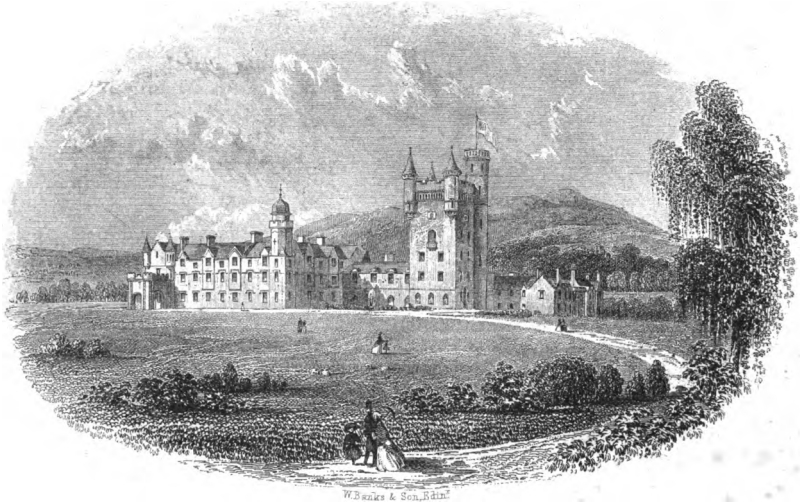


BALMORAL CASTLE

THE

NEW DEESIDE GUIDE.

BY

JAMES BROWN,

AUTHOR OF

"THE GUIDE TO THE DEESIDE HIGHLANDS."

WITH COPIOUS NOTES AND ADDITIONS.

"The land of the mountain and flood,
Where the pine of the forest for ages hath stood,
Where the eagle comes forth on the wings of the storm,
And her young ones are rocked on the high Cairngorm."

ABERDEEN:
LEWIS SMITH,
3, M'COMBIE'S COURT.
1866.

PREFACE.

As, during the time I drove a car upon Deeside, I had naturally come to acquire a considerable deal of information touching the same, I took it upon me, not without various misgivings, last year, to lay a little book before the public, entitled "A GUIDE TO THE DEESIDE HIGHLANDS." Nobody could be more sensible than myself of the great faults of that small book, as, indeed, having had most to do with the same, was but natural. However, the public were most graciously pleased to pass over its fallings-off with a lenient eye—nay, to bestow upon it a degree of encouragement and patronage which I had no right to expect, and, in fact, never did hope for. For this usage, on the part of the public, it would very ill become me to be ungrateful, more especially as on my part it was almost wholly undeserved. But not to make general professions of gratitude and thankfulness which, it cannot be denied, are nothing else but a wasting of good words, I have judged it proper to show my dutiful sense of the public approbation in the way appearing to me the best and the most substantial, and that is, by zealously setting

to work, and labouring, as far as in me lay, to remove the many defects of my former book, and to produce a new book, which, if not altogether worthy of the public patronage, might not be so unworthy of it as was the former. And having now done this to the best of my ability, I beg to lay the same before the public, not, as I assure you, without feelings of diffidence and distrust, qualified, however, I will say, by the recollection of their former kind and favourable judgment. There is only one other thing on which I would wish to insist in this my Preface, and that is—touching the style. For any defects on this head, I have only to repeat my former apology—a want of a finished education—a want which will not allow me to aim at those more tasteful elegancies and grammatical peculiarities which the public do look, and are entitled to look for, in books put forth by learned men. For my own part, I am a plain rude writer, and seek nothing more than to set down what I have to say in a good homely style, considering this much better than to ape fashions and forms which would not become me. Having said this much, I shall no longer detain the reader, but allow him to proceed to the body of my work.

ABERDEEN, 1829.

THE NEW DEESIDE GUIDE.

AT the mouth of the Dee there lies, on the north, the great and populous city of Aberdeen, the capital town of the county, and, without question, the largest and most beautiful town in all Scotland, north of the Forth.* However, so much has been written concern-

* The DEESIDE GUIDE gives an account of that portion of the counties of Aberdeen and Kincardine (through which the river Dee runs) varying from one to two miles on either side. The Dee rises in Braemar, and flows through these counties for a distance of 95 miles. It is the fourth largest river in Scotland, and runs so level that there is not a mill driven by it—which can scarcely be said of any other river in Scotland. Its source is 4060 feet above the level of the sea. The Dee was once celebrated for the immense number of salmon it produced; and in olden times, when servants were engaged by the Deeside Lairds, the servants stipulated that they should only have salmon for dinner twice a-week. But times are now changed, and if the Lairds themselves get salmon twice a-week for dinner, they may think themselves well off. The scarcity of salmon at present is accounted for chiefly from the stake-nets at the mouth of the river, which frighten off the fish and take great numbers. From the great amount of drainage lately effected in this part of the country, which causes the water which formerly slowly percolated to the Dee to be now sent to it with rapidity, the consequence is that the river becomes quickly filled, and the spawn-beds are torn up and the ova destroyed. It is no uncommon sight after a spate to see the salmon roe hanging from the brushwood on the river-side, like strings of beads; and the last cause of the scarcity is the large increase of the pike fish, which devours the young fry with avidity.

The banks of the Dee have long been famous for the production of wood of good quality, and, together with the salmon, give rise to the saying—

"The Dee for fish and tree,
The Don for horn and corn."

The county of Kincardine is situated about the 26°43′ and 57°5′ north latitude, and betwixt 1°47′ and 2°30′ west longitude. It is bounded on the north by Aberdeen, on the south and west by Forfarshire, and on the east by the German Ocean. It is 32 miles in length from north to south, and 24 in breadth, and contains about 360 square miles. 100,000 acres of the

ing Aberdeen already, by Mr. Kennedy and others, that I need say very little about it. It is undoubtedly a town of great antiquity, being thought by some to have been known to the Romans by the name of Devana, so long ago as 1700 years, or thereby. But whether this be or be not true it is difficult to say; for others will have it that this Devana was not at Aberdeen, but eight miles up Deeside, at a place called Normandikes. Which of these parties is in the right it would not become me to determine; but though in most disputed questions it generally falls out that one of the disputants must be in the wrong, in this particular case it happens that both may be in the right; and for this reason, that these old Romans called two different and distinct places by this auld-farren name, Devana; that is to say, there was a Roman camp called Devana, and, moreover, there was a town, inhabited by the savages which then dwelt in our land, and this town was likewise denominated Devana. Now, that the Roman encampment called Devana was at this aforesaid Normandikes is perfectly clear; and also, there is every reason to think that this savage town was not there, nor near thereby, but just upon the banks of the Dee, where the noble town of Aberdeen now stands; and where, as divers trunks of trees

county are level and cultivated, while the one-third consists of the eastern range of the Grampian mountains, sterile, elevated, and uncultivated. The population is about 34,000, and the annual assessment of property is about £95,000.

The county of Aberdeen is situated between 56°52′ and 57°42′ north latitude, and between 1°49′ and 3°48′ west longitude. It is bounded on the north and east by the German Ocean, on the west by the counties of Inverness, Moray, and Banff, and on the south by Kincardine, Perth, and Forfar. It contains about 1900 square miles, one-third of which is under cultivation; and the annual assessment of real property of the county is £325,218.

which have been dug up still remain to testify, there was in these old days a great and mighty forest of oak trees, of such a size as is not nowadays to be met with in all Scotland, far or near. I should mention that at this time the Dee was called Deva or Dioua, which I am creditably informed is the Latin and Greek for Dee. Further particulars touching Aberdeen I need not mention, except that it is inhabited by well on to 80,000 inhabitants; that it is governed by a Lord Provost, with his Baillies and Town Councillors, and a Sheriff and Sheriff-Substitute; that it sends to Parliament one member, and that, as some think, if justice had been done, it should have sent two; that there are published in it three weekly newspapers, to wit, the *Journal*, the *Herald*, and the *Free Press* (twice a-week), besides a *Weekly Advertiser;* and that, altogether, than Aberdeen there is no town in Scotland more pleasant and agreeable, its inhabitants being allowed on all hands to be much more long-headed, discerning, and witty, than the inhabitants of any other town in Scotland. The chief points worthy of the stranger's notice in visiting Aberdeen are these which follow:—Union Bridge, which is one of the largest and most handsome in these realms; the Old Aberdeen Cathedral, a very solemn and old edifice; King's College, a remarkable building in many respects, and in especial for the excellent Library it contains, and for the curious crown which surmounts it; Marischal College, lately rebuilt, the interior of which contains many fine pictures, ingenious machines, and singular antiquities, both now united in one University; the old Bridge of Don, a

very romantic and picturesque bridge, and which is mentioned by Lord Byron in one of his books called *Don Juan;* the new Pier and the Lighthouse, the former of which is in the north side, and the other in the south side of the mouth of the Dee, and both remarkable buildings; the East and West Churches, likewise very remarkable buildings; the Cross of Aberdeen, which is out of all sight the most superb cross anywhere standing in Scotland, not excepting the cross of Edinburgh, though it had been still in existence, which it is not; the Lunatic Asylums, the South Church, the North Church, the County Rooms and Music Hall, the Bridewell, the Prison, the Court-House, St. Andrew's Chapel, the Quays, the Banks, Wallace Nook, Mar's Castle in the Gallowgate, the New Markets, the Free Church Divinity Hall, the Asylum for Female Orphans, and sundry other buildings, old and new, and all well worthy of a careful inspection; besides the Victoria Dock, allowed on all hands to be one of the best in the kingdom. Whoever wishes further information about the town may consult any of the Guide Books that have been published in imitation of this of mine.

Opposite to Aberdeen, upon the south side of the Dee, lies the fish-town of Torry, which is a Burgh of Barony. It is inhabited chiefly by the white-fishers and others—and has two ferry-boats plying between it and Footdee—and the fare charged for a passage in which ferry-boats is one halfpenny for each full-grown person, male or female. A Battery was erected in 1861, near the Lighthouse, to protect the Harbour, mounting 9 guns.

At the Craiglug, which is about half a mile above the mouth of the Dee, there was built in 1830-31 a beautiful Suspension Bridge, and which is called after the Duke of Wellington—the Wellington Suspension Bridge. There is here levied on the passenger a pontage of one halfpenny; but many persons think this bridge not at all comparable to the bridge at Charleston of Aboyne (of which more hereafter), and where there is no pontage or toll levied whatsoever—it being free for all to come or go thereon as they think fit, which, it cannot be denied, is a great convenience. A short distance above the Suspension Bridge is the Railway Bridge—not going across the river at right angles to the sides as common bridges do, but in a slanting direction, which caused the building of it to be attended with no small difficulty. The arches are of iron, resting upon stone piers of very substantial construction.

About the space of one mile and a half above this there is another bridge over the Dee, which is built of stone, and not hung upon chains like the Wellington Bridge. This bridge is a very ancient bridge, and observable for many reasons. It was founded and begun about the year of grace 1500, by that pious prelate, Bishop William Elphinstone, and so long as he lived carried on entirely at his own expenses and charges. But before this stately building was brought to a ripe completion, the worthy Bishop Elphinstone was gathered to his fathers. His mitre fell upon the brow of Bishop Gavin Dunbar—likewise an exemplary man —and if not such a great man as Bishop William, yet, as many think, little inferior in piety and good works.

Bishop Gavin, immediately on getting the crosier in his hand, recommenced the work, and continued the same without ceasing till it was properly finished. He also caused build on the north end a fair chapel, dedicated to the Virgin Mary; and on the south end likewise he built a portal, with battlements, gates, locks, and loop-holes conform. This gate was of great use in time of the plague, as it kept away from the town all vagrants and vagabonds who might bring the infection —for the farther terrification and aweing of whom, whenever the pestilence was raging in the south, the Magistrates of Aberdeen cause here to be erected a high gallows, whereon to hang all vagrants bringing the pest with them. This bridge is much renowned, and is as famous a bridge as any in Scotland, and is known to all well versed in Scottish history.* On this topic, therefore, I need not insist at large, but shall content myself with remarking that, in James the Sixth's time, this bridge was the scene of one of many troublesome businesses he had to go through with his rough and obstreperous nobility. Afterwards, in the time when the war was between the King and the Covenanters, many were the battles, and fierce and bloody, here fought. Upon one of these fights there was written a ballad, which, as it may by some be thought curious, I have here taken upon me to subjoin.

* Within the last few years the bridge has been greatly improved by being made nearly double its former width.

Bonny John Seton.

UPON the eighteenth day of June,
A dreary day to see,
The Southern lords their pa'llions pitched
Just at the bridge of Dee.

Bonny John Seton of Pitmeddin,
A baron bold was he,
He made his test'ment ere he went out—
The wiser man was he.

He left his land to his young son,
To his lady her dowry,
A thousand crowns to his daughter Jean,
Yet on the nurse's knee.

Then out and came his lady fair,
A tear into her e'e,—
Stay, stay at home, my own good lord,
O stay at home with me!

He looked over his left shoulder,
Cried, Soldiers, follow me!
O, then she looked into his face,
An angry woman was she;
God send me back your steed again,
But never let me see thee.

His name was Major Middleton
That manned the Bridge of Dee;
His name was Colonel Henderson
That let the cannons flee.

His name was Major Middleton
That manned the Bridge of Dee,
And his name was Colonel Henderson
That dung Pitmeddin in three.

Some rode upon the black and grey,
And some rode on the brown;
But the Bonny John Seton
Lay gaspin' on the ground.

Then by there comes a false Forbes,
Was riding from Driminere;
Says, Here there lies a proud Seton,
This day they ride the rear.

Craigievar said to his men,
You may play on your shield,
For the proudest Seton in all the lan'
This day lies on the field.

O spoil him, spoil him, cried Craigievar,
Him spoiled let me see;
For on my word, said Craigievar,
He bore no good will to me.

They took from him his armour clear,
His sword, likewise his shield,
Yea, they left him naked there,
Upon the open field.

The highland men, they're clever men
At handling sword and shield;
But yet they are too naked men
To stay in battle-field.

The highland men are clever men
At handling sword or gun,
But yet they are too naked men
To bear the cannon's rung.

For the cannon's roar in a summer night
Is like thunder in the air;
There's not a man in highland dress
Can face the cannon's rair.

I should mention farther, touching the doleful death of Sir John Seton of Pitmeddin, that this family has ever since carried on their coat-of-arms, as a commemoration of this dire event, a heart dropping blood —as may be seen at this day. This Forbes of Craigievar, of whom mention is made in the ballad, though he here appeared in arms against his King, had been under great obligations to him, and had, among other favours received from King Charles, the honour of knighthood and baronetcy. His taking up arms against the King was thought at the time to be very ill becoming; yet, nevertheless, this ingratitude of his went not without its punishment; for some time afterwards his conscience, as is said, so stung and tormented him for the wicked part he had acted, that he died of grief and sorrow for the same. On the head of the hill, at the south end of the bridge, is what is called

"The Covenanters' Faulds," where, as is said, they pitched their camp. After crossing the bridge, the road diverges into two—the eastermost of which is the great highway to Stonehaven, and so on to Edinburgh, —and the most westerly goes up Deeside to Banchory. This road, howsoever, though in some parts thought to be more pleasant than the road on the north side, is nevertheless not nearly so often travelled on—it is a little longer, and there are two tolls on it—so much more is the pity. Having said this much upon the Dee, and the bridge thereon, I shall now begin to remark upon the road up the north side of the valley —being the road where most of the traffic is.

This road, like all other roads going from Aberdeen, commences at the Cross, and goes westward, along that noble and spacious street, Union Street, to the end of the same at Holburn road; thence it turns southward down the said Holburn road for a little space till it crosses the South Bridge, when it diverges from the same at right angles, and continues to run westward. There is nothing remarkable on this road till after you pass the Cuparston Toll-bar, and the second milestone, and the village of Mannofield, where there is a market held on the second Tuesday of every month, new style. A little beyond this is the place called the Two-mile Cross—a place of much renown in olden times, and where, in times of the Covenant, much blood was spilt and life lost. In particular, it should be mentioned, that one man, as is said, while riding on a white horse, was here cruelly slain by a ball from a cannon shot from the Covenanters' Faulds at the bridge of Dee.— Whether this be true I cannot say, but some pre-

tend to show the place where he is buried, and which is in the corner of a park, near the top of the brae. Likewise on the top of this brae there is a large stone, which is by some called Druidical. Near this was once the Castle of Pitfoddels—but it is now gone, roof and rafter, and there are no remains thereof—no, not so much as one stone upon another. Pitfoddels had long been in the possession of the Menzies, an ancient and worthy family, who stood true to King and Constitution at all times, as is said in an old ballad—

> "Gilbert Menzies of Pitfoddels
> Did for King Charles wear the blue."

Part of it now belongs to a joint-stock company. On this property there are several neat villas erected during the last few years, called by the names of Morkeu, Woodbank, Wellwood, Balnagarth, Norwood, &c. Near this also, but on the other side—that is, on the south side of the river—is the house of Banchory-Devenich, or Nether Banchory, the property of Alex. Thomson, Esq.* After passing the third milestone, you come to Cults House—G. S. Gibb, Esq. At the back of this there were found, eighteen years ago, two coffins of stone, containing skulls, bones, and such-like remembrancers of mortality. What is very curious is, that round these coffins there was a row of stones placed in a circle, the diameter of which was eighteen feet or nearby. There still remain there three cairns, all of

* Near this is to be seen the bridge called St. Devenick's, or more commonly known by the name of Dr. Morison's Bridge. It was built at the sole expense of the late Rev. George Morison, D.D., minister of the parish, for the accommodation of the parishioners. He also left a sum of money for its support at his death—which is considered by most people to have been a very liberal act, and such as is not often to be met with nowadays.

notable size, but as they have not been opened, it would be hard to say what they contain, nor over whose grave they were raised; but doubtless they were men of might in their day, and proudly thought that their name and fame would abide as long as the cairn lasted that was built over their tomb.

Opposite, or nearly opposite, to the third milestone, is the Kirk of Banchory-Devenich, on the south side of the water. There had been a Kirk here in very old times, for this Devenich—after whom the parish is called Banchory-Devenich—was one of the Picts, or, as some call them, Peghts, and was a man of commendable goodness and devoutness—so much so, that the Roman Catholics made a saint of him after his death, as is usual with them. Betwixt the fourth and sixth milestones are the estates, properties, lands and houses of Beildside, Ardo, Deebank, Heathcote, Shannaburn, Murtle, Binghill; a post-office is now established at Beildside, and another at Nether-Banchory.

Beyond the sixth milestone, on the north side, is Culter House, with a pleasant avenue of trees leading thereto from the road. It is said this was built by one Sir Alexander Cumming, in Queen Mary's days; a very extravagant and haughty man, and who, as report goes, had his horse shod at the Queen's marriage with silver shoes, and so slightly fastened on, that when he made the beast to caracole, the shoes fell off, and were picked up by the mob. The coat-of-arms of this haughty knight is now to be seen in the front of the house, but much defaced, and not easily to be deciphered. On the south side of the water, and nearly opposite to Culter House, is the College of Blairs,

which is a Roman Catholic College, chiefly designed for the education of young men intending to be priests, having been gifted to the Church of Rome by its proprietor, John Menzies, Esq. It was opened in June, 1829,* and in it are taught Greek, Latin, French, Spanish, and Italian; Mathematics, Philosophy, Rhetoric, History, Poetry, and Theology. There is a President and divers Professors, and the number of students just now is about fifty.† Opposite to Murtle is the house of Marybank, from which a delightful view is obtained of the scenery on the north bank of the river; and farther up the hill of Blairs the distant mountains of Lochnagar, Clochnabane, and Morven, may be seen in a clear day.

Near the seventh milestone is Kingcausie,‡ which once belonged to the Irvines of Drum, and latterly to the late John Irvine Boswell, Esq. Likewise the Kirk and Manse of Peterculter on the north, and on the south side, nearly opposite, is the Kirk and Manse of Maryculter. A little above this, and on the north side, is the Burn of Culter, with bridge and paper-mills thereof. This is by all allowed to be a most remarkable spot, there being none so romantic betwixt it and Aberdeen. The grey rocks rise very picturesquely, and are covered here and there with fir trees. Above there is a fine large sheet of water, from which

* It represents the earlier colleges of Bourblach, Samalaman, Scalan, Lismore, and Aquhorties.

† From this College, professors and students are forwarded to the Abbey of Ratisbon (founded in 1068), to the Scots Colleges of Paris (founded in 1326), of Rome (founded in 1600), and Valladolid (founded in 1773).

‡ Kingcausie is rich in rare botanic plants near the romantic little waterfall called the Corbie Linn. More has been done on this estate, for its size, in agricultural improvement, than any other in the county. The shrubberies and pleasure-grounds are very fine. During the last few years the Mansion-house has been greatly enlarged and improved.

the water falls down several feet, making a noise which is very pleasant, more especially in the twilight of a quiet summer evening. A little south from this, on the top of a hill, there is one of the most curious curiosities on all Deeside; that is, the Roman Camp, Normandikes, of which I spake before, and where there can be no possibility of doubt that the Romans had their Devana. The traces of the camp are as plainly to be seen as any dyke that had been built but yesterday, and yet it is at least 1700 years since the Romans threw it up. It is a most spacious camp, and would have held many thousand men. The prospect is very fine, and has few matches; and it is to be supposed that many a day, in these very old times, did the Roman soldier, as he looked forth from it, and saw nothing around him but mighty forests of black pine-trees, nothing above him but a grim and scowling sky, think with a sorrowful heart upon the smiling plains of his own dear native Italy, with its green fields and its marble palaces, and bright blue sky, and his own home, under the porch whereof, all hung round with vine trees, sat his wife, with his children playing around her. Among other remarkables to be seen from this camp is the very remarkable hill called the Barmkin of Echt, which in its way is one of the most singular things anywhere to be seen, not excepting the Caterthuns of Brechin.

Nearly opposite to the ninth milestone, on the south side of the river, is the House of Maryculter,* origin-

* The principal portion of the lands of Maryculter now belong to A. J. Kinloch, Esq. of Park; and the House of Altries now forms a prominent feature in this district. Here the Knights Templars were wont to resort, and the remains of one of their encampments is still visible on the Hill of Ashentilly.

ally the property of Mr. Menzies of Pitfoddels, but now belonging to William Cosmo Gordon, Esq. of Fyvie. There is upon this house, cut in legible figures, the date "1725." Opposite to the House of Maryculter, at present occupied by Thomas Todd, Esq., but upon the north side of the water, is the old Kirk of Drumoak, or, as it is called by the people, Dalmaik. It stands just by the waterside, in a very quiet and pleasant spot. Among other epitaphs in this kirkyard is the following, which is by some thought to be a curiosity; but you shall judge for yourself:—

"In Cairnie, sure, did David die:
We hope his soul's in heaven high;
His body lies beneath the stone,
To moulder there both skin and bone.
It was his blessed will to wear
A coat without a seam,
Which fitted well in every part—
Wove in a wyver's leem."

This, it will be allowed, must have been a very curious coat; but I should mention that the four last lines were chiselled out by orders of the late Dr. Fraser, a thing which many think he had no right or title to do whatsoever. The new Church stands about a mile north from this on the right side of the road.

Nearly anent the tenth milestone, and it may be about two gun-shot or thereby north from the road, stands the House of Drum, which, for antiquity, far surpasses anything of the same kind on all Deeside. Were I to set down all the stories and particulars touching this old family that I know, this book would not hold the same; suffice it, therefore, to say, that a more ancient, brave, and honourable family is nowhere to be met with.

Of their deeds at the great battle of Harlaw, and at other great battles, I will here say nothing; nor how there was for a long time a deadly feud between them and the Keiths; or how, after much bloodshed, it was soldered up by one of the Irvines marrying one of the ladies of the Keith family. Nor shall I speak of the valorous part this noble family took in the Covenanting times, and how they boldly stood up for their king. There is only one story about them upon which I shall insist, and it is told in the ballad which follows:—

The Laird o' Drum.

The Laird o' Drum is a hunting gane
All in the morning early;
And he has spied a well-far'd may,
Was shearing at her barley.

O will you fancy me, fair may,
And let your shearing be,
And gang and be the lady o' Drum—
O will you fancy me?

I winna fancy you, she says,
Nor let my shearing be;
For I'm ower low to be lady o' Drum,
And your miss I'd scorn to be.

But ye'll cast off that gown o' grey,
Put on the silk and scarlet;
I'll make a vow and keep it true,
You'll neither be miss nor harlot.

Then do you to my father dear,
Keeps sheep on yonder hill;
To onything he bids me do
I'm always at his will.

He has gane to her father dear,
Keeps sheep on yonder hill;
I'm come to marry your ae daughter,
If ye'll gie me your goodwill.

She'll shake your barn and winnow your corn,
And gang to mill and kill;
In time of need she'll saddle your steed,
And I'll draw your boots mysell.

O wha will bake my bridal bread,
And wha will brew my ale?
And wha will welcome my lady hame?
Its mair than I can tell.

Four-an'-twenty gentle knights
Gaed in at the yetts o' Drum;
But nae a man lifted his hat
When the lady o' Drum was come.

But he has ta'en her by the hand,
And led her but and ben;
Says, You're welcome hame, my lady Drum,
For this is a' your ain.

For he has ta'en her by the hand,
And led her through the ha',
Says, You're welcome hame, my lady Drum,
To your bowers ane and a'.

Then he stript her o' the robes o' grey,
Drest her in robes o' gold;
And ta'en her father frae the sheep keepin',
Made him a Baillie bold.

She wasna forty weeks his wife,
Till she brought hame a son;
She was as well a loved lady
As ever was in Drum.

Out it speaks his brother dear,
Says, You've done us great wrang;
You've married a wife below your degree,
She's a mock to all our kin.

Out then speaks the Laird o' Drum,
Says, I've done you nae wrang;
I've married a wife to win my bread,
You've married ane to spend.

For the last time that I was married,
She was far abeen my degree;*

* This lady, to whom he was married in 1652, was Mary Gordon, daughter of the Marquis of Huntly.

She wadna gang to the bonny yetts o' Drum,
But the perlin abeen her ee;
And I durstna gang in the room where she was
But my hat below my knee.

When they had eaten and well drunken,
And all men bound for bed;
The Laird o' Drum and his lady fair
In ae bed they were laid.

Gin ye had been o' high renown,
As ye are o' low degree,
We might hae baith gane down the streets
Among good companie.

I tauld you ere we were wed,
You were far abeen my degree';
But now I'm married, in your bed laid,
And just as good as ye.

Gin ye were dead, and I were dead,
And baith in grave had lain,
Ere seven years were at an end.
They'd not ken your dust frae mine.

This lady, as is said, died in the year of grace 1710, and was buried in the kirkyard of Peterculter. The chief thing remarkable about the castle is the square tower, which is the oldest part of the Castle. The walls of this are of an extraordinary thickness, and the windows are no bigger than shot holes. Above the door there is a hole, like the chimney, going up to the top of the Castle, down through which boiling oil, lead, or stones, and other weighty things, were to be thrown in case the door should be forced, and the enemy enter the same. The Castle was beseiged in the time of the Covenant.

About eleven miles from Aberdeen is a small tower, built on a knoll on the south of the water, in 1825.

This tower was built by the tenantry of Durris* to commemorate the gaining of a lawsuit by the late Duke of Gordon against John Innes, Esq. of Leuchars, in 1824—the point being the reduction of the lease of the whole lands of Durris, granted by Lord Peterborough to Mr Innes. Near it is a mound called the Castle-hill, where, as it is said, there was a castle in very old times. The lands of Durris were plundered, burnt, and spulzied by the pious Coventanters on a Sunday, 17th March, 1645. The better day, as is said, the better deed.

Near the twelfth milestone is the house of Park,† A. J. Kinloch, Esq., surrounded by very fine policies, with gardens, gates, and other things conforming. On the opposite side of the water is the Kirk of Durris, built by the Duke of Gordon in 1822—a nobleman who, as well as his successor, was universally beloved by the whole of Aberdeen, town and county—for both of which this noble family has always done so much.

A mile beyond, on the road-side, once stood Park Inn. This inn was noted for its neatness and cleanliness, and the attention paid to all lawful travellers, by foot, horse, coach, or other conveyance. Railway travellers never need inns, for, as the Scripture says, they rest not day nor night.

* Durris the property of Mr. Mactier. The principal hill, as seen passing, is called Cairn Monearan, and is about 1200 feet high. Upwards of 20 0 acres of land have been reclaimed on this estate within the last twenty years.

† This is one of the most beautiful places on the Dee—the garden, policies, &c. being very fine. The principal objects here worth a visit are the Gallows Burn Waterfall, the Loch of Drum; the three wells called the King's well, the Priest's Well, and the Prophet's Well; the Antique Stone, the Mausoleum and Obelisk, the Embankment on the River, Gas Work, Aqualis, Garden, &c. &c.

A little beyond the fifteenth milestone is Crathes Castle, the seat of Sir James H. Burnett, Bart. of Leys. This is a very stately building, and well decored with turrets, bartizans, weathercocks, and sculpture. It is a very ancient bnilding, and said by one of its lairds to have been built in the time of the Picts, by one of their architects, whose effigies, with a gold-laced coat, a three-cornered cocked hat on his head, and a Spanish rapier by his side, were carved on the top of the castle. But some think that there were neither gold-laced coats, nor three-cornered cocked hats, nor Spanish rapiers, among the Picts, who were a very uncivil; shamefaced, and uncultivated people, ranging through the woods in a most indelicate manner, either stark naked or next thing to it. Howsoever, it cannot be denied that Crathes is a very old building. Touching this family, there is snug in an old balled, which I have thought proper to set down in this place, as follows :—

The Baron o' Leys.

THE Baron o' Leys to France has gane,
The fashion and tongue to learn;
But hadna been there a month or twa,
Till he got a lady wi' bairn.

But it fell ance upon a day,
The lady mourn'd fu' sairlie;
Says, "Who's the man has me betrayed?
It gars me wonder and fairlie.

Then to the fields to him she went,
Saying, Tell me what they ca' thee;
Or else I'll mourn and rue the day,
Crying, Alas! that ever I saw thee!

Some ca's me this, some ca's me that,
I carena fat befa' me;

For when I'm at the schools o' France,
An awkward fellow they ca' me.

Waes me now, ye awkward fellow,
And, alas! that ever I saw thee;
Wi' you I'm in love, sick, sick in love,
And I kenna weel fat they ca' thee.

Some ca's me this, some ca's me that,
What name does best befa' me;
For when I walk in Edinburgh streets,
The Curling Buckle they ca' me.

O waes me now, O Curling Buckle,
And, alas! that ever I saw thee;
For I'm in love, sick, sick in love,
And I kenna weel fat they ca' thee.

Some ca's me this, some ca's me that,
Whatever name best befa's me;
But when I'm in Scotland's king's high court,
Clatter the Speens they ca's me.

O waes me now, O Clatter the Speens,
And, alas! that ever I saw thee;
For I'm in love, sick, sick in love,
I kenna weel fat they ca' thee.

Some ca's me this, some ca's me that,
I carna what they ca' me;
But when wi' the Earl o' Murray I ride,
It's Scour the Brass they ca' me.

O waes me now, O Scour the Brass,
And, alas! that ever I saw thee;
For I'm in love, sick, sick in love,
And I kenna weel fat they ca' thee.

Some ca's me this, some ca's me that,
Whatever name best befa's me;
But when I walk through St. Johnston's town,
George Burnett they ca' me.

O waes me, O waes me, George Burnett,
And, alas! that ever I saw thee;
For I'm in love, sick, sick in love,
And I kenna weel fat to ca' thee.

Some ca's me this, some ca's me that,
Whatever name best befa's me ;
But when I am on bonny Deeside,
The Baron o' Leys they ca' me.

O well is me now, O Baron o' Leys,
This day that ever I saw thee ;
There's gentle blood within my sides,
And now ken fat they ca' thee.

But ye'll pay down ten thousand crowns,
Or marry me the morn ;
Else I'll cause you to be headed or hanged,
For gi'eing me the scorn.

My head is a thing I cannot well want,
My lady loves me so dearly ;
But I'll deal the gold right liberally,
For lying ae night sae near thee.

When word had gane to the Lady o' Leys,
The Baron had gotten a bairn ;
She clapped her hands, and thus did say,
I wish he were in my arms !

O well is me now, O Baron o' Leys,
For ye hae pleased me sairly ;
Frae her house she banished the vile reproach,
That disturbs us late and early.

When she looked o'er her castle wa',
To view the woods sae rarely,
There she spied the Baron o' Leys
Ride on his steed sae rarely.

Then forth she went her Baron to meet,
Says, Ye're welcome to me fairly ;
Ye'se hae spice cakes and seed-cakes sweet,
And claret to drink sae rarely.

Opposite to Crathes,* on the south side of the water, is the hill of Cairn-shee, with a large cairn on the top thereof. One Mr. Ogg left a legacy of ten shillings

* The Loch of Leys has lately been drained, and several antique copper vessels found in the ruins of the old Castle, which at one time stood in the middle of the Loch.

yearly, to be divided, share and share alike, among ten herds, to kindle a bonfire annually upon Midsummer evening to his memory—which some think to be a very curious fancy on Mr. Ogg's part.

At the sixteenth milestone is the Porter's Lodge of Crathes, which some say was built out of one boulder-stone, but which others do not believe. Nearly opposite, on the south side of the water, is Tilwhilly Castle, the ancient family seat of the Douglasses, to whom it still belongs. It is worthy of remark, that these two ancient families, on the banks of the Dee, each produced a Bishop of Salisbury—the famous Bishop Burnett being sprung from the family of Leys, and Bishop Douglass from that of Tilwhilly.

Next comes the village of Banchory-Ternan, distant from Aberdeen eighteen miles; and for pleasantness comparable almost to anything on Deeside, being a perfect paradise. As you enter the village, is New Banchory on the north side; and a little past it, the kirk, which is thought to have no match on all Deeside—having a clock, with dial-plate, hour, and minute hands, which no kirk on Deeside has, and but few country kirks anywhere in Scotland, some of them having but sun dials, and most having neither dial nor clock.* Being, as is said, a place very remarkable for its beauty, and also having a clock on its steeple, Banchory has become the abode of divers gentlemen, both from Aberdeen and other parts. Indeed, there are more gentlemen's houses in and near Banchory than in any other village near Aberdeen; and these

* Here, also, is the Market Stance of Banchory, where a Cattle Market is held, and also the great Deeside Gathering, for encouraging the ancient games of Scotland and the wearing of the Highland costume.

BANCHORY-TERNAN

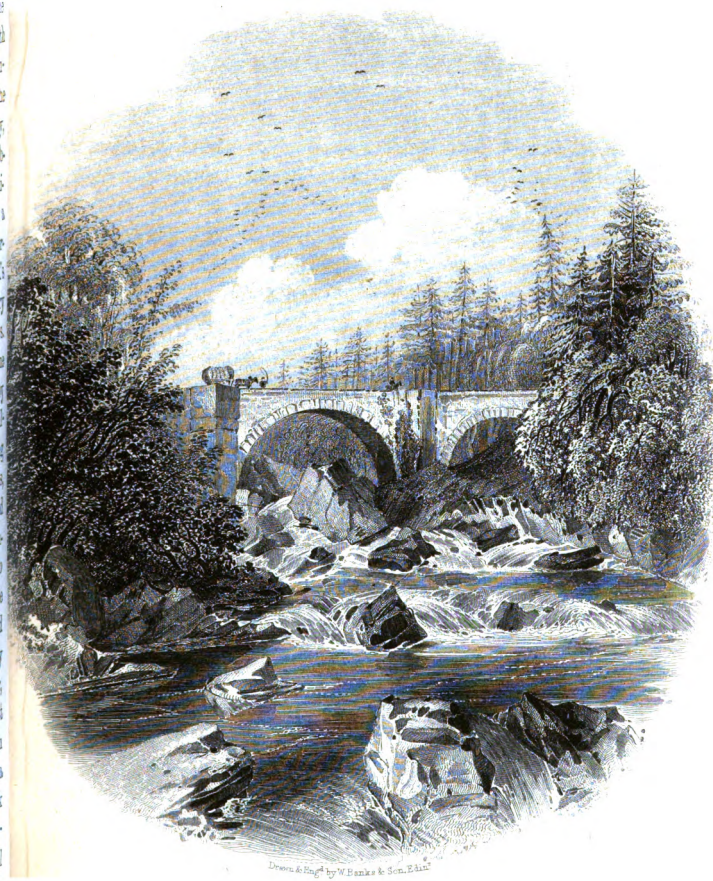
houses being all ornamented with gardens, lawns, and gravel walks, give to Banchory an air of gentility and beauty not to be described. The chief remarkables about Banchory are the bridge over the Dee, partly built of stone, and partly of cast-iron; a very stately building, but was grievously damaged by the great floods of August, 1829, and has never been so strong since. Next, the gate and house of Blackhall, the former of which is close by the Bridge, and is a very fair gate to look upon, having pillars of stone on each side thereof, and two porters' lodges; likewise on the top the effigies of a goat cut as large as life. The goat is the crest of the Russell family, to whom the property once belonged, and under it is written their motto, "Che sara sara," which, I am positively assured, means, "What will be, will be." Next is the tower * upon the top of the hill of Scolty, on the north side of the road. The key of this tower may be had from the postmaster—and from the top there is a very spacious prospect, and which is thought to have few equals. Near Banchory, in the woods of Inchmarlo, is a stone placed over a cat, and having an epitaph engraved thereon, of which I here set down the two first lines, as I have heard them—

> "A cat a friend to me once did rise;
> Dead now—his name Tam Scott—and here he lies."

The remainder may be read on the stone itself, as, not thinking it worthy of a place, I have not inserted it

* This tower was erected to commemorate General Burnett of Banchory, who was much respected in his day. He was a brother of the Baronet of Leys, and left his estates of Banchory Lodge, Arbeadie, and Strachan, to his grand-nephew, the late Lieut.-Col. William Burnett Ramsay.

here at length. The "Burnett Arms" Inn is at the west end of the village, just close by the eighteenth milestene, and is one of the most complete and comfortable places of entertainment on Deeside. The Bridge of Feugh is also considered a great curiosity, and a sight well worth seeing—the water here tumbling and toiling among the rocks in a very extraordinary manner. The best sight of it may be had from a fog-house, built on a rock a little way down the waterside, on the north side of the bridge. Gentlemen's houses in and near Banchory are Blackhall, Banchory Lodge, Deebank, Invery, Feugh Cottage, and others. Banchory, on account of its beautiful prospect and fine climate, is much resorted to during the summer by persons of weak health—the number of whom dwelling here in fine weather, and wandering about among the woods, with pale faces and other signs of sickness, is scarcely to be spoken. Likewise on Sundays and fast-days, when the shops are shut, there is a most uncommon resort to this of people from Aberdeen, who having been all the week busy at the back of the counter, or it may be in dark dens of back shops and counting-houses, come out here on these days, they being then idle, to get a gasp of the fresh country air, to the manifest exhilaration of their mind, and great improvement of their health. Indeed, for any person who has for some time been dwelling in the bounds of a smoky, noisy town, to come out here and take a walk on a beautiful summer evening, either by the waterside or through the woods, with the birds singing all around him, and the birch-trees sending forth their perfume, must be unspeakable pleasure. I should



BRIDGE OF FEUGH.

mention that, a little to the west of Banchory, there are divers standing stones, by some thought to have been a Druidical circle; but whether that be the case or not, I cannot say. Banchory-Ternan, it is said was so called from one Ternan, or Ternadus, who was a Roman Catholic Bishop in the time of the Picts, and after his death was, as customary with them in case of good and pious men, made a saint. North from Banchory about the space of four miles, is the Hill of Fare, an uncommon long and curiously-shaped hill, being little less than sixteen miles in length, but of no great height. There is a hollow on the south side of it called Corrichie,* where, in 1562, was fought a great battle between the Earl of Murray and Earl of Huntly, where the latter was totally discomfited and cruelly slain. They still show a well which they call Queen Mary's Well, and a seat which they call Queen Mary's Seat, and where, they say, she sat and looked down upon that fierce and bitter strife then raging in this now still and peaceful glen.

About a mile beyond Banchory, on the south side of the water, pleasantly situated among the woods of birch, fir, beech, ash, and other trees, is the house of Blackhall, of which you heard before; and on the north there is the house of Inchmarlo, which stands on a very beautiful green, and has around it some very old venerable trees, and is altogether a very noble place, belonging to Patrick Davidson, Esq., son of Duncan Davidson of Tillychetly, who was also Laird of

* The neighbourhood of Corrichie is worthy of a visit, as near it are the remains of an old encampment, and various other curiosities. Sulphate of barytes also occurs here in the granite rock.

the adjoining estate of Dachaikie, as well as of Desswood, in the neighbouring parish of Kincardine O'Neil.

Two-and-twenty miles from Aberdeen is Wood-end Cottage, on the estate of Crathes, but now occupied by Mansfield Forbes, Esq. The name of the hill on the south side of the water is Mickle Ord. At the Hornburn you once more enter Aberdeenshire—for I should have said that, from the time you passed the fourteenth milestone or thereby, you were in Mearns or Kincardineshire, which is a shire by no means in any respect to be compared to Aberdeenshire, being inferior in every respect, and not near half the size of Aberdeenshire, not having but one royal burgh in all its bounds, while Aberdeen has three, besides burghs of barony and baron bailies innumerable; neither having a great and noble city like Aberdeen, with its University, College, Kirks, Lord Provost, Professors, Sheriffs, Sheriff-Substitutes, Reform Committees, and other decorements—the like of which are nowhere to be seen in the north of Scotland.

At the twenty-fourth milestone you come to the Bridge of Potarch, where you may still see the marks of the damage occasioned by the floods of August, 1829. On the south end of the bridge is a large house used as an inn, and several others have lately been built near it. From the south side of this bridge, there diverge two roads, the westermost going to Ballogie House (J. Dyce Nicol, Esq.), Balfour House (F. J. Cochran, Esq.), and to Birse, also by Cuttieshillock, across the Cairn-o'-mouth, by Fettercairn to Brechin; the eastermost going to Midstrath and Finzean. It is to be noted that a few yards above this bridge the

river Dee is much narrower than in any other part of its course betwixt Aberdeen and the Linn, being here, at one part, no more than twenty feet broad. Across this place, about sixty years ago, it is said, leapt one John Young, a caird or gipsy, a very notorious man, and who, as the story goes, broke half the prisons in Scotland; and in particular, as is said, broke the prisons of Aberdeen, and having let out all the prisoners, wrote on the door, "Rooms to let." When John Young leapt over the Dee here, he was pursued for having killed a man when fishing on the water of Gadie, and for which he was afterwards executed at Aberdeen, which, he having slain the man in self-defence, was by many thought to be a great pity.

After passing the twenty-fifth milestone, on the north side of the road, is the road to Kincardine Lodge, to Craigmile (P. L. Gordon, Esq.), and to Lairney. This road is continued to Aberdeen, through Drumlawsie, Midmar, and Echt, and is shorter than the Deeside road by good two miles. Here one of the finest prospects on the Dee opens to the view. Below you is the longest reach of the river, in a straight line of equal breadth; on the right and left the rising hills, rich with various plantations; immediately in front the House of Desswood stands in beauty, fronting the morning sun; and in the background, the summits of the distant mountains.

At the twenty-sixth milestone is the village of Kincardine O'Neil, lying in the bottom of a very spacious valley. As you enter it on the north side is the Manse, with a comely garden, well stocked with

flowers, shrubs, and trees; and a little beyond, on the south side, is the kirk, a venerable building, with buttresses, belfry, and bell. An elegant new Church has been recently built by the heritors, who have had the good taste to allow the venerable old pile to remain as a monument of antiquity. Next is the inn, on the north side, a very commodious building, now conducted by Mr. Barclay in a way worthy of the reputation of Mrs. Gordon, in the times when this little book was first published; besides which there is now another inn, called the "Victoria," for the additional accommodation of travellers. Kincardine was a place of note in very old times, there having been built here, by a knight called Allan Durward, well on to 600 years ago, a wooden bridge across the Dee, and likewise a stately hospital at the north end thereof. Both bridge and hospital are now gone, and not so much as a stone left. However, there is a boat where the bridge was by which people can be carried across the river. It is lamented by many that the hospital was not kept up, as it would have been a great convenience in that part of the country, there being none nearer than Aberdeen.

About three miles from Kincardine, on the brow of a hill, north of the Kirk of Lumphanan, is a cairn, called Macbeth's Cairn, where, as is said, Macbeth was killed in the year 1056. There is a very particular account of this given in Wyntoun's Chronicle, of how

> "O'er the Mounth they chased him then
> Intil the wood of Lumphanan,
>
> . . . . . .
>
> This Macbeth slew they there,
> Into the wood of Lumphanan."

The king, Malcolm Canmore, remained at Kincardine O'Neil while they thus chased Macbeth till they came up with him where Macbeth's Cairn now is, when they slew him outright, and having cut off his head, carried it to King Malcolm, at Kincardine. The rest of the body was buried under the cairn, which—such is the lamentable disposition of some people—has been greatly dilapidated, having been carried away to build park dykes, byres, stables, and the like (pitiful to see such acts done in a civilised country), but is now enclosed by a fence.

On returning from Macbeth's Cairn, passing Glenmillan, a well-wooded glen on the left, by the Raemoir Turnpike, and somewhat west of the Church of Lumphanan, may be seen the Peel Ring, or Peel Bog, on the property of Mr. Farquharson of Finzean. This is undoubtedly one of the most perfect examples which time has left us of the fortifications of the thirteenth or fourteenth century. The circular earthen mound, rising nearly 15 feet above the adjoining level, and about 40 yards in diameter, is surrounded, at a distance of upwards of 20 feet, by an earthen dyke about 6 feet in height, and 10 or 12 in thickness. The object of the outer circumvallation was evidently to retain the water of the fosse or ditch, which encircled the mound whereon the castle was raised. This fosse was supplied from the burn of Lumphanan, and the course for the water may still be traced. To many, however, more interesting relics may be found in Macbeth's Stone and Macbeth's Cairn. On the farm of Cairnbathy is the brae of Strettun, where Macbeth,

according to tradition, was wounded; and "Macbeth's Stone" remains to commemorate the event.

Balnacraig is on the south side of the river, and cannot be seen from the road. Farther to the south is the house of Ballogie (J. D. Nicol, Esq., M.P.), who is making extensive improvements on this much-neglected estate. Near to the porter's lodge to this house, is a hill called Killbordie, whereon there is a camp, thought to have been that of Montrose in the times of the Covenant. At the foot of this hill there were lately found two curious stone ladles, one of which is in the possession of Mr. Nicol of Ballogie.

Opposite to the twenty-seventh milestone is Carlogie Cottage, on the south side of the river, situated on a fair and spacious haugh. A little beyond is the Mill of Kincardine, on the north side of the river, and a bridge over the water of Dess. After crossing this bridge, there strikes off to the north a road through Lumphanan and Leochel, and going by the bridge of Alford on to Huntly. About 200 yards up this road is a waterfall, called the Slog of Dess, and which is a sight thought by many to be well worth seeing. Near to this, and embosomed in wood, stands the House of Desswood, already noticed, belonging to Alexander Davidson, Esq., a younger son of the late Duncan Davidson of Tillychetly and Inchmarlo, with terraced gardens, bowling green, &c., and commanding perhaps the most extensive and varied view of mountain, wood, and water, which is to be seen from any place on the banks of Dee. From the road hereabouts you may see the Hill of Clochnabane, or the Hill of the Stone, on the top of which is a very remarkable stone. This

piece of rock is about 100 feet in perpendicular height, and sometimes serves seamen as a landmark. It lies about twelve miles south from this, and the water of Feuch rises in it.

On the opposite side of the river is the Kirk of Birse, which is a very large and extensive parish, well wooded and watered, and having divers hills of great height in the same. There is a saying very common to denote the antiquity of anything, by remarking that "it's as auld as the hills o' Birse." But why the hills of Birse should be older than other hills, it altogether passes my comprehension to tell.* Likewise, there is another saying touching Birse—when one wishes to tell another that he holds him in derision, he says, "Gang to Birse"—and sometimes, "Gang to Birse and bottle skate." The meaning of this is not very clear; for Birse being a landward parish, there are no skate therein; neither, if there were, is it very easy to see why or how they should be bottled. Concerning the first part of the saying, "Gang to Birse," it may possibly mean as much as if one were to say, "Go to, you are a worthless fellow! go to Birse with you!" it being commonly reputed that the people of Birse are rough and uncultivated, wholly wanting the high polish and refinement of the people in other parts of Deeside; a thing not owing to any inferiority on the part of the Birseans, but to be ascribed to the country where they dwell, which is as it were shut out by hills, woods, and waters from the rest of the

* The phrase "*Hills of Birse*" refers to three old *men* of the name of Hill, who all lived to be more than a hundred years of age, in the forest of Birse; and it became a by-word to say of an old person that he was as old as the "*Hills of Birse.*"

civilised world. Accordingly, here formerly, in old times, was there great resort of thieves, plunderers, highland caterans, and broken men, so that it might be said of Birse, as of the temple of Jerusalem, that it was a den of thieves. In later times, above all other places, Birse was to be noted for its smuggling, there being, it might be said, a still in every glen. Thus much I have thought proper to say concerning Birse, and should add that, in a place thereof called the Forest, there is the ruins of a castle, which, beyond all doubt, is a very old castle.*

On the south side of this parish, in a valley watered by the Feugh, lies the ancient mansion of Farquharson of Finzean, a family who have held the property for several centuries. The house and extensive woodlands have been greatly improved by the present proprietor.

On the north side of the water, and nigh to the twenty-ninth milestone, are the remains of the old Kirk of Aboyne, now converted into and used as a tomb for the old family of Farquharson Innes of Ballogie, from whom the present proprietor, Mr. Nicol, M.P., recently purchased it. The hill behind this is called the Red Cap of Mortlach. It is said that, many years ago, there was seen on this hill an awful vision, walking about like a restless spirit, terrible to behold, with a red nightcap on its head, and calling aloud in the dead silence of midnight, in some unknown language, to the great disturbance and wonderful terrification of all the neighbours.

Two miles on, you come to the village of Charles-

* If any person wishes to know all that can be said about Birse, let that person get a copy of Mr. Dinnie's History of that country sold by the publisher of this Guide.

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CHARLESTOWN OF ABOYNE.

town of Aboyne, which stands amidst woods of fir and other trees, which give it a lithe shelter and a beautiful appearance. This village, which is the terminus of the Deeside Railway, is likewise adorned and beautified by a famous structure of a suspension bridge across the Dee, which is a noble fabric, and, as many think, every way superior to the bridge at the Craiglug. This is the second bridge here built, for, after the first was completed—pitiful to relate!—it was wholly swept away by the great and terrible floods of August 1829. Sir Thomas Dick Lauder wrote a book upon these floods, and though he enumerated every other bridge taken down by that fearful inundation, yet he altogether pretermitted the Bridge of Charlestown, which was surely a great omission on Sir Thomas's part; for he must allow that few bridges anywhere can compare with the Bridge of Charlestown, for stateliness and good workmanship. I must not forget to tell that this bridge was built wholly, from the foundation to the copestone, at the sole expense and charge of the Marquess of Huntly. Surely for this princely munificence he cannot be enough praised. But this is but one small specimen of what the noble Gordons have done for Aberdeen, town and county. Honour and long life to them therefor! Here also is the Parish Church, a handsome-looking structure: and one of the most magnificent-looking Inns on Deeside. The entry to Aboyne Castle, the noble mansion of the Right Hon. the Marquess of Huntly, is from this village, through a pleasant avenue, park, and policy. His Lordship is of the noble family of the Duke of Gordon; and his ancestor, the Viscount of Aboyne, behaved so bravely in

the covenanting times, standing firm for his king, through good and bad, that Charles the Second, on his restoration, made him an Earl—an honour which he well merited. The Gordons, it is to be noted, have ever been remarkable for their steady loyalty at all times, from Bruce's days down to the present time. In 1671, the Earl of Aboyne married Margaret Irvine, daughter to Irvine of Drum, and at which time he repaired the Castle, and caused add to the same divers apartments. Concerning this Earl there is sung an old ballad, which I have judged fit here to insert at large, for the satisfaction of the curious in these matters:—

The Earl of Aboyne.

The Earl of Aboyne to Old England's gone,
An' a' his nobles wi' him;
Sair was the heart his fair lady had,
Because she wan na wi' him.

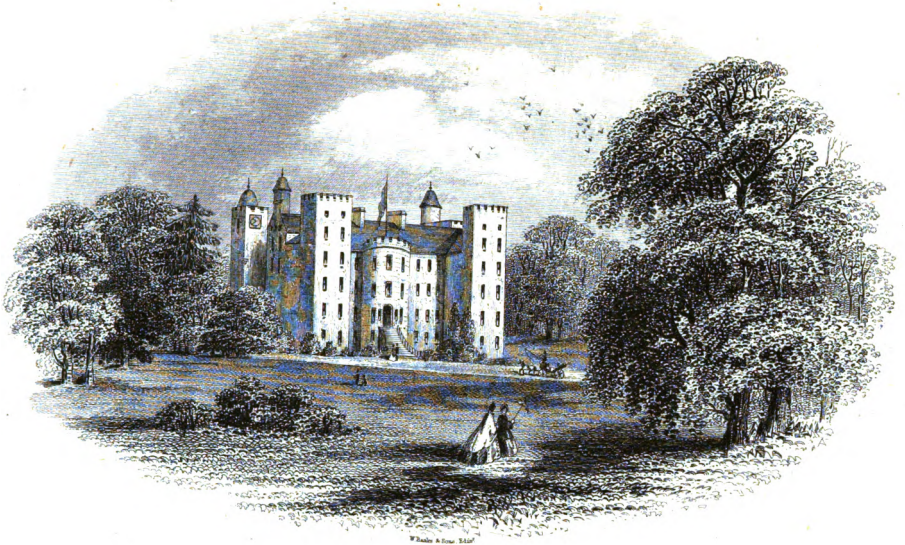
And she was walking in her garden green,
Among her gentlewomen,
Sad was the letter that came to her,
Her lord was wed in Lunan.

Is this true, my Jane, she says,
My Lord is wed in Lunan?
O no, O no, my lady gay,
For the Lord o' Aboyne is comin'.

When she was looking o'er her castell
She spied two boys comin';
What news, what news, my bonny boy,
What news hae ye frae Lunan?

Good news, good news, my lady gay,
The lord o' Aboyne is comin';
He's scarcely twa miles frae the place,
Ye'll hear his bridles ringin',

O my grooms all be well on call,
An' hae your stables shinin';
Of corn an' hay spare nane this day,
Sin' the lord o' Aboyne is comin'.



ABOYNE CASTLE.

My minstrels all be well on call,
Now set your harps a-tunin'
Wi' the finest springs, spare not the strings,
Sin' the lord o' Aboyne is comin',

My cooks all be well on call,
An' haud your spits a-runnin'
Wi' the best o' roast, an' spare nae cost,
Sin' the lord o' Aboyne is comin'.

My maids all be well on call,
An' hae your floors a-shinin';
Cover o'er the stair wi' herbs sweet and fair,
Cover the floors wi' linen;
An' dress my body in the finest array,
Sin' the lord o' Aboyne is comin'.

Her gown was o' the gude green silk,
Fast'ned wi' red silk trimin';
Her apron was o' the gude black gauze,
Her hood o' the finest linen.

Sae stately she stept down the stair,
To look gin he was comin';
She called on Kate, her cham'er maid,
An' Jean her gentlewoman,
To bring her a bottle of the best wine
To drink his health that's comin'.

She's gane to the close, taen him frae's horse,
Says, you're thrice welcome frae Lunan;
If I be as welcome, he cried, as you say,
Come kiss me for my comin';
For to-morrow should been my wedding day
Gin I'd stayed ony langer in Lunan.

She turned about wi' a disdainful look
To Jean her gentlewoman;
If to-morrow should be your wedding day,
Go kiss your miss in Lunan.

O my nobles now turn your steeds,
I'm sorry for my comin';
For the night we'll alight at the bonny Bog o' Gight,
To-morrow tak' horse for Lunan.

O Thomas, my man, gae after him,
An speer gin I'll win wi' him;
Yes, madam, I hae pleaded for thee,
But a mile ye winna win wi' him.

Here and there she ran in care,
An' doctors wi' her dealin';
But in a crack her bonny heart brak,
And letters gaed to Lunan.

When he saw the letters seal'd wi' black,
He fell on's horse a-weepin';
If she be dead that I love best,
She has my heart a-keepin'.

My nobles all ye'll turn your steeds,
That that comely face I may see then;
Frae the horse to the hat a' must be black,
And mourn for bonny Peggy Irvine.

When they came near to the place,
They heard the dead bell knellin';
And aye the turnin' o' the bell
Said come bury bonny Peggy Irvine.

In the plantations of Aboyne Castle there is a very remarkable stone, shaped like a coffin, and having carved thereon a cross. It did not stand here originally, but was removed to this many years ago, when, as it is said, it was in the night-time taken back to its original stance by spirits or ghosts. However, it seems to have been more securely fixed the second time, for it seems quite content to stand where it is. There are also some mineral wells, which are said to be equal to the famous wells of Pananich, Strathpeffer, or Pitcaithly. The truth of this I cannot vouch for, but you can try them and judge for yourself. If they do little good, they will do as little harm.

Nearly opposite to Charlestown of Aboyne, on the south side of the river, the water of Tanner runs into the Dee. The glen of the Tanner is to be noted for the great trees which grow in it, of a quality superior to the wood of most other parts; for Glentanner fir is, for durability and beauty, thought to have few equals.

The quantity of it that has been cut down and used is scarcely to be spoken. Where the Tanner joins the Dee is the Clachan of Dalnowhinnie.

North from about the thirty-fifth milestone is the Hill of Mullach, with a great cairn on its top. On this hill, as is said, was fought in old times a cruel and bloody battle between Malcolm Canmore and the Danes of Norway, wherein the Danes were routed and totally discomfited, being chased from this hill all the way to Aberdeen, as divers cairns, thrown up over the bodies of those slain in the chase, which still exist, are thought to show.

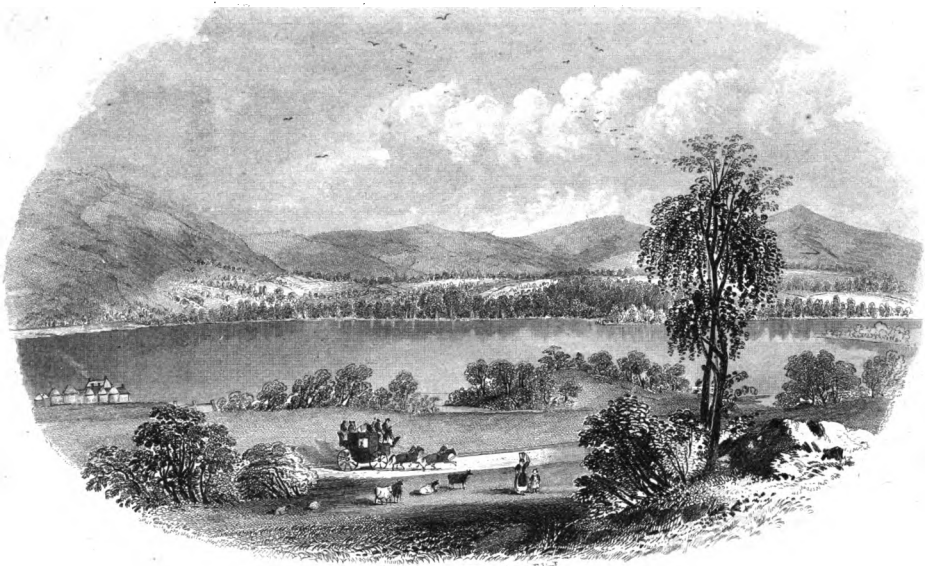
About the thirty-fifth milestone is a burn called the Burn of Dinnat, which is considered the march or boundary between the Lowlands and the Highlands; so that, after crossing this burn, you may consider yourself in the Highland country, whereof you may from this see afar off the blue hills and mountains. Here is the Mill of Dinnat, where wool is carded; and a little to the west of this is Boat of Dinnat, where there is a ferry-boat for crossing the Dee.

After this you enter on the Moor of Dinnat, which is a very bleak and dreary moor, growing little but heather, whins, broom, and blue, red, crow, and other berries. Upon this moor there are sundry cairns, thought to be burying-places of those slain in the many great and savage battles fought here, as is said. Indeed, it must be allowed that for a battle a better place than this could none be—being such a large and level plain. In the middle of it are two cairns, called Afflumrock, or some such name. On the north-west corner of this moor lies Loch Kinnord, betwixt two

hills called Muckle Kinnord and Little Kinnord. It is said that King Malcolm Canmore had on the westermost island of the loch a castle, palace, or seat, and in the eastermost a prison; and farther, that these islands were artificially built, of which there can be little doubt, the various piles whereon they are built being visible to this day. It is said, also, that there is a causeway joining one of the islands to the land, but that the water of the loch, having risen since these times, now covers this causeway. Whether Malcolm Canmore had in reality his castle here or not, I cannot say, but one thing is clear, from George Buchanan's Scottish History, as well as from Andrew Wyntoun's Chronicles, that here a castle there was when the great battle of Culbleen was fought near this same loch in King David Bruce's time. At the end of the causeway there was, as is said, on the land, a chapel, in or near which was found the stone (of which you heard before), in the Earl of Aboyne's plantations at Charlestown of Aboyne. Near Loch Kinnord is another smaller loch called Loch Dawain. It is probable that *Kinnord* is a corruption of *Canmore*. The new turnpike road from Aboyne to Braemar discloses a much better view of these lochs than the old road.

The Burn of Vat is the burn which runs into loch Kinnord on the west. About 300 yards westwards of the road which goes to Tarland and Cromar there is on this burn a very great curiosity. The burn falls down into a curious cave, open at the top and not unlike a vat, from its resemblance to which it has been called the Burn of the Vat.* The noise of the falling

* The Burn of the Vat is well worth a visit; in fact, no stranger should pass up Deeside without seeing it.



LOCH KINNORD

water is so curiously re-echoed, that you would think it were running over your head. This place is very generally visited by the visitors staying at Ballater, and is thought to be a very great singularity—so much so, that few of them who can draw but take a sketch of this picturesque spot. It is sometimes called "Rob Roy's Cave;" but I think myself bound to guard you against being imposed upon, or led to believe that it has anything to do with Rob Roy whatsoever, good or bad. It is well known that Rob Roy lived in another part of the country altogether from this, and that his cave is to be seen on Loch Lomond, over in the West Highlands. The name of Rob Roy's Cave was given to the Burn of Vat by some idle readers of novels, romances, and other suchlike unprofitable books, who, after having crazed themselves with reading these books night and day, to the great misspending of their time, and grievous hurt both of body and mind, come up here to the Highlands, and fancy that every cave, rock, or other curiosity, is Rob Roy's, Roderick Dhu's, or Prince Charles's, concerning whom, and nothing else, do their tongues go, like any mill-wheels, from morning to night. Among other things, nothing else would please them but they must call this place Rob Roy's Cave; but, as I have told you, the true, real, and ancient name thereof is the Burn of the Vat.*

On the opposite, that is, the south side of the river, upon the top of a small knoll, are the ruins of Dee Castle. This was a seat of the Gordons in old times,

* It is well known that the noted freebooter, Gilderoy, frequented this cave, and he is reported to have said, that of all his retreats this was the warmest—and the Glens of Cushnie the coldest.

when it was called Candecaill, which, it is said, is a Gaelic word meaning head of the wood. Little of the castle now remains but part of a wall, which forms the west gable of the house now built on the site of the old castle. The lower part of the house is occupied as a chapel for the Roman Catholics, and the upper part as a dwelling-house. There is an old song concerning this place, but of which I could recover no more than what follows:—

We'll up the muir of Charlestown,
And over the water of Dee,
And hine away to Candecaill,
It's there that we should be.

A red cloak o' calico,
A saddle and a whip,
A hinging-mouthed bridegroom
That lays me down to sleep.

Immediately after you pass the thirty-seventh milestone is the road going north to Cromar and Tarland, by the Burn of the Vat, which, as I said, is by some impudently and falsely called Rob Roy's Cave.

About a mile on, pleasantly situated among beautiful birch trees, is Cammas-o'-May, a small inn. The trees here are thought to have few equals on Deeside. What is very curious is, that when the great floods of August 1829 had abated, there was found within the bench or plate-rack, a full-grown trout, which no doubt had swam in here, where it was doomed to die a miserable death. This may serve to show how high the waters rose in that cruel and terrible flood.

On the opposite side of the river is Ballatrich, a house where Lord Byron lived when he was a young boy at the Grammar School of Aberdeen. It is often

visited by strangers, as here—wonderful curiosity!—is still to be seen the very identical bed where his Lordship that was to be—for neither lord nor laird was he then—often slept. A fine view of the house is to be had from a hill close by the inn. A song is sung about Ballatrich, by some said to be written by Lord Byron, but this is doubted by others.

"Ballatrich's banks and sunny braes,
I maun leave them a', lassie."

North of the thirty-ninth milestone is the hill of Culbleen and the hill of Morven, which is mentioned by Lord Byron in one of his poems, which I have taken upon me here to set down :—

When I roved a young highlander o'er the dark heath,
And climbed thy steep summit, O Morven! of snow,
To gaze on the torrents that thundered beneath,
Or the mist of the tempest that gathered below;
Untutored by science, a stranger to fear,
And rude as the rocks where my infancy grew,
No feeling, save one, to my bosom was dear;
Need I say, my sweet Mary, 'twas centred in you? *

Yet it could not be love, for I knew not the name,
What passion can dwell in the heart of a child?
But still I perceive an emotion the same
As I felt, when a boy, on the crag-covered wild;
One image alone on my bosom impressed,
I loved my bleak regions, nor panted for new;
And few were my wants, for my wishes were blessed,
And pure were my thoughts, for my soul was with you.

I arose with the dawn, with my dog as my guide,
From mountain to mountain I bounded along;
I breasted the billows of Dee's rushing tide,
And heard at a distance the highlander's song.
At eve, on my heath-covered couch of repose,
No dreams, save of Mary, were spread to my view;

* The heroine of this sublime piece was Miss Mary Robertson, a native of the district, and who died a few years ago.

And warm to the skies my devotion arose,
For the first of my prayers was a blessing on you.

I left my bleak home, and my visions are gone,
The mountains are vanished, and my youth is no more;
As the last of my race I must wither alone,
And delight but in days I have witnessed before.
Ah! splendour has raised, but embittered my lot;
More dear were the scenes which my infancy knew;
Though my hopes may have failed, yet they are not forgot;
Though cold is my heart, still it lingers with you.

When I see some dark hill point its crest to the sky,
I think of the rocks that o'ershadow Culbleen;
When I see the soft blue of a love-speaking eye,
I think of those eyes that endeared the rude scene;
When, haply, some light waving locks I behold,
That faintly resemble my Mary's in hue,
I think on the long-flowing ringlets of gold,
The locks that were sacred to beauty and you.

Yet the day may arrive, when the mountains once more
Shall rise to my sight in their mantles of snow;
But while these soar above me, unchanged as before,
Will Mary be there to receive me? Ah, no!
Adieu! then, ye hills, where my childhood was bred,
Thou swift-flowing Dee, to thy waters adieu!
No home in the forest shall shelter my head,
Ah! Mary, what home could be mine but with you?

At the fortieth milestone is the small village of Tullich, formerly a post-town. The walls of the old kirk, which, before Tullich was joined to other parishes, was a parish kirk, are still standing, inside of which is the burial-place of the Farquharsons—the Farquharsons of *Whitehouse*, a respectable family, who once had a small property in Braes of Cromar, being a part of the parish of Tullich. The view looking westward from this is very much admired, more especially on a summer evening, an hour or two before sunset. You see hills towering above hills, like the waves of a tempestuous sea suddenly arrested, with Lochnagar

rising high above them all. A little westward from Tullich is Oakwood Cottage, which is commonly let for summer lodgings. Here the road diverges into two; the road on the right hand as you go westward going straight through the Pass of Ballater to the Bridge of Gairn—the road on the left hand going round by Ballater village, through the same and round the foot of Craigendarroch, till it joins the other road a little before you come to the Bridge of Gairn. It is of this last road that we shall discourse first, being to speak of the other road when you get to Ballater, from which you are not now a mile distant, and on the road to which there is nothing worthy of observation except the Key Pool. This is a pool in the river just as you approach Ballater, and is called the Key Pool because of the following curious story:—Near Ballater House, which you will perceive beautifully situated on a noble and spacious lawn just at the foot of Craigendarroch, on your right hand as you draw near to Ballater—near this house there was in very ancient times a chapel—of course, as Protestantism was then unknown, a Roman Catholic chapel. Not a stone of this chapel now remains—no, not one—and the very burying-ground which was around it is now turned into a beautiful garden, the mould of which will, no doubt, be very rich. But this matters not. To continue our story: Once upon a time there was a priest of this chapel, by name Nathalan. This Nathalan, it seems, had committed, some time or another, a most awful and terrible crime, the thoughts of which so wrought upon his mind that, to get absolution of it, by way of penance, he caused make a very heavy girdle or chain of iron,

which he fastened round his loins, and locked the same with a key. This key he took and threw into this pool, since called the Key Pool, saying that if ever he found that key again, he would consider it as a sign sent from heaven to assure him that his great and unspeakable sin was forgiven. After this, away sets he on a pilgrimage to Italy—very likely to get absolution from the Pope of Rome himself—but of this the story does not make mention. However, it says that while he was sojourning at some place in Italy (what place is not mentioned, but it must have been somewhere on the sea-shore, or on some river) a fish was caught, and lo and behold! in its stomach was found a key—the which the moment Nathalan saw, you may judge if he was not a joyful man. He cried out with a loud voice, saying it was the key of his girdle, and that now his sins were all forgiven. This miracle (as it was then thought) got for Nathalan such a reputation for piety and devoutness that he was ever after called Saint Nathalan; and after his death, this chapel that stood near Ballater House was dedicated to him, and from that day to this it was called and known by no other name but Saint Nathalan's Chapel. But for all that is known, this, instead of being a miracle, may have been nothing more than a Popish trick. Though Saint Nathalan threw one key into the pool, what was to hinder him from having had two keys made to the lock, one of which he still kept by him? And when he got to Italy, what was to hinder him from getting a fish and thrusting this key down its throat; and then what was to prevent him from engaging some fishermen to be his accomplices, and what would hinder

BALLATER

them to put this fish in among the other fish in their net, and then pretend that they had caught the same? This, I must say, appears to be a much more likely thing than that a trout, pike, eel, salmon, grilse, or other fish, should swallow a key (which, as it could not eat iron, it could have no motive to do) in the Dee at Ballater, and then swim down the Dee, round the Girdleness, away along the coast—through the Channel —dash across the tempestuous Bay of Biscay—along the shores of Spain and Portugal—then turn through the Straits of Gibraltar, and up through the Mediterranean till it came to Italy. Doubtless if this fish did swim all this long and weary way, with this key in its belly, it must have been sick tired of it, and as glad to the full to get rid of it as was Saint Nathalan to find it. That heavy iron girdle must, it is certain, have occasioned him a world of trouble, and been an inconvenience to him not to be described. But enough of Saint Nathalan and his Chapel. It is time that we should discourse of Ballater.

As Aberdeen is the chief town of the shire, so Ballater is the capital or metropolis of Deeside, an honour which in every respect it is well worthy to enjoy. Though Ballater and Aberdeen are both chief towns, it is altogether out of the question to compare them together in respect to size, number of inhabitants, or stateliness of buildings; for Aberdeen is the capital of a whole shire, with hills, valleys, moors, and plains, altogether unspeakable; while Ballater is but the metropolis of one single valley, with its parts and pertinents. Surely, therefore, it is a vain thing to think that Ballater should be a town anything like so large

as Aberdeen, or yet so well built; but this I will say, that Ballater, for the extent of ground to which it is the renowned metropolis, is in proportion little behind Aberdeen. As for grandeur and beauty of situation, there is no comparison whatsoever—the stance on which Aberdeen stands being just as much inferior to the stance on which Ballater stands as the Broadhill of the Links (where they used to hold the races, reform meetings, and other diversions) is inferior to Lochnagar or Ben-Muick-Dhui. And farther, I will take it upon me to say that, in point of renown, Ballater is very little, if anything, inferior to Aberdeen—its fame as a fashionable watering-place being spread far and wide to the uttermost corners of the earth, as may be known by the number of strangers coming to see it from all parts of the world, and, among others, from the Isle of Skye and the Capo of Good Hope. As for pleasantness and agreeableness, every one must admit that Ballater has the advantage, else why do such numbers of Aberdeen people leave their homes there and come out here every summer to take up their abode, while few or none of the Ballater people ever visit Aberdeen except upon urgent business?—a thing which can be accounted for in no way whatever but by allowing that Ballater is out of all sight a much more agreeable and pleasant town to dwell in than Aberdeen. What with many Aberdonians is a matter of great reproach to Ballater is, that its steeple is only a timber steeple; but the Ballaterians have no reason to be ashamed of their steeple, and the Aberdonians, in objecting to it, only show that they can see their neighbour's faults, but not their own; for it is perfectly notorious that

the steeple of Aberdeen is timber as well as the Ballater steeple, from which it differs in no respect except that it is covered with lead. Nevertheless, for all that, it is as excellent a steeple as anybody need wish to look at, and, if not covered with lead, is so curiously painted that it looks just as well as if it were real stone. Indeed, many of those who now scoff at it at first took it for stone. As for other things with which Aberdeen people taunt the Ballaterians, saying that they have no fine streets, or noble buildings, or stately bridges, such as Aberdeen has, we can show hills and mountains, and woods and valleys, and rocks, and lochs, with which Aberdeen has nothing to compare, and which every one will allow are much better worth looking at than any streets, bridges, or buildings that anywhere are in the whole world, not to speak of Aberdeen. So much for the comparison which has been made between Ballater and Aberdeen.

The road from Aberdeen enters Ballater at the corner of the east side of the square, which is a large open green, mostly built round with handsome and substantial houses, having excellent slate roofs. The inn is at the south-east corner of the square, just on the bank of the river, and is a very handsome and commodious building. It is called "The Monaltrie Arms," is kept by Mr Cook, and is notable for its comfort and excellence. The houses on the opposite side of the square are the most of them let in the summer as lodgings, as well as many other houses in the village. Besides, there is a bank (the agent for which is Mr. Haynes); also grocers', clothiers', shoemakers', druggists', and other shops, where you may buy almost any article you

want. The kirk stands in the centre of the village, and is a very fine and commodious kirk, able to hold, not only all the regular parishioners, but able (except upon Sacrament Sundays) to afford seats to the visitors from Aberdeen and elsewhere. Of the steeple I have already said enough, or, as some may think, more. The clergyman is Mr. Middleton. Divine service begins at twelve o'clock every Sunday, excepting in the summer months, when there is divine service twice every Sunday. Besides these, Ballater also contains a parish school, a masons' hall, a post-office, and sundry other ornaments and conveniences. The post-office stands in the square, and the postmaster is Mr. John Farquharson. Full information about the hours when the post arrives and starts may be learned by those who want it, if they will take the trouble to look at the bills put up at the window of the post-office. On the south side of the square runs the river Dee; and here there was a stately bridge, which now, alas! is like the great cities of Tyre and Sidon, nothing but a heap of ruins.* It was destroyed by the great and terrible floods of 1829, which occasioned such a scene of calamity and woe as was never seen in Ballater before nor since. For some time previous, there had been more than a common downfall of rain, and in especial the day before, the rain had been pouring down in one incessant torrent; but the rise in the river was nothing to speak of. Up among the glens, too, there had been heard the rumblings of many fierce thunderclaps; but this, at that season of the year, was nothing unusual. Nowise alarmed, therefore, and

* This bridge is now rebuilt.

dreading nothing, the people of Ballater went to their beds as usual, and laid them down to sleep without fear or suspicion. But at the dead hour of midnight they were awakened from their sleep by the terrible roaring of the river, which roared louder than any thunder; and before they got their heads well raised from their pillows, and while they were yet terrified by that awful and uncouth din, and perfectly astounded, knew not what to do, the rush of the waters was heard near at hand, and, in a hand-clap, in it swept with a furious swirl and a swell, dashing everything before it, and breaking in waves over the very beds where the people lay quaking and panting with fear at this strange and unaccountable calamity. Many, heedless of the awful roaring of the river, lay dead asleep, and peacefully slept on till the cold plash of the water on their faces startled them wide awake. Then began such a terrible commotion, such a hurrying to and fro, and such a perplexity and confusion on all hands as never man saw in Ballater before. People awakened from their sleep by the cold water plashing about them, suddenly started up, and, scarcely knowing what they did, rushed out from their houses, naked and unclothed, shouting and lamenting, when they beheld on all sides of them nothing but a great sea of troubled waters, upon which they saw floating, sheep, hay-ricks, great trees torn up by the roots, chairs, tables, eight-day clocks, and all sorts and manners of things, while always the river was roaring on like thunder. Such a running about as was then to be seen! Such a sound of wailing and of woe as was then to be heard! For all the world like the ants in any of the ant-hillocks

on Craigendarroch, when you tear a piece of it down, did the people of Ballater run about, to and fro, hither and thither, on that awful night. Pitiful to behold! There were some hurrying about with their goods in their arms, others labouring like anything trying to catch their furniture as it was floating out at their doors—some running with their bairns in their bosoms away from that terrible flood—others with their wives or mothers upon their shoulders, wading breast-deep through the water, and sometimes stumbling and falling, disappearing wholly out of sight for a minute, then tottering up again, while the women set up their screamings more desperately than ever—here a whole family rushing out helter-skelter, plashing across the square like as many geese in a burn—there some bonny young lady visitor, with a blanket about her, wading to where she saw dry land, and picking her steps, poor thing, as well as she could, while always she gave the other scream and shudder as she plumped into any pool above the knee—and all these people little better than naked—some with nothing but their shirts on—others with a blanket about them—some with petticoats—some with trousers; in short, as you may conceive, it was a scene just altogether indescribable. Meantime, the river continued to rise higher and higher still; greater lots of trees, bushes, and other wood began to gather about the arches of the bridge; and as they were still blocking up the water-course, it became an evident thing to all the sorrowful people of Ballater that down their brave bridge must go; not that some did not still entertain hopes, and always as the stately structure held out, their hopes

grew the stronger. Many began to think that the water was beginning to abate, and vainly thought that the substantial workmanship of the bridge, as it had so long held together, would surely withstand against the raging water, now that the worst, as they thought, was over. But always the water rose higher upon the bridge, and another tree was still dashing against the piers, making the whole structure to tremble. At the last the waters were so dammed up that no power on earth could withstand them, and the first sign that the bridge was falling was a loud crack which it was heard to give, as loud as the report of a musket. Then the solid masonry of the bridge was seen slowly to bend like a bow of fir, till, with a noise like that of the loudest thunder, it flew from each other into a thousand bits, and was hurled with a plash into the river to be seen no more. The fall of the bridge shook the ground near it like an earthquake; and such was the force of the river, that, as it furiously rushed over the falling bridge, it made the spray of its waters flee over the roof of the inn. Thus perished the stately bridge of Ballater, once a great ornament to the village, and an unspeakable convenience; and now its place is supplied by a beautiful bridge of Braemar timber, which, while it is useful and ornamental, reflects credit on the spirited contributors to its erection, and also on the Messrs Gibb, by whom it was planned and executed.

It cannot be denied that Ballater, in respect of antiquity, is much inferior to the other villages of Deeside. But by those who rightly consider on it, this, instead of being a reproach to Ballater, ought to be its greatest glory. If Ballater, though not yet a cen-

tury old, has already far outstripped, in renown and grandeur, Banchory-Ternan, which is as old as the time of the Picts; Castleton of Braemar, which is as old as Malcolm Canmore's time; and Kincardine O'Neil, which is at least as old as Wallace and Robert the Bruce's days;—is not that a great honour to Ballater, and a type of the great and unspeakable glory of which there is little doubt it will yet come to? The thing that first gave rise to Ballater—and, as I may say, has made and kept it up—is Pannanich Wells.

They having acquired, some seventy or eighty years ago, a most uncommon repute for the efficacy of their mineral waters, the renown of which spread everywhere, far and near, it became a natural consequence that numbers of people, in bad health, flocked to Pannanich, to try if these wells would do them any good. From one thing to another, this went on, the repute of these waters still growing more famous, and the number of people flocking to them still greater; most part of those coming really being in poor health, and standing in need of the waters, but a great many coming whom nothing ailed whatsoever, and who came there merely for diversion, because it was now a place of fashionable resort, till at last the accommodation which had been made for visitors at the Lodge, as it is called, and at Tullich, was wholly unfit for the great numbers that yearly came to it, and who, from the smallness of the place, suffered miseries more than tongue can tell.* These still increased till they could be no longer borne, when, to put a stop to them, it was resolved to build

* It was at this epoch in the history of Ballater that Lord Byron came to reside at it.

the village of Ballater, which accordingly was done, and which, from a small beginning, has gone on till it has reached that pitch of grandeur in which you now see it. It is a tribute justly due to the memory of the late proprietor of Ballater, William Farquharson of Monaltrie, that it was founded by him, and came to nearly what it is at present under his fostering care. It is now proper that I should discourse of the principal curiosities and objects best worthy of a visit in and near Ballater, and these are, on the north side of the river—Monaltrie House, the Hill of Craigendarroch the Pass of Ballater, Gairn Castle, and the Burn of the Vat. On the south side of the river—Pannanich Wells, Ballatrich, Brackley, Knock Castle, and Glenmuick. And of all these in their order.

Monaltrie House, sometimes also called Ballater House, and sometimes Tullich Lodge, is now the property of the family of Invercauld, to whom the late proprietor, William Farquharson of Monaltrie, left it, subject to his widow's liferent, and stands, as you heard before, on a grand and noble lawn at the foot of the Hill of Craigendarroch. It is surrounded with beautiful trees, and around it there are delightful walks, very tastefully laid out. Adjoining to it there is a fair garden, stocked with all kinds of fruits, and which are generally sold here during the season. It was near this that St. Nathalan's Chapel stood, but of this I told you before. The Hill of Craigendarroch is much admired, as well for its fine rocks and beautiful shape, as for the extraordinary grand view which you get from the top of it. It can easily be ascended by means of a road which has been made out. When once you have

reached the top, you will admit that few finer views are anywhere to be seen. Below you is Ballater, on the south, with the hills of Glentanner, Monthkeen, and others, the beautiful valley of Glenmuick, and Linn thereof, with the house of Birkhall, Knock Castle, and Brackley. To the west, you see an infinity of hills, among which Lochnagar is by far the most notable. To the north you see the fine valley of Glengairn : and far beyond, the blue peaks of some of the Cairngorum hills. Nearer at hand are Morven and Culbleen. To the east, you see a great extent of lowland country, through which the Dee is winding its beautiful course. Craigendarroch means in English, the hill or rock of the oaks, of which great numbers are still to be seen growing upon it, though not nearly of such a size as there is cause to think they grew to in old times.—The Pass of Ballater lies on the north of Craigendarroch, and is admitted on all hands to be a most singular curiosity. You would think that Craigendarroch had been, as it were, cleft right asunder, leaving the open of the Pass. The rocks on both sides rise to a great height, with trees here and there growing in their clefts, and at the feet of the rocks are immense piles of stones, which have fallen from the rocks. In one part of the Pass is a beautiful burn, on the banks whereof, close to the road, there is built a very curious house of fog, to which strangers are admitted. Gairn Castle is now almost wholly demolished. There is only a very small part of the walls standing, with a few trees about them, upon a little hillock north from the west end of the Pass. Of the Burn of the Vat I have already said enough—Morven and Culbleen also I have touched upon—they

are well worthy of a visit. From the top of Morven you may see, in a clear day, the sea and town of Aberdeen.

To turn to the south side of the river, the first thing of which I shall speak is Pannanich Wells. These wells are about two miles east from Ballater, down the water, upon a hill-side. They are very many in number, and each well, as is said, has a particular virtue—some being good for this disease, some for that. Here, at all times, but more especially in summer, is a most immense concourse of people from all parts of the country, afflicted with all manner of diseases, so that it may almost be compared to the Pool of Siloam. People afflicted with rheumatism—people in a consumption—ricketty bairns—people with broken legs or arms—people with burned feet—people ill of the typhus, scarlet, or other fevers, all flock here to drink the waters, in whose efficacy they have great faith. However, some think that these waters would be a much better cure if they were taken among less whisky than they are commonly taken, and many have wondered of what use they could possibly be in curing a broken leg. Certain it is that the repute of these mineral wells is fast declining, but no faster than the repute of Ballater for pleasantness and grand scenery is rising; so that the most of people in coming to Ballater, seek not now to recruit their health by drinking these waters, but come to enjoy themselves among the grand scenes everywhere near Ballater, and it is thought that the fresh air which they thus enjoy, the healthful exercise which they take, and the peace and pleasure of mind which they derive from living here, are of much greater

benefit to their health than drinking any waters whatsoever possibly could be. At Pannanich there is comfortable accommodation for those who attend the wells, as also lodgings for occasional visitors. Below Pannanich, about two miles, is Ballatrich, where Lord Byron resided, and of which you heard before. The Muick river, which gives its name to Glenmuick, falls into the Dee a little above Ballater. It is an excellent stream for trout, and the Glen is much admired for the beauty of its scenery. About two miles up is the house of Birkhall, which now belongs to the Royal family. About five miles up is the Linn of Muick, which is a very fine waterfall, and will be much improved when the trees that are planted around it are grown up. About a mile and a half above the Linn is Loch Muick, a very fine and large loch, well stocked with excellent trout, and as good a place for a day's sport in fishing as could be wished. Close to the junction of the Muick with the Dee stands the Manse of Glenmuick, and the old Church, which was formerly the parish church until the parish of Glenmuick was joined with Ballater. Brackley lies a little to the south of Ballater, perhaps a mile or so. This is a place of much renown on account of a mournful tragedy which took place here, and is recorded in the old ballad called "The Barrone of Brackley," which, judging it would be acceptable to many of my readers, I have here set down:—

The Barrone of Brackley.

Inverey came down Deeside whistlin' and playin',
He was at brave Brackley's yetts ere it was dawin'.

He rappit fu' loudlie, and wi' a great roar,
Cried, "Come down now, Brackley, and open the door—

"Are you sleepin', Barrone, or are ye waukin'?
There's sharp swords at your yett will gar your blood spin!"

Out spake the brave Barrone, ower the castle wa',
"Are you come to harry and spuilzie my ha'?

"O, gin ye be gentlemen, licht and come in,
Gin ye drink o' my wine ye'll nae gar my blood spin;

"Gin ye be hired widdifus, ye may gang by—
Gang down to the Lowlands and steal their fat kye;

"There spuilzie like reivers of wild kateran clan,
And harry unsparing baith houses an lan'.

"But gin ye be gentlemen, licht and come in,
There's meet and drink in my ha' for ilka man,"

Out spake his ladye, at his back where she lay,
"Get up, get up Brackley, and face Inverey.

"Get up, get up, Brackley, and turn back your kye,
Or they'll hae them to the Highlands, and you they'll defy."

"Now, haud your tongue, Catherine, and still my young son,
For yon same hired widdifus will prove themselves men."

"There's four-and-twenty milk-white nowt, twal o' them kye,
In the woods of Glentanner, it's there that they lie.

"There are goats on the Etnach, and sheep on the brae,
And a' will be harried by young Inverey.

"Gin I had a husband, whereas I hae nane,
He wadna lye in his bed and see his kye tane.

"Sae rise up John," said she, "and turn back your kye,
Or me and my maidens, we will them defy."

She called to her maidens, and bade them come in,
"Tak' a' your rocks, lasses, we will them comman';

"We'll fetch them, and shortly the cowards will fly,
So come forth, my maidens, and turn back the kye."

"Now haud your tongue, Catherine, and bring me my gun,
I am now going forth, but I'll never come in.

"Call my brother, William—my uncle also—
My cousin, James Gordon—well mount and we'll go."

When Brackley was buskit and stood in the close,
A gallanter Barrone ne'er lap on a horse;

When they were assembled on the Castle green,
Nae man like brave Brackley was there to be seen.

"Strike dogs," cries Inverey, and fecht till ye're slain,
For we are twice twenty, and ye but four men.

At the head o' Reneatan the battle began,
At little Aucholzie they killed the first man.

They killed William Gordon, and James o' the Knock,
And brave Alexander, the flower o' Glenmuick.

First they killed ane, and syne they killed twa,
They hae killed gallant Brackley the flower o' them a';

Wi' swords and wi' daggers they did them surroun',
And they pierced bonny Brackley wi' mony a woun'.

Then up came Craigievar an' a party wi' him,
Had he come one hour sooner Brackley hadna been slain.

Cam' ye by Brackley and was ye in there,
Or saw ye his ladye was makin' great care?

Yes, I cam' by Brackley, and I was in there
And there saw his ladye was braidin' her hair;

She was rantin', and dancin', and singing for joy,
And vowin' that night she would feast Inverey.

She eat wi' him, drank wi' him, welcomed him in—
She drank to the villain that killed her Barrone.

Wae to you Kate Fraser, sad may your heart be
To see your brave Barrone's blood come to your knee.

She kept him till mornin', then bade him be gane,
And showed him the road that he mightna be ta'en.

"Thro' Birse and Aboyne," she said, "fly, and out o'er
A' the hills o' Glentanner ye'll skip in an hour."

Up spake her young son on the nourice's knee,
"Gin I'll live to manhood revenged I'll be."

There's dool in the kitchen, and mirth in the ha'—
The Barrone o' Brackley is dead and awa.

What sichin' and sobbin' was heard i' the glen,
For the Barrone o' Brackley wha basely was slain.

Frae the head o' the Dee, to the banks o' the Spey,
The Gordons may mourn him, and ban Inverey.

This transaction took place in the year of grace

1592. The Baron of Brackley was a Gordon, and related to the Earl of Huntly, who, to get revenge for this cruel slaughter of his kinsman, made a foray upon the lands of the Clan Chattan (to which Farquharson of Inverey belonged), laid waste their grounds, harried their towns, and burnt their corn-yards; and having met some of them in a conflict, left threescore of them dead on the ground—so that this murder, as you see, went not unpunished. The Castle of Brackley is now nearly altogether demolished, nothing thereof remaining but one or two small fragments. A hollow is still pointed out between two small knolls where the Farquharsons fell upon him. I should mention that it is by far the best and most complete version of the ballad which has been yet published. Knock Castle, now in ruins, stands on a beautiful eminence a little above the mouth of the Muick. It has been once a very stately castle, though now in ruins. As will be seen from looking at the above ballad of the Baron of Brackley, it had belonged to the Gordons so long back as the year 1592. The Laird's name at that time was James Gordon, and he was cousin to Brackley, in whose cruel death he shared. I should mention that there is a foot road goes up Glenmuick, across Monthkeen, down the Ladder and Clenmark to Lochlee and the North Esk. Lochnagar, also, may be visited by going up through Glenmuick till you come to the Loch, and then turning westward. Persons desirous of visiting it by this or any other route, will find people to act as guides to them at Ballater. And now it is time that I should leave off this discoursing of Ballater, of which, as it is the great metropolis of Deeside, I have thought proper to set down so many particulars at large.

As a specimen of the nonsense that the people write when they have nothing to do—take the following lines written by a young gentleman, who was living at Ballater for the sake of his health—and who, I am sorry to say, is now no more.

LETTERS FROM BALLATER, JULY, 1825.

(*From the Aberdeen Censor.*)

No. I.

MISS JANE MACKAY TO HER FRIEND MISS MARY ANNE MILNE.

Ballater, July, 1825.

MY DEAR MISS MARY ANNE, I'm sure you cannot think I mean
Not to perform the vow I made on leaving Aberdeen?
Suspicious, cruel-hearted girl, say, did I ever yet
Forget a promise made to you, since first the hour we met?
And mutual vows of friendship made, and that I am sure you know
Was at Miss Gordon's hogmanae, about eight months ago.
Ah! if you knew the pain you give your ever faithful friend,
And how each chiding word and phrase her tender heart did rend,
I'm certain that your sympathetic breast would heave a sigh,
For wounding thus the feelings of your own dear Jane Mackay.
But since my tender heart to you can never hatred bear,
My fault (if fault I've done) I shall in these few lines repair.
Mamma has gone to take a walk the length of Braichlay's farm,
So I can write for half an hour without the least alarm;
(For Ma, you know, has often told Papa I was a "blue,"
And, don't be angry now, she says, dear Mary, so are you.)
We left the town, you know—by Irvine's Diligence at nine,
On Wednesday the twenty-fifth—the day was clear and fine;
We pass'd the Culter Paper Mills—the ancient Tower of Drum;
Then on to Park—at which we stopp'd, and got some milk and rum;
But bless my heart, I had forgot to tell you who were with us,
In Irvine's coach: there was that sour curmudgeon, Joseph Matthews,
And MRS S—— from Aberdeen, as prim as an old maiden,
Who came with several hundred "tracts" to ease the heavy-laden
That groan in vales of bitterness;" and at each boor we pass'd
Upon the road, a precious tract was from the window cast.
She said she travell'd to convert the heath'nish folks at Ballater;
The passengers, who thought her "fey," suspiciously stared all at her.

There also was Miss D. from Skene, Miss F. from Bodibae,
And Mr. Brown from Borrowstown, and John and Sandy Rae,
Who sat upon the top, beside two boys, just fresh from College,
With each a tin box at his side, full of botanic knowledge.
These were the whole, I think, except your friend Miss Adam's cousin—
The lawyer's clerk—and Ma and I, just made up neat a dozen.
We started from Park Inn, beneath the sun's meridian rays,
And pass'd the sombre holly woods and fortalice of Leys;
Then got a peep along the road which leads to dear Balernan,
And sweeping past a Gothic Church we entered Banchory-Ternan.
Dear Mary Anne, how oft must I o'er my sad fate bemoan me.
Since love and Peter Pittendrich * have ceased to smile upon me.
Oh, cruel youth! to fly, and leave your Jane behind you mourning;
Oh, cruel, barbarous youth! but if you'd change to love your scorning,
How happy would I be to change my lone state of pucelage,
And live in "blossom'd bowers" with you at this delightful village;
Yet even here in this sweet spot, from broils and strifes afar,
The harmless natives seem to dread the iron voice of war;
For strolling carelessly about, before I wist I ran on,
At General Burnett's garden gate, a pair of monstrous cannon.
We fly from Banchory and pass Inchmarlo on the right,
By Belty burn and bridge we turn, and Blackhall comes in sight.†
Our stomachs now begin to feel quite faintish in our bodies,
(That vulgar appetite which even Erato, tho' a goddess,
Was forced no doubt to satisfy.) We long to have a meal,
The goal's in sight, our dinner waits us at Kincardine O'Neil.
The dinner's o'er, we stroll about Kincardine for an hour,
And off we set again—but with two horses 'stead of four;
We now have time enough to view the country as we pass,
And note each cottage, field, and stream, high hill, and deep morass.
The heath is studded o'er with sheep—the daisy'd lea with kine,
And 'twixt deep rows of fir and birch, we reach at length Aboyne;
We pass a lordly miser's seat, along a road half made,

* It is not fair of you, Mary Anne, to plague me so about Peter's unfortunate name. "What's in a name?" says Shakespeare; and so say I.

† As I have lately been studying hard at the delightful science of Heraldry, I intended to have illustrated my narrative with a description of the armorial bearings of the different families whose seats we passed. I don't know if ever you have observed it, but I assure you I can always trace a resemblance between a man's character and his "coat." The Russels of Blackhall bear for their crest a *goat* passant, with the motto, "Che sara sara"—"They that will to Cupar maun to Cupar;" or, as Saunders Laing in his Itinerary facetiously translates it, "I am safe, being on my guard;" *i.e.* As long as "*I keep my own secret.*"

As block'd with ruts and stones as that improved by General Wade.*
Adieu a while to wood and lawn—to songs of thrush and linnet,
For now we enter on the bleak and dreary Muir of Dinnat.
Oh, Mary Anne, it was a scene to sad my tender bosom,
To look for miles, nor see a spot where flower did ever blossom.
Where neither tree nor shrub will grow, nor living creature breathe,
Save loathsome snakes that crawl the blasted flowerless heath beneath.
Here, on this wild and rugged spot, as old traditions run,
The cause of strife I now forget, was battle lost and won;
Here gallant youths and courteous knights, in mortal strife contending,
Have "dewed the heather with their blood," and died some chief defending.
And now the numerous moss-grown cairns that moulder o'er their grave,
Are all that still remain to shield the ashes of the brave.
If I had lived in those bright times, when knights did scorn to cheat her
They swore to love—I had not cared a single straw for Peter.
Excuse, dear girl, this rhapsody—my years are not yet twenty;
Let Peter do his worst—I hope I'll yet have lovers plenty,
We've reached Culbleen, and Dinnat's Muir is fading from our eyes,
Which open now on grander scenes, where hills on hills arise.
Some five or six miles west, we see Craigdarroch's shapeless mass,
The village at its southern base, and at its north the Pass;
At greater distance, piled on rocks, and streak'd with ribs of snow,
Great Lochnagar frowns proudly down upon the world below,
Upon our right Loch Ceannord, and, close at hand, Culbleen,
Are seen, while on the left we view the summit of Monthkeen;
St. Nathale's ruined church we leave behind in as short space
As did the gallant Farquharsons at Tulloch's famous race.†
The bridge and Oakwood Cottage passed a mile or so before,
We see the spire of Ballater, and now our journey's o'er.
The coach stopp'd at "the Merchant's door," and here we all alight,

* A well-known Highland road, which, before the General's time, was impassable; on his giving it something of a civilised appearance, an erudite country laird eulogised him with the following couplet:—

"Had you seen this fine road BEFORE IT WAS MADE—
You'd have held up your hands and bless'd General Wade."

The General is much wanted at Aboyne.

† The Race of Tulloch took place in 1691, between a parcel of rebel Farquharsons and some of King William's soldiers, under the command of my ancestor, General M'Kay. The Farquharsons ran from Culbleen to Invercauld, without once looking behind them, and won the race.

And each goes off to buy or beg a lodging for the night.
Mamma and I were quite done out, and knew not where to go.
The inn and every lodging-house being filled to overflow;
At length she asked Old John if he could tell us what to do
"Pho, bother, ma'am," says John, "I'm sure we yet have room
for two."
Next day, by eight o'clock, we're up, and walking in the square,
And now you will expect I'll tell whom all we met with there;
But as I scarce yet know them all, I think it will be better
Their names and characters to send you in a second letter.
I think within a week or so I shall be fit to handle
The subject properly, and know the news and village scandal.
The only folks I know as yet are Mrs. —— precentor;
Old Dr. B——, of Aberdeen, a pen-and-ink view painter;
And Captain B. the Commodore, a "rattling Paddy Carey O,"
And Captain C. from Culter Burn, a "gallant gay Lothario."
I see mamma returning home, so, Mary Anne, good-by
Until I write again,

Your friend sincerely,

JANE MACKAY.

No. 2.

DEAR MARY ANNE, I last night got your note from Mr. Norrie,
And having leisure on my hands, commence again my story.
You tell me that some folks in town insist I am no lady,
But if they choose to risk a proof, just tell them we are ready
To meet them when they please, and then we'll see if you and I
Are *bona fide* young Miss Milne, and young Miss Jane Mackay.
Upon my word! a goodly tale, and worthy of the times,
To swear I cannot be a girl because I write in rhymes!
Oh! if I durst, how I would scratch and tear those men who prate
About their talents, and what not, at such a dreadful rate;
Their talents!—Pugh! were it not vain, I might with safety say
That I can write a doggrel stanza just as well as they;
And more I ne'er attempt. Now just let any person judge,
If mine's not every whit as good as "Sandie Beattie's" "Fudge;"
Or even that strum about a knight unknown to arms and fame
(A precious knight he must have been!) who died for Merra's
dame.
The visitors are in a sad quandary at my threat—
To tell the scandal of the place, and hope I'll be discreet:
Or else they shake their heads, and say they'll try and spoil my
sport,
By laying all their grievances before the Sheriff-court.
But let them fret, and if they do indict me for my metre,

(As Pittendrich had used to say), "The deil a hair cares Peter!"
For Mr O., who's here just now, has promised to befriend me,
And, for a kiss or two, I'm sure, he'll to the last defend me.
But to our tale—the place just now is crowded everywhere,
There's not a lodging-house, with either room or bed to spare.
Lame, blind, and deaf, and scrofulous, about the wells abound,
And specimens of each disease from all the country round.
The village company is as select as well can be—
Shopkeepers, lawyers' clerks, and *folks of rank and pedigree.*
There's Andrew Dickson from Montrose, Miss Ross from Burn of Belty,
And little Donald M'Intyre, a poor and lousy celty,
Young Wm. Brodie from New Deer, his cousin George from Hilton,
John Watt from Aberdeen, and Wm. Robertson of Milltown,
Mr. and Miss O., Miss M., Miss C., and Misses D.,
A squad of Mores, and that young romping widow, Mrs. C.,
Miss Black from Lanor, Dr. ——, Miss S. from Glenfenella.
The natives are, young Mr Smith, a fine good-hearted fellow,
His wife,—our parson Mr. B., who comes at times to share
A cup of tea with me—and J——, our surgeon, Dr. R.,
A romping girl, Miss F-rq-r-son, who thinks herself a poet,
Or poetess, and takes good care that all her friends shall know it—
And John and Donald, worthy souls as one would wish to meet;
And numbers more, of whom I find I have not time to treat.
'Tis said Miss —— has several times been seen to take a walk
Up by Craigdarroch, rather late, but this is village talk.
It's true I, no doubt, once or twice, in walking, got a peep
Of her and Mr H. alone, in meditation deep;
But though his arm was round her waist, I'm sure they meant no harm;
I grant the hour was rather late, but then the night was warm,
And folks can walk by night with looser dresses than by day;
But 'deed we should not trust our eyes, nor heed what people say.
'Tis also said that Mr —— could tell, if so inclined,
Where he was 'tother night at ten—he must not think I'm blind.
Young folks we know, dear Mary Anne, must have some recreation,
And walks by day puts one in such a dreadful perspiration;
Then when one walks at night, the scene's so fearfully sublime,
One's nerves would fail without a good companion at a time.
I've several times gone out to read the stars, they shone so clearly,
You know 'tis long since I believed Astrology sincerely.*

* It is the fashion of this enlightened age to ridicule that which it does not understand, and no science has suffered more from this practice than the sublime one of Astrology. The learned Mathematician and Divine, under whom I had the happiness to study the doctrine of A + b — a = o (a very necessary part of a young lady's education), gave me, as you know, an outline of Astrology, and I have since been daily improving, by studying in my leisure hours that great master, William Lilly. The said Mathematician (who is a firm believer in the Rosicrucian Philosophy, and lives not a hun-

And though I always met J. —— about Monaltrie's wood,
I do assure you 'twas by chance; I know some folks who would
Make this a proper tale to tell—for instance Kirsty Scandal,
And those old spiteful saints in buckram, Jean and Bessy Randal.
I know not all the "Lions" yet, except from what our neighbours
Have told me of them—but, indeed, it is too great a labour
For poor Mamma and I to travel twelve or fifteen miles
To Lochnagar, although the view might well repay our toils
However, as you say you wish most anxiously to know
About this classic hill, its craggy rocks, and loch, and snow,
I'll give a sketch from private notes I got the loan of here
From one who made, with twenty more, a journey there last year.
I've seen the "Castle o' the Knock"—been at the "Brig o' Gairn,
And sat an hour or two upon Craigdarroch's topmost cairn.
I've travelled through the glen of Muick, and sketched its loch and linn,
And drank some genuine "mountain dew" at Donald Stewart's inn,
I've seen the "Burn o' the Vat," the Roman "General's grave;"
And eaten strawberries and cream in dread "Rob Roy's cave;"
I've seen the smuggling hut in Morven's glen, and also been
Chasing young ptarmigan upon the summit of Monthkeen.
(Monthkeen is built of round flat stones, of granite and of quartz,
Quite smooth and round, like those I found in some parts of the Hartz.
I need not tell you, Mary Anne, who knows my natural bias,
To study oolite, chalk, green sand, and marl, quartz, and lias
That, from the knowledge I possess of geology and science,
And soils diluvian, any one may place the best reliance
Upon my words, when I assert these polished masses show
A transient deluge has occurred, not very long ago.)
Next week a party of us go, by Clark's mail-coach to see
The famous Corriemulzie Linn, Mar Lodge, and Linn of Dee:
This shall be subject for my next, and so I leave Braemar,
To tell you all I know about the classic

Lochnagar.

Aurora, with her ruddy locks, had just jumped out of bed,
And from her fiery face, the blue-eyed morning star had fled.

dred miles from Aberdeen), often regretted to me the weakness of his nervous system, which alone prevented him from bringing "spirits from the vasty deep." As the chain by which he connects men's fortunes with the stars consists of a set of curious links, I shall give you it to enable you in a few words to confute any Anti-astrologer. "The planets," says he, "influence the moon according as they are in their aphelion or perihelion: the moon, according to her proximity or distance from our globe, affects the weather, the weather influences our bodies, and, of course, our minds and health also, and these affect our fortunes. The man who possesses uninterrupted good health from the cradle to the grave, is sure to die rich!" Papa and others can vouch for the correctness of my statement.

Old Sol, with his broad jolly disk, had gilded Morven's brow,
And tried with kindly beams, to warm Benavon's wreaths of snow;
Scarce even a scirrus cloud was seen to linger in the sky,
And Lochnagar for once had thrown his misty nightcap by.
When all in Ballater were up, and every visitant
Was breakfasted, and ready for the long-expected jaunt.
The bridge of Ballater was fixed to be the rendezvous;
And ere the hour of six had struck, to it began to flow
The mortal tide. First Mr. R——, upon the butcher's stallion,
Came prancing on in gallant style and led the first battalion—
Consisting of himself, and Mr. F——, his new found crony,
Who rode the constable's old broken-winded, spavin'd pony;
And Mr. L—— from Auchinblae, a queer south-country lad,
Who rode upon a skin-and-bone rosinante sort of pad;
Miss —— upon a beast belonging to the bellman,
Which some few years before had borne the doughty Baillie Kelman;
Three serviceable legs it had, the fourth had long ago
Been broken by the Baillie's weight, in some unchancy throw;
Miss ——, Miss A——, on very decent cattle,
And Mr. D—— upon a steed had been in many a battle;
Upon his charger Captain B—— led on the next division,
His horsemanship, in sooth to say, was cause of much derision.
He rode a great raw-boned, cream-coloured horse with marks of squalor
On either hip—the rider sat like what he was—a sailor—
"Sure such a pair were never seen!"

. . . . . .

His followers were the Misses F——, who cavalierly rode
With spur on heel; (this is, I'm told the subject of an ode
By —— F. the poetess), with them came David T——
Mr. and Mrs. ——, and Mr ——, who's said to be

> The real "gudeman o' Balquhairn's knowes,"
> "Quhais leggis war crookit like twa ousen bowes."

Behind all these, well stuffed with straw and hay, a cart was led,
Wherein were mutton, boiled and roasted chickens, ham and bread,
Miss ——, and Mrs. ——, who could procure no horse to ride,
Sat in the cart, which was conducted by a trusty guide,
And Donald C——, whose Hessian boots and white *continuations*
Called forth (they were so neat and clean) the ladies' commendations.
Away we went, a goodly show, and safely passed the Linn,
Our horses being too grave a race to startle at its din—
At Aultachaillick's hut we called, and got two sturdy men
To guide our steps to Lochnagar, and bring us back.
Then forded Muick, sans accident, and marshalled on by Robert
And Donald Farquharson, our guides, arrived at Inchnabobirt.

There are two roads from Ballater to Braemar*—the one of them going along the south side of the river, and the other along the north. It would be really difficult to say which gives the best view of the scenery—some folks preferring the north, and some the south road. But of this there can be no sort of doubt whatever, that, in so far as regards the condition of the road, the north is out of all sight the best and most comfortable to travel on in any way whatever—by foot or on horseback—in coach or in car—a thing which is manifestly demonstrated by the coaches and cars always taking the north road. As to length, there really is very little difference; if there be any, the south road is a trifle longer than the other. As the north is the most commonly travelled on, I shall describe the country as seen from it. After leaving Ballater, this road winds for a little along the foot of Craigendarroch, and then turns round the shoulder of the hill, and joins the road coming through the Pass of Ballater. At the corner of the road, near the top of the hill, stands the Free Church. Opposite to a place a gunshot or so distant from their junction, down in the river, there was discovered, after the flood of August, 1829, the remains of an old oak bridge, which evidently must have been a structure of uncommon strength, and made out of oak trees, the matches of

* As a turnpike road all the way from Ballater to Braemar was greatly required, an Act of Parliament was passed in 1855 for the making of one on the north side of the Dee, and for cutting off the part of the old road upon the south side, from the Bridge of Crathie to the Bridge of Invercauld. As the former of these bridges appeared not to be sufficiently strong, there is a new bridge built near Crathie Cottage for the use of those wishing to come up or go down the south side of the Dee.

which, for size, you will be long before you meet with now-a-days in this part of the country. Some say that this bridge was built to be a communication between the castles of Knock and Gairn; but there can be little doubt that it is of a much remoter antiquity than either Knock or Gairn castles—not to speak of the unlikelihood of two poor lairds (as they then were) building a bridge at a most immense cost, that they two, and maybe the matter of twenty servants, might pass dry-shod over the water, perhaps at the average of once in a week. No, no; built for what purpose it may have been, for a communication between Knock and Gairn castles it was not built. The trees, from which such logs of wood as those of the bridge were hewn, have not grown in this country for five hundred years at least, and that is older by deal than either Knock or Gairn can pretend to be.

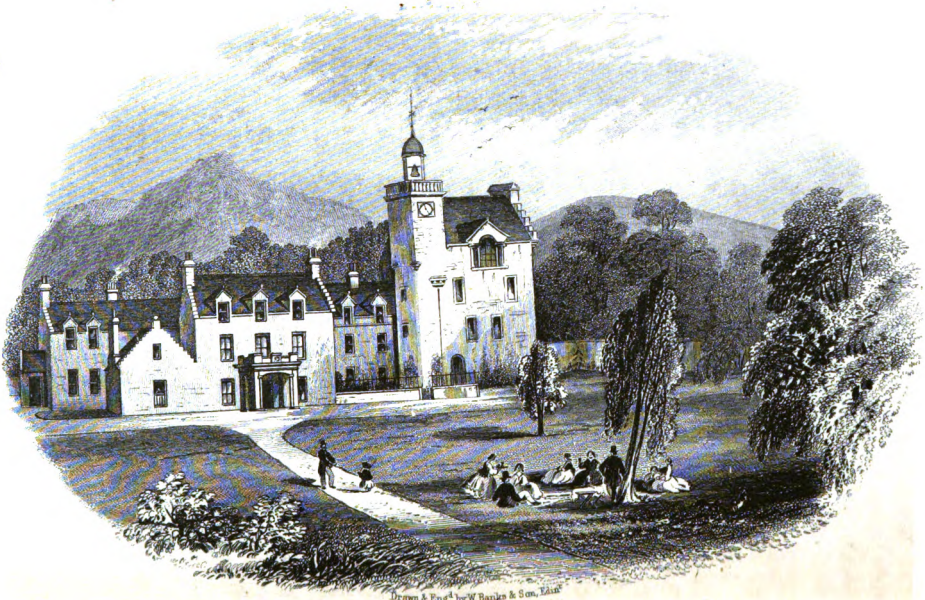
A little on, you come to the Bridge of Gairn, which is about forty-two miles from Aberdeen (counting on the road which goes through the Pass), and about one and a-half from Ballater. Here there was, till a few years ago, a very curious old bridge, much more picturesque than the one now standing; but, being very dangerous and incommodious, it was taken down, and the present convenient structure put up in its place. The old bridge, and the scenery around it, were thought by many to bear a great resemblance to the old Bridge of Balgownie on the Don, only being on a much smaller scale; and it must be allowed by all that this is a very pretty spot, the banks of the water being beautifully wooded with fine natural wood. The river Gairn rises far up among the hills, and flows down through a valley

of which this is the mouth, and contains much fine scenery, and is called Glengairn. Close by the bridge you will perceive that there is a smith's shop, and a mill for carding wool. The next house on the road-side is called Balgairn, which means the town of the Gairn; and near this, the road that goes up Glengairn strikes off.

About a mile on, you will observe a small stream falling into the Dee on the south side. That is the Girnock; and the glen through which it flows is called Strath-Girnock. Likewise on the south side you will perceive a hill close by the river, and very like Craigendarroch in shape and height. It is called Craig-Youzie, which means the Rock or Hill of Firs, just as Craigendarroch means the Rock or Hill of the Oaks; both of these hills have received their names from the Gaelic people at a time when they were covered, the one with oaks, and the other with firs. The same silly novel-readers who call the Burn o' the Vat Rob Roy's Cave, instead of Gilderoy's, call this by the ridiculous name of the Sister Hill, because, say they, it is so very like Craigendarroch, that it must be its sister. A pretty notion, indeed, and which shows what comes of too much reading novels and other profane and unprofitable works. They might just as well have called it Uncle Hill, or Cousin Hill, which would have been quite as much to the purpose; for who ever heard of hills having sisters, brothers, uncles, or other relations?

A little above the forty-fourth milestone you come to Coil-a-Criech, where there is a small inn or public-house, where excellent whisky may be had at all times. The road from this winds in a very beautiful manner

through sweetly fragrant woods of birch and other trees, until you come to the Micras, about a mile from Coil-a-Criech, and situated on the hill-side, a stone-cast or two north of the road. This is by many thought to be a good specimen of the old Highland clachan; and, if it is, they must have been but indifferent places, the decay of which there is very little reason to lament, for they can in no manner of way be compared to our new villages with their spacious squares, their houses built of stone and lime, ornamented with chimneys, and stately glass windows, and slate roofs; whereas the houses of the Micras are but built of turf or divot, or stone and clay at the best, and have nothing but timber lums, and pitiful small windows through which it is scarcely possible to get a glimpse of the blessed light of day. A little west of the Micras there is a small hollow, about a stone-cast north of the road, where formerly stood a Roman Catholic Chapel, but which now, alas! has wholly disappeared, so that it is scarcely possible to trace the foundation of the same. Nothing but a large standing-stone remains to mark the spot. Whatever may be said against these Roman Catholics, one thing is clear, that they must have had an extraordinary good taste in choosing places whereon to build their chapels. The place where the Chapel of the Micras stood must be allowed to be a little paradise of perfect peace and beauty. St. Nathalan's Chapel, near Ballater, stood likewise in a situation of uncommon grandeur, and so did St. Ternan's Chapel at Upper Banchory, as well as St. Devenick's at Lower Banchory. It were much to be wished that the Presbyterian heritors had in this



ABERGELDIE CASTLE

matter taken a lesson from the old Romish priests; for, somehow or other, the Presbyterian kirks have been placed in such situations, that you would think they had searched the whole parish round for the ugliest spot in it to build the kirk thereon. But to proceed.

On the opposite side of the river you will perceive a hill not very unlike Craig-Youzie in shape, well covered with stately trees, through which you may observe the points of the grey rocks. That is Craignaban, a hill in which there is a cave, said to have been occupied in old times as a place of concealment by one of the chiefs, a great man of the Picts, after he had been defeated, and his army scattered and put to the rout. About a mile on from Micras, on the south side of the river, and situated in the very bosom of a most grand and beautiful valley, is the Castle of Abergeldie, a very stately and ancient castle, and which was long in the possession of the Gordons, as you have already heard, one of the most ancient and honourable families in all Aberdeenshire, or any other shire in Scotland. This old castle is a very picturesque building, being well ornamented with bartizans, turrets, and sculpture, and having a clock, with a bell, which strikes the hours regularly.* This place is much renowned for its great

* Abergeldie has now become a part of the royal demesnes, and was held by H.R.H. the late Prince Consort, upon a lease of forty years, from the family of Gordon. H.R.H. the late Duchess of Kent occupied the Castle for a few years. It is understood that Her Royal Highness was delighted with the wild picturesque scenery of the country, and experienced the salutary effects of its pure and bracing atmosphere upon her constitution. This benevolent and excellent woman was seen, almost every day, visiting the poor cottagers on the estate and administering frequently with her own hands to their wants. "O what a *blessin'* she has been to the *puir!*" is the common exclamation. God bless her!

I should have said before that Birkhall, including the Estate and Castle

grandeur, and more especially for the extraordinary beauty of its noble birch trees, of which mention is made in an old Scots song, which, for the gratification of my readers, I have not here scrupled to set down :—

The Birks o' Abergeldie.

Bonnie lassie, will ye go,
Will ye go, will ye go,
Bonnie lassie, will ye go
To the Birks o' Abergeldie?
Ye shall get a gown o' silk,
A gown o' silk, a gown o' silk,
Ye shall get a gown o' silk,
And a coat o' callimankie.

Na, kind sir, I dare na gang,
I dare na gang, I dare na gang,
Na, kind sir, I dare na gang,
My minnie will be angry;
Sair, sair, wad she flyte;
Wad she flyte, wad she flyte:
Sair, sair, wad she flyte,
And sair wad she ban me.

I should mentien that Robert Burns has written a song (the chorus and measure of which he has borrowed from this song) upon the Birks of Aberfeldie, which is a place in Perthshire, and the birks whereof are nowise comparable to the noble and beauteous birks of Abergeldie. Likewise, I should mention that anent Abergeldie Castle there was a machine contrived for crossing the river, called a cradle. Here, some years ago, there befell a very grievous and lamentable tragedy. A bride and her bridegroom, both, no doubt, as was

of Knock, was purchased from Mr. Gordon of Abergeldie, in 1848, and is now the property of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. Since it came into possession of the Royal Family, the house and grounds have been greatly enlarged and improved. His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, the Princess, and their youthful offspring now occupy the Castle during the summer and autumn.

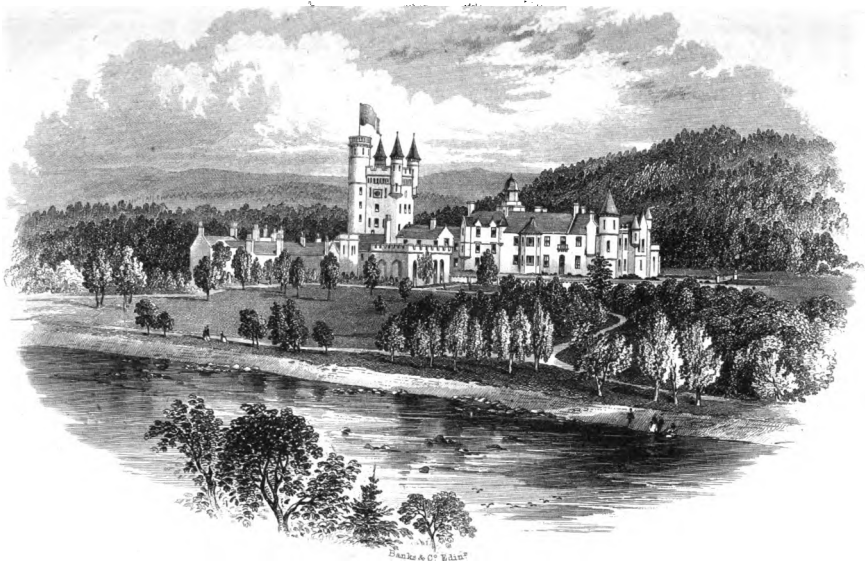
natural, elate with joy, and their minds filled with happiness and glee, went into this cradle to get across the river; but, woeful to relate! while they were in the middle of the passage, some part of the machine gave way, and they were both thrown into the river, where they perished by a cruel and untimely death. Nor should I forget to mention that, at Abergeldie, by piercing the bark of the trees, they extract the juice and sap of the birks, and then by a curious process ferment the same, and make wine of it, which wine is very pleasant to taste, and thought by some to be little inferior to the wine of Champagne and other outlandish countries. The word Abergeldie, in the Gaelic, signifies the place where the burn of Geldie falls into the Dee, just as the word Aberdeen signifies the place where the Dee falls into the sea, or the word Aberarder signifies the place where the Arder falls into the Dee. About a mile above Abergeldie there is a neat suspension bridge across the Dee.

The first house after you pass the forty-seventh milestone is called Tammydhu's, and shortly after you pass it is the Thief's Pot and the Gallows Hill. It is said that a man was once to be hanged here, and that he made some demur, whereupon his wife said to him, "Get up, John, and be hanged, and dinna anger the laird"—a saying which shows that she had little spousal affection for the husband of her bosom, whom she ought rather to have been comforting in his last moments than jeering in such an unchristian manner. The hill which is on the north side of the valley is called Craig-Youzie; and here there is a lime quarry, wherefrom limestone is quarried, and then driven all over the country, and

after being burnt in lime-kilns, is used as a manure for the ground. On the opposite side of the water is a distillery of whisky, called Lochnagar Distillery.

After you pass the forty-eight milestone you come to the Kirk of Crathie, which stands on a stately eminence, commanding a very fine view of the noble valley of the Dee. Here also is the Manse of Crathie and the Parish School.

Nearly opposite, only a little to the westward, the Dee makes a noble sweep round a fair and spacious haugh, whereon stands the Castle of Balmoral, belonging to her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria I. This house is grandly situated in the middle of that fine haugh, and being surrounded by many ancient and stately trees, makes a princely appearance. The hill which rises proudly at the back of Balmoral is called Craig-gowan, which is by some thought to signify the Rock or Hill of the Smith. Upon the top of this hill is a cairn, called Cairn-righ, or the Queen's Cairn. It was erected to commemorate the purchase of the Estate by His late R. H. The Prince Consort. Every member of the Royal Family then at Balmoral added a stone to the Cairn, Her Majesty laying the foundation, and every lady and gentleman in attendance, and servant attached to the household, added a stone. Balmoral is said by many to mean the town or house of the great Earl; *Bal*, as I should have told you before, meaning always a town, house, or dwelling. In 1848, the reversion of the lease of Balmoral was bought from the trustees of the late Sir Robert Gordon by His Royal Highness the late Prince Albert; and to the great joy and rejoicing of all Deeside, Her Majesty, with the



BALMORAL FROM THE N W.

Prince and all the Royal Family, made their first visit to it in August of that year. Although little warning was given of the time that Her Majesty would land and begin her journey, the road was literally a line of triumphal arches of various construction, richly ornamented with flowers and evergreens—beautiful to behold! and it was said by some of the attendants that Her Majesty was gratified to the full as much by the reception she met with on her way to Balmoral, as she had been in any former progress through her dominions.* The old Castle has now been superseded by a new one, better adapted to accommodate its illustrious inhabitants.

Shortly after you pass the forty-ninth milestone, you will see a road striking off to the north, which is the military road from Perth by Braemar to Corgraff and Fort-George, and which was made after the Rebellion of 1745, in favour of the Stuarts. A little west from this, on the brae-side, you may perceive the spot whereon the old house of Monaltrie once stood, till it was burned down in the year 1745; the house near Ballater, as I have told you, is now called Monaltrie House, but this was the ancient seat of the family.

About a mile on, down in the valley, close by the water-side, you come to what is called the Street of Monaltrie, which is a small village. On the left or south side of the road, there are the remains of some stand-

* This beautiful estate was purchased a few years ago by H.R.H. the late Prince Albert, from the Fife Trustees, for £31,500. The estate, with the lease of the adjoining property of Abergeldie, was bequeathed to Her Majesty, by *Will* of His late R. H. the Prince Consort. It contains from 10,000 to 12,000 acres, extends from the Dee southwards to the summit of Lochnagar, where it joins the Birkhall and Abergeldie properties. The three estates constituting the Royal demesne contain upwards of 35,000 imperial acres—extends along the south bank of the Dee for eleven miles—is bounded on the south by Loch Muick and the river Muick. All the varieties of game common to the Highlands are abundant, and the Deer Forest may bear a comparison with any in Scotland of similar extent.

ing-stones, which is by some conceived to have been a Druid's temple. It is said that a man, once on a time, removed one of these stones to make a lintel to the door of his house, but before morning it was carried back by no mortal hands to its original place—a story which you may or may not believe, as you like. A very little beyond the Street of Monaltrie, and on the south side of the road, at the distance of about a stone-throw, is a Cairn called Cairn-nacuimhne, or Cairn-a-quheen. This was the slogan or watch-word of this part of the country, and the place where, on any alarm being given, the inhabitants used to meet for their place of rendezvous. It is now planted with thriving trees, and is a place well worthy of note. Opposite to this, but on the south side of the river, is the burn of Gelder, and the farm-house of Invergelder. The hill which rises on the north side of the valley is called Craignortie; and a little after you pass Cairn-a-quheen, you come to a smithy, which I would not have mentioned, had it not been for a singular curiosity which formerly was here. This was a water-wheel, which, singular to relate, was the only one driven by the water of Dee in the whole of its course, which can be little less than near one hundred miles. This wheel turned a turning-lathe and cutler's wheel. This wheel was the invention of the late Mr. Andrew Clark;—the chief peculiarity in its construction was, that it could be raised or lowered at pleasure, to suit the ebbing and flowing of the river.

Opposite, and about six miles due south or thereby from this, is the great mountain of Lochnagar, a most renowned and celebrated mountain, not so much for its own sake as for the sake of a poem which Lord Byron made upon it, and which you shall see by-and-

bye. It is certainly one of the grandest of all the hills hereabout, rising proudly to a very great height, and having on it some most tremendous precipices. In the hollows of this hill the snow very often lies all the year round, a thing which I mention for the purpose of correcting Lord Byron, who says, "its summit is the seat of perpetual snows," which is not the case. About twenty years ago there was a man fell from one of the precipices, and was cruelly dashed to pieces. And now I shall give you Lord Byron's poem:—

Lochnagar.

Away, ye gay landscapes, ye gardens of roses!
In you let the minions of luxury rove;
Restore me the rocks where the snow-flake reposes,
For still they are sacred to freedom and love.
Yes, Caledonia, beloved are thy mountains,
Round their white summits though elements war,
Though cataracts foam, 'stead of smooth-flowing fountains,
I sigh for the valley of dark Lochnagar.

Ah! there my young footsteps in infancy wandered;
My cap was the bonnet, my clock was the plaid;
On chieftians long perished my memory pondered,
As daily I strode through the pine-covered glade.
I sought not my home till the day's dying glory
Gave place to the rays of the bright polar star,
For fancy was cheered by traditional story,
Disclosed by the natives of dark Lochnagar.

"Shades of the dead! have I not heard your voices
Rise on the night-rolling breath of the gale?"
Surely the soul of the hero rejoices,
And rides on the wind o'er his own Highland vale.
Round Lochnagar where the stormy mist gathers,
Winter presides in his cold icy car;
Clouds there encircle the forms of my fathers,
That dwell in the tempests of dark Lochnagar.

"Ill starred, though brave, did no visions foreboding
Tell you that fate had forsaken your cause?"
Ah! were you destined to die at Culloden,
Victory crowned not your fall with applause!

Still were you happy in death's early slumber,
You rest with your clan in the caves of Braemar—
The pibroch resounds to the piper's loud number,
Your deeds on the echoes of dark Lochnagar!

Years have rolled on, Lochnagar, since I left you,
Years must elapse ere I tread you again—
Nature of verdure and flowers have bereft you,
Yet still are you dearer than Albion's plain.
England! thy beauties are tame and domestic
To one who has roved on the mountains afar;
Oh! for the crags that are wild and majestic,
The steep frowning glories of dark Lochnagar.

As some think, the best view of Lochnagar is to be had from the back of Cairn-a-quheen—but as others think, from below Ballatar—and as some conceive, from near the Bridge of Invercauld. Which of all these is the best it would be difficult to say; certain it is, that from all of them Lochnagar presents a very grand and awful appearance, and is well worth looking at from these or any other situations. As I have told you, it may be visited by going up Glenmuick, or by crossing over from this place, and following the course of the Gelder Water up Glengelder.

A little on from Cairn-a-quheen, you come first to the Burn and Mill of Inver, and then to the Invercauld Arms' Inn and Hotel, now greatly enlarged. Everything about the house looks as snug and clean as if Royalty itself was in the way of calling at it; and well it is for the many travellers who go up in the summer time to see the residence of their beloved Queen, that comfortable quarters are to be got so near as a mile and a-half from Balmoral Castle. A little beyond this you come to the Glen of Aberarder, opening away to the north; looking up which you will get a sight of the Hill of Benavon, or, as it is called, Ben-

a'an, a hill near which the river Don rises. The hill on the opposite or south side of the water is called Craigspannie—and the hill above is Craigstrone, or the Hill or Rock of the Nose—a feature of the human face which, by some, this rock is thought much to resemble.

After leaving the Inver, and till you come to the Bridge of Invercauld, the road goes over a plain and level haugh. On this haugh are two Forester's Lodges, erected by the late Mrs. Farquharson of Invercauld, and which are admired by all for the beauty of their architecture.

About opposite to the fifty-third milestone, on the south side of the river, is the Forest of Ballach-Bowie, which belongs to the ancient family of the Farquharsons of Invercauld, to whom it is said to have been given by the Earl of Mar for a tartan plaid. In this forest there is an excellent medicinal well, called the Ladies' Well. Likewise, it is said, that once on a time, in a darksome den in this forest, five lords hid themselves from the eager chase of their enemies for the space of ten months.

Fifty-four miles distant from Aberdeen is the Bridge of Invercauld, which is the eighth bridge over the Dee. The first is the Craiglug, the second is the Bridge of Dee or Ruthrieston, the third is the Bridge of Banchory-Ternan,* the fourth is the Bridge of Potarch, the fifth is the Bridge of Charlestown of Aboyne, the

* Since the above was written, a small suspension-bridge, for foot passengers only, has been erected at Nether Banchory by the liberality of the late Rev. Dr. Morison; and very recently, a splendid new Stone Bridge has been erected at Invercauld, the old one being considered insufficient for the increased traffic.

sixth is the Bridge of Ballater, the seventh is the Suspension Bridge at Crathie, the eighth is the Bridge of Invercauld, and the ninth and last is the Bridge at the Linn of Dee. The Railway Bridge, not being for the use of any other passengers, is not taken into account. Close by the Bridge of Invercauld is the Porter's Lodge to Invercauld House, a very picturesque building, and very beautifully situated among fine trees. Hitherto you have gone along the north side of the noble river Dee; but at the Bridge of Invercauld you cross over to the south side, along which the road goes from this all the way to the Linn of Dee.

I purposely forbore to mention, that on the south side, near about two miles before you come to the Bridge of Invercauld, there runs into the Dee the stream of the Garrawalt. And this I did, because this burn can be more conveniently visited by going down the south side of the river, along an excellent road, which has been made for the express accommodation and convenience of such as are desirous to view the grand and noble waterfalls on this burn; and which, it must be allowed, are the grandest on all Deeside. The water comes foaming and raging, and toiling down over and through the rocks, in a manner almost impossible to be described. A most ingenious and very curious wooden bridge is cast over the burn for the ease of foot-passengers; and which bridge, you will confess, has few matches for elegance and curiosity of structure. Likewise here there is erected a very fair and commodious fog-house, from the windows of which a fine view of the turbulent waterfall is to be had. In this fog-house there lay an album or book, in which

Drawn & Engd by W. Banks & Son, Edinr

FALL OF GARRAWALT

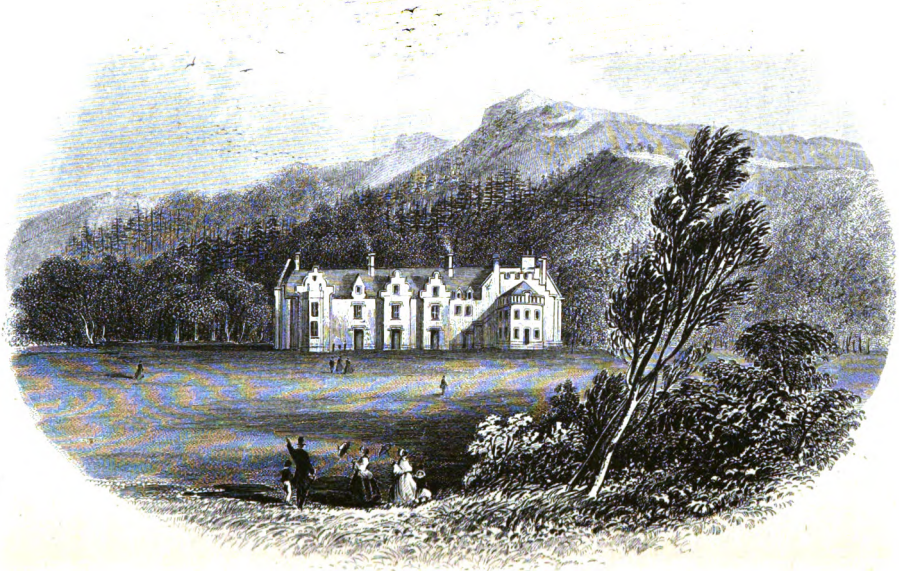
people used to inscribe their names, and some of them pieces of poetry and other trifles. However, there are few of them of sufficient note that I should here set them down. One, certainly, I cannot forbear to mention, and which ran (in prose) as follows:—"Visited by a gentleman from H——m, Sussex, and residing in Aberdeen, who was much gratified and delighted with the fatigue attending on reaching this picturesque spot." This certainly shows with what small things some people will be pleased; for, for a man to be gratified and delighted with being fatigued is what I never heard of. However, it seems this gentleman was so; and, of course, it is no business of mine to object to his taste, only this I cannot on any account help saying, that of all the tastes I ever heard tell of his is the most extraordinary! But I should not forget to copy out one other piece, which says that this place was visited by two gentlemen from the Cape of Good Hope, who "beg to assure all future pedestrians that the scenery surpasses everything in the vicinity of the Cape of Good Hope or Cape Town." Surely this is a grand certificate in favour of Garrawalt, that a place like it, not fifty-four miles from Aberdeen, should surpass everything near the Cape of Good Hope, which is many and many a thousand miles away, more than I can well tell.

I would never be able to forgive myself if I did not mention that the whole roads about the Garrawalt, the bridge and fog-house thereof, and the road thereto from the Bridge of Invercauld, have been made out at the sole private expense of Mrs. Farquharson of Invercauld, an act of princely munificence, for which the

public can never be sufficiently grateful to her. The whole country-side owes her a greater debt of gratitude and honour and respect for the good which she has done it, than ever it will be able to pay. A more generous and noble-hearted lady, and who has done more for the public good than she has done, is not to be met with anywhere in all broad Scotland. But to return to the Bridge of Invercauld, from which I digressed to the Garrawalt.

A little from the Bridge of Invercauld, you come to a most uncommonly large stone, lying on the right-hand or north side of the road. This is called Erskine's Stane, or the Muckle Stane o' the Clunie; and must on all hands be allowed to be, for size, a most extraordinary large stone. This stone was formerly one of the march-stones between the lands of Erskine of Clunie and Farquharson of Invercauld. One of Erskine's tenants once complained to him that his cattle had been stopped here by orders of Invercauld; whereupon Erskine bade him, haughtily, go tell Invercauld that his cows had as good a right there as Farquharson's bull had on the bowling-green of Invercauld. A little beyond the Muckle Stane of the Clunie, you will perceive, on the north side of the road, Clunie House.

You will have observed some time before this, on the south side of the road, a most stately and awful rock rising nobly up from the bottom of the glen, as straight almost as an arrow. This is Craig-Clunie; and as you now go along the road, at the foot of it, it presents a most awful appearance—its great rocks rising one above another, up almost to the clouds, and hanging gloomily over as if they were ready to fall



Drawn & Engd by W Banks & Son, Edin.

INVERCAULD HOUSE.

down and crush you into powder. A more noble rock than this is nowhere to be seen. It is sometimes called the Charter Chest, because there the Laird of Clunie, in times of danger and tribulation, used to hide his charter-chest. After the battle of Culloden, in the year 1746, Colonel Farquharson of Clunie hid himself in a cave far up this rock, for the space of ten months; and it is said that, when lying there in the silence of the night, he heard the sounds of merriment which King George's soldiers were making in his house.

The next rock, on the south side, after you pass Craig-Clunie, is called the Lion's Face, from a resemblance which, when viewed from some points, it is thought to bear to the countenance of that kingly beast. This is best seen from the turn of the road as you pass Craig-Clunie.

On the north side of the river, right opposite to the Lion's Face, in the middle of a majestic haugh, round which the Dee flows with a superb sweep, stands the House of Invercauld (Lieut.-Col. Farquharson) in a station than which there is no grander anywhere on Deeside. It is environed with stately old trees, and behind it there rises a noble hill, from which a most beautiful view of the country is to be obtained. All round Invercauld House there are laid out beautiful walks. In the house, among other curiosities, there is a large piece of Cairngorm, as large as the body of a child four years of age. It is of a greenish colour, and must be of great value. Likewise there are several smaller ones, which have been found in and about Benavon or Bena'an. The Farquharsons

of Invercauld are a very ancient family, and have held their property, the extent of which I could scarcely describe, for many centuries. West from Invercauld, you may observe, through the trees, Altdowrie Cottage, the residence of Invercauld's factor; also the ornamental cottages of the forester and boatman.

At the fifty-seventh milestone from Aberdeen you come to the Castle of Braemar, which belongs to Mr. Farquharson of Invercauld, and has been often used as a garrison for her Majesty's troops. It stands in a noble situation, on the top of a stately eminence, commanding a most extensive and grand view, both up and down that princely valley. It is by no means an ancient castle, having only been built shortly after the year 1715, when the first rising was made for the Stuarts. The hill on the south side of the road, opposite to Braemar Castle, is called Craig-Coynoch, and was so called because of King Kenneth, who, as is said, used here ofttimes to sit and view his hounds in the chase, the view herefrom being extraordinarily grand. You will observe on the top of this hill a cairn or heap of stones, which was raised by the soldiers of the 25th regiment of foot when they were stationed here some years ago. A little beyond Braemar Castle, and on the same side of the road, is the Church of Braemar, now removed to Castletown, and on the site of the old church is erected the aisle of the Invercauld family. This is not a parish church, but only a chapel of ease, the parish church being down at Crathie, of which you heard before.

About fifty-seven miles and a half from Aberdeen you come to the village of Castletown of Braemar, a

Drawn & Engd by W Banks & Son, Edin.r

village of great antiquity, but which, it must be candidly allowed, cannot be much admired for its size or stately buildings. We know that it is at least as old as Malcolm Canmore's time, because he had a hunting-seat here; this country then, as now, surpassing all others for abundance of deer, hares, grouse, and all sorts of sport. In this time, however, and for long afterwards, it was not known by its present name, but was called Kindroghet—Castletown of Braemar being, as you may plainly perceive, an English name, and so, of course, could never have been used when nothing but Gaelic was spoken in the country. What other kings may here have had hunting-seats after Malcolm Canmore, I know not; only this I know, that after it became the property of the Earls of Mar, they held hunting entertainments here of a magnificence and splendour perfectly indescribable. There were the Highland kernes in hundreds and tens of hundreds—nobles, and earls, and great men, by the dozens—brave ladies gaily apparelled—and amidst them all there rode, like a king, the Earl of Mar himself, whilst ever the trumpets were blowing, the bagpipes screaming, the hounds yelling, and the kernes shouting, till the whole vast glen rung again! The Earl of Mar, as his family was of the most ancient in Scotland, was in his apparel and bearing one of the gayest and proudest of all our Scots nobles, as may be testified by the following letter, written by James the VI., King of Scotland, to John Erskine, the thirty-fifth Earl of Mar, on the 8th May, 1607:—

"Dear Jock,—As I'm gaing to gie an audience this morning to the French ambassador, I desire you to be sae gude as to send me a pair of your best silken hose, with the goud clocks at them.

Your affectionate Cousin, JAMES R."

Which show how gaily he must have been apparelled, when the king of Scotland was glad to borrow a pair of hose from him. The first Earl of Mar is thought to have been Murdoch, who lived about the year 1065; and, counting from him, the present Earl is the forty-second Earl of Mar. On the 6th September, 1715, John Erskine, the thirty-ninth Earl of Mar, having marched from Glenlivat, where he had proclamed the Chevalier de St. George under the title of James VIII., erected his standard at Castletown of Braemar, amidst a great assemblage of his vassals. The standard was made by the Countess of Mar (Frances, daughter of the Duke of Kingston), and was of a gorgeous bright blue colour, having on one side the arms of Scotland, richly embroidered in gold, and on the other the brave thistle of Scotland, with these words underneath, "No Union," and on the top the ancient motto, "Nemo me impune lacessit." You may judge if there was not shouting and blowing of trumpets when this brave standard was upreared, and its rich silken folds were unfurled to the free winds. But even in that hour of triumph there happened an occurrence which threw a visible gloom over the spirits of the superstitious Highlanders; and this was, that the gilt ball which ornamented the top fell down to the ground—as they thought, an omen of evil bode to the cause they were that day engaging in. I should mention that the standard had two pendants of white ribbon, on one of which was written, "*For our King and oppressed country;*" and on the other, "*For our lives and liberties.*" Rare to behold! They who were engaged in an enterprise to re-seat on the throne the Stuarts, who had been driven

from it because of their wicked tyranny and unjust oppression—they to unfurl a banner for "our oppressed country," and "for our liberties!" But this, though you may think it very absurd, is nothing uncommon, and has been matched almost every day in this country, since the 1st of March, 1831, when banners have been borne for "our lives and liberties," and "for our oppressed country," when there was just as little cause to dread the safety of our lives and liberties, or the oppression of our country, as there was in the year 1715, when, indeed, as now, the only people who threatened to touch our liberties were those very persons who were marching under the banners inscribed with the words "For our lives and liberties," and who raised such a doleful and piteous outcry for the oppression of a country over which nobody sought to tyrannise but themselves! However, to proceed. You will observe the small knoll or mound where the standard was raised, a few yards east of the Invercauld Arms' Inn, on the south side of the road. The Invercauld Arms' Inn—the first house on your left hand as you enter the village—is kept by Mr. Fisher, and for beauty of architecture is one of the handsomest inns on all Deeside; and across the burn there is the Fife Arms—another good inn—kept by Mr. Hunter. There are very few remarkables about Castletown of Braemar, except the old Castle of Braemar, which stands on the east bank of the Water of Clunie, just close by the bridge. This is said to have been Malcolm Canmore's hunting-seat, of which I spoke before, and is certainly a very old and curious edifice. I should not forget to mention that that part of the village

which is on the west side of the Water of Clunie is called Auchindryne; and that there is here a Roman Catholic Chapel, of which the Rev. Mr. Macrae is the officiating priest, to a very numerous congregation. The hill which rises to the south-west of Auchindryne is called Morven, and there is a very grand view from the top of the same. The road which you see going along the banks of the Clunie, up Glen-Clunie, goes to Perth by the Spital of Glenshee. At Castletown of Braemar you may obtain steady men to guide you to Glentilt, the Source of the Dee, Ben-Muick-Dhui, Cairngorm, Loch-Avon, or Speyside, by applying at the inns.

After leaving Castletown of Braemar, there is nothing very remarkable till, about two miles on, you come to the Carr Hill, down which there pours a burn called the Carr Burn, and in which there is a small waterfall. Nearly opposite is a hill called Cairn-a-Drochel; and, on the broad haugh, at the foot thereof, is Allen-o'-Quoich, the residence of the Earl of Fife's factor, a place which was grievously injured in the floods of August, 1829. A little west from Allen-o'-Quoich, and on the same side of the river, the Water of Quoich falls into the Dee. A little up this water, in Glen-Quoich, there is a very beautiful waterfall, well worthy of a visit. There is a foot-track which goes up Glen-Quoich, and then across into Glen Derry, through Ault-Deu-Lochan, and so on to Speyside. From the road about the Carr Linn you will see to the west the summits of Cairn-Toul, Ben-Muich-Dhui, and Cairngorm. They appear all quite close: Cairn-Toul is the most southerly, and Cairngorm the most northerly.

CORRIEMULLIE LINN.

About a mile and a half from the Carr Linn, you come to the Linn of Corrymulzie, which, for quiet loveliness, has no equal on all Deeside. You have a view of the fall from the edge of the den into which it tumbles; and a zigzag sort of staircase is cut down the side of the den, from which, as you go down it, you will still see the waterfall in a new variety of shape. When you have reached the bottom of the glen there is a path by which you can walk through it, along the side of the water, which, after all its tumbling, now runs in perfect quiet and stillness. The glen is most luxuriantly wooded, and covered with all sorts of wild-flowers; and the walk along it is most beautiful, more especially in the sultry heat of a summer forenoon, when there is here a coolness, and agreeable perfume in the air, which is most refreshing. The Cottage of Corrymulzie is now the summer residence of the Earl of Fife.

About a mile on from Corrymulzie, on the haugh on the opposite side of the river, you will perceive the princely mansion of Mar Lodge, another seat of the Earl of Fife. This noble place received great scaith from the floods of August, 1829; and the damages occasioned by which are not yet nearly repaired. The beautiful lawn was all torn up or covered with stones and sand—the grand iron railings were thrown down —trees were torn up by the roots—part of the Lodge was undermined; and the ruins of the stately bridge which was cast across the river, just opposite to the Porter's Lodge, were swept away, and have been replaced by a wooden bridge. The hill, on the south side of the valley opposite to Mar Lodge, is called

Craig-Nich, and is said to signify the Rock or Hill of the Eagles.

About half a-mile beyond this you come to the Clachan of Muckle Inverey; and about half a-mile beyond it the Clachan of Little Inverey; both of which, as you have already heard, are renowned in the song of the Baron of Brackley. It was long in the possession of the Farquharson ketterans, who lived by plundering the Lowland country-folks of their cows, sheep, and other cattle, which they drove up here, where they knew the Lowlanders could not with safety follow them. As long as the cows lasted they remained quiet; but when these were done they set out on another plundering expedition. A small part of the Castle of Inverey is still standing; and here also there is a tree, on which one of these Farquharson ketterans was hanged, and which tree he prophesied would remain when there was not a Farquharson in Invercauld. Nearly opposite to Inverey, on the north side of the Dee, is the water of Lui, and Glen-Lui, a little up which there are several fine waterfalls. There is a foot-track which goes up Glen-Lui, and joins the foot-track in Glen-Derry, going to Speyside. Ben-Muick-Dhui and Cairngorm may also be visited by going up Glen-Lui for about five miles, when the Glen branches into two; the eastmost being Glen-Derry, and the westmost Glen-Luibeg; up which last glen you must go till you come to its head, which is at the foot of Ben-Muick-Dhui. But this is the steepest side of Ben-Muick-Dhui, and therefore the most difficult to climb.

About a mile and a-half beyond Inverey you come

LINN OF DEE

to the Linn of Dee, which is by all allowed to be a most singular curiosity. The whole water of the Dee rushes through so narrow a channel in the rocks, that a boy of five years old might leap across it. The force of the river is, as you may suppose, most tremendous; and the pool into which the water falls, after escaping from its toilings among the rocks, is said by the ignorant to be so deep that it has no bottom. All around the Linn of Dee are the last remains of the great Forest of Mar, wherein there is great plenty of deer. On a quiet summer evening, about the hour of twilight, the noise which the Linn makes may be heard miles off. I ought not to forget to mention that it is related in Mr. Thomas Moore's *Life of Byron*, that when Lord Byron, then a boy, visited this place, he met with an accident, which nearly cost him his life. "As he was," says Mr. Moore, "scrambling along a declivity that overhung the fall, some heather caught his lame foot, and he fell. Already he was rolling downward, when the attendant luckily caught hold of him, and was but just in time to save him from being killed." Mr. Moore calls the Linn of Dee a small waterfall—an assertion on his part which can only be forgiven him on the ground that he never saw it, and so could have no very accurate notion of what it was. At another part of his book, he calls Deeside a "small bleak valley, not at all worthy of being associated with the memory of a poet." It is really to be wished that Mr. Thomas Moore would not write upon subjects which he knows nothing about. Deeside "a small bleak valley?" Who ever heard tell of such nonsense? As to its being or being not worthy

of being associated with the memory of a poet—Lord Byron, who is a greater poet than ever Mr. Thomas Moore was, or will be, is surely the best judge, and that he thought it was worthy, and well worthy, too, you may most plainly see from the following passage in one of his poems :—

" He who first met the Highlands swelling blue,
Will love each peak that shows a kindred hue,
Hail in each crag a friend's familiar face,
And clasp the mountain in his mind's embrace.
Long have I roamed through lands which are not mine,
Adored the Alp and loved the Apennine,
Revered Parnassus, and beheld the steep
Jove's Ida and Olympus crown the deep;
But 'twas not all long ages' lore, nor all
Their nature held me in their thrilling thrall;
The infant rapture still survived the boy,
And Lochnagar with Ida looked o'er Troy—
Mixed Celtic memories with the Phrygian mount,
And Highland linns with Castalie's clear fount."

A bridge is thrown over the river here, which is the ninth bridge on the Dee. Here the carriage-road ceases; and few visitors go farther up the Dee than this, which is about sixty-four miles distant from Aberdeen. Above this the banks of the Dee are, for a little way, accessible on horseback; and, on good Highland ponies, well used to the country, it is possible, with great difficulty, to ride nearly all the way to the very source. Above the Linn there are only two houses, and these are about a mile above it; the country beyond, till you cross over to Badenoch, is uninhabited, except, perhaps, in the summer time, when here and there, in some green glen, you may see a shepherd's lonely shieling.

After four miles or so after you pass the Linn, the Dee, which has hitherto run almost always due east

and west, makes a sudden turn to the north, and continues in this direction all the way to its source. At this turn there is a footpath strikes off across the country to Glen-Tilt and Blair-Atholl; some of the blue hills of which, particularly Ben-y-Gloe, you may see from this. The country in that direction is much more level and open than the country to the north through which the Dee comes down. You now follow the course of the Dee northwards, and see the tops of Cairn-Toul, Ben-Muick-Dhui, and Cairngorm right before you. Always as you go on, the glen becomes narrower, and the banks higher and more steep; of trees there are few far above the Linn, and these soon wholly disappear. At last, as you draw near the source, you find yourself in the bottom of a most immense glen, most silent, and very awful and gloomy, and the black rocks rising on all sides around you to a height almost inconceivable. The hill on the west side of the glen is Cairn-Toul, and that on the east side Ben-Muick-Dhui, the latter of which is allowed to be the highest hill in Great Britain. From the sides of these two hills, but more particularly from Cairn-Toul, various streams rush down and join the Dee. As you still advance into the bosom of this silent and awful valley, which is ever growing more gloomy, and the rocks of which appear as if they were soon to close upon you, you will observe the Dee growing less and less by degrees, till at last you perceive a huge heap of stones stretching across the glen like an impassable and regularly built rampart. In a hollow behind this rampart is a large clear well, the source of the Dee, which rushes through below the

rampart in a great stream. The easiest way of ascending Ben-Muick-Dhui is from this, from which you may climb to the top in about three hours.

Here, then, having traced the river Dee from its efflux into the ocean, until its first only spring and source, naturally ends the *Guide to Deeside*—a book which I have done my best to make as correct and entertaining as possible ; and in which, for any errors or faults that may, notwithstanding all my care and painstaking, be found, I have no excuse to offer but the verse of Robert Burns, which tells that

> "The best-laid schemes o' men an' mice
> Gang aft a-gley."

APPENDIX.

In this Appendix I have taken it upon me to set down various particulars, which, though unbecoming to the dignity of the body of my book, are by no means improper for this pendicle and toofall of the same—and which, though they cannot pretend to be so very entertaining and amusing as what is before written, are nathless, as you will be ready to admit, very useful and instructive in their own way. Of these particulars, the first I shall set down is touching

THE DEESIDE MOUNTAINS,

wherein I shall set down an account of the heights of some of the principal mountains and other notable places on Deeside, as measured by the late worthy and Rev. Dr. George Skene Keith, minister of Keithhall.

	Feet above the Level of the sea.		Feet above the Level of the sea.
Ben-Muick-Dhui	4300	Morven	2880
Cairn-Toul	4230	Mountbattock	2600
Breriach	4230	Clochnaben	2000
Cairngorm	4050	Craigendarroch	1340
Ben-a-bourd	3940	Loch Muich	1280
Benavon or Bena'an ...	3920	River Dee at the Linn ...	1190
Lochnagar	3800	Do. below the bridge of Balater	780
Lake of Lochnagar	2500	Do. at Upper Banchory ...	172
Month Keen	3108		

The height of the steep craigs of Lochnagar, from the Loch upwards, is said by Dr. Keith to be 1300 feet; an uncommon height, which no one could believe until he had been "delighted with the fatigue" of climbing to the top of the same. These measurements were made by the reverend doctor, by comparing the height of the barometer at the places named, with observations made at the same time by the late much respected Dr. Patrick Copland, at his house at Fountainhall, which is 160 feet above the level of the sea at half-flood. By this method of measuring the heights of moun-

tains is thought by some to be not very much to be depended upon. I cannot, of course, pretend to be deeply skilled in such matters, but it is plain, that if there is a great distance between the mountain to be measured and the place at the sea-side, where the corresponding observations are made, there may be such a difference in the state of what learned men call the atmosphere, at the two places, as to cause a considerable difference between the instruments, without there being a difference of elevation conform. This was seen by Dr. Keith himself; for when he first visited Cairn-Toul and Breriach he thought they were 4280 feet high, but when he went again to them in clear weather, his observations led him to reduce the elevations by 50 feet, as you have seen before. But as many learned young men, as I can testify, visit the mountains every year, and as a mountain barometer is about as easy to carry as a stout walking-stick, I would advise all and sundry of them to attend to the same; and an average of many observations would bring the matter sufficiently near the truth, for truly nobody will think that a few feet up or down upon such a hill as Ben-Muick-Dhui can be of great moment.

AS TO THE DEESIDE POST-OFFICES,

of which an account used to be given in this place—as also the Coaches, both for carrying the Mails and for the conveyance of passengers—it must now suffice to state that the Railway Time Bills, published every month, contain all the particulars necessary to be known. Since this little book was first published

DEESIDE

has made all the advances in the way of Locomotion which other places in the commoner parts of the world make in centuries—namely, from the lazy solitary car to the rapid railway engine. Nay, it is even thought that before long the Electric Telegraph will reach the Linn of Dee, perhaps the top of Ben-Muick-Dhui himself.

Since the foregoing was printed, I have met in with a curious piece of poetry in the old-fashioned style of writing, and it is here subjoined for the gratification of those who have a relish for such curiosities.

THE HISTORY

OF

The Baron of Petfoddils,

QUHA WAS WIRRIET

BY HIS AWIN CAT.

Some men said inclosde he had
A spreit that him an answere made.
Of thingis that he would enquyre ;
But he was fool withoutten weir,
That gave traist to that creature :
For Feynds are of sik nature,
That they to mankind have envie.

BARBOUR.

THE BARON OF PETFODDILS.

The braif ald Baron is layd in graif,
Jesu be praisit that his saul beis saif!
Na haly priest leint our his hede,
To schrive his sinnis on ane dying bed,
Na beids war tauld, na bell was rung,
Na haly messe was our him sung,
Bot Sanct Devinick heard the piercing prayir
That he raisit to hevin in his bitter despayr,
And gained it ane blissit welcum thair.

The Baron was ane stalwart Knicht
As was evir in armour schene bedicht;
In mony ane battail he had bene,
And mony ane bluidy deth had sene,
In civill strife, and on forraign strand,
Quhen striving to free the Haly Land,
And to plant the banner of the Haly Ruid
Quhair the Cross of Christ on Calvary stuid.
In youthe he was of temper myld,
Thoch that he was ane favorite chyld;
Bot in manhuidis prime his heart was seired
By the greiffs that he felt and the dome that he feired.
His ladye was torne frae his syde,

Quhen fuirding the river quhair it was deep and wyde;
And evir thairafter her drouning cry
Stuid the Baron instead of ane lullaby,
As he cursit himselff, on his sleiples bedde,
For refuising to listen to the Ladyis redde.
Few yeirs had gone by quhen his onlie sone,
The ymage of hir quha was deid and gone,
Fell deidlie seik, and witherit away,
Quhill he dassit to the realm of eternall day.—
As the worthlesse weid is evir fund
To cling maist clossely to the grund,
Sa the flouir of fayrest hue and forme
Is the first upruited by the storme.

For mony ane lang day the Baron did seem
Like ane man that strugglis with ane feirful dreim;
To few he spak, and on fewer he lukit,
And frae nane ane word of denyall he bruikit.
The sone shone bricht, but he culd nocht see
The joy that it lichtit in the puir man's ee;
The flouirs put furth thair levis gay,
But thair bewtie for him hed passit away;
The birdis carollit their sweetist sang,
As they sailit the hevin's blue arch alang.—
Na sicht could he see, nor sound could he hear,
Bot was lost on his deidenit ee and ear.

* * * * *

O, quha is this that with sic speid
Is rydand on ane fierie steid?
Down, down he comes to the river's syde,
And now he plonges in its tide.
"Arouse ye, Pitfoddils, arouse and see
Ane royall herauld quha cums to thee,
To tell that it is our kingis command

To all that is nobill and guid in the land,
To muster against the reiving Dane,
And drive him back to his schippis again."

* * * * *
* * * * *

The Baron sits in his Castill ha'
And his hair is als quhyit as the virgin snaw,
His ene erst sa bright are glasit and dim,
And the strength has fled fra ilk manly limb ;
Borne down by age, and toyll, and care,
With na leif heart his greiffs to share,
He livit alane amang living men,
Nor socht their favour nor feud to gain.
The countrie round had cause to bless
The hand that relievit the puir in distress,
And his castell yett stuid wide and free
To all that thair socht herberye ;
But fra nane of all that his bountie fed,
Or that under his ruif war sheltered,
Wald the Baron tak heid to ane blessing sincere,
Or to words of thanks or of prayse give ear.
Thoch his deids war guid his words war stern—
Bot for ane living thing ye micht discern
That kindness still sum place of rest
Did hald within his lanely breast;
For frae morning till even on the tabill their satt
Beside him ane grim bot ane favorite catt.

It happenit ance on ane winteris nicht,
Quhen na mone nor starre shed ane ray of licht,
That ane ancient man of stalwart forme
Socht shelter fra the cuming storme.
The Pilgrim's scrip and staff he bore,
And the hatt decorit with schellis he wore.
In eastern land he had travellit far,

And tydings he brocht of the Haly war.
He tald quhat ladyis of hie degree
Thair livit with the knichts in lemanrie;
He tald quhat seis of heathen bluid
War shed by the soldiours of the Haly Ruid,
And quhat sangis of joy war raisit quhen
The Sepulchre was rescuit fra the Saracen.
Bot quhen that blissit name he spak,
That savit the warld fra sin and wrak,
The Baronis catt raisit ane awsum yell,
That soundit als loud as ane sacring bell;
And the fyir flew fast fra hir feirfull ene
Als fierce and als bricht as the levin schene.
The Palmer raisit his staff on hie,
And he strak at the catt with that trustie tree;
Bot scho fled fra the ha' with ane cry of despayr,
And shelter scho socht, bot na man culd tell quhair.
The Palmer exultandlie turnit to the licht,
Bot the brow of the Baron grew black as the nicht.
"Quhat ho! thair my vassals, how stand ye aluif?
Is it sa that regaird for your master ye pruif?
Ga, see that vile stroller ance mair on his way—
He will speid on his road ere the dawning of day!"

The sky was sa black that the eird seemit all
Wrappit round in ane dismall funerall pall,
The wind blew loud and the choking drift
Drave fiercely alang throcht the troublit lift,
Quhen the agit man with tryalls besett
Was turnit away fra the castill yett.

He luikit around, but na meith culd he see,
To guide quhair he wald have lykit to be,
Till he fand the path fra the Carlin den,
And hope for ane breiff space upliftit him then,
For ane lemand licht schone befoir him sa cleir,

That he thocht he wald sune enjoy the cheir,
Quhilk belated wicht, quhither laird or loun,
Ay receaves fra the foulk at the Westertoun.
Bot the licht that he saw was fra na mortal flame
To guide him alang to ane earthly hame,
Sune it dancit before him with flichtering ray,
And then in the darkness it meltit away.
The Palmer still strugglit against the gale,
Bot quhen at the last his strength did fail,
He offerit up ane fervent prayir
To Him quha can outhir stryke or spair,
Till he swunit away in the sleep of dethe—
And beneath ane snaw wreath closit his brethe.
Bot befoir he sunk to his peacefull rest
He crossit his arms upon his breist,
Sa that they quha fand him micht eithlie see
That ane faythfull Christian man was he.
The morning dawned als clear and fayr
As gif storme had nevir vexit the air.
The Baron's vassal's then socht to trace
The Palmer to his resting-place.
And they fand him thair als pale and chill
As the winding-scheit he was swaithit intill.
Quhen the Baron was tald that the Palmer was dead,
Quhatevir he thocht, na word he said,
Bot, "Hie ye hence with your picks and shuils,
And bury him deip at Sanct Devenick's muils."

They diggit ane graif, and laid him thair,
Without haly psalme or voice of prayir;
And his resting-place may still be seen,
For thair the grass growis rank and green.

Twice seven days had cum and gane,
And the Baron walkit furth alane,
And he passit the fuird of Auchinzell
As he heard the jow of the vesper bell,

Quhen his favorite catt gaed fleeing by,
Nor heidit the Baronis kindlie cry.
He marvellit sair how this culd be,
For the lyik befoir he did nevir see.

At nicht as the Baron lanesum satt,
Hame cam his grim and gruesome catt.
Scho jumpit up to hir customed place,
And grimly glowerit in the Baronis face.
He frownit on her with upliftit hand,
And bade hir to tell at his command
How it was that he saw her skirring the moss
That lyis at the fute of the Twa-mile Cross.
Then out spak the catt with ane feirfull rair,
"Quhair ye saw me ance ye sall see me na mair!"
Syne she fixed on his craig like ane Furie fra hell,
And doun the agit Baron fell.
His servants heard his despayring cry,
And speedily to his help did hie,
Bot befoir they enterit the Baron was dead,
And furth his cruell catt had fled.
But how scho escapit, or quhair scho had flawin,
Was nevir to mortal creature knawin.

Ye quha this dulesome tale sall heir,
Be warnit by it what ye haif to feir,
Gif on earthly thingis ye fix your luve,
And nocht on the blissit thingis abuve;
For our pleasures here are bot sendyll true,
And aften they leave us cause to rue,
And aft, when men think they are sure of a friend,
They bot nurse in their breastis ane disguisit feynd.—
Had Petfoddils but duly thocht on that,
He had never been wirriet be ane catt.

GLOSSARY.

Awsum—appalling.
Bedicht—clad.
Belated—benighted.
Dulesome—sorrowful.
Eird—earth.
Ethlie—easily.
Erst—formerly.
Flichtering—quivering.
Gruesome—ugly.
Herberye—shelter.
Lanesome—lonely.
Lemand—blazing.
Levin—lightning.
Lief—beloved.
Meith—mark.
Messe—mass.
Quhill—until.
Redde—advice.
Ruid—cross.
Sacring—consecrating.
Schene—bright.
Sendyll—seldom.
Shrive—confess.
Yett—gate.

NOTE.

THE foregoing story has no other foundation than a tradition which sets forth that an old Laird of Pitfodels had a favourite cat —that on one occasion he saw his cat scampering through "the Clash," a piece of boggy ground behind the north-east shoulder of the Two-mile Cross—that when the cat afterwards jumped up on his table, as was her custom, he asked what she had been about where he had seen her—and that the cat answered, "Whare ye saw me ance ye sall see me nae mair," and forthwith worried him to death.—Tradition points out a solitary grave beside "Daveny's Meels," not far from the site of the old Castle of Pitfoddels. Its tenant, however, was no holy Palmer, but a fellow who used to endeavour to make a lie pass current by praying that he might be buried out of sight of Kirk or Kirkyard if his tale were untrue. When his funeral arrived at the place alluded to, his corpse became so heavy that the mourners were forced to bury it there, and thus was his oft-repeated prayer complied with. At the present day his grave is beyond the reach of Church superintendence, although it made a narrow escape from the tower of the recently erected Kirk of Nigg.—January, 1839.