ANCIENT CATHOLIC HOMES OF SCOTLAND

BY

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MONK OF FORT AUGUSTUS

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

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AUTHOR'S PREFACE

The following short accounts of old Catholic homes in Scotland have been collected mostly from printed sources, difficult of access. The only claim I can make for them is that they are thus presented in handier form. I must sincerely express my gratitude towards those who have assisted me with the illustrations, the revision of the articles and the correction of the proofs, as also to The Librarian, Fort Augustus, and Rev. Basil Weld, O.S.B., for their continued co-operation and encouragement.

Fort Augustus,
10*th June* 1907.

INTRODUCTION

I CANNOT but feel that no words of mine are needed to introduce Father Blundell's history of our old Scotch Catholic Homes. To us who belong to the "Leal Northern Land" everything connected with it is of supreme interest, and from others the story of the sufferings of the Catholics in Scotland for their faith, and the happy signs of the "second spring," will, we feel sure, gain sympathy and interest. This will be increased when we remember that the author speaks to us from the first Benedictine monastery founded in Scotland since the Reformation—in itself one of the most consoling evidences of the return of the Faith—and that he has himself visited each of the places described in his book.

Father Blundell has also a family connection with three of the Homes—*Carlaverock*, *Terregles*, and *Traquair* — being one of the descendants "numerous beyond compare" of Lady Winifred Maxwell, grand-daughter of the heroic Lady Nithsdale. The present writer, while claiming a share

by marriage in this privilege, has also many early, happy recollections of some of the homes, notably of *Traquair* and *Glenfinnan*. At the former she well remembers the kindness and courtesy of the venerable Chatelaine Lady Louisa Stuart, who, even when approaching her hundredth year, took the same kindly interest in her visitors and everything modern, and who yet would speak of the death of Queen Marie Antoinette as if it had occurred quite lately. The history of *Glenfinnan* and of its ever-loyal family is another interesting memory. No one can visit the spot without sad and stirring thoughts of Prince Charlie, of whom M. François Coppée rightly says, "Scotland cannot judge him, because she loves him," and yet who, for his own glory, we feel had far better have died at Culloden, "for his father, his faith, and his crown," than have lived to dim the bright vision of the gallant young Prince who raised his standard at *Glenfinnan*.

On the whole, perhaps, the chronicles of the northern families and their devoted Pastors will be of freshest interest to Father Blundell's readers. The names of the great Bishops of Aberdeen, Bishop Elphinstone and Bishop Gavin Dunbar—to whom Our Lady foretold that he would be the last Catholic Bishop in his See for generations—

are closely connected with the house of *Fetternear*, while the account of Lady Aboyne's pilgrimage to Our Lady of Grace in 1638, reminds us of the steadfastness of the chiefs of the Gordon family to the Faith, which continued till well on in the eighteenth century, and to which the traditions of Aboyne Castle, regarding the Chapel near the roof and the Priest's Escape, still bear witness.

One name stands out conspicuously in the annals of later days—that of Bishop Hay—and the history of his great work for the Church and of his holy apostolic life will be read with deep interest. *Aquhorties* seems to us but a poor substitute for *Fetternear* and other Homes of our early Bishops, but it is in such humble and retired spots that the work of the last 150 years has been chiefly accomplished, the visible and consoling results of which it is our privilege to witness.

M. M. MAXWELL SCOTT
(OF ABBOTSFORD).

June 1907.

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LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

HALF-TONE BLOCKS

LINE BLOCKS

Design of Cover, Heraldic Shields, and Clan Badges.
Dom. LUKE CARY ELWES, O.S.B.

The Articles were revised as follows:—

Carlaverock	LORD HERRIES.
Letterfourie	Very Rev. CANON KYLE.
Terregles, I. and II. . .	Mr. JAMES CARMONT.
Glenfinnan	Colonel MACDONALD, of Glenaladale.
Beaufort	LADY LOVAT.
Traquair, I. and II. . . .	Sir GEORGE DOUGLAS, Bart.
Kirkconnell	Right Rev. Bishop TURNER.
Fetternear	Very Rev. Canon WILSON.

The proof sheets were revised by Very Rev. KENTIGERN MILNE, O.S.B., *Prior, Fort Augustus.*

ANCIENT CATHOLIC HOMES OF SCOTLAND

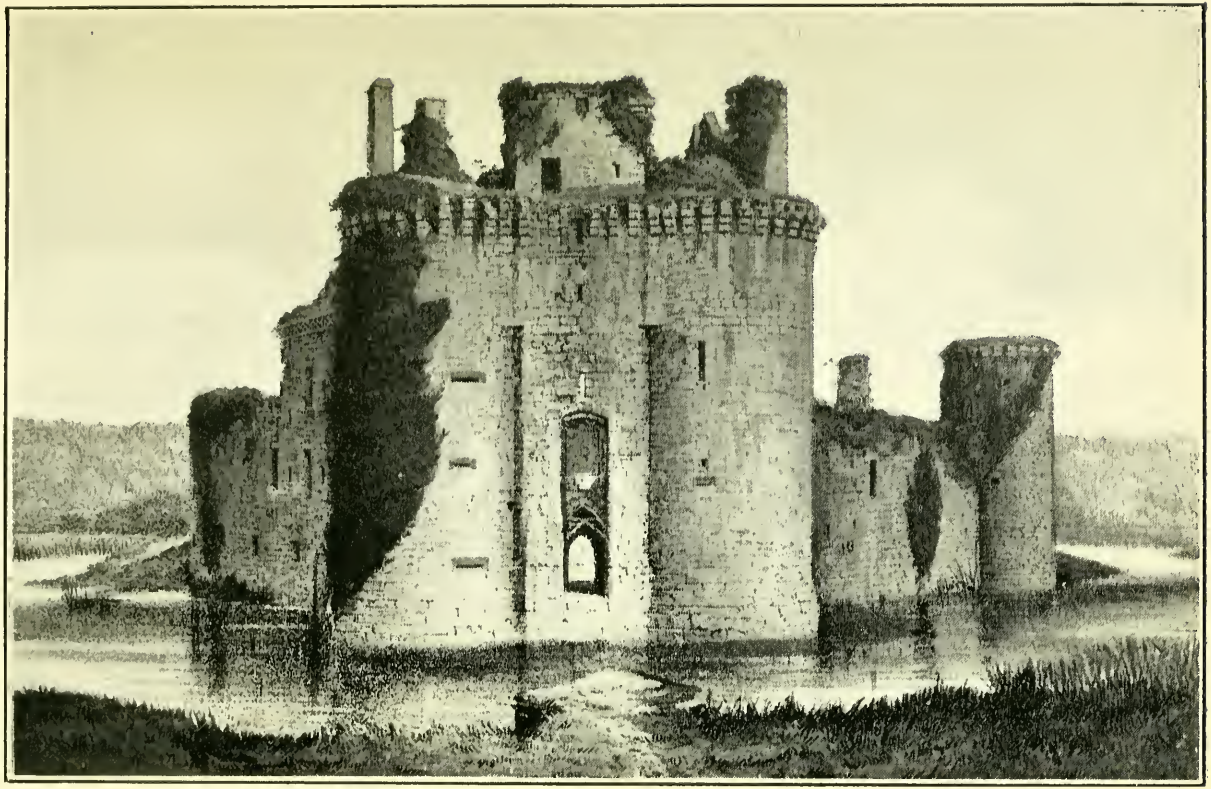
CARLAVEROCK

THE grave of Old Mortality in Carlaverock Kirkyard, the siege of the Castle of Front de Bœuf in "Ivanhoe," of which Carlaverock suggested the idea to Sir Walter Scott, the description by that author of the surrounding country in "Guy Mannering," have made the name of Carlaverock and many incidents in its history familiar to us. There is, however, another point of view from which the Catholic of to-day may behold the old castle with special admiration, and that is as a citadel of the old religion. It was reduced to its present ruined condition by the excessive zeal of the Covenanters, the enemies of the old faith of Scotland.

Already in 1220 we find that there existed at Carlaverock a castle belonging to the family of Maccuswell or Maxwell. In 1296 Sir William Wallace spent a night here, and only four years later, in 1300, it sustained a memorable siege by Edward I. of England and his army of 3000 men. It is thus described by a writer, present on that

occasion: "Carlaverock was so strong a castle that it did not fear a siege; therefore the King came himself, because it would not consent to surrender. But it was always furnished for its defence whenever it was required, with men, engines and provisions. Its shape was like that of a shield (triangular), for it had only three sides all round, with a tower at each angle; but one of them was a double one, so high, so long, and so large that under it was the gate, with a drawbridge, well made and strong, and a sufficiency of other defences; and it had good walls and good ditches filled with water to the edge."

About the year 1400 the castle was entirely rebuilt, the old form, however, being retained, so that the above description will be found to suit the ruin as it at present stands. The gateway, the central tower, and the massiveness of the whole of the ancient pile are still very striking. From 1450 to 1550 Carlaverock was the scene of constant fighting between the Scots and the English. King James V. resided there at the time of the Battle of Solway Moss in 1542. It was besieged and taken by the English in 1570 and again in 1572. In 1638 it was repaired and greatly improved by Robert, first Earl of Nithsdale; but its new life was short, for in 1640 the said Earl had to defend it against the Covenanters. King Charles I. sent frequent promises of relief, but after thirteen weeks it capitulated. The following letters show the course of events previous to the capitulation. The first of these is of particular interest, being entirely in the handwriting of the King.



CARLAVEROCK CASTLE, FRONT VIEW *p. 3*

"WHYTHALL, *the* 27 *of March* 1640.

"NITHISDAILL—It is nou tyme for me to bidd you looke to your selfe, for longer then the 13 of the next month, I will not warrant you, but that ye will heare of a breache betwixt me and my Couenanting Rebelles. Of this I haue written to the Marquis Douglas, but vnder condition of secresie, the which lykwais I requyre of you; onlie I permitt you, with the same caution, to aduertice Winton. For the rest, referring you to this bearer, (who knowes nothing of the substance of this letter,) I rest, Your asseured frend, CHARLES R.

"Assistance, by the grace of God, ye shall haue, and as soone as I may; when, as yet, I cannot certainlie tell you."

Four months later the King wrote:

"CHARLES R.:

"Right trusty and welbeloued cosen, Wee greet yow well: Having been informed of the rigorous actiones of our subjects in Scotland against yow, whereby yow are brought into daylie troubles and dangers, for your constant affection to our service, wherein wee desire you to continue, and be assured that whensoever wee shall heare of their proceeding to beseidge yow, wee shall take such order for your releef as shall testefy how sensible wee are of the good service yow have done vs, whereof wee shall not be unmyndfull, when any occasion shall offer whereby wee may express our princely respect vnto

you: Wee bid yow hartily farewell From our Court at Oatlands, the 20th of July 1640."

Meantime the Castle of Carlaverock had been besieged by the Covenanters, whilst Charles at York, only 120 miles distant, was unable to send the succour which he had promised. He therefore wrote his trustworthy vassal a letter full of consideration and of esteem, evidently deeply regretting his inability to fulfil his promise of assistance.

"CHARLES R.:

"Right trusty and right welbeloued cosen and councellour, wee greete you well: Whereas you haue represented vnto vs, by your letter of the 12th of September, that those who haue besieged you so long in the Castle of Carlauerocke, haue now offered you honourable conditions to come out; and for as much as our affaires permit not to releiue you soe soone as wee had determined, and as (it) seemes your necessities require; and being withall most willing to free your person from further danger, and ease you of the trouble and toyle you haue sustained by soe long a siege: Wee do therefore hereby, (gratiously condescending vnto your humble request,) give you leave to imbrace and accept the foresaid conditions for the safety and preseruation of your person and estate, hauing withall a regard to our honour soe farre as the necessity of your present condition will permitt; and we shall still, as wee haue don hitherto, continue our gratious esteeme of you. Giuen at our Court att Yorke,

the 15th day of September, in the sixteenth yeare of our raigne, 1640. To our right trusty and right welbeloved cosen and councellour, Robert Earle of Nithisdaile."

When the Earl of Nithsdale, according to the King's instructions, had capitulated, the conquerors set about to demolish the building. But before doing so they carried off such of the furniture as was most valuable, and the list of what they took proves the richness of the castle at that time. Of the eighty-five beds there were five, two of silk and three of cloth, consisting each of five coverings, with "massy silk fringes of half a quarter deep, and a counterpane of the same stuff, all laid with braid silk lace, and a small fringe about, with feather bed and bolster, blankets, etc., every bed estimated at £110 sterling." The library of books had cost the proprietor £200—figures which should be multiplied by five to represent the present value of money.

From this date the venerable Castle of Carlaverock, which had so often been taken by the English and recaptured by the Scots, ceased to be a place of residence. It still remains one of the finest specimens of the old baronial castles of Scotland. The double moat, the three portcullisses which needed to be broken through in succession before an enemy could gain entrance to the court, the vent through which molten lead was poured upon them whilst they made the attempt, all illustrate the mode of warfare and the methods of

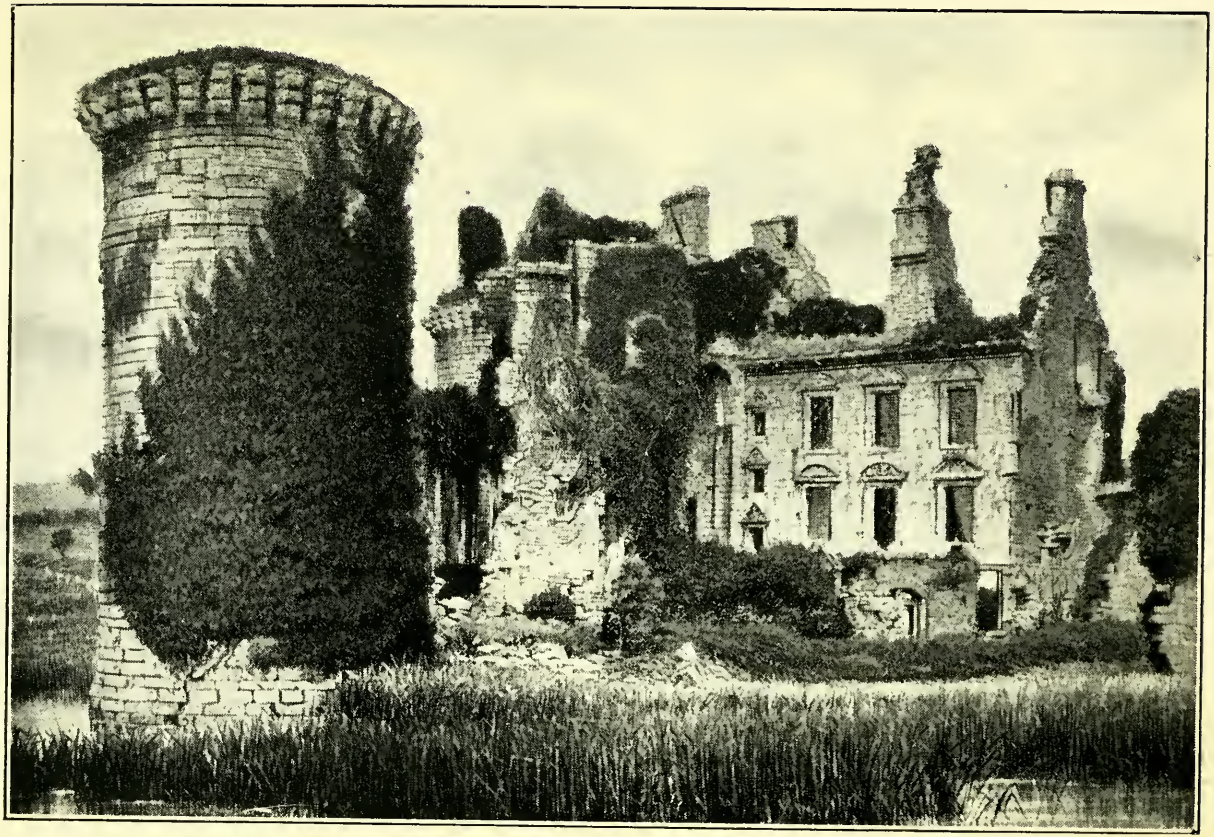
defence which rendered the old castle so notable a stronghold.

We must now give some account of those who were its masters during the four hundred years of its existence as a Border fortress.

Aymer de Maccuswell in 1251 was one of the guardians of King Alexander III. of Scotland during his minority, and in that capacity resisted the designs of Henry III. of England against the independence of Scotland, of which he was later Chamberlain. His son Herbert granted to the Abbey church of St. James and St. Mirin, of Paisley, and to the monks there serving God, for a free and perpetual alms, $8\frac{1}{2}$ acres and 28 particates of land in the new town of Mearns (still known as Newtown of Mearns). He also made, amongst other provisions, one for the sustentation of a chaplain, who should yearly celebrate Mass in honour of the Blessed Virgin in the parish church of Mearns, for the living and for the dead.

Sir Eustace de Maxwell in 1320 was one of those who signed a joint letter to Pope John XXII. showing how King Edward II. of England had misrepresented their cause to the Holy Father, whereby he had been induced to excommunicate King Robert the Bruce and all his accomplices, and had laid the country of Scotland under an interdict. Sir Eustace successfully held Carlaverock against the English for several weeks, after which they withdrew.

In 1355, in the time of Sir John Maxwell, Carlaverock was dismantled, yet its owner was later able to resist Edward III. of England. Sir



CARLAVEROCK CASTLE, MURDOCH'S TOWER AND INTERIOR *p.* 7

John was active in obtaining the release of David II. of Scotland. He made a grant of land to the Abbey of Kilwinning, as did his son, Sir Robert, to the Abbey of Dryburgh.

The owner of Carlaverock from 1420 to 1453 was Sir Herbert Maxwell, who was present at Durham to testify his allegiance to King James I. of Scotland after his nineteen years' captivity in the Tower of London. He was, however, soon after arrested on suspicion and imprisoned, whilst the King seized Carlaverock, in the dungeon of which he cast Murdoch, Duke of Albany. The tower above the dungeon is still known as Murdoch's Tower (that at the south-east angle), and from here that nobleman was led to execution at Stirling in 1424. Sir Herbert gained considerable renown as a statesman and as a soldier, being one of the commanders in 1448 on the field of Sark, twenty-five miles from Carlaverock, in which the Scots were completely victorious.

From 1513, which saw the fatal field of Flodden, the death of James IV., and the loss of so many of the nation, including the Laird of Carlaverock, until 1546, Robert, fifth Lord Maxwell, was in possession. He was distinguished as a statesman, Warden of the West Marches, and as a general, whilst at one time he even had command of the Scots fleet. He was baillie and Justice-General over the lands and possessions of the abbeys of Dundrennan, Tungland, Sweetheart, Holywood, and the Provostry of Lincluden. These, added to his offices of Steward of Annandale and Kirkcudbright, made his influence

paramount in the south-west of Scotland. Young King James V. had a great personal affection for him, appointed him one of the Council of Regency during his absence in France, and later sent him to espouse by proxy his second wife, Mary of Lorraine. This Robert, Lord Maxwell, with a large body of his retainers, joined King James V. and his army of 30,000 men, and advised the pursuit of Norfolk, the English commander. His advice, however, was not hearkened to, and in the following year the Scots were defeated at Solway Moss, the rout being due to King James appointing a minion of his own to the chief command. Lord Maxwell was taken prisoner and lodged in the Tower of London. He died four years later (1546) after a long life in the service of his country. It was he who adopted the stag as his crest, and holly as the Maxwell badge.

We now come to the troublous times when religious opinions began to play so important a part in the histories of the families of the country. In 1570 Queen Elizabeth sent Lord Scrope to lay waste the lands of all who were attached to Queen Mary. John, Lord Maxwell, though only seventeen years of age, successfully resisted him, but later in the year he was severely punished by the English army of 15,000 men, who laid waste the country and took all the castles of that district. The clan Maxwell were, however, proud of their young chief, and entered into a bond with him in testimony of the confidence which they placed in his abilities. A strange misfortune befell him on the occasion of his marriage, for his uncle, James, Earl of

Morton, prepared a sumptuous feast for him and his bride at the Castle of Dalkeith. Queen Mary's party, however, from which Lord Maxwell seems temporarily to have been estranged, held the Castle of Edinburgh, and mischievously marred the festivities by seizing upon the wine and provisions on their way to Dalkeith. At a later date this nobleman obtained so great power that the Convention of Estates voted £20,000 for levying soldiers to suppress him. It is most interesting to note that Lord Maxwell at this time changed the old clan battle-cry, "A Wardlow," from the Wardlow or Beacon Hill, opposite Carlaverock, to "St. Andrew," which, says Hume of Godscroft, was suspected as "smelling of his superstitious disposition." But he gave much greater ground for suspicion on this score by marching in procession from Dumfries to Lincluden for the celebration of Mass on the 24th, 25th, and 26th December 1585. It was on this occasion that Father John Drury celebrated Mass and preached; the people of Nithsdale being so anxious to hear him and to attend the Holy Sacrifice that they forded the river Nith in order to elude the guards posted on the bridge to prevent them from going. The water, we are told, was up to their waists, and thus wet through the good people kept their Christmas festival. Stringent laws had been enacted against the celebration of Mass, and for violating these Lord Maxwell and the more important of those present were charged to compear before the Privy Council. He appeared before the Council on 13th May 1586, when he

was ordered to attempt nothing "prejudicial to the preaching of the true Evangel then professed within the Realm," and to accept a minister with whom he might confer for his better resolution on the head of religion.

In 1587 Lord Maxwell was in Spain, advising Philip II. regarding his proposed invasion of England, and in the following year he hired soldiers to be in readiness to co-operate with the invaders. The Catholic lords urged that England should be invaded through Scotland, where their forces would be strengthened by the accession of a numerous body of soldiers. King James, disapproving of this plan, charged Lord Maxwell with conspiring to alter the quiet estate of the realm and of the true Christian religion professed by His Majesty and all faithful subjects. The King in person marched against Maxwell, who fled to Kirkcudbright, and there procured a ship in which he put to sea. He was, however, forced to land again, and was immediately arrested. In prison he had intercourse with Mr. Robert Bruce, a Jesuit, who writes of the prisoner: "When they offered him, in the King's name, his liberty if he would subscribe the confession of the heretics' faith, he answered that he would not do it for the King's crown, nor for a hundred thousand livres, if he had them to lose; and hath offered to confound the ministers by public disputation. I shall solicit the Lords, his friends, to procure of the King his liberty very soon, for he importeth the weal of our cause more than any of the rest, by reason of his forces,

which are near England, and the principal town of Scotland, and the ordinary residence of the King; as also he is the lord the most resolute, constant, and of greatest execution of any of the Catholics."

It was not often, even in those days, that family feuds ran as high as did that between the Maxwells and the Johnstons, in which each side lost two chieftains: one dying of a broken heart by reason of his defeat and capture; another dying on the field of battle; one by assassination, and one by the sword of the executioner. The second on the list was the Lord Maxwell of whom we are now treating —his son will soon follow, the fourth on the list. The circumstances were as follows: The Johnston clan had, in revenge for a similar act, invaded the lands of the Crichtons, ruthlessly committing devastation and killing a number of their enemy, as described by Sir Walter Scott in the ballad "The Lads of Wamphray." A deputation of the Crichtons, consisting of poor women, undertook the long journey from Nithsdale to Edinburgh, carrying with them fifteen bloody shirts, which had belonged to their husbands, brothers, or other relatives, who had been cruelly slain. To excite the pity of the people of Edinburgh they went in procession through the streets, with the bloody shirts carried in front of them. So strong was the feeling of sympathy thus raised, that the King and his Council were forced to listen to the women's prayers, and Lord Maxwell was commanded to execute justice on the clan Johnston. He accordingly collected 1500 men and

marched against the Johnstons, but it appears that some of Lord Maxwell's own followers were not true to their leader, who was defeated and slain on 6th December 1593. His fate was lamented by all who knew him, for, as Spottiswoode observes, he was "a nobleman of great spirit, humane and courteous, and more learned than noblemen commonly are."

The next Lord Maxwell, the son of the preceding, was only eight years old at the date of his succession. At the early age of fifteen he was prosecuted as violating the laws against popery, Mass being frequently said in the county where he resided, and particularly at Dumfries. For violation of these laws he was declared rebel and put to the horn. In March 1601 he was imprisoned in the Castle of Edinburgh for favouring Popery. Probably the most tedious part of his imprisonment was the enforced company of a Protestant minister, Mr. Henry Blyth, who, in accordance with the appointment of the General Assembly, was ordered to attend Lord Maxwell as long as he remained in the Castle. Other ministers were appointed to wait on other Catholic noblemen and to remain three months continually with them, "to confirm them and their families in the truth." After almost a year in prison this gallant young Confessor of the Faith made his escape from the Castle of Edinburgh, and a week later (17th January 1602) a proclamation was issued forbidding all His Majesty's subjects to reset, harbour, or give any entertainment to him under pain of treason.

Once again, in 1607, he found himself a prisoner

in Edinburgh Castle, this time for challenging the Earl of Morton to single combat in defiance of the commands of the Privy Council; and once again he effected his escape, but not without great determination, thus proving the force of his own reply to Sir James M'Connell's advice of caution; "Tushe man, sic interpryses ar nocht effectuat with deliberations and advisements, but with sudden resolutions." The following is the account in Pitcairn of the sudden resolution: "Seeing not how he was to be relieved, he devises with Sir James McConnell (a Hebridean magnate, his fellow-prisoner), and Robert Maxwell of Dinwoodie, what way he and they might escape. So he calls ane great number of the keepers of the Castle into his chamber, where he drinks them all fou! Pretending to act a sort of play, he asked them for their swords as part of the performance, and having thus armed himself and his two companions, he passed out with them, locking the door behind him. The three passed to the inner gate, where a servant stood in the way, holding the porter in parley. The latter, an old man, tried to make resistance. 'False knave,' cried Maxwell, 'open the yett, or I shall hew thee in blads (pieces).' He did strike the man in the arm, and likewise wounded another keeper in the hand. Then he and Sir James passed to the west castle wall that goes to the West Port of Edinburgh, and, climbing over it, leaped down, and disappeared amongst the suburbs. Robert Maxwell, however, was locked in and detained. The insular chieftain, who had irons upon him, was seized in an attempt to conceal himself in a dung-

hill, while Lord Maxwell escaped on a horse which had been kept in readiness for him. The King was very far offended, and made proclamation, that nane should reset him under pain of death."[1]

Six months after his escape from prison he was induced to meet the Laird of Johnston in order to sign a bond of friendship and put an end to the feud. From his conduct it seems that Lord Maxwell really wished that this should be the outcome of the meeting, but the result was far different. Whilst the two lairds were conversing amicably a brawl arose between their attendants, the principals became engaged, and Lord Maxwell shot the Laird of Johnston, thus avenging the death of his own father fifteen years earlier. Despite the great efforts now made to capture him, Lord Maxwell effected his escape, and his departure is the subject of the ballad, "Lord Maxwell's Good-night," in Sir Walter Scott's Border Minstrelsy, of which the fourth verse is as follows:—

"Adieu! Dumfries, my proper place,
But and Carlaverock fair,
Adieu! my castle of the Trieve,
Wi' all my buildings there:
Adieu! Lochmaben's gates sae fair,
The Langholm-holm where birks there be;
Adieu! my ladye, and only joy,
For trust me, I may not stay with thee."

In his absence Lord Maxwell was condemned to suffer the pains of law for the crime of treason, to wit, confiscation of his life and all his goods, dignities, rights, offices, and all things belonging

[1] Chambers's "Domestic Annals," vol. i., p. 409.

to him. Four years later he returned, without the King's leave, to Scotland from his exile in France; but, after leading a fugitive life of great hardship for six months, he was betrayed to the Government by his relative, the Earl of Caithness. The Johnston clan now clamoured for his execution, and, despite his solemn declaration on oath that "the unhappy slaughter of Sir James Johnston was in no respect committed by him upon forethought, felony, or set purpose, but upon mere accident, he was condemned to death. During the two days preceding his execution, he had conferences with sundry of his friends, but he refused to receive any religious instruction or consolation from the ministers, declaring that he was a Catholic man and not of their religion."

The bailies and others, apprehensive lest, if he should speak on the subject of religion before the people on the scaffold, some disturbance might be created, expressed to him their desire that he should forbear all mention of his peculiar religious opinions, simply professing his belief in the Christian faith. He made a promise to them to this effect, but regretted afterwards having done so. On the scaffold he acknowledged that he justly deserved the punishment which he was about to undergo, and was prepared patiently to suffer it, asking mercy of God for his sins, and heartily wishing that His Majesty would be graciously pleased to accept his life and blood as a sufficient punishment of his offences and restore the family inheritance to his brother. He next asked forgiveness of the

Laird of Johnston, his mother, grandmother, and friends, acknowledging the wrong he had done them, and protesting that it was without dishonour or infamy. The execution took place at four o'clock in the afternoon of 21st May 1613.

In order to avoid confusion I have in the preceding pages always referred to the Laird of Carlaverock as Lord Maxwell. The last owner, however, had taken the title of Earl of Morton. As another claimant existed to this title, James VI. of Scotland in 1620 granted the then Lord Maxwell, younger brother of the preceding, the title of Earl of Nithsdale, in place of that of Morton.

In 1625 Robert, Lord Nithsdale, visited Rome, and on his return was appointed by King Charles I. Commissioner of a Convention of Estates for the consideration of a project for revoking grants, which had been made by Charles's father to his nobility and favourites, or which these had usurped, of the tithes and benefices of the Roman Catholic Church, forfeited to the Crown at the Reformation.

The proposition, as may well be imagined, was most unpopular, and was rejected by nearly all the nobility and gentry, many of whom had shared in the plunder of church property. Bishop Burnett gives a curious account of what happened at the Convention. The instructions of Lord Nithsdale, as Commissioner, were to exact an unconditional surrender; but the parties interested had previously conspired and resolved that, if he persisted in prosecuting the measure, "they would fall upon him and all his party in the old Scotch manner,

and knock him on the head;" and so resolute was their purpose that one of their number, Belhaven, who was blind, being seated beside the Earl of Dumfries, seized upon Nithsdale with one hand, and was prepared, had any commotion arisen, to plunge a dagger into his heart. Perceiving this determined opposition, Lord Nithsdale disguised his instructions and returned to London, without accomplishing the object of his mission.

In 1626 all the ministers of Dumfries appeared before the Privy Council and complained in strong terms "of the insolent behaviour of the Papists in those parts," laying the blame of all the infection that was in the county upon Lord Nithsdale and Lord Herries. "It is a pity," writes Spottiswoode, Archbishop of St. Andrews, "zour Lordship wil not be movit to leave that unhappie course quhich shal undoe zour Lordship . . . for zour Lordship not resorting to the Church quhen zou were last at Edinburgh hath gifen zour adversaries greater advantage than anythinge else." Indeed, at a later date, the General Assembly gave proof how obnoxious Lord Nithsdale was to them when, in 1644, they solemnly excommunicated him and ordered the sentence to be published on "Sabbath" in all the churches of Scotland.

After the fall of Carlaverock Castle, already described, Lord Nithsdale was often in exile for the part he had taken in defence of the King against the Covenant At the beginning of the year 1646 he accompanied Lord Digby on his march with 1500 men to Doncaster, and upon the failure of

this expedition Lord Nithsdale procured a vessel at Kaynglas in Cumberland and crossed to the Isle of Man, where he died, shortly after, in May 1646.

Such was the end of this faithful vassal of his King. During the six years which elapsed between the fall of his castle and his death, sad indeed must have been the thoughts at the ruin brought upon "Carlaverock fair." But sadder far must they have been when he remembered Charles's solicitude on his behalf, on the one hand, and, on the other, that the very men who dismantled Carlaverock, five years later sold their King and handed him over to the tender mercies of Cromwell. The final scene of the tragedy, the death of his sovereign on the scaffold, Lord Nithsdale was spared the pain of witnessing, for he died three years previous to that event. True and loyal subject of King and Church as he was, he must have been proud to think of his own losses in so good a cause, and of the example of loyalty which he had given, an example which his successors most faithfully followed.

The history of his successors is bound up with their residence at Terregles, which became the seat of the family in 1666, when John, Lord Herries, succeeded his cousin as Earl of Nithsdale and Laird of Carlaverock. In the middle of last century, however, the Maxwell estates of Carlaverock and Terregles were divided, according to the will of Mr. Marmaduke Constable Maxwell, between his eldest son William, the late Lord Herries, and the second

son, Marmaduke, with the remainder to his younger brothers and their heirs. At that date the residence of Lord Herries was permanently fixed at Kinharvie; nevertheless the old Castle of Carlaverock is still the scene of festive gatherings, and in 1858 its courts resounded with festivity and rejoicing to celebrate the revival of the title of Lord Herries, which had been attainted in 1716. Again, in 1897, the old Banqueting Hall was covered in and a dinner given by Lord Herries to his tenants to celebrate the Jubilee of Queen Victoria's accession, and, more recently still, in 1904, the tenants were again entertained there in celebration of the wedding of the Duke of Norfolk and the Hon. Gwendolen Maxwell, heiress of Carlaverock.

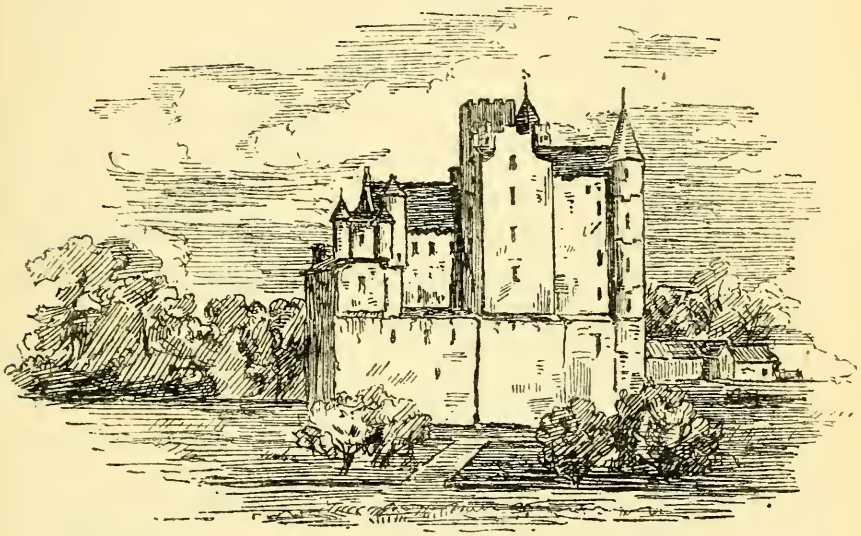
LETTERFOURIE

SITUATED at a distance of six miles, as the crow flies, from Gordon Castle and Cullen House, both places of interest to the student of Catholic life in bygone days, Letterfourie House has the distinction of having preserved the old faith, whilst homes, which were long the centre of Catholic activity, have ceased to be such. Gordon Castle especially made its influence felt in favour of the old religion, and as that influence has left its mark upon the district, its history, whilst still Catholic, will find a fitting place at the beginning of this sketch.

The present huge pile of buildings, of which Gordon Castle consists, extends 250 feet on each side of the old keep, which alone has any claim to antiquity. This keep, well known in history as Bog of Gight, was built in its present form in 1479 by George, second Earl of Huntly. Richard Funck describes it in the eighteenth century, as "a palace all built with stone, facing the ocean; whose fair front—set prejudice aside—worthily deserves an Englishman's praise for her lofty and majestic turrets, that storm the air and seemingly make dints in the very clouds."[1] From this grand tower, which rises to the height of 84 feet, "the Gudemen

[1] Groome's "Gazetteer of Scotland."

of the Bog" or "Cocks of the North" sallied forth to Flodden (1513), to Pinkie (1547) and to Sherriffmuir (1715), in which battle the Duke of Gordon of that day was especially active in the Stuart cause. Nor was the zeal of the House of Gordon for the Catholic faith a whit less than that for their ancient line of kings. As late as 1638 we read in Blackhal's



Old Gordon Castle

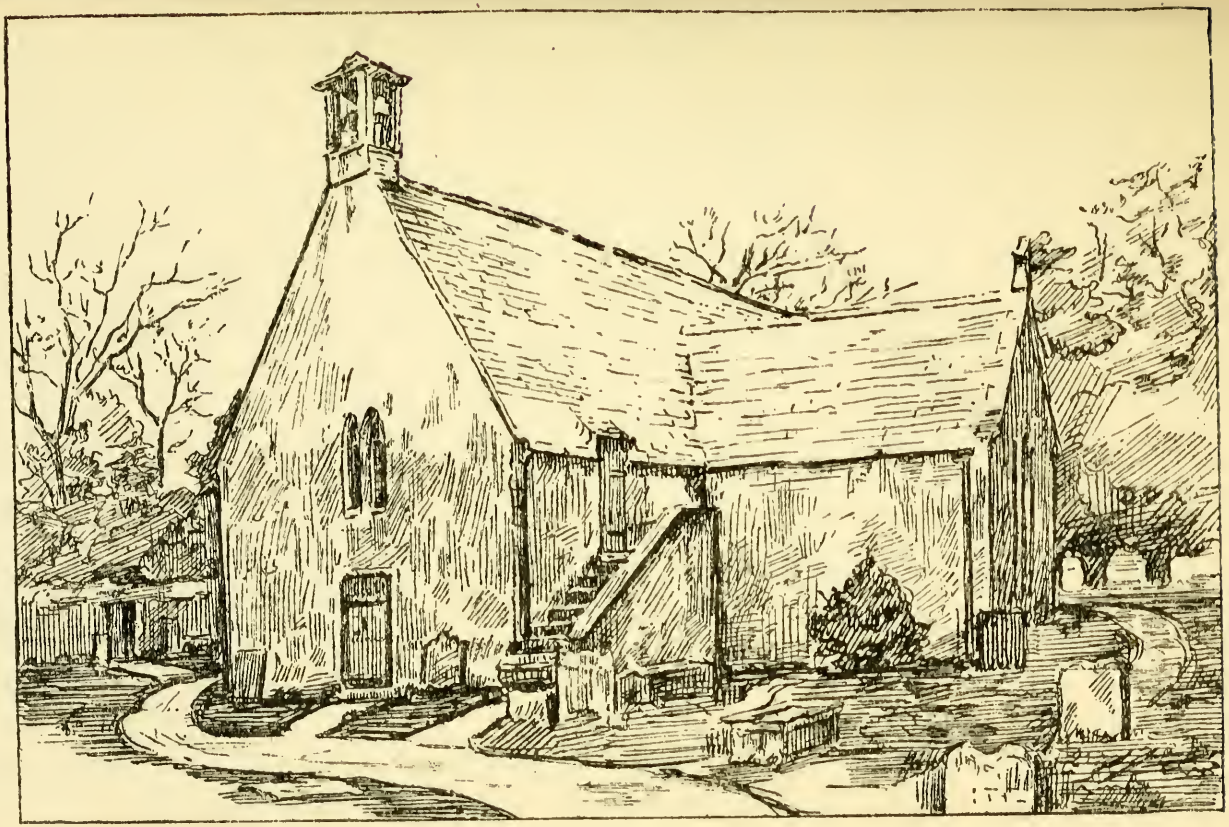
narrative how the Countess of Aboyne visited her mother at the Bog of Gight each year, and proceeded thence to the shrine of Our Lady of Grace, walking barefoot the last two miles. The following is the passage as it occurs in the Breiffe Narration: "Shorly heirafter, in the Octave of the Assumption of OUR Lady, she did go to the Bogge of Gight to see her mother-in-law, my Ladye Marqueis of Huntly, and to go from thence a pilgrimage two

milles, to Our Lady of Grace, in Murray land. It had been of old a very devote place, and many pillgrimages had bein made to it, from all the partes in the Northe of Scotland; but then there was nothing standing of it but some broken walls, which the minister made throw doune within the chappell, to hinder the people to pray there; a great devotion of their holy Covenant, rebellious both to God and their King. She used to make that pilgrimage every year so long as she had health to do it, a mater of threttie milles from her owne house, wherof she made two of them afoot, and barefooted, next to the chappel." It is pleasing to record that the present proprietors of the land have shown much esteem for this venerable spot, and have had the holy well carefully preserved.

In 1728 the little Marquis of Huntly served Mass in Saint Ninian's Church,[1] within the cemetery dedicated to that Saint four miles from his home. What might have happened if Alexander, the second Duke, had lived to see his children grow up Catholics it is hard to say. Unfortunately for them and for Catholic Scotland, he died when his heir was but eight years old.

The Duchess, a Protestant, brought up the

[1] I find an interesting note by the late Dean Clapperton, a great authority on matters relating to this district, to the effect that the Duke owed his fatal illness to a rapid journey to London, undertaken to protect the little chapel of Saint Ninian, Enzie, from desecration. Beside his death-bed the Rev. Robert Gordon, for many years his chaplain, was actually preparing an altar for Mass, when congestion of the lungs took place—as described in a contemporary letter, "an impostume in his breast burst"—when the priest rushed to the bedside and had barely time to perform part of the last rites.



CULLEN CHURCH

children in her own religion. Local tradition affirms that the dying Duke obtained a promise from the Duchess that she would allow the children to be educated in his, *i.e.*, the Catholic faith, but that the Duchess, disregarding her promise, took the children with her to the Kirk on the very next Sunday after their father's death. It is, however, pleasing to be able to record that great kindness has always been shown by later bearers of the title to their Catholic dependants.

At the opposite end of the district, called the "Enzie," of which, as has been said, Letterfourie is about the centre, is Cullen House. This is one of the very few instances in Scotland of a pre-Reformation religious house still inhabited. Its more ancient portion was, in fact, the residence of the secular Canons, who served the church of St. Mary, of Cullen, and the old staircase still bears the name of the "monks' staircase." Monks, strictly speaking, never owned the house; the fact, however, of its having belonged to a collegiate body is accountable for the description which most persons will, no doubt, consider accurate enough. In the library is an illuminated book of "horae," which belonged to one of the ancient chapter. The house is a very large building, its different parts being additions at various periods, which in 1861 were brought more or less into harmony, so as to form at present a noble specimen of Scottish baronial architecture. It is a veritable storehouse of works of art.

Of still greater interest is Cullen Church, the Collegiate Church of 1543, where Alexander Ogilvie,

of Deskford, made provision for a provost, six prebendaries and two singing boys. The beautiful recumbent figure of the founder surmounts a richly ornamented tomb in a mural recess. The whole church was renovated with excellent taste in 1885. At this date the monument of one of the Earls of Findlater was removed from in front of the Sacrament House, and this beautiful relic of Catholic times was once again brought to light. Those who would know more of this interesting pre-Reformation church are referred to "The Church and Churchyard of Cullen," by W. Cramond (1883), reprinted in 1905. The mention of the Sacrament House of Cullen reminds me to add that at Deskford, only four miles from Cullen, there is another in the old ruined church, and that this latter is even finer from an artistic point of view, than that of Cullen. At Deskford piscina and aspersoria are also in good state of preservation, though the church itself is a total ruin.

Of the immediate subject of this sketch, Letterfourie House, the chief honour is the support which it has given to Catholicism during the past century and a half—that is to say, since the day when the chief of the Gordons, at Gordon Castle, ceased to play the part of defender of the old faith. Of the chief men of the Gordons mentioned in his preface to Father Blackall's narrative, namely, "the Marquis of Huntly, Lord Aboyne, the Lairds of Craig, Gicht, Abergeldie, Lesmore, and Letterfourie," only the last named have continued to the present day to hold the old creed. The house itself, as it at present stands,

is not more than one hundred years old; it is, however, only one of many others which have stood on the same ground. It contains portraits of many of the previous lairds, of whom interesting anecdotes are still preserved. Of one of these, the fast friend of Mr. Reid,[1] the priest of that time, it is related that he loved to tell the story of the correction he received on one occasion from that reverend gentleman, who was as famous for his sharp sayings as for his kindly deeds. "Good morning, Letterfourie! Last in and first oot!" he is said to have flashed from the foot of the altar one Sunday, as Mr. Gordon appeared—Mass half over, sermon just beginning.

On leaving Letterfourie House to view some of the places of interest in the neighbourhood, the first thing one sees is Craigminn Bridge, a strange yet picturesque piece of architecture; the upper bridge of three arches, resting on the lower, which is a single arch. The scenery, both above and below the bridge, is very striking. Passing on by Green Craig Farm in the direction of Lynn House, but turning off on to the road leading south for a matter of a hundred yards, one comes upon the spot on the

[1] Rev. John Reid built the church of Preshome, 1788. High up over the front entry of the church is a freestone tablet

D E O
1788

A Protestant friend from the South seeing it remarked that it was the first time he had ever seen the outside of a place of worship dedicated to God. This tablet, strange as it now looks, has its own tale to tell. It was originally to have borne the arms of Letterfourie, in gratitude to the chief benefactor to the church. He doubtless suggested the alteration in the dedication, which now ears double testimony to his piety and unostentation.

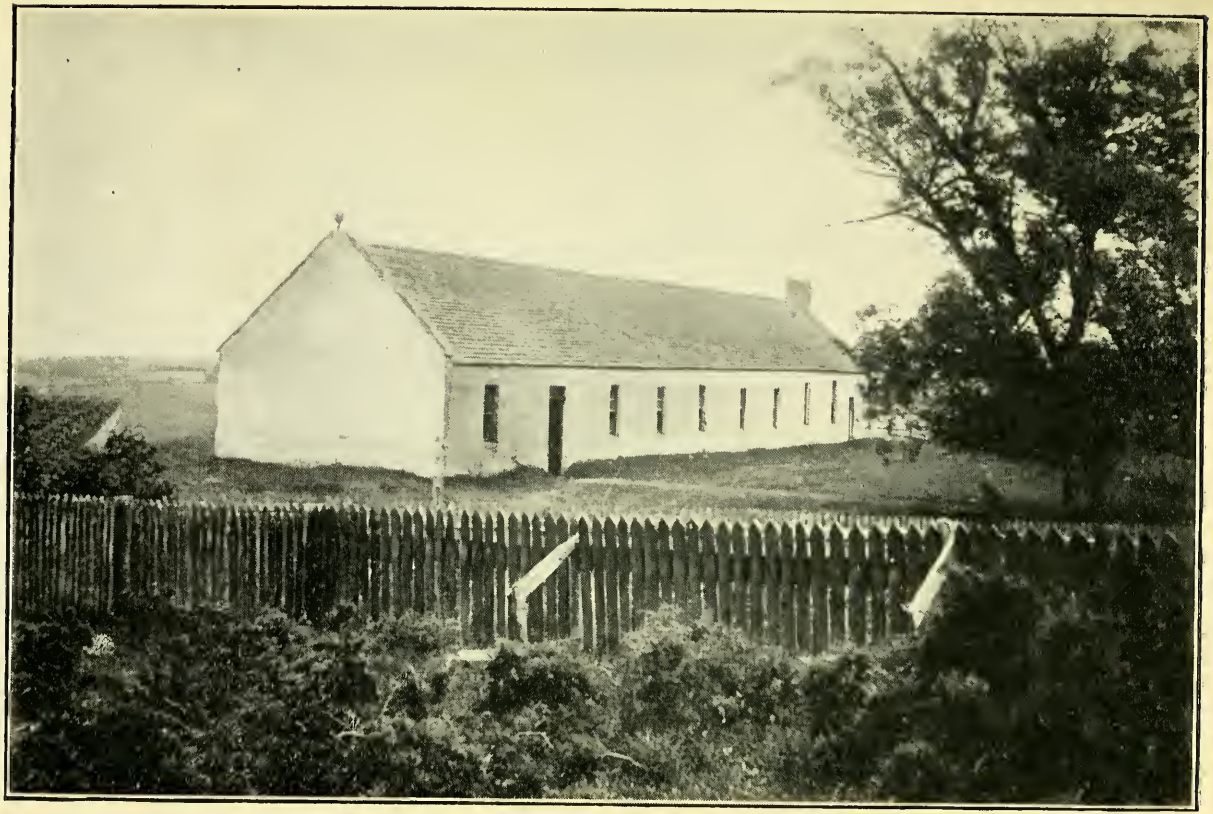
right hand where Bishop Geddes was born, namely, mains of Corridoun. Returning and then taking the road past Lynn House, on the way to Preshome,

LETTERFOURIE HOUSE

is to be seen the place where Dr. Geddes was born, called Pathhead; good Bishop Paterson was also born there. The site of the old farmhouse is but a very few yards eastwards from the present farmhouse of Pathhead. From the railway bridge, looking

seaward, and a very short distance westward from the Enzie Post Office, are visible the ruins and a few blighted trees of Glastirum, where Bishop Gordon, a cadet of the Letterfourie family, was born. He died at Castle Drummond and was buried at Innerpeffery, the burial-place of the family of Perth.

If we now pass to the ecclesiastical buildings in the neighbourhood of Letterfourie House, we enter on a field of the greatest interest. The oldest, in point of time, is St. Ninian's cemetery. In 1602 the church within the cemetery was in ruins, thus showing to how remote a date this strictly Catholic burial-place can be traced. In 1687 another church was built on the site of the older one, and of this church the keystone of the arch, bearing the above date, is still preserved. The slates also were used in the rebuilding of Tynet Church, of which I shall have to speak next. It was in the 1687 church within St. Ninian's cemetery that the little Marquis of Huntly served Mass in 1728. There has recently been erected a handsome cross, whereon are inscribed the names of the bishop and twenty-six priests who lie buried within the limits of what was formerly the sanctuary of the old church. The bishop buried there is Bishop Nicholson, first Vicar Apostolic of Scotland, who died in 1718. Of him it is said, "he died ye 12th Sber, ye 31st of mission, ye 24th of Episcop. and 74th of his age. He was a very great man, both in learning and piety, under whom the Mission was always free from entestine embroils. He studied at Paris." St. Ninian's ceme-



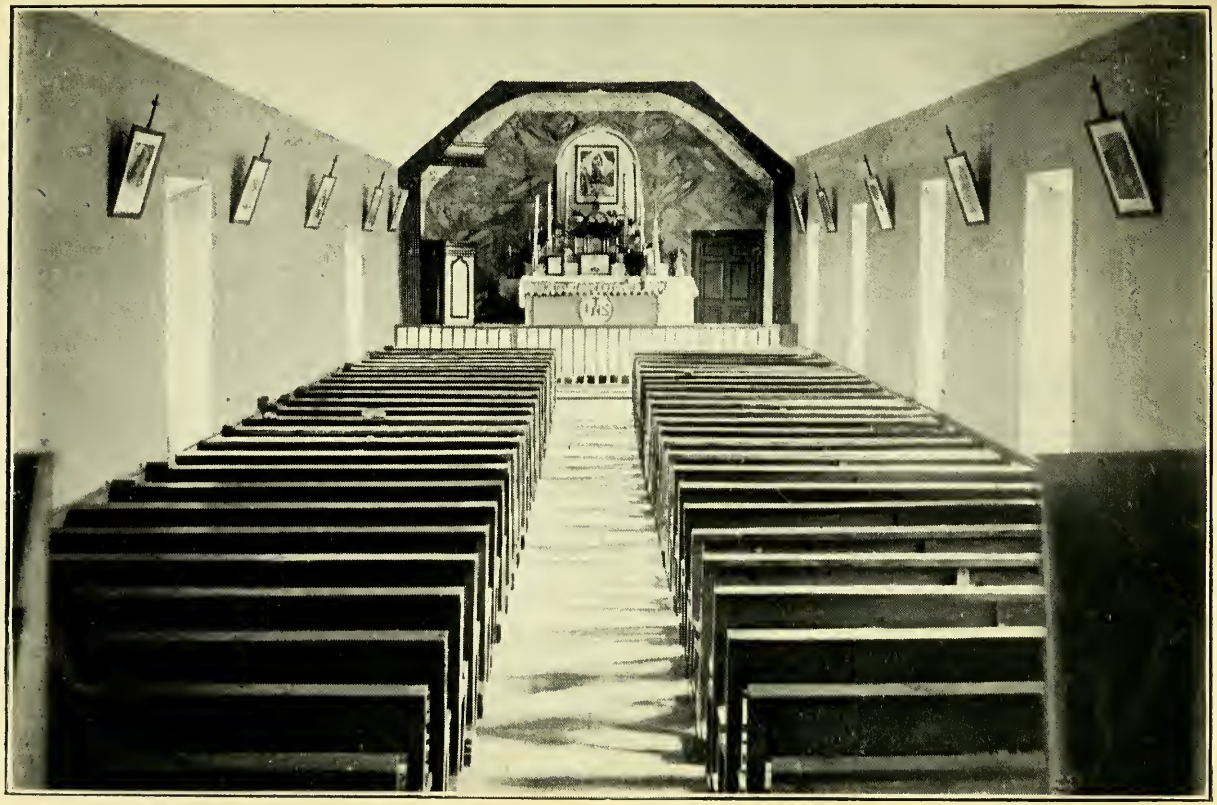
TYNET CHURCH (EXTERIOR) *p.* 28

tery is the centre of a district which has been extraordinarily fruitful in vocations to the priesthood, and most remarkable for the number of bishops it has supplied to Catholic Scotland. During the past century no less than eight bishops were natives of this small district.

Regarding the church within St. Ninian's cemetery, the following is given as the cause why it was allowed to fall into decay. The account is taken from Mr. Hutcheson's "Days of Yore." "In September 1725, one Morison, aided by a share of the £1000 said to have been given by King George to the General Assembly to aid in evangelising the most Catholic districts, came to Gordon Castle on a Saturday of that month. On the same day arrived James Carnegie, the priest. Morison, it seems, requested the use of St. Ninian's chapel for the purpose of conducting service on the following day, according to the Protestant belief. The request was refused by the Duke on the ground that it had been built chiefly at his cost, and was a burial-place for his family and servants. Next day, however, Morison collected a body of hearers, broke open a window, and put in a boy, who unfastened the door. At the close of his service he stated his intention to repeat the same on the following Sunday. On Monday the Earl of Findlater, Sheriff of the Shire, dined at Gordon Castle, when he was asked and promised to prevent this proceeding. The Catholics, however, did not place much faith in the Earl's promises, and the Duke sent a Notary with two gentlemen on the following Sunday to take evi-

dence. The intruders, finding doors and windows repaired and barricaded, conducted worship outside; while a party, said to come from Fochabers and neighbourhood—tradition adds with blackened faces so as to prevent identification—gathered round them and, against the orders of the Duke's servants, assailed and wounded some and drove the whole from the field. This incident created a great deal of commotion and serious consequences were threatened, but Alexander, Duke of Gordon, went to London to propitiate the Government, and nothing more was heard of the matter. The Catholics, however, never again ventured to use it, and it fell into ruin." Mr. Hutcheson later corroborates the statement made above, that the Duke of Gordon died from the effects of his hurried journey to London in connection with the Sunday disturbance at St. Ninian's. He adds that the body of the Duke lay in state in the chapel of St. Ninian, surrounded by numerous candles, and that this was the last use to which the chapel was put.

Next to St. Ninian's cemetery in point of age comes Tynet Church. It is, in every sense of the word, a remarkable building. It has the same proportion to the average church that a box border has to a beech avenue. The length of the sanctuary is 15 feet, that of the rest of the church is 95 feet; yet it is only 18 feet broad, and 10 feet to the spring of the roof, with another 3 feet to the ceiling itself. The outside dimensions are still more striking, as beyond the sanctuary there are yet other 50 feet of sacristy, &c. But if Tynet



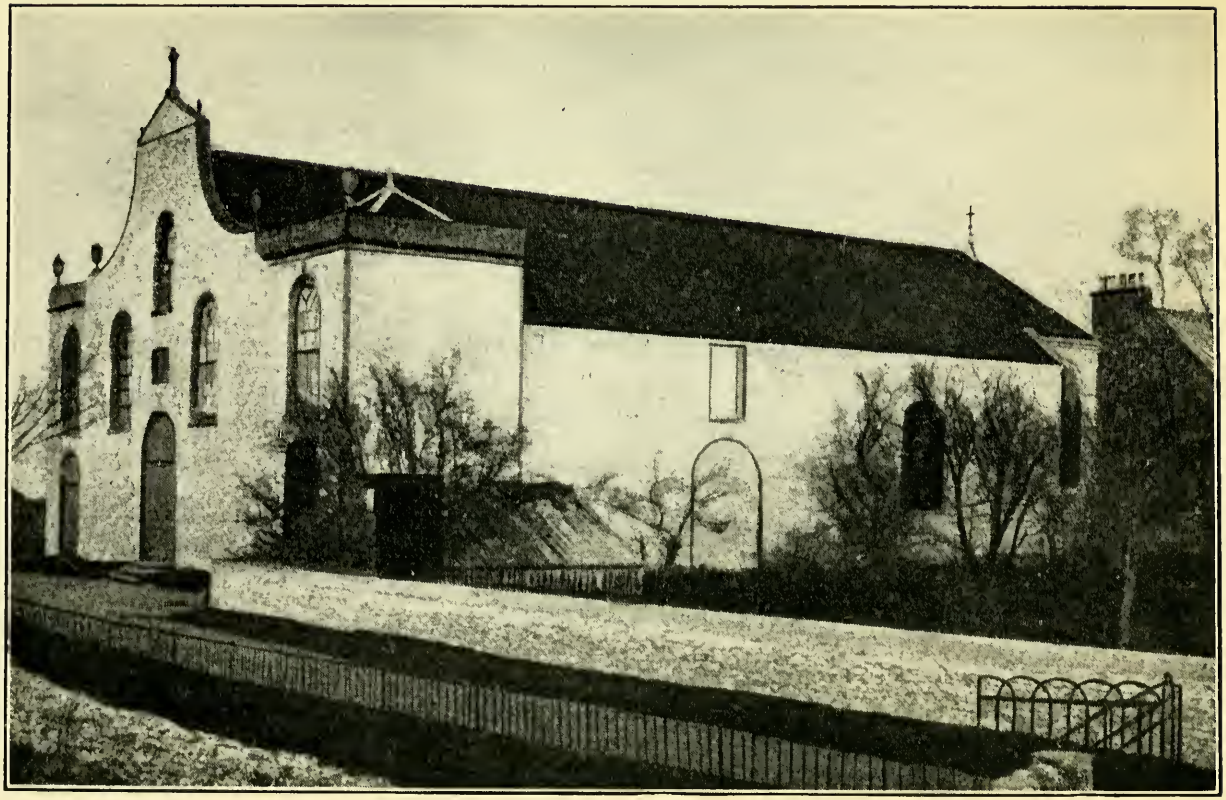
TYNET CHURCH (INTERIOR) *p.* 30

Church cannot boast of architectural beauty, yet it has its own attractions. The quiet, peaceful little building has far greater claims to the title of "House of Prayer" than many another more pretentious building; and, as one party remarked, "It must be a fine easy place to pray in." Its associations also are most pleasing. It was built at a time when it was still penal to celebrate Mass, and hence for safety's sake the Duke of Gordon, who gave the ground, desired that it should be as like a sheep-cote as possible. If fault were later found with him for allowing the building to be put up, his reply was ready, that the building was only a sheep-cote. Indeed, one account has it, that it was actually used for this agricultural purpose, but it seems doubtful whether it really ever resembled the stable of Bethlehem so closely. During the hundred-and-forty years since its erection, Tynet Church has remained practically unaltered, and it now stands a striking piece of evidence of the difficulties which our forefathers had to face for religion's sake. For many years the priest's house was at Auchenhalrig, over a mile distant, the object no doubt being to confirm the idea that the quiet little building was no chapel at all. Built as it was in 1772, it is the oldest Catholic church in Scotland still used for regular service, and yet further interest attaches to the site from the fact that even the 1772 church was a restoration of a still older one opened in 1696.

Between Tynet and Preshome, which next claims attention, runs the burn of Tynet. Hence has been

gathered with great care a very large number of fossil fishes of the "Old Red Sandstone" or Devonian Age, which have been arranged with great skill by the present incumbent of the Preshome mission, whose collection exceeds that of any private individual, and is with difficulty equalled by those of the large public museums of Edinburgh or London.

To follow the history of Preshome in detail would be to give the history of the whole northern district during the past two hundred years, for however erroneous the derivation of "Preshome" from "Priestshome" may be, it correctly conveys the idea of the part which the snug little spot has played in the history of Catholic life in Scotland. That it was originally selected by Bishop Nicholson in 1697 as his residence was due to the fact that it was distant only five miles from Gordon Castle, already mentioned as the bulwark of Catholicism at that period. For twenty years Bishop Nicholson traversed Scotland, exercising his episcopal functions and administering Confirmation for the first time since the extinction of the Hierarchy. The Rev. J. F. S. Gordon informs us that "the principal Station at this period (1703) was the Enzie. Preshome, which is the centre of that district, was the ordinary residence of the Procurator of the Mission, and of the Bishop, when he was not actually engaged in his frequent Visitations. The Protestants called the Enzie 'the Papistical country.' The meetings of the clergy were generally held there. The influence of the Duke of Gordon disposed the Privy Council to leniency as regarded that district,



PRESHOME CHURCH, ENZIE *p.* 32

and generally the estates of Catholic Peers, of whom there yet remained about a dozen, were more or less exempt from the severity of the Penal Laws."[1] Bishop Nicholson's house was still standing in 1829, and there are yet living those who remember its narrow winding stair and quaint old-fashioned appearance.

Instead of being a corruption from Priestshome, Preshome is really a Gaelic word combined of Presh (the bush), and tom (the hill). The old house at Preshome looked to the south-east—that is to say, in the direction of Letterfourie. Close against the south-west gable grew an elder-bush. It is now a very old tree, and a sturdy mark of the old site. The house was not a quarter of a mile from the very primitive "Chapel of the Craigs," the foundations of which may still be traced, although overgrown with moss and fern. Indeed, it appears that there had been two chapels in succession here also, for the first was gutted by the English soldiers on their return march from Culloden, when the books and vestments were carried to Cullen and burned in the market-place. For some time after this the congregation assembled in great privacy in a small room at Preshome. But in 1765, through the exertions of Mr., later Bishop, Hay, the chapel of St. Margaret of the Craigs was rebuilt, and opened for divine service. This chapel of St. Margaret of the Craigs was situated in a deep ravine, and was placed there to be out of sight; but besides the security afforded by its secluded position, scouts

[1] Gordon, "Catholic Church in Scotland," p. 2.

were posted during service on points of prominence, whose duty it was to give timely warning of the approach of the agents of the Government. The military red coat was especially dreaded. On one occasion, just previous to service, a scout was seen hurrying to the church, and word flew through the congregation that a red coat had been seen less than a mile distant. The congregation dispersed in fear and trembling, and the priest retreated into hiding. A few minutes later a most worthy member of the congregation, Mr. Alexander Bennett, farmer, of Barhill, Enzie, arrived on the scene, and was himself not a little discomforted to discover that his grand new red waistcoat had been the cause of the flight of priest and people alike.[1]

The foregoing anecdote is corroborated by some remarks of Bishop Geddes, where he says: "To give an idea of the state of the Catholic religion in Scotland about this time (1745), I shall briefly describe what I myself observed in the Enzie, where I then was. Mr. John Gordon, who was Missionary in the parish of Rathven, which forms the Eastern division of that country, having been very active in raising men for the Prince, as we have said, did not think it safe for him to appear in the neighbourhood of his former habitation for the first twelve months after the Battle of Culloden; and therefore Mr. John Godsman, who was Missionary in the other parish—namely, that of Belley—took

[1] It will be well to point out to the reader that the vests worn in those early days were very conspicuous; they reached very near down to the knees, with huge pockets, so that the scarlet scare was great from start to finish.

PRESHOME CHURCH (INTERIOR)

p. 34

upon him with great care and diligence the charge of all the people of both congregations. He said Mass in various places, commonly in barns, and always in the night-time. Towards the end of the week, he bespoke some barn that happened to be empty, in a place proper for the meeting of the people in the night, between the approaching Saturday and Sunday, and some trusty persons were sent to acquaint the heads of the Catholic families of this determination. On Saturday, when it was late at night, the Catholics convened at the appointed place; after midnight a sermon was made, Mass was said, and all endeavoured to get home before daybreak. These meetings were often very inconvenient, from the badness of the weather and of the roads, and from the people being crowded together without seats; but all was borne with great alacrity and cheerfulness. They seemed to be glad to have something to suffer for their God, and for the profession of His holy religion. We many times got false alarms of searches to be made for us by the soldiers, who were quartered at Fochabers; but such searches seldom or never took place though information were given, because the commanding officers were humane, and soon became intimately acquainted with respectable Catholics in Fochabers and in the neighbouring country." [1]

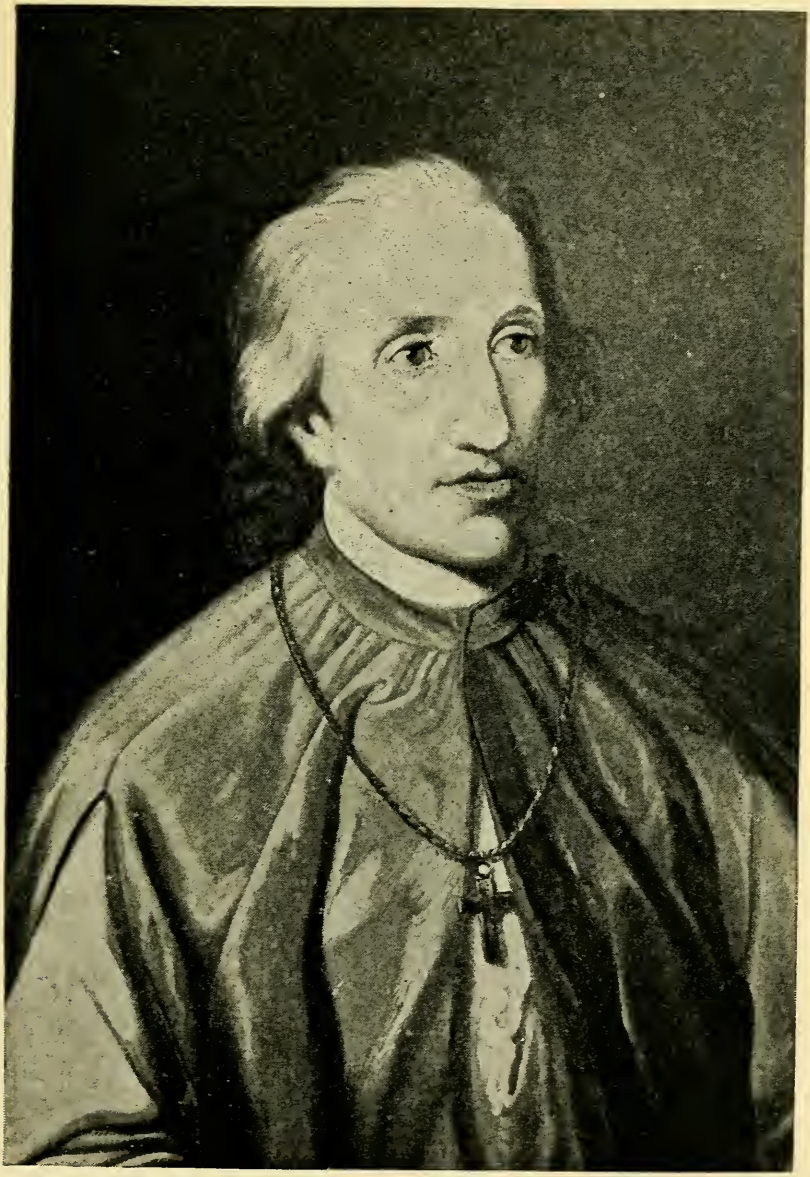
The mention of Mr. Hay as rebuilding the church of St. Margaret of the Craigs reminds me of the fact that it was at Preshome that "this famous

[1] "Catholic Directory," 1838.

pioneer of the Catholic religion in Scotland" began his missionary career in 1759, the year after his ordination to the priesthood, which took place in Rome. At Preshome the young priest was in the neighbourhood of his relations, the Hays of Rannes, of whose influence he availed himself to secure greater toleration for his Catholic brethren.

Of Hay of Rannes the story is told that when pursued by Cumberland's troopers in 1746, this worthy rode hard for the widest part of the Burn of Rathven. He knew the merits of his charger, which did not fail him, but cleared the burn in fine style. Arrived at safe distance he turned to face his pursuers, and finding, as he had expected, that not one of them had dared to follow his lead across the burn, this sportsmanlike soldier, graciously raising his hat, bid the troopers a polite, and, from his point of view, a welcome farewell.

The Rev. George Hay, the future bishop, was himself a man of great and varied accomplishments. According to Dr. Gordon "he excelled in music, both vocally and on the violin." On one occasion, at a convivial party at Edinburgh, Mr. Hay was invited to sing. He gave the company a song from his own collection (according to another account it was an extemporised effort) entitled, "O, the years, the many, many years, that I have lived in vain," arranged to the excellent Scotch melody "Cowden-knowes." Mr. Alexander Wood, his old medical friend, who was present, was affected to tears, and at the conclusion of the song remarked, while



Bishop Hay

p. 36

wiping his eyes: "O Geordie, man, I didna' think ye had sae muckle po'er ower me."

The present church of Preshome was opened in 1790.[1] It was dedicated to St. Gregory, a beautiful painting of that saint, by Carracci, having been given by the last Earl of Findlater, of Cullen House. This remarkable picture has formed the gem of the church of Preshome until the present day, and has now stood a hundred and twenty years over the altar. When the sanctuary was recently enlarged and a new altar put in, the late Mr. Pugin was most urgent in his endeavours to have the picture removed to another part of the church; he was given to understand, however, that it was a *sine quâ non* that the picture should continue to form the altar-piece, and eventually he completed the design which now commands the praise of all who visit the church.

It is the intention of the present incumbent of the Preshome church at an early date to put up a brass to the late Bishop Kyle, who lies buried within the sanctuary, and to erect a cenotaph to Bishop Nicholson, who first selected Preshome as the seat of his labours as Vicar Apostolic. Its charming associations, together with the beauty of the new altar and sanctuary, make the present church of Preshome one of the most interesting, if not absolutely the most interesting, of the Catholic churches in Scotland.

[1] The foundation stone having been laid two years previously by Letterfourie and his brother, "who were to superintend the building and contribute to it very liberally" ("Catholic Church in Scotland," Rev. J. F. S. Gordon).

Fifty years ago Bishop Kyle gathered round him here a number of young priests who served the various missions in the Gordon country, especially Fochabers, Tynet, and Buckie, besides the private chapel at Letterfourie House. Each of these missions has now its resident priest. The church at Fochabers, originally built in 1827, was recently greatly improved by the enlargement of the sanctuary, and the addition of a new carved stone altar. Tynet, as already mentioned, has remained unaltered. At Buckie a handsome church was opened in 1857; its twin spires, which can be seen from a great distance at sea, are familiarly known to fisher folk as the "twa horns of the beastie." How much these churches and the Catholics of this district have been assisted by the Lairds of Letterfourie will probably, according to the wish of the benefactors, ever remain unknown.

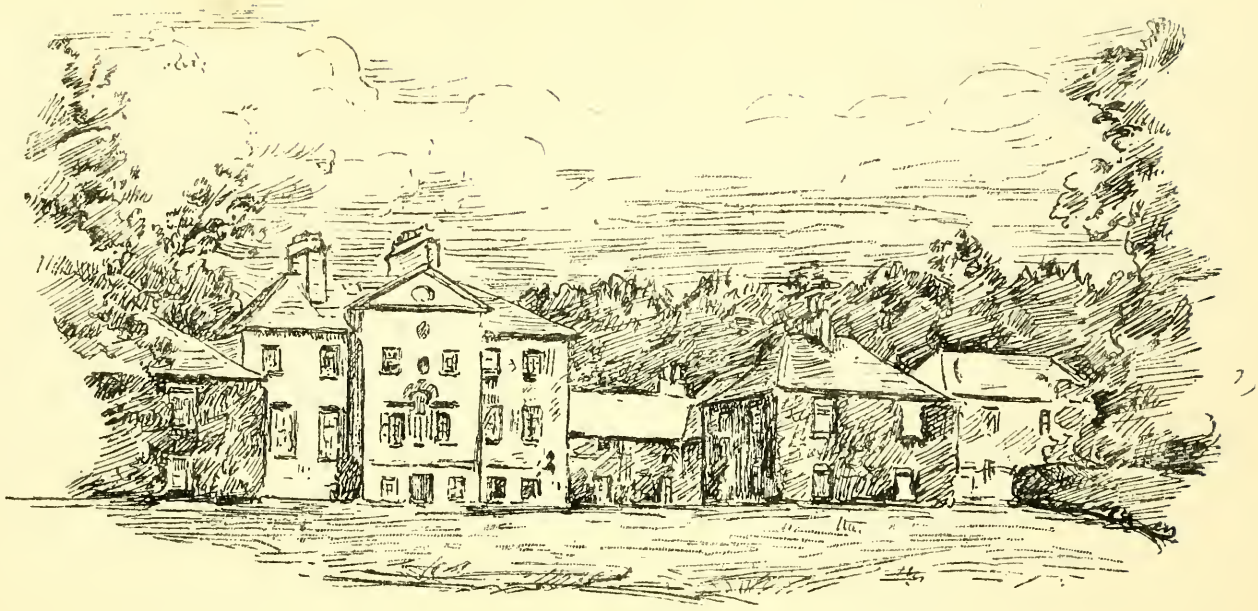
An additional cause of gratitude on the part of the tenantry of the Letterfourie estate, many of whom were five or six miles distant from Preshome or Buckie, was the offer, made to the Bishop by the present Laird, of a sum of money to be spent on the building and endowment of a chapel and priest's house at Maryhill, one mile from Letterfourie. When the Bishop decided that it was best to decline the offer, it was repeated to the Abbot and community of the Benedictine Monks of Fort Augustus, who readily accepted it. The church was dedicated to St. James, in memory of the venerable Monastery of Scots Benedictines at Ratisbon, for which the founder had a great and long-standing affection.

St. James', Maryhill, being situated 700 feet above the sea, delightful views are obtained from it over a large part of the Gordon country; and as the eye rests on Fochabers and Gordon Castle, Tynet, and Preshome, and, lastly, on the beautiful woods and policies of Letterfourie, the mind recalls the days of suffering and persecution, but also of sterling piety and apostolic zeal, of which this neighbourhood has been the scene, in larger measure than any other district of Scotland.

WARDHOUSE

Another branch of the House of Gordon which has preserved the ancient faith is that of Wardhouse, to which the still older estates of Beldorney and Kildrummie were formerly attached.

I am assured that with two exceptions the Lairds of Beldorney and Wardhouse were Catholics, these two exceptions holding the property from 1760–1832. The circumstances of the return of the family to the Catholic Church were as follows: Arthur Gordon, a younger brother of John Gordon, of Beldorney, about 1750 settled at Cadiz, whither he was followed by his nephew James. As Arthur had no children, he desired his grand-nephew, the Laird of Wardhouse, to send to him his eldest son, John David. The Laird long sought to persuade his Spanish relatives to adopt a younger son, but finding his efforts unavailing, he eventually sent them his eldest son, who, soon after his arrival in



WARDHOUSE

Spain, adopted the Faith of his forefathers. He succeeded to Wardhouse in 1832, and in 1834 he contributed largely to the building of the church and priest's house at Huntly.

The next volumes of the Book of Gordon, which are being published by the New Spalding Club, will contain much interesting information regarding Wardhouse, of which I hope to write more fully when these volumes are available.

TERREGLES

I

"The noble Maxwells and their powers
Are coming o'er the Border,
And th'll gae bigg Terregles towers
And set them a' in order.
And they declare Terregles fair
For their abode they choose it;
There's no a heart in a' the land
But's lighter at the news o't."

—BURNS.

WHEN giving an account of Carlaverock,[1] it was remarked how the old castle had stirred the patriotism of Sir Walter Scott, and now that the history of Terregles comes to be told it is found that Burns is no less enthusiastic. And no wonder! At Langside in 1568, and at Preston in 1715, it was the men of Nithsdale who formed the chief part of the Stuart horse; in both battles a laird of Terregles was at their head. After the defeat of Langside, Lord Herries stood almost alone in his fidelity to the unfortunate Mary Stuart, who found at Terregles the shelter which so few dared give their Queen in her misfortune. Most fitting was it then that one

[1] These two articles on Terregles and the former one on Carlaverock are taken in great part from "The Book of Carlaverock," Sir W. Fraser, 1873, by the permission of Lord Herries.

hundred and fifty years later, another laird of Terregles should be amongst the first to espouse the cause of the last of the Stuart princes, for whom, as will be seen, he gladly risked both life and property.

The family of Herries had been settled three hundred years and more at Terregles, when Sir Herbert Herries, about the year 1489, was created by King James IV. Baron Herries of Terregles. His great-grand-daughter and heiress, Agnes Herries, married Sir John Maxwell, second son of Robert, fifth Lord Maxwell. This Sir John Maxwell was born about 1512, and was educated at Sweetheart, or New Abbey, six miles from Dumfries. The circumstances of the marriage of the future Lord Herries with the heiress of that name were peculiar. In 1547 he was employed on behalf of the Earl of Lennox in his attempt to recover by force his estate in Scotland. At this time the Master of Maxwell, as he was called, was seeking in marriage the heiress of Herries, then under the protection of the Earl of Arran, Regent of Scotland, who intended to marry her to his own son. The Master of Maxwell, indignant at Arran's crossing him in his suit, raised 2000 horse to oppose the Earl in his government of the Kingdom, at the same time giving Lord Wharton, the English general, certain young men as pledges that he would assist him. This placed Arran in such straits that to win Maxwell to his side again he offered him the heiress of Herries. Maxwell accepted his bride as the condition of changing sides. So far little fault could be found with the transaction; but a different colour is given

to the affair when one learns that on abandoning the alliance of the English, he left his pledges in their hands, and that these unfortunate men were hanged at Carlisle by order of the English Council. Such was the wooing of the Border heiress of the house of Herries.

There exists at Terregles a deed wherein it is affirmed that the guardians of this good lady gave her in marriage to Sir John Maxwell, on the ground that through his manifold labours he had not only drawn a great part of the inhabitants of the West Borders from the assurance of the English, the old enemies of Scotland, to the obedience of our Sovereign Lady (Queen Mary), but had also expelled the English from those parts of the Kingdom, by which means he had done good service to the Queen.

In December 1563, when Knox was called upon to appear before Queen Mary and her Council, the Queen sat in the chair of State, "haifing twa faithfull supportis, the Maister of Maxwell upoun the ane tor (arm), and Secretour Lethingtoun on the uther tor of the chyre; quhairupoun thay waittit dillegentlie all time of that accusatioun, sumtymes the one occupying hir ear, sumtymes the uther. . . . Knox standing at the uther end of the tabill bairheided." To the Master of Maxwell the refusal of Knox to yield to the wishes of Mary on the head of religion was very embarrassing. He was loud in his complaints about Knox's prayers for the Queen, and the doctrine which he taught touching her estate and obedience to her authority. "Gif I war in the

Quenis Majestie's place," said the Master of Maxwell, "I wald nocht suffer sick thingis as I heir."

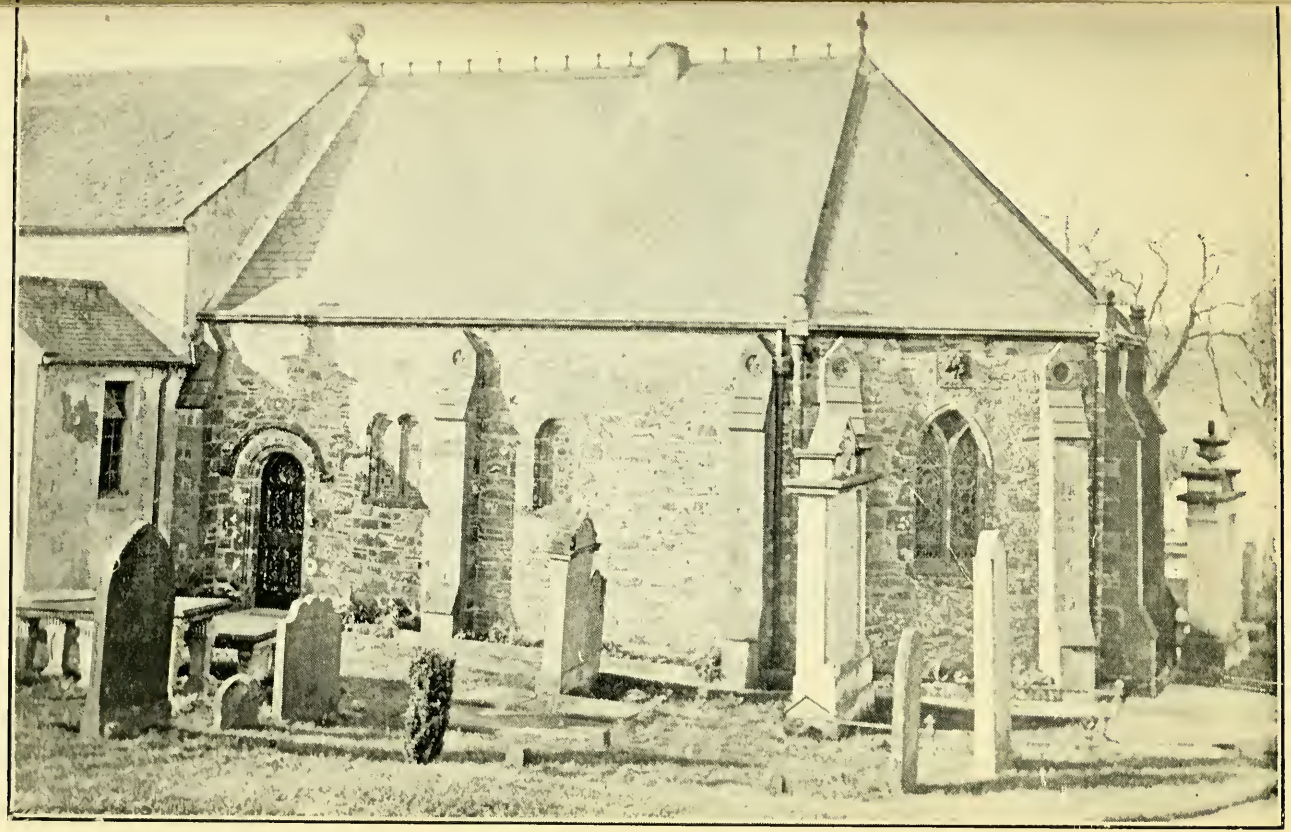
A little later, however, we find him siding with the opponents of Queen Mary; but he was not inclined to carry opposition to her as far as many of the Protestant Lords would have done, and soon after he left these latter and again joined her adherents. From this time forward Queen Mary ever reposed entire confidence in him. Indeed, Mary and Darnley published a solemn declaration of the innocence of Maxwell of the charges of high treason, which his enemies were not slow to bring against him. This declaration ends with the words: "Their Majesties' will, therefore, is that he should be reputed as their trusty servant and counsellor in all times coming." Shortly after this date (1566) Sir John Maxwell became Lord Herries in right of his wife.

When Queen Mary's proposal to marry Bothwell became known, Lord Herries on his knees besought the Queen not to entertain the proposal. He assured her that this step would injure her reputation and expose her to the reproach and resentment of her subjects. Nevertheless he was prevailed upon afterwards with other nobles to sign a paper (14th May 1567) recommending the Earl of Bothwell as a fit husband for her. But only two months later he subscribed a bond supporting the Queen against the opposing Lords; and in August of that year he proved that this promise of support was sincere, for when a herald appeared in Glasgow to proclaim the Earl of Murray Regent and Queen Mary deposed,

Lord Herries, as Warden of the Western Marches, would not allow it, and commanded the herald to depart out of his rule.

On 13th May 1568 was fought the Battle of Langside, in which the forces of Queen Mary were defeated and her prospects were for ever blighted. In that battle Lord Herries had the command of Queen Mary's horse, who were almost all Borderers, dependants of Lord Herries or Lord Maxwell. It was to Terregles that she fled after the fatal battle, and there she remained some days. The bed which she used still exists; while among her relics in the possession of the present Lord Herries may be mentioned a prayer-book, beautifully engrossed on very fine vellum and exquisitely illuminated; the "leading strings" of King James VI., on which are tastefully worked in letters of gold the words, *Angelis suis Deus mandavit de te, ut custodiant te in omnibus viis tuis* (To His angels hath He given charge over thee, that they keep thee in all thy ways), the whole being understood to be the work of Queen Mary.

Whilst at Terregles she held a consultation with her few remaining friends. What course was she to pursue? Should she return to France, or throw herself on the protection of Elizabeth? To her taking this imprudent step, which ever after she had cause to regret, Lord Herries was much opposed. He most earnestly entreated her not to commit herself to the English queen, on whose generosity, he assured her, she could not rely with safety. He could not, however, prevail with his affrighted sover-



TERREGLES KIRK (EXTERIOR)

p. 46

eign, who three days later crossed the Solway Frith in a small fishing-boat, and, landing in Cumberland, was carried to Carlisle. From here she sent Lord Herries to the Court of Elizabeth, and in the letter which he carried to the English Queen, Mary said: "I have despatched my Lord Herries, my faithful and beloved subject, to inform you of these things and others, supplicating you to credit him as myself."

At the Court of Elizabeth Lord Herries had frequent audiences of Her Majesty, whom he assured that, if she would restore Queen Mary to her crown, and assist in the subjugation of her rebellious subjects, she need have no fear of Frenchmen coming to Scotland; Queen Mary would seek the help neither of Frenchmen nor of any other foreigners, but only that of the Queen of England, if she would give it speedily; but otherwise she and her friends would be forced to seek assistance from France or Spain, or wheresoever it might be obtained. He frequently showed Queen Elizabeth that things were driving on to the ruin of his sovereign and her obedient subjects, on whom sentences of forfeiture were daily passed. Her adversaries spent all her patrimony and revenues, destroyed kirks and policies under their usurped authority; old men, priests who never bore arms, wives and children, in numerous instances were cruelly murdered. He denied, though the contrary had been affirmed, that any attempt was intended against England by any of Queen Mary's friends, such an allegation having been invented, like many others, to excite the resentment of the

Queen of England. During the negotiations which followed, Lord Herries was the constant confidant of the poor Queen of Scots. She consulted him regarding her acceptance of the conditions proposed by Elizabeth, and when other of the nobles blamed him to her, she defended his conduct, saying that he had done nothing but by her express command. When the cause of Queen Mary was submitted to Commissioners, Lord Herries was the spokesman on the Scottish Queen's side, and he is acknowledged to have performed his duty with ability and fidelity. On one occasion, before the whole Commission, he vehemently inveighed against the Regent Murray and his party, as the slanderers of his mistress and as the contrivers of the murder of Darnley. He accused them of having plotted the death of their Queen, after having murdered her secretary in her presence, and he affirmed that it was not the punishment of the murderers of her husband which moved them to this proud rebellion, but the avaricious desire to gain possession of her wealth. When we recollect the temper of the Scottish nobles of that period, and how often one after the other even the regents of that date fell by the hand of the assassin, it is truly surprising that Lord Herries should have dared single-handed to speak so openly, and that in the presence of the very men against whom he made charges so serious.

The conference between the Commissioners of the Queen of Scots and of her subjects ended without result. Shortly afterwards Lord Herries was imprisoned by the Regent Murray, who

TERREGLES KIRK (INTERIOR) *p.* 48

blamed him for turning many in favour of Queen Mary.

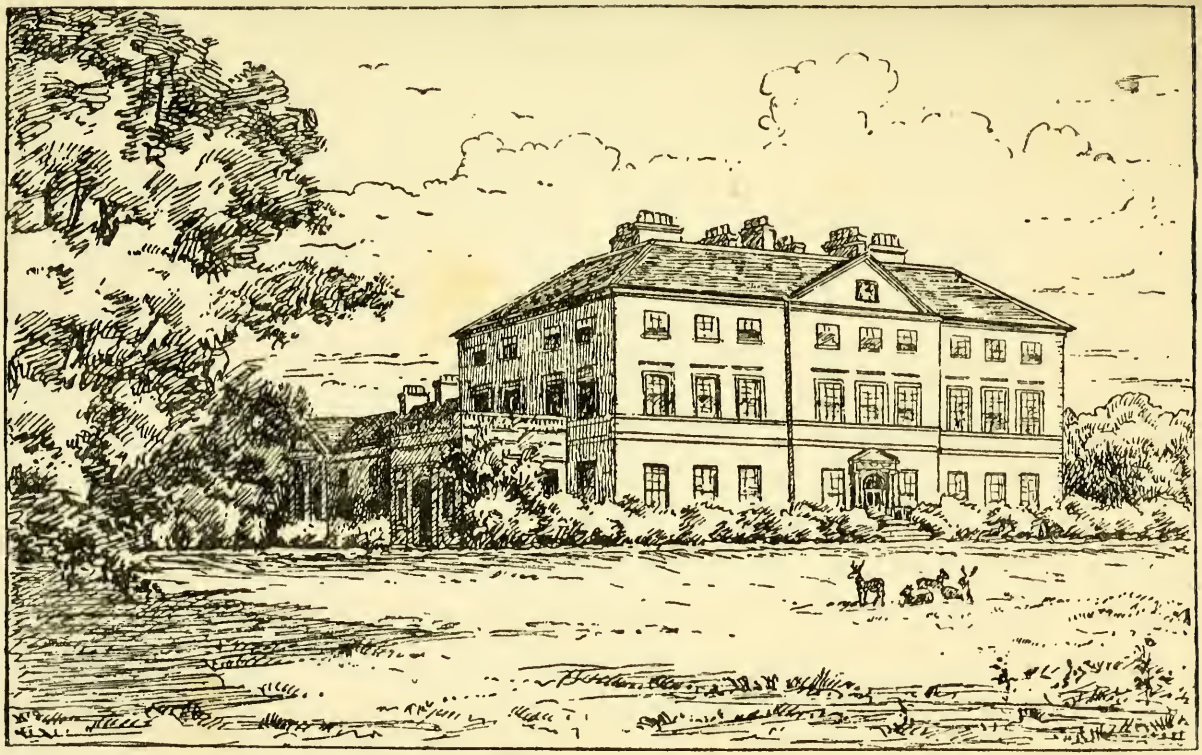
In 1570 it is pleasant to find Lord Herries acting in concert with the laird of Johnston, despite their long-standing family feud, when they effectively resisted the English forces under Lord Scrope. From that date Lord Herries continued to labour on behalf of his captive Queen until his death in 1582. He was interred in the choir[1] of the church of Terregles, which he had built as a place of sepulchre for himself and his family.

It is a sign of the influence of the family in that neighbourhood that this place of sepulchre has ever remained Catholic. Though really forming the choir of the Established Kirk, it has been divided from it by a wall, and, with its separate entrance on the south side, forms a beautiful mortuary chapel. The late laird of Terregles with excellent taste renovated the whole chapel, carefully gathering together the remains of such tombs as were injured by time. The altar, at which Mass is still said on certain anniversaries, is at the east end, immediately over the vault, to which the descent is down a handsome marble staircase, at the head of which is a beautiful statue of the Angel of the Resurrection, by Philipps. With the single exception of her tomb in Westminster Abbey, there is, to those devoted to the memory of Mary Stuart, probably no place so worthy of honour as the tomb of her faithful and most courageous defender. If no monument exists to his memory, he is in this only in a similar position to

[1] Locally known as the "Quair" of Terregles.

his descendant in the fifth degree, William, ninth Lord Herries, and fifth Earl of Nithsdale, whose charming story must now be told.

Succeeding to the titles and estates, as he did, at the early age of eight, this future champion of the House of Stuart was placed under curators, of whom his mother was one. We shall be able to judge of the Catholic instincts of the son from those of the mother, whose death in 1713 is thus recorded by Father James Hudson, at a time when such Catholic death scenes were rare indeed in Scotland: "I take this occasion to condole with your Ladyship" (her daughter, Mary, Countess of Traquair) "for the great losse undergone, by being depriv'd of a most affectionat and tender mother, but at the same time hope that your Ladyship's comfort will soon follow, by the assureance many eyewitnesses here, and I especially, can give of the happy circumstances that attended a most pious and Christian death. . . . The evening of the 4th (January) a severe fainting fit supervening, startl'd the doctor, and induced hir Ladyship to make me be call'd again, and to demand Extreme Unction, which I promis'd in due time. After this, being inform'd of the doctor's sentiments, I thought fit to administrat the Viaticum about 2 in the morning of the 5th, and finding her Ladyship's condition become still more dangerous, I gave Extreme Unction upon the 6th, between 3 and 4 in the afternoon. Both these sacraments were received by my Lady with much piety and tenderness, and I found her weaned from the world and resign'd to the dispositions of



TERREGLES HOUSE

Providence . . . when presence of mind return'd, I suggested to my Lady some thoughts and acts of Christian piety fit for that juncture, with which her Ladyship showed herself sensibly touch'd. The sweet name of Jesus was often repeated by her with an affectionat tone. Very few minuts befor breath departed, my Lady was perfectly in her senses, and at last, without struggling, her Ladyship expired, while I was actually reciting the usuall recommendation of the soul." Such was the mother, the son will be seen to have been not unworthy of her.

In 1699, at the age of twenty-three, he was in Paris, but whether to do homage to his exiled Sovereign at St. Germains, or to win the hand of his future bride, Lady Winifride Herbert, is uncertain. Their marriage, however, took place after Easter of that year, when the young couple took up their residence at Terregles. They soon found that toleration was not one of the virtues of those about them, for on 24th December 1703, evidently with a view to disturb the midnight Mass, the ministers of Irongray and Torthoral with several others, assembled a number of fanatics and attacked the house of Terregles, under the pretence of searching for priests and Jesuits. The Earl of Nithsdale, justly indignant at such proceedings on the part of private individuals, sued the perpetrators on the following charges: That they invaded his dwelling-house, and that, too, under cover of night: that they came armed with guns and swords and in such numbers as greatly to aggravate the offence: that they forced open doors with iron hammers,

broke the outer and inner gate "with horrid noise and beating": that they violently entered the house and searched it, and that, too, when the Countess was indisposed, so that her life was in imminent danger.

But the fanatic ministers were not to be outdone; they raised criminal proceedings against the Earl "for the hearing Mass and concealing thereof, the resetting of Jesuits, seminary priests and trafficking papists," and quoted the laws and Acts of Parliament making these criminal offences. The dates were also given when Mass was said and when priests were entertained at Terregles, and it was urged that the law of 1700 for the preventing of Popery warranted all persons and encouraged them, by the reward of 500 merks, to apprehend and seize the persons of "trafficking priests and Jesuits." The two cases, that of the Earl of Nithsdale against the ministers and that of the ministers against the Earl, were heard at Edinburgh, 7th February 1704, but ended in a compromise, both parties abandoning their right to sue the other.

In 1712 the Earl of Nithsdale disponed to his only son, William, all his estates, reserving only the life-rent. This arrangement proved most fortunate for the family, as it secured to them the estates when the Earl was forfeited for his share in the rebellion of 1715.

It is well known to all, how in August of that year, the standard of the Chevalier of St. George was planted at Braemar, and that on 6th September, James III. was proclaimed King of Scotland, Eng-

land, France and Ireland. The Earl of Nithsdale and Lord Kenmure joined the English portion of the Jacobite forces under Forster and Derwentwater, who marched upon Preston and took it. But on 14th November they were forced to surrender at discretion to General Wills, who took 1500 prisoners, amongst these being the Earl of Nithsdale. Beautiful are the lines of the aged minstrel warrior of eighty years, whose mournful strains bespeak his intense and undying affection to the house of Nithsdale:—

"Green Nithsdale, make moan for thy leaf's in the fa',
The lealest of thy warriors are drapping awa';
The rose in thy bonnet, that flourished sae and shone,
Has lost its white hue, and is faded and gone!
Our matrons may sigh, our hoary men may wail,—
He's gone, and gone for ever, the Lord of Nithisdale!
But those who smile sweetest may have sadness ere lang
And some may mix sorrow with their merry merry sang.

Full loud was the merriment among our ladies a',
They sang in the parlour, and danced in the ha'—
O Jamie's coming hame again to chase the Whigs awa':
But they cannot wipe the tears now so fast as they fa'.
Our Lady does nought now but wipe aye her een—
Her heart's like to burst the gold-lace of her gown;
Men silent gaze upon her, and minstrels make a wail—
O dool for our brave warrior, the Lord of Nithisdale!

Wae to thee proud Preston!—to hissing and to hate
I give thee: may wailings be frequent at thy gate!
Now eighty summer shoots of the forest I have seen,
To the saddle-lapps in blude i' the battle I hae been,
But I never ken'd o' dool till I ken'd it yestreen.
O that I were laid where the sods are growing green
I tint half mysel' when my gude lord I did tine—
He's a drap of dearest blood in this auld heart of mine.

By the bud of the leaf, by the rising of the flower,—
By the sang of the birds, where some stream tottles o'er,
I'll wander awa' there, and big a wee bit bower,
To hap my gray head frae the drap and the shower;
And there I'll sit and moan till I sink into the grave,
For Nithsdale's bonnie lord—ay, the bravest of the brave!
O that I lay but with him in sorrow and in pine,
And the steel that harms his gentle neck wad do as much for mine!"

From Preston the principal prisoners were sent to London, where their arrival is thus described: "The prisoners were brought to town from Preston. They came in with their arms tied, and their horses (whose bridles were taken off) led each by a soldier. The mob insulted them terribly, saying a thousand barbarous things, which some of the prisoners returned with spirit. I did not see them come into town, nor let any of my children do so, though almost everybody went to see them."

King George and his Government resolved to make an example of the foremost of the prisoners, and six were selected, of whom Lord Nithsdale was one, to be impeached for High Treason. A bill to that effect was passed through Parliament on 9th January; on the 10th the accused Lords were brought to the Bar of the House, and ordered to give their answers by the 19th, when they pleaded guilty. The 9th February was the day appointed for passing judgment upon them. In pleading guilty they had hoped to mollify the King's resentment and incline him to the side of clemency, but in this hope they were mistaken. The Earl of Nithsdale, when asked what he had to say why

judgment should not be passed upon him according to law, stated that, "at Preston His Majesty's generals gave great hopes and encouragement to believe that surrendering to His Majesty's mercy was the ready way to obtain it, with repeated assurances that His Majesty was a prince of the greatest clemency." The Lord High Steward, in delivering judgment, could not, he said, admit the pleas which they had made, as any extenuation of their guilt, and, therefore, it was his sad duty to condemn them to the foul death of being hanged, drawn, and quartered.

The Earl of Nithsdale now prepared to meet his fate. He drew up with his own hand what he intended to be his dying speech, declaring that "in the first place I die, as by God's grace I have always lived, a true and devoted son of the Holy Catholic Apostolic Roman Church. Secondly, I declare that I drew my sword merely out of motives of justice and piety, to assert the undoubted and hereditary right of that Prince, whom I then believed and still believe to be my only liege lord and lawful Sovereign, James the Eighth of Scotland and Third of England, and to deliver my native country from the oppression and misery under which it groans. If I fall a victim to so good and glorious a cause, it is what my ancestors have done, who generally shed their blood for the defence of their King and country. . . . Fourthly and lastly, I declare that in imitation of my Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and in obedience to his most just command, I heartily and sincerely forgive all my enemies, not

only those who did or wished me any harm, but those also who are most accessory to my death, and thirst most after my blood, earnestly desiring that by the effusion of the same, the wrath of God justly incensed against these nations may be pacified.

"WILLIAM, EARL OF NITHSDALE."

Another most affectionate letter was addressed by him to his sister, the Countess of Traquair: "I most willingly make use of some of the most precious moments of my life to give you the last assurances of my tenderness towards your persons, and off my gratitude for your manifold favours, and espesialy for your generosity towards me in these my hard sircumstances, in which you have shewed yourselfs trwe and cordiall friends. I also most humbly thank you for your unparalelled goodnes towards my dearest wife and children, whom I most ernestly recommend to you, as what is most dear to me after my oun soul. You have been informed by my orders of what has passed here relating to me, and what my dear wife has done for me, so all I shall say is, that there cannot be enough said in her praise. Everybody admires her, everybody applaudes her, and extolles her for the proffs she has given me of her love. So I beg you, dearest brother and sister, that whatever love and affection you bear to me, you would transfer it unto her as most worthy of it."

Great as had been the devotion of that most devoted wife and heroic the efforts to which it had already prompted her, yet the whole world burst

forth in her praise when two days later it became known that that devotion had not rested until at the risk of her own life, she had snatched her husband from the gates of death, by delivering him from prison on the very day preceding that fixed for his execution.

TERREGLES

II

"Now what news to me, cummer,—
Now what news to me?"
"Enough o' news," quo' the cummer,
"The best that God can gie."
"Has the Duke hanged himsel', cummer,—
Has the Duke hanged himsel',
Or taken frae the other Willie
The hottest nook o' hell?"

"The Duke's hale and fier, carle,—
The blacker be his fa'!
But our gude Lord of Nithsdale,
He's won frae amang them a'."
"Now bring me my bonnet, cummer,—
Bring me my shoon;
I'll gang and meet the gude Nithsdale,
As he comes to the toun."

"Alake the day!" quo' the cummer,—
"Alake the day," quo' she;
"He's fled awa' to bonnie France,
Wi' nought but ae pennie!"
"We'll sell a' our corn, cummer,—
We'll sell a' our bear;
And we'll send to our ain lord
A' our sett gear.

"Make the pipe blaw, cummer,—
Make the pipe blaw;
And let the lads and lasses both
Their souple shanks shaw.
We'll a' be glad, cummer,—
We'll a' be glad;
And play 'The Stuarts back again,'
To make the Whigs mad."[1]

—ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

"IN my last I gave your Ladyship an account of the fatal sentence pronounced against the six Lords

[1] "Songs of Scotland," vol. iii. p. 189.

who had pleaded guilty. Their submitting themselves to King George's generals att Preston to avoid the effusion of Christian blood, their acknowledging themselves guilty, and their imploreing mercy, has availed them nothing. The warrant for their execution was signed on last Saturday, and the day appointed for them to dy is next Friday. My tears make me stopp here. I wish I could stopp or att least mitigate, your Ladyship's! The only comfort I have myself, or can give your Ladyship, is that my dear Lord has received this dreadfull sentence with an angelicall resignation to the holy will of Almighty God, in whom he hopes to find a merciful Redeemer. As he lookt on his confinement as a favor from Heaven, so he has made a most Christian use of it, passing the much greater part both of night and day in prayer and spiritual lecture, and voluntary mortifications, besides the sufferings inseparable from a prison. He has had the comfort of receiving almost dayly, since the sentence was pronounced, the greatest pledge a God of love could give him of his tenderness." Such was the account given by Father J. Scott of the preparation for death of the last Earl of Nithsdale. The letter was written on 21st February 1716, three days before the fatal sentence was to be carried out. From that sentence there then appeared to be no escape. The petition which Lady Nithsdale drew up and presented to King George had only exasperated him, on account of the odium which he incurred by reason of his harsh treatment of her. The circumstances were as follows. On

Monday, 13th February, Lady Nithsdale managed to gain access to a room in the Palace through which she knew that the King would pass. As he advanced down the room she knelt and presented the petition, telling him in French that she was the unhappy Countess of Nithsdale. The King paid no heed to her. She seized the skirt of his coat and held fast, pathetically appealing in French to his mercy, and was dragged by him upon her knees almost from the middle of the public room to the drawing-room door. One of the King's bodyguard, putting his arms round her waist, pulled her back, and another disengaged the skirt of the King's coat from her hand. The unhappy Countess was left almost fainting on the floor, with her rejected petition beside her. This rude treatment of Lady Nithsdale by the King was much talked of. A king of England, it was said, had never refused a petition from the poorest woman, and it was a gratuitous and unheard of brutality to treat as he did a person of her quality. The King, far from relenting, was much embittered against the Countess for the freedom with which his conduct was censured on this occasion; and afterwards, when all the ladies, whose lords had been concerned in the Rebellion, put in claims for their jointures, Lady Nithsdale being amongst the number, he went so far as to say that she did not deserve hers and should not obtain it. She was accordingly excepted, and he would never hear anything said in her favour. But if such was the obduracy of the King, the feelings of those about him were quite different.

"The whole Court," we are told, "was moved to compassion. The whole town applauds her and extols her to the skies for it, and many who thirst for the blood of the others wish my Lord Nithsdale may be spared to his lady."

The kind wish, expressed in these last words, was indeed realised, and that, as has been already mentioned, by the daring of Lady Nithsdale herself. The following is abridged from the beautiful letter of the Countess to her sister, Lady Lucy Herbert, Abbess of the English Augustinian Nuns at Bruges: "When arrived" (in London from Terregles), "I went imediately and solicited all the persons in power, without the least hope given me of any favour; all the contrary, every one was so plain as to tell me that perhaps some of the prisoners might be pardoned, but not him for certain. I beg'd to know the occasion of this distinction, but could obtain noe answer, to that point, but that they would not flatter me, which, though they did not tell me, well did I know the reasons: A Catholick vpon the Borders, and one who had a great following, and whos family had ever vpon all occasions stuck to the royal family, and the only support the Catholics had amongst that Whigish part of the country, would be well out of the way. They had not yet forgot that his grandfather held out, as the last garrison in Scotland, his own Castle of Calaverock, and render'd it up but by the King's own orders, so that now they had him in their power, they were resol'd not to let him slip out of their hands. Vpon

WILLIAM, FIFTH EARL OF NITHSDALE (1715) *p.* 62

which I took the resolution to endeavour his escape, but confided my intention to noe body but my dear Evans."

The Earl was confined in the house of Colonel D'Oyly, Lieutenant-depute of the Tower, in a small room which looked out on Water Lane, the ramparts and the wharf, and was sixty feet from the ground. The door was guarded by one sentinel, the floor by two, the passages and stairs by several more, and the outer door by two. How was it possible then for the Earl to escape? But what would have seemed impracticable to less energetic minds did not seem to be so to Lady Nithsdale. She was frequently admitted to see him, and in making these visits she conciliated the guards by giving them money. Two days previous to the fatal day a resolution had been adopted by the House of Lords to petition the King on behalf of the condemned Lords—of those only who would be ready to give information as to all who had embarked on the insurrection. The Earl of Nithsdale, she well knew, would never purchase life at such a price, nor did she desire that he should. Yet to further her design she took advantage of this resolution. Hastening to the Tower, and putting on a joyous air, she went up to the guards at each station and told them that she brought them good news. There was now, she said, no fear for the prisoners, as the motion that the Lords should intercede with the King had passed. The sentries, by believing that the prisoners would be pardoned, would, she judged, be less vigilant. To keep them

in good humour she gave them some money, and bade them drink the health of the King and of the Peers.

On Thursday, 23rd February, in the afternoon, she started on her perilous journey. Of the two ladies who accompanied her, the one, Mrs. Mills, was tall and stout; the other, Mrs. Morgan, was tall but slender. On reaching the Tower Lady Nithsdale first brought in Mrs. Morgan — for she was allowed to take in only one at a time—who brought in the clothes that Mrs. Mills was to exchange for her own. Mrs. Morgan having left the clothes, Lady Nithsdale quietly conducted her out again, going with her partly downstairs, and saying to her at parting: "Pray do me the kindness to send my maid to me, that I may be dressed, else I shall be too late with the petition which I have to present." Lady Nithsdale next took into the room Mrs. Mills, who, as instructed by her, came in with her handkerchief to her eyes as if in tears for her friend the Earl who was about to suffer death. The Earl was to go out in the same manner, the more effectually to conceal him from the guards. Mrs. Mills' eyebrows were somewhat yellow, whilst the Earl's were thick and black; but Lady Nithsdale, by a little paint and ringlets of the same coloured hair, remedied this. There was, moreover, no time to shave his long beard; but she brought some white paint to cover it and the rest of his face, and some red paint for his cheeks. The guards, who were in good humour from the little money she had given them the night before, allowed

WINIFRED, COUNTESS OF NITHSDALE (1715) *p.* 64

her to go in and out with the ladies, and believing that a pardon would be granted to the prisoners, they were in effect not so watchful as they otherwise would have been. Mrs. Mills having exchanged her dress, Lady Nithsdale conducted her out of the Earl's room, addressing her as they passed through the other rooms, in which were no less than nine persons—the wives and daughters of the guards—"Pray, Mrs. Catherine, look for my woman, who has apparently forgotten the petition which I am to give in, and bid her haste to come to me." The sentinel opened the door immediately.

Having seen out Mrs. Mills, who did not go out as she had come in, with a handkerchief to her eyes (this was reserved for the Earl), Lady Nithsdale returned to her husband, and having got him quite ready, now, thought she, was the time for action. It was growing dark, and afraid lest the keepers should bring in the candles, which would have defeated her plans, she without longer delay came out of the room, leading by the hand the Earl, who was clothed in the attire of Mrs. Mills, and held a handkerchief about his eyes, as if in tears, which served to conceal his face.

To prevent suspicion, she spoke to him in a plaintive tone, complaining that Mrs. Evans, by her long delay, had ruined her, and addressing him as dear Mrs. Betty, she said, "Run and bring her with you for God's sake; you know my lodging, and if ever you made haste in your life, do it now, for I am almost distracted with this disappointment." The guard, who had not been keenly observant of

the coming in and departure of the two ladies, without the least suspicion opened the door. Lady Nithsdale went downstairs with the Earl, still conjuring him as "dear Mrs. Betty" to make haste. Having got him out of the door, she stepped behind him, lest the sentinel might have discovered something in his gait to cause suspicion. At the foot of the stairs she found Mrs. Evans, who conducted the Earl with great presence of mind to a house in Drury Lane where she knew he would be safe.

Thus was the truly romantic adventure of Lady Nithsdale successful by the kindly assistance of two ladies. But her own courage seems to have exceeded all credibility, absolutely alone as she now was within those gaunt Tower walls which have frozen the heart of so many a brave warrior. She had made a show of sending the lady—who was the Earl—on a message. It was therefore necessary for her to return to his room and appear to be perplexed and in anguish as before. This she did, calling forth the compassion of all about the place. On reaching the Earl's chamber she affected to speak to him, and answered as if he had spoken to her, imitated his voice, and walked up and down the room, as if they had been talking together, till she thought that he had had time enough to be out of reach. Then opening the door to depart, she went half out, and holding it in her hand, that those outside might hear, she took a solemn and affectionate leave of her husband for that night. Before shutting the door, to prevent its being opened from the outside, she drew into the inside

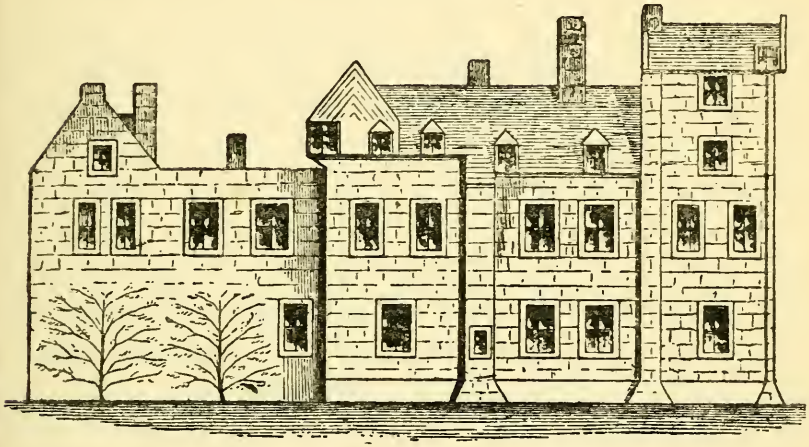
a little string that lifted a wooden latch, and then, to close the door securely, shut it with a bang. In passing she told the Earl's valet, who knew nothing of the matter, that his Lordship, as he was at his prayers, did not wish candles to be brought till he called for them. Then she went downstairs, passed out of the Tower, and later joined her husband in his hiding.

Her own account of her unbounded joy at the success of her enterprise is very charming. "After which (giving the good news at her own lodging and at the Duchess of Buccleuch's) I made one of the servants call me a chair, and bid them goe to the Dutchess of Montrose, who had all along shew'd a perticular concern for me. She had left word that in case I came, to say she was not at home, because she said she could not see me in the trouble she knew I would be in, but by some mistake they brought me vp, so there was noe remedy. So she came to me, and as my heart was very light, I smil'd when she came into the chamber, and run to her in great joy. She realy started when she saw me, and since own'd that she thought my head was turned with trouble, till I told her my good fortune; after which she beg'd me to put myself in place of security, for that she knew the Electour was highly displeased with me for the pitition I had given him that had occasion'd his being complained of. I desired they would call me a chair, for I never kept any for fear of being tris'd (traced). The Dutchess said she would goe to Court and see how the newse was receiv'd, which she did, and told me

the Electour storm'd terribly when the account came, and said he was betray'd, for he was sure it could not have been done without connivance."

The Earl safely crossed to France, and as it was believed that the Countess was with him, the Government made no search for her. Upon her application, however, for permission to go safely about her business, this was refused, and it was threatened that she would be arrested if she appeared openly in Scotland or England. But her work was not yet done. At the first news of the imprisonment of the Earl on the charge of high treason, three months previously, the Countess had foreseen that their house at Terregles would be searched. The family papers might thus be carried away and lost. Here again she gave signal proof of the foresight for which she was so conspicuous. Should the Earl be condemned and forfeited in his life and estates, could nothing be done to save her son from beggary? She believed that something might be done. The Earl, as before mentioned, had made a disposition of his estates to his only son, Lord Maxwell, in the year 1712, three years before the rebellion, reserving to himself only the life-rent. There was then good hope, that should the Earl be forfeited in his estates, it might with reason be argued that only his life-rent could be forfeited, as this was all he possessed at the time he joined the rebellion. Hence the importance of saving all the family papers; but how was she to secure them? She knew of no one to whom she could entrust them. She resolved therefore to

bury them in the garden at Terregles, and none but herself and the old gardener knew anything of the matter. When it was dark these two dug a hole in a secluded corner of the garden, into which they placed the writs, carefully covered so as to exclude the damp from them as much as possible, and then threw back the earth in such a manner that all trace of what had been done was



OLD TERREGLES HOUSE

obliterated. The wisdom of this precaution soon became apparent; the house was often searched after she was away.

It would have seemed enough for any woman to have saved the life of one, however dear to her that life might be, at the risk which we have seen Lady Nithsdale undergo, but what she had done for the father she was now to do for the son. She was told that to remain in Scotland or England would mean her death if she were arrested, nevertheless

to secure her son his inheritance she did not fear to travel back to Scotland. She was obliged to make the journey of 300 miles on horseback in order to avoid the publicity of the coaches, and to lodge in small ill-furnished inns for the same reason. Arrived at Terregles she found that her coming to Scotland was then unknown. She did not, however, now conceal it, but had the extraordinary boldness to convey the impression that she had got the permission of the Government to return to Scotland. To strengthen this belief she sent word to all her neighbours, and intimated the pleasure she would have in seeing them. Meanwhile she hastened to unearth the family papers, which she found, though the winter had been severe, perfectly safe, and as dry as if they had been at the fireside. She immediately sent them to her daughter at Traquair, thus accomplishing the work for which she had come to Scotland, and once again bringing to a successful issue a work which needed great endurance, courage, and forethought.

Lady Nithsdale now started to rejoin her husband in France, but the anxiety and the fatigue which she had gone through and the stormy passage brought on a miscarriage during the voyage, so that her life was in the greatest danger. Happily, however, she reached the French coast in safety, though in a most prostrate condition.

It would be pleasing to describe how this most faithful wife and devoted mother passed her remaining years, from 1716–1749, in peace and comfort. But such was not to be her lot; she

had much to suffer from the jealousies of those in attendance on the Chevalier, and from the pecuniary embarrassments of her husband. These arose in great part on account of the expenses incurred by himself and his predecessors in providing men and munitions of war to assist the Stuart sovereigns from the unfortunate Queen Mary down to the time of the insurrection of 1715, as also on account of the fines and forfeitures entailed thereby. Only £200 could be provided yearly from the estates for the support of the Earl and his Countess, and even when this is multiplied by five to give its value in money of the present day, it looks little enough. Yet had the Countess had even this at her disposal, she would have managed well enough; the extravagant habits of the Earl, however, kept him continually in heavy debt, and the Countess had much to suffer in consequence. Under these circumstances she thought of leaving the Court of the Chevalier at Rome, and of living quietly elsewhere: "If I did not thinke it was for the good of my family, I must confess a privater (life) would have been more suitable to my inclinations. *But we must live for others in this world and not for ourselves,* and duty must still be preferred, and whatever the event may be, I shall endeavour to omit noe part of it, and leave the rest to God." In this same letter she mentions that she had the happiness to receive "one handsome suit from the Pope, which was procured for her through the kindness of a Cardinal."

After following Sir William Fraser in so much of

the preceding, I cannot refrain from quoting his tribute to one for whom he seems to have had great admiration. "The devotion of Lady Nithsdale to her unfortunate husband, her disinterested character, and her exemplary virtues as a wife and as a mother, have commanded the veneration of her descendants, who, justly proud of such an ancestor, never mention her name, but with the utmost honour, gratitude, and affection. Nor is this admiration confined to them: a character so self-sacrificing and so exalted, must command the respect of all who read the story of her chequered and romantic life.

"Amongst the family treasures at Terregles is the portrait of Lady Nithsdale, taken when she was in the bloom of youth. The expression betokens much sweetness of disposition, in combination with great shrewdness and force of character, such as under the influence of wifely tenderness and affection, could contrive and execute the noble deed of heroism with which her name in history is associated."

Terregles and the Nithsdale estates passed in 1776 to the grand-daughter of the Earl of 1715. Although the title was still attainted, she was popularly known as Lady Winifred Maxwell, and she is so styled in her marriage contract, which was made at Terregles on 16th October 1758. From her marriage with William Haggerston Constable, of Everingham Park, Yorkshire, the present family descends; the head of which became, in 1848, the tenth Lord Herries of Terregles, the Barony

of Herries being the only one held by the attainted Earl, which passed in the female line.

It was Lady Winifred and her husband who undertook to replace the old house of Terregles by one more in accordance with the altered conditions of the time. In this they admirably succeeded, and the result of their work is the present spacious mansion of Terregles. Regarding the old house, of which a sketch still exists, it is interesting to note that it was condemned to be pulled down as early as 1568. At that time the Regent Murray made a military progress, and in its course razed to the ground various castles of those who opposed him. But Terregles, though condemned to destruction, was spared for a singular reason. "The Lord Herreis' hous of Terreglis the Regent gave full orders to throw it doune. But the Laird of Drumlangrig, Whoe was the Lord Harreis' uncle, and much in favour with the Regent, told that the Lord Herreis wold take it for a favour if he wold ease him of (his) pains, for he was resolved to throw it doune himselfe, and build it in another place. The Regent sware he scorned to be a barrow-man to his old walls. And so it was safe." It stood for two hundred years after this incident.

If the poet Burns admired the true Jacobite spirit of the ancestors of Lady Winifred, their fidelity to the old religion was still more worthy of the highest praise. It has been well said that "her forefathers were second to none in Scotland in the steadfast adherence to the cause of their legitimate kings and in the sufferings for their loyalty, and

superior to all in the firm and undeviating attachment to the Catholic religion, the faith of their ancestors." The attachment to these two causes brought the family at one time almost to penury, but at the period when Burns wrote, the weary night of persecution had passed, and the dawn of happier times was bringing joy to the owners of Terregles and to their dependants.

Indeed, during the quarter of a century that Lady Winifred possessed the Nithsdale and Herries estates, she resided chiefly at Terregles, where she dispensed a very generous and almost unbounded hospitality. She seldom sat down to dinner without a company of between twenty and thirty friends and neighbours. Terregles in her day was a kind of open house, where friends came and stayed without any formal previous arrangement.

When sending the lines which follow to Lady Winifred Maxwell, Burns thus wrote: "Common sufferers in a cause where even to be unfortunate is glorious—the cause of heroic loyalty. Though my fathers had not illustrious honours and vast properties to hazard in the contest, though they left their humble cottages only to add so many units more to the unnoted crowd that followed their leaders, yet what they could do they did, and what they had they lost; with unshaken firmness and unconcealed political attachments, they shook hands with ruin, for what they esteemed the cause of their King and their country. This language and the enclosed verses are for your Ladyship's eye alone. . . .—ROBT. BURNS."

Then follow two verses, the first of which is prefixed to the previous article, the second is as follows:—

"Though stars in skies may disappear
And angry tempests gather,
The happy hour may soon be near
That brings us pleasant weather:
The weary night of care and grief
May hae a joyful morrow;
So dawning day has brought relief,
Fareweel our night o' sorrow."

GLENFINNAN

The Clanranald country, which was bounded on the east and south by the districts of Lochaber, Sunart, and Ardnamurchan, on the west by the Atlantic, and on the north by Loch Nevis, comprised a district about twenty miles long by fifteen broad. These were the mainland possessions of the clan. It is a land of mountains and corries, lochs and streams, now indeed thinly populated and chiefly abandoned to deer. At one time, however, the inhabitants were much more numerous, and yet the land yielded what sufficed for their support—duly supplemented, as it was, by forays on the cattle of their neighbours. The headquarters of Clanranald was Castle Tirrim, an island stronghold, justly considered impregnable, for, though repeatedly attacked, it was but once taken and that by stratagem. From 1353, when the building was commenced, until 1715, when the chief of that day ordered it to be set on fire to prevent it from capture, Castle Tirrim was the centre of activity and of warlike preparations, more than 2000 men marching thence under the banner of Clanranald.

Of this wide tract of land the eastern portion, that bordering on the Cameron country, was the heritage of the Macdonalds of Glenaladale. It was

their duty to guard the frontiers, whence they are justly described as having been a "buffer state." In these circumstances additional interest attaches to the fact that of the whole Clanranald country their portion alone has been handed down to the descendants of the ancient lairds; all the rest of the properties have passed to strangers.

The Glenaladale family first came into prominence in connection with the insurrection of 1745, in which they themselves and their neighbourhood became very conspicuous. Loch-nan-Uamh, Kinlochmoidart, Glenaladale, Glenfinnan, Morar, and Borrodale are all places full of memories of those stirring times, a short account of which must be given in any description of the district.

In considering the insurrection of '45 it is necessary to remember that by right of birth the Stuarts were undoubtedly the lawful sovereigns of England and of Scotland. There was, moreover, widespread discontent among the peoples of both countries. As a contemporary writer puts it: "The Prince (Charles) was informed that the Hanoverian yoke was now severely felt, and that the people were disposed to lay hold of the first opportunity to shake it off. To account for the general discontent which appeared among all ranks, we need only consult the genius of the people of England, and observe the encroachments made upon the Constitution." The same writer later says: "The intruders of the family of Hanover, conscious of the lameness of their title and the precariousness of their tenure, seem to have nothing in view, but increasing their power and

gratifying their insatiable avarice." Further on he complains woefully of the corruption which existed amongst Ministers and others in high position at Court, and points out that England having been for some years at war with Spain and a further rupture between England and France being imminent (as indeed it occurred shortly after), the Prince's project of regaining the throne of his ancestors was "by no means chimerical."[1]

These arguments had been pressed upon prominent Jacobites, who had undertaken, in the event of large supplies of men and money being furnished from abroad, to join in the insurrection. The supplies were actually collected at Dunkirk, where Prince Charlie on his arrival found all ready for his expedition. At this moment nothing seemed brighter than the prospects of the Stuart exiles: France and Spain were at war with England, and had placed large supplies at their disposal; discontent was rampant in Britain, and only needed the torch to burst out into open rebellion; whilst leading men on both sides of the Border had promised to join their standard as soon as it was raised on their native soil.

But circumstances entirely altered when a storm dispersed the French ships of war, and, driving the transports in confusion on the shore, forced the troops to return to their quarters. The foreign assistance was, at least for a time, unavailable, and the Jacobites in Britain were not bound by promises

[1] "Narrative of Prince Charles's Expedition to Scotland in the year 1745" (James Maxwell, of Kirkconnell. Maitland Club, 1841).

made conditionally on that assistance. Whether Prince Charles, if left to himself, would have patiently waited another favourable opportunity cannot be decided. He was urged by one of his chief agents, John Murray of Broughton, not to delay his journey to Scotland, and he decided to follow this advice.

On the arrival of Prince Charles at Eriskay, a small island between South Uist and Barra, with only seven gentlemen, the old chief of Clanranald absolutely refused to join. His cousin, Macdonald of Boisdale, followed his chief's example, and urged the Prince to return home. "Return home!" exclaimed the Prince; "I am come home." The two lairds, however, continued their opposition, so their royal visitor decided to try the younger generation. To this end he sailed his ship, *La Doutelle*, to Loch-nan-Uamh on the Arisaig coast. Here there came on board young Clanranald, Kinlochmoidart, and other gentlemen. Again the Prince was met with refusals, and the whole project was near being abandoned, when Kinlochmoidart's younger brother, Ranald, waved his cap in the air with the words, "Though no other man in the Highlands should draw a sword, I am ready to die for you." This sudden burst of enthusiasm turned the tide of the deliberations, and one after another the chiefs present pledged themselves to espouse the cause of the Stuart princes. Although old Clanranald and Boisdale were not present at this meeting, and later continued opposed to the insurrection, nevertheless it has been justly remarked that to the Macdonalds

of Clanranald belongs the honour of first taking up arms for Prince Charles and his royal father, and it may be considered as almost certain that had they not done so the history of '45 would never have been written.

Having gained this much support, Prince Charles landed from *La Doutelle*, and, with a small band of Clanranald clansmen as a bodyguard, took up his residence at Borrodale House, the residence of Angus Macdonald, Glenaladale's uncle. Here people of all ages and conditions of life flocked to see "the lad with the face of a lass." Here, too, he was visited by Cameron of Lochiel, and once again sentiment overcame sound reason. Lochiel had stated to his brother, John, who urged Lochiel to refrain from an interview and place his reasons in writing, that he must go and dissuade the Prince from continuing so rash an enterprise. But when, to the Chief's entreaties that he would return home, Prince Charlie replied with a taunt, "Lochiel can stay at home and read in the newspapers of the doings of his Prince,"[1] the gallant Chief was overcome, and hastening to his own country raised his clan, of whom it is said that not one able-bodied man was left behind.

On August 11 Prince Charles left Borrodale, and, sailing for Kinlochmoidart, passed in Loch Moidart the ruins of Castle Tirrim. History does not record whether the young Prince's heart sank at the sight of the grand old pile, a terrible warning of the ruin brought to many a household by the insurrection of

1 "The Life and Adventures of Prince Charles Edward Stuart," Drummond Norie, vol. i. p. 145.

1715, and which was to be repeated tenfold as the result of his present enterprise.

At Kinlochmoidart the Prince stayed with Donald Macdonald from 11th to 18th August. That day he sailed up Loch Shiel to Glenaladale, where he spent the night. Of the old house at Glenaladale not a trace remains, the family residence having been destroyed by the Hanoverian troops. About forty years ago the present house of Glenfinnan was built. It is interesting to note that before the existence of roads, of which there were none in the Highlands a century and a half ago, a large piece of water such as Loch Shiel formed a convenient means of transit. Hence we find that Prince Charles went by water the greater part of the way from Kinlochmoidart to Glenaladale, and again, on the following day, from Glenaladale to Glenfinnan, which he reached on August 19.

Here a bitter disappointment awaited the Prince. He had expected to see the clansmen assembled in their hundreds, armed with target and claymore, and to hear the hills re-echo with the sounds of the pibroch. To his amazement there were but fifty men under Macdonald of Morar and fifty more under Clanranald. In vain did he scan the distant heights and the quiet valley leading to Lochiel's country. All was quiet.

At length, after a painful suspense of two hours, word flew round that the pibroch was sounding, and soon the foremost ranks of the Camerons appeared, with Lochiel at the head of his 800 men, "all plaided and plumed in their tartan array." This

fine body of men had scarce come up to the Prince, when the Keppoch Macdonalds, to the number of 300, were seen approaching. That day Prince Charlie saw himself at the head of 1200 men.

The standard, which had been blessed by Bishop Macdonald, brother of the Laird of Morar, was raised on high by the Duke of Atholl, and as the banner floated in the breeze the little army brandished their trusty claymores in the air, and cheered the Prince and his royal father, for love of whom they had drawn them. Thus was formally opened in the hitherto silent recesses of Glenfinnan, "the expedition in which Prince Charles Edward, with a handful of undisciplined men, made himself master of Scotland; penetrated into the heart of England; vanquished armies of regular troops in pitched battles; and for several months engaged the attention and kept in suspense the fate not only of Great Britain only, but of Europe."[1]

An interesting roll is still preserved, which gives the names of the Moidart men who joined the expedition. Of the Glenaladale and Glenfinnan men it names—

Glenaladale	Rorie Macdonald	wanting.
,,	Mac In vic Ean	gun.
,,	Donald MacVorrich	sword.
,,	John Macdonald	wanting.
,,	Sandie Macdonald	gun and sword.
,,	Allan his brother	gun and sword.
Glenfinnan	Alexander Macdonald	gun and sword.
,,	Ranald his brother	wanting.
,,	Allan Du	wanting.
,,	Allan MacAllister vic Murdo	gun and sword.

[1] Maxwell's "Narrative," p. 1.

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Glenfinnan	Ewan Mac Millan	gun.
„	John his brother	wants.
„	Angus More	gun.
	Angus Macpherson — tailor	sword.
„	Angus M'Isaak	wants.

Of the officers of the Clanranald contingent, the young chief of Clanranald was colonel, the Laird of Glenaladale was the major, his brother John was one of the ten captains. This list as it at present exists gives only eighty names, but there were probably 300; and even this number would have been trebled but for the opposition of old Clanranald and of Boisdale.

We cannot here follow the army in detail on what was little less than a triumphal march to Perth (4th September), Edinburgh (17th September), Carlisle (14th November), and Derby (4th December), whence the retreat north began; Glasgow was entered without opposition (26th December), the victory of Falkirk followed (17th January), and thence the retreat was continued until the fatal day of Culloden (16th April) ended the campaign.

Of the behaviour of the Highlanders during the expedition some interesting notices are preserved. Prince Charlie enjoined on them the greatest clemency for the vanquished, and this order was in accordance with their natural chivalry. The Clanranald journalist tells us: "Whatever notion our Lowland people may entertain of the Highlanders, I can attest they gave many proofs this day (Prestonpans) of their humanity and mercy. Not only did I often hear our common clansmen ask the

soldiers if they wanted quarter, and not only did we, the officers, exert our utmost pains to save those that were stubborn, or who could not make themselves understood, but I saw some of the private men after the battle run to Port Seton for ale or other liquors to support the wounded. As one proof for all, of my own particular observation, I saw a Highlander carefully and with patient kindness carry a poor wounded soldier on his back into a house, where he left him, with a sixpence to pay his charges. In all this we followed not only the dictates of humanity, but also the orders of our Prince, who acted in everything as the true father of his country." Evidence to the same effect as this from the Clanranald journalist is given by Maxwell of Kirkconnell, and is confirmed by traditions still existing in the South.

The simplicity and mirthfulness of the Highlanders were very remarkable. The following instances are taken from amongst many. After the battle of Prestonpans a Highlander sold a good sound watch for a trifle, with the remark: "Ach, the puir paste deed laste night." It had in reality stopped for want of winding. On the return march, however, they seem to have found that their good nature was sometimes traded on, for we are told that "after the battle of Falkirk a small party laid violent hands on a flaming Jacobite named David Watt, then the principal innkeeper of Falkirk, brought him out to the street in front of his own house door, and, setting him down squat upon the causeway, deliberately eased his feet of a pair of

new shoes with silver buckles. He protested his Jacobitism to save them; but the spoliators, perhaps accustomed to such shallow excuses, disregarded his declaration, ironically observing, "Sae muckle ta better—she'll no grumble to shange a progue for the Prince's guid."

Again, after the battle of Preston, when the search for spoil had ceased, the Highlanders began to collect provisions. They fixed their mess-room in one of the houses of Tranent, and, sending abroad through the neighbouring parks, seized such sheep as they could conveniently catch. The people of the village have a tradition of their coming straggling in every now and then during the day, each with a sheep upon his back, which he threw down at the general depot, with the exclamation, "Tare's mhair o' Cope's paagage!"[1]

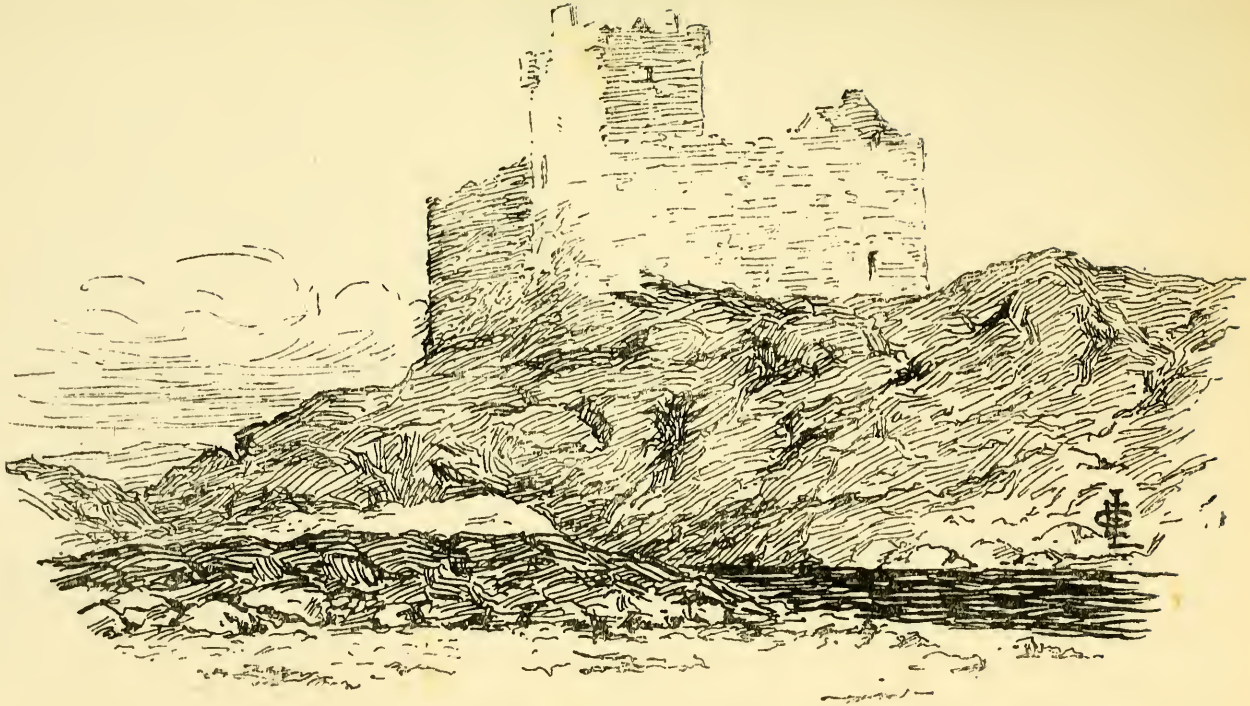
After the battle of Culloden it was to his devoted followers of Clanranald that Prince Charles turned for protection, and here he received most faithful service. In his distress Borrodale and young Clanranald nobly protected the Prince, and that at the risk of their own persons. It was from Borrodale that Prince Charles sailed for the outer islands; it was to Borrodale that he returned after his adventurous voyages, in which Flora Macdonald played so gallant a part; it was from Borrodale that the royal fugitive at last embarked for France, "a sair, sair altered man." But before this took place the royal wanderer had to spend eleven weeks, from July 5 to September 20, skulking about the moun-

[1] Chambers's "History of the Rebellion of 1745," pp. 208, 117.

tains of the Clanranald, Glengarry, Cameron, and M'Pherson countries; living for weeks in caves, and often spending the whole night in the open. When the woods and fastnesses of Borrodale were no longer safe for the fugitive, Glenaladale and his cousin John, a son of Borrodale, managed with the greatest difficulty to convey the Prince at night across the cordon of sentries by which they were surrounded.

When at last the Prince escaped to France, Glenaladale did not accompany him, but succeeded in evading his pursuers until the Indemnity Act set him free. Of the others mentioned above, Kinlochmoidart had already been hanged at Carlisle, being taken prisoner in the early part of the rebellion. Boisdale was arrested on suspicion of having harboured the Prince and sent to London, but was liberated soon after. Bishop Macdonald sought refuge on an island on Loch Morar, and might have been safe enough, but his companion Simon, Lord Lovat, was too fiercely sought after, and both had to flee from the island, the Bishop only avoiding capture with the greatest difficulty. He later escaped to France, whence he several times returned to Scotland. He was apprehended in 1755, and sentenced to perpetual banishment but the sentence was not enforced. He died in Invergarry in 1773.

Such was the fate of some of the principal actors in the last Stuart revolution. Whatever may be thought of the temerity of Charles in deciding to come single-handed to such an undertaking—and the large measure of his success goes far to justify that—there can be no doubt as to the wonderful



CASTLE TIRRIM

spirit of chivalry of which the expedition gave proof. One does not know which to admire most—the personal pluck of the Prince, his clemency to his prisoners of war, and his cheerfulness under the terrible privations of his wanderings, or the enthusiasm and courage of the clansmen, their fearlessness in battle, and their most striking fidelity, which neither the vastness of the money reward of £30,000, nor the fear of personal suffering and loss of property could overcome. If the expedition of 1745 had taken place four hundred years earlier, in the palmy days of chivalry and minstrelsy, no tale would, even to this day, be more popular than that of the '45.

Of the ecclesiastical buildings within the neighbourhood of Glenfinnan the most ancient is the ruin of St. Finnan's church on the island of that saint in Loch Shiel. St. Finnan, a disciple of St. Columba, was the first to instruct the inhabitants of this district in Christianity. He resided on the isle, which has been called from him Eilean Finnan, and here his successors in his apostolic work lived after him, until the island came to be considered holy ground. It then became the chief burial-place for all the country round, and gave its name to a parish, of which the priest was known as "rector of Eilean Finnan." The church, of which the ruins are still seen, was probably built about 1300. The bell belonging to the old church is still preserved, and this bell, as well as the ruined church and the burial-ground, are still in great veneration with Catholics and Presbyterians alike. The last

man to live upon the island was Neil Mor-an-Eilean, who is always spoken of as a man of great bodily strength and most thorough fearlessness. On one occasion the bell of the old church, then standing unused on the ruined altar, was carried off by a party of soldiers passing from Castle Tirrim to Fort William about 1715. The clansmen gave chase, overtook the soldiers at Glenfinnan, and inflicted condign punishment on the robbers. The chief delinquent was tied to a tree and soundly flogged by Neil.

The church was allowed to fall into ruins at the period of the Reformation, but the island continued to be used as a place of burial, an imaginary line from east to west of the island marking off the portions reserved for Catholics and for Protestants. The present incumbent of the Mingarry mission, within which Eilean Finnan lies, has arranged that in future there shall be a yearly Mass said on the Sunday within the Octave of the Assumption within the old church of St. Finnan. Although the walls of this ancient building are roofless, the altar is still where it stood four hundred years ago, and round about are the graves of those who have there been laid to rest during no less than thirteen centuries. The Catholic portion of the island forms part of the estate of Dorlin, which was purchased from the old Macdonalds of Lochshiel by Mr. Hope Scott in 1855. The new proprietor did much to improve the dwellings and lands of the smaller tenants, and it was he who built the Catholic church and schools for the people of Moidart at Mingarry. The improvements, initiated by his predecessor, were continued by the

late Lord Howard of Glossop, who purchased the estate in 1871. The present Lord Howard very recently acquired Castle Tirrim and the adjacent small island of Riska, which had been reserved to the Clanranalds from all previous sales.

It is interesting to note the circumstances which led to the reduction of the Catholic congregation of Moidart from 1100 to 600 souls. Alexander Macdonald, the last Laird of Lochshiel, became involved in pecuniary difficulties, as a result, in great part, of the potato famine of 1846, when the Western Highlands suffered so severely that Government had to take measures to relieve the distress. In order to make the estate more self-supporting, Lochshiel was urged to turn large tracts of land into sheep farms and to remove the crofter population. To this measure in the majority of cases the crofters were not averse, and it was recommended by the priest of Moidart, Rev. Ranald Rankin, who had most intimate knowledge of his people and of the district. He was persuaded that emigration was preferable to the great poverty in which the people were living. In 1855 Father Rankin joined his emigrant flock in Australia, whither about 500 persons had preceded him from amongst the Catholic population of Moidart.

But to return to the times of persecution, from 1650 to 1700, the names of only five or six priests are known as ministering in this district, but it is stated on the authority of Bishop Kyle, who had great knowledge in these matters, that there were really many more, whose names have not been

handed down to us. Indeed, the faith has been so well preserved in the country of Clanranald that there is strong presumption of the faithful having had much opportunity of practising their religion. Otherwise it would be very difficult to explain the remarkable fact that the boundary of the Clanranald country is also the dividing line between the Catholic and Protestant districts. South of Loch Shiel there are very few Catholics, north of it the greater part of the population still preserve the old faith, especially in Morar—Blessed Morar, as it is called, because no Protestant minister ever preached within its bounds.

Rev. Charles Macdonald gives the following account of one of the best known priests of this period: "A very remarkable priest came to devote himself to the service of his countrymen in 1671. This was Father Robert Munro, a native of Rossshire, whose whole career gives evidence of uncommon fortitude and of most untiring zeal. He was in Knoydart in 1688, but shortly afterwards was seized, tried at Edinburgh, banished from the Kingdom, and threatened with the penalty of death if he ventured to return. After reaching the Continent he was seized again, and imprisoned at Ghent as a conspirator against the Prince of Orange. The intervention of some friends procured his liberation. Attempting to re-enter the Kingdom he was captured once more, robbed of everything, thrown into prison in London, where he was detained a year, and finally banished. Nothing daunted, he got on board the first vessel leaving Dunkirk, and

this time, landing safely on the Scottish coast, he found his way to his old friends among the glens, A.D. 1698, to whose service he consecrated himself with more fervour than ever. In 1704, while lying prostrate with fever in a miserable hut in Glengarry, he was discovered by some English soldiers, who carried him off to the Castle, where he was thrown into the dungeon, and where, after receiving the vilest treatment, he was allowed to perish. This brave priest, not including the years spent in prison or in banishment, laboured for thirty years among the Highland Catholic districts." [1]

In 1707 Bishop Gordon visited the Highlands and was delighted with the people he found there. Writing to Rome he says: "I never had more comfort every way than amongst these poor people." It was during this visit that a small house was built on the island on Loch Morar, intended as a school for youths preparing to go to the Scots colleges abroad. It was in this school that Hugh Macdonald later Bishop of the Highland District, was educated. As already mentioned he took refuge in this house in 1746, and here he gave Simon, Lord Lovat, shelter, until they were both driven from the island.

From a manuscript by Bishop Geddes we learn that during the '45 the Clanranald men had their own chaplain, Mr. Allan Macdonald. The Glengarry men and the Glenlivat men had theirs also. These chaplains all wore Highland dress with sword and

[1] "Moidart, or Among the Clanranalds," by Rev. C. Macdonald, Priest of Moidart, whose work is the authority for much of the foregoing.

pistol, and went under the name of Captain. At the battle of Falkirk Mr. Allan Macdonald rode along the line and gave his blessing, which the Catholics received on their knee. Mr. Allan Macdonald was later made prisoner along with Mr. Alexander Forrester, and conveyed with Mr. Charles and Mr. John Farquharson, missionaries in Strathglass, and Mr. Cameron, S.J., of the Lochiel family, to Inverness, where they were all put on a man-of-war and carried to London. After some months they were banished the Kingdom, when Mr. Macdonald went to Rome, where he lived a great many years.

The MS. then goes on to say: "Early in the spring of 1746 some ships of war came to the coasts of the Isle of Barra and landed some men, who threatened that they would lay desolate the whole island if the priest were not delivered up to them. Mr. James Grant, who was missionary there and afterwards bishop, being informed of these threats, in a safe retreat in which he was in a little island, surrendered himself, and was carried prisoner to Mingarry Castle, on the western coast, where he was detained for some weeks. He was then conveyed to Inverness and thrown into the common prison, where there were about forty prisoners in the same room with him. Here he was for several weeks chained by the leg to Mr. McMahon, an Irish officer in the service of Spain, who had come over to be of use to the Prince. In this situation they could not in the night-time turn from the one side to the other without the one

passing above the other. The people of the town, out of humanity, furnished them with some little conveniences, and, amongst other things, gave to each a bottle, which they hung out at the window in the morning, and got filled by charitable people with fresh water, which was an agreeable circumstance to Mr. Grant. But one morning the sentinels accused the prisoners to the visiting officer of having entered into a conspiracy to knock them on the head with the bottles, which they had procured for that purpose. Mr. Grant and others pleaded the improbability of this ridiculous accusation; but they were not heard, and the bottles were taken away. Mr. Grant was wont to own that he felt being deprived of his bottle more sensibly than any other thing that was done to him. At last his brother, John Grant, in Wester Boggs (Enzie), got account where he was, visited him, gave him money, and made such interest with gentlemen of their clan as to get him liberated in May 1747, under condition that, under bail, he should present himself when called; which he never was."

Mention has already been made of an ecclesiastical college which was begun in 1705 on the island in Loch Morar. This was transferred in 1768 to Buorblach, close to the present railway station at Morar, but after a stay of only ten years it was removed to larger and more commodious premises at Samalaman, on the sea-coast of Moidart. Once again it was transferred in 1804 to the island of Lismore. The houses at Buorblach and Samalaman still exist, the latter being with very slight altera-

MONUMENT, GLENFINNAN *p.* 94

tions the residence of the present Laird of Glenuig, Lord MacLaren.

The College, which sent forth many most excellent priests, has now been united to that of Blairs, to which the youths of the district, as well as of the greater part of Scotland, are now sent. In the matter of vocations to the priesthood few families can rival that of Glenaladale. Indeed, from the time when the young Laird, Angus, became a priest, about 1675, there has seldom been a generation which did not give a priest to the Church in Scotland. The present generation, however, affords a striking instance in this respect, for of the children and grandchildren of John, Laird of Glenaladale, who died in 1830, three were nuns and six were priests, of whom three became bishops. The Right Rev. Angus Macdonald was consecrated Bishop of Argyll and the Isles in 1878, and in 1892 was transferred to the metropolitan see of St. Andrews and Edinburgh, which he filled until his death in 1900 at the early age of fifty-six. His elder brother, Hugh, was consecrated Bishop of Aberdeen in 1890. He, too, died at the age of fifty-six, worn out by ill health and hard work, like his brother, whom he predeceased in 1898. Bishop Hugh Macdonald was succeeded in the see of Aberdeen by his cousin, the Right Rev. Æneas Chisholm, the present bishop.

Of the Lairds of Glenaladale after '45, John Macdonald, about 1773, took a prominent part in furthering the emigration of poor Catholics of the district to Prince Edward's Island. He himself most generously sold his estate of Glenaladale to

his cousin and joined the previous bands of emigrants. He took a prominent part as a Loyalist in the Revolutionary war, and had a large share in raising the Royal Highland Emigrant Regiment. In consequence of his activity in the service of the Crown, the British Government offered him the Governorship of the Island. This he declined because of the obnoxious oath which had to be taken.

Alexander Macdonald, whose family had long been settled at Borrodale and had there rendered such signal service to Prince Charles, bought the Glenaladale estates from his cousin. It was his grandson, who, about the beginning of last century, erected the monument at Glenfinnan to commemorate the raising of the Standard there in 1745. The inscription, which received great praise from Sir Walter Scott, is as follows:—

ON THIS SPOT WHERE
PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD
FIRST RAISED HIS STANDARD
ON THE 19TH DAY OF AUGUST MDCCXLV
WHEN HE MADE THE DARING AND ROMANTIC ATTEMPT
TO RECOVER A THRONE
LOST BY THE IMPRUDENCE OF HIS ANCESTORS
THIS COLUMN IS ERECTED BY
ALEXANDER MACDONALD, ESQ., OF GLENALADALE
TO COMMEMORATE THE GENEROUS ZEAL
THE UNDAUNTED BRAVERY AND INVIOLATE FIDELITY
OF HIS FOREFATHERS AND THE REST OF THOSE
WHO FOUGHT AND BLED IN THAT
ARDUOUS AND UNFORTUNATE ENTERPRISE.

BEAUFORT

In almost all the Catholic districts of Scotland the preservation of the old faith was due to the support afforded by some family of importance; in the district which surrounds Beaufort, however, this is not the case. From the beginning of the Reformation until the commencement of last century, the Catholics in the Aird and in Strathglass received no more support from the two chief families of the neighbourhood, namely, the Frasers and the Chisholms, than was to be expected from the heads of clans, who looked upon all their clansmen, whatever might be their religion, as members of their own family. But in the early years of the last century, when the chieftainship of the clan Fraser fell to the Catholic family of Strichen, the case entirely altered, and the Catholics throughout the district received very great encouragement from their chief at Beaufort.

The district in which the old faith now received so great a revival extends from the mouth of the Beauly river to its source, a distance of about twenty miles. He who would visit its scenes of interest must book his seat in the mail-coach and be content to proceed by this old-world conveyance, which has served so many generations. Indeed, if he

make the journey in summer time, he will have little reason to regret the leisurely pace at which he travels. The scenery is most attractive and of great variety.

The first object which will catch his eye is the old ruin of Beauly Priory. Of this house, founded by John Bisset in 1230 for religious of the Order of Valliscaulians, Mr. Chisholm Batten, its historian, says: "The monastery of Beauly was small, and the Order to which it belonged neither powerful nor popular; but amidst the havoc and slaughter which the annals of Scotland for the period detail, it is refreshing to trace the quiet flow of the Priory's history, uneventful it may be, yet clear and smooth, and undimmed by stain or crime.

"Two gentle tastes were cultivated within its walls, the love of gardens and the love of books; none who have nourished these affections but will reverence its ruins. There was kept up a monastic school, which made the house the Lamp of Learning to the North; and there the simple life and frugal habits of its inmates enabled them to let their lands to kindly tenants on such easy terms, that a perpetual feu, at the rent they received, was worth some forty years' purchase."[1]

No doubt it was in consequence of the Priory being a "Lamp of Learning to the North" that in 1375 we find the Master of Lovat being educated and residing there under Prior William Cumming. Again, about the year 1520, there were being educated at the Priory Alexander and William, sons of Hugh, Lord Lovat; the sons of Mackenzie

[1] "History of Beauly Priory," Chisholm Batten, p. vi.

Beauly Priory

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of Kintail, Munro of Foulis, Ross of Balnagown, and of the Sheriff of Moray—a list of names of which the school might well be proud. Within the Priory church was the burial-place of the Beaufort family from 1397 to 1633.

At this latter date we are given a glimpse of the manner in which sport was conducted at this period, and I will insert it here in order not to interrupt the subsequent narrative. From a manuscript of the beginning of the seventeenth century, quoted by Mr. Mackenzie in his "History of the Frasers," from which much of what follows is taken, we learn how "Lord Seaforth, on his way to visit his Kintail tenantry, resolved to have a grand hunt in the forest of Monar, invited and prevailed upon his friends, the Master of Lovat, Captain Thomas Fraser, his brother, Hugh Fraser of Struy, &c., to accompany him and take part in the hunt. He had also with him the flower of all the youth in our own country, and a hundred pretty fellows more. We travelled through Strathglass and Glenstrathfarrar to South Monar. The Tutor pitched his tent on the north side of the river, and Struy his tent on the south side. Next day we got sight of six or eight hundred deer, and had sport of hunting fitter for kings than for country gentlemen. The four days we tarried there, what is it that could cheer and renovate men's spirits, but was gone about?—jumping, archery, shooting, throwing the cabar, the stone, and all manner of manly exercises imaginable. And for entertainment our baggage was well furnished with beef, mutton, fowls,

fishes, fat venison, a very princely camp, and all manner of liquors. The fifth day we convoyed Seaforth over the mountains in sight of Kintail, and returned with the Master of Lovat—a very pretty train of gallant gentlemen. Masters Hill and Man, two Englishmen who were in the company, declared that in all their travels they had never had such brave divertisement, and if they should relate it in England, it would be received as mere rant and incredible."

Of Catholic life amongst the chiefs of the clan, we do not find much evidence until we come to the celebrated Lord Simon of the '45. He stated on several occasions that when in France he had joined the Catholic Church; it is, however, to be feared that he put few of its instructions into practice during his life. The charges of rape, of black ingratitude to friends who had risked their lives and had saved his, of treachery even in regard to his own son, and of boundless ambition, are now but too well proved. It is, however, asserted, and there is good ground for the assertion, that were the lives of other men of that time in Lovat's position subjected to such searching inquiries as were made into the life of that nobleman, his contemporaries would be found to be guilty of as great, if not of greater, breaches of both moral and civil law. Nevertheless it is agreed on all sides that his last moments were the most dignified and irreproachable of his whole life, and he then fearlessly declared his adhesion to the Church of Rome. When asked about his religion he replied that "he

THE RETURN HOME

was a Roman Catholic, and would die in that faith; that he adhered to the rock upon which Christ built His Church; and to St. Peter and the succession of Pastors from him down to the present time; and that he rejected and renounced all sects and communities that were rejected by the Church." He desired the attendance of Mr. Baker, Chaplain to the Sardinian Ambassador, to perform the last services of the Catholic Church for him. His jocoseness, even at the thought of death, was very remarkable. When the Major of the Tower came to see him, the third day before his execution, and asked how he did: "Do," said his Lordship; "why, I am doing very well, for I am preparing myself, sir, for a place where hardly any Majors, and very few Lieutenant-generals, go."

If, as it is stated, he hoped to the last to have the sentence of death remitted, his constant profession of the Catholic faith is not a little remarkable, for he must have known that at that excited period such profession was a great obstacle to favour at Court. His last words, delivered in writing to the Sheriff on the scaffold, show no signs of the hypocrisy which so distinguished his ill-famed career; indeed, their dignity and simplicity are in striking contrast with his usual style. They were as follows:—

"As it may be reasonably expected that I should say something of myself in this place, I declare that I die a true, but unworthy member of the Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church.

"As to my death, I cannot but look upon it as glorious.

"I sincerely pardon all my enemies, persecutors, and slanderers, from the highest to the lowest, whom God forgive, as I heartily do, and die in perfect charity with all mankind.

"I sincerely repent of all my sins and firmly hope to obtain pardon and forgiveness of them, through the merits and passion of my blessed Lord and Redeemer Jesus Christ, into whose hands I recommend my soul. Amen.—LOVAT.

"IN THE TOWER, 9 *April*, 1747."

Seventy years later, namely, in 1815, Beaufort passed to Thomas Alexander Fraser of Strichen, the only son of Capt. Alexander Fraser of Strichen (who was descended from Hugh, fifth Lord Lovat), and of his wife Emilia, daughter of John Leslie of Balquhain, through whom the family had returned to the ancient faith. Thomas Alexander Fraser, who was created a Peer of the United Kingdom in 1837, and to whom the Scottish title forfeited in 1747 was restored in 1857, is known throughout the north as Lord Thomas. To him the Catholics of the neighbourhood owe the churches of Beauly and of Eskadale.

The church of Beauly was opened in 1864. The Directory for Scotland of the next year has the following notice: "The splendid new church, for which the Catholics of Beauly are indebted to the pious liberality of the Right Hon. Lord Lovat, was opened for public worship on Sunday, November 13, 1864. The opening ceremony was comparatively private. The church is a very handsome structure,

and an ornament to the village of Beauly and surrounding country." It is situated on land adjoining the venerable ruins of the old Priory.

Another object of interest which at once strikes the visitor to Beauly is the monument erected in 1905 to the memory of those of the Lovat Scouts who died from wounds or disease during the war in South Africa. This regiment, like the Glengarry Fencible Regiment of a hundred years before, was initiated by a Catholic; both did excellent service, and were deservedly popular. The two regiments, however, differed in this, that the Fencibles were an exclusively Catholic regiment, whilst the Scouts are recruited from all denominations. These latter still assemble in June of each year for a fortnight's training, spent under canvas on some suitable ground north of Inverness. A large proportion of the thousand men, which the regiment now numbers, are keepers and shepherds whose houses are four and five miles from any village or even from any other house. Living so solitary a life the training becomes a great pleasure to them; their pay, moreover, is good, and in addition each man receives a grant for bringing his own horse—an expedient which has greatly stimulated the breeding of Highland ponies of good quality. The manner of journeying to the training ground is unique. Every man being allowed twopence per mile for trek money, they are not slow to avail themselves of this grant also. Each of the eight squadrons assembles at a given rendezvous and rides for three and sometimes four days continuously to reach the camp. Here they take up

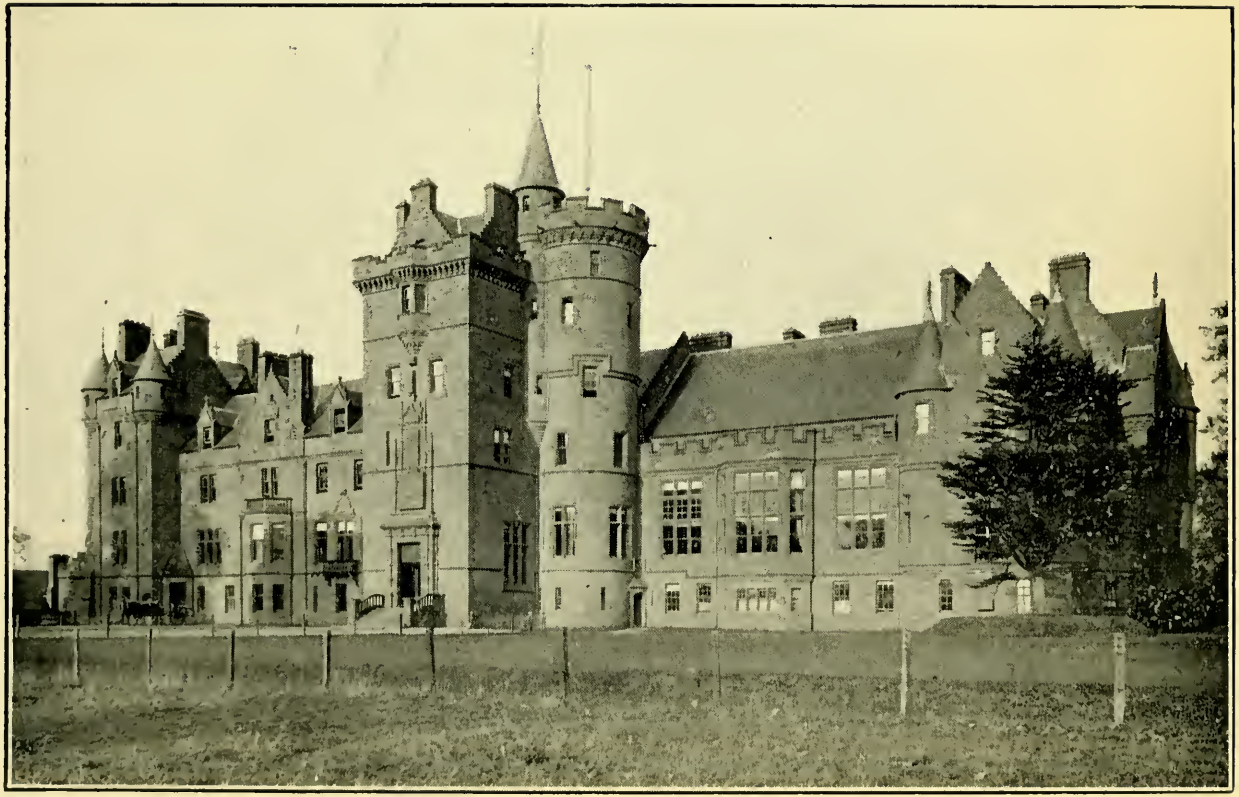
their quarters by squadrons, four or five men to a tent, with the horses tethered head to head in two rows between each two lines of tents. The sight of so large a number of horses of most various quality is very striking. It is also a fine sight to watch the whole corps start by squadrons for the day's practice, which consists of drilling, scouting in the neighbourhood, &c. After the official inspection by the General commanding the District, one day is devoted to athletic sports, and then the good fellows start on their return journey of one hundred and more miles, by the same mode of procedure as before, though not necessarily by the same road.

But to return to our friend in the mail-coach. He will not have gone more than a mile from Beauly, when he finds that the road, turning sharp to the left, leads over the river of that name, by means of a handsome stone bridge, below which the water at this point of its course most peacefully flows. It was from the Beauly river that the monks of the Priory obtained their supplies of salmon, a notable possession and one of extreme value to them, for, to quote again from Mr. Chisholm Batten, "by the rules of their order they were to abstain very much from flesh; and were to breed neither cattle or sheep, or to cultivate arable land." Indeed, we find the Prior General in 1506 complaining that there had not been sent from the Priory at Beauly to Bruges, for the use of the Mother-house, the consignment of salmon which had been promised. And probably His Reverence, the Prior General, knew full well that besides the lucrative fishings at

the mouth of their own river, the good monks of Beauly enjoyed the tithe of the salmon fishings of Abertarff, at the western extremity of Loch Ness—a privilege still enjoyed by their fellow religious of Fort Augustus at the present day through the generosity of their founder, the late Lord Lovat.

From the bridge our traveller will obtain a good view of Beaufort Castle. There was a fort here as early as 1120, at which period it belonged to the Crown. Later the Fentons were its governors; whilst in 1367 Hugh Fraser is found doing homage as laird of Lovat, a subsidiary fortalice of Beaufort. Oliver Cromwell captured the Beaufort Castle of his day and blew up its inner citadel; whilst after the battle of Culloden it was taken by the English troops, and entirely razed to the ground. The castle, which to-day forms so striking an object for many miles around, was recently entirely rebuilt, so that the present is the thirteenth edifice which has been erected on the same site. Indeed, a more eligible and beautiful situation could not be pitched upon for a chieftain's residence. It commands an extensive view of the whole of the Aird or Fraser country and of the Beauly Firth.

It seldom happens that the sight of so historic a spot does not fill the mind of the traveller with a number of questions to which he seeks replies, and our friend in the mail-cart will form a notable exception if he does not soon find himself engrossed in interesting conversation with the driver. If he would know what were the domestic habits and what the manner of life of a great Highland chief



Beaufort Castle, South Front

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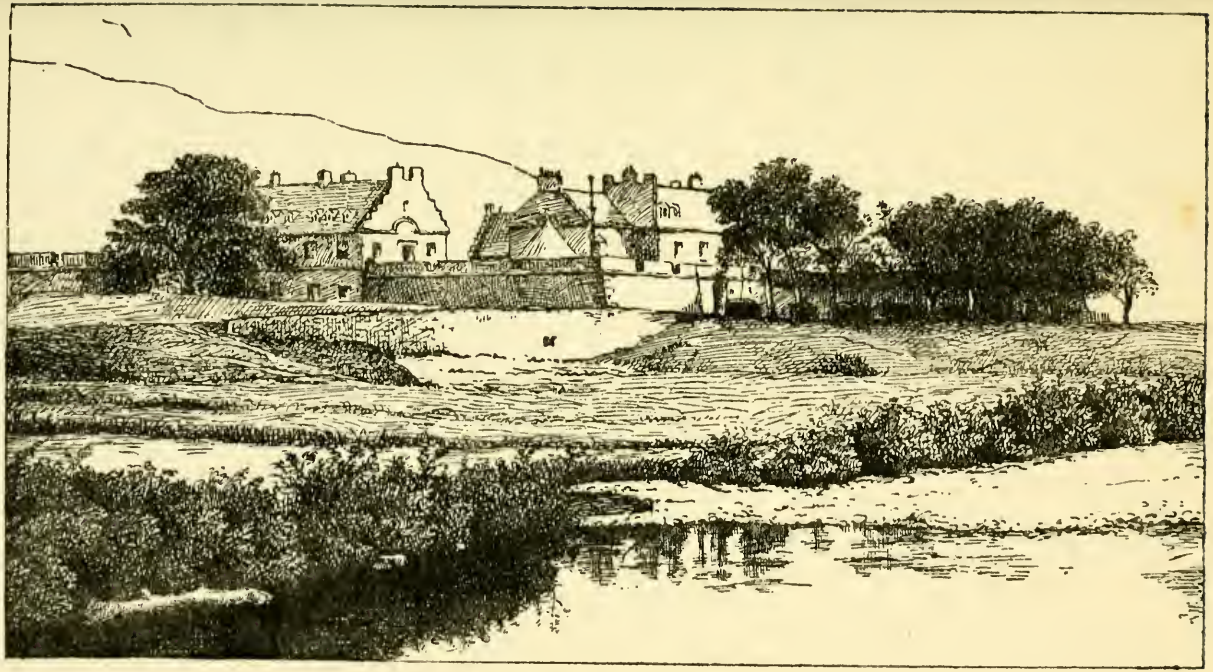
two hundred years ago, he will be told somewhat after the following description, which is taken by Mr. Mackenzie from a rare pamphlet, and which, whilst it describes Lord Simon of the '45, is equally applicable to his predecessors. "Lovat was a fine tall-looking man, and had something very insinuating in his manner and address. He lived in all the fulness and dignity of the ancient hospitality, being more solicitous, according to the genius of feudal times, to retain and multiply adherents than to accumulate wealth by the improvement of his estate. As scarcely any fortune, and certainly not his fortune, was adequate to the extent of his views, he was obliged to regulate his hospitality by rules of prudent economy. As his spacious hall was crowded by kindred visitors, neighbours, vassals, and tenants of all sorts, the table, which extended from one end of it almost to the other, was covered at different places with different kinds of meat and drink, though of each kind there was always great abundance. At the head of the table the lords and lairds pledged his Lordship in claret and sometimes in champagne; the tacksmen and duniwassels drank port or whisky punch; tenants and common husbandmen refreshed themselves with strong beer; and below, at the utmost extent of the table, at the door, and sometimes without the wall of the hall, you might see a multitude of Frasers, without shoes or bonnets, regaling themselves with bread and onions, with a little cheese perhaps and small beer. Yet amidst the whole of this aristocratic inequality, Lord Lovat had the address to

keep all his guests in perfect good humour. 'Cousin,' he would say to such and such a tacksman, 'I told my pantry lads to hand you some claret, but they tell me you like port or punch best.' In like manner to the beer drinkers he would say, 'Gentlemen, there is what you please at your service, but I send you ale, because I understand you like it best.'"

A similar account is supplied by James Ferguson, the astronomer, who resided for several months at Castle Dounie, or Beaufort, and supplied the following information to a well-known antiquarian of his time. It is noteworthy that the accommodation of the Castle appears to have been very limited, since his Lordship slept in the dining-hall, and even her Ladyship had but one apartment for day and night. Lord Lovat, according to this account, "kept a sort of court and several public tables, and had a very numerous body of retainers always attending. His own constant residence and the place where he received company, and even dined constantly with them, was just in one room only, and that the very room wherein he lodged. And his Lady's sole apartment was also her own bedchamber; and the only provision made for lodging either of the domestic servants, or of the numerous herd of retainers, was a quantity of straw, which was spread overnight on the floors of the four lower rooms of this tower-like structure, where the whole inferior part of the family, consisting of a very great number of persons, took up their abode. Sometimes 400 persons, attending this petty court, were kennelled there, and I have heard the same



OLD FORT AUGUSTUS

worthy man (Ferguson) from whose lips the exact account of what is here related has been taken, declare that of those wretched dependants, he has seen, in consequence of the then existing right of heritable jurisdiction, three or four, or sometimes half-a-dozen, hung up by the heels for hours on the few trees around the mansion." If Sir Walter Scott's description of Cedric the Saxon's household at Rotherwood be correct, there was little difference between the manner of life of our Saxon forefathers in the eleventh century and that of our Highland lairds of the eighteenth.

Even at the risk of tiring the reader, I cannot refrain from giving Mr. Mackenzie's next quotation: "At the long table at Castle Dounie, the guests and the viands had a corresponding progression downwards. At the head of the table, where there were neighbouring chiefs or distinguished strangers, claret and French cookery graced the board. The next department was occupied by the Duine wassels, who enjoyed beef and mutton, with a glass of some humbler wine. The sturdy commoners of the clan would occupy the next range, feeding on sheeps' heads and drinking whisky or ale. In further progress the fare degenerated with the feeders, and clustering on the Castle green in sunshine or cowering in the outhouses in foul weather were congregated the ragamuffins of the clan, to gnaw the bones and devour the other offal. It was a rule of the house that the day's provender, whatever it might be, should be consumed, and if the deer stalker or salmon spearer had been more

fortunate than usual, the rumour would spread fast enough to bring an immediate demand for the supply. This practice gave great temptation to the troop of servants who attended the table to snatch away unfinished dishes; and many amusing instances have been recorded of the necessity of the guest at Castle Dounie preserving a ceaseless watch over his plate, and of the certainty of its immediately disappearing during any moment of negligence. When the Chief's distinguished clerical friend, Dr. Cumming, of Relugas, arrived at Castle Dounie one night, tired and hungry after crossing the mountains, there was not a morsel of food to be found, not an egg or a crust of bread; but a plentiful provision for the day's consumption was brought in next morning."

It is to be hoped that the foregoing descriptions will have satisfied our wayfarer on some of the points on which he desired information, and will have made the seven miles' drive between Beauly and Eskadale church pass pleasantly enough. The sight of this latter, "a building on a scale of grandeur hitherto unknown in the Highlands, and as yet unrivalled in the North of Scotland," will turn the conversation towards the ecclesiastical history of the glen, of which the following account is condensed from that given in the "Catholic Directory" for 1846.

But before proceeding to the more serious narrative, the following local anecdote may be recorded. It was whilst travelling on a very similar occasion that the writer entered into conversation with his neighbour in the mail-cart on the subject of Dis-

establishment and of State support. His neighbour, who was a much respected forester of over seventy years, held very decided views on the point, and eventually showed that he had a most practical means of gauging the value of a religious denomination. "Aye, aye," said he, "it is my firm conviction that a religion which canna' pay its ain way is nae muckle worth. If a creed canna' do withoot state support it's better awa', and I tell you we're the better withoot it."

And now for the narrative in the old directory, which, we are told, is from the pen of the Rev. Angus Mackenzie, the priest of Eskadale, whose own words I will give as nearly as possible.

Whilst the entire country northwards, and the other adjacent districts, with few exceptions of modern date, embraced the so-called Reformation, Strathglass from a comparatively remote period formed a singular contrast by its uniform adherence to the Catholic faith. It is amongst the earliest recollections of the oldest men yet living that a native Protestant could hardly be met with in the district. Still the Catholic religion was not in Strathglass, at certain periods subsequent to the Reformation, a peaceable transmission from father to son. The laws and penalties enacted to extirpate the ancient faith were so unsparingly put into execution in this country, that frequently the pastors were forced to abandon their posts and the people to dissemble their creed.

Between the years 1580 and 1600—the period marked by the renewed activity of the Jesuits in

Scotland—the spiritual destitution of Strathglass attracted thither their zealous attention. From the date of their departure, however, till 1660, this Mission must have been without a pastor. At this latter date The Chisholm of Strathglass visited Rome, and whilst there promised the Holy Father that, in the event of Catholic missionaries penetrating into Strathglass, he would offer them as much shelter as the stringent laws then in force against Catholics would allow. On his return he was so well disposed that he even began to instruct his family in the truths of the Catholic faith. This ended in the conversion of his son, Colin, who settled in Knockfin, and was the first of the family afterwards styled of Knockfin. This circumstance became known to the missionaries, who about this time found their way to Glengarry, and two of them repaired immediately to Strathglass.

Of the state of religion in the glen at this period all that is known is that there were two stations, one at Knockfin (a spot about one mile from the present mansion of Guisichan), the other at Clachan, not far from the present church of Eskadale.

In 1723 Mr. John Farquharson, a Jesuit, descended from the family of Inverey, Braemar, arrived in Strathglass. Settling at Fasnakyle, he there built a small chapel and house, and here he laboured for twenty years. Then came the insurrection of '45, after which the persecuting laws, dormant for some time in Strathglass, were renewed with unwonted rigour. Orders were issued under the severest penalties to all proprietors of land, to

apprehend such priests as they might discover on their estates, that they might be sent out of the country. The Chisholm, the principal proprietor of the district, being, though a Protestant, more disposed to fulfil the letter than the spirit of these orders, directed two of Mr. Farquharson's hearers to go to him, more with his compliments than threats, and send him to the nearest place beyond his territory, whence he might return.

Some time afterwards a party of Saighdearran dearg (red soldiers) came in pursuit of him. On entering the chapel, as he was celebrating Mass, they tried to force their way to the altar to tear him away, when a struggle ensued between them and the congregation, which must have led to serious consequences, if Mr. Farquharson had not pacified the people by exhorting them against resistance and assuring them of his speedy return. Upon this the soldiers dragged him violently out of the chapel in his sacerdotal robes ; but after a short absence, he redeemed his pledge to his people by returning to them. The circumstances of the time rendered his situation now truly perilous, and we find him, some time after, living in places of concealment which are pointed out to this day. He was, however, soon arrested, hurried out of Strathglass and sent to England, where he was detained a prisoner on board a vessel lying in the Thames. Here he was joined by Mr. Cameron, another priest from the Highlands, who died on board—having been assisted in his last moments by Mr. Farquharson —and was buried on the banks of the Thames.

Mr. Farquharson was soon "enlarged," and returned once more to Strathglass, where he continued for several years serving that Mission.

Mr. Farquharson was succeeded in Strathglass by Mr. Norman MacLeod, a convert to the Catholic faith. He was the first priest of that period who penetrated into Kintail, the adjoining district on the west coast. Next followed Mr. John Chisholm, who being collaterally descended from the family of Knockfin, could claim kindred with most of the neighbouring families of respectability. This procured for him the friendship of the proprietors at home, and lulled the suspicion of proselytising when he travelled beyond the limits of his more immediate charge. Mr. John Chisholm had served in Strathglass for seventeen years, edifying all by the holiness of his life and guiding the affairs of his Mission with that prudence and wisdom for which he was so distinguished, when in 1791 he was appointed by the Holy See Vicar Apostolic of the Highland District.

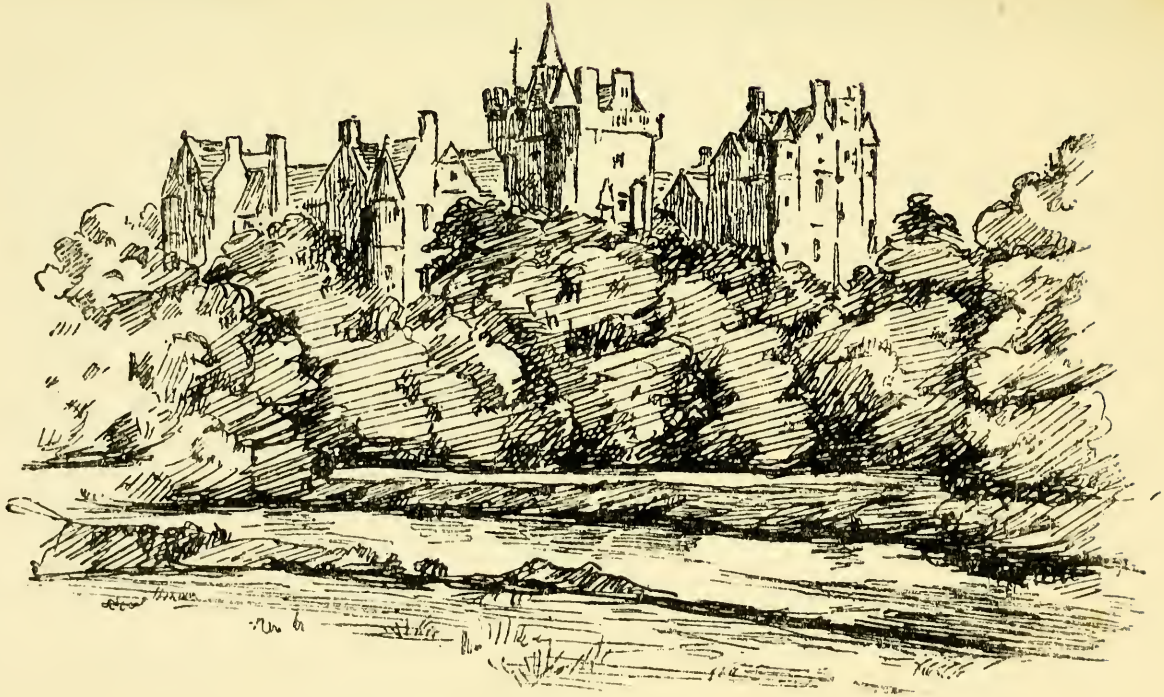
Mr. Æneas Chisholm, brother of the preceding, followed him in the charge of the Strathglass Mission, which he soon divided into two, retaining the upper portion with its more numerous flock for himself, and obtaining the appointment of Mr. Austin MacDonell to the lower portion, where "a slated chapel, the first in Strathglass within the era of our memoir," was opened in 1801.

A year later Mr. Æneas Chisholm "began to project a new chapel of a very superior description. But part of the materials must be brought from

afar, and the state of the roads then rendered the undertaking arduous. These were, however, the ages of faith in Strathglass, and its generous people offered their willing services to carry out the good work, conveying lime and slates for twenty miles on the backs of horses. An elegant chapel, according to the times, was commenced at Fasnakyle in 1802 and was opened in the following year. In 1833 the priest in charge of the Strathglass Mission was the Rev. Thomas Chisholm, a direct lineal descendant of the Colin Chisholm who first welcomed the missionaries to Strathglass during the trying period of which we have spoken above. The family of this worthy man has given four bishops to the Church, namely, Bishops John and Æneas Chisholm, the late celebrated Bishop Macdonell, of Canada, and Bishop Fraser, of Nova Scotia." To these must now be added Bishop Æneas Chisholm, present Bishop of Aberdeen.

Mr. Angus Mackenzie concludes his narrative thus: "The ranks of the Catholics in the upper Mission of Strathglass have been for some time becoming thinner. This, however, has not arisen from the defection of its members, but partly from the adoption of new agrarian policy, partly from voluntary removals to the lower portions of Strathglass, the Aird, and Inverness. Still the parent mission can look with complacency on the congregations to which it gave existence, namely, Eskadale, Inverness, and Beauly.

"As a nursery of priests, Strathglass is not less



BEAUFORT CASTLE, FROM THE NORTH

deserving of notice. Even at the present moment (1846) it supplies missionaries to Fasnakyle, Eskadale, Beauly and Inverness, Fort Augustus, Glengarry, Fort William, Moidart, Drimnin, South Uist, and Braemar."

Before bidding adieu to our traveller we must beg him on his return journey not to take the same road, but to come back by that which follows the north side of Strathglass. He will thus see to full advantage this fertile and beautiful valley. He will pass Fasnakyle, the site "of the new chapel of a very superior description" mentioned above, which, however, was superseded in 1868 by the present chapel of St. Mary and St. Bean, Marydale. This latter he will also pass; and some miles further on will obtain a glimpse, amongst the trees, of Erchless Castle, the ancient seat of the Chisholm of that ilk. After that he will pass through one of the most beautiful pieces of scenery in Scotland. The island of Eilean Aigas is formed by the Beauly river, which here divides to meet again half a mile further on; its waters next plunge in an impetuous torrent through a rocky channel at the bottom of a deep ravine called the Dream or "Druidhm," whilst the road, which is cut in the precipitous bank, high above the river, is beautifully fringed all along with oak and ash and weeping birch. For the last three miles another charming view is gained of Beaufort, which our traveller will not lose sight of until he again reaches the Bridge of Lovat, and finds himself close to Beauly.

Other churches which have received benefactions

from Beaufort are Stratherrick, on the south side of Loch Ness, and Fort Augustus at its western extremity; in both cases the site of the chapel being given, as well as a fair-sized croft and part of the rent of a farm as endowment.

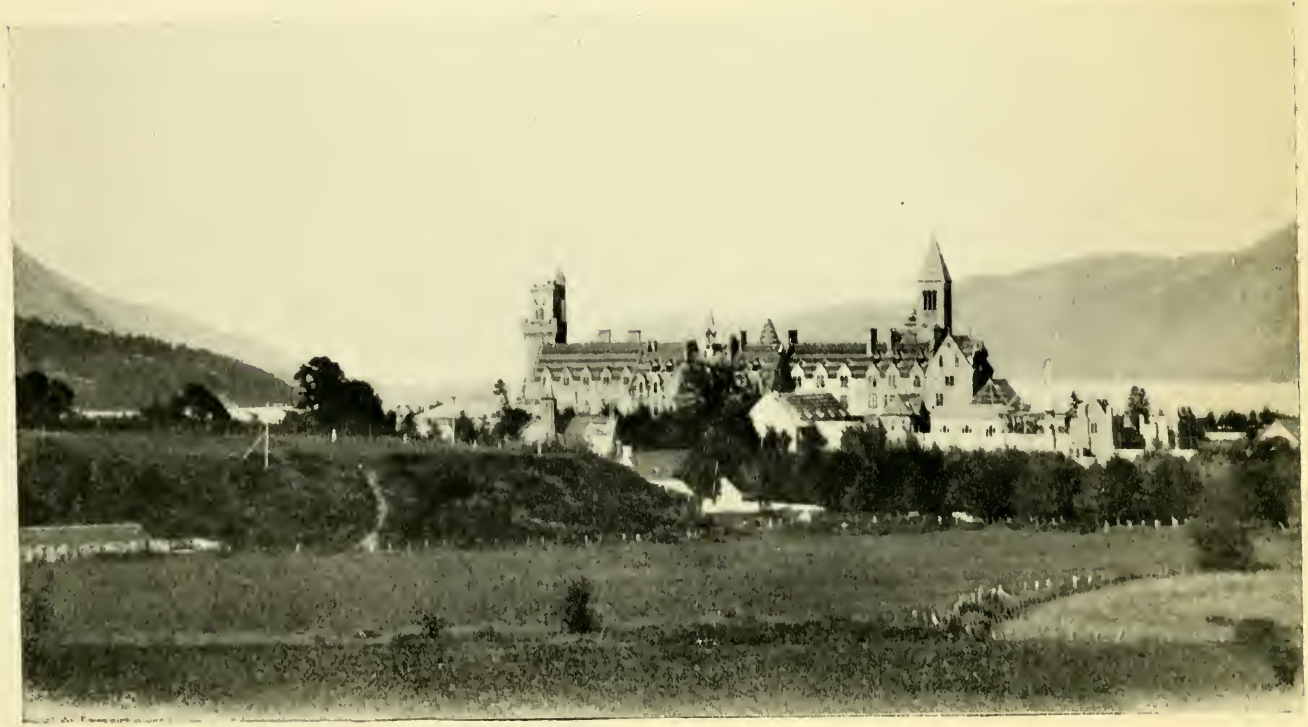
Although it has been the endeavour of the writer to refer almost exclusively to events which occurred previous to the middle of last century, yet no notice of Catholic life in the north of Scotland, and especially in connection with Beaufort, would be complete without the mention of the foundation by the late Lord Lovat, with the co-operation of his cousin, the late Prior Vaughan, of the Abbey of Benedictine Monks at Fort Augustus.

The history of this site is very remarkable. In 1232 it was given by Sir John Bisset, of Lovat, to Beauly Priory, and remained monastic property till 1558, when it was granted by the last Prior to the sixth Lord Lovat. After 1715 it was forfeited by Alexander Fraser, of Fraserdale—who at that time held the Lovat estates—on account of his part in the insurrection. A barrack was then built to overawe the disaffected clans. This was strengthened and enlarged by General Wade in 1730, who changed the name from Abertarff to Fort Augustus, out of compliment to William Augustus, Duke of Cumberland. It was then a square work, capable of accommodating 300 men, with a bastion at each angle mounting twelve six-pounders, with a moat, covert way, and glacis.

In March 1746 it was taken and dismantled by Prince Charlie's men, after a two days' siege, a shell

from a neighbouring height (still known as Battery Rock, because of the ordnance so effectively placed there) having caused the explosion of the powder magazine. In May of that year Cumberland formed a camp at it, to which, amongst other prisoners, our old friend, Simon, Lord Lovat, was carried in a litter. Restored to more than its former strength, it was occupied by a garrison down to the Crimean War. In 1857 it was sold by Government to Thomas Alexander, Lord Lovat, for £5000, and his son, the late Lord Simon, presented it in 1876 to the Fathers of the Benedictine Order, along with sixteen acres of land and the rental for nineteen years of Borlum Farm, an adjacent holding of 100 acres.

On September 13, 1876, the Marquis of Ripon laid the foundation stone of a college, monastery, and hospice. The college was opened on October 16, 1878, whilst, on August 24, 1880, the buildings, so far as they were completed, were inaugurated by a solemn triduo. They occupy four sides of a quadrangle, 100 feet square—the college on the north, the hospice on the west, the monastery for forty monks on the east, and on the south the chapter-room and church, the foundation stone of which was laid in 1890. Fine cloisters run round the quadrangle and open into the Library, which contains 18,000 volumes, and into the refectory, the fifteen windows of which are filled with the arms of benefactors—Lords Lovat and Bute, the Duke of Norfolk, Lords Ripon, Stafford, Herries, Denbigh, and Beaumont, Sir David Hunter



ST. BENEDICT'S ABBEY, FORT AUGUSTUS

p. 120

Blair, O.S.B., Bart., and others. A Scottish baronial tower, with clock and nine bells, rises from the college to a height of 110 feet, whilst over the monastery is another tower of 140 feet, with its own great bell of $1\frac{1}{2}$ ton weight. The whole is in the Early English style, from designs by Mr. J. Hansom and Messrs. Pugin and Pugin. Its terraced gardens sloping down to the shores of Loch Ness, which extends for twenty-four miles before it, and its beautiful situation between the ranges of mountains of the Great Glen (Glen Mohr), make it vie with the grandest religious foundations of pre-Reformation days. (Groome's "Gazetteer of Scotland.')

In August 1886 St. Benedict's Abbey, Fort Augustus, was honoured by being selected as the meeting-place of the Catholic National Synod of Scotland, an honour which must have given great pleasure to the Laird of Beaufort, the founder, himself one of those present on the memorable occasion. No National Synod had assembled in Scotland since the year 1559. On the present occasion there met together the Archbishops of Edinburgh and Glasgow, and the Bishops of Aberdeen, Galloway, Argyll and the Isles, and Dunkeld, attended by their chaplains and theologians, as well as the Superiors of the Benedictines, Franciscans, Jesuits, Lazarists, and Oblates. No one could have been present at this imposing gathering without feeling that a very remarkable change had taken place since the days when a priest was dragged in his vestments from his chapel in Strathglass, as we are told was done

to Rev. Mr. Farquharson. It is further the tradition that he was hurried, vested as he was, to Fort Augustus, at that time the centre of Cumberland's atrocities, now happily the centre of more peaceful influences.

TRAQUAIR HOUSE

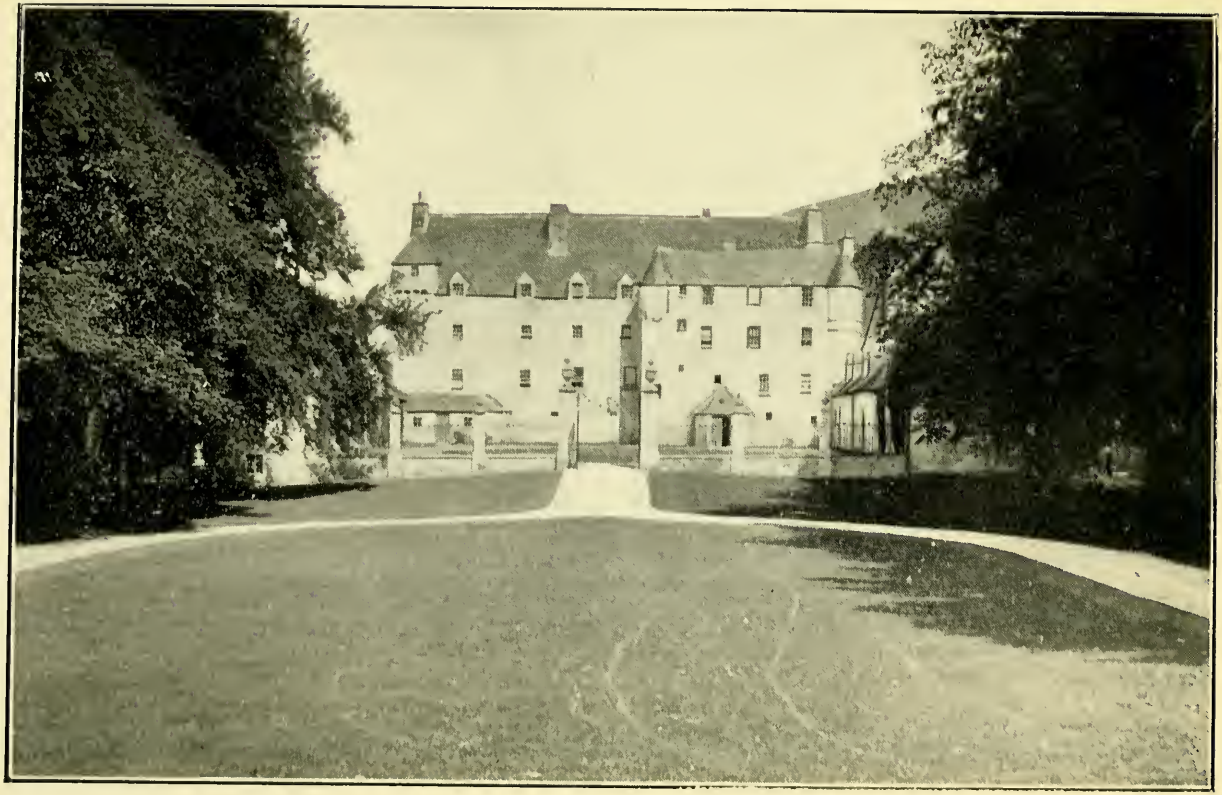
I

TRAQUAIR HOUSE, situated half a mile from the junction of the Quair and the Tweed, in Peeblesshire, is of great interest on account of its age, its royal visitors, and its position as a bulwark of the Catholic religion throughout the troublous period of the Reformation and the subsequent penal laws.

Sir George Douglas, in his "History of the Border Counties," states that Traquair is generally considered to be the oldest inhabited house in Scotland. Indeed, no date can be fixed for its oldest portion, which is a rectangular block, ninety feet by thirty-six. The Saxon paintings on the walls of the upper storey prove that this part of the building was in existence when it was the King's castle, a favourite resort of David I. and his successors, who hunted in the forest of Traquair. The walls are of great thickness, and so well constructed that a competent authority asserts that there is no sign that age has weakened them. At the north-west corner is the old chapel, seen projecting in the illustration. From this chapel a secret stair leads through the thickness of the wall, and is said to have been connected with an underground passage

which passed below the Tweed, and rendered escape most easy. That was in the days when the Tweed flowed close to the house, the very walls of which were washed by its waters. The first Earl of Traquair (1630), however, diverted the course of the river, the straight bed into which he led it being still known to anglers as "The New Water." The same Earl added to the main building two low wings of very uncommon form, each being 110 feet long, but only 21 feet broad, and of about the same height. One wing contains the new chapel, billiard-room, and gun-room; the other the dining-room, smoking-room, and two bedrooms—all on the ground floor. In the old block, amongst many interesting rooms, the most interesting is the King's room. Here again there is another winding stair in the thickness of the wall, leading to the cellars, from which stairs descend to the old water gate. Of this secret staircase to the royal apartments more will be said later.

A good idea of the age of this fine old house may be gained if we consider some of the charters which are dated from it. Kings Alexander I. (1107), David I. (1124), and Malcolm IV. (1153), all granted charters from Traquair. The last-mentioned granted two charters in 1161 to the monks of Cupar, the first confirming a previous gift of land, the second assigning them certain rights of wood and charcoal in the royal forests. But perhaps it will be of interest to give two short charters in full, and the following, of date about the year 1200, are selected:—



Traquair House, South Front

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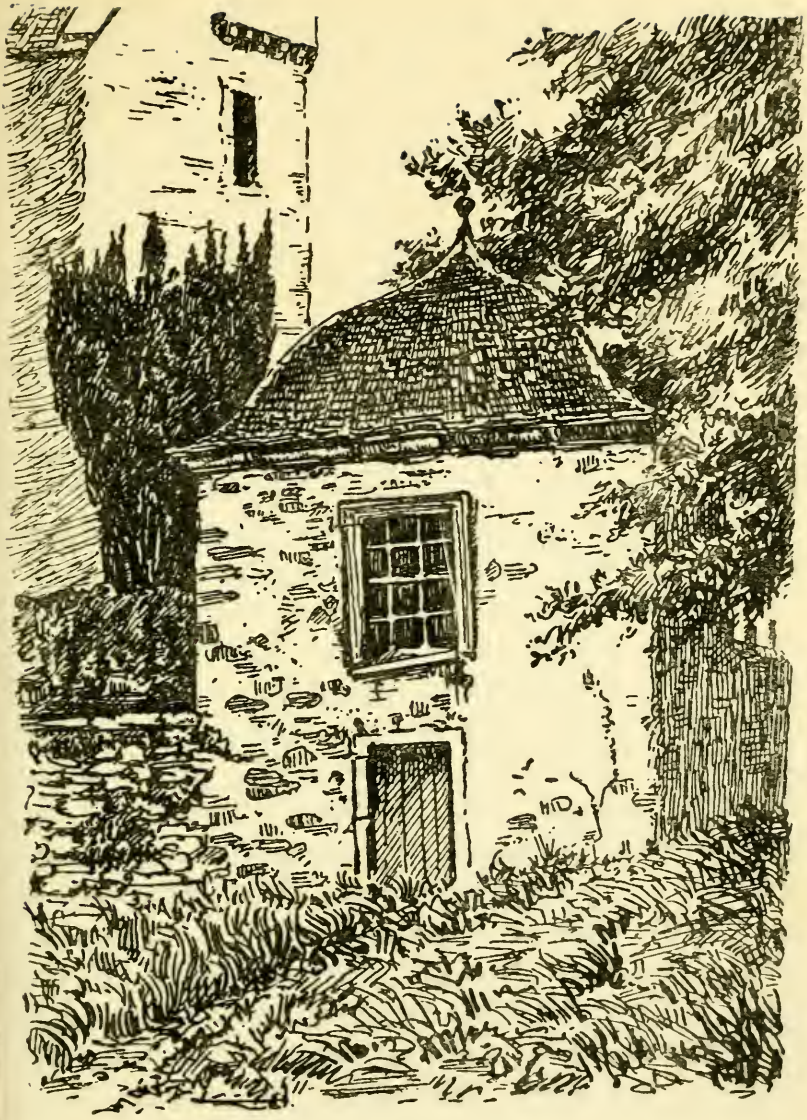
"WILLIAM, by the grace of God King of the Scots, to the Bishops, Abbots, Earls, Barons, Justices, Sheriffs Officers, and all other good men of the land, clergy and laity, present and to come, greeting: Be it known to all, present and to come, that I have granted, and by this charter confirmed, to God and to St. Kentigern, and to Jocelyn, Bishop of Glasgow, and to each of his successors, in perpetuity, that they should have a Burgh at Glasgow, with a market on Thursday, well and honourably, peacefully and fully, with all the liberties and customs which any of my burghs in all my land well and fully, peacefully and honourably enjoy. Wherefore I strictly enjoin that all burgesses who shall be staying in my aforesaid burgh shall possess my firm peace throughout my whole land in going and in returning. Moreover, I strictly enjoin that no one unjustly disturb or vex them or their chattels or do them any harm or hurt under my full forfeiture. Witnesses: The Lords, my Brother; Walter Bidun, my Chancellor; Earl Duncan, etc., etc. At Traquair." (*Registrum Glasguense*, 40.)

"WILLIAM, by the grace of God King of the Scots, to all his goodmen of all his land, clergy and laity, greeting: Be it known to all men present and to come that I have granted, and by this my charter have confirmed, to God and to the Church of St. Mary, of Kelso, and to the monks serving God there, that ploughgate of land in Sprouston which Rudulfus de Wer gave to the monks, in free alms and confirmed by his charter, to be held

in peaceful and perpetual alms as freely and peacefully, fully and honourably as witnessed the charter of the said Rudulfus, saving my service. Witnesses: Hugh, my Chancellor; Robert, my Chaplain; Allan son of Walter, my Standard Bearer, etc., etc. At Traquair." (*Liber de Calchou*, 385.)

These two charters have been selected from amongst many others because of the contrast in the fate which befell the beneficiaries under the deeds. The hamlet of Glasgow, which received its privileges from Traquair, has grown to be the centre of commerce for the whole kingdom of Scotland, and its citizens may well look with gratitude to the walls wherein was signed that first charter, justly styled "the foundation charter of Glasgow's greatness." On the other hand, there is but a ruin to tell what the abbey of Kelso once was. For three hundred years it has no longer sheltered the sons of St. Benedict, but the stately old mansion which saw the first privileges of this, and many other abbeys, has withstood the storm of the Reformation, which swept them from the land.

I stated that Traquair was illustrious by reason of those who visited it, and such is indeed the case. A list of no less than twenty-seven kings of Scotland and England has been compiled, who at different times stayed within its walls. They began with Alexander I., who, with his immediate successors, was a frequent visitor. William the Lion made his abode there during a tedious illness in 1203. He is again spoken of in the Chronicles as



GARDEN PAVILION

holding his Court at Traquair in the year 1209. Edward I. of England was there in 1304, and Edward II. in 1310. King Robert I. granted a charter to the good Sir James Douglas of the forests of Selkirk, Ettrick, and Traquair. In 1479 Traquair was granted to James Stewart, Earl of Buchan, and he in his turn granted it to his second son, James, great-grandfather of John Stewart, the Lord High Treasurer of Scotland, whom Charles I. created Earl of Traquair in 1633. But in following the fortunes of the property we have passed one whom many will consider the most interesting of its visitors. It was in the time of Sir John Stewart, Captain of the Guard to Queen Mary, that this unfortunate sovereign visited Traquair. She hunted from there on 19th August 1566. In the dining-room the poor Queen, according to Nau, was insulted by her weakly husband, Darnley, "whereupon the Laird of Traquair rebuked him sharply, and told him that he did not speak like a Christian." This was not the only occasion when her trusty Captain of the Guard assisted his royal mistress, for, to quote again from Nau: "The plan of escape (from Holyrood) is due to the Queen's ingenuity. She sent for the Laird of Traquair, surnamed Stewart, Captain of her Guard. When he came he spoke with her through the King's chamber, and she explained to him the details of her plan. She meant to go down next night into the King's bedroom, and thence to the office of her butlers and cupbearers, all of whom were French. A door was there which opened into the burial ground; it was insecurely fastened, and

was broken, being only sufficiently wide for a man to pass his head through. Arthur Erskine, an esquire of the Queen's stables, was warned by the Laird of Traquair to wait near this door about midnight. He was to bring with him a strong, tall gelding, on which the Queen was to be mounted on a pillion behind him, and two or three other horses for the King and his attendants. All this Erskine did with the greatest accuracy. . . . Next morning, however, was too late, for during the night the Queen and King had escaped as they had arranged. They were accompanied only by the Laird of Traquair, Captain of the Guard; Arthur Erskine, behind whom the Queen rode upon a pillion; one servant of the King's bedchamber, and two or three soldiers."

From the room occupied by Queen Mary there is a winding stair very similar to that at Holyrood Palace. Now when we compare Darnley's insulting behaviour to Queen Mary at Traquair, we are reminded of the fatal scene at Holyrood in which Rizzio was the victim. The position of the rooms and of the stairs is the same, and the thought occurs—What would have been the fate of the old country palace if that deed of blood had been enacted there instead of at Holyrood? The similarity of the two scenes will be further increased when the state bed used by Queen Mary, and almost identical with that at Holyrood, is placed in her room at Traquair.

This state bed in its turn serves as a link between the families of Traquair and Terregles. The latter,

the residence of the former Earls of Nithsdale, is now united with Traquair in the possession of the present owner, the heir of both these estates. For centuries there was a close friendship between the two families; both were staunch Jacobites and fervent Catholics. Of intermarriages the most important was that of Charles, fourth Earl of Traquair, to Lady Mary Maxwell, daughter of Robert, fourth Earl of Nithsdale. This lady died in 1759, and her merits are thus recorded upon her tomb. She was

A BRIGHT EXAMPLE OF THE SACRED PRECEPTS OF CHRISTIANITY.
SHE WAS SINCERE AND WARM IN HER DEVOTION,
EXTENSIVE AND UNAFFECTED IN HER BENEFICENCE,
PIOUS WITHOUT ENTHUSIASM,
CHARITABLE WITHOUT OSTENTATION, MEEK WITHOUT WEAKNESS;
SHE DISCHARGED HER DUTY IN EVERY PERIOD OF LIFE WITH BECOMING INTEGRITY.
SHE WAS AN OBEDIENT CHILD, A LOVING WIFE,
AN AFFECTIONATE MOTHER, AN UNDISSEMBLING FRIEND,
AND, WHAT WAS GREATER THAN ALL, SHE WAS FORGIVING TO HER ENEMIES.
IT PLEASED ALMIGHTY GOD TO REMOVE HER FROM OUR VALE OF TEARS
ON SATURDAY 22 SEPTEMBER 1759,
IN THE EIGHTY-EIGHTH YEAR OF HER AGE,
WHEN THIS VENERABLE SAINT, FULL OF HOLINESS AS OF YEARS,
CALMLY RESIGNED HER BREATH.

R.I.P.

It is worthy of note that the widow of the late Laird of Traquair died at the age of eighty-six, and on the 11th of September. This lady, after fifty-one years of married life of singular happiness, outlived her husband thirteen years—scarce one word in the charming epitaph of the Lady of Traquair of one hundred and fifty years ago but is applicable to its late mistress.

Catherine, the daughter of the aforesaid Earl Charles and the Lady Mary, married her cousin, William, Earl of Nithsdale, of which marriage there was an only daughter, the Lady Winifred Maxwell, great-grandmother of the present laird.

We have now to consider the claim which Traquair has to our veneration as a bulwark of the old religion. I have already mentioned the early charters to the see of Glasgow, to the abbeys of Cupar, Kelso, Paisley, and Melrose—all signed within its walls. Let us now see how the Catholic Faith fared there during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The first Earl, who lived through all the restless times of Charles I. and Archbishop Laud, was probably sincere, though his exact views on religion are difficult to ascertain. Clarendon thus speaks of him: "He was without doubt not inferior to any in that nation (Scotland) in wisdom and dexterity; and though he was often provoked by the insolence of some of the bishops to a dislike of their overmuch fervour and too little discretion, his integrity to his King was without blemish, and his affection to his Church so notorious that he never deserted it till both it and he were

over-run and trod under foot, and they who were the most notorious persecutors of it never left persecuting him to the death." His son was certainly a staunch supporter of the old religion. During his father's lifetime he twice married a Catholic, to the great annoyance of the Kirk. His first wife was a daughter of the Marquis of Huntly; his second a daughter of the Earl of Winton and granddaughter of Lord Herries. Living at Traquair, he was summoned before the Kirk for harbouring Papists. He died at the early age of forty-four, leaving his widow to care for the education of their nine children. This trust she most religiously discharged. In 1672 she was ordered to appear at Holyrood and to bring up her son, the young Earl, as a Protestant. The first summons she evaded; in reply to a second she appeared with the boy before the Kirk. Amongst other ordinances, no Catholic servants were to be allowed him. This ordinance also was evaded; and, dying young, the subject of it was succeeded by his brother, who, profiting by the instructions of their worthy mother, confirmed the Catholic religion in the family. It was he who married the Lady Mary Maxwell, already mentioned.

During their tenure of Traquair the house was searched for "Popish wares." Walker thus narrates this transaction: "In the end of 1688, at the happy Revolution, when the Duke of York fled, and the Crown was vacant, in which time we had no King nor judicatories in the Kingdom; the united societies, in their general correspondents, considering

this surprising, unexpected, merciful step of the Lord's dispensation, thought it some way belonged to us, in the Inter-regnum, to go to all Popish houses and destroy their monuments of idolatry, with their priest's robes, and to apprehend and put in prison themselves; which was done at the Cross of Dumfries and Peebles and other places. That honourable and worthy gentleman, Donald Ker, of Kersland, having a considerable number of us with him, went to the house of Traquair, in frost and snow, and found a great deal of Romish wares there, but wanted the Cradle, Mary and the Babe, and the Priest's robes; he sent James Arcknyes, and some with him, to the house of Mr. Thomas Louis, who had the name of a Presbyterian minister: Kersland ordered them to search his House narrowly, and behave themselves discreetly, which they did. Mr. Louis and his wife mocked them, without offering them either meat or drink, tho' they had much need of it. At last they found two trunks locked, which they desired to have opened; Mr. Louis then left them. They broke up the coffers, wherein they found a Golden Cradle, with Mary and the Babe in her bosom; in the other trunk the Priest's robes (the Earl and the Priest were fled), which they brought all to the Cross of Peebles with a great deal of Popish Books, and many other things of great value, all Romish Wares, and burnt them there" (*Proceedings of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland*, June 8, 1857).

After this the inhabitants of the old house seem to have been left in the peaceful practice of their

religion. The eighth and last Earl (born in 1781) died in 1861, and the title became dormant. In 1875 died the last of this line, the sister of the preceding, in the hundredth year of her age. She left a large sum for the building and endowment of a Catholic church and school at Peebles and at Innerleithen, towns one and six miles distant respectively from Traquair.

The great age to which the later owners of Traquair lived, and the consequent retirement in which they spent their declining years, is responsible for the fact that few traditions survive; but this may also be the reason why the old-fashioned air lingers in so striking a manner about the place. Doubtless, it was this romantic air which inspired Dr. Pennecuik with the lines:—

> "On fair Tweedside from Berwick to the Bield
> Traquair for beauty fairly holds the field:
> So many charms by nature and by art
> Do there combine to captivate the heart
> And please the eye, with what is fine and rare,
> So that few seats can match with sweet Traquair."

TRAQUAIR HOUSE

II

In the number of *Saint Andrew's Cross* for December 1904 some notes were given on Traquair House, but so much has been gleaned from one source or another that I now propose to supplement that article by another.[1]

Facing the west front of this delightful old mansion—palace, Burns calls it—is the avenue of horse-chestnut trees, at the further end of which is the old gateway, flanked by figures of two bears in stone. Both bears and gateway are objects of interest. How long the gateway has remained closed is uncertain; one tradition places the date as far back as the time of Mary Stuart, who is said to have cursed it as she passed out on her departure. Her visit to Traquair in 1566 has already been mentioned as also her rude treatment by Darnley, but in view of the fact that her host, Sir John Stewart, openly rebuked Darnley for his conduct, it would seem difficult to suppose that

[1] All these articles on Ancient Catholic Homes of Scotland were originally intended for publication in *Saint Andrew's Cross*. The previous article, however, on Traquair, the favourable comments on which suggested the idea of the other articles, is the only one which appeared in that magazine.

she was so irritated by the incident as to curse her kindly host's property.

Another tradition ascribes the closing of the gates to the Earl of Traquair of the time of Bonnie Prince Charlie. The Prince certainly came from Edinburgh to solicit the Earl to join the expedition which he was shortly to lead into England. The Earl refused to join, but is said to have escorted the Prince to the end of the avenue, and, in bidding him farewell, to have declared that the great gates should never be opened again until a Stuart and a Catholic filled the throne of Britain.

A third story is to the effect that the gates were shut in 1796, by the seventh Earl of Traquair, after the death of his wife, when he announced his intention of never re-opening them till another Countess should be brought to fill her place—an event which never occurred.

Sir Walter Scott does not appear to have made use of any of the traditions regarding the gateway, but the bears which guard this old-world entrance were perfectly familiar to him. The present ones were erected in 1747, and suggested to him the multitudinous bears of the Barons of Bradwardine. It must not be forgotten in this connection, that, besides the two colossal bears at the entrance gates of Traquair, bears rampant are to be found there at the gables of the cottages, of the stables, and even a garden gate affords two very good specimens of some smaller species. The passages in "Waverley" in which Sir Walter Scott describes the house of Tully-Veolan are well known, but I transcribe them

Old Entrance Gate, Traquair House *p.* 136

here, their reference seems so clear. "In the centre of the exterior barrier was the upper gate of the avenue, opening under an archway, battlemented on the top, and adorned with two large weather-beaten mutilated masses of upright stone, which, if the tradition of the hamlet could be trusted, had once represented, at least had once been designed to represent, two rampant bears, the supporters of the family of Bradwardine. The avenue seemed very little trodden, and chiefly by foot-passengers; so that, being very broad and enjoying a constant shade, it was clothed with grass of a deep and rich verdure." As the present armorial bears on the gates are known to have been placed there in 1747, it is possible that Scott had heard of a more ancient pair which these later ones replaced, and that it is of these earlier ones that he speaks of being so weather-worn. May we not also see a hint in "the avenue trodden chiefly by foot-passengers" that this was indeed the Traquair avenue, up which no carriage has passed for so many years? A little further on we read, "It must not be forgotten that all sorts of bears, small and large, demi and in full proportion, were carved over the windows, on the ends of the gables, terminated the spouts, and supported the turrets, with the ancient family motto, 'Bewar the Bear,' cut under each hyperborean form."

It has justly been pointed out that this portion of "Waverley," having been written at Ashestiel, nothing is more probable but that the ancient house of Traquair, distant only six miles, should

be the foundation of many of these descriptions, although the author of "Waverley" has here, as in so many cases, put in a number of details with what is known to painters as "a rich brush." Indeed, to one so fond of old-world things as was Sir Walter Scott, Traquair must have been a favourite resort during the long period of twelve years that he spent at Ashestiel. It is not to be supposed that during those years he failed to visit the room in which Queen Mary slept, with its huge fourposter on its dais, the oaken cradle of the royal infant, later James the Sixth, and the charter-room, which in his day contained so much of interest to the lover of Jacobite traditions, although since then the greater part of its treasures have been unfortunately destroyed by damp.

Whilst on the subject of the objects of interest preserved at Traquair, mention must be made of a portrait of Prince Charlie in his disguise as Betty Burke. This portrait is painted on glass and is reproduced here. The sly twinkle in the would-be lady's eye is very cleverly brought out in the original, which no doubt came into the possession of the family through the titular Duchess of Perth of the time of the '45, the sister of the twins to be mentioned later. There are many other very remarkable old paintings and family portraits. Quite recently one of the visitors staying in the house showed no little ingenuity in opening the drawers of an old table of which the handles had long been knocked off. She was rewarded by finding them full of strange old-world

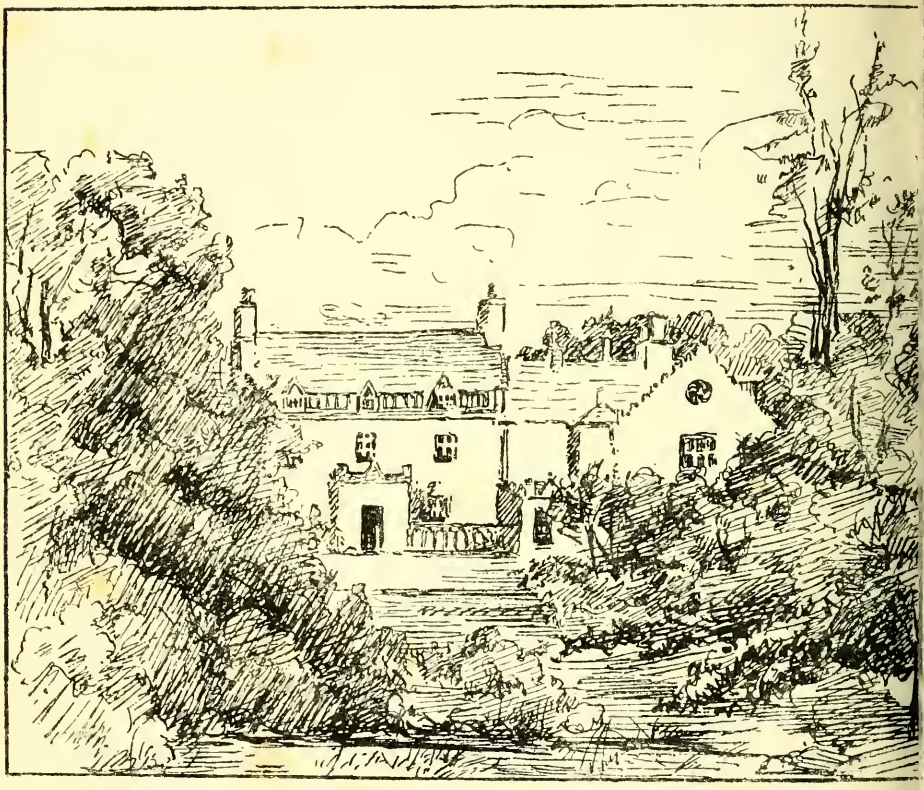
PRINCE CHARLIE AS BETTY BURKE *p.* 138

objects, including a pack of playing cards, of which each bore the coat of arms of a different family. How the game was played is not known, but some interesting suggestions might be made. There were also visiting cards of "Lord Linton," but there has been no one bearing that title since 1827, when the last Earl succeeded to the title.

Leaving the gates behind him, the visitor strolls westward in search of the "Bush aboon Traquair," which is pleasantly situated half a mile distant, perched on the green hillside a few feet above the river Quair. With good reason could Principal Shairp, the author of the quaint song, with its quainter melody, write of the "greenwood swaird" "amongst the greenest hills shone on by the sun." Few spots are more enchanting in their combination of green hills and greener pastures, and if to-day the loving couples who frequent the Bush are few, the blessing which was said to rest upon their trysting there still falls upon the visitor who is happy enough "to spen' ane hour on its greenwood swaird."

Another half-mile's walk brings one to the "green green grass o' Traquair Kirkyaird," where lie so many generations of the village folk, and where is also the burial-place of the Stuarts of Traquair. At one time this mortuary chapel was probably a transept of the church, but now there is no communication on the inside. A wall has been built up, entirely shutting it off from its heretical neighbour. The Catholic visitor cannot fail to be pleased to see at the end of the roof a weather-beaten cross

the very same which stood there in the days when mortuary chapel and parish church were parts of the one House of God, and no wall existed to separate that which was Catholic from that which



ASHESTIEL

was not. It is in vain that one searches the larger building of the kirk for the symbol of redemption, the little Catholic mortuary chapel alone is so ornamented. This train of thought suggests an anecdote which is told of a recent convert to the Catholic Church. He had, as an Episcopalian

minister, long been distinguished for his genuine piety and earnestness, with which were mingled certain practices that were not usual in most Episcopalian churches. Amongst these was the crucifix, which he had placed at the side of the pulpit, carefully instructing his people that the veneration paid to it was really intended for the Saviour, just as the affection shown to a photograph is really intended for the person whose likeness it is. The parishioners, attached as they were to their pastor, conceived a great liking for his practices of piety, and, amongst others, for the crucifix. But, as so often happens, the good minister was unconsciously tending to the fold where crucifixes abound, and where the sign of the Cross is the sign with which living and dead are blessed. He accordingly joined the Catholic Church and bid adieu to his parishioners. One of these wrote to him soon after, and described the changes effected since his departure, mentioning expressly that the crucifix had been taken away from the pulpit. "Thank God," said the new convert, "I leave my dear old church in good company."

Mention has been made in the previous article of the "Popish wares" taken from Traquair and burned at the Cross of Peebles. That was in 1688, and much later than this we have proof of the expedients used by Catholics to conceal their practices of piety. The following letter of spiritual direction shows how such practices had to be disguised from fear lest the writer and the receiver of the letter be subjected to annoyance, if by ill fortune it fell into hostile hands.

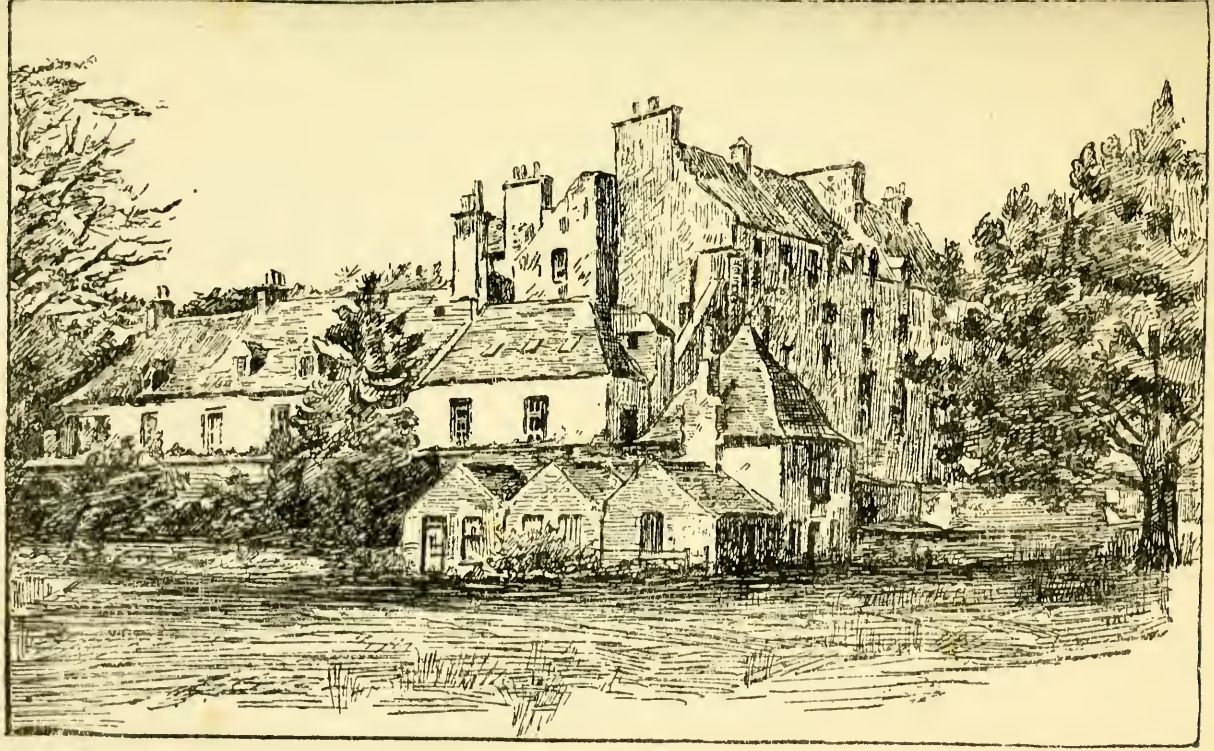
FATHER JAMES GORDON, S.J., *to* MARY, COUNTESS OF TRAQUAIR.

"EDINBURGH, 22 *Feb.* 1718.

"MADAM,—What follows is for your Ladyship alone. I need not name those whom my landlady uses to call her friends. Your Ladyship may remember that my landlord was nothing the worse by recurring twice to them. This was once in prison and once at sea. The present circumstances threaten no small danger, and therefor I have begun already to make my recourse to my old friends again. For I have made a promise of so many morning remembrances, in order to obtain good success. I mention this designedly, to put your Ladyship in mind of doing the like, which may be done thus. First, a promise of hearing so many morning remembrances in favour of my friends; 2ndly, a promise of making so many breakfasts for the same; 3rdly, your Ladyship may demand of all those under your command, that they hear so many remembrances, according to your Ladyship's intention, and all in behalf of my good friends; 4thly, your Ladyship may also add whatever other good things are usual in such occasions, wherein we beg favours from above. All which be performed with a certain trust in the infinit bounty of God."

Similar expressions are used fifteen years later:—

"First, a promise of the first seven breakfasts; 2ndly, a promise of the first thirty hearings; 3rdly, some alms designed for that end; 4thly, as many trusty friends as can be had to do and offer the



TRAQUAIR HOUSE, FROM THE EAST

same, more or less; yet these need not be told any more than that all is to be performed according to your Ladyship's intention."

In the first of these letters, which are taken from the "Book of Carlaverock," Sir William Fraser suggests that "my landlord" must mean the lately attainted Earl of Nithsdale, with an allusion to his two escapes—from the Tower of London and from shipwreck; that "morning remembrances" are Masses, and "breakfasts" are Holy Communions, and that "my good friends" are the Earl and Countess of Nithsdale. All these suggestions are correct except the last; "the good friends" surely were none other than the Holy Souls, for whom the worthy Jesuit desires that Masses and Communions be offered, especially as it is stated that "my landlord" (Lord Nithsdale) had recourse to the friends in his dangers.

Two other letters of another type will help to give an idea of the life of a Catholic family at this period. It must be remembered that fines and other persecutions for religion's sake had reduced many Catholic families to great poverty, and this gives additional interest to the homely complaints of the young gentlewomen:—

LADY LUCIE STUART TO HER MOTHER, MARY, COUNTESS OF TRAQUAIR.

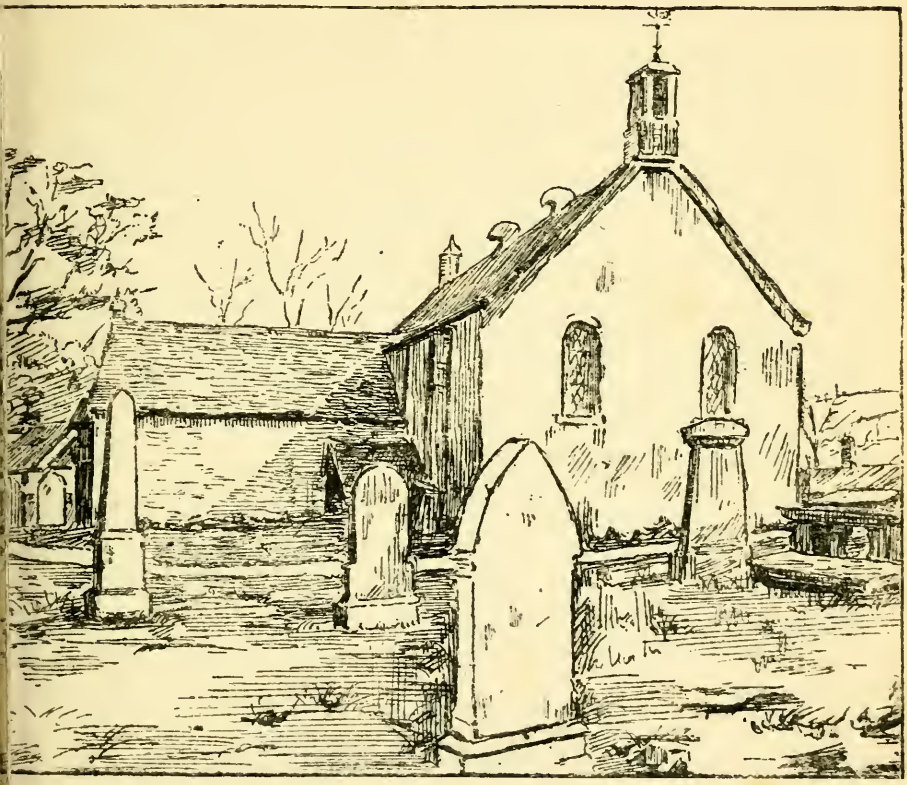
"PAIRES, 19 *August*, 1714.

"DEAR MADAM,—I believe your Ladyship would be surprised, when you gott Madam Crihton's letter,

to hear that we are gone from the Ursulins. It was indeed a very great trouble to us, the leving Mrs. Waldgrave, for I am sure we will never find such a friend amongest the French; but the reason why we came aw(a)y was, that at the Elections thy reformed there house so fare as to have no more great pencheners, because they say that there institution was only for young children; but they did not thinke us big enough to goe awy, therfor they offered us a chamber, but would have us pay two hundred livres more then the lady did that was in it before, (but I was not at all suprised at it, knowing so well the ummers of the French, for they are sure never to spare the Englishes purses;) however I thought it a thing very unreasonable, and therfor wee was advised to goe awy, since that all the company was gone. Wee are here in the Presentation, where there is but very few nuns, and very few pencheners, but what there is, is most part of quality. My Lady Abess is daughter to the Ducke of Richelieux, who shows us a great daill of kindness, and with ass much sincerity as can be expected from a French womman. I am sorry that wee could not continue without a servant, as wee desined when wee came overe, but it was a thing impossible for us to doe, for wee had noe sister to doe anything for us, and it tooke up our time intirly only to keep our linnings right in order, for the way they have of washing 'em tears 'em all to peacis, and eyen wee have somtimes made our own beds, for when wee had anything for to doe, your Ladyship may be sure thy would always prefer ther own

contray peaple before us; but I have larned to treades by the bargen, which is the tailur tred and cobler, for I have many times mended my own shoos and peticottes; for I assure you, dear madam, that I do all that I can to seave money, and to improve myself by the expencess that is laid out for me. Dear madam, the reason why I did not menchen any of our nightbourt ladys was, that I would not take the liberty in your Ladyship's letter, but since you alow me, to give my servis to the Lady Horsbrough, and Mrs. Jannet, and how eles your Ladyship thinks fitt. It's true wee gott a present of 5 gennes each of us, but I did not know what it was till I was going to bed, that I found it in my sleve. He told us that he was asham'd to offer it us, but it was the affection he had for my Lord, and the obligations he had to the famely, that made him doe it, but beged of us not to speke of it to any body, and if wee did not take it he would take it wery ill, and should be ashamed eather to speek to us or any of the famely agen; he put it in my sleve without telling me of it; I faling sike had forgot to look what it was, but in sheking of my night gown when I went to bed, I found it in a little pece of paper. Dear madam, I was always resolved to tell your Ladyship of it, but not till I had comed home; but I assure your Ladyship that our poket money goes as fast away as the rest, it is very near done, for wee must treet the reast of the pencheners, when they treet us; it costs 'em nothing, because they have their parents that gives it them. For there is noe living in a convent without doing as

the others does, and every thing being so dear, it costs us a great daill. Dear madam, I hope you will excuse all the blots and other faults in this letter, for I have neather the time to writ nor



TRAQUAIR KIRK

read it over agen. I must likways beg of your Ladyship to excuse me for my being so fammiliar in your letter in speaking of my treds, but I assure you, dear madam, it is not that I forgott the respect I ow to your Ladyship, for it is to make you laugh My paper will not alow me to say any more, only I

beg my Lord and your Ladyship's blissing to her who is, with all respect, dear madam, your Ladyship's dutifull child and most obedent servent,

"LUCIE STUART."

Two hundred years ago Briton's contempt of the foreigner appears to have been as strong as it is to-day, and this little Scotchwoman of sixteen had evidently her full share of it; moreover she had another quality said to distinguish her countrywoman of North Britain, and had no intention of parting too easily with her parents' money nor with her own. The writer of this letter tells her mother in another, dated Paris, 8th May 1715, that she had some thoughts "of settling in this house." She apparently did not become a nun, as did so many of her countrywomen, whom persecution at home forced to be educated abroad, but died in Edinburgh in 1768, just over seventy years of age.

The next letter, and I regret it must be the last, needs little apology for insertion.

LADY BARBARA STUART *to* HER SISTER, LADY MARGARET STUART.

"DRUMMOND CASTLE, 18*th December* 1731.

"Pray, Margaret, what in the world do you mine, affter this three months and more silence, by writting in such a stile; but if that be all the kindness or consceren you have for me, you might have saved yourself of that trouble. But, upon my word, madam, you give yourself great airs, saying that I am not bleat, for what, I believe, you don't know,

and telling me too, you are not much in my debt. If I were not extravagantly angry, I would not have writt one sillable to you; but I do it more to vent my passion by scolding you, then that I think you desire it. Now, since you have provoked me, what's your pretensions to have expected any letters from me since I came to Drummond; you never answered my last I wrote before I left Traquair. However, I would not have stud for that, but do not emagine I will bod my letters upon you. I heard you was able to subscrive letters to Traquair, for all your sore eye, when you was at Terregles, tho' not at the pains, nor had the discretion to do so much [as] to enquire any thing about your friends here. I suppose that has been the laast of your thoughts, when you know that M. S.[1] by your own hand would have satisfy'd me. So if that be all the manners or civilitys you have learnet in Gallowy, you might setten at home. If I had time, I wou'd tell you more of my minde, so shall not trouble myself any farther just now, but only to tell you, Mrs. Margaret, that you have been a forgettfull person of your friends in Perthshire, and that I am your sister, BARBARA STUART.

"I cannot think of sealing this epistle for all that's passt without wishing my dear Peggy a happy Christmass, together with a good New Year, and long continuance of them. Burn this hasty ill-natured scrawlls. Adieu."

It is fortunate that the last expressed wish was not carried into effect, or we should have lost this

[1] M. S., initials of her sister Lady Margaret Stuart.

nice piece of sisterly chaff. The writer and her correspondent were twins, at whose birth the well-known Dr. Archibald Pitcairn wrote the following lines:

In Barbaram et Margaritam, Caroli Stuarti, Comitis de Traquair, filias gemellas:
Tertia Septembris vos orbi misit ovanti,
Et te Cromwelli, dire tyranne! Stygi.
Quam gratum errorem matri patrique creatis,
Quam cupidos dabitis, quam timidosque procos."

The following off-hand translation has been proposed, upon which I will not attempt to improve.

"To Barbara and Margaret, the twin daughters of Charles, Stuart, Earl of Traquair:
The third September you to earth rejoicing brings;
Whilst thee, O Tyrant, Cromwell, down to Hell it flings.
To joyous parents both confusion you create;
To eager suitors also, fearful which to take."

The twins, to judge from their correspondence, grew up full of spirit; they never married, but died at Edinburgh, both of them over eighty years of age. One of their sisters married the future Earl of Nithsdale, and would have become Countess of Nithsdale but for the attainder of that title after the rising of 1715. The only child of this marriage was Lady Winifred Maxwell, to whose grandson the Traquair estates passed in 1875.

Whether or no Lady Winifred held her trysting at the "bonnie bush aboon Traquair" is not recorded; but her married life was one of singular happiness, and in the number of her descendants she was indeed "blessed beyond compare."

KIRKCONNELL

THE AULD HOUSE

"Oh, the auld house, the auld house!
What tho' the rooms were wee?
Oh, kind hearts were dwelling there,
And bairnies full of glee!
The wild rose and the jessamine
Still hang upon the wa';
How mony cherished memories
Do they sweet flowers reca'?"

—LADY NAIRNE, 1766–1845.

WITHIN a radius of twenty miles there are no less than three places of this name, of which probably the most familiar is that within the kirkyard of which lie the mortal remains of "Fair Helen." The Kirkconnell immortalised by this charming song is not, however, that with which we are concerned. Kirkconnell House stands away from any village, the nearest being New Abbey. Although these two places are three miles apart, yet in tracing the history of this most interesting old house it will be necessary to treat the terms New Abbey and Kirkconnell as synonymous, for the Catholics of that district during the times of persecution at one time were ministered to at New Abbey itself, at another time at Kirkconnell House. This will be readily understood if reference be made to the

Catholic Directory for Scotland for the year 1855, where there is a long account of Catholicism in this neighbourhood. It is from this account that much of what follows is taken.

We have the authority of Dugdale for asserting that it was one of the lairds of Kirkconnell who founded the Abbey of Holywood, situated about five miles north of Dumfries, from which town Kirkconnell is about five miles to the south. The ruins of this abbey were taken down in 1778, and the materials were used to build the present parish church. Two of the old abbey bells escaped destruction, and they are now used to summon the villagers to Kirk. One of these was consecrated in 1154 by John Wrich, probably the abbot of that date. This bell is said to be still of excellent tone, no small tribute to the workmen of seven hundred and fifty years ago.

The first of the house of Kirkconnell of that ilk was probably of Saxon origin, who settled at Kirkconnell in the time of Malcolm Canmore (1057–1093), or about one hundred years previous to the foundation by the family of Holywood Abbey. Regarding the coat of arms of the Kirkconnells, "azure, two croziers, or, placed in saltire ardossés, with a mitre of the last placed in chief"—a truly ecclesiastical bearing—it is thought to have been adopted from the name of their territory, which in its turn must have had some connection with the church.

The very greatest interest attaches to Kirkconnell from the fact that there are still extant the charters,

KIRKCONNELL HOUSE

p. 152

granted by its early proprietors to the monks of the Abbey of Holm Cultram, in Cumberland. This Cistercian abbey was situated just across the Solway from Kirkconnell.

The first of these charters, dating from about 1235, is a grant by "William, son of Michael of Kirkonevill," of certain lands between Polleychos and Genesik, and extending unto the river Nud (Nith). The witnesses to this deed are Gilbert, of Candida Casa, Bishop, and Michael, Archdeacon of the same. Thomas, son of Andrew of Kirkconnell, grants another tract of land adjoining the first. Andrew, son of Michael of Kirkonnevill, confirmed the above grants and added another "of all that piece of land in the territory of Kirkonevill, which is called the Mustard Garth," whilst Robert, son of Simon of Kirkonevill, granted the monks one fishing (*piscariam*) on the waters of Nith, extending from the burn which runs down from Kirkconnell to the Nith to the spot called "Pollesterheved," &c., &c., also grazing for six oxen, six cows, and two horses, together with free entry and exit through the lands of the said Robert. Similar grants were made by other of the owners of Kirkconnell to this abbey, of which they must have been great benefactors.

There was long a close intimacy between the Maxwells of Carlaverock and the Kirkconnells, which resulted in the latter name being merged in the former by the marriage, about the year 1410, of Janet, heiress of Kirkconnell, to Aymer de Maxwell, brother of the first Lord Maxwell, of Carlaverock.

Previous to that, in 1248, we find mention of

Herbert Maxwell, Castellan of Kirkconnell, third son of Edward, Baron of Carlaverock; he accompanied St. Louis of France to the crusade of that year. The term "Castellan" recalls the fact that the oldest portion of the house of Kirkconnell is of the usual form and construction of the castles or fortalices of the period of Edward I. It is a square tower, with walls of prodigious thickness, and may in former times have served as a sister fortress to the original Castle of Carlaverock, the two being situated four miles apart, the one on the left or Dumfries-shire bank of the Nith, the other on the right or Kirkcudbrightshire bank.

Chrysostom Henriquez, the historian of the Cistercian Order, records that the Maxwells of Kirkconnell were great benefactors to the abbey and church of New Abbey, which, as has been said, was but three miles distant. The thought occurs to one, when reading of the benefactions of these pre-Reformation families—was it in return for this generosity that their descendants were granted the grace of perseverance in the Catholic faith, when so many around them fell away. Certain it is that Mass has never ceased to be celebrated in the chapel of Kirkconnell House, whilst despite the large amount of Church land in the neighbourhood, which has fallen to lay owners, not a single foot of it has been acquired by this family.

Although Knox in 1562 was appointed by the Kirk Commissioner for Galloway, and was enabled in 1563 to draw up a "monster inditement" against the clergy who continued faithful to their flocks

and ordination vows, still the priests up and down the district were not to be daunted by the perils of legal vexation. Of these the most courageous was Gilbert Brown, at one time Abbot of New Abbey, who in 1578 was complained of as zealous in instructing the family of Herries, and in the following year was accused before the Assembly, as enticing the people towards "papistrie." Indeed, so great was the power of the families of Carlaverock, Terregles, and Kirkconnell, and so continual the protection which they afforded to the ancient faith, that it happened in this district of Scotland, as it happened in the Lancashire districts of England, that the laws against Catholics were not enforced, because where so large a proportion of the inhabitants were Catholics, few persons were found ready to enforce them.

In 1589 Commissioners were ordered by the Privy Council to see executed the Acts against Jesuits, Seminary Priests, and excommunicated Papists; while the ministers were deputed to cause all in the Stewartry to sign the Confession of Faith. These efforts to stem the tide of Catholic activity proving unavailing, the General Assembly in 1594 petitioned for Gilbert Brown's apprehension by the Guard, because "from home and foreign information the places most dangerous in Scotland are the south-west; the bounds of Galloway had become destitute of pastors; there were no ministers either at New Abbey or Dumfries from 1588 to 1592."

During the Christmas holidays 1601–1602 the inhabitants of Dumfries had openly attended the

celebration of Mass, for which the most important were cited to appear in Edinburgh, but, as Calderwood says, "they were for the most part suffered to return home without punishment." The Government, however, ordered the Guard to hunt down Abbot Brown, who was at length captured near New Abbey in 1605. The country people rose in arms to rescue him, but were overpowered by Lord Cranston and his guardsmen. The former Abbot was imprisoned first at Blackness Castle, and later in Edinburgh Castle. In November he petitioned the Privy Council for leave to withdraw out of the Kingdom. Only one of the Council was favourable to his request, and that was Sir John Arnot, the deputy treasurer, who, having an eye to the expenses, exclaimed: "The devil sticke him! he is very deere." Some said, "Give him three pund a day"; some, "fourtie shillings"; some, "twenty" some, "twa pecks of meale in the weeke"; some, "bread and water." The Chancellor ruled that the Abbot should have "alse muche as yea would give Macgregore, a merk in the day."

The Privy Council Records narrate how Archbishop Spottiswoode four years later "went with a party to the town of New Abbey, and there broke into the house of Mr. Gilbert Brown, former Abbot of New Abbey, and having found a great number of popish books, copes, chalices, pictures, images, and such other popish trash, he most worthily and dutifully, as became both a prelate and a councillor, on a mercat day, at a great confluence of people in the hie street of the burgh of Dumfries, did burn all

those copes, vestments, and chalices, delivering up the books to Maxwell, of Kirkconnell, to be afterwards dealt with. The Privy Council allowed this to be good service on the part of the archbishop, and granted him a gift of the books left unburned."[1] Abbot Brown died in Paris, 14th May 1610, aged 100. The description given of him by his opponents is as follows: "This famous excommunicat, foir faultit and perverting papist, quho evir since the reformatioun of religioune, had conteinit in ignorance and idolatrie allmost the haill southwest partis of Scotland." Such words from the mouth of an opponent of that time are praise enough for the good man.

It is worthy of note that in 1608 Mr. Robert Biggart, minister of Kirkconnell, complains: "On 25th August last, David Creichtoun of Kirkconnell, Edward Creichtoun there, Patrick Perk there, and others, all armed with swords, staves and daggers, came without any cause to complainer's manse and glebe, where he and his servants were mowing the meadow, and there invaded them and wounded the complainer in the head and left arm. Since then they daily threaten him so that he dare not repair to his own house or parish kirk for fear of his life."[2] Although this is one of the Kirkconnells with which we are not immediately concerned, yet the above extract is interesting as showing how slow the people were to take to their new spiritual guides, and with what good reason the Privy Council com-

[1] Chambers's "Domestic Annals of Scotland," i. 422.
[2] "Privy Council Records," viii. 164.

plained that "papistrie" was still rife in that neighbourhood.

Twenty years later a similar incident is described, the scene this time being within the district with which we are dealing. "11th Mar. 1628.—The Privy Council took energetic measures against certain persons of the south-west province, including Herbert Maxwell of Kirkconnell, Charles Brown in New Abbey, (grand-nephew of the Abbot), Lady Mabie (sister of Kirkconnell), John Little, master of the household to the Earl of Nithsdale, and many others, all persons in respectable circumstances. It was found that these individuals proudly and contemptuously disregarded both the excommunication and the horning which they had brought upon themselves by persisting in their 'obdured and popish opinions and errors, haunted and frequented all public parts of the country, as if they were free and lawful subjects and were reset, supplied, and furnished with all things necessar and comfortable unto them, a great encouragement to them to continue in their erroneous opinions, whereas if this reset, supply and comfort were refused to them, they might be reclaimed from their opinions, to the acknowledgment of their bypast misdemeanours. As if to mark more effectually the infamy of these recusants, a pair who had been excommunicated for adultery were classed with them."

Once again in 1647 the families of Kirkconnell and Nithsdale were associated in persecution on account of their perseverance in the faith of their forefathers. On 22nd April 1647, intimation was

KIRKCONNELL HOUSE, FROM THE WEST

made by the Synod of Dumfries, from all the pulpits within the bounds, that sentence of excommunication had been passed upon the Countess of Nithsdale, John, Lord Herries and his wife, Dame Elizabeth Maxwell, elder of Kirkconnell, and about thirty others, and all persons were forbidden to reset them or resort to them, without the licence of the Presbytery, or Kirk judicatories, under pain of ecclesiastical censures. And, again, in the Dumfries Session Records, appears the entry: "3rd Feb. 1659, Capt. Edward Maxwell delate for dishaunting the ordinances, and that he is suspect of Popery —instance his inviting Lady Nithsdale and Lady Semple, both excommunicat for Popery, to a publick feast. Confesses that he invited the Lady Semple, but knew not that she was excommunicat: and that Lady Nithsdale came to visit his wife in her seikness. He was ordained to consider the Confession of Faith, and be ready to declare what profession he was of."

If we assume, as seems most probable, that this Captain Edward Maxwell was of Kirkconnell, we are led to the conclusion that it was in return for some such "publick feast" that Lord Nithsdale (commonly known as the Philosopher), sent in 1662 a "present of fishes" to the Lady of Kirkconnell. The following is her reply:—

"KIRKCONNELL, *this 7th of Oct.* 1662.

"MY LORD,—I thanke your Lordship kyndlie for remembring me with this present of fishes, which is the onlie meat, I love best; for we have all feasted

upon them this night. Receive your stotte, together with ane salter, for I heard yow say that yow stoode in neid of one; tho' it be little worth, it will serve your Lordship for the present, and when ye have occasion ye may buy ane better; if your Lordship fancie the laime one better than this, yow shall have it also; and what I have that your Lordship laikes, I pray yow acquent me, in the which doeing yow shall oblidge hir who is and ever shall remaine, Your Lordship's most faithfull and obedient servant, JEAN MAXWELL.

"For the rycht honorable the EARLE OF NITHISDAILL, at Isle of Carlaverock."

For the benefit of such as might miss the purport of this letter, I may mention that "stotte" or "stot" is a common Scotch term for a young ox; "salter," ordinarily a man who makes salt, is here transferred to mean a vessel for salting the quarters of the beast; "laime" is no misspell for "lame," and does not refer to the quadruped mentioned in the letter—it is derived from "loam," and here means earthenware.

How precarious was the position of Catholic landlords at this time may be judged from the following incident. Sir George Maxwell of Orchardton, in the stewartry of Kirkcudbright, having gone over to the Church of Rome, and the next heir, who was a Protestant, being empowered by the statute of 1700 to claim his estate, his uncle Thomas Maxwell of Gelstoun, a man of seventy years of age, came forward on this adventure,

further demanding that the young baronet should be discerned to pay him six thousand merks as a year's rent of his estate for employing George Maxwell of Munches, a known Papist, to be his factor, and five hundred more from Munches himself for accepting the trust.

A petition presented by the worthy Protestant uncle to the Privy Council makes us aware that George Maxwell of Munches, finding that he would be reached for accepting the said factory, out of malice raised a lawburrows, in which Orchardton concurred, though out of the Kingdom, against Geltoun and his son, as a mere pretext for stopping proceedings; but he (the uncle) "trusted the Lords would see through the trick, and defeat it by accepting the cautioners he offered for its suspension." The Council, adds Chambers, doubtless indignant that a Papist should so try to save his property, complied with Geltoun's petition. The action of this religious zealot will appear still more unkindly when it is remembered that his eldest son and heir had married a daughter of Munches; thus it happened that whilst the man whose estate he coveted was his nephew, the man whose money he sought to acquire by an iniquitous fine was also very closely connected to him.

At this period Kirkconnell was in the possession of James Maxwell, who, with his brother William, was educated at Douay College, in France. The son of the latter, also James, spent the seven years, from 1721 to 1728, at the same college, returning to Scotland in the latter year, after concluding his

course of philosophy. In 1745 he was in arms on behalf of the Stuarts and was present at Culloden, after which he escaped to France. He wrote a "Narrative of Charles Prince of Wales' Expedition to Scotland in the Year 1745," which was printed by the Maitland Club in 1846. In 1750 he returned to Kirkconnell, to which he had succeeded in 1746, and at once set about enlarging the house and improving the property. For the buildings bricks, made under his own direction on the estate, were used.

His Narrative of the rebellion is well worth reading even at the present day; indeed, it is one of the chief authorities on the subject. Although the writer says of himself that he does not profess to literary attainments, his work nevertheless has considerable merit. The style is bright and vigorous, and the fact that he was an eye-witness of the remarkable events of the eight months, from August 1745 to April 1746, gives great weight to his evidence. Maxwell places the whole blame of the failure on Murray of Broughton, against whom he makes most severe charges and insinuates still worse. In his opinion Murray for selfish ends persuaded Prince Charles to start the expedition; to secure his own advancement he kept his chief at variance with those who should have been the Prince's councillors, and in many cases his greed of money brought great hardships on men and officers alike. The two following extracts will be of interest. Speaking of the decision of Prince Charles to convene the Council of War as seldom as possible, in order to

avoid the dissensions which this assembly caused, Maxwell writes: "Thus some places of the greatest trust and importance were given to little insignificant fellows, whilst there were abundance of gentlemen of merit and figure that had no employment at all, and who might have been of great use had they been properly employed. Those whom Murray had thus placed seconded his dirty little views." Maxwell's sensitiveness on this point has misled him into being commonplace, which is a fault of rare occurrence in the Narrative.

Here is his description of the Highlanders: "Their dress is peculiar to themselves. Light, clever, easy and adapted to the country and manners of living, they are not encumbered with breeches, instead of which they wear a kind of petticoat or shirt, which reaches from their middle to their knees. Their plaid is the most useful part of their dress: it is a piece of woollen stuff; from one to one and a half yards in breadth and six in length: this they wear in sundry shapes, as a kind of cloak, and wrap themselves up in when they lye down to rest. Their offensive arms are a fusil and side pistol, a broad sword and dagger, or dirk as they call it; and for their defence they have a target or buckler made of wood covered with leather, which, though by no means musket proof, is of singular use in a close engagement. A Highlander with a broad sword and target, has a great advantage over a soldier with screwed bayonet, when his fire is spent, so that the advantage regular troops have over Highlanders consists in their fire and discipline,

and if these don't prevail, a body of Highlanders, completely armed and in good spirits, will get the better of an equal number of regular troops. The Highlanders are divided into sundry clans or tribes; the individuals of each clan have the same sirname, and are generally supposed to be descended from the chief family of the clan. The Representative of this family, whom they commonly call their Chieftain or Chief, has a sovereign power over his clan. Laws were made long ago to moderate the authority that naturally flows from hereditary jurisdictions, which are frequent in Scotland: but the effect of these laws has hardly reached the western coast and Isles. These parts are remote from any tribunal, and very difficult of access. This has contributed to enable the Chiefs to keep up their authority, but the principal source of it is a real attachment of the people to the persons of their Chiefs. Each Clan looks upon itself as one family and the chief as the common father. As they have no manufactures among them, and their country is not fit for tillage, the common people have little to do, a few being sufficient for the care of their cattle, which are the chief produce of their lands. It is perhaps owing to this idleness that the lower sort are more curious and inquisitive about news and politics, and better versed in their own history and genealogies than the common people of other countries. . . . The Highlanders have been always fond of arms, and handle them with great dexterity." James Maxwell died in 1762, when only fifty-four years of age.

Besides the manuscript of the Narrative there is preserved at Kirkconnell the author's silver compass; whilst of the long list of most interesting Stuart relics which the house contains, special mention must be made of a beautiful miniature painted on ivory, representing Princess Mary of Orange, daughter of James II. There is also a tiny miniature of Charles I. set in gold, on the reverse of which are the emblems of death, the skull and cross bones, and the initials C.R. These were given after the King's death to his adherents, and are now very rare. Scarcely of less interest are the next two items, namely, a manuscript volume of letters, meditations and prayers, composed by James II. when in exile. This was sent to the Kirkconnell family in 1702, after the death of James, and is a copy of the original. It is entitled, "A Collection of several of His late Majesty's papers of Devotion, copied exactly from the original," and the authenticity is certified by a holograph note from James's Queen, Mary of Modena. Lastly, the Old Pretender is here represented by the gift sent by him to the Kirkconnell family of a snuff-mill of dark wood, shaped like a small opera-glass case. It has a silver hoop whereon are engraved the words: "Jac: et Clem: Dei Grat: Maj: Brit: Fra: et Hib: Rex et Reg: Fidei Defensor 1726," and on the lid is a heart-shaped shield charged with a sphere, and over it the legend, "Spes Ultra." This snuff-box was sent by the Chevalier and his wife Clementina, through Sir David Nairn, their secretary, whose name is imprinted on the bottom.

In 1827 Dorothy, grand-daughter of the aforesaid James Maxwell, succeeded as Lady of Kirkconnell, and, dying in 1904, she enjoyed the unusually long tenure of seventy-seven years. It was strange to hear her speak of her grandfather being "out in '45"—the incidents of a century and a half ago were brought very close by such words.

If surroundings have the influence on character which is attributed to them, it is little wonder that the late Lady of Kirkconnell should have exercised so great an attraction over all with whom she came in contact. Brought up in the charming atmosphere which surrounds the old house, she was, as one who knew her well has said, "quite typical of the old stock—a dame of the olden time, seldom going from home (I believe she never set foot on the Continent), stately and dignified at all times, yet most kind and gentle and affable to every one who approached her." Indeed, at Kirkconnell many of the old Catholic and Scotch customs survived long after they had been discontinued in other families. The late Laird always drove with postilions when going out in the evening, to the great admiration of the children at the houses where he dined, and the friendly chaff of his host. At Kirkconnell also the practice survived that the servants, male and female, were considered an integral part of the household. They were mostly from the neighbourhood, and knew that, though their wages might be small, they were sure of a kind and peaceful home in their old age. It thus happened that when the late Lady of Kirkconnell died, there

were in the house maid-servants who had been forty-two, forty-four and forty-nine years in her service, and that, too, in a comparatively small household!

A complete and most interesting list is given in the Directory for 1855 of the priests who succeeded each other in the Mission of Kirkconnell and New Abbey during the past three centuries, several of whom were of the Kirkconnell family. Thus Father Stanislaus Maxwell, S.J. (born 1688, died 1734), came to his native mission in 1726; and Father George Maxwell, S.J., resided with his family at Kirkconnell from 1764 to 1772. Of Father Francis Maxwell, of the Carruchan family, also a Jesuit, it is known that he went about the streets of Dumfries playing the fiddle, in order to have the opportunity of informing Catholics where Mass would be celebrated. This was about the year 1707.

A still more strange device was employed at Kirkconnell House itself. It was well known that when Mass was to be said here, a man, wrapt in a white sheet, appeared at night in the avenue between the large holly-trees, and those who were in the secret knew what this signal meant, whilst the rest of the passers-by were terrified and thought it was a ghost. This explains why a white lady is said to appear in the avenue. The holly-trees themselves were popularly known as the "Mass Bushes." This was at the time when the old chapel was still at the top of the Tower. It was a plain square room with groined roof of stone, and it used to be so full of people that they had to kneel down the cork-

SWEETHEART ABBEY

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screw stairs, as was well remembered by an old man but lately dead, who attended Mass in the old chapel when he was a young lad. The altar, tabernacle, cruets, and much of the other altar furniture of the old chapel are still in use in the present one.

The Catholic atmosphere, however, which was so strong at Kirkconnell itself, did not extend very far afield, as the following incident will show. About 1745 a faithful servant of the family, named Lottomer, died, and was buried in Sweetheart Abbey. But so great was the bigotry and the bitterness against Catholics that next morning his dead body was found to have been brought back to Kirkconnell and cast on the dunghill. The Colonel, who commanded the troop of Dragoons at that time stationed in the house, was most indignant, and wished to have the poor man re-buried in the Abbey by his soldiers and guarded. The Laird of Kirkconnell, however, did not wish this: "We will bury him here," said he, "in consecrated ground, where he will rest in peace." This was accordingly done. The spot was in front of the house on a little knoll, which was always said to be consecrated ground, as it was believed that a little chapel, dedicated to St. Connel, had stood there in bygone days. There Lottomer was laid, two flat stones marking the place, but, except to those who are familiar with the scene, "Lottomer's grave" is unknown.

The Catholics of the district had almost uninterruptedly numbered 200 souls, and had for many years been ministered to in the spacious domestic

chapel adjoining Kirkconnell House, but in 1824 a new chapel and presbytery were built at New Abbey, within a stone's-throw of the beautiful old ruin, the scene at one time of the cloistral labours, as later of the apostolic zeal, of "that famous excommunicat, foir faultit and perverting papist, namit Mr. Gilbert Broone, Abbot of New Abbey!"

But if the position of the new chapel, so close to the once flourishing, now desecrated Abbey, is a striking sign of the vitality of the ancient faith, still more wonderful is the fact that the very walls of old Kirkconnell House in the nineteenth century saw the plans of the new church discussed, as well as the share its owners would have in forwarding the good work, just as those same walls had seen the same subjects discussed, possibly in the twelfth century, when it was a question of the foundation by earlier lairds of Kirkconnell of the Abbey of Holywood—certainly in the fifteenth, when it was a question of some of the benefactions of which Henriquez tells us.

FETTERNEAR

CHARMINGLY situated on the banks of the Don, along which the main approach runs, the mansion-house of Fetternear has still greater charms by reason of the changes of fortune through which it has passed and which it has successfully weathered.

From the mention of the additions made to the house by Peter de Ramsay, ninth Bishop of Aberdeen, in 1256, it is clear that it existed anterior to that date. The fourth bishop in succession after Peter de Ramsay, namely, Alexander de Kyninmund, completed Fetternear as an episcopal residence. It is recorded[1] of him that he spent the summers between 1329 to 1341 at Fetternear, and the spring, autumn, and winter of each year at his three other seats. The fourth bishop in succession from him, Adam Cunningham, while residing at Fetternear, is known to have absolved Robert, Adam Halde, Angus Faber, and William, the son of John, from the sentence of excommunication passed against them, as is described in the *Registrum Epis. Aberd.*

Between 1487 and 1514 Fetternear must frequently have been the residence of Bishop William Elphinstone, who held the see of Aberdeen during

[1] "Historical Records of the Family of Leslie," from which the following is in great part taken, by permission of Mr. Charles Duguid Leslie, of Balquhain and Auchinhove.

those years. Of this most eminent pre-Reformation Churchman the late Mr. Cosmo Innes writes: "We know him in the history of the time as the zealous churchman, the learned lawyer, the wise statesman, one who never sacrificed his diocesan duties to mere secular cares, but knew how to make his political eminence serve the interests of his church; who with manners and temperance in his own person befitting the primitive ages of Christianity, threw around his cathedral and palace the taste and splendour that adorn religion; who found time amidst the cares of State and the pressure of daily duties to preserve the Christian antiquities of his diocese and collect the memories of those old servants of the truth, who had run a course similar to his own; to renovate his cathedral service, and to support and foster all good letters, while his economy of a slender revenue rendered it sufficient for the erection and support of sumptuous buildings, and the endowment of a famous university." Dom Jerome Pollard Urquhart, O.S.B., in the April and May numbers of *St. Andrew's Cross* for 1904, gave most interesting details of the life of this great bishop, conspicuous at once for his simple piety and deep learning, profound legal knowledge and great administrative abilities, of whom it is truly said that the noblest monuments to his memory are the beautiful buildings of the tower and chapel of King's College, Aberdeen, of which he was the founder.

In 1549 William Gordon, Bishop of Aberdeen, probably to secure his estate from spoliation, granted to his brother George, Earl of Huntly, Chancellor

William Elphinstone,
Bishop of Aberdeen (1484–1514) *p.* 172

of Scotland and Lieutenant of the North, a lease for thirteen years of the barony and shire of Fetternear, the rent payable being "seventeen pounds, sixteen shillings and eight pence, usual money of Scotland; three chalders, eight bolls of bere, with a peck to every boll; one mouton, thirteen dozens of poultry, one barrel of salmon for the fishing, or three pounds in money," &c., &c. Eighteen months later a similar lease on the same terms was granted to John Leslie, eighth Baron of Balquhain, of this same barony of Fetternear.

The next Baron of Balquhain afforded the Bishop of Aberdeen so much assistance in protecting his cathedral from the ravages of the reformers that the good bishop, as a mark of his gratitude, bestowed on him the barony of Fetternear, with the palace, the fortalice, and the tower, together with the fishing in the river Don. The charter conveying this gift is dated 8th June 1566.

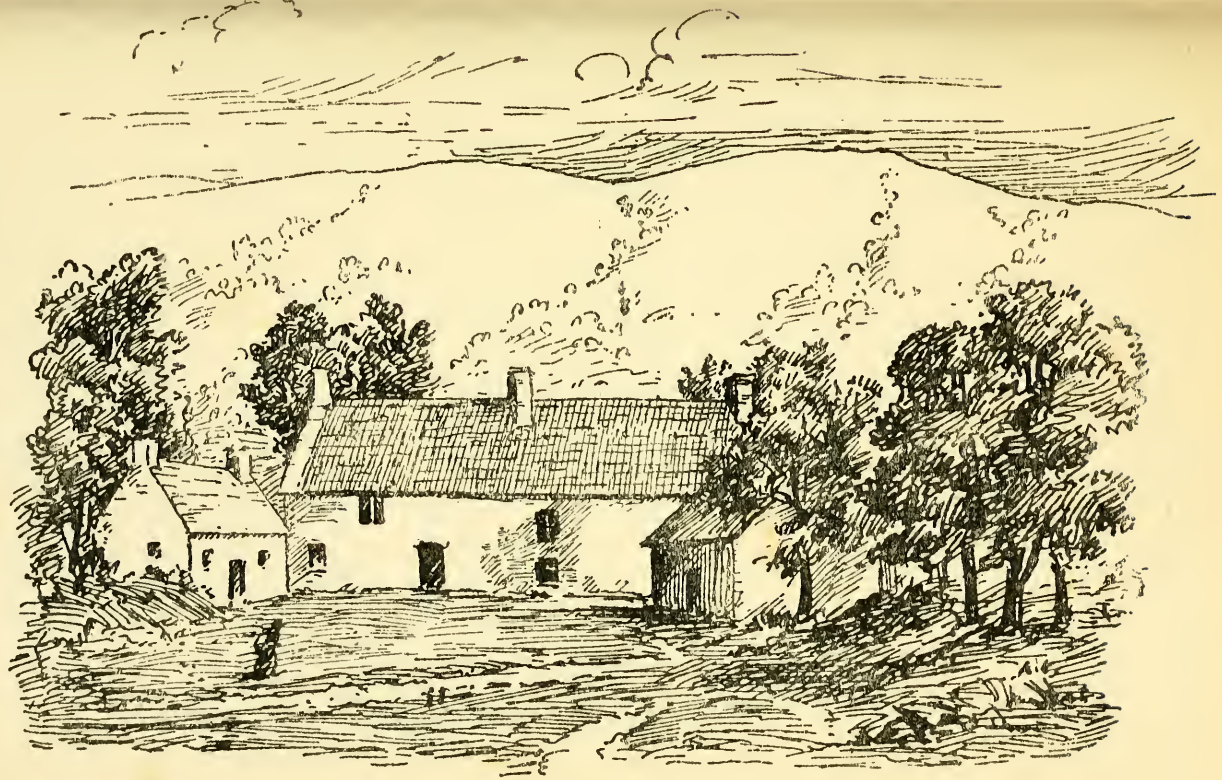
This charter was confirmed by royal authority in 1602, and in 1670 by papal authority, Pope Clement X. granting a charter to Alexander Abercrombie, who at that time held the barony of Fetternear in wadsett, and this latter charter was reconfirmed by Pope Pius IX. in 1868.

In 1640 Fetternear was the scene of active hostilities, the loopholes in the walls being put to such good use that the party of seventy soldiers retired, leaving one of their number dead on the field. The stone cannon balls then used are still kept as trophies, whilst the loopholes remain visible on the inside of the house, though many have been

built up on the outside. The action is thus described in Spalding's memorials of the troubles in Scotland :—

"Sunday 17 Junii, Doctor Scrogie preichit in Old Aberdeen, and celebrat the communion; bot ther was scarss 4 burdes of communicantis in respect of their trubles.

"The same Sunday, about 11 houris at even, thair came out of New Aberdein about 200 soldiouris with their commanderis. At the brig of Done thay divydit in three pairtes, quhairof one went towardis Fetterneir. . . . Those who went to Fetterneir fand the yetis keipit cloiss, the laird himself being within, and began to persew the entress yet, quhilk was weill defendit, and ane of their soldiouris schot out thairat, quhairof he deit scortlie thairefter. The rest leaves the persute, and thair hurt soldiour behind thame, and returnis to Aberdein without moir ado. The Laird feiring sum truble to follow, displenishes the place, left nothing tursabill within, cloissis wp the yettis, and took his wyf, children, and servandis with him to sum uthir pairt. But schortlie thair cum fra Abirdein another pairtie of soldiouris to the same place, brak up the yettis and durris, enterit the housis and chalmeris, brak doun wyndois, bedis, burdis, and left no kynd of plenishing on hewin doun, quhilk did thame little good, albeit skaithful to the owner. Sic as thay culd carie with thame thay took, syne returnit bak to Abirdein; bot the Laird fled the cuntrie, and to Berwick goes he, suffering this gryt skaith."



OLD SEMINARY OF SCALAN

A page further on there is an entry which proves the cause of this attack to have been no other than religious antagonism. "Thomas Crombie being absent in England, his place of Kemnay—one mile from Fetternear—is taken in, his girnellis broken up, and store of victuallis pairtit amongst the soldiouris. Thus all sort of people who wold not sueir and subscrive the covenant, and contribute to the good cause, was grevouslie overrun and oppressit, without law or auchtoritie of His Majestie."

Fetternear House next suffered, still more severely, from the disputes regarding succession, though these also were not without their religious colouring. In 1762 the claim of Peter Leslie Grant to Fetternear, on the ground that Count Antony Leslie was a Papist and an alien, was granted by a decision of the House of Lords. It is, however, worthy of note that the petitioner was himself in the Dutch service, so that there is strong probability that the former of the two reasons assigned had the larger share in the decision.

Thirteen years later the new laird died, and the estates passed to his cousin, Patrick Duguid, son of Robert Duguid, ninth Baron of Auchinhove, by his wife Teresa Leslie, daughter of fifteenth Baron of Balquhain. On succeeding to the estates Patrick Duguid assumed the name of Leslie. Another long litigation ensued, during which the mortgagee, David Orme, who had been granted a lease of five times nineteen years, allowed the house and grounds to fall into decay. When the rightful proprietor at length became possessed of the house, the two

wings running south from the old main building had to be removed, being past repair.

Again in 1818 extensive alterations and additions were made, the very characteristic little house which stood on the top of the east tower, and the peaked roof which surmounted the west tower, were taken down and were replaced by battlements. The net result is that after three hundred and fifty years the outside has undergone considerable change, but within the house many portions remain which saw the laird of 1566, the defender of Bishop Gordon, and which formed part of the episcopal palace, where that bishop and his predecessors spent the long days of summer, recreating mind and body with the sport afforded by the picturesque river which flows past the house at a distance of 200 yards.

The old house offered many a hiding-place, and it is narrated how on one occasion a troop of cavalry rode up to the door. The male portion of the inhabitants were safely stowed away into the various recesses, when the lady of the house boldly went to the door and protested against soldiers entering. "It were a shame," said she, "to enter by force a house where there were but a few lone women." The confidence she displayed deceived the officer in charge, who departed only to hear later that all the men he sought had been within the house at the time of his visit.

Interesting are the vestments, preserved at Fetternear, which were made out of cloth of gold and cloth of silver, taken from the Turks after the siege

of Vienna in 1683. At this period several of the family had attained high rank in the Imperial service. Walter Leslie, who as field-marshal, was sent by the emperor to be his ambassador to the sultan, distinguished himself by the magnificence of his *cortège*, which caused the grand signor himself to say that in all his life he had never seen so splendid a show. Having become possessed of great wealth, he remitted large sums to his brother, the Baron of Balquhain, to assist him to retrieve his estates. James Leslie, nephew of the aforesaid Walter, also a field-marshal in the Austrian service, was conspicuous for his gallantry at the siege of Vienna. On 11th September 1683 he broke through the Turkish army, and conveyed into the beleaguered city a large force of men and store of provisions, which came as a most seasonable assistance, and greatly contributed to the success of the imperialists and the rout of the Turks, who were completely defeated on the following day. Part of the spoil which fell to the lot of Count James Leslie was a quantity of cloth of silver and cloth of gold, which, in the form of vestments, are a most memorable trophy of the success of the Christian arms over the Turks.

Both the above-mentioned counts are buried in the Leslie chapel of the Scotch Benedictine Abbey in Vienna, which they had liberally supported. There is also mention of an annual provision left by Count James Leslie to the Scotch Benedictine Abbey of Ratisbon, for the education of young Scotch gentlemen of small fortune.

How the above-mentioned vestments found their way back to Fetternear is not told, but of their danger of destruction we learn from evidence given by Hon. Mary Elphinstone, who stated that "her sister Margaret married George Leslie of Balquhain in 1706; that George Leslie and his sisters were all bigoted Papists; that she knew there was a popish chapel in their house and a popish priest always kept at Fetternear; that when her brother-in-law, Count George Leslie, died in 1715, his widow, her sister, sent for the popish priest and desired him to pack up all the popish trinkets, vestments, baubles, and many popish books and to convey them away, which he accordingly did; and that she was resolved to bring up her children, James and Ernest, and to educate them as Protestants, which she did." It is remarked in the "Historical Records of the Family of Leslie" that of five Barons of Balquhain, who at different times were Protestants, all, including the above-mentioned James and Ernest, died childless.

Mention has already been made of the Duguids, Lairds of Auchinhove. This family was also staunch in their support of the Stuarts, being "out" in 1715 and again in 1745. In the latter insurrection especially, Auchinhove raised large numbers of men at his own expense. He was present at the action of Inverurie, where Lord Lewis Gordon with 1100 men attacked and put to flight the Laird of M'Leod and his 1500 men. After the suppression of the rebellion, the Laird of Auchinhove was exempted from the general pardon granted by the

Government of King George, on account of the active and bold part which he had taken in the rebellion. Nor could he return to his own house, for Auchinhove was watched by Captain Hardy and a body of the King's troops. His sufferings are well told in the "Historical Records": "He was obliged to skulk about the country. Being a most resolute man, he determined to sell his life as dearly as possible, particularly as Captain Hardy had sworn and declared in the most brutal boasting manner, that if Auchinhove were out of Hell he would take him dead or alive. Patrick Leslie Duguid got a guard for his safety and protection; a band of six faithful old followers and companions in arms, who were well armed, and remained constantly with him in the various places to which he resorted for security, in the fastnesses of Coul and the neighbouring hills and mountains, where he concealed himself and dexterously evaded every attempt of the King's troops to surprise or take him.

"During this unhappy period, his wife, Lady Auchinhove, as she was usually called, remained with her three infant children at the Castle of Auchinhove, and was kept in a state of continual alarm and anxiety, not only with regard to her husband's safety, but also of her own, and on account of the continual intrusion of the soldiers into her privacy under the pretence of searching for her husband. One day Captain Hardy abruptly entered her room, and, hearing some noise in an adjoining closet, in which her son James, then a child of only

five years, usually slept, he thought that it was perhaps the Laird, who might have got secretly into the Castle, and was concealed there. He rushed in great haste to examine the closet, when to his great mortification he found only the little fellow. Captain Hardy was not a little abashed, but, to conceal his chagrin, he flourished his gay cocked hat and feathers, and told the child that he would give it to him if he would cry 'Hurrah for King George!' To his surprise the laddie smartly answered, 'Na, na; I'm a Prince's man.'"

Some time afterwards Captain Hardy, finding that he had little chance of succeeding in apprehending the Laird of Auchinhove, and becoming enraged at being baffled in his attempts, cruelly ordered the Castle to be burned, without giving any notice or warning of any kind to the unfortunate lady or her family. At the hour of midnight, he barbarously gave the order to set fire to the Castle. After it was in a blaze, Lady Auchinhove made her escape with her infant children by a window, and retired to the top of a neighbouring hill, where they sat shivering in the cold, mournfully looking on until the Castle and all its valuables were reduced to ashes. She took refuge afterwards in a gardener's house. The Laird witnessed the heart-rending scene of his ancient Castle in flames from a spot on the Hill of Coul, which is still pointed out by the country people.

Captain Hardy's action is the more reprehensible as he acknowledged later to Lady Auchinhove that had he known that she was a relative of his com-

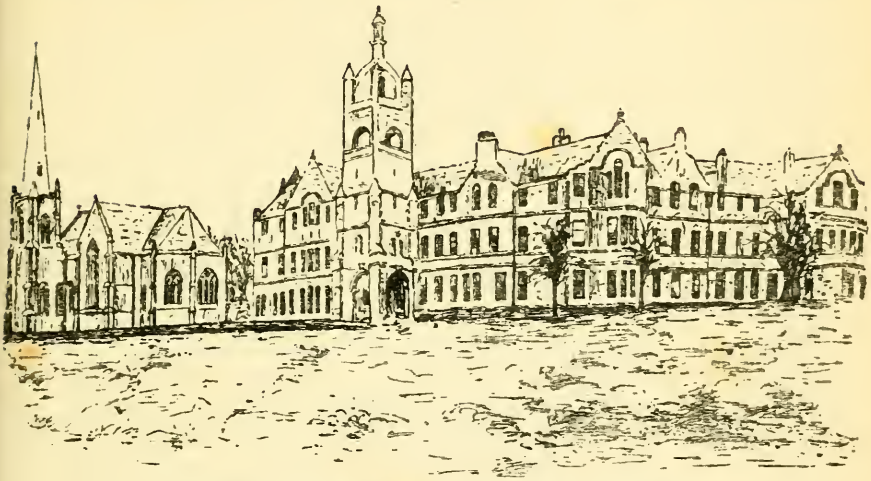
manding officer, General Irvine, he would not have done it. No punishment was, however, inflicted on the perpetrator of the barbarous act, and no redress was obtained. When reading this account one is reminded of the lines in Smollett's charming poem, "The Tears of Scotland":—

> "Thy hospitable roofs no more
> Invite the stranger to the door:
> In smoky ruins sunk they lie,
> The monuments of cruelty.
> The wretched owner sees afar
> His all become the prey of war—
> Bethinks him of his babes and wife,
> Then smites his breast and curses life."

It is interesting to note that the little hero of the cupboard incident entered the Society of Jesus abroad. He received Holy Orders and returned to Scotland in 1777, and died in 1816 at Stockeld, in Yorkshire, where he was chaplain. He was buried at Spofforth. His brother Charles, also a Jesuit, in 1793 built the church at Oxford, where he died in 1806. Being in holy orders these two elder brothers were excluded from the succession, which passed to the third brother John. He married at Terregles Castle, near Dumfries, Violet, daughter of John Dalzell, of Barncrosh. It was their daughter, Amelia, who by her marriage with Mr. Alexander Fraser, of Strichen, restored that family to the Catholic faith. The only son of this latter marriage was Thomas Alexander, to whom the title of Lord Lovat was restored in 1857.

Mrs. Violet Leslie died in 1836 at the age of

eighty-six. She retained all her faculties to the last; and as she possessed a peculiarly retentive memory, her conversation was most interesting, especially when she related stories of 1715 and 1745, which she had heard from her relations and friends, many of whom had suffered in the Stuart cause. She used to tell how she and her sisters



BLAIRS COLLEGE, FROM THE NORTH-WEST

dressed themselves up in the cloak and gown of the brave Countess of Nithsdale, in which her husband the Earl effected his escape from the Tower of London. She used also to tell how, when she was at school at the convent at York, the head of her grandfather, Lord Kenmure, still remained at the Michaelgate Bar, and when it was taken down by order of the Government all the people congratulated her.

Another domain closely associated with Fetter-

near is Balquhain Castle, where the family resided previous to the gift by the Bishop of Aberdeen of the domain of Fetternear, and from which they still take the name of Barons of Balquhain. It was at Balquhain Castle that Mary Queen of Scots spent the first night after leaving Aberdeen on her progress to the north in 1562. It was on this occasion that the Earl of Huntly designed to make away with his rival, the newly created Earl of Murray, Lord James Stuart, the Queen's natural brother, who was one of the guests. But William Leslie would not on any account consent that his house should be the scene of such a deed, and by his influence he dissuaded the Earl of Huntly from the design. On 10th September Queen Mary, leaving Balquhain Castle, passed the collegiate church of Our Lady of the Garrioch, where she heard mass, the last mass ever celebrated in that once fair and beautiful chapel. In her train was probably Dr. John Leslie, later Bishop of Ross, and her most faithful supporter. He was a scion of the family of Leslie, of Cults, a junior branch of that of Balquhain.

Being selected by the Catholic party, and especially by the Earls of Huntly and Athol, Dr. Leslie went to France to invite Queen Mary home to Scotland, and accompanied her on her journey north, which she commenced in August 1561.

In 1565 he was appointed Bishop of Ross. It is largely to his energy that is due the credit of the first impression of the Laws of Scotland, which were first collected and printed in Edinburgh in 1566. Bishop Leslie defended Queen Mary against the

calumnies of her rebellious subjects; he remonstrated with Elizabeth on the treatment to which she subjected the Scottish Queen; he was most urgent in soliciting the assistance of the kings of France and Spain, as well as the Pope, in behalf of his Sovereign, in vindication of whom he published several treatises. After a life spent in devoted service of the unfortunate Mary, it is said that he was so greatly affected by the circumstances and the inhumanity of her untimely end, that he retired to the monastery of Canons-regular at Gertrudenburg, where he spent the remainder of his days in great devotion. The beautiful inscription on his monument records his great labours on behalf of the Catholic faith and in defence of his rightful Queen.

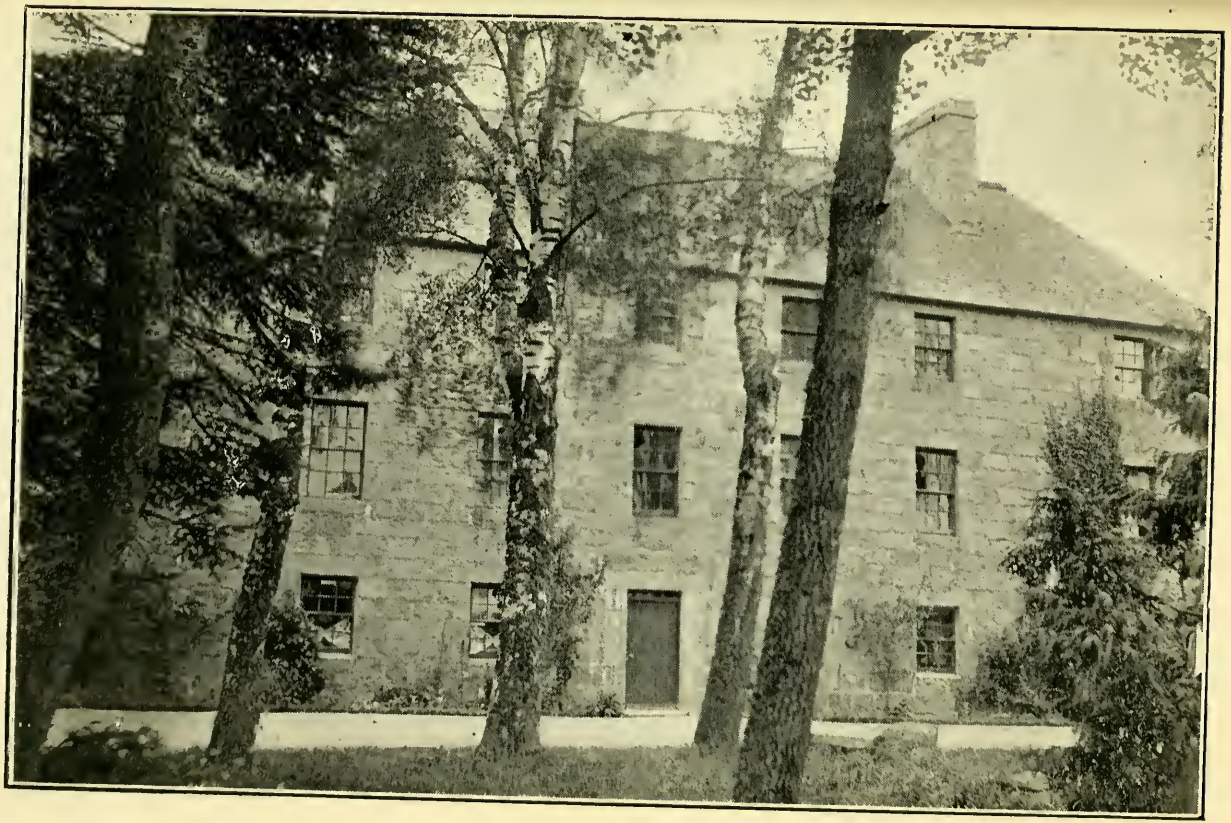
Whilst Fetternear was still the summer residence of the bishops of Aberdeen, the parish church was within the cemetery of St. Ninian, half a mile distant. This ancient chapel dates from 1150, but the well, at the foot of the brae, and which from time immemorial has been known as St. Ninian's well, is one of a series which mark the progress of that Saint along the banks of the Don, as he passed down the river in his apostolic mission. A few miles distant is the well of St. Apollinarius of the same date. The "persona de Fetternear" occurs in numerous charters.

An ancient will of the sixteenth century directs that the testator be buried within the church of St. Ninian at Fetternear. An old plan, dated 1769, shows St. Ninian's church within the cemetery, and

as late as fifty years ago the walls of this building were still four feet high. In 1848 a new chapel was built, but not on the correct site of the old one. This error was corrected in 1878, when a second chapel was built alongside the first. This latter building follows the exact foundations of that of 1150. It is here that lie the remains of the venerable Bishop Hay; whilst in the cemetery outside are buried the bodies of the students who died between 1797 and 1811 at Aquhorties.

The College of Aquhorties, distant about two miles from Fetternear, of which estate it forms a part, was leased by Bishop Hay. Hitherto the seminary for the priesthood had been at Scalan, where the building still remains, being at present used as a farmhouse. Until recently, perhaps even at the present time, there were visible on the white-washed walls the round marks, which are probably the only marks left by the students, and were the result of the weary scholars resting their heads against the wall at their back. Scalan was the seminary from 1712 to 1797. During that period it saw many scenes of interest to the Catholics of the past two centuries. Bishop Hugh Macdonald was there educated for the priesthood, which he received in 1725. He was bishop of the Highland District from 1731 to 1773, no less a period than forty-two years. It was at Scalan that Bishop Hay was consecrated, 21st May 1769, and here he wrote a great part of his works. He too was blessed with a pontificate of over forty years.

Bishop Alexander Macdonald was consecrated at



Old Seminary, Aquhorties

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Scalan in 1780, which the future bishops—Alexander Cameron had entered in 1760, Alexander Paterson in 1780, and Andrew Scott in 1785. Its situation in the Braes of Glenlivet is justly described as "most secluded, accessible only by a bridal path, hardly known but to a few shepherds, or the wandering sportsman." After Culloden it was visited by Cumberland's soldiers, who burned down the house and dispersed its inmates.

On the removal to Aquhorties, Bishop Hay set to work to improve the property. He built the large house which stands unaltered to the present day, and improved the land, which is described as in a miserable condition when he acquired it. His efforts were most successful. The hitherto waste land was brought under cultivation, and the grounds round the house were laid out in a style which showed his good taste. In the centre of a pretty little lake he built an artificial island, and this, together with the water conduits, still exists intact.

As one stands facing the house, the window on the extreme right on the first floor is the room where he spent his last fourteen years and where he passed to another life. There has been inserted in the wall of this room a brass tablet bearing the inscription: "Here the Venerable Bishop Hay received his eternal reward, 15 Oct. 1811, æt. 83. Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His Saints."

Bishop Hay was buried, as has been stated above, in the church of St. Ninian. The present proprietor of Fetternear has erected over the grave a handsome

stone monument, upon which will be placed a brass commemorative of the holy bishop. Within this church is also the altar, so often used by him at Aquhorties; whilst at Fetternear are preserved his chalice, altar stone, and altar cards, breviary, and missal.[1]

There still stands in front of the house at Aquhorties the good Bishop's sun-dial. Of this an anecdote is told to the effect that the Bishop, desiring to know the hour of day, called to one of the maid-servants to go and see what time it was by the dial. The good lassie, whose muscular powers exceeded her intellectual, not knowing how to read the dial and unwilling not to comply with her master's request, took up the heavy stone upon which the dial was fixed and carried it bodily to the Bishop that he might read the time for himself. The kind old man well knew how to see the ludicrous side of the incident.

The house at Aquhorties is little altered since the Bishop's time, except that in one or two cases the farmer, desiring to avoid as much as possible of the window tax, succeeded in uniting the windows on the basement and first and second floors, thus making one of what had previously been three

[1] It had been the sincere wish of the writer to say Mass in St. Ninian's Church, beside the body of the venerable prelate, and to use so much of his altar furniture, a desire which he still hopes to see realised. Indeed, all Catholic Scotland will unite with him in the hope that the tomb of the saintly writer and most apostolic Prelate, who did so much to restore Catholicity in Scotland, together with the church within which the tomb is, will be completed at an early date, so that the work already happily begun may be worthy of the celebration of his centenary five years hence (1911).

windows. In one case this aperture measures twenty-two and a half feet from top to bottom.

Great as must have been the change from Scalan to Aquhorties, the difference between that and the present College of Blairs is still more striking. From 1829, however, till 1899 the buildings were much less sumptuous, and there was well grounded complaint of their inconvenience. If the old Laird of Pitfodels could have foreseen to what a successful issue his proposal of the transfer of the College to his estate of Blairs was ultimately to lead, the worthy benefactor to the Church in Scotland would have had good reason to be proud of his gift. No one can visit the present College of St. Mary without being struck by the completeness and grandeur of the *ensemble*. Besides the general effect of the fine situation from the outside, the interior leaves little to be desired; the library and the church especially should contribute to convey to the students as lofty an ideal of the dignity of the vocation for which they are being educated as could be expected from many a learned discourse on the subject. In the principal reception room are the celebrated pictures of Mary Queen of Scots, Cardinal Beaton, and James III., the old Pretender; but to most minds the most striking portrait is the beautiful likeness of Bishop Hay, whose kind old face bespeaks the virtues which fully justify the chaffingly proposed epitaph: "Here lies a sincere and pious and devout Christian."[1]

[1] An allusion to his spiritual treatises, "The Sincere Christian," "The Devout Christian," "The Pious Christian." The merit of these works, which may still be read with great profit, gained for their author a world-wide reputation.

With the names of Bishop Hay, the most eminent of the Catholic bishops of Scotland since the Reformation, and that of St. Mary's College, Blairs, these pages may fitly close, in the hope that the new College may produce many learned and apostolic men, who will labour in his spirit to maintain the traditions of sincerity and of religion, which their predecessors did so much to foster in the Ancient Catholic Homes of Scotland.

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THE END

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