goods in the Castle thereof and kirk steeples, and fled themselves, which flight enraged the soldiers; they herried their goods, plundered the Castle and hail town, and burned about sixty houses."

It was in this burning that the lodging in Brechin of Arbuthnot, the Laird of Findowrie, was consumed. The Laird's losses by the Royalists at that time, in both town and country, those of his tenants being included, were next year estimated by a Special Commission appointed for the purpose, and were returned as amounting to £11,043 9s 4d. The son and grandson of this Laird were staunch supporters of the Covenant, and

were therefore fined by Middleton in the sum of £2400. After being burned by Montrose's troops, Findowrie's Lodging was restored, and it has the honour of being now probably the oldest house in Brechin. "Of ancient Brechin," says Mr Jervise, "apart from what has been already noticed, very little remains. A large three-storey house, on the north side of the Nether Wynd, is perhaps the oldest dwelling in the town. Tradition says it was at one time the town residence of the Earls of Crawford, and a spring well in an adjoining garden is called *Beardie's Well*. At a later date, during the memorable Wars of the Covenant, it was the 'ludging' of the Laird of Findowrie, a great friend to the Covenant, and representative elder of the Presbytery of Brechin to the General Assembly. In consequence, the Marquis of Montrose burned and plundered this house, and the stables which adjoined, in 1646, at the same time that he set fire to the town."

The Kirk Session Records shed their own light on the sort of scene Brechin presented at the time of which we write. March 23d and 31st, and July 29th, 1645, "No preaching, neither collection, by reason of the enemies being in the town." November 16th, 1645, "No Session, in consequence of the absence of the ministers, and of the enemy, Ludovick Lindsay, approaching near to the town." November —, 1646, "Taken out of the box to buy a mortcloth, £80, the first mortcloth was plundered by the common enemy and taken away." June 28th, 1647, "No Session, neither collection, by reason the sermon was at the Castle of Brechin for fear of the enemy."

Brechin presented too similar a scene in 1650 and 1651, when Montrose again raised the standard of rebellion in the interests of Charles II. The Estates directed Leslie, the commander-in-chief of the Covenanting army, to gather at Brechin all the horse and foot which, since the close of the last campaign, had been scattered over the country for its protection. As Mr Black says, "During the wars of Montrose, therefore, it would appear that Brechin was esteemed the key of the Covenanting army, and its situation immediately on the line between the Highlands and the Lowlands, and commanding the only bridge then in existence over the South Esk, seems to have rendered it of importance in such a civil warfare. The burgh was much annoyed by this distinction, which rendered it an object to both parties. For several weeks in the end of August, and during the months of September and October, 1651, there were 'no

sermon, collection, nor Session, by reason both the ministers were absent, the English forces lying in garison round about this town, and a garison in the Castle of Brechin: so the Kirk records bear; and they further inform us, that on 2d July, 1651, there was 'no Session, neither sermon this Wednesday, by reason all within this burgh was called to go to Aberbrothock to assist them against the pursuing enemy by sea;' although in what manner the landsmen of Brechin were so to assist is not explained. Again in November, we are told there was 'no sermon this Wednesday, by reason twelff hundreth English were in the town; Tuesday, all night; and on Wednesday till the time of Divine service was past.'

It may be noted that in the Civil War, the Earl of Panmure was a faithful and zealous adherent of Charles I., in whose favour his son, Henry, Lord Brechin, raised and commanded a troop of horse; for which father and son were fined by Cromwell in the large sum of £12,500.

In 1616, a place in the neighbourhood of Brechin was the scene of a very sad event. A quarrel having taken place between Robert Symmer, son of the Laird of Balzordie, and David Graham, son of James Graham of Leuchland, they met on the "Hauche of Insche, neir to the Meiklemylne of Brechin, and Symmer struck Graham through the body with ane rappersword; quhair of sex or seven days thereafter he decessit," for which Symmer was condemned "to be tane to the mercat croce of Edinburgh, and thair his head to be stricken from his body, and all his moveable guidis to be escheit."

Sir Patrick Maule of Panmure having bought the Brechin estates with the hereditary offices of Justiciary and Constabulary attached to them, he and the Bishop soon differed about their respective powers and provinces in regard to the civil affairs of the burgh. The contention waxed so hot and violent that the election of Bailies was accompanied with "ryot and bluide." The King at length interposed in 1635 with a Commission of Inquiry, issuing in a recommendation to the parties; which had so little effect that by and by a special Act of Parliament was passed annulling the power of the Bishop in the municipal government of the town; to which power, however, the dignitaries who filled the See clung, despite the authority of Parliament itself, till the abolition of Episcopacy.

In olden days as well as now, Brechin depended much upon its markets. They were, according to Ochterlony, writing more

than two centuries ago, the chief source of its wealth. "That," says he, "which most enriches the place is their frequent faires and mercats, which occasion a great concourse of people from all places of the countrey, having a great fair of cattle, horse, and sheep, the whole week after Whytsunday, and the Thursday thereafter a great mercat in the toune; they having a weekly mercat every Tuesday throughout the yeare, where there is a great resort of Highland men, with timber, peats, and heather, and abundance of muirfoull, and extraordinarie good wool in its season."

In the seventeenth century, Brechin had its own share of the anti-witch mania, as the records of both the Session and the Presbytery bear. The trials of which they give glimpses are marked by all the ignorance and superstition of their age. One poor creature had a dog which kept company with her, to which she was over-kind; a neighbour unfortunately refused her a bit of butter one day, and that neighbour could make no butter that season. Another neighbour's *browst* of ale she spoiled. Such was the evidence brought against the accused, and it is a fair enough sample of the evidence on which many were consigned to the flames. The Witch Den, on the south of the town, was the place of execution; and there have been found in it ashes and bones, the remains of the executed, and a piece of iron chain, which may have been the very chain by which they were bound to the stake! Among the antique curiosities of the town, too, are the witch's branks, which Mr Black thus describes:—"An iron frame made to embrace the head, with a piece shaped like an arrow contrived to enter the mouth and prevent the criminal from speaking, and the whole fastening behind with a padlock, which might have been easily attached to a stake or a building."

Brechin was burned in 1672. Nothing more seems to be known concerning this calamity than may be gathered from an entry in the records of the Presbytery, and from several entries in the records of the Council from 1672 to 1676; from which, putting them all together, it appears that the fire was accidental; that the damage done was serious; that neighbours were kind in giving charitable assistance; but that great difficulties were experienced in satisfactorily distributing their contributions.

The rulers of the people in Brechin and the surrounding country were sufficiently monarchical and Prelatic to hail the "auld Stuart back again" in 1660. Eight years after, the

Magistrates of the city, devoutly desirous that the "blessings of the Restoration" (so some even yet write) might be securely enjoyed while the world lasted, sent Mr David Donaldson as Commissioner to the Parliament, which was summoned "in order to the levying of forces for defence of the kingdom from foreign invasion, *and for suppression of field conventicles!*" and in subsequent years of the blessed era of the Restoration, they steadily pursued the same policy. The Councillors and Deacons of Trades readily took the impious test imposed in 1681, in which they swore to maintain the slavish doctrine of passive obedience, and the supremacy of Charles "in all causes, as well ecclesiastical as civil;" as also, that they renounce the Covenants. As has been said of them, they did not hold the creed of that English political martyr, Richard Rumbold, who, on the scaffold, for rising in arms against James II., declared that "he did not believe the generality of mankind came into the world bridled and saddled, and the rest booted and spurred to ride upon the multitude."

To all the tyrant brood and their minions the Revolution was very unwelcome. The Council of Brechin, presided over by the Lord Bishop, forthwith put the town under arms. This was to defend it from the Papists! an invasion of whom was dreaded from France and Ireland, and an insurrection of them within the kingdom. Some have been wicked enough to say that the object of the arming was to be in a posture of readiness to help, on the first opportunity that might offer, to send back William of Orange to where he came from. If so, they had to content themselves in the meantime with showing their Stuart sympathies in more harmless ways; as by their favour to the rebel Highlanders "roving the country," and by their spite at the English forces on their way north and south. The Government jealousy, both of the Castle and the town, was shown by the quartering of troops in the place concerning which, as late as 1695, the Brechin Commissioner to the Convention of Burghs was instructed "to make moyan to get off the thrie companiss of foot sojers presently quartered at this place."

In the beginning of the eighteenth century, the same Jacobite and Prelatic spirit possessed Brechin and its neighbourhood, more especially the Magistrates and the gentry. The famous Willison, afterwards translated to Dundee, was ordained first minister of Brechin in 1703; but the parish could not furnish him with a Session; the place of that Court had to be taken for

a time, and the work of it done by a Committee of the Presbytery, which was called the *pretended* Session of Mr John Willison ; and so very inveterate was the prejudice against him that, on his removal to Dundee in 1718, there was not a carrier in Brechin that would convey his furniture thither. On the other hand, the last Prelatic incumbent got so much countenance and encouragement that he stuck to his charge, and persisted in performing the afternoon's diet of preaching ; and, indeed, was not got rid of till 1709. In that year Doig, a Hanoverian and Presbyterian, managed to get the Provostship, but so obnoxious was he, from both his political and ecclesiastical principles, that in 1712 a party of the shoemakers of the town, led by their Deacon, raised a riot, and did "beat, blood and wound in the head and other parts of the body the said John Doig."

When the Rebellion broke out in 1715, Doig was dispossessed and cast into prison ; and the powers of chief magistrate were wielded by Bailie Spence, not as Provost by name, but as the Earl of Panmure's bailie, justiciar, and constable. The Presbyterian ministers were forced to flee for safety, and their places were taken by Episcopalians, who retained them till the return to power of Doig and this party, next year. So disturbed was the state of the town, that no meeting of Session was held from August, 1715, to February, 1716 ; nor was the Lord's Supper dispensed in the town from 1714 to 1720.

The Earl of Panmure joined Mar in the revolt of which he raised the standard in 1715 ; and, at the Cross of Brechin, he proclaimed the Pretender King of Great Britain, as James VIII. of Scotland and III. of England ; and many, not only in Brechin, but throughout the county, were tempted by his example to make the same hazardous, and as the event proved, fatal venture. That he might be the better able to help the cause of the Stuarts, the Earl at the same time purchased Edzell, Glenesk, and Lethnot from the last of the Lindsays of Edzell ; and, at the head of their numerous retainers, he and his brother Harry Maule of Kelly greatly distinguished themselves on the field of Sheriffmuir. The Earl, badly wounded, fell into the hands of the enemy, and owed his rescue to his brother's bravery :—

“ Brave Mar and Panmure
 Were firm, I am sure ;
 The latter was kidnapt awa', man,
 With brisk men about,
 Brave Harry retook
 His brother, and laugh'd at them a', man.”

For two days Brechin had the personal presence of the Pretender. Landing at Peterhead on the 22d of December, 1715, he came to Brechin on Monday the 2d of January, 1716, and was entertained in the Castle till Wednesday the 4th; whence he proceeded to Perth.

For his share in the Rebellion the Earl was forfeited and fled for his life to the Continent. He was twice offered the estates, if he would return to Britain, and swear allegiance to the House of Hanover; declining to do which, he died at Paris in 1723. His nephew William, son of Harry of Kelly, bought back the estates in 1764 for £49,157 18s 4d sterling, and settled them with some other lands of his on the issue of his sister, Lady Jane Maule, wife of George, Lord Ramsay, eldest son of the sixth Earl of Dalhousie; and the late William, Lord Panmure, succeeded to them as the second son of the eighth Earl of Dalhousie, and the grandson of Lady Jane Maule.

When the Presbyterians got again into the saddle, they made their adversaries feel the sharpness and the length of their spurs. Episcopalian clergymen visited the burgh to preach, baptise, and marry. This could not be tolerated. "In 1726," says Mr Black, "the ministers of Brechin laid before the Presbytery 'a presentation against Masters John Grub and Francis Rait, who keep an illegal meeting-house in the town and parish of Brechin, and baptise and marry, to the great disturbance of the said town';" a presentation which was subsequently enforced before the Lords of Justiciary, to the effect of shutting up this meeting-house.

In the Rebellion of 1745, Brechin did not figure so conspicuously as in that of 1715. There was no Baron in the Castle to head and guide it; and that made a difference. But most of the nobility and gentry, both in the neighbourhood and throughout the county, joined the standard of Bonnie Prince Charlie. In the early part of 1746, Lord George Murray with part of the Prince's army, and the Duke of Cumberland with the Government troops, passed through Brechin on their way northward towards the field in which was to be decided for ever the contest between the rival dynasties. It is said that Murray's men were a rough and ragged enough squad, and did not scruple to help themselves to whatever they needed, or took a fancy for; that the Duke's were both better appointed and disciplined; but that he himself would not taste, and would not allow his officers or men to taste, anything which the hospitality of Brechin offered them. It is thought that the cutting of his

horse's girths, a day or two before, at Glamis, had its own influence in making him so very cautious and suspicious.

When writing of Glamis, we might have mentioned this prank of certain zealots for Prince Charlie. Cumberland's army, resting there in February, 1746, as he was on his way north to Culloden, to impede his progress as much as possible, a number of Charlie's friends found their way from Forfar to Glamis, and, under the covert of night, cut the girths of the Duke's cavalry.

It is said that many natives of Brechin were at the Battle of Culloden, only a few of whom returned to give an account of it. Among these was Peter Logie, the cripple tailor of Tigerton, who, when examined by the authorities about his connection with the rebellion, confessed that he was present at the battles of Preston, Falkirk, and Culloden; and when asked what station he held in the rebel army, answered with a significant glance at his club foot, "I had the honour to be His Royal Highness's dancing master!"

We noticed Keithock as having been, nearly seventeen hundred years before this date, the scene of a Roman Camp; and we may return to it for a few moments in these latter days. Soon after 1617 it was bought from the Lindsays by a younger son of Edgar of Wadderlie; but when it passed out of the possession of the Lindsays, it did not drop from the list of the Historic Scenes of the county. The Jacobite zeal of the Edgars rather made it more conspicuous among these than ever it had been before. For the part acted by them in 1715, John Edgar died a prisoner in Stirling Castle; and his brother James, escaping to Italy, became private secretary to the Chevalier, and died at Rome in 1762. As must be allowed, even by those most strongly opposed to his political and ecclesiastical principles, the Secretary was "steel to the backbone." The story told of his incorruptible fidelity to his exiled master puts undying honour on his memory. Sir Robert Walpole, having learned that he was very hospitable and generous, but very poor, wrote him, offering him a handsome sum if he would reveal the Chevalier's designs, who was said to be meditating yet another attempt to recover his ancestral throne. Edgar put the letter into the fire. It was followed by several other like letters, which were disposed of in the same way. Sir Robert, imagining that he had not yet come up to the Secretary's price, at length wrote him that he had put £10,000 in his name in

the Bank of Venice. The Secretary, after consulting with the Chevalier, answered, thanking Sir Robert for the £10,000, which, he said, he had lost no time in drawing from the bank, and laying at the feet of his Royal Master, who had the best title to gold that came, as this had done, from England!

The Secretary's nephew, John, was the last Edgar proprietor of Keithock. He supported the Stuart cause in 1745 as warmly as his uncles had done in 1715. He had therefore, to exile himself in France, till the passing of the Act of Indemnity in 1756. He then returned home; and reconciled himself to showing his loyalty by drinking day by day "*To the King o'er the water,*" in place of trying another Sheriffmuir or another Culloden.

The embers of disaffection, political and ecclesiastical, continued to smoulder in and about Brechin till towards the close of the century, but the outbreak of the French Revolution appears to have extinguished them. In 1794, "the Council of Brechin, having taken into their consideration the present critical state of the country, are unanimously of opinion that it is necessary to declare their affection to their sovereign and their firm attachment to the present happy constitution, and that they will use their utmost exertion to suppress all seditious principles, tumults, and disorders that may arise, tending to subvert the same; and they do hereby express their detestation and abhorrence of all levelling and equalising principles," &c.

Coming to this century, the event in Brechin most worthy of commemoration seems to be the laying, in 1838, of the foundation of the admirable building for the Public School, and for a lecture room and library to the Mechanics' Institution, and of which Lord Panmure made a gift to the town. The foundation stone of the erection was laid on the 28th June, 1838, the coronation day of Queen Victoria. The day was throughout a gala day in Brechin; the procession and the masonic ceremony were most imposing; and the festivities, fireworks, and ball in the Town Hall which followed, fitly testified the overflowing gratitude and joy with which "the noble munificence of the Right Honourable William Baron Panmure of Brechin and Navar," had filled all hearts.

We must not tarry longer at Brechin; and we take leave of it by mentioning the eminent men whom it has produced. The list is long and imposing. Bishop Gavin Douglas, born in 1471, was a native of Brechin: so was Alexander Scott, who

published several pieces of poetry about 1562 : so was Thomas Dempster, born in 1580, professor successively in the colleges of Nîmes, Pisa, and Boulogne, and author of the Ecclesiastical History of Scotland, and many miscellaneous works : so was the Rev. Wm. Guthrie of Fenwick, born in 1620, and author of *The Christian's Great Interest* : so was the Rev. John Glendye, Dean of Cashel, and Prebend of St Michael's, Dublin, the founder in 1690, of the Glendye bursary in the College of St Andrews : so was William Maitland, born about 1690, author of the *Histories of London and Edinburgh* : so was William Guthrie, born in 1708, author of the *Geographical Grammar*, and various other works : so was David Watson, born in 1710, author of the *History of the Heathen Gods, &c.* : so were the sons of Robert Gillies, merchant in Brechin, and whom we noticed as the grandsons of the Rev. John Gillies, minister of Careston : so was Alexander Laing, born in 1787, author of *Pawkie Adam Glen, Wayside Flowers, &c.* : so was the Rev. John S. Memes, LL.D., born in 1795, minister of Hamilton, author of the *Life of Canova*, and a general writer on literary subjects : so was the Rev. James Martin of Edinburgh, born in 1803. a writer on theological subjects : so was the Rev. John Pringle Nichol, LL.D., born in 1804, Professor of Astronomy in the College of Glasgow, and author of many works on astronomy : and so were the late Rev. James Welsh of New Deer, and the Rev. Thomas Guthrie, D.D., of Edinburgh.

DUN.

To John Erskine of Dun, the Superintendent of Angus and Mearns, we have had occasion repeatedly to refer. In council and in arms, as well as in his office of Superintendent, he rendered inestimable service to the Reformed cause : and in our annals his name will ever hold a first place among the "Scots Worthies" of his age. But he was not the only man of distinction in the Dun family. It gave two judges to the College of Justice. The one was Sir Thomas Erskine, Lord

Brechin, proprietor of the Lordship of Brechin and Navar, Secretary to James V., and uncle and tutor to John Erskine of Dun, the future Superintendent. He was made a Lord of Session in 1533, the year after the institution of that Court. The other was David Erskine, appointed a Lord of Session in 1710. He resigned office, after a term of service extending to forty-three years; and in the retirement of Dun he wrote a volume of Advices, moral and political, which he published in 1754, the year before his death.

Dun came into the possession of the Erskines about the middle of the fourteenth century. In 1357 Sir Robert Erskine of that Ilk in Renfrewshire gave the barony of Dun to his second son John; and from that day to this John's posterity have inherited it. Their ancestry was one to be proud of. Of John's grandfather, Sir Alexander Erskine of Erskine, Knight, the Earls of Mar were descended. And his father, Sir Robert, is celebrated in history for his attachment and fidelity to King Robert II., who was the only child of Marjory Bruce and Walter, the High Steward of Scotland. According to Wyntoun, it was to John Erskine's father that the Stuarts owed the throne.

"Robert Stewart was made King
Specially through the helping
Of guide Schir Robert Ersking."

We have likewise had occasion to mention that, on the invitation of Erskine, John Knox was for a month at Dun in 1555, constantly preaching the Gospel, and the gentry of Angus and Mearns flocking to hear him; and that he afterwards returned to it, and not only preached but administered the Lord's Supper, in the simplicity and purity of the Reformed mode. And we have now to state farther that in Dun House, Erskine, Knox, Melville, Durham of Grange, and others often met to take counsel about the state and interest of the Protestant cause, and to unite in supplicating heavenly guidance and blessing in the great enterprise in which they were embarked.

The only other thing which we have noticed, as contributing to make Dun House an Historic Scene, is the sacking of it by the Marquis of Montrose in the time of the Civil War. Erskine was obnoxious to the Marquis in proportion to his influence and zeal as a leader of the Covenanters. And he was very much the stay of his own party in the whole surrounding district. Having been pillaged by the Royalists under Irvine

of Drum, as narrated by us in a former paper, the people of Montrose, fearing another visit from them, had the most portable and valuable of their goods removed to Dun House for security. Hearing of the store deposited there, Montrose could not resist the temptation of attacking it, which he did soon afterwards, in passing from Athole through Angus, gutting the house, and plundering it. Among the spoil which he found were several fire arms, and "four field brassin peices." These the Covenanters had taken from the Marquis of Huntly in the brush at the Bridge of Dee in 1639, at the outbreak of the war.

LOGIE-PERT.

The oldest Historic Scenes in Logie-Pert are marked by a number of tumuli. Three of these are on the Laws of Logie, about a mile to the west of the House of Craigo; and there is a fourth on Leighton Law, on the border of the parish of Montrose. "Two of these tumuli," we read in the Statistical Account of the parish, "have been opened, and in one of them was found a stone coffin, containing a human skeleton almost entire—the bones of an extraordinary size, of a deep yellow colour, and very brittle. In the other tumulus opened there were found, about a foot from the surface, four human skeletons of gigantic proportions, and near to these, a beautiful black ring like ebony, of a fine polish, and in perfect preservation. The ring was twelve inches in circumference, and four in diameter, flat in the inside, rounded without, and capable of fitting a large wrist. In the same tumulus was found an urn full of ashes."

What sepulchral remains are these? And how came they to find their sepulchre on the Laws of Logie-Pert? They may be the remains of Picts, slain in their wars with one another, or with their invaders; and, if so, they disprove the vulgar idea that the Picts were a race of small size, three or four feet in height; "unco wee bodices, but tirrible strang." Or they may be the remains of Northmen, who met their death in trying to make their escape from the fields of some of the bloody battles with the natives, which they are known to have fought at no great distance from the Laws, where, according to this hypothesis, their dust has been disinterred.

Logie, one of the united parishes now called Logie-Pert, has the distinction of having been the scene of James Melville's early education, and also of those first religious impressions which decided his future, and gave it its complexion. In 1555 William Gray, a relative of the Melvilles, was minister of Logie ; and to it James, at the age of seven, and his brother David were sent to be educated. James, as he tells in his Diary, had then learned but little of the "Great Buik ;" but Gray was a "guid, lerned, kynd man ;" and "he had a sistar, a godly and honest matron, rewar of his hous, wha often rememberit me of my mother, and was a verie loving mother to us, indeed." Gray and his sister were a father and mother to James spiritually ; so that the time he spent with them was, as he says, "a happy and golden tyme," when he "found the Spirit of sanctification beginning to work sum motiones in his heart."

The North Water Bridge, spanning the North Esk on the confines of this parish, is a scene to which a very melancholy interest attaches. Built at his own expense by Erskine of Dun, the famous Reformer and Superintendent, little did he think of the use that was to be made of it in the next age, in the persecution of his ecclesiastical followers. Argyll's invasion in 1685 ended in his capture and execution ; but to a Government whose tyranny, civil and religious, was fast becoming intolerable, it created great alarm, during which the Privy Council ordered all the Covenanters who were in confinement to be sent to Dunnottar Castle in Kincardineshire, for their more safe custody. Like a flock of sheep for the slaughter, they were driven to their prison on foot, their hands tied behind their backs, and all manner of indignity and cruelty heaped upon them. At night they were crammed together in unwholesome apartments of jails, where they happened to be within the reach of these ; and where such accommodation could not be had, they spent their nights, however inclement they might be, in the open air. One night they passed between the parapets of the North Water Bridge, which was guarded at both ends to prevent their escape ; and the night is said to have been "tempestuous with wind and rain."

The woful journey was at length accomplished. Those noble forefathers, who counted not their lives dear, that they might preserve the religion and liberty of the country, reached their destination, to the number of one hundred and sixty-seven persons ; and the barbarous treatment to which they were

subjected is one of the most revolting chapters of Scotland's darkest annals. They were thrust into a dark vault under ground, full of mire, and with only one small window opening to the sea. They were allowed nothing which they did not purchase ; even their water had to be paid for. In a few days, about forty of them were immured in a still smaller vault, which light entered only by a chink ; and, for a breath of fresh air, they had to stretch themselves on the damp floor, and catch it at a decayed part of the wall, close to the ground. Many of them died, of course. Those who did not were at length, on the intercession of the wife of the Governor, removed to somewhat better apartments. Twenty-five of them contrived to escape from their prison ; but they were betrayed and retaken by the neighbouring peasantry, whom ignorance, and prejudice, and servility to Jacobite lairds, had turned into monsters. "They suffered the most cruel tortures at the hands of the soldiery, and were bound down to the floor of their dungeon with fiery matches burning for several hours between their fingers. Several of them expired under this diabolical treatment, and the fingers of others were reduced to ashes. In consequence of a strong representation which was made to the Council regarding these atrocities, orders were given that provisions and other necessaries should be allowed to the prisoners on moderate terms, and that they should not be crowded together so closely in their dungeon. It was supposed that by this time their patience and fortitude would be exhausted by the dreadful sufferings they had undergone ; and the Earls of Erroll and Kintore were appointed to ascertain whether they would take the test, and promise to attend in future their parish churches. But they all stood faithfully to their principles. About the end of July they were brought to Leith, and those who adhered to their resolution, and persisted in refusing the test, were transported to the plantations."

When Scotland was struggling so nobly with Charles I. for Presbytery and the Covenants, it had not to thank Logie-Pert for its help. The parish happened to be vacant in 1645 ; and Mr Allan, minister of Finhaven, appointed by the Presbytery to supply the pulpit on the 18th May, had to report :—"The last Lord's day, I went to Logie to preach, and quhen I cam thither, I found the doores locked, entrie refused, and none resorting to the church."

If antediluvian longevity is ever to be recovered, as some

think it is to be, Craigo in this parish bids fair to be the first place where it shall be reached. Mr Fraser writes thus of the Carnegies of Craigo :—

“The following notice of ladies of the Craigo branch, who were remarkable for their longevity, has been recently communicated to me :—

“Mrs Margaret Carnegie of Craigo, aged eighty-seven years complete ; born in Montrose, and passed her life, a few years excepted, in it and its vicinity ; never had a fever : her eyesight entire to the last.

“Her sister, Miss Carnegie, was also born in Montrose, and lived for the most part in it, till her death, aged eighty-one years complete. Very healthful all along, and did not lie in bed one day till her death, memory and judgment entire to the last. Their grandfather, David Gardyne, Esq. of Gairden, had twenty daughters and four sons, all by one lady, Elspet Arbuthnot of Arbuthnot. They lived sixty years in the married state : died at eighty-six years. Both lived temperately. Both had their memory and judgment vigorous to the last. They had six daughters married to gentlemen of fortune, in the counties of Angus and Mearns, and lived to between eighty-six and ninety years. They were brought up in a cold house, the Castle of Gairden, and had no fires in their rooms till married.

“Miss Carnegie’s aunt, Lady Nicolson, lived till ninety-two years complete ; vigorous as to body and mind till her death ; and on her death-bed signed a deed of entail sixty times with her own hand. Her sister, Lady Arbeikie, lived eighty-eight years complete, and was cheerful with her friends the night before her death, knowing herself dying. Both the sisters, and the whole of the family, were remarkable for temperance.”

There is yet another spot that must be included among the Historic Scenes of Logie-Pert. Near to the south end of the North Water Bridge, there stood, till lately, the cottage of a crofter, and in that humble beild was born, on the 6th April, 1773, James Mill, the historian of British India. His father was shoemaker as well as crofter. Having been educated first in the school of his native parish, and then in the Grammar School of Montrose, in both of which James distinguished himself by his diligence and aptness to learn, Sir John Stuart, Bart. of Fettercairn, sent him to the University of Edinburgh to study for the Church. He took license as a probationer, but

had no particular liking for the ministry. After employing himself for some time as a private tutor, he removed to London in 1800, and there supported himself and his increasing family by his pen, chiefly by contributions to the periodical press. In 1817 was published his principal work, the *History of British India*, in 5 vols., 8vo., pronounced by Lord Macaulay "the greatest historical work which has appeared in our language since that of Gibbon," and which speedily revolutionised our Indian administration. In 1819, he received a valuable appointment in the India House. He was entrusted with the chief conduct of the Correspondence Department; in other words, he was Chief Minister for India Affairs to the East India Company.

Amid all the duties of his high office, Mr Mill's pen continued to be prolific; and its productions enriched our literature, and had no small influence in forming public opinion on the subjects of which they treated. In 1828, he reprinted essays which he had contributed to the Supplement of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. Among these was an essay on Government, embodying and strongly advocating the principles of the Benthamite or Utilitarian School. In the *Edinburgh Review*, Macaulay reviewed this essay in a very acrimonious and contemptuous tone. The *Westminster Review* answered, and defended Mill. The controversy continued for the greater part of 1829; was conducted with all the ability and spirit that were to be expected in such combatants; and ended decidedly to Mill's advantage, Macaulay still dissenting from his opinions, but acknowledging that to his "talents and virtues he formerly did not do justice."

Mill died at Kensington in 1836, and was buried in Kensington Church, leaving a son whom he had named John Stuart, in grateful acknowledgment of the encouragement and assistance which he himself had received in his youth from Sir John Stuart; and over that son, who more than sustained the high reputation of his father, the illustrious John Stuart Mill, politician, economist, logician, philosopher, &c., the grave recently closed. He died greatly lamented; the mourning for him mingled in many with bitter regret, that scepticism, either philosophical or theological, should have received any countenance from talents so transcendent. But, happily, the very extravagance of his scepticism is an antidote to it. It needs no other refutation than the exquisite ridicule which Lord Neaves

has poured on it in verses which he has reprinted from Blackwood, and which, if our readers can manage to get hold of them, they will find a rare treat.

STRICKATHRO.

Strickathro is the only remaining parish in the Strathmore district of the shire. Here, by the King's Ford in the South Esk, the Roman station Tina is supposed to have been situated. Satisfactory vestiges of it have been sought for in vain; but may not the explanation of this be that the river has obliterated them by changing its channel so much, as it is allowed that it has done, since the days of the Roman invasion? Here, too, according to some, among whom is Tytler, Kenneth III. was murdered in 994. The story, at least one version of it, is that Kenneth had put to death the son of Finella, for treason committed by him in an insurrection in the Mearns. Finella was the wife of the chief of the Mearns, and a daughter of the Maormor or Earl of Angus. In revenge for the death of her son, she hired a band of ruffians to assassinate the King; and they accomplished their purpose at a hunting match in Strickathro, into which they lured him. Justice pursued the murderess. She took refuge in the now beautiful and romantic Den-Finella, which has derived its name from her; and when overtaken there, according to one class of chroniclers, she was apprehended and executed; and, according to another class, she committed suicide by leaping from the rocks into the deep gully, into which the Burn running through the Den tumbles from a height of 150 feet, at the point where the turnpike road now crosses it.

“She leapt from the rocks into a wild boiling pool,
Where her body was torn and tossed.”

The Danes who survived the battle of Aberlemno in 1012 are said to have passed through Strickathro in their flight northward, and to have crossed the South Esk at King's Ford. Tradition likewise speaks of a battle fought at Strickathro at a very distant period, between three kings, Pictish, Scottish, and British or Danish, in which all the three fell.

A battle between David I. and the Earl of Moray, was fought in this parish, and is known in history by the name of

the battle of Strickathro. The Earl fell on that bloody field ; and it is interesting to think that his grave may have been discovered. A hillock near the church, called Re or Rye Hillock, was some years ago opened, when a carefully-constructed stone coffin, containing human bones, was found about two feet below the surface. There was in it likewise "the figure of a fish, made of gold, from four to five inches in length." "This interesting relic," Mr Jervise remarks, "which was carried off by the workmen and lost, had perhaps been part of the armorial ensigns of the person interred ; and, as the Earl of Moray was killed here, this may have been the place of his burial."

It has been often said that it was at Strickathro that John Baliol, in 1296, resigned his authority and people into the hands of Edward I. of England. The historic facts seem to have been exactly ascertained, and they are these :—The scroll of Baliol's resignation was prepared at Kincardine, on the 2d July ; his penance was performed in the churchyard of Strickathro on the 7th ; and his final surrender of the crown was made on the 10th, at the Castle of Brechin, in the presence of Edward himself.

It was in this parish that the battle, known in history as the battle of Brechin, was fought. It was an incident of the persistent attempt of the Douglasses to grasp the government of the kingdom, by getting the young King, James II., into their hands, and making him their puppet. To assist them in the design which their guilty ambition meditated, they had entered into a "bond" with the Earls of Crawford and Ross, binding the parties to it to make common cause against all opponents. The King sending for the Earl of Douglas to Stirling Castle, remonstrated with him on this alliance, and at last commanded him to break the "bond." The Earl haughtily and insolently answered that he would not. "Then this shall," said the King ; and drawing his dagger, stabbed him twice to the heart. Sir Patrick Grey, who was at hand, rushed into the apartment and felled Douglas with a pole-axe, and his body was cast out of the window into the court below.

Open war followed between the party of the King and the party of the Douglasses. Huntly, James's Lieutenant-General, hastened south with all the forces he could muster, to prevent, if possible, the junction of the forces of Crawford and Douglas ; and the King hastened north at the head of a great army. The Earl of Crawford (who was Earl Beardie and the Tiger Earl) was equally prompt and resolute. At the head of all the

friends and vassals he could raise, he set out to intercept Huntly. They met at Hair Cairn, about three and a half miles north-east of Brechin, and fought an obstinate battle, in which Huntly was victorious, chiefly through the desertion of Collace of Balnamoon, who "was captain of the axmen, in whose hands the hail hope of victory stood that day." The disappointment and rage of Crawford knew no bounds; and hence the dreadful vengeance which he took on those who helped to vanquish him, and primarily on Balnamoon, who paid dear for his treason against the chief and his party.

The battlefield is well known. On the north side of it there still lies a large oblong stone, called indiscriminately Huntly's Stone and Earl Beardie's Stone, because on it one or other of these chiefs is said to have planted his standard, and the whole height goes by the name of Huntly Hill.

Whether these battles fully account for the "sepulchral remains found in great quantities throughout the lower part of the parish," our readers must judge for themselves. If it is thought that they do not, the supposition is quite legitimate that Strickathro may have been the scene of other bloody conflicts, of which neither tradition nor history has handed down to us any notice.

The Session Records bear with what a high hand the Jacobites carried matters in Strickathro in 1715. "November 2d, Mr John Davie, factor to the Earl of Southesque, intruded on the minister's charge by taking the keys of the church, ordering the Kirk officer to ring the bells at the ordinary time of day, the people being warned the day before to wait on, and join in, the worship of a pretended fast or humiliation day for success to the Pretender's arms, and that under the pain of taking each man, master and servant, to the camp at Perth; which warning so prevailed that it brought the whole parish together at the time appointed to the church, when and where Mr Davie himself came at the head of near eighty men under arms, with beating drums and flying colours, and preached a little in the church, and after that kind of worship was over, he mustered up his men again at the kirk gate, and on their front went to Kinnaird." What a pity we have not had preserved to us a specimen at least of this great apostle's preaching! We are no strangers to a factor's "snash," but a factor's sermon one can hardly imagine! "Truly," Mr Black remarks, "Mr Davie had been a *factor*, and not a mere rent collector. The same

Minutes mention that during the intrusion, which continued to February, 1716, the minister preached in the manse, and the collections made being inconsiderable, he applied them to 'the relief of some poor indigent people in the parish of Brechin'—true Hanoverians, no doubt. Order being restored, the minister, in April, 1716, laid before the Session an appointment on him by the Presbytery of Brechin to inquire at them the reasons why they joined Mr Davie, and the minister, finding their reasons no way satisfactory, he solemnly rebuked them, and also for their pecuniary intrusions with the collections, of which they were unable to give any account, further than it was spent on the poor. The minister, Mr Glassford, seems to have been in a minority in his own parish."

But we happen to have discovered what must somewhat modify our invective against the factor, as well as Mr Black's. It appears that Davie was a licentiate of the Prelatic church. We learn this from two facts; from his intruding into Strickathro both in 1701 and in 1715, and from his being deposed in 1716.

The Right Honourable George Rose, Clerk of Parliament, President of the Board of Trade, author of *Observations on the Works of Fox, &c.*, was a native of the parish of Strickathro. He was born at Woodside of Dunlappy, where his father, a minister of the Scotch Episcopal Church, resided. He was educated in Brechin, and in an uncle's academy at Hampstead, near London, and owed his promotion to the Earl of Sandwich, whose notice he attracted.

THE GRAMPIAN DISTRICT.

EDZELL.

The chief Historic Scene in Edzell is Edzell Castle, at the base of the Grampian Range, on the left bank of the West Water, "the most magnificent and extensive remnant of ancient baronial grandeur which the county of Forfar possesses." It was one of the great seats of the great Lindsay family, which was Norman, and came over to England with William the Conqueror. The first of the family in Scotland was Walter de Lindsay, whose grandson was the first Lindsay of Lindsay-Crawford in Clydesdale. The tenth in descent from him was Sir Alexander Lindsay, who married Catherine Stirling, one of the two daughters left by the last Stirling of Edzell, and thus succeeded to Edzell, Glenesk, and Lethnot. He was succeeded by his son, Sir David, who on the death of his uncle, Sir James de Lindsay of Crawford, in 1397, became chief of the family, and heir of its great possessions. He married the Princess Elizabeth, daughter of Robert II., who gave him the barony of Strathnairn, in Inverness-shire, and created him Earl of Crawford.

Of his many successors in Edzell, the two following were perhaps the most illustrious—Sir David, who ultimately became the ninth Earl of Crawford; and his son, also Sir David, brother of John, Lord Menmuir, and of Margaret and Elizabeth, married the one to the Earl of Athole, and the other to Patrick, third Lord Drummond. It was in his day that the glory of his line reached its meridian. He finished what his father had begun, the Lindsay additions to the Castle of Edzell. The tower or large square keep had been built by the Stirlings. He made the garden liker some Oriental enchanted spot than anything which Scotland could then match; and in literature, science, and culture, he was so far in advance of his age that, as Lord Lindsay has said, "the sword, the pen, and the pruning-hook were equally familiar to him; he even anticipated the geologist's hammer, and had at least a taste for architecture and design." He was, withal, a mineralogist, and made experiments in mining on his estates, very notable for their

day, and wonderful in their success. So highly did James VI. appreciate him, that he made him a Privy Councillor, and, on the resignation of his brother, Lord Menmuir, appointed him to fill the vacancy as a Lord of Session.

In 1562, Queen Mary honoured Edzell Castle with a visit. Her Majesty was returning from her expedition to the north to suppress the rebellion of Huntly, and was accompanied by Lords Moray, Maitland, and Lindsay. She held a Council in the Castle, spent in it the night of the 25th August, and the room in which she slept was ever afterwards called the Queen's Chamber.

The decline of the house of Edzell dates from the day of this Sir David. It was owing mainly to the folly and wickedness of his successors, of which his own son showed a melancholy example. As a single instance, for the slaughter of his uncle, Lord Spynie, in a night scuffle on the High Street of Edinburgh, he had first to hide from justice: and he had eventually to give Spynie's family ten thousand merks, and the lands of Garlobank in the parish of Kirriemuir; an enormous mulct, which greatly aggravated "the revinit and rent estait of his house."

The ruins of the Castle of Edzell bear witness to its size, and strength, and splendour. Its appurtenances, too, showed the completeness of the baronial establishment, and the princely state which the owners of it maintained. The "pit and gallows" were in the neighbourhood of the Castle, and the sites of them have been identified. It was female culprits that more usually expiated their offences by being drowned in the pit; and it was male culprits that more usually expiated theirs by being hung on the gallows. The Barons of Edzell had their hereditary doomsters, whose duty was to repeat the sentence or doom which the Barons awarded in their Court. The family which held this office was named Duray. The emoluments of the office were Durayhill from the Laird, a small but fertile estate on the banks of the North Esk, and from each principal tenant two pecks of oatmeal, and from each sub-tenant a "bapyful" of meal. The doomsters had perquisites beside; which, however, do not seem to have been worth much. They had, according to tradition, "the farcical privileges of fishing in the almost waterless Burn of Whishop, and of hunting on the hill of Wirran with a hawk blind of an eye, and a hound crippled of a leg! Besides, as they had four pennies Scots for

ringing the bell of St Lawrence on high occasions—such as the births and funerals of the lords and ladies of Edzell—they may be supposed, in addition to the office of dempster, to have enjoyed that of master beadle.”

The kitchen of the Castle was fitly called the Kitchen of Angus. So capacious was it, and so well furnished with cooking appliances, that oxen were roasted whole in it! The daily provision prepared was on such a scale, and the style of living so magnificent, that, when the family had dined, the poor of the parish daily appeared in the courtyard, and, seated on the benches that were in the outer entrance passage, were liberally supplied with beef and beer by the hands of the lady of the Castle, or by those of her fair daughters.

The burial vault of the family was on the south side of the old church. Besides containing the dead of the family, like other such structures, it was once, according to accepted local tradition, the scene of a sort of resurrection. In a remote age, a lady of the family fell into a trance, and being supposed to be dead, she was laid to the generations of her fathers, richly bedecked with jewels. The sexton, knowing no good reason why the jewels should rust and consume in the domains of death, went by night to the vault to save them from such a fate. Having appropriated all of them except the massive gold rings on the swollen fingers of the lady, he drew his knife and applied it to the fingers. On the first incision, “Alas!” said the lady faintly, her body at the same time slightly moving. The knife instantly dropped from the sexton’s hand, and, overwhelmed with amazement and terror, he sank senseless on the floor. The lady, extricating herself from her shroud, took the sexton’s glimmering taper in her own hand, and, raising him up with the other, led him out of the vault. Consciousness restored, he craved mercy with an earnestness with which he had never before supplicated it; but, though assured not only of forgiveness, but of a great reward from the lady’s husband, if he would accompany her to the Castle, he begged to be excused for letting her return alone, and he and his treasures were never more seen or heard of in Edzell.

At the Reformation from Popery the Lindsays of Edzell were stout Reformers. Sir David, and his brother, Lord Menmuir (of whom sprang the noble Balcarras branch) were decided and devoted Protestants. Their descendants steadfastly adhered to the same interest. The Laird, his lady, brother, factor, and

other friends, the minister of the parish, and the Session Clerk, with one hundred and seventy parishioners, signed the Solemn League and Covenant in the Covenanting era. In support of the Covenanting cause, John of Edzell raised a regiment at his own charge, which was called by his name. He suffered accordingly. For his Roundhead zeal Middleton fined him £3000 ; and when Montrose escaped into the district from the pillage of Dundee, he harried Glenesk so thoroughly, as to give the house of Edzell a blow from which it never recovered. It so reduced the Laird that, though worth £10,000 a year in 1630, he was now obliged to petition Parliament that he might be exempted from contributing to the new levies raised ; “ the rebel army,” he said, “ having been for a long time encamped and quartered upon the lands of Edzell and Glenesk, to the utter destruction of my lands and tenants, the whole corn being burnt in the barnyards, and the whole storæ of cattle and goods killed or driven away, whereby the hails lands of Glenesk, worth of yearly revenue nine thousand merks, have ever since been lying waste be reason the tenants have not been able to labour the same, insomuch that the particular amount of my losses which was clearly instructit to the Committee of Common Burdens, did amount to the sum^e of fourscore thousand merks or thereby ; besides great charges and expenses which I have hitherto been forced to sustain for maintaining these several garrisons for a long time to defend my tenants, whereof many, in their own defence, were most cruelly and barbarously killed, as likewise, ever since, a constant guard of forty men for defending my lands and tenants from the daily incursions of enemies and robbers.”

As the sun of the Lindsays of Edzell was tending to its setting, they changed sides in both religion and politics. “ Why or wherefore,” says the writer of the Statistical Account of the parish, “ it is vain to inquire ; but in 1661, I find rejoicings for Charles II.’s accession ; for King James’ victory over Monmouth and Argyll ; for the birth of King James II.’s son, and every disrespect to King William’s fasts and thanksgivings ; and hostility to the re-establishment of Presbytery, insomuch that, in 1714, there was a very serious riot and deforcement, to the bodily hurt and danger of Mr Robert Gray, Presbyterian minister of Edzell, which affair the Laird was glad to settle by the advice of the Lords of Justiciary.” The Presbytery having for safety from Jacobite violence, ordained Mr

Gray at Brechin, the Laird of Edzell for some time shut the door of the church against him ; and, in the face of the interdict of the Lords of Justiciary, he kept the Episcopalian minister preaching in the great hall of the Castle, and publicly praying for a Popish Pretender as the King of these realms : usurping, withal, the management of the whole parochial business belonging to the Kirk-Session. The violence against Mr Gray and the party adhering to him came to a crisis on the 3d of October. He had been ordained on the 26th of August (1714). They were assaulted at the church “by a band of men and women under the Laird’s directions, who beat and maltreated them in every conceivable way, by cutting their clothes, and stabbing and beating them with ‘durks, and stones, and rungs,’ and forcing them to wade to and fro in the adjoining river, until some of them were nearly killed.” Mr Gray appealed to Cæsar for protection, and left the scene for a season. He returned to it in the following January, when he was permitted to go on with his labours in peace ; and the Prelatic robbers “delivered over to him the ‘communion vessels and vestments,’ which they had all along retained and made use of.”

The Jacobites played a high game ; and it was proportionately costly. It cost the Lindsays of Edzell their patrimony. They parted with it for the sake of James VIII. of Scotland and III. of England. To enable him to raise a company to support James, the last Laird of them sold Edzell, Glenesk, and Lethnot to the Earl of Panmure. The Earl bought them to enable him the more efficiently to help James ; and the game cost him, not only this purchase, but his entire princely inheritance.

The last Laird’s “fittin’” from Edzell is most pathetically told by Lord Lindsay in his *Lives of the Lindsays*, all the more pathetically that it is told in the language of local tradition. “The Laird, like his father, had been a wild and wasteful man, and had been long awa’ ; he was deeply engaged with the unsuccessful party of the Stuarts, and the rumour of their defeat was still occupying the minds of all the country side. One afternoon the poor Baron, with a sad and sorrowful countenance and heavy heart, and followed by only one of a’ his company, both on horseback, came to the Castle, almost unnoticed by any. Everything was silent—he gaed into his great big house, a solitary man—there was no wife and child to gie him welcome, for he had never been married. The Castle was almost deserted ; a few old servants had been the only inhabi-

tants for many months. Neither the Laird nor his faithful follower took any rest that night. Lindsay, the broken-hearted ruined man, sat all night in the large hall, sadly occupied—destroying papers sometimes, reading papers sometimes, sometimes writing, sometimes sitting mournfully silent—unable to fix his thoughts on the present or to contemplate the future. In the course of the following day he left the Castle in the same manner in which he had come; he saw none of his people or tenants; his one attendant only accompanying him; they rode away, taking with them as much as was valuable or useful as they could conveniently carry. And, turning round to take a last look of the old towers, he drew a last long sigh, and wept. He was never seen here again.”

The chapter of his after-life is alike brief and sad. The first few years of it were spent in Fifeshire, on the small property of Newgate, after which he removed to Kirkwall, in the Orkney Islands, where he died in the capacity of an hostler at an inn about the middle of last century; or as stated by Earl James in his Memoirs, in 1744, aged about eighty years—a landless out-cast, yet unquestionably *de jure* “Lord de Lyndesay.”

He had two sisters, Margaret and Janet. Janet, who had been followed in her walks about Edzell by a pretty white lamb, fell the victim of a vile seducer, and died in England in infamy. Margaret, with a dowry of seven thousand merks, became the wife of Watson of Aitherny, in Fife, and her visit to Edzell in ruins Lord Lindsay has also told most touchingly. “Year after year passed away, and the Castle fell to ruin—the banner rotted on the keep—the roofs fell in—the pleasure became a wilderness—the summer-house fell to decay—the woods grew wild and tangled—the dogs died about the place, and the name of the old proprietors was seldom mentioned, when a lady arrived one day at Edzell, as it is still related, in her own coach, and drove to the Castle. She was tall and beautiful, and dressed in deep mourning. ‘When she came near the ancient burying-place,’ says the same faint voice of the past (tradition), ‘she alighted and went into the chapel, for it was then open—the doors had been driven down, the stone figures and carved work was all broken, and bones lay scattered about. The poor lady went in and sat down among it a’, and wept sore at the ruin of the house and the fate of her family, for no one doubted of her being one of them, though no one knew who she was or where she came from. After a while she

came out, and was driven in the coach up to the Castle; she went through as much of it as she could, for stairs had fallen down, and roofs had fallen in,—and in one room in particular she staid a long while, weeping sadly. She said the place was dear to her, though she had now no right to it, and she carried some of the earth away with her.' It was Margaret of Edzell, the Lady of Aitherny, as ascertained by an independent tradition, derived from a venerable lady of the House of Aitherny, who lived to a great age, and always spoke of her with bitterness as the proud bird out of the eagle's nest who had ruined her family. 'She came once to my father's house,' said she to my informant, 'with two of her children. She was on her way to Edzell Castle. It was years since it had passed away from her family. My father did all that he could to persuade her from so waefu' a journey, but go she would; and one morning she set off alone, leaving her children with us to await her return. She was a sair changed woman when she came back—her haughty manner was gone, and her proud look turned into sadness. She had found everything changed at Edzell since she left it, a gay lady, the bride of Aitherny. For the noise and merriment of those days, she found silence and sadness—for the many going to and fro, solitude and mouldering walls—for the plentiful board of her father, his house only, roofless and deserted. When she looked out from the windows, it was the same gay and smiling landscape, but all within was ruin and desolation. She found her way to what had been in former days her own room, and there, overcome with the weight of sorrow, she sat down and wept for a long time—she felt herself the last of all her race, for her only brother was gone, no one could tell where. She came back to Gardrum the next day, and she just lived to see the ruin of Aitherny, which her extravagance and folly had brought on, for the laird was a good-natured man and could deny her nothing. They both died, leaving their family in penury.' And such was the end of the 'proud house of Edzell.'"

Edzell endured a third military visit in 1746. About three hundred Argyll Highlanders were stationed in the Castle, to purge the district of Jacobites, special attention being directed to a freebooter named Ferrier, who, with some three hundred daring desperate fellows like himself, took up his abode at the mouth of Glenesk, and ravaged the country between it and Brechin. Without receiving all that some writers have said of

the character and deeds of these Highlanders, we may be sure that the district was glad when it was able to dispense with the presence of such purgers and protectors.

The Reverend George Low, the eminent naturalist, was a native of Edzell, his father filling the humble office of beadle of the parish. George studied both at Aberdeen and St Andrews; was ordained minister of Birsay and Harray in 1774; and died there in 1795. He was the author of *Fauna Orcadensis*, and *Flora Orcadensis*, and the translator of Torfaeus' *History of Orkney*. He accompanied Pennant in his famous Shetland tour, and, from his knowledge of botany, was of great service to him. He likewise left a *History of Orkney* in MS., from which, more especially from the Appendix treating of the Natural History of the Islands, Dr Barry is said to have drawn largely, without making the slightest acknowledgment of obligation to the author!

LOCHLEE.

The properties of Edzell and Glenesk, or, as the latter is also called, Lochlee, were always united. The Stirlings and the Lindsays, of whom we do not require to say anything more, were owners of both.

As far back as the eighth century, St Drostan was the apostle of Christianity to Glenesk. According to Butler, the Saint had Royal Scotch blood in his veins, and was Bishop of Donegal, in Ireland. Visiting Glenesk, and moved with pity for its benighted inhabitants, he took up his residence in it, and devoted the remainder of his life to its evangelisation. He died in 809; and his body was carried in mournful procession across the hills, and buried in the church of Aberdour, in Aberdeenshire, of which church he had been patron. His memory is preserved in such local names as Droustie, Droustie Kirk, Droustie Inn, Droustie's Well, and Droustie's Meadow.

It is said that The Bruce and his mortal enemy, John Comyn, Earl of Buchan, aided by the King's nephew, Sir David de Brechin, and Sir John Mowbray, met in Glenesk in 1307. After the capture of the Castle of Inverness and other strongholds in the north, Bruce was marching southward; and, as

Buchanan has it, when he "had penetrated into the interior of the Kingdom, John Cumin, Earl of Buchan, informed of his movements came up with him, at the wood through which the River Esk flows into the plains of Mearns, and with an army of English and Scots, which he had suddenly raised, having called out all who were able to bear arms, he followed him to a place named Glesesk. Bruce perceiving that the narrow passes were favourable for his little force, prepared for battle, and waited the enemy. Cumin drew out his army in an extended line, thinking that his opponents would be panic-struck at the appearance of such a multitude; but when he saw that they maintained their position, conscious of the inferiority of his soldiers, he durst not seek an engagement in a situation which was rather unfavourable." Legend has improved this bit of dull history, if history it is. It says that Bruce and Comyn, at their meeting in Glesesk, did fight a bloody battle; that the cairns on Rowan Hill are the graves of the slain in it; that a large whinstone, with a cross rudely cut on it, is the stone on which Bruce set up his standard; and that another stone among the birks of Ardoch, with a few oblique lines on it, is the stone on which he sharpened his sword after the battle!

It was in Glesesk that Sir David Lindsay began, about 1593, the mining operations to which we alluded in connection with Edzell; and which were carried on with more or less regularity and energy during the next century.

Invermark Castle was the baronial residence in Glesesk. The last Castle, the ruins of which are so interesting an object in the romantic and charming scenery about the mouth of the Mark, was built by the Lindsays; and Sir David Lindsay, the ninth Earl of Crawford, died in it. The Tower may have been specially designed for keeping watch and guard against the incursions of the Caterans from the north; from which in spite of all precautions, the district suffered so much that, as late as 1659, when the Laird bestowed a grant for the reader or schoolmaster, he expressly bound himself and his successors to pay the whole stipend, in the event of "a general vastatione of the parochie by the Highlanders or otherwise," and that for "the year or yeares as the vastatione shall endure." As a single instance of such visitation, Mr Jervise says, "In one of these inroads the Cateran is said to have carried off in triumph about the half of the cattle and sheep in the glen; and, in attempting to regain them, no fewer than five of the Glesesk men fell in

the struggle, while about a dozen men were taken prisoners and carried to the distant home of the riever, and only restored to their friends on the payment of a heavy ransom."

When Montrose visited Edzell in 1645, he extended his attention to Glenesk ; and, among other favours, he burned the church of it to the ground. The battle between Prelacy and Presbytery was very keenly and toughly fought in this sequestered pastoral district. Glenesk was disjoined from Lethnot and erected into a separate parish in 1723. The great body of the people were then either Episcopalians or Roman Catholics, chiefly the former, and their antipathy to the Revolution Church was such that rather than conform to it they were prepared to go back to Rome. The Presbyterian zeal of Mr Scott, one of the parochial incumbents, steeled them in this antipathy. In the language of his Session Minutes, the Reverend David Rose, father of the Right Honourable Sir George Rose, was "the illegal meeting-house keeper." The "marriage pledges" of Episcopalians he demanded, but never returned, except to those who joined his church ; and the bans of marriage between a couple he would not allow to be proclaimed, because the woman was a Papist. It is not surprising that his parishioners regarded him as a spy of the Hanoverian Government, and credited him with obtaining from it the order prohibiting the "wearing of that part of the Highland dress called the plaid, filibeg, or little kilt." They also believed that to him they were indebted for the visit in 1746 of the Argyle Highlanders, who had great faith in the virtue of fire for purging the land, and who accordingly burned down the Episcopalian meeting-house in Glenesk. When riding past its ruins Mr Scott was thrown from his horse and killed on the spot ; and the Episcopalians did not fail to point to his fate as a signal instance of retributive justice. The Presbyterians were not the only religious party in those days, who thought themselves "made of the counsel" of the King of Heaven, and able to make the mysteries of his providence plain !

Glenesk was the hiding-place of young Edzell, the profligate son of Lord Edzell, when he had to fly from justice ; and the "Eagil's Loup" is the scene where he one day escaped by a desperate leap over a frightful rocky chasm of the Mark, while some of his pursuers, attempting to follow, fell into the chasm, and were dashed to pieces. The glen was also the refuge of rebel Jacobites in 1745. "Bonnymune's Cave," a large cave

with a narrow mouth, near the foot of Cramond Hill, was the lurking place of the rebel Laird of Balnamoon; and there he skulked in safety, despite of the rewards offered and efforts made for the discovery of him. He was, of course, much indebted to the affection and fidelity of those who lived in the neighbourhood of the cave. One cold wet day he was sitting by the kitchen fire of the farmer of Glenmark, disguised in the ordinary garb of a hind. Soldiers in search of him entered the house; when the farmer gruffly ordered him to go and clean the byres, and make room at the fireside for the strangers! Balnamoon did not need to have the order repeated. He at once made himself scarce, and was safe in the retreat of his cave as soon as his feet could carry him to it.

Glenesk has been the scene of some tragic occurrences. Such was the drowning of the two brothers Whyte in the Mark, at Gripdyke, in Glenmark, in 1820. The one having leaped across the narrow passage, fell back into the torrent, and in a moment was engulfed in the abyss below; and the other at affection's impulse, madly threw himself in to save his brother, and shared his fate. Such was the death of Miss Catherine Douglas, of Brigton, in the snowstorm of January, 1827. She had been with the Rev. Mr Jolly, Episcopal minister of Glenesk, at Mill of Auchun. As they returned home, the snow falling heavily, and the wind drifting it, they got quite bewildered, and lost their way. Nobly did the lady bear up, till she was forced to succumb to utter exhaustion. Mr Jolly clasped her in his arms, and felt her pulse growing weaker and weaker, till it ceased to beat; and when found by the people who went out in search of them, he seemed just about to follow his companion, who lay beside him a stiffened corpse!

Glenesk has been the scene of some comic occurrences as well, one of them richly illustrative of the odd habits and the high benevolence of William, Lord Panmure. Wandering in the glen *incognito*, and disguised as a beggar, he sought and got "quarters" for the night in a small cottage, of which an old woman was the only inmate. Grumbling in the course of the evening at the smallness of the fire, the woman pleaded the scantiness of her fuel. Affecting to be angry, the beggar said that he would soon get fuel; and laying hold of her spinning-wheel, tearing it in pieces, and heaping it on the ingle, he made a blazing fire, filling the cottage with a light and a heat,

to which it had been quite a stranger. The poor woman's heart was breaking with grief, and sinking into despair, and her tongue was indulging in bitter upbraiding, when his Lordship consoled her with a benefaction which did unspeakably more than compensate her for her burnt spinning-wheel.

Glenesk was the scene of another event, which, if we are to characterise it rightly, we must call preternatural. It was a visit from the other world, which proved the occasion of much good to this one. Before Gannochy Bridge spanned the North Esk, the tenant of the adjoining farm of Wood of Edzell was a Mr Black, a rich old fellow, with no family, but with a large ingredient of the hold-fast in him. In 1731, several lives were lost in attempts to ford the river at and near to Gannochy. The spirit of one of the drowned called on Mr Black on no fewer than three successive nights, and charged him to build the Bridge, and prevent further loss of life. If he tried to resist, it was altogether in vain; he could get no rest or peace till he set about obeying the messenger from the dead; and in 1732, at his own sole expense, the first Bridge of Gannochy, which is still the half of the present one, was erected. Would that the Messrs Black of our day were favoured with the calls and commands of such potent and patriotic nightly visitants!

Brown, the learned President of the Linnean Society, was the son of one of the Episcopalian ministers of Glenesk.

Alexander Ross, long schoolmaster of Glenesk, was the author of *The Fortunate Shepherdess*, as also *The rock and the wee pickle tow*, *To the biggin' we will go*, *Woo'd and married an' a'*, and many other popular songs. Dr James Beattie, author of *The Minstrel*, has set his mark on him as a true son of poesy.

“But ilka Mearns and Angus bairn
My tales and sangs by heart shall learn;
And chields shall come frae yont the Cairn-
o'-Mount, right vousty,
If Ross will be so kind as share in
Their pint at Drousty.”

Dr Jamieson, in his *Scottish Dictionary*, has paid Ross the highest tribute as one of our Scottish classics, by drawing so largely on his works in illustration of our vernacular. The epitaph on his tombstone in the new churchyard (it ought surely to have been in the old one where his body lies) is the simple and sober truth concerning him:—

ERECTED
TO THE MEMORY
OF
ALEXANDER ROSS, A.M.,
SCHOOLMASTER OF LOCHLEE,
AUTHOR OF "LUNDY AND NORRY; OR,
THE FORTUNATE SHEPHERDESS,"
AND OTHER POEMS IN SCOTTISH DIALECT.
BORN, APRIL, 1699.
DIED, MAY, 1784.

HOW FINELY NATURE AYE HE PAINTIT,
O' SENSE IN RHYME HE NE'ER WAS STINTIT,
AN' TO THE HEART HE ALWAYS SENT IT
WI' MIGHT AND MAIN :
AN' NO AE LINE HE E'ER INVENTIT
NEED ANE OFFEN' !

The author of "Attic Fragments," speaking of Lochlee, the Loch from which the parish takes its name, says—"Close by its eastern margin are the ruins of the little church and schoolhouse of Lochlee, the latter interesting to the lovers of Scottish literature by having been the residence of Ross, the author of 'Helenora, or the Fortunate Shepherdess,' a poem, which, though it be now as much a sealed book to the fashionables of Scotland as the writings of Gower, or even Alfred himself, are to those of England, yet contains some of the most romantic descriptions that ever were written, and preserves traces of customs and traditions not to be found elsewhere." In so far as this complaint is true, the more shame, say we, to the fashionables of Scotland, and emphatically the more shame to Glenesk, and to the whole county of Angus !

LETHNOT AND NAVAR.

Lethnot and Navar are not without their Historic Scenes. The cairns scattered in them are said to mark the resting-places of those who fell fighting for their country against the English in the War of the Independence. Tradition bears that even in these remote parts the combatants met and had their skirmishes, in which not a very little precious patriotic blood was shed. Buchanan narrates, as we have seen, that Bruce and Comyn, Earl of Buchan, looked one another in the face in Glenesk and, though Comyn shrunk from the risk of a great battle, we

can be at no loss to account for the cairns in the neighbouring parish, if we accept what Buchanan adds :—“ He (Comyn) first sent a herald to Bruce to treat for a suspension of arms, preliminary to a treaty of peace, which having obtained, he made no more mention of peace, but endeavoured to increase his forces by every means in his power ; and, distrusting the Scots who were in his army, many of whom favoured Bruce, he asked for aid from the English. In the meantime, Bruce, that he might teach the English to respect him, and also raise the spirits of his friends, stuck always close to the forces of the enemy, harassing them, now in one place and now in another, and seizing upon their weaker garrisons, never remaining long in one spot, or affording his opponents any opportunity for retaliation.”

Tradition farther bears that this parish had its Castle, called Dennyferne, which was one of the residences of the Lindsays. At the supposed site of it are the foundations of a square building of considerable size ; and there are unmistakable traces of dwellings surrounding it, the cottages, it may be, of the retainers of the Lord of the manor, as also of ancient tillage, in the ridge form of the surface of the soil in the immediate neighbourhood.

Lethnot came to the Lindsays with Glenesk, by the marriage of Sir Alexander Lindsay with Miss Catherine Stirling. Navar was always conjoined with Brechin in one lordship ; and many of the Lords thereof ranked among the highest historic personages of their day. The first of them was David, Earl of Huntingdon, brother of William the Lion. Among his successors may be named his grandson, Sir William de Brechin one of the great barons in the time of Alexander III., and one of the guardians of the kingdom in his minority ; his great-grandson, Sir David, who married a sister of The Bruce, and, after the battle of Inverury, espoused his cause, and continued faithful to it ; and his great-great-grandson, also Sir David, who suffered for his complicity in the conspiracy of Lord Soulis. We may also name Sir David Barclay, who married Margaret de Brechin, Bruce's niece ; Walter, the second son of Robert II., by Euphemia Ross, who married the only daughter of Sir David Brechin, and was executed for the share he had in the death of his nephew, James I. ; David, Earl of Crawford, and afterwards Duke of Montrose ; James, Duke of Ross, the second son of James III., and afterwards Archbishop of St Andrews ;

Slr Thomas Erskine, Lord Brechin ; the Earl of Mar ; and the Earls of Panmure, who acquired Brechin and Navar by purchase, in 1634. Such Lords of it, bulking so much in the annals of their country, are enough to invest Navar with great historic interest.

With the proudest and most potent of these Lords of Brechin and Navar the arch-fiend held his own ; as we have seen that he did with the Lords of Glenesk. So fond was he of the glen of the West Water, that he was loth to brook any lordship over it but his own. The farmer of Wirran had long nursed his wrath against a neighbour who had somehow offended him. Learning the road by which that neighbour would one night return home at a late hour, he resolved to waylay him, and to have his revenge on him. The farmer's wife, dreading that mischief was in the wind, employed all her art of persuasion and entreaty to induce him to stay at home. At last she asked who was to be her companion in his absence, and was answered by her infuriated husband, "THE DEVIL IF HE LIKES!" And he did like. From the middle of the earthen floor of the room in which the poor woman sat the Devil rose and presented himself before her! With admirable presence of mind she managed to slip her son, a mere boy, out at a back window for the minister. He, with some neighbours, soon neared the house, when feeling the smell of "brimstane smeik," he returned to the manse for his gown and bands, and Bible. Boldly entering with this armour, he attacked the enemy, setting on him with his sword ; when, in the midst of a volume of smoke, and uttering a hideous yell, he shrunk aghast, and passed from view in much the same mysterious way as he had appeared ; and an indentation in the ground floor of the farmhouse was long pointed out as having been caused by the descent of Satan ! Is it not written in the book of the Chronicles, &c. ?

The victorious minister was the Episcopal minister of Lethnot, a Stuart devotee, who prayed for "the heads and patriots of the Rebel Army, and that God might cover their heads in the day of battell;" as also, "for his noble patron the Earl of Panmure, that the Lord might preserve him now that he was exposed to danger;" gave thanks for "King James the Eighth's safe landing into these his native bounds;" and entreated "that the army appearing against Mar's army might be defeated," &c. As may readily be supposed, for these and for all his other like good deeds, Satan seems to have had a special

pique at him. He even ventured to enter the manse, and to torment him there. If he sat down in his study on an evening to read or to write, his book or paper was forthwith covered with darkness, and so faintly did the candle burn that he could hardly see from one end of the room to the other! What a pity that he did not know the secret by which a good old Presbyterian minister got rid of all such infernal annoyance! As he himself used to tell it, "One day when I sat down to my desk, the fiend took his stand just behind me, so that I could not get on with a word of my sermon. At length it occurred to me to write the first promise on a small slip of paper, and, without looking over my shoulder, to throw it to my tormentor, saying, 'Tak that, Satan; it's low watter wi' you noo!' when he instantly departed, and has never troubled me in my study since."

The minister of Lethnot was not so deft a soldier; and, eventually, it faired very wofully with him. On a dark winter night, in the time of a great snowstorm, and during a gust of wind which threatened to overthrow the manse, Beelzebub entered the study by the chimney, in the shape of a large black cat! "How he found his way none could divine, for the minister didn't see him enter, and saw nothing of him save his long hairy fangs, which suddenly extinguished the candle! Running in pursuit, however, he saw him clear the steep and narrow stair which led to the lower flat of the house, and falling from head to foot of it himself, Mr Thomson (such was the minister's name) was so greatly injured from bruises and fright that he never recovered!"

Calleter, one of the tributaries of the West Water, had till lately a talismanic stone, locally famous, and well deserving to be nationally famous. It is said to have been of a greyish colour, pure as marble, with a hole in the centre of it as large as to admit a man's arm. It stood erect in the channel of the stream, and was called the Adders' Stone, because in fine sunny days white adders disported themselves by chasing one another through and through the hole. The talismanic virtue of adders' stones lay in this,—they were infallible antidotes against the ill which the Old Serpent and his agents inflicted; working, we may suppose, on the principle of the Homœopathic Medical School, "*similia similibus curantur.*" Man or beast, smitten by demons, warlocks, or witches, was at once cured by being brought into contact with the adders' stone!

Let nobody marvel at this. White adders had still more wonderful virtue. The broth of them endowed with the second sight! It was thus, and by a lucky accident, that Brochdarg, the Prophet of the North, got the power of foretelling the future, and detecting the tools of the Evil One, who "cast ill" on their neighbours. Cooking one day, somewhere on the Continent, his master's dinner, for which a white adder was being boiled, and scalding his fingers with the broth, he thrust them into his mouth to ease his pain, when lo! the future was in an instant laid open to his view. "Fearing the ire of his master (who had strictly charged him not to let a drop of the 'broo' touch his tongue), he fled from his service, and domiciling himself among his native mountains in Aberdeenshire, was consulted by all the bewitched and love-sick swains and maidens far and near, and died an old wealthy carle about eighty years ago!"

Let nobody, we say again, marvel at this; we mean sceptically marvel at it. As late as the first quarter of the present century the Lethnotites actually had such a person among them; his supernatural gift being from the white adders' "broo." A farmer in Lethnot, whose cattle were fast dying, sent for him, and by certain incantations, performed with a basin full of spring water, and a ball of polished steel, he soon presented to the eyes of the amazed farmer the image of the face of the beldame who was emptying his stalls! She was one of his own cottars. "This *witch* is still remembered by some old residenters, and one respectable person assures us that she was as thorough a witch as ever slept, for [let the reader mark the conclusiveness of the evidence] he himself, for calling her a 'witch' one day while driving one of his father's carts, had a cart full of lime upset three several times within the short space of a mile, and in sight of the weird's residence!" Is it not written in the book, &c.?

There is a Scene on the ridge of Wirran Hill. Those small elevations on it, so like graves in their appearance, are what they seem to be. They mark the graves of those in the district who, in remote times, did violence to their own life. At no distant date self-murderers, if buried within the precincts of churchyards, were usually not allowed to be taken in to them by the gates. They had to be carried over the walls, and earthed in some plot by themselves. But it would seem that the separation of suicides from others in their burial was at one

time still more complete in Lethnot and Navar : their cemetery was the top of Wirran Hill.

Cobb's Heugh and Black's Pot are another Scene in this locality. Black, tenant of the Mill of Lethnot, having quarrelled with the laird, the latter, resolved to be rid of him for ever, employed a person named Cobb to waylay and despatch him. In the desperate encounter between them Black proved the victor, and threw his intended murderer over a cliff into a deep pool of the West Water, in which his body was got days after ; and the cliff has ever since been called Cobb's Heugh, and the pool Black's Pot.

The largest tributary of the West Water is the Water of Saughs, and towards the end of the seventeenth century its banks were the scene of a fierce and bloody conflict, which goes by the name of the Raid or the Battle of Saughs. A gang of the CATERAN came down on a Sunday night upon Fern, seized a rich booty of horses and cattle, and before Monday morning were over the mountains with their prey. Under the banner of a valiant youth, M'Intosh of Ledenhendrie, eighteen resolute, heroic young men of Fern pursued the rieviers, and overtook them by the Water of Saughs, camping around a blazing fire, and cooking a young Fern cow for breakfast. To settle the case between them, single combat between the leaders of these parties was agreed on. A shot from the CATERAN, killing one of the Fern men, upset this agreement, and not the chiefs only, but all under them, forthwith closed in deadly combat. Seeing M'Intosh hard pressed by his antagonist, James Winter, stealing behind the bandit chief, hamstrung him ; and, though he fought on his stumps, M'Intosh soon pierced him to the heart. Seeing their chief fallen, and several of their party biting the dust, the CATERAN fled ; but the tradition is that not one of them escaped. "Donald Young's Shank" marks the spot where Donald in his flight fell, and died of his wounds. Since this century began, a flood, breaking the banks of the Saughs, uncovered the bones of some of the sleeping freebooters and exposed them to view.

The Fern men, minus only one of their number, returned home in triumph with the property which they had recovered, and received the applause which they had so well merited. Ledenhendrie was specially honoured. The Earl of Southesk built a fort for his habitation, and made him Captain of the parish, disposting Ogilvie, tenant of Trusto, who had long held

that office. Trusto, therefore, hated him with a mortal hatred, and set a party one night to lie in wait for his life. Happily for him the night was very dark, which favoured his escape. He and his faithful dog got into a crevice of a rock in the Den of Trusto, so near the intended assassins that their conversation was overheard; and there they remained till they could safely leave it in the morning. The crevice has ever since borne the name of Ledenhendrie's Chair.

Of the battle of Saughs there is a memorial in the lines on the gravestone of the above James Winter, in the churchyard of Glenisla—

“ Here lyes James Vinter, who died in Peathaugh,
Who fought most valiantly at ye Water of Saughs,
Along with Ledenhendry, who did command ye day—
They vanquis the enemy and made them runn away.”

In 1746 the Argyle Highlanders did to the Episcopalian Chapel of Lethnot what they had done to that of Glenesk. They burned it to the ground. The locality was strongly Episcopalian, so much so that the Presbyterians did not get a Session organised till 1749, sixty years after the Revolution and the abolition of Prelacy in Scotland. But the wofully disastrous result of the Rebellion in '45, though it did not reconcile the Jacobites to the new order of things, was beginning to force on them the conviction that submission to Hanover and Presbytery had become a dire necessity. A few years before, they would not have suffered such an inscription as that which was put, in 1747, on the tombstone of the Reverend John Row, minister of the united parishes of Navar and Lethnot. It runs thus:—“ He died upon the 24th day of December, 1745, while the nation was distracted with civil wars, but had the pleasure to see his people adhering to their religion and liberties, while many others had joined those who wanted to overturn both; and soon after affairs had taken such a turn as he had foretold, both in public and private, the disturbers of our peace being dispersed by the glorious Duke of Cumberland.”

This was a strange tongue in such a quarter; and, whatever others might do, there was one who would not frame his mouth to speak the language of Ashdod. That was Peter Grant, or *Dubrach*, as he was more commonly called, from a place he once tenanted. He was taken a prisoner at Culloden, fighting for Charlie, and carried to Carlisle, whence he escaped by scaling the wall. He continued faithful to the last, willing to “ fecht

Culloden ower agen." In his 106th year he was brought under the notice of George II., as "his Majesty's oldest enemy," and he heaped coals of fire on his head by giving him a pension of a guinea a week. He died in his 110th year, leaving behind him his spinster daughter Annie, a pensioner on the charity of Navar, to whom, however, the King graciously continued her father's pension; and Lord Panmure built her a nice cottage near the Bridge of Lethnot, on removing to which she spoke of only one regret which she felt. Now calling herself Lady Anne, "There's naebody," said she, "but the minister's folk near me that's worth mindin', an' although it be sair against my wull I doubt I'll hae to mak' them a kind o' cronies!"

Navar was the birth parish of Jonathan Duncan, who rose to great eminence in our Indian Empire. He was Governor, first of Benares, and after that of the Presidency of Bombay. He died in 1811, in his 58th year, and was buried with great pomp, at the public expense, in the Cathedral of Bombay, where a magnificent monument was erected to him. All this was high honour, and so too was the tribute which Sir James M'Intosh, who was Judge at Bombay at the time of Duncan's death, paid to his memory. "Among the many blessings which flowed from his administration at Benares," said Sir James, "the reform which he effected in the barbarous and cruel practice of female infanticide among the chieftains of the eastern part of the Company's possessions in that province, as it is peculiarly illustrative of the humanity of his disposition, is the more worthy of particular commemoration, since he ever contemplated the success that attended his laudable efforts in the accomplishment of so beneficent an object as one of the happiest incidents of his life; and with equal ardour and solicitude has he been engaged in prevailing on the chieftains of Kattywur and of Cutch to renounce that inhuman custom, the existence of which, in these provinces, had recently become known to the Government."

MENMUIR.

The oldest Historic Scene in Menmuir is the Caterthun. There are two of these on the summit of two detached conical

hills, about the line where the Grampians begin to swell into mountains. They are about a mile distant from one another, and are called respectively the White and the Brown or Black Caterthun. Rings of white stone encircle the former, and rings of dark turf encircle the latter; and hence their names. The White Caterthun was at an elevation of about three hundred feet. Its area was elliptic in form, measuring more than five hundred feet in length and two hundred in breadth. The wall enclosing this area was composed of large loose stones, and was at least twenty-five feet thick at the top, and about an hundred feet at the bottom. Outside this wall was a broad deep ditch, with an earthen breast-work on its outer side; and beyond this there was a double entrenchment of wall and ditch running around the slope of the hill. The Brown or Black Caterthun was similar, only its elevation was less, its dimensions smaller, and its walls composed entirely of earth.

What was the design of these great works? There is now all but universal acquiescence in the opinion that they were forts, hill forts (as *Cader-dun*, or *Caither-dun*, signifies) erected by our remote ancestors for retreat and security in times of danger. When they were erected, and who the race was that first manned them, we know not. These, says Burton, "seem questions idle to be asked, since the chances of any answer being ever made to them appear so utterly hopeless." The labour of amassing such a prodigious quantity of stones as were built into the White Caterthun, and of carrying them to such a height, "surpasses description," as Burton says; and it would surpass belief if we had not, in the ruins of the fortress, ocular demonstration of what the labour accomplished.

The local tradition, which prevailed till recent times, explained the mystery, and solved all difficulties. The Caterthun were erected for the abode of the Fairies; and the architects, masons, &c., were the Witches. Nay, a single brawny witch, in the course of a single morning, carried in her apron all the stones used, from the channel of the West Water to the top of the hill; and how many more she would have carried, and how much huger the structure would have been, if her apron-string had not broken, no mortal knows! But the string broke with the weight of the largest of the stones; and it was allowed to lie where it fell, and is to be seen at this day on the north side slope of the hill. As a help to faith in the marvel, Jervise adds, "This tradition, it may be remarked, however *outré*, is

curious from its analogy to that concerning the Castles of Mulgrave and Pickering in Yorkshire, the extensive causeways of which are said to have been paved by genii named Wada and his wife Bell, the latter, like the Amazonian builder of Caterthun, having carried the stones from a great distance in her apron !”

Next to the Caterthun in point of antiquity are the sepulchral remains and the sculptured stones of Menmuir. The remains are abundant. Many stone cists, inclosing urns, have been dug up in the Moss of Findowrie. About a mile north of the church is a cluster of burrows. On the line from the Caterthun to Keithock are frequent tumuli and cairns ; and there fragments of arms also have been found. As the couplet has it—

“’Tween the Blawart Lap, and the Killievair Stanes,
There lie mony bluidy banes.”

All these things tell of war ; of which it can hardly be doubted that the sculptured stones, found in the foundation of the old dyke of the churchyard, are likewise the memorial. According to the common tradition of the district, they tell of battle upon battle between the Picts and the Danes ; but it is very likely that they specially point to a great battle fought in 1130 between David I. and Angus, Earl of Moray. Angus claimed the Scottish throne in right of Gruach, the granddaughter of Kenneth IV., and the mother of Lulach, the grandfather of Angus. The men of Moray supported Angus in his claim ; and coming southward at their head, he met the King in this neighbourhood, and was completely overthrown.

At the beginning of the historic period Menmuir was a thanedom. It had a Royal residence, supposed to have been situated on the rising ground to the south-west of the Kirk, though every vestige of it has long since disappeared. Alexander III. (1249-1286) had a gardener in Menmuir ; and in the Chamberlain Rolls there is an entry of the payment of one merk to him by one of the Montealtos, who was then Sheriff of the county. The great attraction of Menmuir, leading Royalty to make it one of its seats, was probably its contiguousness to the great Forest of Kilgery, in which game was abundant and the sport excellent.

It would seem to have been in the time of The Bruce that the Thanedom of Menmuir began to be apportioned to favourites of the crown. For certain tenements in Berwick-on-Tweed Bruce gave Peter de Spalding a royal charter of the

lands of Balzordie and Pitmu die, in Menmuir, with the keepership of the Forest of Kilgery, and a right to half the foggage. This excambion was Spalding's reward for betraying Berwick to the Scots. Under his guidance they scaled the walls undiscovered, and were soon masters of the town. The citizens were panic-struck with the suddenness of the attack, and could offer no effective resistance. Not a few were slain or made prisoners; and many more escaped by flight, or by taking refuge in the Castle. Spalding did not long enjoy in Angus the purchase of his treachery. He fell by the hand of an assassin; and while there is no trace of him in Menmuir, Spalding's Stables and Spalding's Loan in Fern are thought to be memorials of him.

Other portions of the thanedom David II. afterwards granted to several parties; conspicuous among whom was John de Cullas, the first Collace of Balnamoon. From 1360 to 1632 that estate was held by his race, which expired, or at least fell out of view with Patrick Collace, "beddell" of the parish; but the Collace race helped not a little to give Menmuir the place which it has in history. John de Collace of Balnamoon cost the rebels the loss of the battle of Brechin, for which the Earl of Crawford (Earl Beardie and the Tiger Earl) took terrible vengeance on him, harrying and desolating his lands; resting with his men, after the havoc committed, at the spot where, in honour of the noble savage, the village raised bears the name of Tigerton. Thomas de Collace rendered such loyal, valuable service to James III. at Blackness, that he was rewarded with half the foggage, and with the vert and venison of the Forest of Kilgery. John de Collace led by his encroachments to the inquest for fixing the boundary between his lands and those of the Bishop of Brechin; and was so lawless as to remove the landmarks which the Assize set between them. Robert de Collace so fanned the long standing feud between Balnamoon and Brechin that it broke out in deeds of mutual violence, very hurtful and discreditable to both parties. James Rollo of Duncrub married a daughter of this Robert, who thus became an ancestor of the noble family of Rollo.

Sir Alexander Carnegie, brother of the first Earls of Southesk and Northesk, purchased Balnamoon in 1632; and as will sufficiently appear in the sequel, his race also contributed its quota to give Menmuir the niche which it has in history.

Balhall adds to the Historic Scenes of the parish. It came into the possession of the Lindsays in 1555. David Lindsay, of

Edzell, the ninth Earl of Crawford, purchased it in that year ; and his son John had, we may believe, a special eye to it, when he assumed the title of Lord Menmuir, on being made a senator of the College of Justice.

It was in Balhall Moss, in 1382, that Sir James Lindsay, then chief of the Lindsays of Crawford, and High Justiciary of Scotland, slew Sir John Lyon, of Glamis. He seems to have envied Sir John for his favour with the King ; for he had risen to some of the highest offices of the State, and to be the King's son-in-law—and “who can stand before envy?” It may be, too, that he blamed Sir John for prejudicing the King's mind against him, and leading him to refuse certain applications which he had made to him. However this may have been, meeting in the Moss of Balhall, which was then very extensive, they settled their quarrel with the sword, at the cost of Lyon's life. He was honoured with being buried at Scone in the sepulchres of the Kings. Lindsay fled the country ; but, though stained with blood, he retained his office of Justiciary, and, on performing a pilgrimage to the shrine of St Thomas à Becket at Canterbury, he was called home and pardoned.

The Northern border of Balhall was the Scene of another tragedy. The Laird of it and a neighbour had differed about the march between their lands. Witnesses were called in to settle the strife. One of them swore against Balhall, deponing “that the land on which he stood” (the disputed ground) was Balhall's neighbour's. Enraged at his falsehood, the Laird drew his dagger, and despatched him. The perjury of the scoundrel was proved, by its being found on examination that he had filled his shoes with earth from the neighbour's land, to which he suited the words of his deposition. His name was Beattie ; and a cairn called Beattie's Cairn, and a ridge called the Mis-sworn Rig, are to this day memorials of his guilt and punishment.

We may add here that there was till lately another cairn in Menmuir, the memorial of a much more recent tragedy. Little more than a hundred years ago, Donald M'Arthur, the Tigerton shoemaker, visiting Brechin to make purchases for his marriage, and quarrelling with certain parties in the town, was waylaid by them on his return home, and in the darkness of the night. Concealing themselves in the wood of Findowrie, when Donald reached it they pounced upon him and savagely abused him ; and, a well-known highwayman coming up, they hired him with

a paltry sum to complete Donald's murder. A cairn was raised to mark the spot where the murdered body was found, and as few passed by without adding a stone to it, Donald's cairn had attained an immense size when the presiding genius of agricultural improvement gave orders for its removal. "The bride died of grief soon after the murder of her lover, and the peasantry were often alarmed by mingled cries of distress from the weird of the unfortunate shoemaker, while the favoured form of his betrothed hovered nightly around the cairn so long as any stones remained!" Is it not so written in the book of the Chronicles from which we have already quoted?

The Covenant was at first received with rather surprising favour in Menmuir. How it was so in a district which by and by showed so much favour to a "Popish Pretender" is not very obvious. The people, no doubt, followed in regard to both the lead of their betters; but why that lead should have been what it was is the puzzle. The Session Records of Menmuir bear that, in May, 1638, "the Confession of Faith and Covenant with our God was openlie read, subscrivit, and sworne unto be the haille congregation." Sir Alexander Carnegie was chosen to represent the Session in the famous General Assembly that met in Glasgow in the November of that year. It happened that Sir Alexander was not able to attend, and his place was supplied by one of his own class, Somyrs, proprietor of Balzordie, and other lands in the parish.

There are many entries in the records, showing the extremely disturbed state of the parish during the Civil War. "March 23, 1644.—No Conventioun, becaus of ye troubles." "February 13th to August 17th, 1645.—No conventioun, becaus ye enemie was still in ye fields, so that the minister durst not be seen in ye parish." The battle of Kilsyth was fought on the 15th of August, and splendidly won by Montrose, from four to five thousand of the Covenanters perishing on the field or in the flight. "August 17th.—Upon ye intelligence of the approach of ye enemie, the people fled out of ye kirk in the midst of the sermon." On September 15th, Montrose was totally and ruinously defeated at Philiphaugh; the Royalists were preparing for finally breaking up and dispersing, and the Earl of Crawford with his adherents appeared in Angus, filling it with consternation. "November 17th.—No preaching, because ane partie of the enemies here, coming through the shyre under Ludowick Lindsay, were in the parish." "Decem-

ber 17th, 1648.—The Covenant was read in the presence of the congregation, and subscribed by the minister and all whilk could subscribe.” “May 20th, 1650.—A thanksgiving was held for the victorie in the north;” *i.e.*, the victory at Invercarron, won by Strachan over Montrose, in his last desperate effort to retrieve the affairs of Charles II. The Marquis fled from the field wounded, and was captured by M’Leod of Assynt, and delivered up to his enemies. “August 11th, 1650.—The minister was appointed by the Presbytery to attend the Lord of Edzell’s regiment for a month,” his Lordship of Edzell being then, like his relative of Balcarres, a staunch friend of the Covenant. Toward the close of the year two fasts were kept; the one “for the sins of the King’s familie,” and the other “for taking the rebels.”

Menmuir was as orthodox as its neighbours on the subject of witchcraft; and it was not its fault if the infernal crew were not exterminated. December 2d, 1649, the Parochial records have this entry:—“No lecture this week, because the minister was attending the Committee appointed by the Provincial Assembly for the trial of witches and charmers in their bounds;” and the same entry again occurs under date December 22.

Notwithstanding all this laudable diligence against them, the witches, instead of diminishing, seemed rather to multiply, so long as the burning of them continued. And the fairies were no less rife. Even as late as fourscore years ago they were strongly suspected of having performed one of their pranks at Tigerton, viz., stealing a fine, healthy infant from fond parents, and substituting for him a sickly, ricketty one! The wise women of Tigerton knew how the suspicion might be tested. Place the infant over a blaze of whins; if of fairy stock, he will fly away to Fairieland; if a human being, he will abide the fire, and suffer only a *scaum*! The mother, leaving home for a day, left the infant in charge of a neighbour. The opportunity of bringing his species to the touchstone of experiment was too good to be lost. A select company assembled in the *ben* end of the house. “A bundle of whins was lighted, and, stript to the skin, the poor child was placed upon the tongs, and held over the flame by two of the learned conclave. He screamed and yelled, as older people would do in like circumstances; but, *as he never attempted to fly out at the chimney*, he was declared by the devilish hags, in council assembled, to be *merely a human creature after all!*”

We have not observed anything particularly connecting Menmuir with the Rebellion of 1715. Of course, it did not escape the excitement, and the agony of hope and fear with which that event filled a shire so Jacobite as Angus. The Session Minute of September 4, 1715, runs thus:—"This session, taking to their serious consideration the troublesomeness of the times, and the distracted state of this land, and considering also that they have in their hands the most part of the poors stock in specie, and being very solicitous and concerned that it should be safe in this critical juncture, therefore earnestly recommend to, and appoint the minister to secure and hide the poors money the best way he can," &c. ; which the minister did, with the assistance of his brother, Mr Willison of Brechin, the hiding place being, as Mr Black supposes, the bottom of the Round Tower of the city.

Menmuir was more deeply implicated in the Rebellion of 1745. Carnegie of Balnamoon was then Deputy-Lieutenant of Angus in the Stuart interest ; collected the cess of the county for James VIII. ; and was from first to last a leading spirit in the insurrection in his behalf. At the head of all the vassals he could muster, he fought for him at Preston, Falkirk, and Culloden. Apprehended by the Government, imprisoned in the Tower of London, and brought to trial, he escaped the doom which many fellow-rebels suffered, in consequence of a misnomer in his indictment ; but had for a while to skulk for his life. We have found him a refugee in the mountains of Glenesk.

This Carnegie was a man of happy temperament and great humour ; which would help to lighten his tribulations till better times returned. There are some first-rate stories of him, which, though stereotyped, we must not omit ; and they cannot be better told than they have been by the late Dean Ramsay in his *Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character*.

"A facetious and acute friend," says the Dean, "who rather leans to the Sydney Smith view of Scottish wit, declares that all our humorous stories are about lairds, and about lairds who are drunk. Of such stories there are certainly not a few, one of the best belonging to my part of the country ; and to many persons I should perhaps apologise for introducing it at all. The story has been told of various parties and localities, but there is no doubt that the genuine laird was a laird of Balnamoon (pronounced in the country Bonnymoon), and that the locality was

a wild tract of land not far from his place, called Munrimmon Moor. Balnamoon had been dining out in the neighbourhood, where, by mistake, they had put down to him after dinner cherry brandy instead of port wine, his usual beverage. The rich flavour and strength so pleased him that, having tasted it, he would have nothing else. On rising from table, therefore, the laird would be more affected by his drink than if he had taken his ordinary allowance of port. His servant Harry, or Hairy, was to drive him home in a gig, or whisky, as it was called, the usual open carriage of the time. On crossing the moor, however, whether from greater exposure to the blast, or from the laird's unsteadiness of head, his hat and wig came off, and fell upon the ground. Harry got out to pick them up and restore them to his master. The laird was satisfied with the hat, but demurred at the wig. 'It's no my wig, Hairy, lad; it's no my wig'; and refused to have anything to do with it. Hairy lost his patience, and, anxious to get home, remonstrated with his master: 'Ye'd better tak' it, sir, for there's nae waile o' wigs on Munrimmon Moor.'

Mr Fraser, after giving this Reminiscence from the Dean, adds in a foot-note: "In the neighbouring county of Mearns another version of the wig story is current, in which another person than the Laird of Balnamoon is made the *dramatis persona*. The elders of the parish F——, near the close of last century, were in the habit of adjourning after the close of the meetings of Session to a certain well-known hostelry in the village to enjoy a bicker or two of home-brewed ale, a drink much liked in those days. On one occasion two of them, from the north side of the parish, after a good boose at the ale, were crossing the Round Hill near the Heathery Briggs, when the hat and wig of one of them named Wyllie, but more commonly known by the name of Auld Cantla, from the name of his farm, Cantla Hills, fell off. It being dark, his brother elder made a search for them in vain. On the ground many newly-cut turfs were lying about, and being so far gone as to mistake one of these turfs for a wig, he clapped one of them, with the heathery side downwards, upon the bald head of the elder, who strongly remonstrated against such a covering being applied to his head, but who was naively told by his companion that 'there was no wyle o' wigs in the Common o' Cowie.'"

To the story of Balnamoon's wig the Dean subjoins: "I ought to mention also an amusing sequel to the story, viz., in

what happened after the affair of the wig had been settled, and the laird had consented to return home. When the whisky drove up to the door, Hairy, sitting in front, told the servant who came 'to tak' up the laird.' No laird was to be seen; and it appeared that he had fallen out on the moor without Hairy observing it. Of course they went back, and, picking him up, brought him safe home. A neighbouring laird having called a few days after, and having referred to the accident, Balnamoon quietly added, 'Indeed I maun hae a lume (a vessel) that'll *har'd in.*'"

"The laird of Balnamoon," continues the Dean," was a truly eccentric character. He joined with his drinking propensities a great zeal for the Episcopal Church, the service of which he read to his own family with much solemnity and earnestness of manner. Two gentlemen, one of them a stranger to the country, having called pretty early one Sunday morning, Balnamoon invited them to dinner, and as they accepted the invitation, they remained and joined in the forenoon devotional exercises, conducted by Balnamoon himself. The stranger was much impressed with the laird's performance of the service and during a walk which they took before dinner, mentioned to his friend how highly he esteemed the religious deportment of their host. The gentleman said nothing, but smiled to himself at the scene which he anticipated was to follow. After dinner Balnamoon set himself, according to the custom of old hospitable Scottish hosts, to make his guests as drunk as possible. The result was that the party spent the evening in a riotous debauch, and were carried to bed by the servants at a late hour. Next day, when they had taken leave, and left the house, the gentleman who had introduced his friend asked him what he thought of their entertainer. 'Why really,' he replied, with evident astonishment, 'sic a speat o' praying, and sic a speat o' drinking, I never knew in the whole course of my life.'"

The Dean's concluding anecdote of Balnamoon is very like what we have already given, as told by one of the Skenes of Careston. "Amongst many humorous colloquies between Balnamoon and his servant, the following must have been very racy and very original. The laird, accompanied by John, after a dinner party, was riding on his way home, through a ford, when he fell off into the water. 'Whae's that faun?' he inquired. 'Deed,' quoth John, 'I witna, an it be no your honour.'"

FERN.

The barony of Fern was possessed successively by three great historic families. The first was the Montealtos, or Mowats, to whom William 'the Lion' gifted the barony; an old and powerful family, which took its surname from Montealt in the county of Flint, North Wales, and settled in Scotland as early as the reign of David I. (1124-1153), and soon spread its branches into the shires of Aberdeen, Perth, Lanark, and Ayr, as well as Angus. One of the branch, William de Montealto, gave an annual of a stone of wax and four shillings to the monks of Coupar, from his lordship of Fern. Another of them, Michael de Montealto, was a Justiciary of Scotland in 1242, and his son Bernard was one of the ill-fated party who went to Norway, in 1281, to be present at the marriage of Margaret, daughter of Alexander III., to King Eric, and were drowned in returning—the theme of the ballad of Sir Patrick Spens. We give the first two and the last three stanzas of it :

“ The King sits in Dunfermline town
 Drinking the blude-red wine ;
 ‘ O, whare will I get a skeely skipper
 To sail this new ship o’ mine ?’

“ O up and spake an elder knight,
 Sat at the King’s right knee,—
 ‘ Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailor
 That ever sail’d the sea.’

* * * * *

“ O lang, lang, may the ladyes sit,
 Wi’ their fans into their hand,
 Before they see Sir Patrick Spens
 Come sailing to the strand.

“ And lang, lang, may the maidens sit,
 With their goud kaims in their hair,
 A’ waiting for their ain dear loves—
 For them they’ll see nae mair !

“ Half owre, half owre to Aberdour,
 ’Tis fifty fathoms deep,
 And there lies guid Sir Patrick Spens,
 Wi’ the Scots lords at his feet !”

William de Montealto was one of the barons who met at Arbroath in 1320, and remonstrated so nobly with Pope John XXII. in behalf of the independence of the country. Others

of the family left their names on their times, down to about the middle of the fifteenth century ; and it is presumed also in Mowat's Seat, or Mowat's Cairn, on the hill of Bruff Shank. The Lindsays succeeded the Montealtos in the barony, and were succeeded in their turn by the Carnegies ; families both of which fill a large space in the history of the county and the country ; though nothing concerning them is on record specially contributing to make Fern an Historic Scene.

The Manor-house of Fern was Vayne Castle, the ruins of which occupy one of the finest sites on the north side of the Noran of which that river can boast. Ochterlony describes it as in his day "a very good house, called the Waird, well planted, good yards, the house repaired by him (the Earl of Southesk), and well finished within : it hath an excellent fine large great park called the Waird." Before this, it had been much altered and improved by Robert, third Earl of Southesk. "Many of Earl Robert's repairs," says Jervise, "which had been made with a stone superior to that employed in the original building are yet visible about the place, and the doors and windows were ornamented with Horatian and other maxims. Three of these are still in existence, having been removed from the Castle and built into various parts of the walls of the adjoining farm-steading. One is more elegant than the rest ; and bears an Earl's coronet, and other sculpture, in high relief, and the monogram initials of Earl Robert (R.E.S.). . . . Like most of our old uninhabited Castles, that of the Vane fell a victim to the Gothicism of despoiling utilitarians, a part of it having been blown down with gunpowder by a tenant farmer, and the stones used for building dykes and similar purposes."

Popular tradition ascribes the erection of the Castle to Cardinal Beaton, saying that it was built to accommodate one of his mistresses, styled Lady Vayne ; and that one of the children she bore him, a son, fell into a deep hole in a dark cavern of the channel of the Noran, close by the Castle, and was drowned ; which hole is, therefore, to this day called Tammy's Hole or Cradle. It is certain that the Castle was not built by Beaton, but by one of the Lindsays ; it may be that the whole story is fabulous, and is a specimen of the infamy with which hate and horror of him in Angus overloaded the memory of that ecclesiastical dignitary. A hope was at one time expressed that historical research, bringing us into better

acquaintance with the Cardinal, would abate the infamy which clings to his name, and discover redeeming points in his private character. That hope has not been fulfilled by anything that any of our antiquarian clubs has brought to light. On the contrary, after all their investigations, and after all his own, Froude, one of our latest historians, thus writes :—" In England the lives of the higher Catholic clergy had been outwardly decorous ; in Scotland the bishops and archbishops set an example of the most enormous profligacy. Cardinal Beaton passed the night which preceded his murder with his mistress. Archbishop Hamilton succeeded to Beaton's vices with his power ; he lived in notorious adultery, and at successive sessions of the Scottish Parliament obtained letters of legitimation for his children. The mass was no longer a mode of Christianity which serious persons could defend, but a Paphian idolatry, identified with the coarsest forms of licentiousness. To plain eyes unprejudiced by theology it resembled too nearly the abominations of the Amorites, or the accursed rites of Thammuz."

Have noted seats of Satan upon earth good claims to ranks among Historic Scenes? If so, Vayne Castle and the locality in which it is situated are entitled to a prominent place among them. It is said that there is, somewhere below the cellar, a deep dungeon, into which the last family who inhabited the Castle, before taking their final departure from it, cast all their coined money and their plate. Often has curiosity, to say nothing of covetousness, searched for that dungeon ; but in vain. One, indeed, once had the good luck to discover it, as he fondly thought, but his seeming success only tantalised him. Though the mouth of the depository of the treasure was seen, it could not be entered. " When about to descend in search of the valuables, he was forcibly thrust from the mouth of the yawning gulph by an uncouth monster in the shape of a horned ox, who departed in a blaze of fire through a big hole in the wall (still pointed out !), and before the terrified treasure seeker could recover himself, the chasm which he had wrought so hard to discover, was again shut from his view !"

. Across the Noran, almost directly opposite Vayne Castle, is the Deil's Howes, a small hollow in the middle of a moor ; and here large pieces, a hundred and fifty or a hundred and sixty stones in weight, have been thrown out, and cast about on the surrounding surface. There was no visible cause for lumps of

the earth being thus removed out of their place. The cause must therefore have been invisible; and what was it? What enlightened and unsophisticated mind does not at once discern the presence and agency of the ruler of that Invisible World, from off which the Rev. George Simpson lifted the veil in his book entitled *Satan's Invisible World Discovered?* Unbelieving pretenders to science have, indeed, traced the earth-throwing to what they call "spontaneous combustion" in the underground of the Howe; and to overthrow the faith of the people in the traditions of the fathers, they have given out that the sub-soil is a "composite of argillaceous earth and iron," but having "no sulphur." Pshaw! Let nobody be wheedled out of his belief by a lot of big, high-sounding, jawbreaking words! And let nobody be simple enough to take on trust the alleged facts of such *savans!* "No sulphur" in the Deil's Howe? Let not this be accepted on their authority!

A small way down the Noran, and close by the side of it, is a big sandstone, with an impression on it somewhat resembling the mark made by the hoof of a large horse, one of the caulkers of the heel being rather deeply indented. This is Kelpie's Footmark. Pretenders to science again have talked and even written of the impression, as having been produced by a pebble that had been embedded in the stone falling out of it. But the people of the district have known better. Kelpie produced the impression with his foot; bounding among the rocks and amusing himself, now by overturning them in the swollen river, and then by sitting down on one of them, and wickedly crying for help in the feigned voice of a dying man. The good folk of Waterstone were up to his tricks. When a case of real drowning occurred, to decoy them from it Kelpie called out—

"A' the men of Waterstone! come here! come here!"

but the men of Waterstone gave no heed to him, and hastened to the point of real danger, to rescue a poor fellow-creature from the raging torrent!

Balquharn (the mansion of a small estate in the parish) had its Brownie, and Brandyden (the deep hollow between the Kirk and Noranside), had its Ghaist; and these would seem to have been one and the same. As the Ghaist, it took vengeance on the Lord of Fern, perhaps one of the Montealtos, for his baronial cruelty. One of his vassals he had most unjustly doomed to die the death of a traitor; had cast him into a dungeon where he happily breathed his last before the day of

execution came ; and had buried him in a secluded spot between the Castle and Balquharn. Ever after, the vassal's ghost haunted the baron. No servant would stay with him. The doors and windows of his fortalice, which was down in the bottom of Brandyden, flew open of their own accord. His dwelling resounded at all hours with unearthly, hideous yells. Thus made a terror to himself, and to all about him, he sank into utter misery, and died soon and suddenly.

The Ghaist now turned Brownie, and made itself useful in all those good offices which Brownies were wont to perform.

“The muckle Ghaist, the fearfu' Ghaist,
The Ghaist o' Ferne-den ;
He would ha'e wrought as muckle wark
As four-an'-twenty men !

“Gin there was ony strae to thrash,
Or ony byres to clean,
He never thought it muckle fash
O' workin' late at e'en !

“Although the nicht was ne'er so dark,
He scuddit through the glen,
An' ran an errand in a crack—
The Ghaist o' Ferne-den !”

At births he was peculiarly serviceable. The goodwife of Farmerton needed “Mammy” on a dark tempestuous night, when of a score of men about the town there was not one that would venture through the haunted Den to fetch her. Brownie, standing “ahint the door,” heard all that passed, and realising the emergency—

“Aff to the stable then he goes,
An' saddles the auld mare,
An' through the splash an' slash he ran,
As fast as ony hare !

“He chappit at the Mammy's door—
Says he—‘Make haste an' rise ;
Put on your claise an' come wi' me,
An' tak ye nae surprise ?’
‘Where am I gaun ?’ quo' the wife,
‘Nae far, but through the glen—
Ye're wanted to a farmer's wife,
No far frae Ferne-den !’

“He's ta'en the Mammy by the hand
An' set her on the pad,
Got on afore her an' set aff
As though they baith were mad !
They climbed the braes, they lap the burns,
An' through the glush did plash ;
They never minded stock nor stane,
Nor ony kind o' trash !

“As they were near their journey’s end,
An’ scuddin’ through the glen,
‘Oh,’ says the Mammy to the Ghaist,
‘Are we come near the den?
For, Oh! I’m fear’d we meet the Ghaist?’
‘Tush, weesht, ye fool,’ quo he;
‘For waur than ye ha’e i’ your arms
This nicht ye winna see?’

“When they cam’ to the farmer’s door
He set the Mammy down—
‘I’ve left the house but ae half-hour,
I am a clever loon!
But step ye in an’ mind the wife
An’ see that a’ gae richt,
An’ I will tak’ ye hame again
At twal o’clock at nicht?’

“‘What mak’s yer feet sae braid?’ quo’ she,
‘What mak’s yer e’en sae sair?’
Said he—‘I’ve wandered mony a road
Without a horse or mare!
But gin they speir wha brought ye here,
‘Cause they were scarce o’ men;
Just tell them that ye rode ahint
The Ghaist o’ Ferne Den.’”

According to one version of the sequel, “Mammy’s” questions about his “feet and e’en” deprived the district of Brownie’s services for the future. According to another, it suffered this loss from the child born that night at Farmerton. When he grew up to manhood, meeting Brownie or the Ghaist one dark night, he adjured him, in the name of goodness, to tell him what he wandered for. He answered, but instantly vanished, and was never more seen.

Are any of our readers so sceptical as to stand in doubt of any of these things? We answer by simply asking—Are they not all written in the book of the Chronicles of the Land of the Lindsays?

Deuchar is another Historic Scene in the parish, if it were only for the length of time it was in possession of the Deuchars of that ilk. The last Laird of the name conveyed the estate to trustees in 1815; and it is said to have been gifted eight hundred years before to the first of the Deuchars, for killing a wild boar at the Pass of the Noran, where Coortford Bridge now spans it. Tradition bears that one of his descendants successfully defended that pass against the Danes; and we know that another of them fell at Harlaw in 1411. One of his servants found him next morning among the slain, with his sword grasped in his hand, and the hand so much swollen that they

could not be separated. The servant, therefore, cut off the hand at the wrist, and carried both it and the sword home with him.

The story of the future fate of the sword is interesting. It continued in the Deuchar family, a precious relic, till 1745, when the neighbouring Laird of Easter Ogil, about to join Prince Charlie, swore that he would have either the sword, or the best horse in Deuchar's stable. The sword was hid for security in a corn stack; but to the surprise of the Deuchars, when they arose one morning they saw the Laird of Ogil and his servant in the corn-yard, the stack thrown down, and the sword in their possession! It was then of great size; and as the Laird paraded Brechin with it, it trailed on the ground; which induced him to shorten it, as also to convert it into a two-edged implement—it had been only one-edged before. By some stratagem, the Deuchars again got hold of the sword; and the last Laird of them, before emigrating to Australia, left it with his relative, Mr Deuchar, seal engraver, Edinburgh, to be lodged in the principal armoury of the metropolis.

James Melville, fifth brother of the celebrated Andrew Melville, was for some time after the Reformation minister of Fern, Menmuir, and Kinnell, whence he was translated to Arbroath.

James Cramond, A.M., minister of the parish in the next century, was a man of a different stamp from Andrew Melville. He went into England as chaplain to a regiment, in the service of the Engagers, who, alarmed at the success and attitude of Cromwell and the army, relaxed so far as to accept the help of *penitent* malignants and royalists, to preserve the monarchy to the country and the throne to the Stuarts. For entering into this service Cramond was suspended; but, on making ample professions of his repentance, he was restored in 1651.

Fern produced two eminent men in the brothers Mr James Tytler and Dr Henry William Tytler, sons of the minister of the parish. Though bred to the medical profession, James followed literature, and was the editor of the first edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica, and the writer of many articles in it. He was also the author of *The Bonnie Bruikit Lassie*, *Loch Errochside*, *I ha'e laid a Herrin' in Saut*, *I canna come ilka day to woo*, and some other well known and popular songs. He was the first person in Scotland who attempted flying in a balloon, an attempt which was unsuccessful, and fixed on him the

soubriquet of Balloon Tytler. With great abilities, and immense acquirements, his habits were unsteady, and his political sentiments perilously liberal for his time; and the result of both these was his emigrating to America, where he conducted a newspaper in Salem, New England, and died there in 1805.

His brother, Dr Henry William, was a man of peculiar idiosyncrasy, but of high scholarship. He began life as a physician in Brechin; after practising there for some time, and marrying a sister of Dr Gillies, the historian, he went to India; and, on his return, published some poems, among which was a *Voyage from the Cape of Good Hope*. He translated the works of Callimachus from Greek into English verse, publishing them in 1793. He also published in 1798 *Paedotrophia; or the Art of Nursing Children*, translated from the Latin of Scevola de St Marthe, with Medical and Historical Notes. Moreover, he translated the poetical works of Silius Italicus; of which translation, however, only a few specimens were published in the *Scots Magazine*. He died in Edinburgh in 1803.

CORTACHY AND CLOVA.

The principal Historic Scene in Cortachy and Clova is Cortachy Castle, beautifully and romantically situated on the south side of the South Esk, towards the southern extremity of the parish, a splendid mansion, part of it of unknown antiquity, but a good part of it so recent as 1820-21, and executed with consummate architectural taste. It is an Historic Scene, more from the historic family of which it is the seat, than from any particular events which have happened at it. It is, and has long been, the favourite residence of the noble family of Airlie.

In our notice of the Glen of Ogilvy, in the Sidlaw district of the shire, we touched on the descent of this family from Gilibrede, or Gilbert, third son of the second Earl of Angus, who fought at the battle of the Standard in 1138, and obtained from William the Lion the lands of Powrie, Kyneithin, and Ogilvy. We also gave the legend of the exploit in the Glen of Ogilvy, by which the family, when proscribed, recovered the royal favour, and had their estates restored to them. From

that early date they possessed the barony of Ogilvy, and took their names from it. The said Gilbrede was the common ancestor of the Ogilvys of Airlie, of the Earls of Findlater and Seafield, of the Barons Banff, and of various other families of Ogilvy, seated in different parts of Scotland.

Sir Patrick de Ogilvy, the fifth in descent from Gilbrede, was a leal-hearted friend of The Bruce, who rewarded him for his warm and steadfast adherence, by bestowing on him the lands of Kettins. It was in 1369-70 that Cortachy was acquired by the family. Of the sixth generation, Sir Walter de Ogilvy was Sheriff of Angus, and, as has been stated by us, fell at Gasklune in 1394. His son was the "gracious gude Lord Ogilvy," celebrated in the old ballad of the battle of Harlaw, in which both he and his son George were slain.

"Of the best amang them was
The gracious gude Lord Ogilvy,
The Sheriff-Principal of Angus,
Renownit for truth and equity—
For faith and magnanimity
He had few fellows in the field,
Yet fell by fatal destiny,
For he nae ways wad grant to yield."

Of the seventh generation, Sir Walter de Ogilvy was High Treasurer of Scotland, and Treasurer of the Household of James I. In 1431, he was a Commissioner for renewing the truce with England; three years after he attended the Princess Margaret into France, on her marriage to the Dauphin; and by an order from the King, he erected the tower or fortalice of Erolly or Airlie into a Royal Castle. Of the eighth generation, Sir John de Ogilvy obtained from the Crown the barony and Castle of Erolly, now Airlie, about the middle of the fifteenth century.

The family was ennobled by James IV. in the person of Sir James Ogilvy, ambassador from Scotland to Denmark. He was created Lord Ogilvy of Airlie in 1491. James, the sixth Lord, was a faithful servant of Queen Mary, for which he suffered a long imprisonment; and was ambassador from her son James to Christian IV. of Denmark. It was he who was dangerously wounded on the High Street of Edinburgh in 1562, in an encounter with Sir John Gordon, third son of the Earl of Huntly; the result of a bitter family feud between the Gordons and the Ogilvys.

James, the seventh Lord, was very ardently attached to

Charles I., who created him Earl of Airlie, Baron Ogilvy of Alyth and Lintrathen, in 1639. To the royal cause he rendered the most important services. In 1644 he, with his three sons, one of whom, as has been noted by us, fell at Inverlochy, joined his cousin-german the Marquis of Montrose, attended him in all his campaigns, contributed greatly to gain the battle of Kilsyth, and continued true to the last to the King and his lieutenant. He was, of course, very obnoxious to the Covenanters. The General Assembly excommunicated him ; and he was excepted from the articles of Westminster.

This must have been the Lord Airlie of whose course in regard to marriage tradition has handed down an interesting anecdote. He resolved to ask the heart and hand of Lady Magdalene Carnegie, the youngest daughter of David the first Earl of Southesk. He mounted his horse one day to ride over to Kinnaird Castle, for the purpose of proposing to her. The horse would not take the ford by which he meant to cross the river. Construing the refusal of the animal into a bad omen, he turned back, and forthwith abandoned his matrimonial project. The Lady Magdalene, who had for some time been reading his heart, and expecting him to propose, on learning his change of purpose was grievously disappointed and distressed ; but her father consoled her, and advised her " Not to mind, for that he would soon find her a better husband than Airlie." She was soon united in marriage to James Graham, the great Marquis of Montrose.

James, the second Earl of Airlie, and the son of the first, was as zealous a Royalist as his father. He was taken prisoner at Philiphaugh, tried, and condemned to die ; but, as we told in writing of St Andrews, he escaped from the Castle there in his sister's clothes, during the night before the day fixed for his execution ; and was, like his father, excepted from the articles of Westminster. He was made a Privy Councillor after the Restoration, and commanded a body of cavalry ; and, at the Revolution, he joined Viscount Dundee in favour of King James against the Prince of Orange. His son, Earl David, succeeded him. David's eldest son, James, Lord Ogilvy, joined the Pretender in 1715, and was attainted ; and the peerage, dormant from his father's death to his own, then devolved on his only brother John. John's eldest son David, Lord Ogilvy, joined Prince Charlie in 1745 with a regiment of six hundred men ; and, being forfeited, fled to France, entered the French service,

rose to the rank of lieutenant-general, and was colonel of a regiment and a Knight of St Louis in 1778. George III. restored him to his country and his estates. The peerage was dormant from the death of his father till the death of the Master of Airlie, Lord Ogilvy's only son, in 1812. The Honourable Walter Ogilvy of Clova, then of Airlie, assumed the peerage, and the present Earl is his grandson.

The house of the dead of this noble family vies, in the elegance of its architecture, with the Castle of the living. It was erected at the same time as the present parish church (1828-29), and adjoins it. The family burying-place had previously been inside the old church, the site of which the new church occupies. The new cemetery is outside the church, and though of comparatively recent erection, is not tenantless. Several Earls and Countesses, and several of their progeny, already repose in it, and are commemorated in fine tablets of marble, with appropriate inscriptions, placed on the walls around their graves.

Cortachy Castle may have once had a "flying visit" of Royalty, as we shall by and by explain.

Clova as well as Cortachy has had historic owners, who have shed lustre on it, and secured it a place in our annals. In 1324 The Bruce gave charters of Clova to his nephew Donald, the twelfth Earl of Mar, and it continued in the Mar family till 1398, when Countess Isabella (wife of the Wolf of Badenoch) resigned it in favour of Sir David Lindsay of Glenesk, the first Earl of Crawford. In 1445, at the battle of Arbroath, Thomas Ogilvy, a younger brother of the Laird of Inverquharity, joined the Lindsays against his own clan; for which Earl Beardie rewarded him with Clova; and hence a very rancorous and long-standing feud between Clova and Inverquharity. The said Thomas Ogilvy's descendants possessed Clova till after the ennobling of the house of Airlie, when it was given to Sir David, the third son of the first Earl.

The Statistical Account of the united-parishes says:—"About two hundred yards to the north of the church of Clova there was a mansion house, where the proprietor of Clova occasionally resided. It has been completely removed. The boundary of the garden, which was connected with it, is marked by a row of fine old trees by which the ground is surrounded." That place was Millton of Clova, and the mansion house at it was erected by the Sir David Ogilvy just named, son of the first Earl of Airlie. Though the foundations of it have been razed,

its hewn and carved work has been utilised in the building of the cottages which adjoin its site; and "D. O." and "J. G., 1684," on a stone built into one of these, are the initials of David Ogilvy and his wife Jean Guthrie, and the date perhaps that of their marriage, or perhaps that of the building of their house.

About half a mile to the west of the church are the ruins of the Castle of Clova. "Inside the wall which is standing" (we quote again from the Statistical Account), "there are some steps of a stair. The wall is upwards of 25 feet in height, and more than four feet thick, and the cement of lime with which it has been built is as hard as the stones which it keeps together. No proper account of its history is known." One account ascribes the building of the Castle to the Lindsays, and the destruction of it to the neighbouring barons, who, grievously offended somehow by its occupant, marched against it one night, and gave it to the flames, he escaping to the adjacent mountain, and hiding under a large piece of rock called to this day the Laird's Stane, and afterwards in the Hole of Weems, a well known cave in a hill near Braedownie. Another account ascribes the destruction of the Castle to the troops of Cromwell and of Montrose, which, not confining themselves to Glenesk and Lethnot and Navar, spread also into Cortachy and Clova, leaving everywhere marked and sad traces of their presence. But in Pitcairn's Criminal Trials, under date of 1591, it is written that "under silence of night, five hundred brokin men and sornaris houndit out be the Erll of Ergyle and his frendis, entered Glen Clova in September, invadit the inhabitants, and murthourit and slew three or foure innocent men and women, and reft and took away ane grit pray of guidis." Mr Jervise supposes, with a good deal of probability, that it may have been then that the Castle of Clova was pillaged and burned.

Cortachy and Clova were not behind their neighbours in witch prosecution. On the 8th June, 1692, there was no sermon at Cortachy, the minister being at Clova at the "executione of Margaret Adamson, who was burnt there for being ane witch."

Clova was the Scene of the event which is known in history by the name of The Start. Charles I. had been beheaded, and the Commonwealth established in England; but the attachment of the Scots to their hereditary monarchy was unquenchable. Notwithstanding all they had suffered under the arbitrary,

tyrannical rule of the first Charles, they had proclaimed his eldest son, Prince Charles, as Charles II., King of Scotland. Commissioners had been sent to the Continent, to which he had retreated, to negotiate with him the conditions on which he was to be admitted to the throne ; which were, that he should swear the Covenants, and confirm, and conform to, the Presbyterian government and worship. These conditions were in the highest degree unpalatable to Charles, but he consented to them, Montrose's last attempt for him having failed, and ended in his own capture and execution, and the battle of Dunbar having been lost. Charles was not afflicted with conscientious scruples ; for he was not, like his father, "a sincere bigot." Accepting the crown on the terms on which it was offered him, he landed at the mouth of the Spey in June, 1650, and joined the Committee of Estates at Perth, who, with the leaders among the clergy, were resolved to proceed without delay to his coronation. He never had any sympathy with the principles of the party in whose hands he now was ; and contact with them did not abate his antipathy to them. "Argyll and his friends received the young King with all the outward marks of profound respect. But they took care to give him his will in no one particular. They excluded from attendance on his person all his English adherents, suspicious of their attachment to Prelacy and malignant opinions. The ministers beset him with exhortations and sermons of immoderate length, introduced on all occasions, and exhausting the patience of a young prince, whose strong sense of the ridiculous, and impatience of serious subjects, led him to receive with heartfelt contempt and disgust the homely eloquence of the long-winded orators. The preachers also gave him offence by choosing frequently for their themes the sins of his father, the idolatry of his mother, who was a Catholic, and what they frankly termed his own ill-disguised disposition to malignity. They numbered up the judgments which, they affirmed, these sins had brought on his father's house, and they prayed that they might not be followed by similar punishments on Charles himself."

All this was intolerable to Charles, and he made his escape from it one morning on the pretence of going a-hawking. Leaving Perth at an early hour on horseback, accompanied by a few attendants, he fled first to Dudhope, by Dundee, where Viscount Dudhope and Earl Buchan were waiting him, ready to join him, then to Auchterhouse, and then to Cortachy Castle.

It was thought that he could not safely remain at the Castle for the night. Partaking of some refreshments, much needed after such a long and fatiguing ride, he was conducted up the Glen to a mean, poor cottage belonging to the Laird of Clova, which was to be his lurking-place for the night. His friends at Perth, soon learning his flight, sent after him a party of horsemen under Montgomery; and he had not long lain down to rest when they found him, as Balfour says in his Annals, "lying in a filthy room, on an old bolster, above a matt of sedges and rushes, over-wearied and very fearful." This happened on the 4th October, 1650. Charles was the more easily persuaded to return with Montgomery, because he found his friends in Angus had counted without their host on the support he would receive if he would only desert the Presbyterian camp. According to them, on the very day of his desertion, a strong body of Athole Highlanders would rush down and seize the Committee of Estates; Lord Dudhope would secure Dundee; Lord Ogilvy would take arms in Angus; and Middleton and Huntly would raise the North; all which flattering promises dwindled down in the fulfilment to some sixty or seventy Highlanders escorting him to the wretched cottage at Clova, where he had been but a few hours when his pursuers overtook him. As Aikman has it, Montgomery and his party "conducted him to more suitable apartments in Huntly Castle, and next day (Sunday) brought him respectfully to Perth, where he heard 'ane comfortable sermon in his ouen chamber of presence, the afternoon's sermon in the toune being endit before he entered.'"

The start was altogether a most ominous affair; and yet the Covenanters proceeded with their project. Charles's coronation was accomplished at Scone on the 1st January, 1651, when kneeling, and lifting up his right hand to heaven, he swore—"I, Charles King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, do assure, and declare by solemn oath, in the presence of Almighty God, the searcher of hearts, my allowance and approbation of the National Covenant, and of the Solemn League and Covenant above written; and faithfully oblige myself to prosecute the ends thereof in my station and calling, and that I, for myself and successors, shall consent and agree to all Acts of Parliament enjoining the same, and establishing Presbyterian government, as approved by the General Assemblies of this Kirk, and Parliament of this Kingdom; and that I shall give my Royal Assent

to Acts and Ordinances of Parliament, passed or to be passed, enjoining the same in my other dominions ; and that I shall observe these in my own practice and family, and shall never make opposition to any of these, or endeavour any change thereof."

Charles's future supplies the commentary on the farce thus acted, and on what Baillie wrote concerning it : "This day we have crowned our noble King with all the solemnities. . . . So peaceably and magnificently, as if no enemy had been among us. This is of God ; for it was Crómwell's purpose, which I thought easily he might have performed, to have marred by arms that action, at least the solemnity of it."

Alexander Lindsay, A.M., minister of Cortachy, was too keen a Jacobite to retain his charge. He was deprived by the Privy Council, in 1689, for not reading the proclamation of the Estates, not praying for William and Mary, and not observing the thanksgiving for their establishment on the throne. Several other things were libelled against him, evincing his disloyalty, and the correspondence he kept with the rebels.

William Brown, one of his successors, son of Lawrence Brown, minister of Linrathen, was too ardent a Hanoverian for spending his days in such a Jacobite atmosphere. He demitted his charge in 1748, on account of "the odium of the disaffected, the prejudices of the people, and his life being attacked by a ruffian." He became chaplain to a regiment in the British army in Flanders ; was afterwards minister of the English congregation of Utrecht ; and latterly Professor of Divinity and Ecclesiastical History in the University of St Andrews.

KINGOLDRUM.

The church of Kingoldrum must have been in olden days an Historic Scene. When the present church was erected, in 1840, on the site of its predecessor, several stones were dug out of the foundation with very curious devices cut on them. Two of them were carved with fine crosses, and had on them accompanying hieroglyphics. Taking these to be, what they very likely are, memorial stones, we cannot read their inscriptions ;

but it is interesting to be able to remark that, these inscriptions containing a mixture of both the heathen and the Christian elements, their date may be approached, if not fixed. As has been said of them—"These stones, it is probable, had their origin about the time of the introduction of Christianity in our country, and would seem to be a connecting link between Pagan mythology and Christian worship. Several rude relics which may have been esteemed precious in the time of Romish supremacy were likewise found."

The stone coffins occasionally found in the fields of the parish may likewise mark Historic Scenes ; but the tales which they once told have sunk into oblivion. The Catlaw, 2264 feet above the level of the sea, is surmounted by a great cairn of stones, and that these once formed some sort of building is not to be doubted. The marks of fire on the stones precludes any doubt on the point. The building may have served for a fortress, or for a watchtower, or for both purposes.

In Kingoldrum was one of the great ancient forests of the country. The parish must have been a Royal demesne in the days of William the Lion, for he gave it to the Abbey of Arbroath, and this grant was confirmed by Alexander III., and afterwards by King Robert Bruce. There is still extant a proclamation prohibiting any one from cutting wood or hunting in the forest of Kingoldrum. The Statistical Account of it adds :—"Three perambulations made at different periods by the abbots and monks distinctly mark out the boundaries of the parish. It is not a little remarkable, that the names then given to the several farms and hamlets 600 years ago are the same as at the present time. What portion of the parish was covered with the royal forest it would now be difficult to say, as no traces of it can be discovered. Flint arrow-heads have been picked up in the fields to the eastward of the church. Perhaps these may have been used in the pursuit of the chase."

The Castle of Balfour, the ruins of which have suffered much spoliation within the last utilitarian half century, tradition has long made one of Cardinal Beaton's castles and residences in Angus. There is no evidence that the Castle was built by him, or that the lands of Balfour were ever possessed by him. On the contrary, it is certain that these lands were the property of the Ogilvys of Airlie, nearly fifty years before Beaton's elevation to the cardinalship ; and it is probable that the Castle was built by Walter Ogilvy, the contemporary of Beaton,

and the brother of Marion Ogilvy, the Cardinal's paramour. It may be that the Cardinal and she often visited the Castle and sojourned in it for considerable periods; and that in this the tradition of its being one of Beaton's Castles had its origin.

John Ogilvie, A.M., minister of Kingoldrum, was one of the forty-two who signed a protestation to Parliament, on July 1st, 1606, against the introduction of Prelacy into Scotland. His successor, William Ogilvy, A.M., was a very different man. He got a warrant from the Restoration Parliament in 1661 for iije merks; from which it may be presumed, with much probability, that he not only favoured the Royalists in their principles and policy, but that he was one of the eighteen ministers in Angus who were deposed by the ascendant Presbyterians in 1649. John Heugh, grandfather of the late Hugh Heugh, D.D., of the United Presbyterian Church, Glasgow, was ordained minister of this parish in 1714, and died in 1731. Thomas Whitehead, A.M., was introduced into it, in 1733, by order of the General Assembly, and it is on record that the ministers of Bendochy, Airlie, Meigle, Lintrathen, Alyth, Blairgowrie, Glenisla, and Ruthven, left the Court, refusing to take part in the ordination, or even to witness it; while the ministers of Coupar-Angus, Newtyle, and Eassie, obeyed the Assembly's behest.

The only person of much eminence, whom we have seen noticed as a native of Kingoldrum, is Thomas Scott, son of Alexander Scott, A.M., minister of the parish, and who was translated from it to Meigle in 1757. Thomas studied for the Church, for the ministry of which he was on probationary trials in 1769. We have got no glimpse of his intervening life; but he emigrated to America, and there rose to be a judge of such high repute that he was made Chief-Justice of Upper Canada.

LINTRATHEN.

The only Historic Scene known to us in Lintrathen is the Castle of Sir Alan Durward, the proprietor of the greater part, if not the whole, of the parish. It was situated on the south-west acclivity of the Hill of Formal, near the Isla; and at the

date of the last report of it which came our way, though the Castle was entirely demolished, part of the moat which had surrounded it was visible ; and on the west side of the Loch of Lintrathen vestiges of Sir Alan's deer-park might still be traced.

Of Sir Alan we have already given some account. None of his contemporaries figures more conspicuously than he does in the annals of his age.

After the forfeiture of David de Hastings, Earl of Athol, Sir Alan succeeded him as doorkeeper or doorward to King Alexander II. ; and hence his name Durward. On the death of Hastings he was created Earl of Athol, and was soon after made High Justiciary of Scotland. He married Marjory, an illegitimate daughter of Alexander II. ; and, at the impulse of an ambition to raise his family to the throne, he applied to the Pope to legitimate the marriage, and to make his wife heir apparent to Alexander III., who was then childless. Nicolas de Soulis was a descendant of Marjory ; and it was on this ground that he became a competitor for the Crown on Alexander's death. Sir Alan was at York in 1251, at the solemnization of the marriage of King Alexander to the Princess Margaret of England, daughter of Henry III. ; and when there, he was accused of high treason for his designs on the Crown. Two years after, Henry III., who had been waging an unfortunate war in France, returned to Guienne, in compliance with a request of the Gascon nobility, that he would protect them against the king of Castile ; and Durward accompanied him in that expedition, served in his army, and highly commended himself by his military talents and address.

Returning home he was one of the most powerful of the faction which espoused the English interest, in the attempts which the English Monarchs made on the independence of Scotland. He may be said, indeed, to have been at the head of that faction, as the Comyns were at the head of the patriotic party. In 1255, the Comyn party had, to serve their own ends, shut up Alexander and his Queen in Edinburgh Castle, of which the Queen bitterly complained to the English Court ; representing that she was not permitted to make excursions through the kingdom and to choose her own attendants, that she was secluded from the society of the King, though they had both completed their fourteenth year, and that the place of their confinement was "solitary, without verdure, and unwholesome." On pretence of relieving their Majesties but really to get the

government into their own hands, the Durward party invaded Edinburgh, surprised the Castle, and set the King and Queen at liberty. After this, Sir Alan was twice one of the regents of the kingdom ; and, in 1264, he and the Earls of Buchan and Mar did a military exploit. Proceeding to the western coast with a great army, they won the battle of Largs. They met there the fleet with which Haco, King of Norway, had in the previous year invaded Scotland, and committed much ravage in several of the Western Isles, and gave it a most signal and disastrous defeat.

As was before stated by us, Sir Alan was the last male descendant of his race. He left three daughters among whom his estates were divided. His daughter Isabel had Lintrathen. Sir Walter Ogilvy, son of Sir Walter of Auchterhouse, Sheriff of Forfarshire, married her ; and thus Lintrathen passed into the possession of the Ogilvys.

Laurence Brown, A.M., minister of Lintrathen, was one of the fifteen who dissented from the resolution of the General Assembly, in May, 1749, to depose the eight Seceding ministers.

GLENISLA.

We close our survey of the county with Glenisla, at which we reach the southern or south-western boundary of the Grampian District. It must have been anciently a royal demesne, when the Grange of Glenisla furnished the Royal Castle of Forfar with forty sheep at Easter ; and when Alexander II. gifted the monks of Coupar with ten pounds of silver yearly from the lands of Glenisla, directing that out of this sum five merks should go to light the Abbey, and ten merks to support two monks, who were to reside and perform divine worship on the island in the Loch of Forfar, and were, farther, to have the common pasture of the King's lands of Tyrbeg for six cows and a horse.

Though rich in scenes of a topographic character, Glenisla has few Historic Scenes. One of the few is Forther Castle, situated at the head of the principal part of the Glen. There are two

Forthers, named respectively Meikle and Little ; and both of them one of the Durwards gave to the Abbey of Coupar soon after its erection ; from which it appears that, by that time, the Crown had conferred its lands in Kingoldrum on its "Doorward, doorkeeper, or porter" family ; and that this family had already large possessions in adjoining parishes. Sir Alan Durward erected a chapel in Glenisla, which he bestowed on the Priory of Inchmahome.

Forther Castle was burnt down in 1640 by the Earl of Argyle ; and its ruins show that it must have had considerable size and strength. It was from it, and not, as the author of the *Burnin' o' the Bonnie House o' Airlie* represents, from Airlie Castle, that Argyle drove Lady Ogilvy.

Newton Castle, another of the strongholds of the Airlie family in this quarter, was sacked and demolished at the same time, and hardly a vestige of it can now be traced. On the neighbouring farm of Bellaty antiquities have been found, which, there is every reason to believe, were from the Castle, probably scattered about when Desolation drove its ploughshare over it. We read in the *Statistical Account of the parish* :—
"In the course of the last year a silver coin or medal, of Anselm Casimir, Elector Archbishop of Mentz, was turned up by the plough in one of the fields of Bellaty, in this parish. It is of the size and nearly the weight of a crown piece, and is in an excellent state of preservation. On the one side is a half-figure of a venerable-looking old man, with the inscription, 'ANSELMUS : CASIMIRUS : D : G : ARCHIEP +.' On the reverse is an escutcheon, complete in all its details, and surmounted by a mitre and cross, with the legend :—'S : ROM : IMP : PER : GIV : ARCH : CA : P : E : MOG.' The date of this curious relic may be pretty accurately conjectured, when it is stated that Anselm Casimir was Arch-Chancellor of the German Empire, and Archbishop of Mentz (Moguntium), in the year 1631, when that city was surrendered to Gustavus Adolphus (Schiller's 'Thirty Year's War,' Moir's *Trans.*, vol. ii., pp. 32—36.) A silver coin, apparently of the reign of James I. of Scotland, and one of Queen Elizabeth, bearing the date of 1594, have also been found on the same farm. It may be remarked, as tending in some measure to account for these discoveries, that Bellaty is in the immediate neighborhood of the remains of Newton Castle."

In the same expedition, the Marquis of Argyle laid Craig House also in ruins. It was the seat of Sir John Ogilvy, a

cousin of the Earl of Airlie. Argyle sent Sergeant Campbell, one of his own clan, to destroy it. On reaching it, the Sergeant found in the House only a sick gentlewoman and two or three servants. His heart revolted from executing his commission, and he returned reporting what he had seen, and that the House was a place of no strength, and was not worth demolishing. The Marquis, in a towering passion, told him, that his duty was simply to obey orders, and sent him back to make the mansion a heap. We may add that, five years after, the Ogilvys had their revenge for all this wreck and ruin, when their Chief, Montrose, overthrew Castle Campbell, invaded Argyleshire, and traversed it for the space of a month, committing all the devastation which fire and sword could effect.

In Glenisla and in the surrounding country there are numerous scenes of a somewhat different order, of which we shall, in conclusion, content ourselves with a single specimen, as some fastidious critics might dispute their claim to rank as Historic Scenes. The specimen we fix on is Corryvannoch Well, near the foot of Mount Blair. At that well, in days gone by, at an early hour of the morning of the first Sabbath of May, might be seen assembled crowds of fathers and mothers, with rickety, sickly children. The waters of the well were believed to be, on that particular morning, infallibly medicinal to such youngsters. Scorbutic and scrofulous taint they expelled from the system; rectified all irregularities and disorders in the alimentary region; succoured weakness with strength; and covered wan and pallid faces with the bloom of health and beauty. The earlier in the morning the application, the more efficacious it proved; daybreak was considered the most favoured nick of time. Trinkets, sometimes of considerable value, were left in the spring as thank-offerings for such a Bethesda, and for the benefit derived from it. When and how the Corryvannoch Well lost its healing virtue, if it has lost it, we have not been able to learn, but the resort to it has ceased. The first Sabbath of May dawns as it was wont to do; but the Spa has not a solitary visitor, if it is not a passing shepherd, or some anomalous person whom curiosity, excited by its old reputation, draws to it. *If* it has lost its healing virtue, we have said—but has it lost it? May not the difference between the former days and these be this—in those, people had confidence in the sanitary power of Corryvannoch Well; in these, they have lost it?

CONCLUSION.

We finish at Glenisla our notices of Historic Scenes in Forfarshire. It would have been easy for us to make these notices much more extended than they are; but, for various reasons, it has been our aim throughout to condense them as much as we could. The Scenes, too, might have been multiplied; more especially, out of two subjects which we have hardly touched on. These are the Weems and the (so-called) Druidical remains that meet us in every district of the shire, and in many parishes of it. We advert to them now, because all that we have to say of them will be better said at once, than it could have been by being repeated at every specimen of them we came to in the ground over which we have been travelling.

We have already given a general idea of the Weems. They were underground houses or artificial caves, generally found in dry knolls in the vales, and in the sides of hills or other rising grounds, where water would not accumulate in them. They vary greatly in size, but had been all formed on much the same model; their height from four to six, seven, or eight feet; their inner end broad, but narrowing towards the entrance; and the entrance itself curving round so that any missile thrown into it could go but a few feet into the interior.

Were these Weems the ordinary habitations of our grey fathers in pre-historic times? Or were they their winter quarters? Or were they refuges in which they hid in times of danger? These are the questions which meet us here, and they are choice themes for antiquarian curiosity and credulity.

Caves both natural and artificial have been, and still are, the ordinary abodes of some of our race. They have got from these their distinctive name. They are called Troglodytes; that is dwellers in caves. Such were the early inhabitants of Syria. Such were the Idumeans in Jerome's time. Such at this day are the people of Anab, a town on the east of the Jordan, who, as Buckingham testifies in his Travels among the Arab Tribes, all live in grottoes and caves; and such are many others whom we do not wait to point out. Whether it was so with our remote ancestors, whether they were Troglodytes, caves being their ordinary habitations, cannot, perhaps, be decided with

absolute certainty. In the absence of anything like evidence that they were so, we shall only say that we are somewhat strongly inclined to the contrary opinion.

Were these subterraneous houses, then, the winter quarters of our fathers? Or were they asylums into which they fled in times of danger? These two hypotheses need not be pitted against one another; they are not incompatible. The houses in question may have served both the purposes specified. They may have been the winter quarters of our fathers, who, naked, painted savages, must have greatly needed shelter from the intense severity of the climate in their times. Jerome says that the Idumeans dwelt in caves "on account of the great heat;" and our ancestors might in like manner dwell in caves in winter on account of the great cold. Tacitus relates how the Germans did so, and the contemporary Caledonians may have done the same. And having caves for other purposes, they were only following the example of the world in all ages and nations, if they used them as places of refuge in war, and in other seasons of danger.

The latest writer on the cave-houses is Mr Burton, in his *History of Scotland*; and he is second to no authority, historical or scientific, in respect of erudition, of patience and thoroughness of research, and of candour and caution in judging. Readers, we are sure, more especially those who have not access to his *History*, will be glad to know his views on the subject. We shall therefore transcribe them.

"Another class of structures very abundant in Scotland are called Eard or Earth-houses, Picts' houses, and Weems. Their origin and use are shrouded in as deep a mystery as the round towers we have been discussing; and the perplexities of their mysteriousness are made almost the more emphatic by the darkness of the recesses into which the inquirer who tries to solve their mysteries must descend. They exist in many places in Scotland, but chiefly they concentrate themselves near Glenkindy and Kildrummy, on the upper reaches of the River Don in Aberdeenshire. There they may be found so thickly strewn as to form subterranean villages, or even towns. The fields are, to use a common expression, honeycombed with them. They give no artificial signs above ground. The peasant will sometimes know where they are by an unploughed patch in the field, in which a few stones crop above ground, with furze growing between them; in other instances the earth above is

sufficient to let the plough pass over the edifice, and a small hole between two projecting stones marks its entrance. Through this hole a corpulent man will find difficulty in squeezing himself. It brings him to a sloping tunnel, which he descends some six or eight feet. He is then in a subterranean gallery, in which he may be able to stand upright; the ordinary height varies from five to eight feet. It is some thirty feet long, and may probably have lateral galleries to the right and the left. There are few places in which the sensation of the dungeon or burial in life is stronger than in those artificial caverns, and that on account of the colossal and massive character of the roof. There is no cement, and no mark of tooling on the stones. If the gallery be eight feet broad at the floor, which is not an uncommon breadth, the walls, built of rough stones, will be found so to slope inwards by overlapping as to bring the sides within six feet of each other. Across this breadth are laid gigantic blocks of granite.

“When we ask—What were the uses of such buildings? we are again launched on the great ocean of guess-work. There is a laboriousness in their structure not naturally associated by us with the makeshift arrangements that content the savage in the construction of his dwelling; yet that they have been human dwellings is the accepted opinion regarding them. If we adopt what is said by Ptolemy and other ancient geographers, and in some measure sanctioned by modern travellers, about a troglodytic or cavern-living population in Arabia, we may suppose that we have here the actual dwellings occupied by a race of like habits at the opposite extremity of the globe.

“Any incidental testimony to their uses yielded up by these dark caverns has been extremely meagre. In general they have been found empty. In some of them there has been noticed a little rubbish, from which it may be inferred that at some time human beings had cooked and eaten food in them; as, for instance, cinders, bones of animals, and shells. A few articles, ornamental or useful, made of bones, flint, and bronze, have been found in them. In several the quern or handmill has been discovered; and this being indeed the only characteristic movable of which they have given up several specimens, it has sometimes been inferred that the buildings were ancient granaries. But, taken as a whole, the contents of these catacombs are not sufficiently extensive or characteristic to speak to the object for which they were made. Any incidents occurring

in the unknown number of centuries through which they might have existed might have supplied their trifling contents. A set of schoolboys seeking a holiday's amusement in their mysterious recesses—a set of gipsies using them for casual shelter or concealment on their tramp—might be sufficient to leave such vestiges of human use as these structures afford. We can only tell what they pretty clearly have not been intended for. They have not been the sepulchres of the dead, nor have they been places of Christian worship; for both these uses have, as we shall presently see, their own special marks, and these are not found in the earthhouses. It is one of their specialties, too, that none of the stone sculptures so abundant in Scotland is found about them.

“It has not escaped the notice of those who have examined these works and endeavoured to account for them, that Tacitus tells us how the Germans lived underground in winter. To hold that the subterranean structures in Scotland are alone a sufficient existing testimony to the accuracy of a statement regarding the Germans, would be a too strong conclusion; but, on the other hand, it in no way impugns the accuracy of the statement of Tacitus that there are no remains in Germany itself of the underground habitations mentioned by him. The habitation in which the barbarian burrows in the earth to keep from the cold is likely enough, if we may judge from what travellers see, a mere temporary makeshift, that, when it ceases to be inhabited, will disappear almost as soon as the residence of the mole. On the other hand, the feature that gives emphasis to the earth-houses of the north is their enormous substantiality. Uncouth, gloomy, and utterly unadorned as they are, a wondrous amount of labour, and considerable skill in mechanical power have been devoted to them by their makers, who have rendered them stable as the everlasting hills, and the monuments of a seriousness and tenaciousness of purpose which must have possessed some adequate inducement in the minds of the workmen.”

The lore about the Druidical remains which abound in the shire is as scanty and uncertain as that about the earth-houses. The Logans or rocking-stones, were they anything in Druidism, and if so, what? The circles of stones, were they Druid temples, places of worship? or were they places of sepulture, or what? The groves of oak, were they consecrated spots where the rites of Druidism were performed? These, and such as these, are the

questions that occur here. The answers to them we shall not examine, or even recount. On the first of them we mention an opinion, which may not be known by some, and must be interesting to all. It is, that the rocking-stones, so firmly set on their pedestals that the force of many men could not remove them, and yet so delicately poised that almost a breath of wind can shake them, were used in the interests of superstition, and specially, as Mr Jervise says, "for the purposes of ordeal." He quotes Toland, remarking "that the priests made the people believe that they only could move the rocking stones, and that by a miracle, by which they condemned or acquitted the accused, and often brought criminals to confess what in no other way could be extorted from them. Mason, in his excellent tragedy of 'Caractacus,' where many of the rites of Druidism are beautifully detailed, remarks, in reference to the supposed power of the rocking-stone :—

' It moves obsequious to the gentlest touch
Of him whose breast is pure ; but to a traitor,
Though e'en a giant's prowess moved his arm,
It stands as fixed as Snowdon.' "

The circles of stone are thought to have been Druid temples ; and the relics of the dead found about them are accounted for by the strong tendency in human nature, attested by all history, to make places of worship places of sepulture. The groves of oak, too, were consecrated scenes, where the sacred rites of Druidism were celebrated. There is much reason, indeed, to believe that the circles of stones were surrounded by oaks ; and we are assured that "there are various instances in which, within little more than a century, oaks were still standing around the circles of upright stones which constituted the temples of the Druids."

Druidism was the most ancient known form of paganism in Britain, and it continued till Christianity supplanted it. The Druids were the priests or ministers of it, a distinct caste like the Brahmins of India ; teaching the mysteries of the established heathenism, performing its rites, which included human sacrifices, and inculcating its obligations. They were judges also in secular affairs, so that all persons and all causes came under their jurisdiction, and their power hardly knew any limits. Whosoever disobeyed them was declared impious and accursed, and was made a fugitive and a vagabond in the earth. They were venerated as the sages of the land, the men of

learning and wisdom ; and they did know something of physics, astronomy, and other sciences. They were much addicted to magic and divination ; and by practising the arts belonging to these impostures, they kept up their authority and reputation among the people. They esteemed the oak the emblem, or rather the residence, of the Deity ; and they looked on the mistletoe with boundless reverence, as the holiest object in nature, and as, not only a remedy for epilepsy (as some even yet dream), but as "All Heal"—so they named it—as a panacea for all the maladies which flesh is heir to.

Such is a glimpse of the received faith concerning the Druids, and the existing monuments of them. But, having quoted Burton with so much deference on the Weems, it is right that we should say how he regards this faith with marked scepticism and even contempt. And if he has not written anything which actually overthrows it, he has certainly written enough to lead to renewed examination of the foundation on which it rests. He says, for example :—"It has been an established custom to characterise these monuments (circles, altars, Logans, &c.) as 'Druidical,' and to speak of them as temples, altars, and what not, used in their ceremonials by the Druidical priests. We shall presently see how far it is likely that there ever were Druids in Scotland. But though we shall believe that the country swarmed with them, it would require separate evidence, of which there is not the smallest vestige, to prove that they had anything to do with these stone monuments. The early references to the existence of Druids in Northern Europe, and the present knowledge of the existence of these rough stone monuments, are two sets of phenomena which have no connecting link the one with the other. Between them there is a gulf fixed, which has not been spanned, because the historical conditions out of which learning and sagacity could unite them have not been found to exist. It is possible to think that these grey monuments of long-buried generations draw more solemn associations from the dead mystery in which they are thus buried, than from the tawdry stage decorations of Druidism—the white robes, the mistletoe, and the golden sickle."

Such is Mr Burton's opinion ; and the pith at least of his reasons for thus strongly dissenting from the common belief, we shall indicate in two extracts. The purport of the first is, that the common belief about the Druidism of our pagan fathers is not sustained by the history of pagan times.

“Let us try,” says he, “how far we can trace these Druids through the events of history. We are told that throughout all the great Gaulish tribes there was a potent hierarchy holding supreme spiritual authority over the people and their secular rulers. They had the entire control over the education of youth, being alike the repositories of the venerable traditions of the past, and the recipients of all recent knowledge. They were the supreme judges in all disputes, and ratified their decisions by excommunication. Their rank and influence were made manifest to the eyes of the people by imposing ceremonies and awful sacrifices, of which human lives were an element. They were still further strengthened by their annual assemblies in the heart of Europe, whence each carried to his district a delegation from the central power of the vast corporation. We are told that all this was venerable in Cæsar’s time, and that it lasted throughout the Gaulish nations, until one by one these were received into the bosom of the Christian Church.

“What we naturally expect is to meet with the influence of this power, and with the conduct of the persons who wielded it, in history. The history of Europe from Cæsar’s time to the reign of Constantine is sufficiently full of events, but we find no Druids concerned in them. Occasionally in rhetoric prose, or in poetry, they are brought up to give picturesqueness to the scene; as when Tacitus describes the shrieking women and the band of Druids invoking the gods in Mona; and Lucan, when enumerating the evils that befell unhappy Gaul when Cæsar crosses the Rubicon on his way back, makes the Druids resume their mysterious orgies. But we never meet with any distinct political result of their collective influence, nor are we ever brought in contact with an individual Druid as a historical personage. No doubt, in modern books, persons of celebrity in the ancient world are said to have been Druids, but this is because their authors have concluded that they must have belonged to that order, not because they are so called by any contemporary writer. A Druid is indeed a being rarely individualised in the literature of the latter Empire, and it has rather tended to confute the received notions of the hierarchy, that some—perhaps the greater number—of those individually mentioned are female Druids.”

Mr Burton’s second reason amounts to this: that the Druidism of our pagan fathers is not sustained by the history of their conversion to Christianity. He says:—

“The contest of conversion lasted from the days of Constantine the Great to long after the days of Charlemagne. The larger features of the contest are told by the ecclesiastical historians; the individual triumphs of the missionaries are to be found in the ample volumes of the Lives of the Saints. If, then, there had been in existence a heathen hierarchy holding spiritual rule over the greater part of Europe, to find nothing about it in the annals of the Early Church would be as anomalous as to read a history of the Reformation which says nothing of the Popedom, the Romish hierarchy, and the Council of Trent. Yet on Druidism, its hierarchy and creed, these annals of the early Church are dumb. It has yet to be discovered that they speak of heathendom as represented by any general hierarchy or system. The forces of the enemy appear ever to be scattered and isolated. A local idol, the temple in which it is preserved, and a heathen priest or Magus taking charge of the temple,—such are usually the nature of the impediment with which the early saint has to deal when he penetrates the territories of the unconverted.”

THE END.

E R R A T A.

Page. Line.

24. 2. *For wreck read wreak.*
 41. 36. *For 1715 read 1716.*
 62. 26. *For drew read drove.*
 80. 16. *For Pickland read Pictland.*
 91. 14. *For 1858 read 1582.*
 126. 2. *For 1875 read 1795.*
 126. 3. *After “translated” insert “to Tealing, and.”*
 162. 9. *For 1715 read 1716.*
 177. 33. *For warmed read swarmed.*
 212. 3. *For resemble read resembled.*



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