

. Kingussie .
and
Upper Speyside

(Badenoch).

A Descriptive Guide
to the District, with
Map of Badenoch. .



Kingussie :
Published by George A. Crerar,
Bookseller and Stationer.

PREFACE TO SIXTH EDITION.

IN submitting a Sixth Edition of CRERAR'S GUIDE TO BADENOCH, the publisher begs to express his acknowledgments to the public for the cordial reception accorded to the booklet when first issued twenty years ago, and for the continued demand for it season after season as successive bands of visitors have made their appearance in the district.

The Guide was originally written merely with the object of presenting in a handy form such information with regard to the principal places of interest in the ancient lordship, and the best means of reaching those, as strangers were likely to find convenient and useful.

The present edition has been in part re-written, the old matter revised and extended, the history of Badenoch out-lined ; the leading topographical features sketched ; roads, paths, hills, rivers, streams indicated ; and the stranger told where are to be found hotels, shops, post and telegraph offices, churches, banks, workshops in out-of-the-way situations, golf courses and other means of recreation,—and the effort has been attempted to present the varied information in the briefest possible form, so that the stranger may be enabled to make it his own with as little trouble as possible by reading as he runs through the country.

KINGUSSIE, *March, 1910.*

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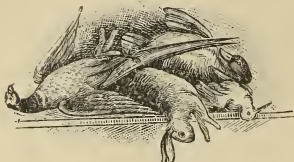
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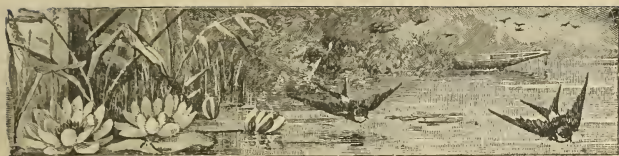
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KINGUSSIE AND UPPER SPEYSIDE (BADENOCH).



ATTRACTIONS AS A HOLIDAY RESORT.



BADENOCH may justly claim that it enjoys the distinction of having for many years occupied a very leading position amongst the most favoured summer and autumn resorts in the Highlands of Scotland. The main reason for this popularity, of course, lies in the unquestioned fact that the district is really a magnificent natural sanatorium 'twixt the Grampian and Monaliadh Mountains, the highest inhabited portion of the British Isles. There is every reason to anticipate that the favour acquired by the ancient lordship will increase rather than diminish as time goes on, in consequence of the ease with which, in these days of fast trains, it can be reached from the cities and populous towns in the south. And there are not wanting signs that this locality of Upper Speyside, now so much favoured as a place of temporary sojourn during the bright, sunny time of the year, may in the future come to occupy a very important position as a place of residence even during the rigours of winter. The open-air treatment of pulmonary consumption in bracing situations at high altitudes has

been for some time receiving the most serious attention of the medical faculty. There is still a considerable difference of opinion among the highest authorities; but in any case, Badenoch is one of the highest inhabited districts in the United Kingdom, and, with its fine atmosphere and easy means of communication by rail with other places, seems to be an ideal region wherein the Nordrach or open-air system of treating chest complaints can be put to the most effective test.

SITUATION OF BADENOCH.

Badenoch is one of the inmost parts of Scotland, being about equi-distant between the Atlantic and the German Oceans. Situated in the extreme south of Inverness-shire, it extends to about 40 miles in length from the boundaries of Lochaber on the west to Craigellachie, near Aviemore Station on the Highland Railway, on the east, and about 20 miles in breadth from Mar and Atholl in the Grampian peaks on the south, to the water-shed of the Findhorn in Strathdearn in the north. It has an area of about 551 square miles, or upwards of 350,000 acres, and the well-known River Spey flows through the central valley for some 35 miles. The lowest level in the district is 700 feet; Kingussie, the capital, is 740 feet above sea level, and Lochan Spey, where the river has its origin near the Lochaber border, is 1143 feet. The Highlanders of old had a saying that ran—

Spè, Dè, agus Tatha,
Tri uisgeachan's mo' fo'n athar.

Which in English means—

The three largest rivers that be
Are the Spey, the Tay, and the Dee.

The highest peak is 4149 feet, a shoulder of Braeriach ridge, Braeriach itself being outside Badenoch by about a mile, and Ben Macdhui, the second highest hill in Scotland, by about two miles. The district includes quite a number of peaks from 2000

to 4000 feet high. The north-coming traveller enters Badenoch on the south near two huge hills called the "Badenoch Boar" and the "Atholl Sow," some few miles north of Dalnaspidal, the highest station on the Highland Railway, the altitude at this point being 1484 feet above sea level, and leaves it at "Stand Fast Craigellachie" Rock, about a mile south of Aviemore Station, the line running for several miles parallel with the Spey, and between the Grampians on the south and the Monaliadh hills on the north.

MODERN INVASION OF BADENOCH.

Since the opening of the Highland Railway in 1863, Badenoch has been visited in each successive year by an ever-increasing body of strangers from all parts of the country, indeed may it be said from all parts of the world. During the past thirty-five years especially, the annual influx of summer and autumn visitors, exclusive of sportsmen, has been remarkable. Of these, many of course have been mere tourists, who made but brief stays while passing through in delightful quest of new scenes in portions of Scotland which had been in pre-railway days practically inaccessible to the multitude by reason of imperfect inter-communication. But of the hundreds who made their first acquaintance with Badenoch simply as birds of passage, a very large number, by their own admission, found themselves so charmed by the varied scenic attractions, so exhilarated by the bracing air, and so interested by the, to them, piquant strangeness of the manners, customs, dress, foibles, and modes of speech, that they returned in subsequent years with the view of making a more minute and extended exploration of what was evidently an unusually interesting portion of the kingdom. Many of those who made casual acquaintance in the manner described from 15 to 30 years ago have come back season after season for prolonged residence until their faces have become almost as familiar as those of the natives.

The piquant strangeness of manners, dress, &c., are, however, not now-a-days observable, for the people of Badenoch are in all respects as advanced as those of any, even the most fashionable parts of the kingdom. Long gone are the times when careful housewives from the Southern cities carried in their baggage old clothing for themselves and their children, in the expectation that these garments would be good enough to wear in a Highland town, village, or glen. There is a tradition that some years ago an economising mamma, who came North under this hallucination, telegraphed to her spouse, "Send all best clothing, please; as fashionable as Scarboro', and more fashionable than Margate!"

A NATURAL SANATORIUM IMPROVED.

As a consequence of the growing favour extended to the newly found beautiful Natural Sanatorium, the old topographical features of parts of the district have been much changed by the erection of scores of villas, many of them very large, and all of them more or less elegant, for the purpose of providing the accommodation necessary to meet the ever-increasing demand. Not a few of these have been put up to the order of visitors who have acquired feus from local landed proprietors. In this way the aspect of Kingussie, Newtonmore, Kincaig, Aviemore, and other more rural places, has, during the past decade, undergone a most complete transformation; whilst most old buildings of any size in town, village, and hamlet have been either remodelled, renovated, or extended to suit modern requirements. Figures giving an approximation to the sum expended during the past twenty years on the erection of new dwelling-houses, improvements on pre-existing old residences, and on drainage, water, and other schemes, give a total that can hardly fail to excite surprise. It has been estimated that during these years some £140,000 has been expended in and about Kingussie alone, and well over £40,000 at Newtonmore, while there have been also large outlays at Kincaig, so that

the building expenditure within a radius of six miles of Kingussie during the past decade must have considerably exceeded £170,000. At Aviemore also considerably over £30,000 has been spent on building, the new hotel alone costing about £25,000.

FAVOURITE SUMMER RESORT OF OLD.

But while Badenoch has participated to an unusual extent in the progress and prosperity of summer holiday resorts, due to the latter-day desire of dwellers in cities to get some relief for a time from the terrible pressure on mind and body caused by the exigences of modern conditions of life and work, the fact deserves to be recalled to memory that the lordship has, from the earliest periods recorded in historical documents, been a favourite place of resort for purposes of sport and general recreation.

Tradition, as well as more authentic testimony, makes it clear that Badenoch for centuries must have been a favourite resort of devotees of the chase, whether royal, noble, or otherwise.

Fergus, one of the old Caledonian kings, is said to have had his hunting seat on the shores of Loch Laggan, in whose waters there are two islands—*Eilan-an-Righ* and *Eilan-nan Conn*—King's Island and Island of Dogs, names which seem to go some way to confirm the ancient tradition. Ardverikie, on the south side of Loch Laggan, where now exists one of the finest castles in the Highlands, is by some considered to be derived from the Gaelic, *Ard-Fherguis*—King Fergus' Height—but is more correctly, perhaps, *Ard-Merigie*, the height for rearing the standard. The Gaelic is *Ard-Mheirgidh*, from *meirge*, a standard. In any case a standard is associated with royalty, and that royalty resided not far distant from the spot whereon a standard is raised seems not to be an unwarrantable assumption.

QUEEN VICTORIA AT ARDVERIKIE.

Whether or not a King Fergus had a seat on Loch Laggan side is a point of no material consequence. It is a matter of more importance to this work dealing with Badenoch to be enabled to declare that a royal standard has been reared with legitimate pride at Ardverikie in times not of tradition, but of newspapers, electric telegraphs, and daily postal services; and that Ardverikie came to within very measurable distance of being the Highland home of the late Queen Victoria. Her Majesty came to Adverikie with the Prince Consort in the autumn of 1847, when the place was occupied as shooting tenant of Cluny Macpherson by the then Marquis of Abercorn. The Queen and the Prince remained on Loch Laggan side for some time, and were so charmed with the scenic beauties of the place that it is understood it was only after hesitation that Balmoral, on Deeside, was selected for a Royal Highland residence, instead of Adverikie in Badenoch.

OTHER VISITS OF THE QUEEN.

Here it may be mentioned that the Queen paid other two passing visits to Badenoch—once in 1860, when she and the Prince Consort *incognito* rode from Balmoral across the Grampians, down through Glenfeshie, boated across the Spey at Boat of Insh, opposite where Kincaig Railway Station now is, and thence through Strathspey to Grantown, where the night was passed in one of the hotels; and again in 187—, during her period of widowhood, she drove from Kingussie Station to Inverlochy Castle in Lochaber. On the latter occasion Her Majesty receiving a magnificent Highland welcome at Kingussie, the inhabitants for miles around turning out *en masse*, under the leadership of “Old Cluny,” Chief of the Clan Macpherson, then living. Westwards the progress was a right royal one.

KING EDWARD IN BADENOCH.

The district was again honoured with a visit from Royalty on 20th September, 1909. In the course of his journey from

Tulchan Lodge, Strathspey, where he had been staying as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Sassoon, to Mamore Forest, His Majesty King Edward VII. was pleased to make several stoppages in passing through Badenoch. At Kingussie a large crowd assembled to bid the king a hearty Highland welcome. His Majesty graciously accepted a loyal and dutiful address from the Town Council, several of the "Civic fathers," including the Provost, being presented to him. A detachment of nearly a hundred officers and men of the local Company of Territorials formed a Guard of Honour. His Majesty also stopped for a short time at Newtonmore, where the inhabitants welcomed him in the most loyal manner, and paid a visit to Cluny Castle, the residence of Cluny and Mrs Macpherson. All along the route the greatest enthusiasm prevailed, and decorations on an extensive scale were erected in honour of the occasion.

DUKES OF GORDON : DISTINGUISHED EARLIER VISITORS.

Even, however, still earlier than the time of the Queen's first visit, and long before the Highland Railway had been thought of, Badenoch was a favourite summer resort. From the early years of last century the attractions of the district for sporting and health purposes had been discovered. In the infant days of the Inverness and Perth coaches, many families and individuals distinguished in various circles in London and elsewhere were in the habit of finding their way to Upper Speyside for purposes of recreation. Natives who are now nonagenarians can recall the sensation created by the arrival in the lordship of splendidly-equipped conveyances filled with "gentry," intent on passing some months among the deer and grouse on Badenoch hills and moors, these being attended by retinues of servants, the mighty cavalcades inspiring the unsophisticated, untravelled local inhabitants with wonder, not unmixed with awe. The last Duke of Gordon was long Lord of Badenoch, and with the celebrated Duchess Jane—a leader of Scottish as well as English

Society, the friend of Sir Walter Scott and Robert Burns—dispensed hospitality on a princely scale in whatever part of the lordship they might be temporarily residing. To visit them in the North came relatives, friends, and acquaintances in tooops, many of whom afterwards formed close connections with the district on their own account. To mention names of visitors in pre-railway days would be to recall people distinguished in varied walks of English and Scottish life—politicians, heads of the greatest banking and mercantile establishments in London, eminent artists, divines and medical men, and ladies whose *salons* were for a time transferred from the metropolis to occasionally very un-*salon*-like quarters among the glens along Upper Speyside. Of the visitors in these early days, as an annual guest of a ducal family, was a doctor who afterwards came to be one of the most distinguished members of the faculty of medicine in Edinburgh. This was the late Sir Douglas Maclagan, Professor of Medical Jurisprudence. He died but quite recently, after having received honours at the hands of the late Sovereign, and the highest distinctions that could be conferred upon him by the faculty, as well as having bestowed upon him the lasting esteem and affection of all who came in contact with him, either in a social or professional capacity. The eminent physician, even in his young days, predicted that if easy means of communication were once established from the south, Badenoch would eventually become one of the most desirable and most frequented parts of the Highlands for purposes of health and recreation. He used to enlarge upon the extreme importance of Badenoch, Rothiemurchus, and Strathspey as natural sanatoria for persons of feeble health, and especially those suffering from affections of the lungs. Many individuals so affected were sent by him to these places, and some of them, after many years, are still living examples of the permanent benefits derived through following his advice. The eminent physician saw his early prediction fulfilled to an even much greater extent than he had anticipated decades before he himself died an octogenarian.

PURE AIR AND MAGNIFICENT SCENERY.

Pure bracing air, and fine scenery are appreciated by the great majority of human kind, and presumably their existence must enter as essential elements into the consideration of every individual or head of a family when determining the choice of a locality wherein the annual holiday is to be spent, with the greatest benefit to health and the greatest enjoyment to the senses.

An atmosphere purer or more exhilarating than that of Badenoch cannot certainly be breathed in Great Britain, and inland scenery wilder, more beautiful, and more diversified than the great central valley and the hills that encompass it offer to the enthusiast in such matters cannot be found in any other part of Scotland. The grand and the terrible present themselves in the gigantic heights and the awful gorges of the Grampians south of the Spey; the desolate, although in the flush of the year the beautiful in its desolation, on the Monaliadh or grey mountains stretching northwards twenty or thirty miles towards Inverness; while between the bounds of Lochaber and Strathspey the eye is feasted with a delightful diversity of scene—hill and dale, moor and loch, rock, wood, and river presenting themselves almost regular in their irregularities and in the most charming confusing.

Situated as the district is midway between the German and Atlantic Oceans, it is protected by almost enclosing hills from the piercing blasts of the east, while the intervening mountains largely intercept the rain-charged clouds that roll from the Atlantic; and the sub-soil being very light and porous, moisture is quickly absorbed. Consequently the climate is found admirably adapted for invalids and those whose systems have become enfeebled by pressure of work, the balmy odours from the resinous pine woods that abound being found to exercise a peculiarly grateful and soothing effect, especially on persons affected with chest complaints. Abundant testimony to the wonderful recuperative power of air on Speyside is sup-

plied by the yearly increasing resort to Badenoch of gentlemen of the learned professions, as well as others harassed by business cares.

PROFESSOR BLACKIE IN "PRAISE OF KINGUSSIE."

The late Professor Blackie discovered in Badenoch the elixir that enabled him almost to the last to retain perennial youth, and impelled him to burst into poetry and song. Listen to what he says in

"The Praise of Kingussie."

Tell me, good sir, if you know it ;
Tell me truly, what's the reason
Why the people to Kingussie
Shoalwise flock in summer season.

Reason ? Yes, a hundred reasons :
Tourist people are no fools ;
Well they know good summer quarters,
As the troutling knows the pools.

Look around you ; did you ever
See such sweep of mighty Bens,
With their giant arms enfolding
Flowery meads and grassy glens ?

Come with me, ye Lowland lubbers,
Learn to knock at Nature's door ;
Peeping clerks and plodding scholars,
Start with me from Aviemore.

See that kingly Cairngorm
From his heaven-kissing crown,
On the wealth of pine-clad valleys
Northward looking grandly down.

From his broad and granite shoulders,
From huge gap and swelling vein,
Through the deep snow-mantled corrie,
Pouring waters to the plain.

Thither mount with me ; and, standing
 Where the dun-plumed eagle floats,
 In God's face, who heaved the mountains,
 Bid farewell to petty thoughts !

Or—if this sun-fronting grandeur,
 And this strength-inspiring air,
 Suits thee not—pursue the streams,
 And whip the amber currents there.

Or, if feast of nature please thee
 In her rich and pictured show,
 Come with me to lone Glen Feshie,
 When the grey crags are aglow.

Come and learn the joy of working
 In God's vineyard fresh and fair,
 In the place which he appointed
 For your youthful service there.

Come and know the grace of being
 God's in God's place where you stand ;
 Know the bliss of reaping largely
 Where you sowed with liberal hand.

Several gentlemen of eminence in the medical world have for years been in the habit of spending a portion of their holidays on Speyside—a sure testimony of their appreciation of the value of the district as a health resort.

EARLY HISTORY OF BADENOCH.

Badenoch first comes into the region of recorded authentic history in the 13th century. In 1229 Walter Comyn, or Cumyn, a member of a great Norman-French family, who came over to Britain with William the Conqueror, enters upon the scene as feudal proprietor of Badenoch. In that year he enters into terms with the Bishop of Moray in regard to the church lands, and to the natives or bondsmen of the district. Thereafter he is found in possession of Badenoch and Kincardine, now

a parish further down the Spey. Walter subsequently became Earl of Monteith by marriage, and he died in 1257 without issue. A nephew, John Comyn the Red, succeeded him in Badenoch. John Comyn the Red died in 1274, and was succeeded by John Comyn the Black—John de Badenoch senior as he was called to distinguish him from John the Red Comyn, the Regent, the Baliol's nephew, and claimant to the throne of Scotland, whom Bruce killed in Dumfries in 1306. Shortly after the battle of Bannockburn, Bruce gave the Lordship of Badenoch to his faithful Lieutenant, Randolph, Earl of Moray. Earl Randolph died in 1332, and his two sons were successive Earls of Moray.

THE WOLFE OF BADENOCH.

In 1371, there enters upon the scene in Badenoch an individual whose name occupies an unenviable notoriety in Scottish history. Alexander Stewart, son of King Robert, in that year was made Lord of Badenoch by his father, and from the fierceness and turbulence of his character came to be known as "The Wolfe of Badenoch," whose doings are so graphically described by Sir Thomas Dick Lauder in the novel of that name.

The Wolfe by all accounts had a chronic quarrel with the Bishop of Moray in regard to certain church lands held in Badenoch. He ultimately siezed these lands, and for this and the desertion of his wife, the Countess of Ross, for another, was excommunicated. In revenge, the Wolfe, in a transport of rage, sallied forth from his fortress of Lochindorb, between Grantown and Forres, in 1390, and burned the towns of Forres and Elgin, with the Church of St. Giles, the *maison Dieu*, the magnificent Cathedral—one of the glories of Scottish ecclesiastical architecture—and 18 houses of the Canons. For this he is said to have done penance in the Blackfriars Church of Perth. The Wolfe died in 1394, and is believed to have been buried in Dunkeld Cathedral, where, at all events, a marble tomb to and effigy of him exist.

THE WOLFE'S BADENOCH CASTLES.

The Wolfe's principal place of residence in Badenoch was at Ruthven, opposite Kingussie, where are still to be seen the ruins of a Government barracks that replaced his castle, and he had also fortified castles in Loch-an-Eilan, Rothiemurchus, and Lochindorb, some miles north of Grantown-on-Spey.

THE GORDONS AS LORDS OF BADENOCH.

The lordship of Badenoch was finally granted to Alexander, Earl of Huntly, by James II., by charter dated 28th April, 1451. His son, George, was Lord Chancellor, founded Gordon Castle, and according to Shaw, the historian of Moray, erected the Priory of Kingussie. The Gordons were nicknamed "Cocks of the North," because of their pre-eminence in northern politics. In 1599 Huntly was created Marquis of Huntly, and in 1684 the title was advanced to that of Duke of Gordon. George, the fifth and last Duke of Gordon, died in 1836, when the property passed into possession of the Duke of Richmond and Lennox, as heir of entail, in whose person the title of Duke of Gordon again revived in 1876, the full title being now the Duke of Richmond and Gordon. Save the Church lands, all the property in Badenoch belonged to Huntly, either as superior or actual proprietor. In the 17th century the proprietors in Badenoch are found very numerous, Huntly having being very liberal in granting feus. The ancient lordship of Badenoch is now owned by the following proprietors, viz. :—the Duke of Richmond and Gordon; Sir John Macpherson Grant of Ballindalloch and Invereshie, Bart.; The Mackintosh of Mackintosh; Sir John Ramsden, Bart.; Mr. Baillie of Dochfour and Kingussie; Cluny Macpherson; Mr. Macpherson of Balavil, Newtonmore, and Phones; the Trustees of the late Colonel Macpherson of Glentruim; and Mr. Whitehead of Alvie.

THE CLAN CHATTAN AND BADENOCH.

Badenoch was the principal seat of the powerful Clan Chattan, who are well represented to this day. At the height

of their power in the 15th century, their territory stretched across Mid-Inverness-shire almost from sea to sea, right through Strathnairn, Strathdearn, Badenoch, and Brae-Lochaber to Loch-Eil, with an outflow through Rothiemurchus to Braemar. The Clan Chattan, were, in fact, the native Celtic inhabitants of Badenoch, but the ownership or superiority of the land did not belong to their chiefs, and the leading landlords they had to deal with were the two powerful Earls of Huntly and Moray.

FACILITIES FOR ANGLING.

In fixing upon holiday quarters now-a-days an element that enters largely into consideration is the facilities for angling afforded by any particular district. In this respect Badenoch is fortunate beyond many places in the Highlands. While rod fishing is prohibited on certain portions of large rivers, especially within deer forests, and there are restrictions on others during the shooting season, yet practically no restraint is placed upon any person who behaves, as all disciples of gentle Isaak Walton should do, and who observe towards those placed in authority those little ordinary courtesies which do much to sweeten life. Gamekeepers are human, and frequently have most difficult positions to fill. Where bound down by instructions, orders must be obeyed and fulfilled. Few lessees in Badenoch impose upon their servants the obnoxious duty of prohibiting absolutely, and except in a few places, chiefly within the confines of deer forests, no decent angler need apprehend serious interference, at all events up to the arrival of the sportsmen themselves. A respectfully couched application to the shooting tenants will generally meet with a satisfactory response, and in any case it may be said that as a rule no irritating restrictions are placed upon angling for trout by well-behaved people on the majority of Badenoch streams and rivers. Within a radius of a few miles of Kingussie are the rivers Feshie, Tromie, Truim, Calder, Pattack, and Mashie, and a large number of hill streams and lochs, that can often be fished with successful results. Away

north some miles in the Monaliadh hills is a splendid trouting river called the Dulnan, which falls into the Spey near Grantown. Many of the small tributaries of this stream and other district rivers yield first-rate sport. Thirteen miles by road or rail from Kingussie is Loch Ericht at Dalwhinnie, where fine baskets of trout and an occasional *salmo ferox* can be obtained. Boats are kept on the lake by the proprietors of the Dalwhinnie hotels, in the immediate vicinity. The loch is about 18 miles in length. Another famous trouting and *salmo ferox* loch is Loch Laggan, about 18 miles west from Kingussie, and for this magnificent sheet of water boats are kept for hire at Loch Laggan Hotel. Loch Insh, near Kincaig Station, 5 miles from Kingussie, and Loch Alvie, 3 miles from Aviemore Station, are preserved.

DEER FORESTS AND GROUSE SHOOTINGS.

Badenoch occupies, and has occupied for centuries, a very important position in the world of gun and rifle sport. Embraced within its boundaries are 30 moors and forests, or as in some cases a combination of both. Several of both are of immense area, and are considered to yield about the best sport in Scotland. The deer forests of Glenfeshie, for instance, extend to 38,000 acres, and are good in average seasons for about 100 stags, besides a large bag of grouse. Gaick is 13,000 acres, and yields 50 or 60 stags and several hundred brace of grouse; Ben Alder Forest, 30,000 acres, and about 80 stags; Ardverikie, 30,000 acres, and 90 stags. The grouse moors proper are large in proportion, and most productive. The rentals of the grouse moors range from £1500 downwards, while the combined moor and forest of Glenfeshie are rented at £3300 per annum.

KINGUSSIE'S RISE AND PROGRESS.

Kingussie derives its name from the Gaelic *Cinn-ghiubhsaich* (pronounced Kin-you-sich), which means the head of the fir-wood. The oldest forms of the name are Kynguscy, Kingussy,

1208 ; Kingusy, 1226 ; Kingucy, 1380 ; Kingusy, 1538 ; and Kyngusie, 1603. According to Shaw, the historian of Moray, Kingussie is a parsonage dedicated to St. Columba, and a Priory was founded in Kingussie by the Earl of Huntly about 1490.

Prettily situated close to the north bank of the Spey, it has a fine open view of the Grampians in all directions. On the north it is dominated by elevated terraces, behind which there immediately rise the fir-clad spurs of the Monaliadh hills. Viewed either from the north or south side of the Spey, Kingussie presents an appearance at once attractive and picturesque, with the Inverness and Perth and Lochaber road traversing its centre, and the Highland Railway skirting it on the south. Elevated 764 feet above sea level, it has the distinction of being one of the highest inhabited towns in Scotland. In the early days of the century evidence was not wanting that in time the place would become of some importance, but it was not till the opening of the Highland Railway in 1863 that Kingussie began to progress "by leaps and bounds." During the past thirty years the development that has taken place has been astonishing ; the erection of many really handsome buildings in recent years has added greatly to the architectural features of the town, and given it an air of progress and prosperity. From the early days of the Highland Railway, Kingussie began to receive the attention of tourists. Occasional visitors from a distance were warm in their expressions of admiration of the town and the surrounding district, and, as already stated, both have now become extremely popular as places of summer and autumn resort by families and individuals from the south. The inhabitants have for several years been exerting themselves strenuously to maintain and strengthen the popularity which Kingussie has acquired in the estimation of strangers.

RECENT IMPROVEMENTS.

So enlightened and far-seeing were some of the leading inhabitants, that as early as 1866 the Lindsay Act was adopted

in order that the drainage, water, and other town's affairs might receive more adequate attention than it was customary to bestow upon such matters in Highland towns and villages at that time. Soon thereafter a complete drainage scheme was carried out, and a supply of water adequate to the growing requirements of a rising town was introduced.

Some years ago the want of suitable accommodation for public meetings was forced on public attention, and in commemoration of the Jubilee of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, in 1887, a substantial and elegant structure, capable of accommodating about 500 persons, was erected near the Railway Station, at a cost of £1500, and within the building, which is known as the Victoria Hall, there are a public library and reading-room, the former containing some hundreds of volumes, the latest daily and local papers, magazines, and other periodical literature.

The rapidity with which the town has been extending will be understood by observing the fact that the Commissioners in 1889 felt obliged to introduce another large supply of the purest water by gravitation from springs, three miles distant, at a cost of £1100. In 1906 an additional reservoir was erected, the opening ceremony being performed in August of that year by the Hon. Mrs. Baillie of Dochfour, now Baroness Burton.

In 1899 the Council had the whole of the street side-walks laid with concrete pavement, at a cost of several hundred pounds, and the improvement effected by this means is most marked—the pavement, in addition to being a pleasure to walk on, presenting always a bright, cleanly appearance.

The boundaries have recently been considerably extended, and the maintenance of streets and roads within the marches, as well as the town's lighting, is under the Magistrates' own jurisdiction, and town's officers are specially charged with attention to these matters.

PROGRESS SINCE 1891—ESTIMATED BUILDING EXPENDITURE.

It is not very easy to estimate accurately the amount of money expended on actual building operations in Kingussie during the last quarter of a century ; but a fair approximation can be arrived at as to what has been done during the twenty years which have passed since the first edition of this "Guide" was issued in 1890. During that period numerous large villas have been erected, chiefly on the terraces overlooking the town on the north, but a number also on the lower level, while several important buildings have been put up in the town proper, and a great many more modernised and renovated. The estimated outlay on buildings, chiefly villas, is some £140,000. In the town itself, the most important structure by far is

THE NEW STAR HOTEL,

which has been rebuilt from the foundation by the proprietor, Mr. William Wolfenden. The building is now one of the leading architectural features of Kingussie proper. Externally it is elegant, and internally it is admitted by all possessed of knowledge in such matters to be one of the best equipped and most comfortable in the Highlands. Mr. Wolfenden is a great gatherer of local and general curios, and his collection, distributed over the finest suites of rooms, are a source of much interest and attraction. Near to the Star Hotel, ex-Provost Campbell has had a large block erected, the upper part of which is a Temperance Hotel. Additions to and structural alterations upon the Royal Hotel (Mr. D. Macpherson), have been made in recent years, while a commodious Post Office, now one of the most important in the Highlands, has been erected in Spey St. The hotel, situated in a somewhat retired, but a particularly well-chosen and advantageous position at the west end of the town, that used to be known as "Pullar's," was, when Mrs. Pullar retired in 1903, taken possession of by its owner, Mr. Baillie, who is also proprietor of the town and estate of Kingussie.

NEW PROPRIETOR OF DUKE OF GORDON HOTEL.

The name of the hotel, which has been in existence since the early part of last century, has now been changed to "The Duke of Gordon," which was its name for years after its erection by the last Duke of Gordon.

In 1905 the finely-situated and popular old hostelry, together with the extensive range of stables, coach-house, and ornamental grounds, was purchased by Mr. Wolfenden of the Star Hotel. Since coming into that gentleman's possession the building was entirely re-modelled and large additions made to it. It is now one of the largest, and certainly one of the most up-to-date hotels, in the country. The late Mr. Gladstone may be mentioned as one of its most distinguished visitors, and every summer sees many notabilities under its roof.

NEW DISTILLERY.

Among other buildings erected during the past fifteen years is the very large and important Speyside Distillery, one of the most extensive in the north. It has not been worked, however, for a number of years.

THE SANATORIUM.

In the early part of 1901, there was opened in Glen-Gynack, near the town, a Sanatorium for the open-air treatment of pulmonary consumption.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOL.

As a centre for secondary education Kingussie Public School has long been famous. It now ranks as one of the most important in the Highlands, and every year a large number of pupils come from all parts of the Highlands and Islands to receive instruction within its walls. In 1907 the progressive School Board were under the necessity of making considerable

additions to the already large building. The school is now up-to-date in every detail, and fulfills all the requirements of the Education Department in connection with an institution of this kind.

NEW ECCLESIASTICAL BUILDINGS.

Near the south end of King Street is a fine new Church, built by the local United Free Church Congregation in place of the one taken from them by the decision of the House of Lords. The building was erected at a cost of over £4000, and was opened in May, 1909. At the junction of Spey Street and Duke Street will be seen a neat and attractive hall, which is used in connection with the Parish Church. It also was opened in the same year.

GOLF, BOWLING, TENNIS, CURLING, &c.

Some years ago a fine bowling-green was constructed within a minute's walk of the centre of the town, and this centre of attraction to visitors has since been supplemented by a tennis court, which is a no less popular place of resort. To meet the growing popularity of golf, there is a beautifully-situated course of 18 holes in Glen-Gynack, within half-a-mile from the village.

Kingussie and vicinity number among the inhabitants many enthusiastic masons and curlers. The former have erected a neat hall, especially for their own purpose, in King Street; while the brethren of the broom have recently acquired a capital curling pond in the woods above the town.

AUCTION MART.

Messrs. Macdonald, Fraser, & Co., Ltd., Perth, have established an Auction Mart close to the Railway Station. Sales are held four times a year, and very large numbers of live stock, especially sheep, change owners at these.

RAILWAY AND COACH TRAVELLING.

The Highland Railway Company give an excellent service of trains in each direction. Mail coaches between Kingussie and Tulloch Station, on the West Highland Railway, arrive and depart daily, there being two conveyances each way every week-day for some months in the summer and autumn seasons, with well-appointed conveyances and drivers of experience. The town, also, is specially well off in the matter of hiring establishments.

KINGUSSIE RAILWAY STATION.

To cope with the increasing summer traffic, the Highland Railway Company some time ago erected handsome new station offices with a commodious north-going platform, having a verandah extending to a length of 209 feet, and surpassed by no station on their system. It is within a minute's walk of the hotels, the banks, the post office, and the starting place of the Lochaber Royal Mail and passenger coaches. Kingussie Station Railway Refreshment Rooms are now-a-days of special importance to travellers, particularly by the early morning trains from the south, as, by pre-arrangement with guards, conductors, and other railway officials, breakfast and other baskets are prepared and ready to be handed into the carriage at the station, so that passengers do not require to move from their seats.

KINGUSSIE HOTELS, BANKS, CHURCHES, DOCTORS, &c.

Star Hotel, William Wolfenden, proprietor; Duke of Gordon Hotel, proprietor, W. Wolfenden; Royal Hotel, proprietor, Duncan Macpherson; Temperance Hotel, lessee, John Swan; Silverfjord Private Hotel, lessee, Miss Park; Refreshment Rooms at Railway Station; Tea Rooms, James Grant, baker, High Street; Tea Rooms, King Street, Mrs. McNeil.

Places of Worship—Established Church, United Free Church, Free Church, Roman Catholic Chapel, Scottish Epis-

copalian Church—the last named open only in the summer and autumn seasons.

Banks—Bank of Scotland ; British Linen Bank.

Post and Telegraph Offices—Spey Street.

Hiring Establishments—Star Hotel ; Macfarlane's, Station Road ; and Macleod's, Spey Street.

Resident Doctors—Dr. Orchard, Spey Street ; Dr. de Watteville, East Terrace.

Druggists (2)—West End and The Cross.

Circulating Library—George A. Grerar, stationer, tobacconist, King Street.

Hair-Cutting and Shampooing Room—Crerar's Library.

Permanent Library—In Victoria Hall.

Reading-Room—In Victoria Hall.

Masonic Lodge—King Street.

Oddfellows—St. Columba Lodge.

There are, of course, shops for groceries, clothing, and general merchandise, ironmongery, bakers, butchers, fishmongers, tailors, bootmakers, blacksmith, plumbers, cycle shops and fitters, woollen factory, meal mill, and so on.

DISTRICT HOTELS, &c.

Newtonmore Village—Newtonmore Hotel, Balavil Hotel, Craig Mhor Hotel, Anderson's Private Hotel, and Temperance Hotel, Tea Room ; Post and Telegraph Office near centre of village ; Established, United Free, and Free Church services ; Cycle Fitting Shop ; usual shops and tradesmen.

Laggan District—Loch Laggan Hotel, 18 miles (for angling on loch), also Post and Telegraph Office not far from hotel ; Drumgask Hotel, Laggan Bridge ; Post and Telegraph Office, do. ; Established and United Free Churches, do. ; Roman

Catholic Chapel near at hand ; groceries and usual country tradesmen. Resident Doctor at Craigville, Balgown.

Dalwhinnie—Loch Ericht Hotel, 13 miles (for angling on loch) ; Truimbank Private Hotel ; Post and Telegraph Office ; Established Church ; Reading Room ; general merchant.

Insh Village (4 miles from Kincaig Station and 5 from Kingussie)—Hotel ; Post and Telegraph Office ; Groceries ; Religious Services Sunday Evenings.

Feshie Bridge (1 mile from Kincaig Station)—Post Office ; Telegraph Office at Kincaig.

Kincaig Station—Post and Telegraph Office ; 2 General Merchants, Tailoring, Ladies' Dressmaking, Shoemaker, Blacksmith, and Carpenter ; Golf Course ; Free and U.F. Churches ; Insh Parish Church and Alvie Parish Hall at hand, fortnightly, in evenings.

Loch Alvie—Alvie Parish Church ; Lynwilg Hotel and Posting House, 2 miles from Aviemore Station, 4 from Kincaig and 10 from Kingussie.

Aviemore—Hotel (large new) ; Temperance Hotel and private hotel ; Established Church ; Post and Telegraph Office ; General Merchants, Butcher, Carpenter, Shoemaker, Blacksmith (at Inverdrue).

Rothiemurchus—Established Church near the Doune (3 miles from Aviemore Station) ; United Free Church at Inverdrue.

GOLF COURSES, &c.

Kingussie—Course of 18 holes in Glen-Gynack, near town ; Bowling Green and Tennis Court, off Spey Street ; Curling Pond.

Newtonmore Village—Course of 18 holes ; Curling Pond.

Insh Village—Course of 9 holes.

Kincraig Station—Course of 9 holes.

Dalwhinnie—Course of 9 holes.

Aviemore—Course of 9 holes.

Balavil House—Private Course of 9 holes.

There are some other Courses connected with Shooting Lodges.

Applications for particulars to Secretaries at respective addresses.

WALKS ROUND KINGUSSIE.

For the benefit of ladies, invalids, and elderly persons who cannot undertake extended pedestrian excursions, it may be stated that there are several delightful walks and enticing spots for pic-nics in the vicinity of Kingussie.

Gynack Glen and Loch.—One of the most pleasant and most favoured of these walks is northwards along Glen-Gynack, through which runs the stream of that name, over many a rock and precipice, and through many a pool in which the trout may be seen disporting themselves. Some parts of the glenlet are quite romantic in their beauty, and the walk of three miles to the top will amply reward the labours of the pedestrian. The fine new Sanatorium and the Golf Course are on the way. Lying between two hills at the top of the ravine is Loch Gynack, a solitary sheet of water about a mile in circumference, and at an altitude of 1050 feet. Some little distance to the north-east are Breakray Wells, from which Kingussie draws its water supply, through pipes for a distance of three miles. Immediately to the north begin to swell up the hills of the Monaliadh range, which extend nearly to Inverness.

Craigbeg and Monument.—From the summit of this pine-clad eminence, 1593 feet, situated immediately to the north-west of the town, an excellent view of the Grampians and the Monaliadh hills, and of the lower valley of Badenoch, may

be obtained—the Spey lazily traversing the centre of the extensive haughs, looking on a fine sunshiny day like a thread of silver in the expanse of green. On the top of the hill there is a cairn erected to the memory of the fifth and last Duke of Gordon, at one time lord of Badenoch.

Ruins of Ruthven Castle.—An object that is certain to attract the attention of the stranger, if he casts his eye southwards while proceeding to the town from the station, is a grey pile of ruins surmounting a conical green mound, three-quarters of a mile distant on the south side of the Spey. This is locally called Ruthven Castle; but, in reality, the ruins are those of a barracks erected by the English Government during the times of the Scottish Rebellions. Some reference was made to the pile when speaking of the “Wolfe of Badenoch.” It is supposed that either on the site now occupied by the ruins or in the immediate vicinity stood the seat of the Comyns, first lords of Badenoch in 1230, and 150 years afterwards the stronghold of “The Wolfe.” In olden times it was thought that the mound was wholly artificial. Although the original Ruthven Castle might have been the residence of the lords of Badenoch, it seems to have been rebuilt or added to by different parties, one of these being an Earl of Huntly about 1590.

After the rebellion of 1715 the Castle was purchased by the Government, and a spacious barracks erected. In August, 1745, the soldiers quartered here joined General Cope while on his route to Inverness, leaving only a sergeant and a dozen men, who in September thereafter maintained the barracks against 200 rebels. In 1746, after a gallant resistance by the small garrison, the place was taken by a corps of the Highland army, after three days cannonading, and burned to the ground. Here the Highlanders rallied after Culloden, with a determination to persevere in the contest; and here they received from Prince Charlie orders to disperse and provide for themselves. Near to the ruins are the remains of what is supposed to have

been a Roman Camp. Ruthven Castle is on the Invereshie estate of Sir John Macpherson Grant.

Cave of Raitt.—On the brow of a green slope on the left of the highway, two miles north-east of Kingussie, on the estate of Mr. Macpherson of Balavil, there is another object which all visitors to Kingussie make a point of visiting. This is an extensive cave dug out of the earth, and at one time supposed by persons learned in such matters to be a Pictish house. The late Principal Sir David Brewster, who was married to one of the famous “Ossian” Macpherson’s daughters, on coming to know of the existence of this interesting local object, gave orders to have it thoroughly cleared out, and the examination made showed that the excavation formed a long subterraneous cave in the form of a crescent, narrow at the entrance, but gradually extending until it is 7 feet wide and about the same in height, the total length being about 80 feet. The “Uaimh Mhor,” or “great cave,” has its sides faced with stones and roofed in by gradually contracting the side walls and joining them with large flattish stones. There are several curious local traditions with regard to the purposes which the cave was intended to serve. One of these has it that the place was excavated in a single night by a number of banditti, and the *debris* carried to the Spey. Over the entrance was erected a hovel, inhabited by two old women of ugly mien and evil repute, and in consequence this robbers’ nest remained undiscovered for years. According to tradition it was found out in a curious way. The gang having inflicted some wrong on a member of the Macpherson clan, named MacMhic Eoghan, he determined to find out their place of concealment, and have them subjected to punishment. With this object in view he disguised himself as a beggar, and proceeding to the hovel of the old women secured admission by pretending to be suffering great pain. He was allowed to lie down in a litter of straw in a corner. The women during the night employed themselves baking oat cakes. As these were ready they were placed in the bottom of a cupboard and

instantly disappeared. Suspecting that the robber band were concealed in a cave below the house, the member of the Clan Mhuriach (the Macphersons) in the morning summoned assistance, and the savages were “smoked” out, to be destroyed one by one. During the eighteenth century the cave was again the haunt of a gang of robbers. For an outrage on a cattle drover, the country people arose in their wrath, determined to bring the offenders to justice. Two men were apprehended, and suffered the extreme penalty of the law at Inverness in May, 1773, and the rest of the party, with their leader, only escaped the same punishment by having fled out of the kingdom.

KINGUSSIE OLD CHURCHYARD AND “ST. COLUMBA”

MONASTERY.

To those who delight in “meditation among the tombs,” attraction will be found in the peaceful old churchyard of Kingussie, situated a minute’s walk from the Cross along Mill Road to the north of the town. This secluded spot is invested with some historical interest, as upon it there once stood a Monastery dedicated to St. Columba, by whom, according to tradition, the church was actually founded. The priory built by the Earl of Huntly, about the year 1490, occupies, it is believed, the site of the old church of St. Columba; and in course of improvements recently made on the churchyard, a portion of one of the gables of the chapel of the Monastery was distinctly traced. These improvements were carried out chiefly through the instrumentality of the late Mr. A. Macpherson, F.S.A., Solicitor and Bank Agent, Kingussie.

Amongst those whose remains have found a last resting-place in this old burial-ground is Captain John Macpherson of Ballachroan—the “*Oaichear Dubh*” or “Black Officer” as he was called—whose dreadful death, along with that of several others, while hunting in Gaick forest on 5th January, 1800—Christmas old style, 1799, forms an epoch in Highland chrono-

logy. Particulars about "*Call Ghaig*" or the "Gaick Catastrophe," which in these superstitious times was ascribed to supernatural agency, will be given subsequently. There are other two churchyards in Kingussie.

WALKING AND DRIVING EXCURSIONS.

Having said so much about the general and characteristic features of the country, it is necessary now to indicate the principal points of attraction to strangers, and draw out a "plan of campaign," by following which they may dispose of their time to the greatest advantage. Pedestrians are not greatly hampered in their movements, and can roam at their will withersoever their fancy leads them. We shall therefore sketch the principal carriage drives in the district, and briefly describe the objects of most interest along the routes. By accompanying us in imagination the visitor who prefers to go in for pedestrian exercise shall have little difficulty in deciding at what points on the driving routes he may strike out by-paths leading to lovely scenes that are practically inaccessible to conveyances.

Of the more extended walks and drives from Kingussie the principal are :—

North Side of the Spey to the east—Balavil House, Loch Insh, Dunachton Lodge, Kinraig Station, Loch Alvie, Kinrara, Lynwilg, and Aviemore Station.

South of Spey, to the east, are—Loch-an-Eilan, Rothiemurchus, Invereshie, Feshie Bridge, Insh Village ; to either of these last four places the distance is shortened by between 2 and 3 miles by taking the north road to Kinraig and crossing the Spey by Kinraig Bridge (Boat of Insh). To the south also are two of the most popular resorts of tourists and summer visitors—namely, Glenfeshie and Gaick.

West and South-west are—Newtonmore, Glentruim, Loch Ericht, (Dalwhinnie), Craighdu, Cluny Castle, (the historic seat

of the chiefs of the Clan Macpherson), Laggan, Loch Laggan, and Adverikie Castle.

The main points of interest in connection with these places will be found noted further on.

TABLE OF DISTANCES.

The following table shows the distances of various places from Kingussie:—

KINGUSSIE TO	Miles.	KINGUSSIE TO	Miles.
Balavil House, - - -	3	Glentromie Lodge, - - -	6
Dunachton House, - - -	5	Bhran Bridge, - - -	11
Loch Insh, - - -	5	Gaick, - - -	14
Kincraig Station, - - -	6	Newtonmore, - - -	3
Alvie Lodge, - - -	8	Glentruim, - - -	8
Kinrara House, - - -	10	Phones Lodge, - - -	8
Loch Alvie, - - -	9	Dalwhinnie Hotel, - - -	14
Lynwilg Hotel, - - -	10	Crubenmore Lodge, - - -	9
Aviemore Station, - - -	12	Craighdhu, - - -	6
Tromie Bridge (for Gaick)	3	Cluny Castle, - - -	9
Glentromie, or Glenfeshie), }		Laggan Bridge, - - -	10
Milton Cottage, - - -	4	Drumgask Hotel, - - -	11
Insh Village, - - -	5	Strathmashie Lodge, - - -	13
Insh Manse (for Glenfeshie), -	8	Inverpattock Falls, - - -	16
Invershie House, - - -	9	Glenshero Lodge, - - -	15
Feshie Bridge, - - -	9	Sherramore Lodge, - - -	15
The Doune (Rothiemurchus), -	12	Loch Laggan Hotel, - - -	18
Loch-an-Eilan, - - -	14	Ardverikie Castle, - - -	20
Glenfeshie (by Tromie Bridge),	11	Aberarder Lodge, - - -	17
„ (by Manse of Insh),	15		

BRIDGES ON SPEY.

Bridges on the Spey will be found at Garvamore, Laggan Post Office, Newtonmore, Kingussie, Kincraig, Iosal or Spey-bank (footbridge mile east of Kincraig Station), and Aviemore.

Having submitted these details, we shall now proceed to give descriptive sketches of the various tours.

EXCURSION No. 1.—17 miles.

KINGUSSIE to BALAVIL HOUSE, LOCH INSH, KINCRAIG STATION, INSH HISTORIC CHURCH, LOCH ALVIE, AVIEMORE, LOCH-AN-EILAN.

Leaving Kingussie by the Perth and Inverness highway on the north side of the Spey we proceed eastwards. We pass on the right the *Court-House*, *Drill Hall*, and *Established Church*, and on an eminence near the railway the *Established Church Manse*. Roadway on left opposite that going to the manse leads to an elevated spot above the houses known as the *Rathe of Easter Kingussie*, where were the "Standing Stones," within which the Wolfe of Badenoch held court, and cited the Bishop of Moray to show his titles to certain lands. After entering the clump of firs further on, road on the left goes to new farmhouse of *Kerrow*. Midway through the wood pass *Curling Pond*, now disused since a new one was secured in the woods higher up the rising ground. The cultivated land north of the milestone is known as *Laggan*, at the top of which tradition has it there once resided a noted witch, blood-curdling tales of whose uncanny doings used to be recited for the delectation of natives in more unsophisticated times. From this point onwards a free sweep is obtained of a considerable section of the Grampian range, the Gaick and Glenfeshie hills being directly opposite. Pass here *the Three Bridges*, which, it is said, Thomas-the-Rhymer predicted would at some time span this water way. The viaduct furthest off carried the Inverness and Perth road in pre-railway days.

ALVIE PARISH AND PLACE NAME.

At Three Bridges the parish of Kingussie is left, and the parish of *Alvie* entered. *Alvie* is by some supposed to derive its name from Loch *Alvie*, to be noticed afterwards, who explain the name as connected with the flower, *ealbhaidh*, which is Gaelic for water lily or St. John's wort, a plant which grows in

the lake or on the surrounding bank. Others refer the name of the loch to *eala-i*, swan's isle loch ; but there is no Gaelic word *i* for an island, and the phonetics do not suit. Shaw, the historian of the province of Moray, says, Alvie is a "parsonage dedicated to St. Drostan," and the late Mr. A. Macbain, LL.D., Inverness, suggests the 6th century Irish saint and bishop called Ailbe, or later, Ailbhe.

MR. MACPHERSON'S BALAVIL ESTATE.

Here, at the Three Bridges, there is entered upon the property of *Balavil*, belonging to Mr. Charles Julien Brewster Macpherson, which the highway traverses for the next $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles. Two or three hundred yards onward those who wish to visit the *Cave of Raitt*, already referred to, leave the road by a wicket-gate on the left, and ascend to the green eminence above, near the summit of which the "Uaimh Mor" can be easily found. The cave has already been described (page 24). The Gaelic for Raitt is *Rât*, which means a house, as it had to be built for protective purposes in olden times. There were three Raitts—Easter, Wester, and Middle,—all of which were at one time populated and under cultivation.

The next place on the left is the hamlet of *Lynchat* (in Gaelic *Bail-a-Chait* or Cat-town, instead of Cat's-field, *Loinn-a-Chait*.) Several neat houses have been recently erected. During a great flood in the Spey some years ago, the waters overflowed the bank, and rushing through the *cattle creep* below the railway, inundated part of Lynchat, the eastmost house on the roadside having several feet of water in some of the rooms, while the roadway eastwards for a distance along was impassable for days, either by pedestrian or conveyance.

On the left are the farm buildings connected with Balavil and Chapelpark ; also the lodge of *Chapelpark*. The name in Gaelic signifies *Pairc-an-t-Seipeil*, derived from a Chapel and Churchyard that once were there, and known as "Chapel of Ma Lauc," an Irish Saint. The place was at one time called *Tillie-Sow*,

from an inn which once existed, whose entrance door was surmounted by the motto *Tadhailibh so*—"Visit here" or "Stay here." Two or three hundred yards further on, topping a knoll to the left, is an object that is surrounded by many interesting associations; but which, being almost obscured by intervening trees, is likely to escape the observation of the casual passer-by. This is a handsome *marble obelisk*, erected to the memory of a man over whose chief literary work has taken place some of the most prolonged and fierce controversies of the past one hundred and fifty years, and about which disputes are even yet by no means at an end.

MACPHERSON, OF "OSSIAN'S POEMS" CELEBRITY.

The person whom the monument commemorates was James Macpherson, of "Ossian's Poems" fame, concerning whom a well-known Celtic and general scholar has written:—"Though his 'Ossian' is a forgery from a historical standpoint, and a purely original work from a literary point of view, yet it is to him that Celtic literature owes its two greatest benefits—its being brought prominently before the European world, and especially the preservation of the old literature of the Gael, as presented in traditional ballads and poems, and in the obscure Gaelic manuscripts which were fast disappearing, through ignorance and carelessness." Beside the monument to the memory of "Ossian" Macpherson, is the burying-ground of the Balavil family of the present time, the first member of whom to be interred therein being Col. Brewster Macpherson, father of the present proprietor. Pass on left "approach" to mansion-house, and cross here the *Balavil Burn*, which (according to an old tradition) Thomas the Rhymer predicted would, in certain eventualities, flow with blood. Further up its course, past the steading and the gardens, the stream brawls through a rocky and picturesque ravine, and beyond the woods it yields good trout fishing in favourable weather.

Immediately beyond the bridge on the left,

BALAVIL MANSION-HOUSE,

the family residence of Mr. C. J. B. Macpherson, proprietor of Balavil estate, bursts upon the view, beautifully situated on the face of a green slope, adorned with ancient trees, and commanding a view of meadow, wood, water, hill, and mountain that is not surpassed in the Central Highlands, or in few other parts of Scotland either. The house was at first, and for more than a century, called "Belleville," from the French for "beautiful town." Old Gaelic-speaking inhabitants of the district spoke of it as *Bail'-a-bhile*, "the town on the brae-top," which is an exact description of the situation. The name has now been changed by the present owner to Balavil, which appears to be really the true Gaelic name of the place, and is, in any case, more in accord with its position and Highland surroundings. In the Venetian style of architecture, the building has a palatial appearance. By a fire, which broke out on Christmas Eve, 1903, the Mansion-House was completely gutted. It has, in the interval, been entirely re-constructed on the most improved sanitary and other modern principles of house building, and both internally and externally is one of the finest in the Highlands. The house was erected by Macpherson of "Ossian's Poems" notoriety, and occupies, it is said, the site of Raitt's Castle, one of the residences of the Comyns, lords of Badenoch, in the 13th century. At a subsequent period, the estate, then called Raitt, came into possession of the powerful family, Mackintosh of Borlum; and in 1789 it was purchased by the James Macpherson aforesaid, who changed the name to Belleville. "Ossian" Macpherson was born at Ruthven, near Kingussie, in 1738, and for a time occupied the humble position of teacher of a school at Ruthven, on the opposite side of the Spey. Subsequently he occupied many important positions being a man of much culture and attainments. He died in 1796, and his remains were interred in Westminster Abbey. The late Sir David Brewster, Principal of Edinburgh University, married a daughter of James Macpherson, and their descendants

inherited the estate, the late Col. Brewster, father of the present laird, assuming the name of Macpherson.

Opposite Balavil, on the south side of the Spey, is seen *Old Milton House*, or Milton Cottage, as it more frequently goes by, one of the residential mansions on the Invereshie estate, and which for a number of years was occupied by Mr. (now Sir) John Macpherson Grant, Bart., of Ballindalloch and Invereshie; and further east is seen the *Village of Insh*.

EXTENSIVE MEADOWS.

As the traveller proceeds eastwards he cannot fail to be struck with the great extent of beautiful haugh or meadow land that opens out before his gaze. The valley extends from Kingussie to Loch Insh, a distance of 4 miles in length, while the breadth in some places is nearly 2 miles. Through the centre the Spey flows with extreme sluggishness, its course being traced by the high embankments that wind along on each side. On these meadows an immense quantity of *natural grass* is cut and preserved every year.

SPEY IN SPATE: INLAND SEA.

During great spates in winter and spring the Spey sometimes overflows the embankments, and, inundating the meadows of the valley lying between Kingussie and the east end of Loch Insh, presents the aspect of a landlocked lake six miles long by from one to two broad. The embankments occasionally give way under the immense pressure they have to sustain. The Highland Railway skirts the north side of these meadows along an embankment about 12 feet in height. When the water inundates the meadows it rises up both sides of the railway embankment, and on more than one occasion has threatened to overtop; and when the winds are high and the ice heavy, the state of matters used to give no little concern to the railway officials. Portions of the highway which is being traversed are occasionally submerged to such an extent as to be impassable

by pedestrians, the water rising sometimes to a height of two and three feet. *Lochandhu*, a little loch situated in the meadows below Balavil, is said to give the name to Sir Thomas Dick Lauder's novel so entitled.

Progressing from Balavil House, the eastern "approach" is reached, and here the road leads to the farmhouse of *Croftcarnoch*, some distance beyond the top of the brae summit.

OLD INVERNESS AND PERTH ROAD.

At this point it may be interesting to state that the Inverness and Perth highway in olden times ran along the base of the hill north of both Balavil House and Croftcarnoch, leaving the line of the present road at a part which will be indicated two miles further on. The route must have been most difficult to traverse, the country being full of howes and heights.

THE MACKINTOSH DUNACHTON ESTATE.

Half-a-mile east of Balavil porter's lodge the traveller enters on Dunachton portion of the Mackintosh of Mackintosh estate in Alvie, another portion of his property being on the south side of the Spey, but also in the same parish. The next houses to be reached are at a spot now known as *Meadowside*, but which was in other days called Coilintuie, from the Gaelic *Coill-an-t-Suidhe*, the wood of the sitting or resting, or *Cuill-an-t-Shuidh*, the recess of the Suidh. On an elevated plateau is to be seen the Infectious Diseases Hospital, lately erected by the Badenoch District Committee of the Inverness-shire County Council at a cost of about £5000. At a spot a little way up the ravine there farmed at one time, as also at Croftcarnoch, one of the best-known men in the Central Highlands in days before the railway. This was the late *James Haldane*, the first *publi carrier* between Inverness and Perth, whose difficulties in conducting the work during the storms of winter for many years, and the numerous adventures, amusing and serious, that he had on the road might furnish material for a very interesting

volume. At the end of a cottage further on a cart road takes by a short way to the farmhouse of *Dunachton*, some distance above. Here from forty years back there was a crofter and cottar population, but now only the one inhabited house exists. Proceeding some distance the eastern extremity of the great stretch of meadow land, which has been skirted for five miles, is reached, and at a point where the road ascends slightly, the first view is obtained of a sheet of water a mile in length by three-quarters of a mile broad. This is

“LOCH INSH: WHICH IS LOVELY,”

to use the words of Her Majesty, the late Queen Victoria, in her “Journal.” Dr. Skene in his *Celtic Scotland* tries to identify Loch Insh with the Loogdæ which Adamnan, the biographer of Columba, mentions the Saint as having fallen in with while passing over Drum Albin, and, founding upon this, considers that about Dunachton, in the vicinity, was fought in 729 the battle of Monitcarno, between King Angus and Nechtan, King of the Picts, which resulted in the defeat of the latter, and the establishment of the former on the throne of Pictland. The Lochdæ mentioned is now identified with Loch Lochy.

Loch Insh contains salmon, trout, enormous pike and eels, and is abundantly stocked with those lovely and scarce fishes called char. The fishing on either side is leased along with Dunachton and Invereshie shootings respectively. Net fishing used to be carried on two or three times a week from the middle of spring to the close of the season, but in order that salmon might have better freedom to distribute themselves over the rivers of the district, the proprietors, Sir John Macpherson Grant and The Mackintosh, do not allow the nets to be employed, this being by arrangement with other riparian proprietors.

SALMON, TROUT, AND CHAR.

The yield was in some years very productive, hundreds of salmon having been landed during the last season that the

fishing was open. As many as 47 salmon have been taken out in a single haul of the net on the Dunachton side, and upwards of 60 were once landed in a "shot" at Invereshie. Small-meshed nets were not latterly in use, and the number of trout and char landed was in consequence insignificant. But thirty years ago and backwards many dozens of the finest fish used to be landed every fishing day, and from two "shots," drawn one after the other on the same spot below Dunachton Lodge, the writer saw taken something like 15 or 20 dozen char. Angling on the loch is reserved, but indeed although boats were obtainable, a day's hard labour would probably meet with a very inadequate reward, as the trout are extremely dour, and char never seem to "take" at all.

DUNACHTON LODGE—PICTISH KING'S FORT.

Overlooking the western end of Loch Insh, and fronting the entrance to Glenfeshie, is Dunachton Lodge, the Badenoch residence of The Mackintosh. Erected some forty years ago, it is a fine type of a modern shooting lodge, although from the colour of the slate, when looked at from a distance, few would think that the mansion is of modern construction. It is a peculiarity of Dunachton Lodge that, with the exception of the freestone and iron, almost every article of material required in its construction—stone, wood, lime, and slate—was obtained on the Mackintosh's own ground in the vicinity. The slate is of a dun, yellowish colour, which gives to the building that appearance of age that the designers intended. An old residence of the Dunachton Mackintoshes stood on the same site, and indeed was incorporated with the new building. Dunachton in Gaelic is *Dun-Neachdainn*, the hill fort of Nechtan. Who Nechtan was is not known, although tradition has it that he was a Pictish King. Dunachton first appears in history in the time of the Wolfe of Badenoch, Dunachton being mentioned in 1380.

GREAT DECREASE OF TROUT.

The great decrease in the number of trout caught from rivers

and streams flowing into the upper reaches of the Spey has been in recent years most marked. Twenty to forty years ago the merest tyro in rod fishing could, in favourable weather, feel assured of a fair basket; nowadays even the most expert angler may, and often does, come in with practically an empty creel. Many local people of experience are of opinion that the stoppage of small-meshed net fishing in Loch Insh is somewhat to blame for the decrease of trout, their argument being that pike and great black trout have, in consequence, so much increased in numbers that they devour in multitudes the common trout, that in winter find refuge in Loch Insh and in spring and summer disperse themselves over the various country rivers. That these voracious monsters consume thousands of salmon smolts in their passage to the sea cannot, of course, be doubted. In any case, the continuous decrease of trout in local hill waters is undeniable. But probably a very serious agent in the destruction of common trout in local streams is the goosander. Until within recent years this bird was practically unknown in Badenoch—certainly unknown in the summer time. Now they come, winter and summer, in scores. On the highest hill burns they can be seen with their wonderful spade-like beaks, “scooping” the trout from their stone, rock, and bank fastnesses by the scores and the hundreds. There is no escaping them. Even salmon and trout on the spawning beds cannot escape their greed. They have been often observed to watch and devour the spawn as it is emitted from the fish, and after the ova has been deposited and covered they have been seen to rip up the gravel, and devour the newly deposited spawn.

DUNACHTON DUNGEON AND MACKINTOSH’S COURT-HOUSE.

Within the old house of Dunachton was an old *dungeon* or “keep” which in these degenerate and utilitarian days has been transformed into a wine and beer cellar. The lodge occupies a fine situation, commanding an excellent view of Loch Insh and the Grampians. To the west of the house is a knoll called *Tom*.

a-Mhoid or *Court Hill*, on which, doubtless, the Mackintoshes of bye-gone days frequently dispensed justice in the summary manner that was customary in those times. When the late Mr. Fraser-Mackintosh, LL.D., F.S.A., Scot., was Commissioner on the Mackintosh estates many years since, he took great pleasure in tracing the connection of the Mackintoshes with the estate, and wrote a small volume on the subject full of historical, antiquarian, and archæological interest. Some years ago a peculiar *stone slab* was found on the grounds bearing some quaint figures and hieroglyphics, and this has now been fixed in the ground near the lodge. At the base of the hill below the lodge there is a very ancient churchyard, the walls of which were placed in much-needed repair by Mr. Fraser-Mackintosh, and being now entirely draped with ivy, this little "God's acre" forms a prominent feature of the park. The chapel was dedicated to St. Drostan, and is mentioned in 1380. At a point a few yards from above the Chapel started the old Inverness and Perth road a century ago, a walk along which, in these days, gives much interest to visitors as it does to natives.

Immediately after passing the churchyard the road crosses the *Alt-Mohr* or "big" burn of Dunachton, which some miles further up yields plenty of trout of a small size. At the top of the wood two miles up there is a fine gorge well worth visiting.

A MAGNIFICENT PANORAMA.

Here we may give to the lover of scenery a little "tip" that may not be generally known to the people of Badenoch themselves. Rising northwards from Dunachton Lodge the background terminates in a green eminence of no great elevation called "*The Cluanach*." This mound can be seen from the highway, and the journey to its summit can easily be accomplished in half-an-hour from the road or Kincaig Station. Insignificant in altitude although it appears to be, and actually is, it commands the finest view that can be obtained of the

eastern valley of Badenoch, and from the south-western promontory on a fine summer's day the eye is feasted with a diversity of scenic beauties than which few lovelier can be found in the Highlands. In the southern background a magnificent and uninterrupted view is obtained of the giants of the Grampians from near Blair Atholl to Glenmore, and even to the Cromdale hill in Strathspey, including Craigmhigachidh, 2429 feet, topped behind by the Ghealcharn, which is in turn dominated by Scoran-dhu-Mhor, 3658 feet, flanked on the east by Braeriach, 4248 feet, Cairngorm, 4048 feet, and Ben Macdhuì, 4296 feet. In the early days of last century the Cluanach was a crofter holding, and a descendant of the then occupier, still living, tells that his father used to relate that on a fine calm morning he could, from the western corner, discern smoke rising from a number of smuggler whisky stills. The remains of one can be seen to this day at no far distance.

KING HAROLD: A TRADITION AND A QUERY. .

The first hill behind the Cluanach, rising close to the Dunachton Burn, is named in Gaelic *Crag Rìgh Harailt*, or the Rock of King Harold. On the south face of this crag there is said to exist a mould resembling a grave, covered with a slab bearing some hieroglyphics. Harold is a Scandanavian name, but who this King Harold was, what brought him here, or whether there ever was such a person is not known. Curiously enough there is on the opposite side of the burn a hill known as *Cragan-nan-Saigde*, or Hill of the Arrows, whereon a sanguinary battle is said to have been fought in which King Harold, if there ever was such a personage, may have been slain. At the base of the eastern slope there is a strongly impregnated well which the ordnance survey map names as Ruigh-na-Ruaige, the Stretch of the Retreat, or Ruigh-an-Roig, as it was known to the old native inhabitants. The word "retreat" would seem to have connection with a conflict of some kind, and reverting to what has been said about the battle of Monitcarno or

Monadhcarnoch, there is curiously enough a Croft-carnoch not far distant from the scene of the alleged battle.

Returning from this digression to Dunachton Burn near the lodge and proceeding eastwards pass cottages transformed from a carding mill—*Dunachton Carding Mill*—a mill having existed here and in its vicinity since the early part of last century. Road on left here takes to *Dunachton Farm*, already referred to, on the way to which there is a long disused meal mill, which had a busy time when this and other parts of the parish had a crofter population.

LEAULT: PATH TO DULNAN.

A quarter of a mile onwards road on left takes to houses of *Leault*, or half-burn, whence there is road, partly cart track and partly bridle path, which leads for eight or ten miles to the river *Dulnan*, far back in the Monaliadh, whence again the mountaineer can cross the ridge to the watershed of the rivers Findhorn and Nairn, and so on to Inverness, a distance which is often accomplished in a day.

KINCRAIG HOUSE.

Having passed Leault road for a short distance, Kincaig House is seen finely situated on the left at the base of a rocky-faced hill called the *Suidhe*, or seat. Kincaig House is now occupied by the farm tenant of Kincaig, but it used at one time to form the autumn quarters of the sportsmen before Dunachton lodge was built, and is still let in the season with Kincaig Shooting.

ALVIE PARISH HALL, UNITED FREE CHURCH, AND SOUDAN MEMORIAL.

At the junction of roads on right is an evangelistic hall connected with the Parish Church of Alvie. Evening services are held on alternate Sundays. By permission of the parish

minister the building is available on week days for other public purposes connected with the parish of Alvie, but no political meetings are allowed. In recent years some most successful concerts for benevolent purposes have been given here by *Mr. Henschel*, the eminent pianist, musical composer, and conductor, who has for a long time spent his summer and autumn holidays in the district, and with the late Mrs. Henschel, the well-known vocal artiste, and Miss Henschel, a most promising pianist and violinist (now Mrs. Onslow Ford), has frequently given gratuitous services. Facing the road is a small monument to soldiers killed at Atbara, in General Kitchener's Soudan campaign, which resulted in the defeat, overthrow, and death of the Mahdi. The memorial was erected at the expense of Mr. Henschel as an expression of the pleasure and enjoyment he had derived from residence in Alvie in successive years. Close at hand is a new United Free Church.

PUBLIC LIBRARY.

In an *annexe* to the hall a public subscription library for the parishes of Alvie and Insh is conducted during the winter months. It contains an excellent collection of books in general literature.

KINCRAIG STATION : SPEY BRIDGE.

At the hall, branching away to the right, is a road leading to Kincaig Station of the Highland Railway and a carriage bridge across the River Spey. By following the road there is reached the highway on the south side of the Spey, by which the return journey to Kingussie can be accomplished, or the drive or walk on the south side continued eastwards to Rothiemurchus, Loch-an-Eilan, and Aviemore Junction. The intersecting road is about three-quarters of a mile in length, and it will be convenient here to refer to places of interest on this short bit of turnpike.

KINCRAIG STATION AND HAMLET.

About 200 yards from the hall is the railway station, 77 miles from Perth, and 36 to Inverness by the direct railway from Aviemore Junction. Kincaig Station is considered to be one of the most prettily situated stations on the Highland Railway, the view from the platform being very fine, embracing Loch Insh, the River Spey, Invereshie mansion-house (Sir John Macpherson Grant) —let with Invereshie Shootings,—the historic church of Insh, and a splendid stretch of the Grampians. Fifty years ago there was neither railway station nor houses at this place. Now there is quite a little colony, several of the villas being equal to any seen along the line of railway. The post and telegraph work used to be transacted in the station, but the office was in 1901 removed to premises belonging to a merchant, below the railway. Adjoining the station is another general merchant's business, and close to the Post Office a boot and shoemaker's shop, a smithy, a joiner's, and a cycle-hiring shop.

Spey Bridge is below the station. Until this bridge was constructed about forty years ago communication between the two sides of the river was maintained by a ford and ferry boats. The house situated on the water-side opposite the station was the ferry house, which was also an inn called Boat of Insh. For years after the railway was opened the station now called "Kincaig" went by the name of "Boat of Insh." Here there is a 9-hole Golf Course close to the station.

QUEEN AT BOAT OF INSH—FERRYMAN ASTONISHED.

On the afternoon of Tuesday, September 4th, 1860, the ferryman encountered a dispensation in the form of a party of ladies and gentlemen who wished to be rowed o'er the Spey. Ferried across they duly were in the "big boat," and on landing one of the gentlemen inquired how much was to pay. This would at most be but a shilling or two, but into the

ferryman's hands was placed two golden guineas, and with a smile and a good-day the munificent stranger disappeared, leaving the ferryman to congratulate himself upon his good fortune, and to wonder who the party could be. In due time it leaked out that they were the late Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort, who, with a few attendants, had that day travelled *incognito* from Balmoral across the Grampians by way of Glen Geldie and Glenfeshie, on the way to Grantown. Writing of this tour in her "Journal" the Queen says:—"We came upon Loch Insh, which is lovely, and of which I should have liked exceedingly to have taken a sketch. Some cattle were crossing a narrow strip of grass across the end of the loch nearest us, which really made a charming picture." Speaking of the ferry, the Queen proceeds:—"Walker, the police inspector, met us, but did not keep with us. He had been sent to order everything in a quiet way, without letting people suspect who we were; in this he entirely succeeded. The ferry was a very rude affair; it was like a boat or coble (a sketch is given), but we could only stand upon it, and it was moved at one end by two long oars, plied by the ferryman and Brown, and at the other end by a long sort of beam (locally called a "sting") which Grant took in hand. A few seconds brought us over to the road, where there were two shabby vehicles, each with a pair of small and rather miserable horses, driven by a man from the box."

INSH PARISH CHURCH—WORSHIP FOR 1000 YEARS.

Romantically situated among gigantic trees on the mound overlooking the boat-house and the Spey is the Parish Church and Churchyard of Insh.

The present edifice was rebuilt a few years ago, and is now internally one of the prettiest on the run of Spey. The Church which it replaced was in turn partly rebuilt about the beginning of last century; but it is believed that an ecclesiastical edifice of some kind had existed on the top of this eminence from the

time of the Culdees, and that it was the only one in which continuous worship has been celebrated from the sixth century to the present time in Scotland. *Insh* is mentioned as *Inche* in the Moray Registrum in 1226, and also in 1380 and 1603. The name is derived from the bluff on which the Church is built, and which is in times of great floods in the Spey practically an island, or *innis*. Loch Insh takes its name from this place. Shaw, the historian of Moray, says the parish is a vicarage dedicated to "St. Ewan"; but, as the knoll on which the Church stands is called Tom Eunan, it is considered more probable that the saint must have been Eonan or Adamnan, Columba's biographer in the seventh century.

THE CHURCH CULDEE CHAINED BELL.

Chained within the Church is a small bronze bell that is considered to be one of the finest relics of the Culdee worship, and to which there is attached many a pretty legend. According to tradition it was at one time carried away south by a party of marauders. Evidently grieving over its removal, the bell could never be silenced, but continued to cry "Tom Eunan," "Tom Eunan," as a child for its mamma. In some unexplained way it escaped from the thieves, took a "short cut" across the hills, and on coming above Glenfeshie, within sight of "Tom Eunan," it demonstrated the joy of its heart over the regaining of its freedom by executing what may be described as a series of brilliant break-downs on the way along the glen and Feshie side, the Drum wood, Balnespiek (the ecclesiastical residence in connection with the Church), finishing up with a grand finale at the Church of Insh, whence it had been removed, the tintinnabulations thereat being so vigorous that the neighbourhood was aroused, and the interesting traveller welcomed home with true Highland rejoicings, then taken into the Church and chained like Prometheus! So at all events 'tis said, *agus mo s breug uam s e's breug lugam e!* As has been already stated the mound upon which the Church is situated is liable to become

an island when the Spey is in great flood. The Parish Manse is about a mile distant on the south side of Loch Insh, and periodically the minister and the Insh portion of his congregation have been prevented by the submerged state of roads from reaching the Church. Early in 1901 the Badenoch District Committee of Inverness County Council decided to construct an embankment from the mound to the service road at Invereshie Home Farm, which would enable pedestrians to cross at all stages of the water, but this in times of great flood is still inadequate.

From the east end of Loch Insh the westward view is very beautiful—"a fairy scene," says an old writer. Just where the Spey emerges from the loch there is another romantic and beautifully wooded mound called "*Tom Dhu*," and some distance down the river is an island called "*An-t Eilan Dubh*," or Black Island. The pedestrian will be well rewarded by walking along the north side of the river for some miles, or the whole distance of six, to Aviemore. Many fine glimpses of scenery, water, and land are found on the route. The river Feshie runs into the Spey from the south a short distance east of the Black Island. Here there is an excellent stretch of water for angling, salmon or trout, but the stranger who attempts to try his luck may encounter some difficulty with the gamekeepers, especially after the arrival of sportsmen. But civility and courtesy will certainly be met with civility and courtesy in return, and unless the restrictions are for the time absolute, the decent angler will not be subjected to annoyance. About a mile down from Kinraig station, by the river, is a footbridge by which Dalnavert and South Kinrara may be reached.

DRIVE EASTWARDS RESUMED.

Recrossing the Spey to the Alvie Hall we resume our tour eastwards towards Aviemore. After passing the hall two roads on left lead to Kinraig House and Farm Steading. In the

“Suidhe” behind the house there are valuable limestone quarries, but they are not worked.

At the burn beside the second approach the Mackintosh Estate terminates and

MR. R. B. WHITEHEAD'S ALVIE ESTATE

begins. Sir John Ramsden purchased the property from the Baillies of the north about forty-five years ago, and in the interval extensive improvements have been effected. When he came into possession the only wood on the property consisted of detached clumps of birches, but many thousands of firs were planted and are now thriving plantations in which numerous deer have taken lodgment, besides a great number of roe deer. Sir John sold this beautiful estate a few years ago to Mr Whitehead, who has since greatly improved it in many ways. The population here was at one time much greater. The fine shooting-lodge has been re-built by the owner, but is not seen from the road.

Close to the first house that is come to is a smithy—Baldow Smiddy, *Baldow* being the name of the place. Next is the *Free Church Manse* of Alvie, and then the (principal) *Public School* within the parish. The house nearest the road was at one time an inn, which formed a coaching stage early last century, and where horses were changed. Between this house and the manse there is a road that leads to *Balourie Farmhouse*, at the base of the rising ground, half-a-mile distant.

THE PICTS IN ALVIE.

Near Balourie is *Balchurn Farm-house*. In the 14th and 16th centuries these places were called Pitourie, Pitivery, Pettourye, Pettevie, Pitchurn, and Pettechærne. *Pet* or *pit* is Pictish for town, farm—etymologically represented by the Gaelic *cuid*, which has been changed to the modern Gaelic *baile*, the true native word. A short distance onward a road leads to the crofting hamlet of Speybank, where there is a footbridge on the

Spey, Speybank or *Iosal Bridge*, leading to another portion of the parish of Alvie, south of the Spey, also owned by the Mackintosh. On the roadside, a little in advance on the right, is the *Free Church of Alvie*. Within the grounds is a grave, with massive headstone, in which are interred the remains of Alexander Fraser, for many years local factor and gamekeeper at Kinrara to the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, and also those of his wife. Mr. Fraser was largely instrumental in raising funds for the erection of the Church in 1851, and at his own request was buried within the grounds. The place is called *Milehead*, and here are a few houses. Road on left leads to Balourie and another to Balchurn. Some little way on we is come to the approach to

ALVIE LODGE,

Mr. Whitehead's large, elegant, residential mansion. On the right, in passing onwards by the highway, the traveller will observe traces of a terribly destructive fire, which, some years ago burned a large portion of the plantation. The next road on the left takes to the farms of *Easter* and *Wester Delfour*, in the vicinity of which there is a *Druidical Circle*. Pass on the left farm-house of *Dalraddy*. Dalraddy farm and grounds belong to Sir John Macpherson Grant, the only property he has got north of the Spey. In connection with Dalraddy there is a well-known local conundrum, with which youngsters used to be puzzled—

“Bha cailleach ann Dailradaidh
'S dh'ith i adag 's i marbh.”

which, being translated, means—

“There was a wife in Dalraddy
Who ate a haddock being dead.”

KINRARA—“BEAUTIFUL KINRARA.”

A carriage road on the right crossing the railway overhead and skirting Tor Alvie leads to Kinrara House, the property of

the Duke of Richmond, a beautiful Highland seat of the old Dukes of Gordon when they were lords of Badenoch, and the favourite retreat of Jane Maxwell, the celebrated Duchess of Gordon, who so loved the charming spot that she gave orders to have her remains interred in a spot of her own choosing within the policies. It should be stated that the road is private, but carriages are not prohibited from entering, and the ground can be traversed, so that a fine view can be obtained of this most lovely of Highland seats without intruding upon the privacy of the lessee of the mansion and shooting. Traversing an excellent road for more than a mile among woods, through glades in which picturesque views can be obtained of the nearer spurs of the Grampians, the finely cultivated garden is passed on the left, and a glimpse of the mansion-house can be seen on the right, enbosomed among the trees. But the best view of Kinrara is obtained from the road on the opposite side of the Spey, at a point which will be indicated.

DUCHESS OF GORDON'S TOMB.

In a clump of tall trees half-a-mile west from the house, and overlooking the Spey, is the last resting-place of Duchess Jane, a massive monument standing on the end of the tomb, on which is a long inscription showing that several of the sons and daughters of this celebrated lady in time formed alliances with some of the greatest families in England. The spot selected for the grave was at one time a burial ground called *St. Eda*, but no trace of this ancient place of sepulture can now be seen. "At Kinrara, too," says a recent writer, "another Duchess of Gordon delighted to resort, but a woman of totally different character. Elizabeth, last Duchess of the name, was a daughter of the younger son of the good laird of Brodie, and it must ever add to the charm of this lovely retreat that it is associated with one who gave to the house of which she was the last the lustre of a consecrated Christian life. Her memoirs by Dr. Moody Stuart will always be held in high esteem."

EXITS FROM KINRARA.

Proceeding north-eastwards, rounding the base of Tor Alvie, the pedestrian or equestrian will find on his right a carriage drive that will take him to Aviemore Station ($2\frac{1}{2}$ miles), or keeping to the one on the left an exit will be found to the highway at the east end of Loch Alvie.

LOCH ALVIE.

Retracing to the point whence we diverged from the highway for Kinrara at the west end of the hill, we proceed eastwards, and immediately a portion of Loch Alvie bursts upon the view, but the larger part of the lake is screened from the gaze by a peninsula that juts out a considerable distance from the roadway. Picturesquely situated on the furthest point of this peninsula are the *Parish Church* and *Manse of Alvie*. The loch is about a mile in length, and perhaps an average of half-a-mile in breadth. Its shores are very irregular, and on the north a spur of the Monaliadh rises harsh and bare. The loch contains abundance of splendid trout, of form, colour, and quality equal to those of Loch Leven. The fishing is preserved to the shooting lessee, but the parish minister has the right to fish. Kinrara hill rises abruptly from the water's edge on the south. Winding round the shores of the lake we come to one of the approach roads to Kinrara House, which is about a mile distant on the other side of the hill. Here an overflow from Loch Alvie is crossed by one of those narrow hogbacked bridges erected by General Wade, with the sharp curve at one end which is so often found on the old Highland bridges, and which formed so serious an element of danger during dark and stormy nights in the old coaching days. Looking down the course of the stream there is seen a large viaduct, the construction of which gave immense trouble when the railway was being made, extreme difficulty being experienced in securing a stable foundation. Beyond it the water forms a marsh called *The Boggach*, where excellent pike fishing is sometimes obtained.

LYNWILG HOTEL: A NOTED ESTABLISHMENT.

Further on to the left we come to Lynwilg Hotel, in connection with which there is a posting establishment. Although the present hotel is of modern construction, there has been a licensed business in the locality since the early part of last century, having been established about 1820 or 1830. During the greater part of last century there was conducted here one of the most extensive general merchant's businesses in the central Highlands, but with the opening of the railway and the draining away of the population the trade gradually declined, and this branch of Lynwilg establishment is now closed. This was a stage in the coaching days, and the district Post Office was kept here for many years, but the Post Office is now done away with, walking postmen from Aviemore delivering and collecting the mails. The existing building was erected by the late Mr. William Cumming. A noted house it was in pre-railway days. A better known man than the late Mr. Cumming in the coaching times there was not to be found between Inverness and Perth. An exceedingly kind, shrewd, and capable business man, he was a genuine Highland wit and humorist, possessed of remarkable powers of sarcasm. The hotel contains half a score of rooms, and is a favourite resort for parties starting for and arriving from the grand tour of the Cairngorms. It is a pity there are no facilities for crossing the Spey at the *Doune*, twenty minutes' walk from the house, otherwise the tourist could place himself at *Loch-an-Eilan* or in the heart of *Rothiemurchus* within a very short space of time, and at the base of the Grampians within a couple of hours. There is a ford at the *Doune*, and there used to be a boat. As it is, pedestrians have to make a detour by Aviemore bridge, two miles distant from Lynwilg. Road on left here to farm of *Ballinluig*.

From Lynwilg Hotel many delightful driving or walking tours can be made. Half-an-hour's climb takes one to the top of Tor Alvie.

GORDON MONUMENT: WATERLOO HEROES.

Here there stands a lofty pillar, erected to the memory of the last of the Dukes of Gordon, "The Cock of the North." Some distance off is a cairn commemorative of Sir Robert Macara of the 42nd, and Colonel John Cameron of the 93rd Highlanders, who fell at the battle of Waterloo.

A MAGNIFICENT VIEW.

Scarcely any view in the Highlands can surpass that to be obtained from the summit of Kinrara Hill, in all directions. "Loch Alvie at its northern base," says a recent writer, "adds a charm that no artist can transfer to canvas." And another—"The view from the Duke's monument is one of the finest imaginable, reaching a great distance up and down the Spey, with its vast framework of mountains to the south and west, and comprising close at hand the great central group of the loftiest of the Grampians, and the mingled arable, meadow, and moorland plain studded with numerous small lakes and sections of the Spey. It gives the best idea of the great extent of the pine forests of Glenmore and Rothiemurchus spread over a vast ascending plain in front of the mountains. A writer in the *Times* a few years ago devoted three columns to a graphic description of the magnificent panoramic view. Still another author, writing long ago, said:—"Nothing can exceed the grandeur of the scenery about Rothiemurchus, or the magnificent scale that nature appears in—the breadth of the valley, the noble stream by which it is watered, the grandeur of the mountains surrounding it; the immensity of its natural forests, its gleaming lakes, the stately form and rich colouring of those isolated hills, rising at once in the middle of the landscape; the dark green pines stretching far up the mountain sides, as if endeavouring to take possession by storm; the richly wood-hung rocks, with a thousand more minute charms, call forth admiration and impress the mind with sensations never before

experienced. It combines all that is grand and impetuous in Highland scenery."

After leaving Lynwilg, on the right, there is a road leading to Kinrara House, and at a part of it a good view is obtained of the Spey and the fine mansion of the Doune, of Rothiemurchus, and of the Old Ban Hill, screening Loch-an-Eilan from the north. On the left, farm-house of *Easter Lynwilg*. Beside the burn is a path leading to the River Dulnan some miles back.

A GREAT MUSICIAN'S HIGHLAND RETREAT.

Some distance up this great ravine Mr. Henschel, the eminent musician, erected, in 1900, a fine summer residence, which for romantic beauty and the privacy and quietness which a great pianist and composer almost necessarily requires it would be difficult to surpass. The road here leads across the hills to the Dulnan and Strathdearn.

"STAND FAST, CRAIGELLACHIE!"

Since leaving Lynwilg the traveller has been confronted at close quarters on the east by Craigellachie, whose name formed the slogan of the Clan Grant. Skirting the hill, we pass, half-way down, the march that separates the Duke of Richmond's from the Seafield estates, and Badenoch from Strathspey.

THE CAIRNGORMS FROM CRAIGELLACHIE.

It is not our purpose to enter upon a description of the Cairngorm Hills and the sublime grandeur of the scenes to be witnessed among the giants of the Grampians. Suffice it to say that from Craigellachie Rock the best view of them is had that can be obtained, without actually paying a visit to the giants themselves. From Aviemore Station or Lynwilg Hotel a sufficient elevation can easily be attained on Craigellachie from which Ben Macdhui and lesser heights can readily be seen. In front is the Larig, a savage pass running between Rothie-

murchus and Braemar, its rocky sides rising almost sheer to a height of over 2000 feet. In the far distance is Ben Macdhui, further east is Cairngorm, to the west Braeriach, Ben-a-Bhuird, and others. As seen from the Station, the mountain view from east to west includes the following:—Cairngorm (4084 feet), Castle Hill (2366 feet), Creag na Leacainn or the Lurcher's Crag (3448 feet), Ben Muich Dhui (4296 feet), Carn Elrick (2435 feet), Braeriach (4248 feet), Cadha Mor (2313 feet), Creag Dubh (2766 feet), the Argyll Stone, Sgoran Dubh Mor (3635 feet), Ord Bain (1405 feet), Geal-Charn (3019 feet), and Creag Mhigeachaidh (2429 feet).

AVIEMORE STATION AND BRIDGE.

At the eastern base of Craigellachie is situated Aviemore Station, the junction with the Inverness and Forres branches of the Highland Railway, 12 miles from Kingussie, 6 from Kin-craig, 30 and 60 from Inverness, and 82 from Perth. Before reaching it pass on right beyond the railway *Craigellachie Cottage*. Attached to the first villa some distance west from the station are post and telegraph office and a general merchant's business. Since the first edition of this guide was written, twenty years ago, the scattered hamlet of Aviemore has grown considerably in size, and seems destined to become a place of much greater importance in the future. The direct railway to Inverness has been opened, reducing the train journey to 30 miles instead of 60, as it was round by Forres and Nairn. The station is now an important junction, upon which and its various adjuncts and surroundings the Highland Company has expended many thousands of pounds. The many new erections include a stationmaster's house; porters', engine-men's, signalmen's, and other dwellings; locomotive sheds, signal boxes, &c. The junction, in fact, for all railway purposes is a complete unit in itself. Behind the station a short "street" of villas is in process of formation, and, as the situation is excellent for feuing purposes, many more houses will no doubt

arise in due course. There are already two shops for general merchandise ; also butcher's, shoemaker's, and carpenter's shops. A new Church, in connection with the Church of Scotland, has been opened, and there is a United Free Church on the opposite side of the river. But the leading feature of Aviemore at the beginning of the twentieth century is the

ENORMOUS NEW HOTEL,

Erected on rising ground behind the railway station at a cost of upwards of £25,000. The building is right opposite Cairngorm and the chief peaks of the Grampian range, an uninterrupted view of which can be obtained from all the front rooms across the great afforested domains of Rothiemurchus. The mountain view in fact cannot be surpassed in Scotland. The extensive grounds attached to the house have been laid out with great taste, and when the plants, flowers, trees, shrubs, &c., grow up the surroundings in a few years will be beautiful. In the vicinity of the hotel there is a golf course. There are considerable sheets of water close at hand, and the Spey flows past in full sight a few hundred yards distant. There are also a Temperance Hotel and a Private Hotel.

ROTHIEMURCHUS : LOCH-AN-EILAN.

At a point a few yards west from Aviemore Post Office the tour from Kingussie that we have been describing comes to an end. Turning with the carriage road on the right we dive down below the railway and immediately reach the substantial bridge that spans the Spey, after which we are in Rothiemurchus, the property of Mr. John Peter Grant, an advocate, and one of the Sheriffs of Inverness-shire, whose principal local residence is the Doune, an immense building close to the Spey, about a mile and a half distant from the bridge, one of the finest residences on Speyside. Rothiemurchus is derived from the Gaelic *Rath-mòr-a-ghiuthas*, "the large plain of the firs." The plain between the Spey and the base of the Grampians is

of immense extent, occupying many square miles of area, and was at one time covered with about the

LARGEST PINES IN SCOTLAND.

It is stated that from a tree which grew in the forest were sawn planks which measured 7 feet in breadth, and giant pines of 20 feet circumference were quite common. Since the middle of last century, however, the aspect of Glenmore and other parts of Rothiemurchus has undergone an entire change, the transformation that has been effected since the opening of the railway enabling the proprietor to utilise this immense source of wealth being nothing short of marvellous. A trade in timber has doubtless been carried on in upper Speyside regions for centuries.

RAFTING ON THE SPEY.

In very old records mention may be found made of rafting small quantities down the Spey to Garmouth; but the appliances were so primitive that the operation was attended with great danger. In 1730 an English company called the York Building Co. bought woods in Abernethy to the value of £7000, and commenced operations on an extensive scale. The timber trade and iron-smelting business was carried on till 1737, when the speculation terminated in bankruptcy and ruin. "The men," says an old statistical account, "were the most profligate set ever heard of in this corner. Their extravagances of every kind ruined themselves and corrupted others: but yet their coming to the country was beneficial in many respects; for besides the knowledge and skill which were acquired from them, they made many valuable and lasting improvements. They cut roads through the woods; they erected proper saw-mills; they invented the construction of proper rafts, without which floating to any extent could never be attempted." With improved methods of transporting the timber to the sea, the trade soon increased in magnitude. Towards the close of the

18th century the Duke of Gordon sold the wood in the fine forest of Glenmore for £10,000 to a respectable company from Hull. The purchasers going systematically to work, "realised for themselves a handsome fortune, and in a great measure enriched the country by their disbursements." It was the opening of the Highland Railway, however, that gave a proper impetus to the traffic. The forests have since been almost completely denuded, and many thousands of pounds must have been expended in purchasing and manufacturing timber. Once more, however, the great forest of Rothiemurchus is fast replenishing itself.

PLACES OF INTEREST IN ROTHIEMURCHUS.

In Rothiemurchus there are numerous places of interest to the tourist and visitor, and many charming walks and drives; but as the district is outwith the bounds of Badenoch, we must content ourselves with a very superficial sketch of the place. There seems to be some doubt as to whether Rothiemurchus was ever actually included in the Lordship of Badenoch, although the adjoining parish of Kincardine, lower down the Spey, is mentioned as having been so included. Rothiemurchus belonged to the Bishops of Moray, and at times they feued the whole to some powerful person—as to the Wolfe of Badenoch in 1383; to Alexander Keyr Macintosh in 1464, in whose family it appears to have been held till 1539, when it passed to the Gordons, and from them to the Grants.

Progressing from Spey Bridge along the side of the River Druie, a road on the right about a mile and a half in length takes us to

THE DOUNE,

the family residence of the Grants of Rothiemurchus, the mansion being surrounded with beautifully wooded policies. The Doune was the favourite Highland resort of the "old" Duke and Duchess of Bedford, the latter a daughter of Jane,

Duchess of Gordon. Until the Duchess of Bedford died about 1850, the family had been coming to Rothiemurchus for many years, and they also rented the shootings of Glenfeshie. Great style was maintained by the Bedford family. There was an incessant succession of balls and other forms of amusement, and their charity to the poor and needy having been unbounded, elderly people both in Badenoch and Rothiemurchus speak with fond and plaintive regret of the times of the "old" Duchess of Bedford.

INVERDRUIE: COYLUM BRIDGE.

From the handsome new United Free Church at Inverdrue, and Coylum Bridge in the vicinity, roads run to Abernethy, Glenmore Lodge, Loch Morlich, Drumintoul Lodge, up to the pass of Larig Grue, leading through the Grampians from Strathspey to Braemar and to Loch Eūnaich, a terribly solitary sheet of water lying at the base of Braeriach, 1700 feet above sea level, and almost entirely surrounded by stupendous precipices. At times this mountain tarn affords splendid sport to anglers, but it is situated within the confines of the forest. Of the numerous places of interest in Rothiemurchus to one only of these is it the intention here to refer. Taking the centre road at Inverdrue U.F. Church and proceeding south-westwards for nearly three miles, or by other road from Doune garden to be subsequently noticed, we come to one of the most charming of all Highland lakes,

LOCH-AN-EILAN, WOLFE'S CASTLE, AND OSPREY'S HOME,

situated at the south-eastern base of the Ord Ban, or white hill, which, by the way, is green to its summit, near to which is an extensive and valuable quarry of limestone. Of singularly romantic beauty, the charms of Loch-an-Eilan have been so frequently described in prose and sung in verse that a lengthened notice is here unnecessary. Suffice it here to say that Loch-an-Eilan—or the lake of the island—is annually visited by hundreds

of persons from all parts of Great Britain, as well as many from abroad. Between two and three miles in circumference, and enbosomed amid woods and hills, its environments are of a wonderfully picturesque character. On a small island or rock some distance from the north shore are the ruins of what was once a castle stronghold of the Wolfe of Badenoch. Although roofless, the shell of the old castle is still practically intact after the vicissitudes of centuries. What adds more to the romantic picturesqueness of the old castle is that on a ruined turret in the western corner a pair of ospreys, or water eagles, have every season since time out of mind built a nest and brought forth and reared a brood. Every year towards the end of April these beautiful birds make their appearance at the old castle, and immediately proceed to renovate the nest with sticks and other material, the "structure" now attaining the dimensions of a considerable pile. Although there is a cottage in the immediate vicinity, and the nesting operations are often conducted in presence of numerous spectators, these usually shy birds show not the slightest signs of fear or alarm, but go and come in the most unconcerned manner possible. Once or twice every day for two or three months one of the ospreys pays a visit to Loch Insh, some miles distant, on a fishing expedition. Now and then it may be seen pouncing down on a pike or trout or eel with almost unfailing accuracy of aim, and then, with the victim struggling in his talons, it wings its way to its mate, or the brood in the security of Loch-an-Eilan Castle. Not for many years has any attempt been made to molest these delightful visitors, and any such attempt would probably be visited with condign punishment on the malefactors if their identity came to be discovered.

AN EAGLE'S BATTLE.

A few years ago three eagles came to the island at the usual time. It is not certain whether two were males or two females. In any case the birds quarrelled, and fought with a ferocity

worthy of the Wolfe of Badenoch himself, the first human tenant of the Castle. Eventually one of the eagles was killed, and the others deserted the nest.

NEW NESTING PLACE.

They, however, prepared another in a different situation, amid unwonted environments, some distance away. The family home could not be discovered the first year, but the birds returned to the new quarters in 1900, and in the course of the season the nest was detected. Its exact locality, however, is concealed. There has been much speculation as to whether it is always the old birds that return, or whether it is a pair of a recent brood that revisit the scenes of their youth.

REMARKABLE ECHO.

Speaking towards the castle from a certain point on the north shore a remarkable echo is heard, the sound reverberating in the most distinct manner among the rocks and woods of the neighbouring hill. The shore of Loch-an-Eilan is a favourite resort of pic-nic parties. Quite close to the lake is a cottage, and in an adjoining stable temporary accommodation for a pair of horses may as a rule be obtained; and perhaps the occupant of the cottage might be induced to undertake the preparation of tea for a visiting party.

GREAT FIRE AT LOCH-AN-EILAN.

Towards the end of August, 1898, the charm and beauty of Loch-an Eilan and its surroundings were within measurable distance of being spoiled for many years, if not permanently destroyed from the scenic point of view. In some mysterious manner fire broke out a considerable distance from the west end of the lake. The weather at the time was excessively hot, the rank undergrowth of heather and other shrubs was of the

most combustible character, and, before the ascent of dense volumes of smoke made known the fact that anything was amiss, a great conflagration had progressed for a long distance through the woods on the south side of the loch. Notwithstanding the most desperate efforts of a large body of people, the flames were not extinguished for several days, nor until the fire had reached nearly the eastern extremity of Loch-an-Eilan, and was in danger of extending to the main forests of Rothiemurchus and Glenmore. Many thousands of trees were destroyed, and more thousands so much damaged that they had to be cut down. The removal of so much timber has, of course, tended somewhat to change the aspect of the scenery, but there is so much recuperative power in the Rothiemurchus forest that the blanks will soon disappear, and, in any case, few but those familiar with the old features will detect any hiatus in the woods which enbosom lovely Loch-an-Eilan.

. Connected with the lake on the west by a stream is a small sheet of water called Loch Gamhna (literally stirks' loch), nearly 1000 feet above sea level. On the path thereto the pedestrian passes a hill full of rocks, holes, and caverns, and covered with brushwood, that used, not so many years ago, to be infested with wild and marten cats and other savage creatures.

In returning from Loch-an-Eilan, after proceeding some distance, a road strikes away to the left, which by following will lead to the highway at the Doune gardens, and the Doune, the beautiful residence of the laird of Rothiemurchus, whence the homeward journey to Kingussie may be undertaken. The road on the right goes by way of the croft to Inverdrue and Aviemore. A description of the route homeward would here follow in natural sequence, but in order to trace another excursion it will be better for the sake of convenience to proceed from Kingussie eastwards along the road on south side of the Spey. And this brings us to

EXCURSION No. II.—15 Miles.

KINGUSSIE to TROMIE, INSH, FESHIE BRIDGE, ROTHIE-MURCHUS, LOCH-AN-EILAN.

Starting from Kingussie on this trip we pass the railway station, cross the Spey Bridge, erected by the County Council in 1895 in place of a timber structure which formerly spanned the river. Now the

PARISH OF INSH

is entered, and will have to be traversed parallel with the Spey for the next nine miles. As explained in the account of Insh Church in the last Excursion, Insh is from *innis*, the Gaelic name for island, and the particular island in the case is that on which the church is built, at the east end of Loch Insh. The parish extends southwards to Mar and Atholl on the Grampians. The land in nearly the whole of the parish is the property of Sir John Macpherson Grant, Bart. of Ballindalloch and Invereshie.

Ascending the brae from Kingussie bridge there is passed on the right the farm-house of Ruthven. The road to the right proceeds to connect with the Perth road near Newtonmore bridge, on the Spey. Along the three mile branch there are passed the farm-houses of *Naide-beg*, *Inverton*, and *Nuide*, which is the property of Cluny Macpherson. At Ruthven a *footpath* striking across the shoulder of the hill gives a short cut to Glentromie and Gaick. On the left is the ruined barracks, originally castle, of Ruthven, already described. Pass on right farm of *Gordonhall*, in Gaelic *Lag-an-Notair*, the Notary's Hollow, where the rents used to be collected for the Gordon estates. About this quarter there was a considerable population at one time.

“OSSIAN” MACPHERSON, SCHOOLMASTER.

It was here that James Macpherson of “Ossian's Poems” fame taught a humble school, although the accident of fortune

resulted in his securing a place of sepulture among the greatest of British worthies in the Abbey of Westminster. Proceeding, two stiff braes are negotiated, and as they are fraught with some danger to vehicles if coming rapidly from the east, drivers should have their horses, and cyclists their machines, well under control. The Hamlet of *Torcroy* is next reached. On left a road to farm-house of *Invertromie*, where there is a footbridge over Tromie, by which journey to Insh village is shortened. Across the moor and river facing from the right there is seen in a fine situation the large farm-house of *Killiehuntly*. It was for some years the autumn residence of Baron Reuter of "Reuter's Telegrams" fame. The Right Hon. John Morley, M.P., also lived in Killiehuntly for a season when he was editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette* and the *Fortnightly Review*, and here it was that he wrote his "Life of Cobden." Two and a half miles out from Kingussie Tromie Bridge is reached, the River Tromie rushing through a gorge underneath the structure. Tromie bridge is beloved by artists, and is a favourite resort for Kingussie visitors. The Tromie is an excellent angling river. The road to the right takes to Glentromie and Gaick, which will be described in another excursion. The road to the left is the one we now follow. The approach to the bridge from the east is awkward, and before the parapets were raised there were occasional accidents. First road on left takes to *Mill of Tromie* (meal mill), and on the right opposite is one of the carriage roads and the

SHORTEST ROAD TO GLENFESHIE.

Ascend the steep brae—and it will be well to keep the brae in memory in anticipation of the dangerous descent,—and on the plateau above is the straggling hamlet of *Drumquish*, "the ridge of the firs." Here there are two grocers' shops. A long bleak moor is thence traversed, and on descending to the valley of the River Fernsdale—small and insignificant as a rule, but not to be despised or made light of when swollen after heavy

rains in the adjacent hills—come to farms of *Balguish* and *Corarnsdale*. After proceeding some distance the valley of the River Feshie comes into view, and another carriage road is met. This is the road from Kincaig Station, which branches off from the main Kingussie and Rothiemurchus Road at *Manse of Insh*. This side road will be followed in our Third Excursion—from Kingussie to Glenfeshie,—when various places of interest along Feshie side will be indicated.

Returning now to where we branched off near Tromie bridge and resuming the main journey eastward, pass on left road for *Dell of Killiehuntly* farm-house, and on right there is a foot-path to Drumguish already mentioned. Half-a-mile onward come to approach to *Old Milton*, or *Milton Cottage* as it is commonly called locally, a house of considerable size, and one of the Badenoch residences of Sir John Macpherson Grant. Few hundred yards further on road on right takes to farm of *Inveruglas*, whence there is a rough road that joins the road to Glenfeshie. Next is met the small

VILLAGE OF INSH.

The Public School is at the west end. There is a hotel in the centre, where a trap can be obtained, and not far from the hostelry will be found a *Post and Telegraph Office*, and there are grocers' shops. Here, if desired, there can be pointed out a short cut to the river Feshie, and thence to Glenfeshie. Proceeding, the last building on the right is what is known as the *Meeting House*, where services are held on Sunday evenings in connection with the United Free Church. Services in connection with the Established Church are held on alternate Sunday evenings in the school. On left is farm-house of *Soillerie*, and also the Post Office. About a quarter of a mile further on, on left hand, is *Golf Course of Insh*. The "tee" is at the roadside, the drives are to the bottom of the brae, along the hollow and back again, the ground being one of 9 holes. From Insh village onward a good view is obtained of the Monaliadh hills opposite.

of Balavil House, and the valley of the Spey eastward and westward. Pass on right farm-house of Lynchlaggan. Away down towards the Spey is *Coul*. At the east corner of wooded hill on the right of the road is seen the beetling precipitous cliff called *Farletter Rock*. On the top of a hillock in advance, on the left, is farm-house of *Farr*—Farr Cottage pleasantly overlooking Loch Insh. From this point there can be seen Dunachton Lodge on the north side of the loch, and Dunachton Farm and other places which could be viewed from the north highway. The elevated green spot up behind Dunachton Lodge is the *Cluanach*, already referred to as offering from its brow one of the finest views in Badenoch. The next place we come to is the

MANSE OF INSH.

The Church of Insh, at the east end of the loch, has already been written about. At the manse a principal road to Glenfeshie branches off, and from this point will be taken up in next excursion. The house on the brae-face is Balnespick, a name that often appears in historical documents connected with Badenoch from the 13th century. The Gaelic equivalent is the town or seat of the Bishop, the lands doubtless being then attached to the Bishopric of Moray. Road on left, half-a-mile onwards, leads to Invereshie Home Farm, Insh Parish Church, Spey Bridge, Kincaig Station, and the turnpike on the north side of the Spey. Progressing another couple of hundred yards a glimpse is obtained to the left front of

INVERESHIE MANSION-HOUSE,

the principal residence in Badenoch of Sir John Macpherson Grant of Ballindalloch and Invereshie, the estate that has been traversed for nine miles from opposite Kingussie, and which extends from the Spey southwards to march with Mar and Atholl forests, far away among the Grampian summits. Invereshie House is of considerable size, but has no architectural preten-

sions. It is let along with the shootings. Immediately below it is the home farm. Branching off from the road to the left is one of the approaches to the mansion-house. In front, but invisible from this point, are the large garden and the estate sawmill, near to which is a *footbridge* across the River Feshie, by which a short cut takes the pedestrian to Iosal footbridge on the Spey, and so on to Kinrara, the North Turnpike, Lynwilg, and Aviemore. A service road here leads to Invereshie House, the home farm, the sawmill, and Kincraig Station. It is a very near cut for pedestrians, but it is not usual for strange vehicles to make use of the road, especially after the beginning of August. We have now come to the

RIVER FESHIE AND FESHIE BRIDGE.

Feshie is printed as *Fessy* in charters as early as 1230. The name is believed to be Celtic and Pictish. It rises high south among the Grampians at an altitude of nearly 3000 feet, is 22 miles long, and is one of the rapidest and most turbulent in the Highlands. The floods sometimes are awesome to gaze upon, and the water rises with extraordinary rapidity. The river used to be first-rate for angling, but, as already stated, like all the waters in the district the number of both trout and salmon are constantly falling away. The Feshie Bridge *Post Office* is on the high ground opposite. The approach to the bridge from the east side is very dangerous. Path on right bank of river takes to farm of *Ballintian*, two miles up, and to Glenfeshie. On the top of the wooded hill called the *Ord*, there used to be seen, close to and parallel to each other, great numbers of elongated mounds or barrows. Tradition has it that among the many tribal conflicts in Badenoch once was fought on the top of the *Ord*, and it was the common belief among the native inhabitants that these mounds were the graves of those slain in battle. When the ground was being planted some forty years since a number of the supposed graves were opened, but no object was discovered calculated to throw any

light upon what purpose they were made for. That they were artificial appeared to be beyond question.

LEAVE INSH: ENTER ALVIE.

At the river Feshie we leave the parish of Insh and Sir John Macpherson Grant's property and enter Alvie and the property of the Mackintosh south of the Spey. Both parish and estate at this point do not extend southwards beyond a few hundred yards from Feshie Bridge, and is here very narrow. Eastwards they go about a couple of miles, marching with Rothiemurchus and south to Braeriach. Another steep brae is here encountered, and is dangerous coming from the east.

ANOTHER ROAD TO GLENFESHIE.

At the top of the brae, near the house and on the right, is another road branching off to *Lagganlia School*—quarter of a mile—and Glenfeshie. It is, however, suitable only for carts and light vehicles, but along the course of the Feshie for some miles the scenery on a fine day is most enjoyable, and the road offers an opportunity for viewing at close quarters the terribly scarred face and colossal proportions of Craigmegachidh, rising sheer for well on to 2429 feet. We follow the road for some distance. At Lagganlia, in addition to the school, there are a carpenter's shop and other houses. The attendance at this school is now small, but at one time it averaged nearly 100, and as a General Assembly School, forty years and backwards, it was considered to be one of the most successfully conducted in Badenoch. Many scholars, some of them of the age and stature of men, used to come long distances for tuition. Not a few clever fellows were here equipped with education.

From Lagganlia School no spectator can fail to be immensely struck with the aspect of the mighty ben rising southwards. The great furrows torn down the face have been caused by avalanches of snow in their descent. The central one was to a large extent, made about half-a-century ago, when an immense

number of trees and prodigious boulders descended and were precipitated long distances along the moor at the base. There was another avalanche a few years ago, when a number of deer were taken down from the very top of the acclivity. The deer forest extends from Mar to the base of the hill. At the east and west ends bridle paths lead away backwards for the convenience of sportsmen.

ORIGIN OF A SPIRITED STRATHSPEY.

Advancing in the direction of Glenfeshie from the school, we come to a small burn named the Markie—*Allt Mharkie*. In the 15th century the Invermarkie grounds here were owned by the Earl of Ross, and leased to the Thane of Cawdor, in whose name they appear till the 17th century, when Invereshie gets possession of them. Near the confluence of the Markie with the Feshie there was a corn mill known as *Am Mhuileann Dubh* or Blackmill, and associated with this mill is a natural history incident, reference to which will be of interest to rhymsters and lovers of Scotch music, inasmuch as it gave occasion to the composition of an excellent Gaelic song and an extremely spirited Highland fling dancing tune. It is recorded that “a grouse from the adjacent moor built its nest in a niche near the mill hopper, much to the annoyance of the miller while filling the hopper with corn.” Doubtless, too, the muir-hen suffered equal annoyance on her side, but the state of her feelings is not recorded! And this incident gave rise to the song of which the following are a few lines:—

“Tha’ muileann dubh air thurraban,
Tha’ muileann dubh air thurraban,
Tha’ muileann dubh air thurraban,
'Se 'togar dol a dhannsadh.

“'S tha nead na circe fraoiche,
S mhuileann dubh, sa mhuileann dubh,
Tha nead ne circe fraoiche,
Sa mhuileann dubh, o shamhradh.”

Some three miles up the glen, the Feshie is crossed by several bridges, and any stranger who wishes to return to Kingussie by a western road across the moor will have no difficulty in obtaining the necessary directions at any of the farm-houses in the strath. These houses will be referred to further in the next Excursion to Glenfeshie.

FESHIE BRIDGE POST OFFICE.

Returning to Feshie Bridge Post Office. It is nine miles from Kingussie, about a mile from Kincaig Station, about three from Rothiemurchus March, and seven from Aviemore Station. There are postmen daily to and from Kincaig and Kingussie. Here there was at one time a well-known inn, but for many years there has been no licensed house between Insh village and Abernethy on the south side of the Spey. At the Post Office begin to traverse the *Moor of Feshie*. Some years ago it was treeless, but the greater part is now adorned by a thriving fir plantation. Road on left leads to footbridge on Feshie, a little distance down, near Invereshie Sawmill, and makes a short way to Kincaig Station. The scenery of the moor presents no feature of interest, but on the left a good view is obtained of the valley through which runs the Spey, and also a portion of the Monaliadh hills not hitherto seen. In a hollow a bit down the moor is the house of *Druminlochan*. Near it is a nice circular sheet of water called *Loch Gheal* or White Loch, in which there are said to be trout and pike covered with hair. In May, 1905, a windmill (50 feet high) was constructed for pumping water to Druminlochan. This singular lake has no visible feeders or outflows. Road here for Druminlochan and *Dalnavert Farm*. The names Dalnavert and Kinrara further on appear in documents as far back as 1338, when the lands were granted by the Earl of Ross to Malmoran of Glencairn. All along the moor of Feshie the traveller will be able to trace the Spey, from Kincaig Station to Kinrara, and he can also see the footbridge at Iosal, just below him. Pass on left game-

keeper's house, and some distance further on, on left, is *Tombain Cottage* (the forester of The Mackintosh). Ruins here on left all that remains of several joined houses that used to be known as *The Street* (of Dalnavert). Away up, some distance among the pines, there is (or was some years ago) an immense heronry, a number of the tall trees being crammed with nests in the season, and the "swearing" of the inhabitants quite equal to the objurgations heard from any colony of rooks in Christendom. On the left *South Kinrara House and Farm*, at one time well-known for its stock of Highland cattle. The house was lately purchased, and large additions and improvements made to it, by Mr. Adam Black, the famous publisher. Path on right, nearly in front, leads by short cut to *Loch-an-Eilan*. Directly opposite, in a detached clump of aged larches, is the *tomb* of the famous Duchess Jane of Gordon. The massive memorial stone may sometimes be visible from this point.

ROTHIEMURCHUS.

Some little distance ahead, a stone dyke on the right indicates the eastern extremity of the portion of Alvie parish situated south of the Spey. Here The Mackintosh estate is left, and that of Mr. John Peter Grant, proprietor of Rothiemurchus, entered.

BEAUTIFUL VIEW OF KINRARA.

It is while skirting the base of this hill, Ord Bàn, White Hill, but green and birch-clad at its summit, that we obtain the best view of Kinrara, and are compelled to get enraptured by the exquisite beauty of its surroundings. Built on a terrace overlooking the Spey, and enbosomed in its native woods, with its fine walks, trim garden, and trailing vines, "Kinrara" wrote the late Dr. Carruthers of the *Inverness Courier*, "rises like a paradise in the wild, and resembling rather, with the surrounding scenery, the creation of some eastern tale than a sober reality." As we progress eastward, too, we the better

perceive the proportions of Kinrara Hill or Tor-Alvie, rising abruptly to the Duke of Gordon monument, robed to the summit with lovely weeping birches. Here a path on the left leads to a *delightful walk* along the banks of the Spey, back to or from the footbridge at Iosal. Gate on left some distance on marks the approach to the *Parish Church* and churchyard of Rothiemurchus, wherein is the *mausoleum* of the family of Rothiemurchus. Two or three hundred yards in advance,

THE DOUNE,

the grand family mansion of the Lairds, bursts upon the view in the valley below. It is close to the Spey, and when the river is in very high flood the water sometimes submerges the adjacent level haugh to a considerable depth. A short distance on upon the right is the *Doune Gardens*, beautifully maintained and most productive. At the eastern extremity is the

LOCH-AN-EILAN ROAD.

Ascending the brae the *Manse of Rothiemurchus* is seen on the left. Near by is *Polchar*, for many years the summer home of the distinguished theologian and litterateur, the Rev. Dr. Martineau, who died in 1900, when approaching his hundredth year. The road to Loch-an-Eilan skirts the eastern base of the Ord Bàn. Near the summit, overlooking a portion of the loch, there is a great quarry of limestone, and the traveller as he passes along will notice where the masses of stone were rolled down the almost perpendicular declivity.

Loch-an-Eilan has been already described in the preceding paper, and here ends Excursion No. 2 from Kingussie.

EXCURSION No. III.—14 miles.

KINGUSSIE to MANSE OF INSH and GLENFESHIE.

Another extremely popular drive with visitors. As already shown, there are two carriage roads—one striking off to the right east of Tromie Bridge, and the other at the Manse of Insh,

about 8 miles from Kingussie. By taking the Manse road the distance from Kingussie to Glenfeshie will be about 16 miles, and by Tromie Bridge and Drumguish route about 10 miles. But many parties from Kingussie prefer to go up the Manse road, as by it the approach view is much more striking, and returning by the western route across the moor, which gives a better view of Kingussie and surroundings. This is the road we propose now to take the reader, the other has been partly described in the last paper. From Kingussie to the Manse of Insh the journey can be accomplished by either the north or south roads, the distance being much about the same.

FROM MANSE TO INSH.

Arriving at the Manse of Insh, 8 miles from Kingussie, we strike off the main highway due south at the hill, *Balnespick House*, Gaelic *Bail* (town or residence) and *Easbuig* (Bishop)—so named from the connections with the Bishopric of Moray in the 13th century and onwards. The *Drum Wood* of Invereshie estate is then entered, and traversed for some distance. At the southern edge pass a *gamekeeper's house*, and immediately on emerging from the dark recesses of the wood the Grampians, with their great corries, the Strath of Feshie, and the entrance to Glenfeshie come into view in all their varied grandeur, ruggedness, and beauty. A considerable expanse of moor has to be passed through, upon which not a single human habitation is visible. On the right there are a number of lakelets, some in sight and some in hollows out of view, called *Na h-uath Lochan*, which may be Anglicised into "the dread lakes," probably from *Uamhaidh*, dreadful, on account of their dark and lonely situation at the southern base of Craig Farletter, and in the vicinity of *Badandhu*, the black forest of pines, rising to the south-west. The great corry opening up in the Grampians opposite is *Cor-roy*, a favourite haunt of the deer at certain seasons. Through it, and between the hills, there runs Allt-roy, a tributary of the Feshie. Years ago it was famed as a trouting

stream, but the fish have now greatly decreased in number, size, and quality. In any case it is in the forest, and is seldom fished in these days. The hills on either side are Creagmhigeachaidh on the east and Creaghuibhsachan on the west—as evil looking to the eye of the Sassenach as the half-mile long Welsh jaw-breakers to the ordinary civilised Christian, but as easy to the natives to pronounce as drinking cream !

SNOW THE YEAR ROUND : SAD TRADITION.

Near the top of Cor-roy, to the south-west, is a great hollow where occasionally snow remains from one winter's storm, all through the summer till the following winter, a grand tunnel being wrought out beneath by the gradual melting of the prodigious accumulation of snow in hot or soft weather. The hollow is known as *Ciste Mhearad*, Margaret's Kist, Chest, or Coffin. Tradition has it that a certain Margaret, who had been jilted, died here in her mad wanderings, after having cursed the Moyhall Mackintoshes to sterility.

DESTRUCTION BY THE FESHIE.

While emerging on the Feshie there is passed on the left the farm-house of *Ballintian*, the town of the fairy knoll. From Ballintian a footpath goes along Feshie side to Feshie Bridge and Kincaig Station.

For a long distance here the course of the river is marked on either side by an immense expanse of *claddach*—stones and gravel borne down by the water in the course of the ages. Opposite, in an easterly direction, may be seen the destructive work of the Feshie in progress. The river strikes violently against the *bruachinn ruadh*, the red banks on the south side. During the past half-century many acres of what was at one time arable land have been washed away, every big flood depositing large areas further down the Feshie and the Spey, thus often causing the channels to be changed, and destroying

some of the best reaches for spawning purposes. Some predictions have been made that the river in course of time will form a new bed along the line of Markie Burn on to Loch-an-Eilan, and through Rothiemurchus to the Spey in the vicinity of Aviemore! There is no doubt that the silt taken down to the present confluence with the Spey near Kincaig is exercising an injurious effect on the meadows from Loch Insh in the direction of Kingussie by damming back the water of the latter river.

GLENFESHIE FROM BALLINTIAN.

From Ballintian, near which is a *footbridge*, a fine vista is obtained to a far distant part of Glenfeshie, and the view never fails to extort expressions of admiration. Several farm-houses dot the haughs along Feshie side—first *Balachroick*—the town of the knolls, on the south, then *Balnascridan*, the town of the *sgriodan* or running gravel, *Bulroy*, the red fold, and *Achlean*, the broad field—all in succession on the south side. Achlean is the residence of the district fox hunter, and is famous for its breed of terriers and deer hounds. The present tenant's father, "Callum Ruadh," was a friend of Landseer's, and he and his dogs frequently appeared in the artist's pictures. Proceeding for about half-a-mile, cross the river *Fearnsdale* or *Fearnsdil*, a capital angling stream when the river is slightly flooded, and a favourite water for salmon and trout spawning in its season. A short distance beyond is the farm of *Tolvah*, the hole of drowning. It should be mentioned that from Ballintian upwards the Feshie used to yield first-rate sport to the angler in trout, grilse, and salmon, but the complaint here now, as everywhere else, is that fish of every kind is disappearing, even the bright-speckled minnows which used to swarm in the waters and constituted a kind of nuisance to the fisher ambitious for the basketting of nobler "game." At *Tolvah* there is a footbridge on the Feshie. Footpath here takes to Insh village across the low hill at the east side of the pine wood.

WESTER KINGUSSIE ROAD AND MARCH.

About this point a junction is effected with the western road from Kingussie, which diverged near Tromie Bridge. Here there is a small school, in the vicinity of which is the march fence that separates the grouse shooting ground of Invereshie from the great deer forest of Glenfeshie, one of the finest and most extensive in Scotland, the area being so great that several rifles can go to different points for stalking purposes without much danger of the one having his sport among the stags interfered with by the shooting of another.

“GREEN GLENFESHIE.”

The long drive from the march gate to the shooting lodge is remarkably fine, the hills gradually narrowing in upon the Feshie, which is here excellent for both salmon and trout, but the fishing is strictly preserved by the lessee of the forest. If the visit be paid not later than the middle of July, the chances are that numbers of deer may be seen gathered here and there on the opposite hill face. The head keeper's house is some distance on this side of the lodge, and further than his cottage carriages do not as a rule advance.

ADMIRATION OF QUEEN VICTORIA AND PROFESSOR BLACKIE.

The scene from this point to the top of the glen on a fine summer or autumn day is lovely. Her Majesty the late Queen Victoria passed through the glen in 1864 with the Prince Consort, and in her “Journal” writes:—“It is magnificent”; “the whole is grand in the extreme”; “some of the most beautiful scenery possible”; “we are quite enchanted with the view.” And then Professor Blackie—

Curtained round by fragrant birches,
Sentinelled by stout old pines,
Wean thy heart from dreams of palm trees,
Orange groves and jewelled mines.

In the land that bore thee find it,
 In Glenfeshie lone and wild,
 Beauty in the arms of grandeur
 Cradled like a sleeping child.

Have my blessing, green Glenfeshie !
 While I tread life's kindly sod,
 I will seek no nobler temple,
 Than thy glen to worship God.

THE LODGE.

The Shooting Lodge is a commodious structure erected nearly forty years ago, when the forest was leased to the late Right Hon. Edward Horsman, M.P.

Sir John Macpherson Grant's ground is intersected on the south side of the Feshie by an extensive strip belonging to The Mackintosh.

"THE HUTS," THE BEDFORD FAMILY, AND LANDSEER.

On "The Island," on the south side of the Feshie, opposite the lodge, is the site of "the Huts," which were the scene of many merry gatherings seventy and more years ago, when the "Old" Duke and Duchess of Bedford (the latter a daughter of the celebrated Duchess of Gordon) leased Glenfeshie as well as the Doune. "The Huts" were a series of semi-detached wooden shanties of a very primitive kind, but the Duchess and her party had an extraordinary fondness for living therein, and, as a recent writer says, "such steer and fun as used to be carried on are unknown now-a-days."

A TRIUMPH OF LANDSEER'S GENIUS.

One of the Duchess's most favoured guests on her visits to Glenfeshie was Sir Edward Landseer, the great artist, who in the locality obtained sketches for some of his most famous paintings. Although "The Huts" have long since gone to decay, traces of Landseer's genius even yet remain in "The Island." On the lime-work above the fire-place in one of the

huts he drew a picture of a stag with a faithfulness to life that has never been surpassed. The Mackintosh, whose property "The Island" is, erected a new building in order to preserve this precious memento of the great painter's genius. But despite all care it is gradually undergoing decay. Other wooden buildings were afterwards erected on the opposite side of the Feshie higher up, but the greater portion of these were destroyed by fire some forty years ago, on which occasion the late Mr. Horsman, M.P., and others, narrowly escaped with their lives.

The glen is particularly picturesque between "The Huts" and Allt Coire Bhlair. The finest gorge in the glen is that of Allt Coire Bhlair on the right bank of the Feshie opposite Sron na Ban-righ (2406 feet). It is an exceedingly narrow gorge, rife with vegetation, and containing a linn, Landseer's Falls, over 150 feet in height. On the left bank of the burn, where it is crossed by the path, the *larach* of a hut may be seen where Landseer occasionally painted.

Sron na Ban-righ, on the left bank of the Feshie, recalls one of the numerous traditions as to the origin of the burning of Scottish forests. This particular legend credits Queen Mary with the destruction of the forest in Badenoch—"Her husband, it would seem, had on his return from a distant hunting expedition asked about the forest before he enquired as to his spouse, and she, grievously offended at this slight, gave orders, as she was seated on Sron na Ban-righ, 'the Queen's nose,' to set the forest on fire."

About a mile and a half east of Allt Coire Bhlair we come to the River Eidart, or Etchart as it is locally known, which has a fine waterfall a short distance above the confluence.

There is a path by Glen Geldie, which connects Braemar with Kingussie—distance, Braemar to Glenfeshie Lodge, 21 miles; Glenfeshie Lodge to Kingussie, 10 miles.

Returning to the march, we strike from the left to the road by which we entered Glenfeshie, and, passing the farms of

Balguish and Corarnstil, proceed across the moor of Insh to Tromie Bridge and Kingussie, which from the moor presents a remarkably picturesque appearance, nestling cosily at the base of the wooded slopes of the Monaliadh.

EXCURSION No. IV.—14 miles.

KINGUSSIE to GLENTROMIE and GAICK.

Another magnificent trip! Reaching Tromie Bridge, 2 miles out, strike to the right and skirt the river for several miles. Pass on the left the farm-house of *Killiehuntly*, already referred to, then enter a long defile, with the hill Croilah on the left rising abruptly and precipitously to a height of nearly 2000 feet, its face serrated with broken rocks, largely covered with juniper and birches and firs, generally of stunted growth. The Tromie is about 20 miles in length, and rises on the borders of Atholl.

GLENTROMIE LODGE.

On the right, charmingly situated on the west side of the River Tromie, is Glentromie Lodge, one of the numerous shooting boxes on the Invereshie estate of Sir John Macpherson Grant, to whom Glentromie and Gaick forests belong. From this point for a considerable distance the glen contracts very much, and the passage through it will be greatly enjoyed. The face of the hill on the right was at one time beautifully wooded with birch, and presented a remarkably pleasing aspect. In recent years most of the older trees were cut down and disposed of for commercial purposes, but a forest of young birches begins again to adorn the hillside. As he passes along the glen, the tourist who is anything of an angler cannot fail to notice the excellent stretches of fishing water. The fishing on the Tromie, especially on the upper reaches, is excellent—trout, grilse, and an occasional salmon being obtained. Permission to fish is

required, and seldom refused, except for very good reasons. Some miles further on we strike the Bhran water, another capital trouting stream, but like most of the Tromie it is within the forest. From this point for two or three miles the scenery is comparatively tame, moorland stretching away on every side. But once within the defiles of Gaick proper, the panorama of Highland scenery is magnificent. Presently *Loch-an-t'Seilich* bursts into view, and the traveller can scarcely refrain from audibly expressing his admiration of the wonderful scene. About a mile long, half-a-mile wide, the loch lies at the base of a hill that rises almost dead perpendicular from the water to a height of at least 1500 feet on the left, the ground on the immediate right being of less altitude. The roadway to the lodge is cut out of the face of the hill high above the loch, and is so narrow that vehicles at many points find it either difficult or impossible to pass each other. It was at one time dangerous, but has in recent years been greatly improved, adequate protection having been raised between it and the brink of the precipices which fall sheer to the water many yards below. In severe winters tremendous accumulations of snow and the danger of avalanches from the hill make the path dangerous or impassable for weeks at a time. On the east side the loch is prettily fringed with willow along the steep acclivities—a circumstance which gives rise to the distinctive name—"the loch of the willows"—*Seilach* being Gaelic for willow. The traveller as he proceeds will probably observe a deep circular glen in the hill to the right of the south end of the lake. This great "scoop-out" is called the "Sanctuary," and at certain periods herds of deer, numbering scores if not hundreds of heads, may be seen taking shelter therein, the forest being noted for its herds, and once in here they are left unmolested for the time.

GAICK LODGE.

is situated in the centre of a plain of considerable length but no great breadth, lying some distance south of *Loch-an-t'Seilich*,

and is so completely hemmed in that in no case can the tops of the surrounding mountains be seen. Considering the remoteness and terrible solitariness of the place, the visitor will perhaps be surprised to find a double-storied shooting lodge, containing commodious and comfortable quarters for a considerable party, while adjoining it is a considerable range of buildings, including keepers' houses, quarters for gillies, byres, stables, larders, and all the adjuncts of a first-class shooting lodge. It will be noted that the slates with which the lodge is roofed are strongly cemented, the object being to exclude as much as possible the appalling snow-drifts in winter—an object, however, but imperfectly secured even by cemented slates and double windows and door, as no protection seems adequate against the searching character of the powdery snow. The visitor in July and August will perhaps be scarcely more surprised by the appearance of the wonderful circle of hills than by the aspect of the valley in which the lodge stands. Although situated in the very heart of the Grampians, some hundreds of feet above sea-level, the plain is as green as an English lawn. Grass grows so luxuriantly that the scythe is every year applied, and the greater part of the winter's provender for bestial is thus obtained at the very door.

MARVELLOUS PANAROMA OF HILLS AND LOCHS.

Arrived at the lodge, and gazing around, the visitor finds himself startled not less by the stupendous height than by the wonderful and unaccustomed contours and character of the hills, which literally enclose the valley—hills that look the more stupendous from their proximity and their sheer acclivities. No verbal description can conjure up an intelligible picture of the marvellous panorama. Not that the heights and depths awe us as do the Cairngorms. With towering hills, people are accustomed to associate terrible rocks and precipices. While the hills that hem in the valley of Gaick rise almost perpendicular to heights of from 1500 to 2000 feet, and

occasionally have their faces scarped and jagged into great acclivities of rock and fallen fragments of rock, the contours are as a rule beautifully soft and rounded, their faces being clothed with short heather and verdant pasture to the very summits, the margins of the numerous water courses being of a remarkable rich green hue. When on a sombre day, after a genial summer shower, the sun ventures occasionally to throw a sudden effulgence on these ascending slopes draped with royal purple and emerald green, the effect is surprisingly beautiful. To ascend to the summits of these semi-perpendicular masses is toilsome in the extreme. Yet to get out of the valley of Gaick for sporting purposes the ascent must necessarily be made. In many places the slopes are so steep that it is practically impossible to retain foothold. To enable the ascent to be accomplished zig-zag footpaths traverse the hill faces, but even by these the climb is a most arduous undertaking, testing the wind and the limbs in a way that is extremely trying even to those accustomed to such labours. To watch the gradual ascent of sportsmen, keepers with dogs, ghillies with guns, and ponies with panniers and deer saddles, is a most interesting sight. As the climbers approach the top they look from the valley like moving pigmies. Nor is the surprise of the venturesome visitor lessened when he reaches the top. The summits being about 1500 feet altitude, the scene presents the aspect of an extensive table land, broken here and there by lateral glens and corries, from which escape seems in vain. In short, Gaick is one of the wonders of the Highlands!

LOCHS, STREAMS, AND ANGLING.

In addition to Loch-an-t'Seilich, already referred to, there are several other sheets of water in the glen branching off from the main valley, such as *Loch Vrotten*, *Loch-an-Doune*, and *Loch-an-Dearg*, as well as numerous streams connecting or running into the lakes, and all are literally "moving" with trout. The angling, in fact, cannot be surpassed. Hundreds

of dozens of the finest trout could be landed in the course of a summer and autumn. On a favourable day it is scarcely possible to cast without hooking, and frequently two or three fish are on the line at the same time. Some years ago a large number of young trout from the Howietoun hatchery, near Stirling, were placed in the water, and since their introduction there has been an increase in numbers and a remarkable improvement in condition. The fishing in Gaick lochs and streams is reserved by the shooting lessee.

TERRIBLE CATASTROPHE IN GAICK.

In the closing days of 1700 Gaick was the scene of a dreadful catastrophe which forms an epoch in Highland chronology. About old Christmas Day Captain John Macpherson of Ballochroan, near Kingussie, and formerly an officer in the 92nd Regiment, accompanied by four attendants, left the Strath to engage in a deer hunt in the gloomy recesses of Gaick. Macpherson was known in Badenoch by the *cognomen* of "*Ant-Oaighear Dubh*," or the "Black Officer," presumably from his swarthy complexion, although some accounts have it that the affix "black" was applied in consequence of cruel measures he is said to have employed in pressing fellow Highlanders into the army, while in other quarters the term is said to have been applied because of a belief prevailing in those superstitious times that he had entered into some infernal compact with the "*Fear Dubh*," by which euphemism Highlanders occasionally speak of the Evil One! The only place of shelter in the glen at the time was a small sheiling or hut situated near the base of one of the hills already referred to—to the south-east of the lodge through a natural depression, in part of which a tiny rill trickles down in summer, though sometimes the rill assumes larger proportions during the storms of winter. The walls of the hut were built of rough stones and sod, the roof was presumably of divots or rushes, and it is stated that for greater stability the "couples" were driven deep into the ground below

the foundation of the walls. The "Black Officer" and his companions took with them provisions to last for three days, and doubtless they contemplated the probability of adding an abundance of venison to their home stores. The movements and doings of the party after they shouldered the hill above Nuide Beag, opposite Captain Macpherson's house at Ballachroan, near Kingussie, will for ever remain shrouded in obscurity. All that is known for certainty is that they arrived safely in Gaick. The weather at the time is said to have been so frosty that Macpherson was able to cross the Spey on the ice. Either on the last night of the year, or on the following night, a storm, dreadful in its violence, swept over the Central Highlands, and its ferocity, we may be sure, would be in no way tempered in the wilds of Gaick. When the hunters did not return to the Strath on the third day a number of people set out for Gaick in search of the missing party, whose names may here be given—Captain John Macpherson of Ballachroan and four attendants, Donald Macgillivray, John Macpherson, Duncan Macfarlane, and (James) Grant. From the version of a contemporary resident in the district we now quote:—"Upon reaching the glen the search party discovered that the house had disappeared, and upon approaching its site a vast volume of snow at the foot sufficiently explained their fate. Early on the next day all the active men in the country assembled and proceeded to Gaick, and upon digging into the snow where the house had stood the dead bodies of four of the men were found in the following positions:—Captain Macpherson lying in bed upon his face; Grant and John Macpherson also in bed with their arms stretched out over each other; and Macgillivray in a sitting posture with one of his hands at his foot as if in the act of putting on or taking off his shoes. The body of Macfarlane was not found until after the disappearance of the snow, when it was discovered a considerable distance from the house. This was accounted for by the supposition that he was standing when the avalanche came down, and, thus presented to the rolling volume, had been carried away in the general wreck of the

building; while the beds of the rest, having been only heath spread on the floor, were protected from removal by the base line of the wall." A number of fine deer hounds were also crushed to atoms. Stones from the shieling were carried to a distance of 300 or 400 yards, and part of the roof and thatch for nearly a mile; the guns were bent, broken, and twisted in every possible shape; and by some their extraordinary contortions were attributed to electricity. Part of the wall of the bothy remains distinctly visible to-day after the lapse of over 100 years. Intelligence of such a catastrophe would create excitement even in those days of dreadful accidents, and we can imagine how tremendous the sensation must have been among a population prone to superstition, more especially in view of the evil doings associated with Captain Macpherson's name. Seventy years ago the mention of "*Call Ghaig*" (*Loss of Gaick*) would have hushed a merry company into silence, and even to this day many aged people speak of the catastrophe in tones of solemnity, retaining still a vestige of belief in the ascription to supernatural agency. Through the exertions of the late Mr. Alexander Macpherson, Solicitor, and British Linen Bank Agent, Kingussie, a commemorative cairn has been erected on the spot where the hut stood. Old stories of traditions die hard, but there are contemporary writings which place the character of the "Black Officer" in a more amiable light, and that show him to have been a gentleman, with views far in advance of his time.

EXCURSION No. V.—18 miles and 14 miles.

CLUNY CASTLE, LAGGAN, and LOCH LAGGAN or GLENTUIM
and DALWHINNIE.

The last Excursion of which we shall give a brief description is one that no visitor to Kingussie should omit to make. Of this tour the objective point is Loch Laggan, or Tulloch Station, on the West Highland Railway. Given a fine day and

favourable weather conditions, and the pleasure of this walk or drive will remain an abiding recollection. The scenery is extremely varied and for the most part delightful. The Loch Ardverikie Castle, the Islands, Aberarder Lodge, and the general surroundings, are of themselves worth going many miles to see, and half-way on the road is Cluny Castle, the ancient seat of the chiefs of the Clan Macpherson, the home of numerous objects of uncommon interest, and around which so many historical associations cling. To this tour several days could be devoted with profit and pleasure, and it may be well to state that those who wish to explore the western section of the lordship of Badenoch with some minuteness will find accommodation at the Drumgask Hotel, Laggan Bridge, 11 miles from Kingussie, and at Loch Laggan Hotel, 18 miles, while comfortable quarters might be got at many of the private houses in the district. In recent years many visitors from the south have extended their patronage to Laggan notwithstanding the distance from railway stations, and have expressed themselves delighted with the charms of the country, the freedom from the constraints and conventionalities of the regular and recognised summer resorts, and the genuine kindness and hospitality of the inhabitants.

The journey can be accomplished either by means of private hire; by Lochaber coach, which leaves Kingussie daily, about 1.30 p.m., and by which the return journey could, if desired, be made next morning without serious self-denial on the part of the late riser; by mail coach which leaves and arrives about the same time as the other conveyance just mentioned; or by coach leaving Kingussie daily (during the summer months only) at 9 a.m., returning from Loch Laggan at 2 p.m., which permits of a stay there of 2 hours.

Assuming that the visitor has had no time to make himself thoroughly acquainted with Kingussie before starting, it may be worthy of mention that the extremely elegant building he will pass on the right immediately after leaving the "Duke of

Gordon" Hotel is the Free Church Manse, perhaps the finest edifice of the kind connected with the denomination in the rural districts of Scotland, or for the matter of that in the towns either. The mansion is a gift to the Free Church of his native town by the late Mr. George R. Mackenzie, who from being a humble Kingussie boy rose by industry, perseverance, energy, and integrity to be President of that gigantic concern, the Singer Sewing-Machine Manufacturing Company, New York and Glasgow. About half-a-mile from Kingussie pass on the right the farm of *Pitmain*, where in the old coaching days, stood a well-known hotel and extensive coaching stables. Here on the right the new farm-house of Ballachroan and steadings. On reaching the summit of first ascent about a mile from Kingussie, there may be seen near a clump of trees on the right the old farm-house of Ballachroan, the residence at the time of his tragic death in Gaick already referred to of Captain John Macpherson, or, as he was commonly known in the district, "The Black Officer." It was from here that he started on the ill-fated hunting expedition to Gaick in the last days of 1700. He crossed the Spey, it is said, on the ice, and the last seen of him alive was crossing the hill opposite the house on the way to Gaick. On the left is *Aultlarie Farm-house*. At Aultlarie Bridge leave the estate of Mr. Baillie, enter the Newtonmore estate of Mr. Macpherson of Balavil.

NEWTONMORE—REMARKABLE PROGRESS OF A VILLAGE.

Three miles west of Kingussie is the village of Newtonmore, which furnishes a better illustration than most Highland villages of the remarkable progress that can be made in the course of a few years. True it is that from an early period of last century, Newtonmore itself was a place of importance, from the fact that here was held the biggest stock markets between Inverness and Doune or Falkirk. The old *drove road* from the north across the Monaliadh hills to the south passed the village, and to the annual market stock came from all quarters. From

near the east end down half-way to where the railway station now lies, along what is now the golf course, the whole space forty-five years ago used to be covered with cattle, sheep, horses, and other bestial. The stir at the October markets for two or three days can hardly be realised by anyone who was not present on these occasions. Marts have now destroyed the old markets everywhere. With the decay of the market, the "stance" at Newtonmore in due time came to be shorn of its stir and glory—from the bucolic point of view; but the whirligig of time brings about its revenges.

DROVERS AND GOLFERS COMPARED.

What once was a pandemonium of beasts and human beings—of warring, fighting bulls, of mooing beasts of the cattle kind, and the bleating of the kind that are sheep, of striving, struggling, swearing drovers, dealers, and owners—is now—What? What but a Golf Course, of course—"one of the best inland links I have ever played over," declared the veteran golfer, the late Tom Morris of St. Andrews, who played over it for two days in 1899. Where used to rage the maddened distracted nowt—"the ourie cattle and the silly sheep"—and the drovers with their *cromags*, there are now to be seen human beings in the height of fashion, albeit strangely attired at times, and these also have *cromags* not so terribly dissimilar in form from those that used to be employed by the drovers as goads for their unruly charges. But those pieces of timber to-day are golf sticks, and it is averred that even from the owners of these and the accompanying unruly balls strange language is sometimes heard—strong even—which plain unsophisticated people declare cannot be distinguished from the swearing of the old time drovers!

"SLIABH-NA-STRONE."

FIFTY NEW HOUSES COST £50,000.

This is the Gaelic name for Newtonmore—*sliabh* being Gaelic for moor. Strone or *sron* is the hill, or ness, or nose

about the village, hence the moor of Strone. Not so many years since there were not so many slated houses in the whole village, while many of the houses themselves presented to the eye of the stranger a most dilapidated appearance. What a change to-day ! There is now no thatched house in the place ; and everywhere new villas, houses, shops, churches are visible.

It is said that something like £50,000 has been expended in stone and lime alone in Newtonmore since the first edition of "Crerar's Guide" was published twenty years ago.

Some 50 or 60 new houses have been built in that time, including the railway station. For its size no place is better frequented by summer visitors. It is said that something over £2000 is drawn in rents each season.

The golf course is one of the great attractions ; another is the free permission to fish. The golf course, as already stated on the authority of Tom Morris, is one of the best in the inlands, and has now been extended to a full one of 18 holes.

New water supplies have been introduced, and the drainage improved, so that the village is now quite up-to-date.

The population is about 600. There are 2 hotels, 2 temperance hotels, private hotel, post and telegraph offices, public hall and library.

SPEY BRIDGE : ROAD TO PERTH.

At the west end of the village a road branches away to the left—another a hundred yards a-head, passing at right angles, goes to Newtonmore Station—the road leading to Perth, which, proceeding south-west, passes over the Spey by a stone bridge, and thence on past *Glentruim House*, *Etteridge* farm-house ; *Fall of Truim* farm-house, *Crubenmore Lodge*, &c., to *Dalwhinnie* (Loch Erich 14 miles), *Drumouchter*, *Blair-Atholl*, *Pitlochry*, *Dunkeld*, and *Perth*.

BATTLE OF INVERNAHAVON.

A short distance to the west of the bridge where the river Truim enters the Spey, there, at a spot called Invernahavon

(*Innir-na-h-amhainn*, "the mouth of the river"), an extremely sanguinary battle was fought in the fourteenth century between the Clan Chattan and the Camerons of Lochaber with regard to certain lands, the rightful ownership of which had for generations been disputed.

"It would," says a writer, "be difficult to adduce a more prominent example of this latter trait in the character of the Scottish Gael (*i.e.*, 'the proud, unbending spirit and a marked determination upon all occasions and at all hazards to maintain their honours and uphold their personal consequence') than the bitter contention for the chieftainship of the Clan Chattan confederation, which has existed for more than 500 years between the families of Mackintosh of Mackintosh and Macpherson of Clunie. Strife and discord had prevailed to such an alarming extent among the Celtic tribes that the Clan Chattan had divided themselves into various families or septs, each assuming a distinctive patronymic, and acknowledging a separate head or chieftain. The result of this was that continual series of contentions and quarrels existed between different branches of the original confederacy. Some authorities inform us that the famous combat on the North Inch of Perth, A.D. 1396, took place for the express purpose of settling the differences of two branches of the clan who had long entertained a mortal hatred to each other.

"The exact date of the battle of Invernahavon is not known, but it is generally believed to have taken place previous to the mortal combat at Perth, and indeed to have been the principal origin of that bloody combat."

PHONES LODGE.

After crossing the bridge, a road further on to the left takes to Phones Shooting Lodge, the property on which it stands belonging to Mr. Macpherson of Balavil. The lodge is not visible from the road. On the west side of the river is the extensive and elegant

MANSION-HOUSE OF GLENTRUIM,

the residence of Mrs. Macpherson. This estate extends for a long distance south and westwards. The Truim at times yields good baskets of trout, and an occasional grilse and salmon may be got. A road to the right leads to Glentruim House farmstead, and on to Laggan Bridge. There are some pretty bits of scenery along the river towards Dalwhinnie, especially at

Etteridge and Falls of Truim, but after passing the shooting lodge of Crubenmore the country is bleak for many miles to Struan Station.

DALWHINNIE.

Dalwhinnie has made considerable progress during the past few years. A number of new houses have been erected, as well as a *Distillery* of considerable size, a handsome new *School*, and an *Established Church*. There is here a large hotel, part of which is occupied by sportsmen in the season, and it forms the headquarters of the army of anglers who annually resort to the great sheet of water *Loch Ericht*, the eastern end of which is within a short distance of the hostelry. The loch is 18 miles long, and discharges at the Rannoch end by a stream which eventually mingles with the Tay. Loch Ericht is famous for *salmo ferox*. There is also a private hotel, and a general merchant's store in the vicinity.

Dalwhinnie was a noted station in the old coaching days, and long before, as it was the natural pass from the Highlands to the Lowlands. Here Johnnie Cope and his army encamped, and so, doubtless, also Montrose and Dundee, the gallant Claverhouse. A road seven miles in length leads across the hill northwards to Laggan Bridge and the Lochaber highway. On the north side of Loch Ericht, and some miles distant, Sir John Ramsden of Ardverikie, proprietor of the ground, has a shooting lodge, and in Ben Alder, near by, is

PRINCE CHARLIE'S CAVE,

which for some time sheltered Prince Charlie and Cluny Macpherson, and Cameron of Locheil, after the disaster at Culloden. A reward of £30,000 was offered for the capture of the Prince, but although his place of concealment was known to a few persons, no one was base enough to betray him. Three miles south of the hotel is *Drumouchter Lodge* (trustees of the late Colonel Macpherson of Glentruim), and not far distant is the

County March between Perth and Inverness. The whole district has an unenviable notoriety for snowstorms, which occasionally cause blocks on the Highland Railway. From Dalwhinnie a good mountaineer would make his way to Gaick, Glenfeshie, and Braemar. Near the Inverness and Perth County March is Dalnaspidal Station, the highest point on the Inverness and Perth section of the Highland Railway. The highway begins to decline rapidly to the south of Dalnaspidal, and onwards to Struan Station. The country is bare and uninteresting till Struan is reached, and the beautiful vale and woods of Atholl are entered.

NEWTONMORE TO LOCHABER.

CRAIGDHU, CLUNY CASTLE, SHOOTING LODGES, LOCH LAGGAN,
LOCH SPEY, &c.

Returning to the point at the Newtonmore Hotel where we diverged for Dalwhinnie, we now take up the Lochaber road. On the right is *Glenbanchor Shooting Lodge* (Mr. Macpherson of Balavil, Newtonmore, and Phones), and on the right *St. Columba Church* (Church of Scotland), also United Free Church. Progressing, pass on right farm-house of *Banchor*. Behind it is an ancient burying-ground called in Gaelic *Cladh Bhri'd*, or Bridget's Churchyard. The road here crosses the river *Calder*, a good angling stream in its upper reaches among the hills, 45 miles from Fort William, and 7 from Laggan Post Office.

LAGGAN PARISH: CLUNY ESTATE.

At Calder Bridge the Parish of Kingussie is left and that of *Laggan* entered, as also the estate of Cluny Macpherson. The name of the parish in full is Laggan-Choinnich, the *lagan* or hollow of Kenneth. The present church is at Laggan Bridge, some seven miles ahead, but the old church (dedicated to St. Kenneth) was at the nearest end of Loch Laggan, where the ruins are still to be seen. Until some thirty-five years ago the

estate of Cluny extended from Calder to the Lochaber boundary, and included Ardverikie and Ben Alder, which about that time were sold to Sir John Ramsden. On the west bank of the Calder is *Biallid* farm-house. Some distance onwards on the right is another old burying ground called *Cladh Eadail*, and a chapel is supposed to have existed here and at Banchor. This part of Speyside must have been thickly populated at one time, judging from the sites, or *larachs*, of houses. Opposite on the south is the confluence of the Truim with the Spey, and the railway line can be seen winding along the moor. On a fine summer day the traveller as he progresses here will admire the forest of birches that struggles up the acclivities of Craighdu, whose name formed the war-cry of the Macphersons in olden times. The hill forms a striking object in the landscape. It acts as a kind of barometer to the district; for whenever Craighdu assumes a cap of mist it is popularly believed that rain or storm is not far away. Presently two small lakes are passed on the left, with the Spey flowing along the south margin. These are called *Loch-an Ovie*, supposed to be derived from *umhaidh*, dreadful. Beautifully situated amid birches on the west side is *Craighdu House*, the residence of Mrs. (Captain) Fitzroy, a sister of the present laird of Cluny. From this point a splendid view is obtained of the cliffs of Craighdu.

CLUNY'S CAVE : A SAFE RETREAT.

In a spot that any native will point out, high up in the face of the rock, is *Cluny's Cave*, where the Cluny of the '45 lay concealed for a time, and whence he could witness the movements of the military sent to effect his capture. The cave, which opens in the precipitous and sharply cut face of the rock, was dug during the night by his own people, and the excavated material was deposited in Loch-an-Ovie, a small lake at the foot of the hill, in order that no vestige of their labour might appear, and lead to the discovery of the retreat. That the work was admirably performed is evident, as the cave, although now

partially fallen in, is still capable of accommodating several persons in comfort.

At that period it must have been some twenty-five or thirty feet in length and four or five feet wide, with sufficient height for a medium-sized man to stand upright. The entrance to this strangely-devised chamber is concealed by a huge ledge of rock, which would completely deceive any stranger who was not aware of its existence. Both from its position and natural appearance its detection could only be by accident or by treachery. Even should a fire be kindled, the colour of the smoke blended so well with the weather-beaten rock that it was almost impossible to detect it after close scrutiny.

Deep fissures in the rocky wall of the cave were cunningly converted into loopholes which, owing to the fact that the interior of the cave was cleverly designed to run parallel with the almost perpendicular precipice, provided a very convenient means of observing the surrounding country. They commanded the only approach to the cave, and with one gentle touch the intruder could easily be precipitated hundreds of feet into eternity.

For some seventy or eighty yards the path leading to this stronghold winds along on the sheer edge of the precipice, and except to the initiated is practically undiscoverable. Approachable only by one narrow track scarcely a foot wide, and traversable by one person at a time, it can easily be understood that the greatest danger by which Cluny was encompassed was not a direct attack, but rather the fear of starvation.

In his dire need the necessities of life were brought to him under cloud of night by a devoted adherent, who on more than one occasion risked his life in the discharge of this duty. The chief's gratitude is shown by the fact that to this day it is incumbent on the chief of the Macphersons to send his piper to play a pibroch at the funeral of the direct descendants of this brave and devoted man.

Opposite Craigdhu, but not visible from that side of the Spey, is Glentruim House, from which a road leads along to

Laggan Bridge. On the summit of a hill dominating Craighdhu House is a massive Memorial Cairn, erected to the memory of the lady of Cluny, mother of the present Chief. On the top of another hill some miles to the west a corresponding cairn commemorates the Chief's father, "Old" Cluny. His heir, Duncan Macpherson, who was at one time Colonel of the "Black Watch," and led them at the battle of Tel-el-Kebir, died shortly after coming into his inheritance. He was succeeded by a younger brother, Ewan, who was Colonel of the 93rd Highlanders and commander of the Highland Volunteer Brigade. He also died in 1900, and the present Chief, Albert, is the youngest of the brothers. After passing Craighdhu, the valley of Laggan opens to the gaze. The first house to be passed is *Auchmore*. The Spey flows sluggishly in the valley, and on the opposite side some distance further west is the farm-house of *Breakachy*. We next come to the farm of Cluny Mains. The house and stead-
ing where the mail coach horses are changed is situated at the entrance to the eastern approach to

CLUNY CASTLE: RELICS OF PRINCE CHARLIE.

The fine residence of the Chief of the Macphersons. Situated on a lofty terrace on the right, it commands a fine view of the Grampians and the valley of Laggan. The Castle occupies the site of an older one that was burned in 1746, immediately after the suppression of the rebellion. A few relics of the old building may be seen in the gateway behind the present Castle. Among the ancient relics preserved in Cluny Castle is the Black Chanter. Another is a flag or *bratach*, which bears traces of having been carried in many a bloody fight. Carefully preserved also is a letter from Prince Charlie inviting the Cluny of the day to join his standard. Cluny at that time was Captain at Ruthven Castle in the service of King George, and the fact of his withdrawal of allegiance from the sovereign rendered his case exceedingly precarious. Among some other curious relics are some Andrea Ferrara swords, besides specimens of Lochaber

axes, and the silver targe worn by Prince Charlie at Culloden. Also there can be seen a portrait in oil of the Prince. Close to the roadway, some distance to the west of the Castle, is *St. Ternan's Cemetery*, where are interred the remains of the Chiefs. Here are a *sawmill* and *carpenter's shop*. Some few hundreds of yards ahead the hamlet of *Balgown* is entered, where there is a blacksmith's place and shoemaker and tailor's shops. Conspicuous on the right is *Craigville*, the residence of the Medical Officer of the Parish. At this point we enter upon the extensive property of Sir John Ramsden, Bart., which, with some breaks, extends to Moy, many miles to the west. Some distance ahead on the right is *Gaskbeg*, now a farm-house, but at one time the Laggan Parish Manse, and as such occupied by the husband of Mrs. Grant of Laggan, whose "Letters from the Mountains" and "Tales of the Highlands" made her name at one time well known in the literary world. Situated in the face of the hill to the west of Gaskbeg is the Established Church Manse, and on the left close to the river the *Parish Church* and burying-ground.

LAGGAN BRIDGE POST OFFICE: HOTEL.

At this point the Spey is spanned by an iron girder bridge, from which a very extensive view may be obtained, the higher peaks of the Ben Macdhui hills being visible in the far east, while to the north rises Corbuidhe to the height of 2745 feet. The whole scenery is varied and exceedingly attractive. The roadway at the south end of the bridge lies at an elevation only 2 feet lower than Loch Laggan, the one being 817 and the other 819—a circumstance indicating that we are now near the "great divide." At the north end of the bridge are several houses, including a post and telegraph office and a merchant's shop, while in the vicinity there is a carpenter's shop.

ROAD TO SHERRAMORE, LOCH SPEY, AND FORT-AUGUSTUS.

At Laggan Bridge a road on the right north of the Spey leads on to the wild *Pass of Corryarrick*, where the road by a

series of traverses reaches the top of the mountains, whence there is a descent on *Fort-Augustus* and *Loch Ness*. Following the road we pass the Post Office on right, on left *Public School* at Gergask, some distance on *Blaragie Farm-house*, then *Coul* (where there are remains of *Druidical Circles*), *Balmishaig* and *Crathie*. On the opposite side of the river there stands a *Roman Catholic Chapel*. Further in advance, on left, is *Glen-shero Shooting Lodge*, of modern construction. A driving road connects with the upper part of Loch Laggan, and a footpath crossing the glen makes direct for Garvamore and Sherramore Shooting Lodge.

RETURNING TO LAGGAN BRIDGE,

we take up the road for Loch Laggan. Near the south end of the bridge on the left pass *United Free Church* and manse. Here a road on left leads to *Catlodge*, whence another strikes across the hill to *Dalwhinnie*, 7 miles, and another parallel with the Spey goes to *Glentruim*. Facing us above the road is *Drumgask Hotel* and posting establishment. This is another part of Cluny Macpherson's estate. Pass on right *Laggan Curling Pond*, and at this point at the plantation the road again begins to traverse Sir John Ramsden's Ardverikie estate. A short distance ahead a road on the right leads to

CORRYARRICK AND FORT-AUGUSTUS,

which we shall follow for some distance. Here it may be mentioned that Fort-Augustus is about 25 miles distant from Laggan Bridge. Near the junction of the road is a conspicuous *planted enclosure* which commemorates the spot where Sir John Cope and his troops encamped when they "cam' to the north richt far," and whence they had to return south. On the right is

DALCHULLY HOUSE: A MEMORABLE INCIDENT.

Here the Cluny Macpherson of the '45 lay in concealment, and here he narrowly escaped capture by Sir Hector Munro,

who was in quest of the arch rebel. During this memorable visit Cluny appeared in the character of a *scalag*, or herd boy, and actually took charge of Sir Hector's horse, and with his conduct Sir Hector was so well pleased that when leaving he presented the "*scalag*" with a shilling! It may also be remarked that Dalchully House was the residence of one of the most famous, if not the most famous, of all the parochial clergymen of Laggan. This was the "*Minisdair Mor*" (the "big minister"), whose prowess on the field on Sundays in throwing the hammer, putting the stone, and playing at shinty secured him the regard and admiration of his parishioners. In those distant days athletic sports after sermons were common in this part of Badenoch. Leaving Dalchully and keeping along the river side we come to the Roman Catholic Chapel of *St. Michael's*, the chapel-house being situated on a lofty plateau at the base of *Doun-da-lamh* (the two-handed dun).

SPLENDID PICTISH FORT.

On the top of the *doun* or hill, elevated about 600 feet above the level of the plain, are the remains of what competent authorities declare to be the most perfect specimen of the Pictish stronghold in Britain. The walls are in some places 6 feet high and 14 feet thick. The enclosure contains an acre of ground, and in the centre, on the lowest level, the builders took care to provide for a well, which they surrounded with a wall. From the top of this eminence very extensive views can be obtained of the surrounding country.

Next we come to *Sherrabeg*, once a farmer's house, but now the residence of a shepherd. Pass here *Glenshero Shooting Lodge*, and further on *Sherramore Shooting Lodge*. On the left is a sheet of water called Loch Crannachan, on which, after a period of hot dry weather, a floating island may be seen. After leaving Sherramore we come to the once famous house of *Garvamore*, erected by General Wade for the convenience of his troops while engaged in the great military road across Corryarrick to

Fort-Augustus. Immediately after the disuse of the barracks they were converted, with the old Duke of Gordon's consent, into an hotel, and a noted one it was in its day, being frequently resorted to by the Duke himself and other well-known personages. Some distance west is Loch Spey, where the river Spey springs at an altitude of 1143 feet above sea level. Returning again to the junction near Drumgask we take the

LOCH LAGGAN AND FORT-WILLIAM ROAD.

Proceeding some distance we see on the right *Strathmashie Shooting Lodge*. Strathmashie was the residence of Lachlan Macpherson, a bard, contemporary and coadjutor of James Macpherson, of Ossian poems.

The next object of interest is *Faegour*, a level section of road, from which point a glimpse of *Ben Nevis* can sometimes be obtained. We enter now the lovely valley of the *Pattock*, beautifully wooded with birch and mountain ash, the winding road passing through an avenue of overhanging birches remarkable for height and general appearance. At the entrance to the defile the sound of falling water attracts attention, and examination shows the existence of a nice fall formed by the Pattock falling over rocks. The Pattock rises in a loch far away up in Ben Alder forest, as does the Mashie, near the same spot. Both run parallel with each other for a long distance, and yet the former, turning westwards at the fall, goes into Loch Laggan and by the Spean to the Atlantic, while the Mashie, flowing eastwards into the Spey, eventually goes into the Moray Firth at Garmouth. Both streams yield good results to the angler. Proceeding along the defile of the Pattock for some distance among delightful scenery we come to *Inverpattock House*, prettily situated on the right. Further on we come to *Gallovie*, on the opposite side of the river, and a short distance from the house, which is the residence of Sir John Ramsden's Manager, there can be easily reached the falls of *Eas-a-Claiginn*, said to be the highest falls in the central Highlands. Half-a-mile

beyond is the Loch Laggan Post and Telegraph Office and the Public School. Slightly in advance is the charmingly situated

ABERARDER SHOOTING LODGE,

in the vicinity of which are the ruins of the Church of St. Kenneth. Here the first view is obtained of

THE QUEEN OF BADENOCH LAKES,

Loch Laggan, 7 miles long and about 1 broad. The vista westwards from the ravine of the Pattock on a fine day is one that will permanently abide in the memory. The enjoyment to be derived from a personal visit is worth undertaking the long journey several times over. On either side mountains rise to heights of 3000 to 4000 feet, and on the south these are beautifully wooded. The view westwards to the mountains of Lochaber is especially grand, and the gaze takes in the two islands in the lake—"King's Island," and "Dog's Island," both referred to,—which add much to the picturesqueness of the view. Advancing from Aberarder Lodge the drive or walk along the winding margin of the loch is remarkably pretty. At the east end the water of the Pattock in the course of years has washed down fine debris from the rocks above, which here forms an expanse of silvery sand, through which the waters meander to Loch Laggan. Here in the innermost corner of a cove of the loch, at the apex of a triangle, most romantically situated at the wooded base of the hill, is the

FAVOURITE ANGLERS' RESORT,

Loch Laggan Hotel. It seems to be, and really is, an ideal spot wherein to pass a holiday, angling or otherwise—the very spot to be seemingly out of the busy world altogether, and yet quite within the reach of one's letters and daily newspapers, and whence one can in a very short time get away with the least trouble and inconvenience to the busy centres of commerce

and civilisation. Only the highway and a well cultivated small garden separates the hotel from the waters of the lake, which come lapping in to the very door. No wonder it is a favourite anglers' resort, a resort in which to lead a lotus life! The house is full of flies, casts, prodigious stuffed specimens of *salmo ferox*, and other angling paraphernalia; the boats are tugging at their anchors in the cove.

The character of the angling on Loch Laggan has been so well known for years that it need not here be enlarged upon. At Loch Laggan Hotel there is a station for the changing of the post horses, and here a special morning coach runs from Kingussie in the summer and autumn seasons, and after allowing travellers a stay of two hours at the loch, returns to Kingussie in time for the afternoon and evening trains.

ARDVERIKIE CASTLE: VISIT OF QUEEN VICTORIA AND PRINCE CONSORT.

Some distance before reaching Loch Laggan there was passed spanning the Pattock a substantial iron girder bridge with a lodge at the off side. This is the approach to Ardverikie, the magnificent Highland residence of Sir John Ramsden, who purchased this portion of Cluny Macpherson's estate since the place was visited by the Queen and Prince Consort. The mansion is on a site little elevated above the waters of Loch Laggan, and in consequence the effect of its great proportions is somewhat lost on the spectator unless he views it close at hand. The best sight is got from the north side of the loch. When Sir John purchased the estate the house was only what the Queen in her book calls "a comfortable shooting lodge built of stone, with many nice rooms in it," but the new owner on getting possession expended large sums of money in remodelling and enlarging the house, transforming it into a remarkably fine building. The improvements had not been completed when the whole structure was destroyed by fire in 1873. In the time of the Marquis of Abercorn of that time, who was lessee of the

house and shootings when the Queen's visit was paid, Sir Edwin Landseer was frequently a guest, and he devoted periods of his stay to the ornamenting of the drawing-room and ante-room walls with exquisite deer-stalking sketches. These of course also perished in the conflagration, to the great regret of Sir John and all lovers of art. At enormous expense a new house has been built, and the present castle is one of the most magnificent structures in the Highlands, and well worthy of being the principal edifice on Ardverikie estate, which is of immense size. Since Sir John purchased the estate, many millions of pine, larch, and other trees have been planted for miles in every direction, and will soon be of great value.

LOCH LAGGAN HOTEL TO TULLOCH STATION.

The drive from the hotel along the loch side in the direction of Tulloch Station of the West Highland Railway is of the most attractive character in good weather. Near the west end of the loch is *Moy* lodge, also the property of Sir John Ramsden, and not far distant is a house where travellers can be served with meals, but no alcoholic liquors are sold. A few miles further on we arrive at Tulloch. Some distance further on there can be seen from the road the famed *Parallel Roads* at Glenroy. The scenery along the highway is most attractive all the way to Fort-William.

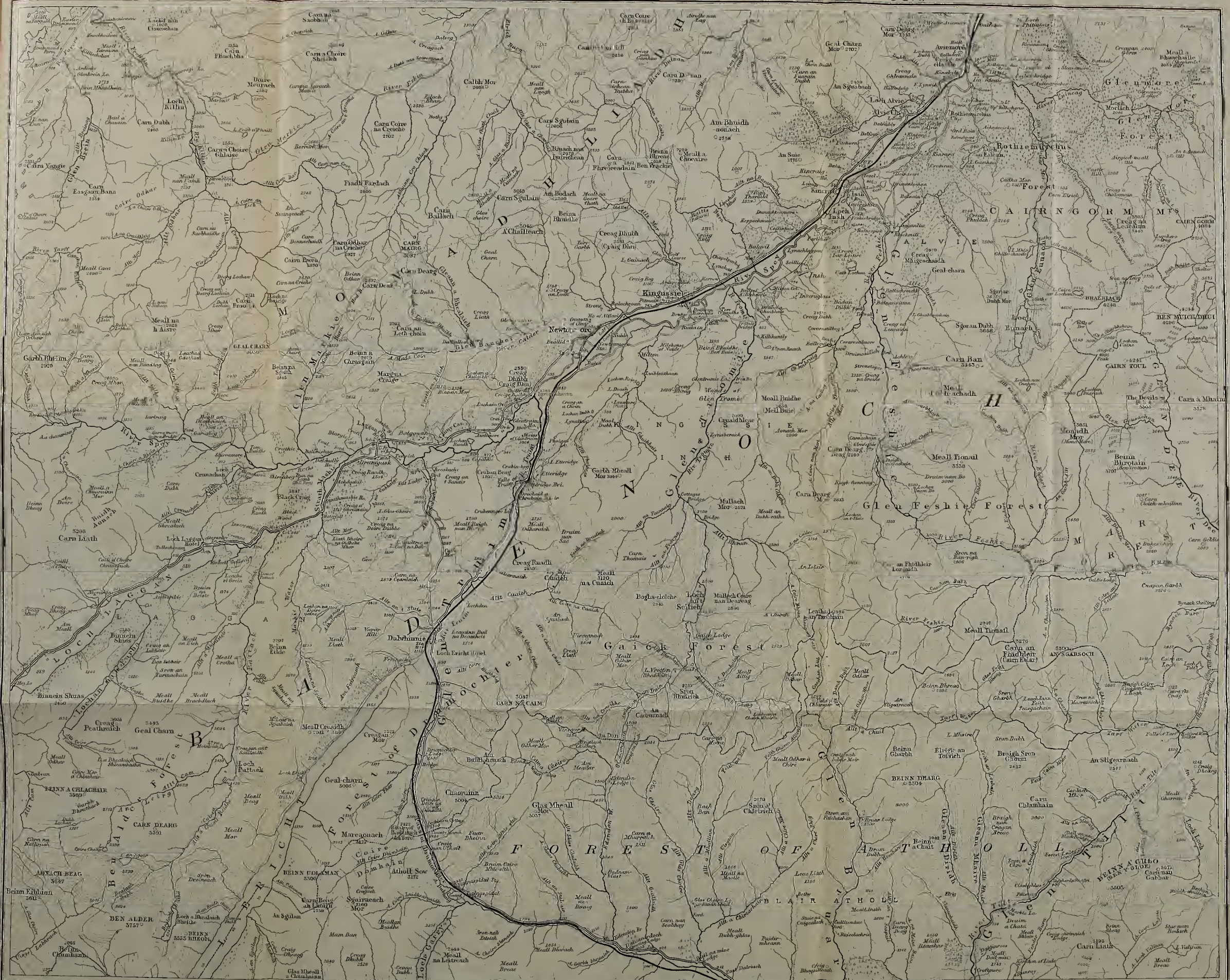
And now the "Guide" has to bid good-bye to the visitor whom he has had the pleasure to accompany through the varied attractions of the lordship of Badenoch.



PUBLISHED BY GEORGE A. CRERAR, KINGUSSIE.



MAP TO ACCOMPANY GUIDE TO KINGUSSIE & UPPER SPEYSIDE (BADENOCHE)



Copyright

The figures represent heights in feet above sea level.

Scale 2 Miles to an Inch

The contour lines on lochs show depths in fathoms

John Bartholomew & Co. Edn^r.



AVIEMORE AND VICINITY

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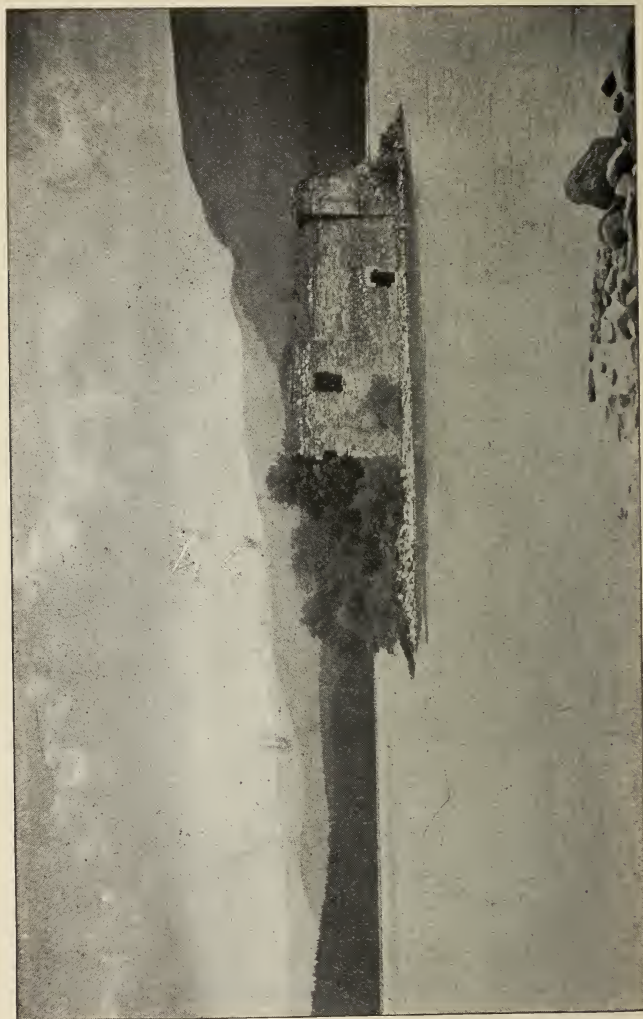
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Loch an Eilein

GUIDE

TO

AVIEMORE AND VICINITY

BY

ALEX. INKSON McCONNOCHIE

SECOND EDITION

AVIEMORE

J. S. LAWRENCE, POST OFFICE

1907



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DRIVES.

THE following List of Drives includes all the favourite excursions which are generally made by visitors at Aviemore. The figures within brackets refer to the pages of the Guide where descriptions will be found. For hires, etc., apply at the Post Office.

- I. Loch an Eilein (18), 3 miles, and Loch Gamhna (22), 4 miles, *via* Inverdrue (14) and The Croft (18); return *via* Polchar (18) and Inverdrue.
- II. Lynwilg (33), Kinrara House (34), and Tor Alvie (33).
- III. Round by Kinraig—passing Lynwilg (33), Loch Alvie (36), Tor Alvie (33), Kinraig (41), Loch Insh (42), Insh Church (42), Feshie Bridge (45), Rothiemurchus Church (14), The Doune (14), and Inverdrue (14); or *vice-versa*.
- IV. Glen Feshie (45) *via* Kinraig (41), returning from Feshie Bridge as in No. III. ; or *vice-versa*.
- V. Carr Bridge (63), 7 miles.
- VI. Round by Boat of Garten *via* Carr Bridge road to Kinveachy (63), Boat of Garten (66), Kincardine Church (52), Loch Pityoulish (51), Coylum Bridge (24) and Inverdrue (14); or *vice-versa*.
- VII. Loch Eunach (26) *via* Inverdrue (14), Coylum Bridge (24) and Glen Eunach (24). The return journey may be made *via* Loch an Eilein (18) and The Croft (18), or Polchar (18). Braeriach, Cairn Toul and Sgoran Dubh are best ascended from Glen Eunach.
- VIII. Auldrue (27) *via* Inverdrue (14), Coylum Bridge (24) and Cross Roads (27). The entrance to the Larig Ghru (27) is near Auldrue. Ben Muich Dhui or Braeriach may be ascended from the Larig Ghru. Tourists for Braemar may arrange to have carriages waiting at Derry Lodge.
- IX. Glenmore Lodge (29) *via* Inverdrue (14), Coylum Bridge (28), Glen More (28), and Loch Morlich. The ascent of Cairngorm is usually made from Glenmore Lodge. The return drive may be made by the Little Green Loch (31), Rebhoan (31), and Nethy Bridge (50), or by Loch Morlich (29), the Sluggan (29), Loch Pityoulish (51), and Coylum Bridge (28).

DISTANCES BY ROAD AND RAIL FROM AVIEMORE.

				Miles by Road.		Miles by Rail.
Carr Bridge	$7\frac{1}{4}$...	$6\frac{3}{4}$
Tomatin	—	...	$15\frac{3}{4}$
Freeburn	$16\frac{5}{8}$...	—
Moy	$20\frac{3}{8}$...	20
Daviot	—	...	$23\frac{3}{4}$
Craggie Inn	$24\frac{5}{8}$...	—
Culloden Moor	—	...	28
Inverness	32	...	$34\frac{3}{4}$
Boat of Garten	7	...	5
Broomhill	—	...	$8\frac{3}{4}$
Grantown-on-Spey	15	...	$12\frac{1}{2}$
Dava	—	...	21
Lynwilg	$2\frac{3}{8}$...	—
Kincraig	$6\frac{1}{2}$...	$5\frac{3}{4}$
Kingussie	12	...	$11\frac{3}{4}$
Newtonmore	$14\frac{3}{4}$...	$14\frac{1}{2}$
Cluny Castle	20	...	—
Laggan Bridge	$22\frac{7}{8}$...	—
Loch Laggan	$29\frac{7}{8}$...	—
Ardverikie	32	...	—
Dalwhinnie	26	...	$24\frac{3}{4}$

POST OFFICE, AVIEMORE.

Hours of Business.

Week Days, 8 a.m. to 8 p.m.

Sundays, Telegrams, 9 a.m. to 10 a.m.

„ Letters to Callers, 1 p.m. to 2 p.m.

Letter Deliveries.

To Callers at 8 a.m. Deliveries at 9 a.m. and 12.55 p.m.

To Callers at 3.40 p.m., 1st July to 31st October.

Letter Box Cleared.

8.10 a.m. for North and Aberdeenshire.

9.20 a.m. for Glasgow, 1st June to 31st October.

12.10 p.m. for South and East. 4.30 p.m. for South and East, etc.

SUNDAYS—11.35 a.m. for North. 12 noon for South.

Parcels accepted. (Week days only.)

8 a.m. for 8.10 a.m. Despatch North and up to 11.45 a.m. for South.

DOCTORS.

DRS. CRICHTON MILLER and BALFOUR, Craiglea, Aviemore. (During the season Dr. Balfour resides at Craig-ellen, Carr Bridge).

CHURCHES.

Rothiemurchus Parish Church. Rev. D. McDougall. Service 12 noon.

St. Andrew's Established Mission Church. Served by special Preachers during June, July, August, and September. Services 11 a.m. and 6 p.m. During the other months by Mission Preacher, 11 a.m. and 2 p.m. every alternate Sunday or as may be arranged.

United Free Church, Rothiemurchus. Rev. A. McLeod. Service, June, July, August, September, 11 a.m. During other months, 12 noon. In the Aviemore Hall, 6 p.m.

Episcopal Church in Scotland. Chaplain, The Rev. H. E. Barton. Mission Chapel of St. John Baptist, Rothiemurchus.

Services from 26th May to 13th October, 1907, inclusive. Holy Communion—Sundays, 8.15 a.m. Also on 2nd and 4th Sundays of the Month after Matins. Holy Days according to notice on previous Sunday, 8.15 a.m. Matins, Litany, and Sermon—Sundays, 11.30 a.m. Evensong and Sermon—Sundays, 5.30 p.m.

Remainder of Year—First Sunday of each month, Holy Communion, 8.15 a.m. Matins, Litany, and Sermon, 11.30. Christmas Day, Holy Communion, 8.15 a.m. and after Matins. Matins, 11.30. Easter Day, Full Services, viz:—Holy Communion, 8.15 and after Matins. Matins, Litany, and Sermon, 11.30 a.m. Evensong and Sermon, 5.30 p.m.

Alvie Parish Church. Rev. James Anderson. Service, 11.30 a.m.

ROTHIEMURCHUS GOLF COURSE.

A very fine sporting nine hole course amidst the finest scenery in Scotland, surrounded by magnificent mountains. A perfect course, with a large and modern equipped Club House and Cycle Shelter, etc.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

By the courtesy of C. A. Moreing, Esq., Lessee of the Rothiemurchus Forest, and J. P. Grant, Esq., of Rothiemurchus, I am permitted to state that the private driving road to Loch Eunach will, during their pleasure, be open to the Public, except during the shooting season, from 12th August to 15th October.

Mr. Moreing also kindly intimates that parties going there may use his Bothies, on the condition that the Public respect his sporting rights, and do not trespass in the Forest during the time the road is closed.

Dogs must not be taken into the Forest, neither is fishing allowed.

I think it well to warn the Public that in the deer-stalking season it is extremely dangerous to go into the forest or woods, owing to the present practice of using long range modern rifles in this sport.

J. S. LAWRENCE.

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GUIDE

TO

AVIEMORE AND VICINITY.

I.—AVIEMORE AND ROTHIEMURCHUS.

With frowning front Craigellachie, with awful brow
Cairngorm,
Tower, giant-guardians of the strath, and shield it
from the storm.

NATURE has been prodigal of her choicest gifts, and has made Aviemore the grandest, as well as the most beautiful, of the many lovely reaches of the Spey. Here we have forest and glen, mountain and crag, loch and burn, in such charming profusion that one is almost bewildered with the richness as well as the extent of the prospect. The scenery is on such a gigantic scale that the eye fails to grasp at once the picture before it; we know no district which grows so much on one by repeated visits as Aviemore. The more romantic spots have to be sought out, for they are concealed between outstanding parts of the landscape; the visitor has the charm of discovery as well as an unfolded panorama for his admiration. The Cairngorm Mountains, never failing to attract attention with their summits snow-clad the greater part of the year,

are best seen and easiest climbed from Aviemore. The ancient forests of Rothiemurchus and Glenmore, of old famed for their pines, are now the haunts of red deer; the great wooded plain stretching from the Spey to the base of the Cairngorms is still the admiration of every lover of nature. The mountains hold many a lonely tarn, while the pines hide some of the finest lake scenery in the Highlands of Scotland. The tree-clad front of Craigellachie extends for more than a mile along the river, facing it and Glen More. A "dry-stone" dyke runs up Craigellachie and forms the "march" between the parishes of Alvie and Duthil-Rothiemurchus, and the districts of Badenoch and Strathspey. It also forms the "march" between the properties of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon and the Countess-Dowager of Seafield. Aviemore is in Duthil, the Spey being the boundary between Duthil and Rothiemurchus. The principal landowner in Duthil is the Countess-Dowager of Seafield, in Rothiemurchus, Mr. John P. Grant; Glen More, in the old parish of Kincardine now united with Abernethy, belongs to the Duke of Richmond and Gordon.

About eighty-five years ago a lady writer thus described the inn at Aviemore—"There was no such inn upon the road; fully furnished, neatly kept, excellent cooking, the most attentive of landlords, all combined to raise the fame of Aviemore. Travellers pushed on from the one side, stopped short at the other, to sleep at this comfortable inn." The inn still stands, peel-like, in the village, now serving as a shooting-box, but a great transformation has been effected since it closed its doors on the travelling

public. The opening of the direct line to Inverness *via* Carr Bridge, has made Aviemore an important railway junction, and still further popularised the district. The station is large and commodious, as all trains stop there, and so it is a very convenient centre for excursions. The morning newspapers from Glasgow, Edinburgh, Dundee and Aberdeen, can be obtained before 8.30 a.m. Every year additional accommodation is being provided for the summer and autumn visitors, and the first year of the century saw the opening of a very fine hotel, which in its turn has increased the number of those who make a temporary sojourn under the shadow of Cairngorm. Picturesquely situated at the foot of Craigellachie and facing Braeriach, Ben Muich Dhui and Cairngorm, with the dark pines of Rothiemurchus and Glenmore on the other side of the Spey, the Station Hotel is one of the best equipped in the Highlands. Within the extensive grounds is a private Golf Course of nine holes. Recently the private Cairngorm Hotel has been erected near the station, and a small Temperance Hotel on the other side of the railway. Thus the convenience of visitors of all classes to the "Sanatorium of the British Islands", as Sir Andrew Clarke described Strathspey, is well provided for.

Truly times are changed when one reads that previous to 1813 the mails for Aviemore and Rothiemurchus went round by Aberdeen to Inverness and thence to their destination. In that year "a stage coach was started to run three days a week between Perth and Inverness." Now, during the season, day after day, month after month, the express

trains, often duplicated, convey such loads of humanity to the north that one wonders, as one scans the carriage windows, whence they come and whither they go. Thus wrote, in 1873, the celebrated Dr. Martineau, long a season-resident at Polchar in Rothiemurchus :—" We are in delightful quarters here in the very heart of the Grampians. Yet, no retreat of forest or mountain carries one in these days into shades of solitude and forgetfulness. The lights of civilization have become wandering stars, and you cannot get out of their way. Here is Jowett at Grantown already, and Herbert Spencer is soon to follow, and one is in danger of encountering Hegel in a fishing excursion, and being pursued by Evolution to the top of Cairngorm." Dr. Martineau was deservedly a great favourite in Rothiemurchus ; both he and his family benefited the district in many ways. The Inverdrue Library was renewed by him, while wood-carving, drawing, etc., are practically taught free.

Craigellachie affords the best local view at Aviemore—the mountain panorama cannot be equalled in any part of the Highlands : three of the five highest mountains in the United Kingdom are in sight and within ten miles. The climb need only be one of about 750 feet to ensure an extensive prospect, but even from the south platform bridge at the railway station the view of the Cairngorms is the best that can be obtained of these noted mountains from any point near a public thoroughfare with the minimum of trouble. "Stand fast, Craigellachie!" was the "slogan" of the Grants. Ruskin says—"You may think long over these few words without exhausting the deep wells of feeling and thought

contained in them—the love of the native land, and the assurance of faithfulness to it.” Behind the station, at the foot of Craigellachie, is Loch Polladern, a little loch, “which during the earthquake at Lisbon was strangely agitated, dashing about in its small basin in a way not soon to be forgotten”.

The mountain view as seen from the station platform bridge includes the following (left to right)—Cairngorm (4084 feet), Castle Hill (2366 feet), Creag na Leacainn or the Lurcher's Rock (3448 feet), Ben Muich Dhui (4296 feet), Carn Elrick (2435 feet), Braeriach (4248 feet), Cadha Mor (2313 feet), Creag Dubh (2766 feet), the Argyll Stone, Sgoran Dubh Mor (3635 feet), Ord Bain (1405 feet), Geal Charn (3019 feet), and Creag Mhigeachaidh (2429 feet). The corries of Cairngorm and Braeriach are seen to excellent advantage, especially when slightly patched with snow. Perhaps the most striking feature is the Larig Ghru, the great pass from Aviemore to Braemar. The *col* is a gigantic V between Ben Muich Dhui and Braeriach; the north entrance is between Castle Hill and Carn Elrick. The foreground of the view is a great tree-covered plain formed by the forests of Glenmore and Rothiemurchus, which, from their numerous rights-of-way, are always open to the public. Rothiemurchus is said by some authorities to signify “the plain of the great pines”.

The Spey is crossed at Aviemore by a girder bridge, replacing a wooden structure which succeeded a ferry about half a mile farther up. The short river Drue, a combination at Coylum Bridge of streams from the mountains, flows into the Spey just below the bridge; it is said to have joined half a mile farther south

in old times. The bridge connects the roads on the two sides of the Spey, the east junction being at Inverdrue, a hamlet about a mile from Aviemore. The Spey rises in Badenoch on the borders of Lochaber, having its source in Loch Spey in the parish of Laggan. It has a length of 98 miles, being only half a mile shorter than the Clyde, the longest river in Scotland.

Between Aviemore station and Inverdrue we pass Inverdrue Sawmills, which in their time have done much work, and an Episcopalian Church.

Inverdrue. The hamlet, which formerly boasted of a market, contains the United Free Church, the Public School, and the Library, as well as several other buildings. The Rothiemurchus Golf Course, opened in 1906 by Lady Mary Grant of Rothiemurchus, is about three-quarters of a mile from the station, and is beautifully situated near Inverdrue. Proceeding southward from Inverdrue, The Doune will be passed on the right at a distance of about three miles. The mansion, which is close to the river, has one of the finest situations in

The Doune. Strathspey. The different varieties of trees which surround it, and which so plentifully grace Tor Alvie on the other side of the Spey and Ord Bain to the south of the house, and the majestic river close at hand, make The Doune an ideal residence. The church of Rothiemurchus is a short distance to the south of the house, and shares in the beauty of the scene.

The authoress of "Memoirs of a Highland Lady" has, naturally, much to tell, legendary and otherwise, about The Doune, which was practically rebuilt by

her brother, Sir John Peter Grant, K.C.B., who was employed in the Indian Civil Service from 1828 until 1862, where he had a distinguished career, becoming Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal in 1859. In 1866 he was appointed Governor of Jamaica in succession to Governor Eyre. The Doune had formerly been a fortified building; the moat was "perfect" in Mrs. Smith's time.

The original possession of Rothiemurchus by the Grants is itself based on a legend. In 1570 the chief of the Clan Grant, now represented by the Earl of Seafield, presented his second son, Patrick, with the Moor of Muckerach, on which he built a tower or castle; and the Shaws having displeased the Government by repeated acts of insubordination, their lands were confiscated, and the Rothiemurchus portion presented to the Laird of Muckerach, "gin he could win it"—which (as Mrs. Smith naïvely puts it) "without more ado he did". The Shaws proved troublesome for a few generations, and their last chief, killed in a fight between the two clans, was importunate even in death, for his corpse was continually raised, until the laird of Rothiemurchus buried it deep down within the kirk beneath his own seat, "and every Sunday when he went to pray he stamped his feet upon the heavy stone he had laid over the remains of his enemy". The "great man" of the Rothiemurchus Grants was a Patrick Grant, surnamed Macalpine—a kind of despotic sovereign, who went about with "a body of four-and-twenty picked men gaily dressed," and dispensed (and executed) speedy justice, not only over his own small patrimony, but over all the country round. He left a widow (a second

wife), who was sadly persecuted by the wife of his eldest son and heir, and who made public her grievances in this peculiar fashion—"Once after the service in the kirk was over, she stepped up with her fan in her hand to the corner of the kirkyard where all our graves are made, and, taking off her high-heeled slipper, she tapped with it on the stone laid over her husband's grave, crying out through her tears, 'Macalpine ! Macalpine ! rise up for ae half-hour and see me richted !'"

Mrs. Smith thus picturesquely describes scenes in the forest when timber was being cut down and prepared for the market—"The logs prepared by the loppers had to be drawn by horses to the nearest running water, and there left in large quantities till the proper time for sending them down the streams. It was a busy scene all through the forest, so many rough little horses moving about in every direction, each dragging its load. . . . This driving lasted till sufficient timber was collected to render the opening of the sluices profitable . . . The Spey floaters lived mostly down near Ballindalloch, a certain number of families by whom the calling had been followed for ages, to whom the wild river, all its holes and shoals and rocks and shiftings, were as well known as had its bed been dry. . . . A large bothy was built for them at the mouth of the Druie. . . . The carpenter, the smith, the fox-hunter, the sawmillers, the wheelwright, the few Chelsea pensioners, each had his little field, while comparatively large holdings belonged to a sort of yeomanry coeval with our own possession, or even some of them found there by our ancestor the Laird of Muckerach,

the second son of our Chief, who displaced the Shaws, for my father was but the ninth laird of Rothiemurchus; the Shaws reigned over this beautiful property before the Grants seized it, and they had succeeded the Comyns, lords not only of Badenoch but of half our part of the north besides. The forest was at this time so extensive there was little room for tillage through the wide plain it covered. It was very pretty here and there to come upon a little cultivated spot, a tiny field by the burn-side, with a horse or a cow upon it, a cottage often built of the black peat mould, its chimney, however, smoking comfortably, a churn at the door, a girl bleaching linen, or a guidwife in her high white cap waiting to welcome us, miles away from any other spot so tenanted. Here and there upon some stream a picturesque sawmill was situated, gathering its little hamlet round”.

There is a good anecdote told of the laird of Rothiemurchus during the time that General Wade was road-making in the district, when he occasionally took up his abode at The Doune. The laird was an ostensible supporter of the Government, but inwardly detested the General and all his tribe, and so at last fell on an expedient to get rid of his uninvited guest. One day after dinner, when they were left alone, the laird, having first locked the door, assumed a knowing manner and thus addressed his astonished guest—“General! it’s needless for you and me to play fause to ane anither ony langer. We ken ane anither’s real sentiments, whatever we may think fit to profess. I therefore now propose that we drink on our bended knees the health of King James VIII.”

There is a remarkable inscription on a tombstone

in the Churchyard ; it is modern, of course, but no reason has been adduced for doubting its truth : " In memory of Farquhar Shaw, who led and was one of the thirty of his clan who defeated the thirty Davidsons of Invernahavon in the famous combat on the North Inch of Perth in 1396. He died in 1405, and was buried here ". It is stated that fourteen Shaws fell at Harlaw in 1411.

Rothiemurchus is redolent with story and legend of the Comyns, the Shaws, and the Grants ; we must content ourselves at this point with one more anecdote in which the churchyard is prominent, and then pursue our way. It seems a certain member of the Grant clan fixed on a spot for his own interment as near as possible to the gate and at a distance from the " lairs " of the Shaws, who were buried nearer the church. On being questioned why he chose such an isolated position, he replied that he had good reason, as at the resurrection he wished to be able to make good his escape from his time-immemorial enemies !

Ord Bain stands between the church and Loch an Eilein ; there are two roads to the loch from Aviemore—

one by the route we have just used,

Loch an Eilein. but turning to the left at Polchar—

for about twenty years the summer and autumn residence of the famous theologian, Dr. Martineau ; the other by taking the road to the right at the United Free Church, which takes one to the loch *via* Blackpark and The Croft. The better plan for the visitor is to go by the one and return by the other. Much has been written about Loch an Eilein, so much indeed that some may think it over-praised, but it is really one of the most beautiful spots in

Scotland. Certainly nothing can equal it in Strathspey. In summer and autumn it is daily visited in all manner of conveyances, from Kingussie on the one hand and Grantown on the other, not to mention hundreds who in the course of the season make a special journey from much greater distances.

The beauty of Loch an Eilein was appreciated even in the end of the eighteenth century, for the "Statistical" writer refers to the scene here as "most picturesque and beautiful". Artists declare that the "composition" of the picture is faultless. The situation is so sequestered that the loch bursts on the visitor in quite an unexpected manner; yet the railway station is not three miles distant. The size of the loch is somewhat insignificant—only about a mile in length and little more than a third in breadth. Its charms are in the surrounding mountains, the pines that fringe its banks, the irregularity of its outline, which produces numerous miniature bays, and, perhaps as much as all these, the tiny islet with its hoary ruin of a castle, once a residence of the notorious Wolf of Badenoch. The view from Boat Bay, near the outlet, is a remarkable one. Looking across the loch we have four parallel ridges of the Cairngorms stretching Speywards, from Sgoran Dubh, Braeriach, Ben Muich Dhui, and Cairngorm respectively, the top of the last being in full view. Cadha Mor bounds the loch on the south side, Ord Bain on the north-west, and Kennapole Hill on the south-west. Its waters were turned to account in tree-felling days, as a sluice still bears witness. The char, for which it was long noted, have disappeared, but the pike have left their name in Pike Bay on the east side, where they may

still be found. The pines and birches at the foot of Ord Bain are very graceful and have attracted the attention of many artists. MacWhirter, in particular, has depicted them on more than one canvas.

The island, which is believed to be wholly, or at least partly, artificial, is almost covered with the ruins of a castle "built time immemorial". It was a ruin nearly three centuries ago, and its history, which is mixed up with that of Rothiemurchus, is very obscure. Rothiemurchus was "leased" by the Bishop of Elgin to the Shaws, who thus ousted the Comyns. The latter appear to have made the castle their chief stronghold. When the Grants came into possession the first laird of that name repaired the castle, as he found the Shaws still troublesome. "During the troubles of 1688 'Grizzel Mor' [the laird's wife] successfully defended the castle from an attack made upon it after the battle of Cromdale by a party of the adherents of James II. under General Buchan". Mrs. Smith thus describes the castle—"A low, long building with one square tower, a flank wall with a door in it, and one or two small windows high up, and a sort of a house with a gable-end attached, part of which stood on piles. The people said there was a zig-zag causeway beneath the water from the door of the old castle to the shore, the secret of which was always known to three persons only. We often tried to hit upon this causeway, but we never succeeded".

The ivy-topped walls are of considerable thickness, while the interior of the castle is covered with mountain ash, birch, willow, barberry, and rose trees, and a dense crop of nettles. The entrance is only about $5\frac{1}{2}$ feet in height; inside there is a

small courtyard, with, on the south, the "Ospreys' Tower", an erection believed to be at least a century later than the main building, and, on the north, two vaulted rooms. The building was almost square, the west wall having a frontage of about 73 feet; the other main walls are now practically fragments of fallen masonry. There is a central staircase, of which about thirty steps, by no means perfect, still remain.

The castle ruins have long been noted as one of the few breeding places in Scotland of the osprey. Every possible protection is afforded the birds by the proprietor of Rothiemurchus, who depends upon visitors causing them no molestation. *Please do not shout at them*, for ospreys are very easily frightened away from their eyries, and there is great danger that the birds will permanently forsake the district. The nest is on the southern tower, and is well seen from the shore of the loch; it suffers most from the impudent jackdaws. The Rev. Dr. Macmillan, another Rothiemurchus summer visitor, wrote that he "was fortunate enough to see the male bird catching a large trout, and soaring up into the sky with it, held parallel to its body, with one claw fixed in the head and the other in the tail. After making several gyrations in the air, with loud screams, it touched its nest, only to soar aloft again, still pertinaciously holding the fish in its claws. A sea-gull pursued it, and, rising above, attempted to frighten it, so that it might drop the fish; but the osprey dodged the attacks of the gull, which finally gave up the game, and allowed the gallant little eagle to alight on its nest in peace, and feed its clamorous young ones with its scaly spoil".

There is a memorial stone between the "Tea

House" (the cottage opposite the castle) and the loch, with the following inscription—"This stone was erected by the people of Rothiemurchus, in affectionate remembrance of Major-General Walter Brook Rice, who was accidentally drowned while skating near this spot, 26th December, 1892". General Rice was a regular winter visitor of the district.

The neighbourhood of Loch an Eilein and Loch Gamhna suffered from an accidental forest fire on 24th August, 1899, when about 450

Loch Gamhna. acres were affected. Loch Gamhna is a small loch at the upper end of Loch an Eilein; the name signifies "the steers' loch", and has probably some connection with an exploit of Lochaber reivers. Loch Gamhna has also a beautiful situation. It is adorned with water lilies, which visitors are expected to leave untouched. Ospeys bred for some time, near its south-east shore, on a tree, which was blown down in 1879. Then the birds went to the north-west shore, but did not finish the nest, certainly never used it. According to "A Fauna of the Moray Basin", "the wide valley under the shadows of Cairngorm was the cradle of the ospreys".

Kennapole Hill, which over shadows the upper end of Loch an Eilein, has an interesting memorial of the time when the Duke of

Kennapole Hill. Bedford was tenant of Glenfeshie Forest and The Doune of Rothiemurchus. It is a cairn with the inscription—"Iohannes Bedfordiæ Dux Posuit 1834. To her whose eye explored and whose steps marked, with discriminating taste, this little path from Loch Gaun [Gamhna] to the Cats' Den and round the craig of Kinapole to its

summit. This simple tablet is inscribed by a sincere and affectionate friend, A.D. MDCCCXXXIV., Bedford". The Duchess of Bedford was a daughter of Jane Maxwell, the celebrated Duchess of Gordon, who latterly retired to (and died at) Kinrara on the opposite side of the Spey.

The Cats' Den is on Creagan a' Chait of Kennapole Hill, and is a curious recess in the rock. It is associated with the legendary history

The Cats' Den. of the Grants of Rothiemurchus, but the main incidents which we are about to narrate are, we are assured on good local authority, actual occurrences. About a century ago The Croft was occupied by a younger son of the laird, whose housekeeper had presented him with several children. There were grounds for fear at The Doune that these children and their mother might be left money which otherwise would find its way to the laird, so a diabolical plot was conceived to make the personal appearance of the housekeeper repulsive to her master. "Black Sandy", an unscrupulous character, was appealed to, and, watching his opportunity, waited till he found the housekeeper alone, when he cut off one of her ears. He had taken the precaution to disguise himself, so the poor woman was unable to identify the man who so cruelly treated her. Black Sandy, however, found it judicious to remove to Revack, near Grantown, where he took to sheep farming. He had a difference with a drover, which ended in his leaving him for dead near Spey Bridge. Once more he had to flee; this time he retired to the Cats' Den. The drover by and by recovered, much to the astonishment of his friends;

as for Black Sandy, he now left the district altogether, ultimately emigrating to America, where he became at least moderately prosperous. One of his descendants was no less a person than General Grant, President of the United States, who, when he visited Scotland, did not forget Speyside.

Ord Bain (1405 feet), which has a curious rock formation, mostly primitive limestone and mica-schist, is a beautifully-wooded hill, on which, in

Ord Bain. olden times, signal fires were lighted.

An excellent distant view may be had from the summit, but Badenoch and Strathspey are the chief features in the landscape. Half a dozen of the neighbouring lochs are visible, and the forests of Glenmore and Rothiemurchus are seen as a great wooded flat extending south-westwards from the pass of Rebhoan.

Coylum Bridge is both a bridge and a hamlet, about two miles from Aviemore station, and is reached from Inverdruie by taking the road

Coylum Bridge. on the left at the United Free Church. The meeting of the waters here and the little bridge itself form a picturesque scene. Just above the bridge two streams unite and form the Druie; one is the Bennie from Glen Eunach, the other the Luineag

Glen Eunach. from Glen More. We may be said to enter the former glen at two iron gates, the smaller denoting the right-of-way through the Larig Ghru, a few yards from the west end of the bridge

Tullochgrue, which will be passed on the right, is noted for two wells, the Lady's Well and Macalpine's

Well; near by, Lord Lewis Gordon hid for some time, and was there fed by his cousin, the wife of the laird of Rothiemurchus. Near The Croft, at the north-west foot of Tullochgrue, is a cup-marked stone, which may be visited on the way to Loch an Eilein. For the first two or three miles the forest road is among trees; it is not till we are abreast of Carn Elrick and Cadha Mor that we feel we are in a glen. Pine and birch, juniper and rowan fringe the wayside and the lower slopes of the hills. The Bennie is a most interesting brook for miles, as it clatters over boulders and pebbles, and occasionally clasps an island covered with trees and shrubs. A halt should be made at the "Outlook", at a little bend of the road just before it begins to descend to the Bennie. The view here is particularly fine; below, the tree-clad banks of the stream—in the distance, the summit of the Sgoran Dubh range.

The Little Bennie joins the main stream near a bothy which we pass on the right; on the other side of the Bennie, but not in sight, is Loch Mhic Ghillechaoile, "the loch of the lanky man's son". Here, as the story goes, a party of Lochaber reivers was overtaken on a certain Sunday by a Rothiemurchus man. A scuffle ensued, in which he was killed. The Camerons concealed the body, and, leaving their prey behind them, made off as quickly as possible. When the main body of pursuers got up the glen they could find no trace of the young man; his corpse was not found till some weeks afterwards, when a Lochaber woman set the relations on the track. The loch received its name from the brave pursuer of the reivers, and the story is so far confirmed by the fact that not many

years ago an old dirk was found by the side of the loch.

The driving road ends at a bothy near the lower end of Loch Eunach at the head of the glen. The pony path on the left leads up Coire Dhoundail to Braeriach and Cairn Toul, that on the right (Ross's Path) zig-zags towards Carn Ban and Sgoran Dubh, from which one may descend into Glen Feshie. Glen Eunach is noted for moraines, particularly at the base of Sgoran Dubh below Loch Eunach.

Loch Eunach, about ten miles from Aviemore, is a narrow sheet of water, over a mile in length, hemmed in by Braeriach on the east,

Loch Eunach. Sgoran Dubh on the west, and precipitous rocks at the south. A burn from Lochan nan Cnapan falls over these rocks in a series of cascades. The altitude of Loch Eunach is 1650 feet above sea level; the rocky side of Sgoran Dubh towers 2000 feet above it, so it is a formidable rival to the more famed Loch Avon. Char, salmo ferox, and trout are to be found in the loch, and the deer have excellent feeding ground at the upper end in Coire Odhar. There a Grant of Rothiemurchus was born in a shieling, the *larach* of which is still pointed out. This Grant, John of Corour (Coire Odhar) as he was called from the place of his birth, was the second son of Patrick (Macalpine), the fourth Grant of Rothiemurchus, who died *c.* 1743. John of Corour entered the army, and, having acquired a moderate competence, "left money to build Coylum Bridge and a house at the head of Loch Eunach which should always have meal in it."

A boulder about sixty tons in weight, which at some remote period had fallen from Braeriach, turned

over, some twenty years ago, and moved along a good few yards nearer to the head of the loch. Probably an avalanche was responsible for the movement, but that explanation was not accepted locally.

The north entrance to the great pass, Learg Ghrua-mach or Larig Ghru, is at Coylum Bridge. The ancient

right-of-way keeps close to the Bennie,

Larig Ghru. but the driving road up Glen Eunach

is generally taken as far as Cross Roads

—near a sawmill site—where we hold to the left towards the Bennie. That stream is crossed by a foot-bridge and a ford, the road leading past the confluence of Allt na Leirg Gruamaich with the Bennie. The ruins of the steading of Auldrue attract attention from their prominent situation on raised ground in the fork of the Bennie and Allt na Leirg Gruamaich. The farm of Auldrue was given by “Macalpine” Grant to a Macgregor—one of two men who had been left in Rothiemurchus by Rob Roy, and who had married a natural daughter of “Macalpine” himself. The Macgregors remained in Auldrue till the time of Hamish when they had to make way for deer, Hamish dying at The Doune in 1890. When Rothiemurchus was afforested in 1843, the fawns, which were brought from Mar Forest, were placed under the care of Margaret Macgregor. They followed her, it is said, like dogs, even when grown up, and answered to the names which she bestowed on them. From Auldrue the road leads eastward for about half a mile to a cairn and a direction post which indicate the “road to Braemar”. Thereafter there is no mistaking the route, however narrow or rough the path. The

pedestrian is vexed in turn by long heather, tree roots, bits of bog, cobble stones, and crossing streams, and, as the *col* is neared, enormous patches of stones which have fallen from Braeriach on the right and Ben Muich Dhui on the left. Aberdeenshire is entered at the *col*, and the Pools of Dee are thus reached, from which the mountains just named may be ascended. The Larig may be left at two other points for the ascent of Ben Muich Dhui—just before coming abreast of Creag na Leacainn, or at the March Burn, the stream on the left before the *col* is reached.

At the eastward end of Coylum Bridge three roads spread out—the middle leads to Drumintoul Lodge, the shooting-box of Rothie-Glen More. murchus deer forest, and is private; that on the left is the Speyside turnpike; the other leads up Glen More.

And such a phantom, too, 'tis said,
With Highland broadsword, targe, and plaid,
And fingers red with gore,
Is seen in Rothiemurchus glade,
Or where the sable pine trees shade
Dark Tomantoul, and Auchnaslaid,
Dromouchty, or Glenmore.

Thus Scott in "Marmion." "The forest of Glen More is believed to be haunted by a spirit called *Lham-dearg*, in the array of an ancient warrior, having a bloody hand, from which he takes his name. He insists upon those with whom he meets doing battle with him; and the clergyman who makes up an account of the district, extant in the Macfarlane MS. in the Advocates' Library, gravely assures us that, in his time, *Lham-dearg* fought with three brothers whom he met in his walk, none of

whom long survived the ghostly conflict". Mrs. Smith says, "The gigantic figure is said to offer battle to the belated traveller through the woods ; to him who boldly accepts it no harm is done, but a display of terror is punished by death".

The Glen More road keeps by the right bank of the Luineag all the way, and affords many opportunities of excellent views of the Cairngorms. About a mile north-east from Coylum Bridge is the steading of Achnahatnich, where once stood a chapel dedicated to St. Eada ; the old burial-ground may be recognised by the ruins of a kiln in it ! Human remains were displaced when the kiln was built. Two mineral wells will be passed on the right as we proceed up the glen. They formerly enjoyed a great reputation ; cripples came on crutches and left on foot !

There are few houses in the lower part of the glen, and only one, Glenmore Lodge, in the upper. The *larach* of Inchonie passed, we leave Rothiemurchus and enter Kincardine, and soon find ourselves at Loch Morlich. The road keeps along the north shore, a branch at right angles near the lower end leading northwards *via* the Sluggan to the church of Kincardine. The Thieves' road, however, skirted the south side of the loch ; we are already familiar with it at Loch an Eilein.

Loch Morlich is a mile long by five furlongs broad. It lies at an altitude of 1046 feet, and has at the upper end a bank of sand driven up by the wind. At the north-west corner, where the Luineag debouches, sluices, used for damming up the loch in the tree-floating days, will be observed. A particularly large pine was selected by ospreys for nesting, but they

have not bred there for several years on account of the persecution to which they were subjected. The loch, once famous for trout, is now, perhaps, more noted for its pike.

Glenmore Lodge is situated near the head of Loch Morlich, facing Cairngorm; its position is one of the finest among shooting-boxes in the Highlands. Sheep were removed from the glen only in 1859, though deer were preserved long before that year, but the shootings were not let. Glen More was formerly a royal forest, and latterly was the hunting ground of the Stewarts of Kincardine.

A plank of Scots fir, 5 feet 7 inches wide, was presented in 1806 to the Duke of Gordon, with the following inscription—"In the year 1783 William Osbourne, Esq., merchant, of Hull, purchased of the Duke of Gordon the forest of Glenmore, the whole of which he cut down in the space of 22 years, and built during that time at the mouth of the River Spey, where never vessel was built before, 47 sail of ships of upwards of 19,000 tons burthen. The largest of them, of 1050 tons, and three others but little inferior in size, are now in the service of His Majesty and the Honble. East India Company. This undertaking was completed at the expense (for labour only) of above £70,000. To His Grace the Duke of Gordon this plank is offer'd as a specimen of the growth of one of the Trees in the above Forest by His Grace's most obedt. Servt., W. OSBOURNE. Hull, Sept. 26th, 1806". This tree seems to have been 19 feet in girth at the bottom where the plank was cut, and must have been about 260 years old. "Christopher North" graphically described the

denuded forest, but time, the healer, has been kind, and much of the lower ground is once more beautifully covered with pines.

In the Pass of Rebhoan, at the head of Glen More, there is a beautifully-situated little tarn, An Lochan Uaine, better known as the Little Green Loch. The tree-clad hills rise steeply on each side, and the lochan, which has neither inlet nor outlet above ground, has its waters of a delicate green colour and exquisitely clear. It is frequently visited by tourists.

The Glen More road joins the Strath Nethy road near Rebhoan, a short distance above the Little Green Loch, and thus a beautiful circular drive may be obtained between Aviemore and Nethy Bridge.

At one time the tenants on the lower estates of the Duke of Gordon had the right to make an annual visit to Glen More for "torch-fir". They "sorned" so much on the natives that their visits began to be resented. An appeal, however, to the Duke was unnecessary, as the "Giant Fairy" of the glen so frightened the low-countrymen that they gladly undertook to give up their annual excursion!

The ascent of Cairngorm is usually made from Glenmore Lodge; the climb, which presents no difficulty, and is often made by ladies, takes from three to four hours. In about two hours more the summit of Ben Muich Dhui may be reached.

"Memoirs of a Highland Lady" has already been mentioned: readers are also referred to "In the Shadow of Cairngorm" and "Highland Homilies" by Rev. Dr. Forsyth; "Rothiemurchus" by Rev. Dr. Macmillan; and *The Cairngorm Club Journal*, Aberdeen.

II.—AVIEMORE TO KINCRAIG.

Hurrah for the Highlands !—the stern Scottish Highlands !
The home of the clansmen—the brave and the free ;
Where the clouds love to rest on Cairngorm's rough breast
Ere they journey afar o'er the vale of the Spey.

THERE are two roads between Aviemore and Kincaig, the principal one being on the left bank of the Spey by the foot of Craigellachie, passing Lynwilg and Loch Alvie ; the other by the right bank, *via* Inverdrue, Rothiemurchus church and Feshie Bridge. The visitor may thus indulge in a little circular tour. The pedestrian may avoid the detour by Feshie Bridge by taking a path, *via* Dalnavert, to Iosel footbridge, thence along the river by Speybank to Kincaig. Dalnavert was the birthplace of the mother and wife of the late great Canadian statesman, Sir John A. Macdonald. Now on The Mackintosh's estate, it is described by Mrs. Smith as "the sole remnant of the Shaws' once great possessions" ; it was noted in the early years of the last century as the place where the local company of volunteers assembled for drill. Lochan Geal, "the white lochan", a little to the south-west of Dalnavert, was fabled to be bottomless, and to contain pike and trout covered with hair.

The scenery along the Spey between Aviemore and Kincaig is very fine ; we make bold to say that it is superior even to the beautiful stretch of the valley between Balmoral and Castletown of Braemar. Thus wrote Lord Cockburn ("Circuit Journeys")—

“The approach to Aviemore becomes interesting soon after the waters begin to flow Spey-ward, till at last the full prospect of these glorious Cairngorms, with their forests and peaks and valleys, exhibits one of the finest pieces of mountain scenery in Britain”.

Passing along the foot of Craigellachie we cross the Dubh-allt, “Black Burn”, at Easter Lynwilg, where, on high ground to the right, near the old bridle-path leading from the Spey to Fort-Augustus, is situated Allt na Criche, the Highland residence of the famous singer and composer, Mr. Henschel. At Lynwilg Cottage, where the turnpike closely approaches the railway, a road branches to the left, leading past the Bogach to Tor Alvie and Kinrara House. The Bogach, which is fed from Loch Alvie, is a great swamp or marsh, filled with monster pike, and is an ideal home for wild-fowl.

Lynwilg Hotel is situated near the east side of Loch Alvie. A noted hostelry in coaching days, it is now a convenient centre for

Lynwilg. exploring the neighbourhood and the Cairngorm mountains, though a detour to Aviemore has now to be made in order to get across the Spey.

Tor Alvie, a finely wooded hill, which is only about 300 feet higher than Loch Alvie, commands an extraordinary view of Strathspey.

Tor Alvie. In 1830 human remains, with sword blades, buckles, etc., were found in tumuli on the Tor. There are two monuments on it—one to the fifth and last Duke of Gordon, and another in memory of Highland soldiers who fell at Waterloo. The Duke’s memorial was erected in

1840; it bears inscriptions in Gaelic, English, and Latin, and is a pillar 90 feet high, a most conspicuous object from Aviemore and neighbourhood. The Waterloo Cairn was built "To the memory of Sir Robert Macara, of the 42nd Regiment of Royal Highlanders; and Colonel John Cameron, of the 92nd Regiment, or Gordon Highlanders, and their brave countrymen who fell gloriously at the battle of Waterloo in June, 1815. Erected by the Most Noble the Marquis of Huntly. August 16th, 1815". Tor Alvie was climbed by Prince Leopold, afterwards King of the Belgians, when on a ten days' visit in 1817 to Kinrara. Kinrara House is at the foot of the Tor close to the river in a most picturesque situation, hence the phrase "beautiful Kinrara". The com-

bination of hill, wood, and river seems

Kinrara. here almost perfect; little wonder that Maculloch, fastidious at times, thus wound up his description—"A week spent at Kinrara had not exhausted its charms; and when a second week had passed, all seemed still new". Kinrara is much associated with the memory of Jane Maxwell, Duchess of Gordon, who died in 1812. The Duchess, who was the mother of the last Duke, had a romantic attachment to the place, and spent a considerable part of each year here. At Kinrara she was visited by persons of the highest distinction from all parts of the United Kingdom, "the Duchess having perpetual dances, either in the drawing-room or the servants' hall. When in a few weeks a whole regiment of soldiers could be raised on the Gordon estates, the influence of her Grace became apparent. She attended fairs and country meetings,

and the intrinsic value of the enlistment money was considerably enhanced by the promise of 'a kiss from the Duchess of Gordon'". She was buried at Kinrara at her own request, her grave being marked by a granite monument on the site of St. Eada's Chapel. Many side-lights are thrown on the Duchess's manner of life at Kinrara in "Memoirs of a Highland Lady". It also tells of a particular visit the Marquis and his bride (he married a Brodie) paid to The Doune, the Marchioness in a little phaeton drawn by four goats. "At every horned head there ran a little foot-page, these fairy steeds being rather unruly". The residence of the Duchess was only a small farm-house: the kitchen was transformed into her sitting-room; "a barn was fitted up into a barrack for ladies, a stable for gentlemen".

The following verses from "The Book of Scottish Song" are stated there to have been written by the Rev. Alexander Allardyce (died 1833), minister of Forgue, but they were really written by his widow, who died at Cromarty in 1857:—

LAMENT FOR THE DUCHESS OF GORDON.

Fair in Kinrara blooms the rose,
And softly waves the drooping willow,
Where beauty's faded charms repose,
And splendour rests on earth's cold pillow.
Her smile, who sleeps in yonder bed,
Could once awake the soul to pleasure,
When fashion's airy train she led
And formed the dance's frolic measure.
When war called forth our youth to arms,
Her eye inspired each martial spirit;
Her mind, too, felt the muse's charms,
And gave the meed to modest merit.

But now, farewell, fair northern star ;
 Thy beams no more shall courts enlighten,
 No more lead forth our youth to arms,
 No more the rural pastures brighten.

Long, long thy loss shall Scotia mourn ;
 Her vales, which thou wert wont to gladden,
 Shall long look cheerless and forlorn,
 And grief the minstrel's music sadden ;
 And oft amid the festive scene,
 Where pleasure cheats the midnight pillow,
 A sigh shall breathe for noble Jane,
 Laid low beneath Kinrara's willow.

Loch Alvie, three miles from Aviemore, "which lies at the gates of Kinrara, is a jewel in this 'barren' road". It is at the base of

Alvie. Geal-Charn Mor (2702 feet), one of the Monadhliadhs, a rather bare, featureless hill. The church and manse are picturesquely situated on a little peninsula on the south side of the loch, with, on the south, a tiny tarn known as Loch Beag. The shores of the loch are beautifully irregular, and its surface is adorned with water-lilies ; it is frequented by water-fowl, and trout are plentiful, a right to fish going with the glebe.

In the course of excavations for the repair of the church a remarkable discovery of skeletons was made, all lying head to head. They were reverently interred in the churchyard and a stone erected with the following inscription—"Buried here are Remains of 150 Human Bodies Found, October 1880, Beneath the Floor of this Church. Who they were, When They Lived, How They Died, Tradition Notes Not.

' Their bones are dust, their good swords rust,
 Their souls are with the Saints, we trust '".

The church of Alvie was dedicated to St. Drostan; the original site has never been without a place of worship.

The principal landowners in Alvie, the population of which is 533, are:—The Mackintosh (Kincaig shootings, part of Glenfeshie forest, Kinrara and Dalnavert shootings, Dunachton Lodge and shootings, etc.); Sir George Macpherson-Grant, Bart. (Dalraddy shootings, part of Glenfeshie forest, Invermarkie shootings, etc.); Mr. R. B. Whitehead (Alvie Lodge and shootings, etc.); Mr. Charles J. B. Macpherson of Belleville (Balavil) (Balavil House and shootings, etc.); and the Duke of Richmond and Gordon (Kinrara House and shootings, etc.).

The Argyll Stone has attracted the attention of many travellers as they journey between Aviemore and Kincaig, but they have generally

Argyll Stone. to be content with an explanation which leaves much to be explained.

Even Queen Victoria, who records that Lord Alexander Russell “was so good as to explain everything to us”, was told that “the Duke of Argyll’s Stone” was “a cairn on the top of a hill to our right, celebrated, as seems most probable, from the Marquis of Argyll having halted there with his army”. Truly a strange place for the “Marquis” to halt in such circumstances!—the altitude being nearly three thousand feet above sea level. The Rev. Mr. M’Dougall, of Rothiemurchus, has supplied us with the following account—On the summit of the mountain ridge running parallel to the Spey, between Glen Eunach and the Spey valley, may be observed a large tor known as the Argyll Stone—a

conspicuous object in the landscape as seen from the strath below. It has been so called from the time of James VI., obtaining its name in connection with one of the political troubles of that monarch's reign, in which the then Earl of Argyll took an active, though not very successful part. This event was an alleged attempt by the Earl of Huntly and one or two other noblemen to restore Catholicism as the recognised religion of the country, when Argyll was sent at the head of a large force to check the movement, and, if possible, to secure the arrest of Huntly and the Earl of Erroll, the leaders of the rising. History records that Argyll, with a vastly superior force, was completely routed by Huntly and Erroll's men at the Battle of Alltacoileachan, in Glenlivet, in October, 1594, and compelled to retreat with all possible haste. There was little inclination to halt until they felt themselves comparatively safe, on friendly territory, as they approached Badenoch. Their first halt since quitting the battlefield was on the northern portion of the Sgoran Dubh ridge. There, beside this rocky pile, they partook of such a humble repast as the scanty means at their disposal afforded. From this ridge they could easily keep a look-out on all sides, and readily discern signs of danger at a great distance. But Huntly was unable to follow up his advantage, and so allowed the fugitives to retreat without molestation. It was usual with every Highlander, when engaged in any war-like expedition, to carry a little oatmeal, rolled up in a piece of cloth or small bag, to use as required; and sometimes a bannock or two of home-baked bread formed part of their equipment, on which they could

at any time make a hurried repast. Of such materials they made their homely breakfast on this occasion, sitting or lying around the stone, which, in memory of the incident, has ever since been called "The Argyll Stone". After resting for a time they descended towards Glen Feshie, where they further enjoyed such hospitalities as the cottagers of the glen could bestow on them. Indeed, so pleased were they with the reception accorded them that not a few of their number stayed behind for several weeks after the greater portion had taken their departure for their homes in the west. In company with the native residents of Glen Feshie, the evenings were devoted to mirth, music, and dancing, and other festivities, the place of meeting being the old Black Mill of Invereshie. One of the Argyll pipers, who had stayed behind with his clansmen, composed in honour of their place of meeting a "Strathspey", known by the name of the Muileann Dubh, or Black Mill—a piece of music which to this day retains its popularity among all lovers of Highland music and dancing. The Mill itself has been celebrated in song, the verses setting forth its merits associating it with many things curious, fanciful, and uncommon.

Another version of the origin of the name refers to Montrose taking refuge in the wilds of Badenoch when Argyll followed him from Blair Atholl. The route was through Glen Bruar and by the head of Glen Feshie along the ridges to the point marked by the Argyll Stone. Then he descended to the valley, crossed the Spey and defeated Montrose at the east end of the Moor of Alvie. The latter escaped with only a few followers towards Fort-Augustus (1642-3).

Captain Cumming, Putney, and his brothers, when their father was tenant of Dalraddy, found several pieces of armour on the field of battle, and these the captain still retains.

Resuming our journey to Kincaig, we enter the Moor of Alvie about two miles from Kincaig station. Markets were at one time

Delfour held at the Moor. A short distance
Stone Circle. west is Delfour, where there is a stone circle, about four miles south-west from Aviemore station and two miles north-north-east from Kincaig station. It is about half a mile westward from the turnpike, from which it may be approached by a side road, a furlong south of the milestone marked "12 miles from Carrbridge, 8 miles from Kingussie." But for the presence of a standing stone of striking appearance (according to Mr. C. G. Cash, F.R.S.G.S., in the *Cairngorm Club Journal*, vol. v.), the circle might easily be supposed a mere heap of stones cleared by the farmer from his fields. And a little examination shows there is much truth in this first impression. "The New Statistical Account of Scotland" definitely speaks of an inner circle 25 feet in diameter, and there can be no doubt, therefore, that the clearings of the surrounding land have largely been piled on the site of the circle. Of the outer circle of megaliths, if it ever existed, only one—the standing stone already referred to—remains. It stands $22\frac{1}{2}$ feet to the south-west of the "middle circle", which is 60 feet in diameter. The inner circle is probably buried by the agriculturist. Alvie Lodge is to the west of the road, and is surrounded

by pines and birches; there are several beautiful ponds near by, as well as a waterfall.

Passing the United Free Church and Baldow we reach Kincaig. Alvie Parish Hall is at the point where the road turns to the left; within the grounds is a granite Ionic cross. This monument was raised through Mr. Henschel's efforts, and was erected to the memory of Piper Peter Stewart and his brave comrades of the Cameron Highlanders who fell in the battle of Atbara on the Nile in 1898.

Kincaig has in recent years advanced considerably as a holiday resort, a circumstance which its situation fully warrants; its railway

Kincaig. station has, we think, the finest position of any station on the Highland Railway, and that is saying a good deal. An Suidhe (1775 feet), with its well-defined summit, affords shelter from the north winds; the prospect to the south includes Loch Insh and Glen Feshie with its great mountains. Looking north-east, the valley of the Spey, with Tor Alvie and Ord Bain, makes a charming piece of landscape. A keen observer writes:—"Perhaps few places in Scotland can boast of such lovely birches as are to be seen about Kinrara and Aviemore, or near the mouth of the river Feshie".

Kincaig station, which is the nearest for Feshie Bridge and Glen Feshie, was originally called Boat of Insh, but the ferry has been displaced by a convenient bridge across the Spey. The outlet of Loch Insh is about a mile above the confluence of the Feshie; Invereshie House stands between the loch and the Feshie, while the church of Insh is close to the Spey,

near the outlet of the loch. The Invereshie deer forest extends to 9270 acres.

Insh Church, which was dedicated to St. Adamnan, is one of the most interesting in Strathspey. It is believed to date from Culdee times,

Insh Church. and still possesses a bronze bell of that period, though in a slightly damaged condition. This bell was once removed to Perth, but as it kept crying "Tom Eunan, Tom Eunan", it was carried back to the hillock, or moraine heap, of that name, on which the church stands. The church is believed by ecclesiologists to be the only Scottish church in which divine worship has been continuously celebrated since the seventh century. On our first visit we found that the church was partly floored with cobble stones, but that reproach has now been removed and the interior modernised.

Loch Insh is embosomed among trees, and has a length of nearly a mile, with a breadth of half a mile. Draining was once attempted,

Loch Insh. but unsuccessfully, on account of the slight fall of the river—a drawback which a noted geologist says may be overcome by diverting the mouth of the Feshie some distance to the north-east. We should not like to see Loch Insh effaced; but very properly the landowners would rejoice if an economical plan could be devised which would improve the run of the river from Kingussie downwards, and so prevent the disastrous floodings which are almost of yearly occurrence. These floodings are as expensive as they are offensive in their results on the face of the landscape when they subside. Great floods in the Spey, particularly

in the Badenoch region, occurred in the end of January, 1903. They reached their greatest heights on the last day of that month, and exceeded all previous records, all the old flood marks, so far as known, being obliterated. The appearance of the river was thus described at the time—the whole valley was a complete sea from side to side, nearly two miles in width, midway between Kincaig and Kingussie stations. From high ground at Insh on the south side the railway embankment could be traced like a dark thread on the opposite expanse of waters, but the great high banks extending for miles as protection to the meadows were entirely under water. The course of the Spey through the alluvial haughs between Kingussie and Loch Insh was indicated only by the tops of tree clumps known to grow beside the channel. Except these tree tops everything was under water over a tract of country six miles long by one and a half broad. For two days (30th and 31st January) all communication between the two sides of the river was cut off, all the way from Newtonmore to Aviemore; even the roadway south of the latter station was much under water all the way to The Doune. Between Boat of Garten and Grantown the valley was a huge surging lake, covering an area of over twelve square miles. Loch Insh, says a fishing authority, is “the home and hold of the big pike—of the small ones, too!—of the Spey, from which they forage in and over-run the contiguous reaches of the river, above and below”. Formerly the loch was regularly netted; there is a note of a certain occasion when sixty salmon were taken ashore at one haul. Large quantities of trout and char were formerly caught

when nets were in use. Now that that method of fishing has ceased, anglers cannot understand why comparatively so little sport is to be had. There is a beautiful islet, Tom Dhubh, at the mouth of the loch, and another, An t-Eilan Dhubh, above the Feshie confluence.

The Spey was crossed at Boat of Insh by Queen Victoria on Tuesday, 4th September, 1860. The account of this portion of Her Majesty's "Expedition" is thus given in "Leaves":—"We came upon Loch Insh, which is lovely, and of which I should have liked exceedingly to have taken a sketch, but we were pressed for time and hurried. The light was lovely; and some cattle were crossing a narrow strip of grass across the end of the loch nearest to us, which really made a charming picture. It is not a wild lake, quite the contrary; no high rocks, but woods and blue hills as a background. . . . The ferry was a very rude affair; it was like a boat or coble, but we could only stand on it, and it was moved at one end by two long oars, plied by the ferryman and Brown, and at the other end by a long sort of beam [a "sting"] which Grant took in hand".

Dunachton Lodge, which overlooks the west side of Loch Insh, is a modern building, which replaces an old residence of The Mackintoshes,

Dunachton. which stood on the same site, but was burned in 1869. The "dungeon" has been turned to better account as a wine cellar! The situation is very fine, a grand view being obtained of the Cairngorm mountains. Tom a' Mhoid, "Court Hill", is to the west of the house, where justice was doubtless dispensed in the manner of the times; below the house there is an ancient burial-ground, where there had been a chapel dedicated to St. Drostan.

III.—GLEN FESHIE.

Or, if feast of Nature please thee,
In her rich and pictured show,
Come with me to lone Glen Feshie,
When the grey crags are aglow.

THE River Feshie, which is 22 miles long, rises on the borders of Perthshire on Leathad an Taobhain (2994 feet). At Feshie Bridge (about two miles from Kinraig station), where there is a post-office, and where formerly there was an inn, the river is crossed by the Speyside road; the piers are built on rock, the tree-lined river having here a rocky channel. Above the bridge the Feshie rushes swiftly along, but subsides into a deep pool below. The approach to the bridge from the north-east has a very awkward turn; fatal accidents there are not unknown. There are two rather rough driving roads up the glen, one on each side of the river. The one on the east is the more direct road, joining the other by a ford below Achlean; the west road branches off the turnpike at the Manse of Insh.

Passing through Lagganlia we cross Allt na Criche, at the confluence of which is Blackmill. We are here at the foot of Creag Mhigeachaidh (2429 feet), on the north-western face of the Cairngorm mountains. Its steep tree-clad front is very noticeable from Kinraig station; indeed, it is so precipitous that avalanches are frequent. On several

occasions deer have been carried down with the falling snow and killed; scaurs made by the avalanches can be traced in the miniature gorges which mark the crag.

Allt Ruadh joins the Feshie near Ballachchroichk. There is a path on the north side of the burn, which leads towards Sgoran Dubh, Carn Ban, and other summits of the Cairngorms. Achlean, near the confluence of Allt Fhearnachan with the Feshie, has long been the residence of the official fox-hunter of the district. The present hunter's father "sat" to Landseer on many occasions, and his dogs are immortalised in the famous artist's pictures. The Feshie is crossed above Achlean by Polluach (foot) Bridge, below which is a deep salmon pool. The view looking up the glen is very fine; the sombre pines are relieved by the lighter green of the birches. Though confined in a narrow rocky channel at Polluach, the river has in many places a wide wandering course; indeed, it seems to delight in shifting its channel after every flood. Near this bridge, on the east side of the Feshie, is an old burial-ground. A way may be found by a deer-stalker's path up Allt Fhearnachan to the Cairngorms, particularly Braeriach and Cairn Toul.

Allt Garbhlach, which rises on Meall Tionail (3338 feet), is the next tributary of the Feshie; it has cut a long narrow gorge to the glen from Meall Dubh-achaidh (3268 feet). At the confluence, on the north side of the burn, there was one time a regular market held, which claimed to be the origin of the great Falkirk trysts. The farther north these markets were held the more the southern dealers objected, for they asserted that occasionally Donald

turned homewards with both money and cattle!

Glenfeshie is one of the most important deer forests in the Highlands. The shooting-box, below which the driving road ends, is finely situated on the left bank of the Feshie; on the other side is Ruighaiteachain, "an oasis in the desert", the loveliest part of the glen. The haugh is grandly wooded, as are the lower slopes of the adjacent crag tipped mountains. There are many fine old pines among which are interspersed birches and clumps of junipers, with here and there beautiful patches of fox-glove and wild roses. The ground beneath our feet is redolent with thyme. The haugh is cut into strips by former channels of the Feshie, hence the term "The Islands"; another name occurring here is "The Huts". These "huts" are now represented by bits of gables, all that remain of a number of buildings erected by the Duchess of Bedford when lessee of the forest. Among her guests was Sir Edwin Landseer, who obtained in the locality sketches for many of his most famous paintings. On the plaster above the fire-place of one of the huts Sir Edwin drew a picture, part of which is still extant, showing three stags and a hind. In order to preserve this interesting memorial The Mackintosh has erected a building over the ruined fire-place, and through its windows the fresco may be seen with ease.

The glen is particularly picturesque between "The Huts" and Allt Coire Bhlair. The valley is very narrow, and the steep hills on the east side are scarred with storm torrents, the rocks worn and weathered into fantastic shapes, the water channels generally dry; though high up thin silver

streams may be seen, the thirsty screes drink them all up. These screes may be called stone-shoots, "shoots" of immense size, the depth indicated by the "buried" condition of the standing trees in their track. Yet here we have wild strawberries and rasps, cranberries, blaeberrys and juniper-berries ; while on the west side birches and aspens clothe numerous little gorges where cascades tumble down the rocky slopes. The finest gorge in the glen is that of Allt Coire Bhlairst on the right bank of the Feshie opposite Sron na Ban-righ (2406 feet). It is an exceedingly narrow gorge, rife with vegetation, and containing a linn, Landseer's Falls, over 150 feet in height. On the left bank of the burn, where it is crossed by the path, the *larach* of a hut may be seen where Landseer occasionally painted.

The so-called Maiden's Shroud is a chasm high up on the east side of the glen, full of snow which never melts—so the tradition has it. Long years ago a Glen Feshie maiden loved a youth who for some crime was ordered to be hanged by the laird. She sought his life with tears, but her prayers were unheeded. In her grief for the loss of her lover she committed suicide in this wild spot ; the snow is her pall.

Sron na Ban-righ on the left bank of the Feshie recalls one of the numerous traditions as to the origin of the burning of Scottish forests. This particular legend credits Queen Mary with the destruction of the forest in Badenoch—"Her husband, it would seem, had on his return from a distant hunting expedition asked about the forest before he enquired as to his spouse, and she, grievously offended at this slight,

gave orders, as she was seated on Sron na Ban-righ, 'the Queen's nose', to set the forest on fire."

Queen Victoria passed through Glen Feshie twice—on 4th September, 1860, and 8th October, 1861. We quote from "Leaves":—"Then we came upon a most lovely spot—the scene of all Landseer's glory—and where there is a little encampment of wooden and turf huts, built by the late Duchess of Bedford. . . . I felt what a delightful little encampment it must have been, and how enchanting to live in such a spot as this solitary wood in a glen surrounded by the high hills. We got off, and went into one of the huts to look at a fresco of stags of Landseer's, over a chimney-piece".

Shortly after crossing the Eidart, about a mile and a half east of Allt Coire Bhlair, a path holding eastward will be observed. It crosses the county (Inverness-Aberdeen) march and so enters Glen Geldie. Geldie Lodge, a shooting-box in the forest of Mar, will be observed on the right; thereafter there is an excellent forest driving road, which joins the Braemar turnpike at the Linn of Dee. At the confluence of the Bynack Burn with the Geldie, about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles short of White Bridge, a road holds southwards *via* Glen Tilt to Blair Atholl. The distance from Feshie Bridge to Glenfeshie Lodge is 7 miles; Glenfeshie Lodge to the Eidart, 6 miles; the Eidart to Geldie Lodge, 3 miles; Geldie Lodge to Braemar, 12 miles.

IV.—ABERNETHY.

O purple glory of the heather bells !
O mystic gleams where light and shadows play
On verdant slope and on the yawning gorge,
Where in wild mood the mountain cataract
Hath leaped and eddied in its rocky bed !

THE River Nethy, which gives name to the parish of Abernethy, has a course of 14 miles, and, rising on Cairngorm, flows almost due north to the Spey near Broomhill station of the Highland Railway. The Nethy is crossed near its mouth by the road and the Great North of Scotland Railway at Nethy Bridge, where there are the village and station of that name. The Grantown station of the latter railway is also in the parish of Abernethy ; and Boat of Garten station, the Speyside junction of the two railways, and Broomhill station are also conveniently situated. The Countess-Dowager of Seafield is the principal landowner. The population of the parish is 1279.

Nethy Bridge has an excellent situation, and deservedly shares in the practical results of the public appreciation of the virtues of Speyside. The forest of Abernethy and its denudation are almost proverbial, but the blanks have been so much replanted both by nature and by the proprietrix that the pines seem as flourishing as ever. The parish divides Cairngorm with Kirkmichael, and minor heights of 2000 or 3000 feet are numerous. There is no scarcity of lochs, and its streams are generally

of the impetuous, and therefore picturesque order.

Coylum Bridge crossed, our road holds northward. A short distance to the right is Guislich, with its inconsiderable stream making for

Loch Pityoulish. Loch Pityoulish (Phitiulais). There is an old burial-ground on the left bank of the burn, but it has long ceased to show evidence of its original purpose. There is reason to believe that at one time the Luineag from Loch Morlich did not unite with the Bennie, but flowed into Loch Pityoulish. A small part of the upper end of the latter loch is in Rothiemurchus, but the greater portion is in Kincardine. Situated at an altitude of 674 feet, it has several physical as well as traditional features that render it noticeable. It contains an islet, which is visible when the water is low, and is therefore probably artificial ; possibly, like Loch Kinord on Deeside, it had a crannog, and was used as a place of defence. There is a stone fort on Creag Chaisteal, the hill on the east side of the loch ; on the opposite side is a height known as the Callort. Terraces may be seen here which are suggestive of the Parallel Roads of Glen Roy. "The goats are in the Callort" was the watchword of an old woman who there gave the signal for a memorable attack on the Comyns by the Shaws. According to "Highland Legends", the latter, "like maddened demons attacked their astonished victims, who had neither time nor opportunity to rally for their own defence, and in consequence were to a man put to the sword. The Comyns had been travelling in detached parties, and each succeeding party, being ignorant of the fate of its predecessors, soon mingled

with their gore in that den of death near the west side of the loch, which has ever since been known by the name of Lag-nan-Cuiminach, or hollow of the Comyns. The grassy mounds here mark the resting-place and commemorate the overthrow of one of the most savage races of men that ever existed among the Highlands of Scotland."

Proceeding onwards, we pass on the right the church of Kincardine, which was dedicated to St. Catharine. It is a plain and very **Kincardine.** old building, with, it is said, a leper window (otherwise "a squint"); there is a rude stone font near the door. The Barons of Kincardine were great men in their time; a modern tombstone in the little churchyard tells their story very briefly: "*Dominus Lux Nostra*—Sacred to the memory of Walter Stuart, grandson of Robert II. of Scotland, and his family, who possessed the Barony of Kincardine, 1374-1683—also of H. C. Stuart, M.A., Vicar of Wragly, one of their descendants, who died 16th September, 1884. To fulfil his wish this Memorial is erected". In erecting this stone, evidences were discovered of the burial of the second wife of the fifth Baron, who lived about the beginning of the fifteenth century. She was a daughter of Lochiel, and had as her dowry twelve clansmen (Camerons), some of whose descendants are still to be found in Abernethy. Kincardine was at one time a detached portion of Badenoch. As we proceed northward by the right bank of the Spey the old Barons are brought to mind at a small hamlet, Knock of Kincardine. John Roy Stewart was born at the Knock in 1700; his father, the grandson of the last

of the Barons, married as his second wife a daughter of John Shaw of Guislich, a descendant of the Shaws of Rothiemurchus. "It is said she was fifty-three years old when she married, and John was her only child". He received a good education, and was a man of considerable culture. He became famous both as a Gaelic poet and as a soldier, and was a great favourite with Prince Charles Edward Stuart. On Craiggowrie (2237 feet), one of the Kincardine hills south from the Knock, is Uaimh Iain Rhuaidh, "John Roy's Cave," where he took refuge for some time after the battle of Culloden. He joined the Prince at Cluny's "Cage", and sailed with him to France, from which he never returned. He raised the Edinburgh regiment, which numbered not a few Speyside men, the colours of which, known as the "Green Flag of Kincardine", escaped being burned by the common hangman at Edinburgh. The standard-bearer was James M'Intyre, and he took the flag home to Glen More, and once every year proudly unfurled it on the top of Cairngorm. It is now preserved in Gordon Castle.*

There is a convenient access to Loch Morlich and Glenmore Lodge by a branch road leaving the turnpike a short distance to the south-west of Kincardine church. This route is by Milton Burn and through the Sluggan.

* A relative of John Roy Stewart recently died in Abernethy three months short of 100 years of age. She was a most daring smuggler in her early days, and many good stories are told of her adventures with the gaugers. Along with her father she worked an illicit still in a remote corner of Glenmore forest, and her shop at Duack Bridge was a favourite resort for all who had a taste for mountain dew of home manufacture three-quarters of a century ago.

Loch Garten and Loch Mallachie, two small lochs, lie a short distance to the east of the Knock. Loch

Garten is surrounded by pines, and

Loch Garten. so is concealed from view. It had a Boddach or Spirit, who paid particular attention to the family of Gartenmore, its cries being always heard when the head of that house was on his death-bed. Loch Garten is connected with Loch Mallachie on the south-west. The latter loch is the source of Aultgharrach, or the Mullingarroch Burn (sometimes also called the Loch Mallachie Burn), which, passing the Knock on the east, enters the Spey half a mile south of Boat of Garten bridge. The "curse of Aultgarrach", according to tradition, came from a disappointed bride, whose groom there lost his life when on his way to visit her. The "curse" was believed to follow the water, and to fall specially on newly-married people. "So strong was the faith in its potency, that even in the last generation there were persons who would rather go far round than cross the stream on their wedding-day". There is a similar English tradition concerning a bridge at Hoxne, near Eye, in Suffolk, which bore the inscription, "Cursed be the wedding party that passes this bridge".

The name "Boat" of Garten has lost its *raison d'être*, as a bridge now spans the Spey. About a mile farther down the river we reach

Boat of Garten. Gartenmore, where the Spey once more subsides to sluggishness after a short run among boulders above the bridge. It has been suggested that there was once a lake basin between Gartenmore and Broomhill, and another between Broomhill and Ballifurth. Below

Ballifurth the Spey begins to assume the appearance which is doubtless responsible for its reputation as the most rapid river in Scotland. The effect of the "flood" of 1829 in this part of Strathspey was well expressed at the time in a single sentence:—"I am satisfied that I might have sailed a fifty-gun ship from the Boat of Ballifurth to the Boat of Garten, a distance of seven or eight miles". The Nethy also did much damage on that occasion, as well as its tributary, the Dorback. Indeed, the latter stream has an evil reputation for unexpected risings, as may be gathered from the daily prayer, short but pithy, of a farmer on its banks: "From the storms of the Geal-charn, the floods of the Dorback, and the wrath of the factor, good Lord, deliver us".

Duack Burn, the western tributary of the Nethy, rises in the Tulloch district on the northern slopes of the Kincardine hills. Chapelton in

Tulloch. this district is so called from the former existence of a place of worship there; the site is still recognisable. The famous Reel o' Tulloch had its origin here; at least so the natives contend, but other places also claim that honour.

A walk or drive through the forest of Abernethy as far as Forest Lodge, or, better still, beyond it to the Pass of Rebhoan—returning

Abernethy Forest. by Loch Morlich, the Sluggan, and the church of Kincardine—makes an excellent round. Beyond Forest Lodge there is only one inhabited house in the strath, Rynettin, a forester's cottage on the eastern slope of Carn Rynettin (1549 feet). As we approach Rebhoan, a small shieling only in use during the season, we pass

on the right the *larach* of Rynuie, noted as the birthplace of William Smith, a noted "stalker" on the Cairngorm mountains and a fine Gaelic poet. "The Songs of William Smith breathe the very essence of poetry"; yet he was only a poacher, and died a soldier under Sir John Moore. As we have advanced up Strath Nethy we have been charmed with the mountain prospect, particularly Cairngorm and Ben Bynac. A bee line may now be struck for the former, but the easier route is through the Pass of Rebhoan, and past the Little Green Loch to a point near Glenmore Lodge. The forest suffered considerably from fire in 1746.

Two great rights-of-way across to Deeside—Glen Feshie and the Larig Ghru—have already been referred to. There is a third, the Learg

Learg an Laoigh. an Laoigh, "the calves' pass", from Abernethy to Braemar. This ancient path is on the east side of the Nethy, but it will generally be found convenient to take the driving road from Nethy Bridge to Rebhoan, or rather a little beyond it, to a foot-bridge across the Nethy. Thence it is a foot-path only; it hugs Ben Bynac on the west, and makes for the Avon, which it fords, and then by the Dubh Lochan leads into Glen Derry, and so to the Dee. The year 1805 is memorable for the loss of five lives between the ford of the Avon and the Braes of Abernethy. Seven militiamen on furlough from Edinburgh were here overtaken by a snowstorm of so severe a character that only two of them were able to reach the Braes alive.

Above Rebhoan the Nethy flows through a narrow glen, and is known as Garbh Allt; on the one side

is Cairngorm, on the other Ben Bynac. At the upper end of this gorge is The Saddle, below which is the famous Loch Avon.

Loch Avon is at a height of about 2500 feet and has Cairngorm on its left shore with Beinn Mheadhoin on the right ; at the upper end

Loch Avon is Ben Muich Dhui. The length
and is about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles, while the

The Shelter Stone. breadth is little more than a
furlong. The grandeur, the

intense solitariness, the almost utter lack of life, and the noise of torrents that hurry down from the mountains to join the loch give a peculiar weirdness to the scene. The famed Shelter Stone is at the head of the loch. It is a huge piece of rock about 38 feet in length, with a breadth and a height each of about 20 feet, and from the position in which it rests it can afford quarters to about half-a-dozen people. Loch Etchachan, about 3100 feet above sea level, may be reached from the head of Loch Avon by keeping alongside a north-flowing burn to the latter loch ; thence it is an easy walk to the cairn of Ben Muich Dhui. Loch Avon is in Kirkmichael, Banffshire, Loch Etchachan in Crathie-Braemar, Aberdeenshire.

Coulmakyle is on the east side of the Nethy, between the village and the confluence with the Spey.

Concerning it the Rev. Dr. Forsyth says
Coulmakyle. in his "In the Shadow of Cairngorm" :

"It has not only a name, but a history. Here Edward of England may have flaunted his banners ; here the trumpets of Claverhouse have sounded ; and here Montrose and Mackay have pitched their tents. Here chiefs of Grant have dwelt ; here

Baron Bailies have held their courts ; here the managers of the York Company resided. . . . Coulmakyle has been a centre of life and interest for more than six hundred years". The connection of the York Buildings Company with Abernethy dates from 1728, when they

York Buildings bought 60,000 trees at a price of £7000. They added iron-smelting

Company. on the banks of the Nethy to the timber speculation, carrying the ore

all the way from the Lecht beyond Tomintoul. The "Iron Mill Croft" is half a mile above Nethy Bridge ; the beams and framework may still be seen in the bed of the river. The company collapsed in 1735, but was nevertheless of considerable advantage in many ways to the natives.

The church of Abernethy is about a mile north from Nethy Bridge. It was dedicated to St. George, and like Kincardine church

Abernethy Church. has an old stone font. The Baptism Bowl, which is of massive

silver, was originally a presentation in 1802 to the captain of the Eastern Abernethy Volunteer Company.

Castle Roy, immediately to the north of the church, is an interesting ruin, even being claimed as the oldest castle in Scotland. It stands on a little

Castle Roy. height, and the walls enclose a space of 80 feet by 53 feet. It is believed to have

been built by the Comyns, and may have been their Abernethy residence. It would seem from an old charter to have been in occupation in the sixteenth century.

V.—AVIEMORE TO CARR BRIDGE

Spè, Dè agus Tatha,
Tri aibhnichean's mo' fo'n athar.

The three largest rivers that be
Are the Spey, the Tay, and the Dee.

THE old inn of Aviemore, an erstwhile stage in coaching days, now a shooting-box known as Aviemore House, is a conspicuous building on the left as we start northwards. The innkeeper during the '45 is said to have joined Prince Charlie's forces, but on the fatal day of Culloden he made his heels his friends, only slackening pace when he came in sight of his own house! Beyond Aviemore House is the Established Church opened in 1901, and some distance farther along is the United Free Church, also a new building.

There are three outstanding heights on the wooded ridge to the west—Cragenmore, An Lethchreag, and Beinn Ghuilbnich (1895 feet), the last locally known as Ben Gulapin. There is a precisely similar instance of this double naming in the Menteith Hills. The name signifies "the whaup's hill". An Lethchreag, the middle summit, is "the half rock"; it boasts a cave—now almost filled up—with a legend. A local farmer saw one of his goats disappear into a hollow; naturally he followed his wandering property. He found himself in a cave,

fitted up as an armoury and well stocked with arms of all kinds. He determined to pay it another visit with the view of helping himself to a few muskets. But, alas, when he returned he failed to find the spot—a characteristic incident in such Highland legends. It has been suggested that the legend owes its origin to the simple fact that when the hill was being planted the foresters found the butt-end of a musket in the cave. Tradition also tells how a local “rebel” found concealment here after Culloden.

The Muir of Granish, which we have just entered, is notable for its stone circles. One, close to the United Free Church, consisted originally (again according to Mr. Cash), of three concentric circles, the outer one, of detached megaliths, had a diameter of about 75 feet; the middle (fairly complete), of close set stones, a diameter of about 42 feet; and the inner, as to which the evidence is imperfect, a diameter of about 26 feet. The Granish stone circle stands about $2\frac{1}{4}$ miles E.N.E. of the station and about 350 yards east of the turnpike. It is close to the southern shore of Loch nan Carraigan, “the loch of the standing stones”. Originally there were three concentric circles; the outer one, of eleven or perhaps twelve megaliths, had a diameter of about 103 feet; the middle one, a diameter of about 56 feet; and the inner one, a diameter of about 24 feet. In connection with the removal of one of the megaliths, to be used as the lintel of the doorway of a byre, a curious story is told. When the byre was finished, difficulty was found in getting the cattle to enter or stay in the byre; they seemed overcome with fear. The

farmer sent for one of the "Men" of Duthil, and asked his advice. After religious "exercises", the "Man" informed the farmer that the cause of the terror of the cattle was the presence of this stone as the lintel, and ordered that it should be removed. The stone was removed, and another substituted, and thereafter the cattle occupied the byre in peace! Local report tells of the finding here of a number of coins, while pieces of charred wood have also been picked up. Within memory there have been several instances of infant burial within, or close by, the stone circle. A twin-stemmed pine within the inner circle affords a guiding landmark from the road. To the south-east of the circle, at a distance of 140 feet, is a low almost structureless cairn; on the north side of the lochan is another cairn, in a depression a little farther northwards known as the Hollow of Hurry (or Scurry). This name originated from the fact that the Macgregors were surprised here and had to beat a hasty retreat. Their chief was slain, and a house above the hollow still goes by his name. Shaw thus refers to the Muir as he tells (in his "Province of Moray") how, after the battle of Cromdale, "a party of Camerons and Macleans, who next day crossed the river, were pursued, and on the Muir of Granish, near Aviemore, some were killed, and the rest, taking shelter in Craigellachie, and Keppach, who, with their banditti, attempted to reduce the castle of Loch an Eilein, were by that laird and his tenants beat off with loss".

The Muir of Granish was planted about a hundred years ago, but the trees were cut down between 1852 and 1892. It is crossed by the two sections of the Highland Railway from Aviemore. The "Captain's

road"—named after a notorious freebooter who met his death at a point on the road—runs between the railway lines. This old road has been turned into arable land on Dalfaber, a farm between the Spey and the Forres section, but it may be recognised in the level crossing at Knockgranish. It runs almost parallel to and on the west side of the line to Boat of Garten, where it becomes lost. It reappears farther on, and is supposed to have been continued to Lochindorb by Clury, Balnaan and Auchnahannet. Kinchurdy, a farm between the railway and the Spey, opposite the church of Kincardine, was at one time a seat of a branch of the Grants of Grant.

Avielochan ("loch of the ford") is about three miles from Aviemore and $4\frac{1}{2}$ from Carr Bridge; pike are found in it. At the base of Beinn Ghuilbnich, near Laggantygown, between Avielochan and Loch Vaa, is the Tor, a birch clad knoll. There are evidences of a fort with a moat on the Tor, though the only extant traditions are those of smuggling, traces of which may be recognised by the expert in such matters. The old military and coach road, leaving the (now) main turnpike about 300 yards short of the second milestone from Aviemore and running through the deer forest of Kinveachy, reappears at Avielochan, where it may be recognised by a bridge partly demolished. It passes in front of Kinveachy Lodge, and goes on by Lethendry to the Dulnan at Sluggan Bridge.

Half a mile beyond Avielochan the turnpike is crossed by the direct railway line to Inverness in the vicinity of Loch Vaa. Though close to the east side of it, the loch is not visible from the road; it lies at

an altitude of 752 feet, and is the largest as well as the prettiest of the numerous lochans by the way-side. It contains two tiny islets, one of them probably artificial, as it is not ordinarily visible and is said to be partly covered by the ruins of a castle. The loch is beautifully fringed with firs on the north side, while to the east and south grassy knolls—marked at intervals by giant birches—add to the charm of the scene. The ground to the south of the loch is interesting as having been at one time covered by erratic granite boulders, most of which have now been broken up. Two noticeable stones, however, still remain, one known as the Sharp Stone and the other as the Resting Stone.

About half a mile north from Loch Vaa is the little hamlet of Kinveachy; Kinveachy Lodge is a prominent landmark of the district. A short distance beyond the hamlet the road forks—to the right for Boat of Garten and Grantown, to the left for Inverness *via* Carr Bridge.

Carr Bridge, formerly a stage on the Perth and Inverness road, has again sprung into prominence with the opening of the direct

Carr Bridge. railway line between Aviemore and Inverness. The village, which is in the parish of Duthil, stands at an elevation of about 850 feet, and may be regarded as the little capital of Dulnan-side. The scenery is attractive, and the odour of the pines finds favour with asthmatic visitors. General Wade burned part of the forest on the left bank of the Dulnan to clear a way for his road, but nature has almost forgotten the outrage. The firs and birches of Kinveachy on

the south side lend a charm to the district. The old arch of the previous bridge over the river is still standing, and is a most interesting object. Sluggan Bridge, about two miles above the village, where the military road crossed the Dulnan, has a beautiful situation, and affords a fine circular walk. The valley was in ancient times known as Glenchernich, "the glen of heroes."

Prince Charles Edward Stuart, who was at Ruthven on February 12-14, 1746, on his way to Culloden, spent the next night "at the house of Grant of Dalrachny". The traditional halting place was the old house of Inverlaidnan, still standing, about three miles above Carr Bridge. There is a curious anecdote, characteristic of that period, of the laird of Dalrachny in "Highland Legends".

The Dulnan, which has a course generally parallel to that of the Spey, has a length of 27 miles. It rises in the parish of Alvie on the

The Dulnan. Monadhliadh mountains, at an altitude of about 2750 feet. The upper part of its course is bare, bleak, and uninteresting; it is not till it has entered Duthil, at a height of 1161 feet, that it approaches the region of trees and human habitations. It then acquires a certain picturesqueness, which it maintains all the way to Dulnan Bridge, where it is crossed near its mouth by the Grantown road. The Great North road and the Highland Railway cross the river at Carr Bridge, the chief points of interest below which are the church of Duthil and the ruins of Muckrach Castle.

The church of Duthil, which was dedicated to

St. Peter, was a prebend of Elgin Cathedral, to which it was given in the thirteenth century
Duthil Church by Gilbert, eldest son of the Earl of Strathern The Grants of Grant, who developed into Earls of Seafield, chiefs of the Clan Grant, have had their burial aisle here since 1585. The mausoleums are rather imposing structures; the older one dates from 1841. The churchyard contains the grave of Ian Manndach or Lom, the celebrated Jacobite poet.

Muckrach Castle is a picturesque ruin, and is beautifully situated about $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Grantown on the Carr Bridge road. It dates
Muckrach Castle. from 1598, and was the original seat of the Grants of Rothiemurchus. The foundations indicate that at one time it must have been a considerable building.

Dulnan Bridge, which spans the river at a rocky part of its channel, about half a mile east of Muckrach Castle, was once known
Dulnan Bridge. as Bridge of Curr; there is a straggling hamlet, Skye of Curr, on the south bank of the river. In the 1829 flood the force of the water was so great that it made the arch spring, in perfect semicircular form, fifteen feet into the air. There is a remarkable Cup-stone on Laggan, to the north of the bridge, with over fifty "cups" hollowed out in it.

Returning to the road-forking near Kinveachy, we now take the Grantown turnpike. In a short mile the road forks again—that on the right leading direct to Boat of Garten, the left to Grantown *via* Drumullie and Dulnan Bridge. The fork is at Deishar school,

near Wester Chapelon, a name which, along with Glebe of Deishar, suggests a pre-Reformation church. The site of the churchyard is now under cultivation, but is still traceable.

As we make for Boat of Garten the valley of the Spey opens out, and one can enjoy excellent mountain prospects from the heathy muirs

Boat of Garten. which are here so agreeable a feature of the landscape. The village which has gathered round the railway junction is gradually increasing ; it boasts a post-office, a hotel, a hall, and a mission church, and has “snuffed out” the hamlet of Drumullie, about a mile northward. The inn of the latter has vanished ; it is thus referred to in Queen Victoria’s account of her journey to Grantown :—“ We stopped at a small half-way house for the horses to take some water ; and a few people about stared vacantly at the two simple vehicles ”.

By crossing the Spey at Boat of Garten the visitor from Aviemore may return *via* Kincardine, Coylum Bridge and Inverdrue.

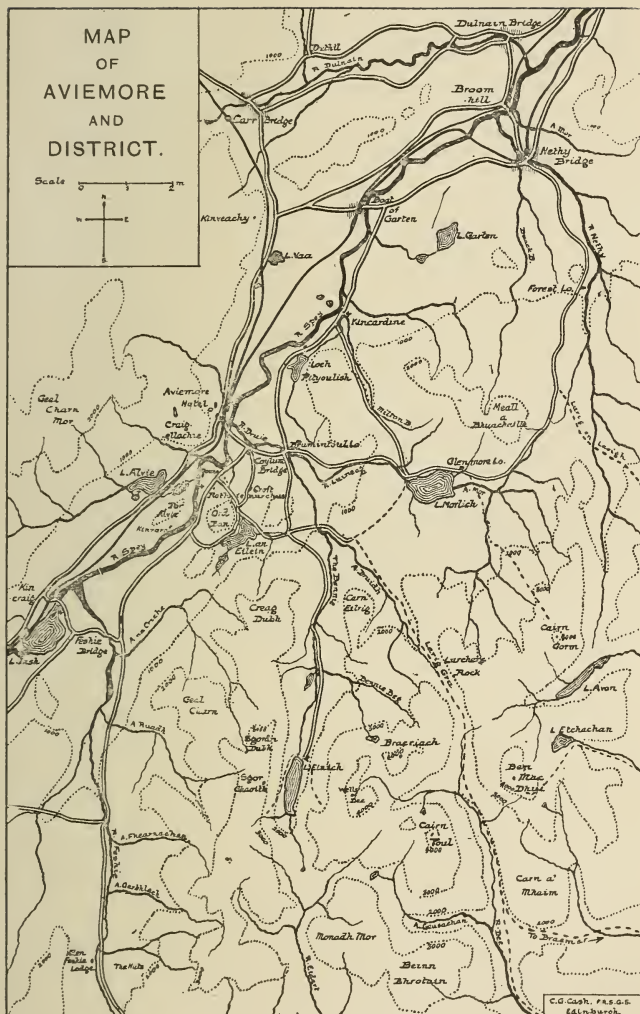
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MAP OF AVIEMORE AND DISTRICT.

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GUIDE TO STRATHSPEY.

GRANTOWN

AND THE

ADJACENT COUNTRY.

A

Guide to Strathspey.

BY THE

REV. WILLIAM REID, D.D.,
EDINBURGH.

SIXTH EDITION, REVISED.

With Reduced Ordnance Survey Map and Illustrations.

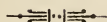
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1910.

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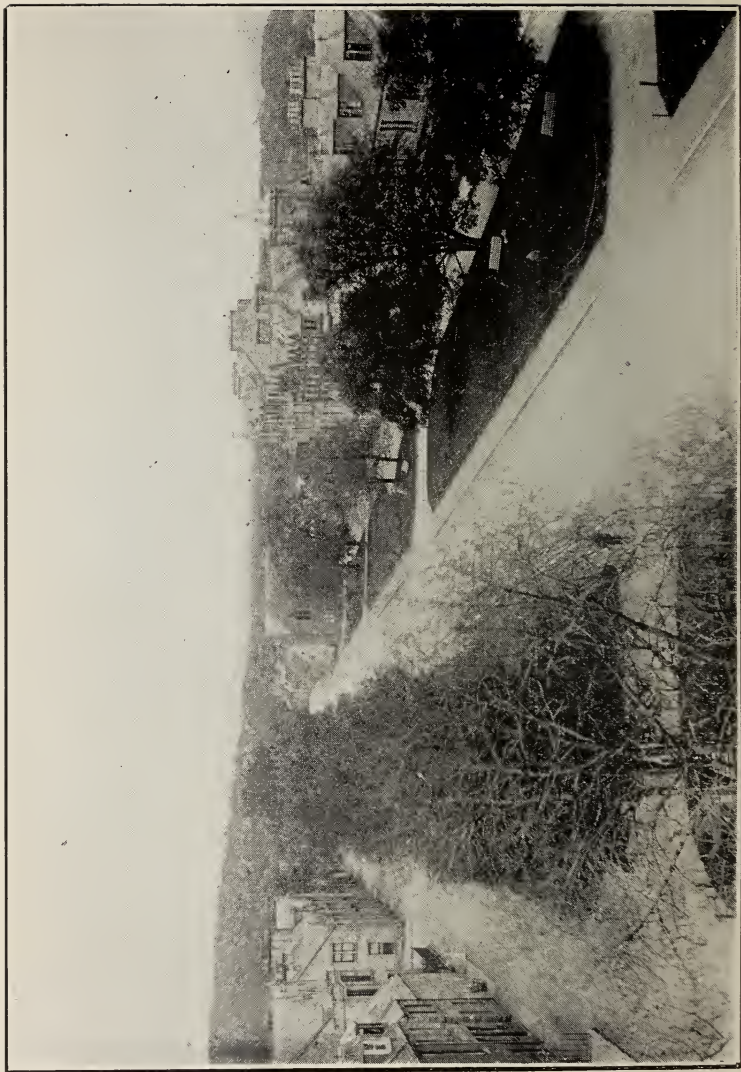
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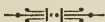


VIEW SOUTH FROM GRANTOWN ON SPY

J. W. R. Stuart, Grantown.



Guide to Strathspey.



I.—PRELIMINARY CHAPTER.

GRANTOWN-ON-SPEY



S situated on the Highland Railway, 712 feet above sea level, 96 miles north of Perth, and 48 miles south of Inverness. It is in Elginshire, what was formerly called Morayshire—Gaelic *Mor-av*, i.e., sea-side—and contains a resident population of fully 1,500. It is of comparatively modern erection. The first houses were erected in 1766, mainly by Sir James Grant (the "Good Sir James"), and in

the appendix will be found a reproduction of the original "advertisement" of the founder. The older houses are held on a lease of 190 years, at tack-duties ranging up to £1. The newer houses, elegant mansions many of them, are built some on feus ranging up to about £10 per acre and others on a 99 years' lease at a ground rent of about £4 an acre. The town has a Public Hall, several banking houses, the Grant Arms Hotel, the Police Office and County Buildings, the Seafield Estate Offices, and the Orphan Hospital—Doric in design—an institution founded by Dr. Gregory Grant, of Edinburgh, and Lady Jane Grant of Monymusk, which gives board to from 30 orphan children. There are four places of worship—the Established Church, the Free Church, the Baptist Church, and the Episcopal Church,

in which services are held continuously during the season; while the Y.M.C.A. Institute, an imposing building, with halls, reading and recreation rooms, etc., was erected in 1898. In 1898 the town was converted into a Police Burgh.

In 1890, in the immediate vicinity, two golf courses of nine holes each were laid out. The ladies' course adjoins the Market Stance, and immediately beyond is the gentlemen's course, which it is now in contemplation to extend to 18 holes. Both courses are extensively patronised during the summer and autumn. A spacious club-house, with separate halls and lavatories for each club, was erected in 1894 at a cost of over £500, and the expense of erection was much more than realised by a bazaar. A commodious cycle house has been since added. A bowling club was formed this year, and greens are in process of construction adjoining the golf course.

At a short distance from the Established Church there is a chalybeate mineral spring, which is not much resorted to; while at the west end, beside the bridge, there will be found a spout from which ceaselessly flows a cool and refreshing stream. A liberal supply of delightful water has been introduced to the town, which gives 68 gallons per head of population daily.

Numerous *Lodgings*,* comfortable and moderate, may be had here, and also at Cromdale, Carr Bridge, Nethy Bridge, Boat of Garten, and Aviemore, but Grantown undoubtedly is the most conveniently situated for walks and excursions.

It was the Grant Arms Hotel, then occupied by Mrs. Glass, but since rebuilt and considerably enlarged, to which the late Queen paid a visit, *incog.*, in the year 1860, and which is thus described in her journal:—

“Hotel, Grantown, Tuesday, September 4, 1860.

“Arrived this evening after a most interesting tour. On and on we went, till at length we saw lights, and drove through a long and straggling ‘toun,’ and turned

*The Strathspey Booklet, containing a list of these, may be had free on application to the Publisher of this Guide.

down a small court to the inn. Here we got out quickly—Lady Churchill and General Grey not waiting for us. We went up a small staircase, and were shown to our bedroom at the top of it—very small, but clean—with a large four-post bed which nearly filled the whole room. Opposite was the drawing- and dining-room in one—very tidy and well-sized. Then came the room where Albert dressed, which was very small. The two maids (Jane Shackle, one of my wardrobe-maids, was with me) had driven over by another road in the waggonette, Stewart driving them. Made ourselves ‘clean and tidy,’ and then sat down to our dinner. Grant and Brown were to have waited on us, but were ‘bashful,’ and did not. A ringleted woman did everything; and, when dinner was over, removed the cloth and placed the bottle of wine (our own which we had brought) on the table with the glasses, which was the old English fashion. The dinner was very fair, and all very clean:—Soup, ‘hodge-podge,’ mutton broth and vegetables, which I did not much relish.

“Wednesday, September 5.

“A misty, rainy morning. Had not slept very soundly. We got up rather early, and sat working and reading in the drawing-room till the breakfast was ready, for which we had to wait some little time. Good tea and bread and butter, and some excellent porridge. Jane Shackle (who was very useful and attentive) said that they had all supped together—namely, the two maids and Grant, Brown, Stewart, and Walker (who was still there), and were very merry in the ‘commercial room.’ The people were very amusing about us. The woman came in while they were at their dinner, and said to Grant, ‘Dr. Grey wants you,’ which nearly upset the gravity of all the others.

“At about ten minutes to ten o’clock we started, and drove up to Castle Grant, Lord Seafield’s place—a fine (not Highland-looking) park, with a very plain-looking house, like a factory, about two miles from the town. It was drizzling almost the whole time. We did not get

out, but drove back, having to pass through Grantown again, where evidently 'the murder was out,' for all the people were in the street, and the landlady waved her pocket-handkerchief, and the ringleted maid (who had curl-papers in the morning) waved a flag from the window."

Caroline, Countess-Dowager of Seafield, is now superior of Grantown, and sole proprietrix of the united parishes of Cromdale, Inverallan, and Advie. The Earl of Seafield is married to a daughter of Dr. Townsend, Christchurch, New Zealand. He is the fifth who within ten years has held the title. The Earl (Ian Charles Reidhaven), who succeeded in 1881 and died in 1884, left the estate to his mother, Caroline Stuart, youngest daughter of the late Lord Blantyre. His uncle, the Hon. James Grant, inherited the title. He died in 1888, and was succeeded by his son Francis William, who died in New Zealand in 1888. The present Earl is his eldest son.

THE RIVER SPEY

takes its rise in a small and inaccessible loch of the same name, in the parish of Laggan, and Braes of Badenoch, sixteen miles from Fort-Augustus, and twenty-four from Dalwhinnie, at an elevation of 1,200 feet above the sea. This loch is reported to be the resort of trout and pike of great size, but, as there is no boat on it, and no hotel within fifteen miles, it is little resorted to by anglers. The river flows with the impetuosity of a mountain torrent, discharging the greatest quantity of water into the sea of any Scottish river except the Tay. While its ordinary velocity is about four miles an hour, at certain parts rafts of timber have been seen going down at the rate of ten miles an hour. The river from its source to its mouth measures a distance of 96 miles, but including its windings it measures 120 miles.

Shaw gives the derivation of Spey thus—"It seemeth to have its name from the Teutonic or Pictish word *Spe* (*Sputum*), because the rapidity of it raiseth much foam."

Visitors to Grantown have little idea of the extensive timber trade of which the river was in former times the

means of transit. The immense pine forests clothing the base of the Cairngorm Mountains were of little value down to the beginning of last century. About 1730, however, a branch of the York Buildings Company purchased a portion of the Forest of Abernethy for £7,000, and continued to work it till 1737. The logs were at first floated down in rafts of sixty or eighty bound together, with a man, oar in hand, at each end to guide them. Previous to this it had been the custom to float down rafts of three or four trees, attended by a *curragh*—a small vessel made of hide, and so light that a man could carry it home on his back. By means of this vessel, propelled Indian canoe fashion, rafts were piloted down the river. One of these *curraghs* may be seen in Elgin Museum. At one time the rock of Tomdow, near Carron, could not be passed without the raft being double manned, until the York Buildings Company cut it to make the floating of timber less dangerous. But on the right bank of the river it still projects, so as to create here in time of flood something like a whirlpool. The timber thus conveyed was used in shipbuilding at Garmouth. This company gave employment to a large proportion of the men of the district, who received about a shilling for each day's labour.

A century ago the salmon caught by net and coble in the Spey were sold at 1½d. and 2d. a pound. . For many years they, however, yielded the Duke of Richmond £15,000 to £20,000 annually; but latterly, from excessive netting it is supposed, the fisheries so deteriorated that the revenue from this source scarcely covered the working expenses. Now the netting rights, from the mouth of the river for several miles inland, have been secured from the Duke by the upper riparian proprietors, who, in the interests of rod fishing, have discontinued net and coble fishing entirely.

BRIDGES AND FERRIES*

will be found on the Spey at Garvasmore, Laggan, Ralia,

*Bridges and Ferries marked thus (a) are for foot passengers only; the others are for both foot passengers and horse conveyance.

near Newtonmore, Kingussie, Insh, and Kincraig, Isoel (a) half a mile below Kincraig, Aviemore, Boat of Garten, Broomhill, Grantown, a mile below the town, Cromdale (a), Advie, Carron, Craigellachie, Boat of Bridge, half a mile below Orton, Fochabers. FERRIES will be found on the Spey at Cluny Castle in Laggan, Balliefurth (a), two miles above Grantown, Blacks Boat, and at Balnellan, immediately below the mouth of the Aven.

POETRY AND MUSIC.

Strathspey has more than scenery to render it famous. Thomas Newte, Esq., in his "Tour," published in 1791, says—"With regard to the first composers or even performers of Strathspey reels there are not any certain accounts. According to the tradition of the country, the first who played them were the Browns of Kincardin, to whom are ascribed a few of the most ancient tunes. After these men, the Cummings of Freuchie, now Castle Grant, were in the highest estimation for their knowledge and execution in Strathspey music, and most of the tunes handed down to us are certainly of their composing. A successive race of musician's, like people of the same *caste* in Hindostan, succeeded each other for many generations. The last of that name, made famous for his skill in music, was John Roy Cumming. He died about forty years ago, and there are many persons still alive who speak of his performance with the greatest delight. The Cummings of London, known as the authors of several mechanical inventions, and descended from those Cummings of Strathspey, are said to inherit, in a high degree, the musical powers of their ancestors. Among the musical composers, too, as well as performers, we are to reckon Macpherson, author of the most affecting air known by the name of 'Macpherson's Lament,' and composed in circumstances of real distress and sorrow."

The Highlanders have also been distinguished for their poetic temperament. Although Ossian McPherson cannot be ranked as a Strathspey man, it may at least be noted that the scene of his birth and residence are within an hour's railway ride of Grantown. William Smith,

a native of Abernethy parish, and a great deer-stalker, may also be named as a poet held in high repute. Some of his songs, which possess true poetic spirit, are to be found in *Highland Legends by Glenmore*. Donald Shaw, the editor of this collection, was himself a poet of no mean order, as is evinced by his own contributions. The collection also contains songs, worthy of being known, by the late Robert Grant, Esq., Rothiemoon.

Macpherson, a notorious freebooter, but of good family, who had his lurking-place about Carron, was possessed of poetic and musical ability sufficient to attract the notice and enlist the genius of Burns; while only a few miles from Grantown, on the right bank of the river, beyond Nethy Bridge Railway Station, is situated Tulloch, the scene of the bloody tragedy which inspired the celebrated reel of that name.

In sacred song the Rev. Peter Grant, Baptist minister, holds a distinguished place. His *Dain Spioradail*, or spiritual songs, are esteemed second only to those of Dougal Buchanan. When only twelve years of age, through hearing one night some of the songs of Buchanan sung, the poetic spirit was awakened within him, and, while still a young man, he began the composition of hymns, which, in his twenty-sixth year, were given to the world. He died in 1867, aged eighty-five years. An obelisk, erected by the members of his congregation in the Churchyard of Inverallan, marks the place of his burial.

CLIMATE.

The grand attraction of the place is undoubtedly its climate. What Shakespeare says of the air around Macbeth's Castle is equally true of Grantown:—

Duncan. This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air
Nimble and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.

Banquo. This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve,
By his lov'd mansionry, that the heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here: no jutting, frieze,
Buttress, nor coigne of vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendent bed and procreant cradle;
Where they most breed and haunt, I have observ'd
The air is delicate.

Strathspey is actually drier than either Braemar or Ballater, both of which have been proclaimed to be the driest regions in Scotland. During the last twenty years the average rainfall amounts only to 32 inches, as against 38 for the confines of Balmoral.*

The limited rainfall is accounted for by the fact that the mountains of Ross and Sutherland, Ben Nevis and the Monalaidh Mountains, act not only as a shelter from the winds, but exhaust the clouds which they have absorbed from the Atlantic, and send them forward to Morayshire comparatively dry; while the clouds from the south-west are dealt with in a similar manner by the Cairngorm range. The soil is gravelly, and the configuration of the surface is undulating. The village stands at a level of 712 feet above the sea, and around it there are miles of pine forest, the curative properties of which are now well known. The natives generally live to a good old age. One of the last ministers of Alvie died aged 101 years, and preached to within six months of his death.

WHERE TO PLY THE ROD.

The *Spey* in the immediate neighbourhood contains salmon, pike, eels, and both sea and river trout. In the upper reaches there may also be found char, and in the early months of the season finnocks abound — the finnock bearing the same relation to the sea trout that the grilse does to the salmon. Only those having a written order from the owner or factor are allowed to fish for salmon. Permits are likewise now required for trout fishing on the *Spey*, which are, however, readily granted for the season on application at the Seafield Estate Offices. Anglers would do

*The following are authoritative details of the rainfall in Grantown for 1905

Month.	Total Depth. Inches.	Greatest Fall in 24 hours	Month.	Total Depth, Inches.	Greatest Fall in 24 hours.
January, -	1·82	0·27	July, -	2·25	0·50
February, -	2·42	0·40	August, -	3·45	1·22
March, -	3·81	0·97	September, -	1·70	0·23
April, -	2·90	0·57	October, -	4·33	0·77
May, -	1·63	0·25	November, -	3·76	0·85
June, -	0·56	0·15	December, -	1·07	0·50

The greatest fall in 24 hours (1·22) occurred on the 4th August.

well to avoid the part of the river near the town, as it is so often resorted to. In a stiff breeze excellent trouting is obtained in the long stretch of sluggish water between Boat of Garten and the mouth of the Dulnain, while the currents below Spey Bridge, Grantown, are good at most seasons. The Gaich water, about a mile above the churchyard of Inverallan, yields pike; and in favourable weather good baskets of trout are also to be had here.

The *Allan*, *Glenbeg Burn* or *Craggan Burn*, flows through Glen Beg into the Spey about a mile and a half up from Grantown, and will be found on the road to Dulnain Bridge, opposite to the house of Mr. Smith, the factor. This small stream abounds with trout.

The *Dulnain* flows into the Spey on the Grantown side, three miles up. Salmon are to be found in certain pools above the bridge. This stream also has sea trout. Pike and heavy trout are to be found in the sluggish pools above Balnaan. The best trouting is got above Carr Bridge. The *Finlairig*, *Rychraggan* or *Achnahannet*, and *Duthil Burns* are tributaries of the Dulnain. The former is the boundary-line between Inverness-shire and Elgin-shire, and is good for angling only in flood. All these streams cross at intervals the main road between Muckerach and Carr Bridge. The Achnahannet Burn affords particularly good sport at times.

The *Altmore*, known also as the Plotta Burn, is worthy of attention. Falling into the Spey on the opposite side from Grantown, four miles up, it may be reached by rail to Broomhill or Nethy Bridge Stations, or by taking the road over the shoulder of the Cromdale Hills, which leads to Tomintoul. From this point it is about a mile distant, and it is seen like a thread winding through the valley on its course towards Abernethy.

The *River Nethy* flows into the Spey a quarter-mile beyond Broomhill, and is an excellent trouting stream, especially between Lyngarrie Farm and the village of Nethy Bridge. Sea trout and grilse are also to be found occasionally here. The *Duack Burn* and the

Dorback, tributaries of the Nethy, afford fair sport. When water is plentiful, it may be well for the angler to prosecute the pursuit up the *Alt-na-iridhe*, one of the forks of the Upper Dorback, for then fish are abundant there and bite greedily.

The *River Druie*, which falls into the Spey at Aviemore, is worthy of a visit. About a couple of miles from its mouth it forks into two streams; the one, the *Luineag*, issues from Loch Morlich; the other, the *Beinne-Moire Burn*, is formed by the junction of the stream which issues from Loch Eunach with that which descends the Larig Pass. These tributaries afford generally better sport than the main stream.

The *Congash* and *Aultcharn* or *Cromdale Burns* are to be found between Spey Bridge and Cromdale.

The *Coire Seilach* or *Advie Burn* is conveniently reached by rail, and will repay the angler who may visit it.

On the opposite side of the Spey is the *Aultneach* or *Milltown Burn*, which flows through the gorge at Huntly's Cave, and falls into the Spey opposite Cromdale Church. The deep pools near Castle Grant, and those outside the deer park, where the current is rapid, afford the best sport.

The *Dellifure Burn*, three and a half miles below Grantown, is reached by the Heathfield road, which strikes off to the right a little beyond the east end of the village. The trout are small, but in favourable weather a fair basket may be made by an average angler.

The *Tulchan Burn*, which falls into the Spey opposite Advie Station, may be reached by a convenient morning train, and the return made to Grantown at 4 or at 8 p.m., the interval affording sufficient time to make a good basket. A day or two after a flood it is usually in excellent condition.

The *Dorback* at Dava, the *Divie* at Dunphail, and the *Findhorn* are all excellent fishing streams, and may be easily reached by train. The upper reaches of the Divie are distant from Dava Station a mile and a half. The Divie and the Dorback are but of small dimensions,

yet the former for several miles, after being united with the latter, may almost vie with the Findhorn in the wildness, variety, and picturesqueness of its scenery. The Dorback has its source in Loch-an-Dorb, and falls into the Findhorn at Relugas House. From Loch-an-Dorb to Dava Bridge the fishing is free, but lower down it can only be fished by permission of Lord Moray's factor, James Beattie, Esq., Earlsmill, Forres. Another *Dorback Burn*, a good fishing stream, which falls into the Nethy at the Dell, is noticed elsewhere.

The *Anaboart Burn*, a sluggish stream flowing through the moor on the left hand beyond Huntly's Cave, and falling into the Dorback at Dava, is one of the best burns in the district for fly fishing when its surface is ruffled with a favourable breeze.

The *Aven* is the largest tributary of the Spey, and falls into that river at Ballindalloch. It flows down from Loch Aven, receiving on the right the Conglass, the Chabet, and the Livet, with its tributaries the Crombie and Tervie, and, on the left, the Ailnack and the Brown or Lochy. It has a course of between forty to fifty miles. At the junction of the Livet and the Aven, three miles up from Ballindalloch, are the ruins of *Drummin Castle*, formerly the seat of the Barons of Strathaven. Perhaps no river in Scotland runs through a valley which, for wild and magnificent scenery, can be compared with what is seen in Glen Aven, a glen flanked by mountains 4,000 feet high. Its water is so clear as to lead sometimes to serious accidents through mistakes as to its depth, hence the doggerel:—

The water of Aven, so fair and clear,
Would deceive a man of a hundred year.

It abounds with trout weighing up to two pounds and over. Some twenty or thirty years ago salmon were very abundant both in the Aven and the Spey, but now, owing to the fishing at the mouth of the river, by means of nets and cruives, few escape, and those reaching this river are seldom to be met with above twenty pounds weight. Permission to fish must, however, be obtained

from Mr. Henderson, factor to Sir George Macpherson Grant. All applications for this permission require to be endorsed by one or other of the fishing-tackle makers in Grantown.

The *Burn of Brown* or *Lochy* falls into the Aven a mile below the Manse of Kirkmichael. Some fine bits of scenery may be seen along its course, particularly near the Bridge of Brown. The Linn of Brown, and the action of the water in cutting a channel through the solid rock at this point, are well worthy of notice. In the pools about these rocks, sea and yellow trout of large size are occasionally taken. The tributaries of the Brown are the *Iomadaidh*, *Alt an Douris*, *Alt mor*, and *Alt-na-caoire*, all of which occasionally afford excellent sport. Route—Along the Tomintoul road, or right over Cromdale Hills.

The *Ailnack*, which rises at the foot of Ben Bynack and falls into the Aven opposite Tomintoul, is reached by a road right across the Cromdale Hills. Another and better way is to drive by Abernethy to the Fae, a farm high up in the dell, distant from Grantown about ten miles, or to the adjoining farm of the Upper Dell, where further directions may be obtained. Near the latter is a bridle-path to the stream, the chief landmark being a high-peaked mountain named Geal Charn, the base of which forms its banks. This involves a walk of about four miles. Its course is about twelve miles, and its trout are from a quarter of a pound to four pounds in weight, although the latter are rarely obtained. The peculiar beauty of the Ailnack, the unique nature of the channel which it has cut for itself at certain places, overhung, as it is, for miles of its course by precipitous crags from two to three hundred feet in height, the dreary, solitary country through which it flows, and the fact that its attractions are known to few besides the Tomintoul and Strathaven people, mark it out as specially worthy of notice. For five or six miles the gorge referred to affords scarce a foothold—certainly none when the water is high; hence its pools are not free from danger. In time of flood, therefore, it is

better for the angler to betake himself to the higher reaches of the stream, which are known as the *Caiplaich*. The *Glas-alt*, on its course, was the scene of the exploits of William Smith, the poet, to whom we have already adverted, but, perhaps, more famous as a deer-stalker, who, without either proprietor's consent or game certificate, and in defiance of keepers and the administrators of the law, long indulged his love of sport. The Ailnack abounds with "pots," which are frequented by large fish. The author of *Lectures on the Mountains* once said to Christopher North in reference to this stream—"If you do not object to wade, from pot to pot, the perpendicular-walled water, and fish with the bait, you may catch fat yellow trout, from one to three pounds weight, by the dozen." The distance from Grantown is thirteen miles.

The *Livet*, a tributary of the Aven, we have described elsewhere. It is also a good fishing stream, and has a course of twelve miles. The upper part is free, but permission to fish in its lower parts must be obtained. The fish are generally of small size, though at certain seasons sea trout and grilse are to be had. It can be reached by rail to Ballindalloch, but the nearest open part of the river is eight miles from the station. A conveyance may be had at Dalnashough Inn, about two miles from the station.

On the *Chabet* and the *Conglass* waters fishing is free, the trouting on the latter being particularly good.

There are also several lochs in the neighbourhood of Grantown worth the attention of anglers. *Loch-na-geads* or the *Pike Loch* may be found by proceeding along the Heathfield road about a mile, and turning down to the right in the direction of the Poor's House. The situation is unattractive, solitary, swampy, and approachable only at one point, but good pike are to be found there.

Tullochgriban Loch, near the farm of that name on the banks of the Dulnain, yields pike only, the favourite bait being a young frog.

Loch Garten, three miles from Boat of Garten, contains pike and trout, but both are sluggish and difficult to obtain.

Loch Va is a sheet of water of great natural beauty, about two miles from Boat of Garten, and half a mile past Kinveachy Shooting Lodge—a few yards from the high road—and lies in a hollow surrounded by birches.

Loch Bruach, situated amid the northern range of hills in the parish of Duthil, abounds with very fine trout resembling the mossy bottom of the loch. Here, too, char of a large size are sometimes caught, invariably about the close of the season, in October, and in the shallows of the loch. This fish is supposed to have been imported by the Romans. There are, however, certain drawbacks to be considered. The distance from Carr Bridge, as the crow flies, is four and a half miles, and this would, of course, necessitate lodging there. Nor can it be safely reached without a guide. Unless the angler is favoured with a good stiff westerly or southerly breeze, his success will be doubtful. There is no boat, and although the water may be approached from three sides, wading is impossible on the southern end. The angler can wade on the eastern and western shores, but large stones abound on the eastern, needing constant care. Excellent sport is often obtained in the burn running out of the loch, which empties itself into the Findhorn.

In the *Parish of Alvie* there is a loch a mile long having white and red trout, generally about one pound in weight, although some are found weighing four and five pounds. It has communication with the Spey, but its fish are much superior to those of that river.

Loch Alvie, midway between Aviemore and Kinraig, may be reached by rail to either station. Trouting has deteriorated since the loch became infested with pike.

Near to Dava there are two small lochs within a few yards of each other, both of which afford good sport, as they are little known. They lie between the railway and the Forres road.

Loch-an-dorb, nine miles from Grantown and three miles from Dava station, abounds with good-sized trout, and is a favourite resort of anglers from all quarters. This loch is noticed elsewhere.

Loch-an-gean, in the moor behind Dreggie, about a

mile to the west of Loch-an-dorb, is a small loch also abounding with good-sized trout. Excellent sport may be obtained in breezy weather; but, inasmuch as the lessee of the Loch-an-dorb shootings seeks now to preserve this water, having recently stocked it with Loch Leven fry, permission to fish had better be obtained by application at Loch-an-dorb Lodge.

Loch Allan and *Loch-an-tutach*, respectively, may be found half a mile and a mile from Dava station along the Nairn road. The former contains trout in abundance up to five pounds in weight, but is strictly preserved. Permission to fish in the latter, with the use of a boat, is readily obtained from James Beattie, Esq., Earlsmill, Forres, factor to the Earl of Moray. Good baskets of trout may be obtained here in favourable weather.

The *Alt Gheallaidh* or *Pitcroy Burn*, which falls into the Spey nearly opposite the mouth of the Aven, is considered the most productive stream in the locality. The easiest route is by train to Ballindalloch, on arriving at which a short walk along the railway will take the angler to the mouth of the burn. Some, however, prefer to stop at Advie, ascend the Tulchan burn to a point in the vicinity of the farm of Delyorn, and cross the dividing ridge between the Tulchan burn and the object of their excursion, the return journey being made from Ballindalloch.



II.—WALKS AND SHORT EXCURSIONS.

THE LADIES' WALK.

Turn down Spey Avenue opposite the Royal Bank; take the first turn to the right; follow the road past the United Free Church which turns to the left at Blantyre House; enter the wood by a stile on the left about half a mile from the village. Or, continue along Spey Avenue till the Spey is reached, when a wicket gate to the right will be seen, which enter. The walk leads along an eminence overlooking the Spey, at various points of which pleasant glimpses of the river are obtained. The mansion on the opposite hill is Revack Shooting Lodge, and is at present tenanted by David Jardine, Esq., Liverpool. The walk emerges from the wood at the foot of the Avenue.

INVERALLAN CHURCHYARD,

from which the ruins of the old Parish Church were some years ago removed, is situated on the left bank of the Spey about a mile above the town. The direct road to it leaves the Dulnain road on the left, and is the second turning after passing through the wood below the Highland Railway station. The old Manse occupied a site near where now stands Inverallan House, the residence of Mr. Smith, factor to the Countess of Seafield. The flood of 1829 inundated the whole surface of the burying-ground, leaving visible only a few inches of a tombstone taller than the rest. As you enter the gate, on the left are seen a baptismal font (*? knockin' stane*) and much-worn sculptured stone which were found when the ruins of the old Church were being removed. About the centre of the churchyard is the Priest's Stone, on both sides of which there is a rudely-sculptured Latin cross, whose extreme simplicity attests the great age of the stone. Here a deed was perpetrated some two



THE SEDV. EDAM WITH TADINO, N. A. L. T. 1900. A. N. M. 1900.

hundred years ago which invests the scene with tragic interest. Feudalism not only gave to the lords of the soil the right of administering justice, even to the infliction of capital punishment, but the right of delegating this power to subordinates, hence our Bailies and Courts of Regality. These courts sometimes met in the open air and sometimes in halls constructed for the purpose—an essential of every such court being its *Tom-na-croich* and its hangman. It can be easily understood that at a time when the most petty theft and trivial offence was often punished with death, these Bailies would sometimes disgrace their high office. Indeed, they have been known to put their neighbours to death that they might with greater freedom seize upon their property. Thus life and property were, in many parts of the Highlands, most precarious previous to the Hereditary Jurisdictions Act in 1747 and the appointment of Sheriff-Deputes. In this way a Bailie Bain of Abernethy became so odious that the people seized him, and, having mounted him upon a horse, drove him into the river near the churchyard, where there is a powerful current. On his friends making search for his body on the following day, they met a man near Cromdale, who said—"If it's the Bailie ye seek, ye maun gang up and no down the water, for he was ane that aye went contra tae nature."

The return from the Churchyard may be made by following the road down the river and turning up the New Road.

Inverallan, along with Advie, forms part of the civil parish of Cromdale, but in 1869, at the instance of the Earl of Seafield and others, the district assigned to the Church of Inverallan was, to the great convenience of the inhabitants of Grantown, erected into a parish *quoad sacra*. Advie has recently been similarly disjoined.

SEAFIELD MEMORIAL CHURCH.

The New Church, erected by Lady Seafield in memory of her husband and her son, displaced the Old Church, built in the early years of last century, and was opened

in May, 1886. It is situated at the head of an avenue off the Square, and is commodious and comfortable. The pulpit is composed mainly of old wood-carvings. In front of Lady Seafield's gallery is set up an interesting piece of carved woodwork, which was found in 1874 when an old house was being taken down at the farm of Shillochan, Duthil. It is of fir wood, and measures 8 feet by 6 feet, and may have originally formed part of a pew in the Old Church of Duthil. There are three rows of panels. The topmost row of eight panels represents the arms of as many Highland houses, viz.:—Cumming of Altyre; Gordon of Huntly; Rose of Kilravock; Calder of that ilk; Grant of Auchernach; Forbes of Auchintie; Leslie of Balquhain; Lumsden of Cushnie. Below is inscribed:—

Mark the upright man, and behold the just,
For the end of that man is peace.

The middle row of eight panels displays floral and figure designs, below which follows the text:—

The righteous cry, and the Lord heareth them,
And delivereth them out of all their troubles.

The lowest row of seven panels represents designs of a simpler character.

IAN CHARLES COTTAGE HOSPITAL.

This hospital, erected and endowed by the 8th Earl, whose name it bears, and by his mother, the present proprietrix, stands on the outskirts of the village, near the castle gate. It was opened on 19th May, 1885. It contains two larger wards with four beds each, two smaller with one bed each, and one spare ward containing one bed and one cot—total, eleven beds and one cot. The initial cost of building and furnishing amounted to £2,013 7s. 7d., and the cost of maintenance, less £64 4s. 5d. received from patients, was, in 1905, £1,156 12s. 5d., of which £676 13s. 4d. was spent in additions and alterations. The medical department is under the charge of the doctors of Grantown, who recommend patients for admission, and attend them during their residence. Since opening, 1,408 patients have been treated.

GLEN BEG (*i.e.*, LITTLE GLEN)

is one of the most pleasant retreats in the neighbourhood. Its graceful birches present a cheerful contrast to the prevailing pines of the strath. The road which leads up the glen leaves the Dulnain road on the right at the Allan Burn and passes under the railway.

At a short distance beyond the railway, a path to the right leads across the moor, on the height (from which there is a magnificent view) to Wester Dreggie farm-house, passing in front of which a footpath leads through a hazel and birch wood to the road which descends on Grantown past Inverallan Manse.

If he follows the main road, the pedestrian descends into the glen till he reaches a wooden bridge. At this point, before crossing the bridge, he will find a track leading to the height and joining the path to Wester Dreggie. If he wishes to extend his walk, he can continue along the main road till it terminates at the offices of the farm of Glen Beg. Here he will find on the left a path, by following which he will strike a well-defined track leading up to the summit of Ben More (1,545 feet) by an easy ascent. This is one of the finest views in the whole district. It commands, on the one hand, the Strath of the Spey from Ben Rinnes on the north to the Cairngorm range on the south, and, on the other, the valley of the Dulnain. The hill may be descended either by going down its southern slope and striking the road at Craggan farm-house, or by going westward and striking the road which descends on Dulnain Bridge. The latter route involves a walk of fully six miles.

DREGGIE HILL (1,250 feet).

Another very fine view is from the summit of the hill behind Easter Dreggie. Leave the town by the road which passes in front of Inverallan Manse, ascend to Dreggie, pass the house on the left, and continue past Gorton farm-house to the summit, from which all the chief heights of the Cairngorm range may be distinguished.

ROUND BY THE BOAT OF BALLIEFURTH.

A delightful round of about five miles is got by going along the Dulnain road till it passes beneath the railway and ascends on the other side. At a cottage on the right descend and cross the railway, pass the farm-house of Gaich on the left, and continue to the right through the Lower Gaich wood to the river side. The path along the river, past the south side of Inverallan Churchyard, and over the wooden bridge on the burn below Inverallan House, affords, perhaps, even a better walk to Balliefurth. In either case, go up the river side till opposite a cottage on the other bank, then shout for the boat, which will be brought across to ferry you over. Leave the boat-house and keep to the left up the path that crosses the Great North of Scotland Railway (Speyside line), skirts the wood of Balliefurth, and joins the road to Nethy Bridge. Turning to the left, return to Grantown by Spey Bridge.

CRAIGMORE AND CARN LYNE (1,505 feet).

If the pedestrian can take a slightly further stretch, let him, on joining the Nethy Bridge road, turn to the right, pass between the two divisions of the Balliefurth Wood, noting the roadside cairn which marks the scene of some half-forgotten murder that gives to the wood the reputation of being haunted. After clearing the wood on the right, take the first stile on the left, and, crossing it, follow the path which winds to the right. It leads up through Craigmores Wood to Carn Lyne, a height from which a very striking view of the strath, of the valley of the Nethy, and of the Cairngorm mountains is obtained. Either retrace your steps and return to the road, or descend on Nethy Bridge and take the train to Speyside station. On Craigmores height are some surviving monarchs of the old Abernethy Forest, whose gnarled and lofty trunks dwarf into comparative insignificance the best specimens to be met with in the more modern plantations of Strathspey. A clump of these trees, nearly two centuries old, may be seen from almost any

part of the surrounding country towering high above the trees of later growth which encircle them. The trunk of the locally famous "Peter Porter's Tree," "the noblest Roman of them all," is 13 feet in circumference. The specimen block of Strathspey fir, exhibited some years ago at the Edinburgh Forestry Exhibition, was obtained here, and here may still be found perhaps the most interesting relic of its kind in the domain—a hoary trunk with withered branches, whose age must ever remain a matter of conjecture, but which has for a generation at least furnished picturesque subjects for the artist's pencil and the photographer's camera.

GAICH.

Several "Druidical" stones may be seen by turning down into the Gaich Wood, immediately to the south of the railway bridge, on the way from Grantown to Dulnain.

In the immediate neighbourhood of the wood may also be seen *Tom-na-croich*—that is, the Gallows Hill, where the Bailies of Regality carried their dread sentences into execution.

ANTIQUARIAN RELICS.

Strathspey cannot be considered particularly rich in relics of antiquity. There are several traces of the Romans, in the shape of tumuli and dwellings on the Dreggie heights, in the Auchnarrow district, and also at Kinrara; and evidences of their handiwork along certain roads, which may be traced on the guide map. A well-preserved castle exists above Glen Beg, and a fort at Knock-an-a-Cairdich, in the Braes of Dellifure, both of which are attributed to the same agency.

On the farm of Congash are several sculptured stones, two of which are figured by Dr. Stuart in his great work on the "Sculptured Stones of Scotland," and therein classified as symbol stones. Another stone having archaic sculpturings may be found on the farm of Lynchurn, near Boat of Garten.

On the farm of Laggan, near Dulnain Bridge, there

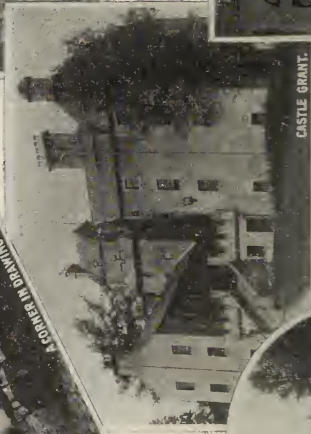
is a rather remarkable cup stone, having over 50 cups hollowed out upon its surface.

Ancient cairns of one kind and another are numerous, whose significance is, at best, but doubtful. Hundreds may be found in the old ecclesiastical district of Deshar—those at Dochlaggie being described under Duthil. Some are mapped on the erstwhile wooded height behind Curr, and one small but interesting cairn exists in the vicinity of Inverlaidnan, on the banks of the Dulnain, where Prince Charlie put up for a night.

Standing-stones, ascribed to the agency of the Druids, may be seen, as already mentioned, at Gaich. Others may be found at Upper Port (near Castle Grant Mills), at Tullochgorm, and at Lagmore, Ballindalloch. The most important of these relics of remote antiquity are, however, to be seen on the Grainish Moor, on the road between Boat of Garten and Aviemore. They consist of two great circles of standing-stones—an inner and an outer circle—respectively 24 feet and 60 feet in diameter, while the stones project about 3 feet above the ground. This curious structure, and a similar one at Delfour, in the neighbouring parish of Alvie, were considered unique in Scotland. Within the last few years, however, the Delfour circle has been totally destroyed, one only of the stones now remaining.

CASTLE GRANT,

the ancient residence of the Chief of the Grants, is distant two miles from the town, and is free to the inspection of visitors at any time when the noble owner is from home, and, when she is at home, on Tuesdays and Saturdays, by orders obtained at the Estate Offices. On passing the imposing gateway, the visitor will find himself in a beautiful avenue, skirted by a border of rhododendrons and other shrubs, behind which rise the pine trees, with their graceful richly-coloured stalks. On the right the view of the Cromdale Hills, seen through the many-pillared pine wood, is peculiarly beautiful. The lime-tree avenue, in the immediate neighbourhood of the castle, is worthy of notice. The castle itself is not visible



till almost reached. The fabric is more imposing than elegant. Part of it dates back to the fifteenth century, but successive additions have formed it into a high quadrangular pile of many stories, pierced with windows of various sizes. The entrance hall is adorned with spears, broadswords, and targets. A flight of steps conducts to the dining-hall, an elegant apartment, 47 feet long by 27 feet broad. Its walls, together with the staircase and some of the bedrooms, are adorned with family portraits, together with many valuable paintings by Vandyke, Guido, Rubens, Poussin, and others. The drawing-room and library are fine apartments.

Among the curious things to be seen here is a skull, a ghastly memorial of the passing of the castle into the hands of the Grants. According to tradition, a son of the Chief of the Grants of Stratherrick, being of an adventurous spirit, crossed the Grampians into Perthshire, and for a season sojourned with his kinsman, the Chief of the Macgregors. His fertility of resource, daring, and valour having won the heart of Macgregor's daughter, an elopement and clandestine marriage was the result. He had not long settled anew at Stratherrick, when he learned that Macgregor was on the pursuit. So, accompanied by his young wife and some thirty followers, he passed into Strathspey and sought a hiding-place in Huntly's Cave, building by night a fort, which is still pointed out in Clash-udhronan—a beautiful and secluded dell, situated about a mile beyond the fish-pond in the castle policies—and here was born the first of the Strathspey Grants. The Comyns naturally attempted to effect his expulsion, but, in spite of their superior numbers, Grant held his ground. At length the enraged father-in-law appeared upon the scene, and peremptorily demanded the restoration of his daughter. The demand was met by a defiant refusal, and, it being night, young Grant was able by a skilful artifice, causing his followers to pass and repass before the irate Chief under the glare of torchlight, so to impress him with an exaggerated idea of the strength of his following that, first, a parley ensued, and, finally, a complete reconciliation. As was usual in

such a case, festivity succeeded, and many a bumper was pledged to the eternal amity of the Grants and the Macgregors. Young Grant having informed his father-in-law of the continued molestation to which he was subjected by the Comyns, a joint assault was agreed upon, and so skilfully was it planned, and successfully executed, that Comyn, the Chief, was slain in the fray, and Macgregor, ere he left, saw his once-despised son-in-law in full possession of Freuchie Castle, which henceforth changed its name to that of Castle Grant, and the skull of the slaughtered Comyn has since then testified to the validity of the new possessor's title to the inheritance according to

The good old rule, the simple plan,
That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can.

The Grants are thus seen to be of very ancient lineage, the family possessing documents which prove its residence here for upwards of five hundred years, without any failure in the male line all that time. Antiquarians recognise in the name, Le Grande, their Norman or Flemish origin. The highest authorities, however, agree that the great body of the Grants were Gaels, of the stock of Alpine. The important services which they have in different generations rendered to the British Crown have received splendid acknowledgment, by the raising of the house of Seafield to the dignity of the peerage in 1858, an event which was celebrated throughout the district with great rejoicings.

Sir Walter Scott, in his "Tales of a Grandfather," has narrated how the laird of Grant, about the year 1540, brought home from Gordon Castle nearly two hundred children whose parents had been slain in battle, and who had been there fed like dogs in a kennel. More authentic narratives give the number at about sixty. To this day their descendants are called *the Children of the Trough*.

Mrs. Grant of Laggan, who visited this place in 1785, says:—"The castle is a spacious, convenient, and elegant mansion, where baronial pomp and hospitality still continue to linger, softened by the milder graces of modern elegance."

The view of the valley of the Spey, the widespread forest of Abernethy, and the blue range of the Cairngorm Mountains, as seen from the roof of the castle, is one of the finest in the whole district.

HUNTLY'S CAVE

is distant from the town about three and a half miles. Proceed to the left past the Castle Grant gateway along the Forres road, pass beneath the railway at the private station for Castle Grant, continue on the road, passing a road which branches off to the right and a poor-looking hamlet called Glas Choel—*i.e.*, the grey wood—till you reach a stile. The pathway, to which this stile is the entrance, conducts across the railway down into a dell, on one side of which the crag is clothed with birch to the summit, while the opposite side slopes up to a corresponding elevation clothed with verdure, intermingled with birch and pine. At one point the rock corresponds so exactly with that which confronts it as to suggest that the scene has been begotten of some terrible convulsion. Tradition has it that it was in a wolf's den amid these crags that George, second Marquis of Huntly, was wont to conceal himself from his enemies. He had espoused the cause of Charles I. against the Covenanters, but his brother-in-law, the Earl of Argyle, having been appointed, by the Convention of Estates in 1644, Commander-in-Chief of the forces, marched against him. At Banff, Huntly, hearing of the approach of Argyle, dispersed his troops and fled to Strathnaver, in Sutherland, where he took up his abode with Lord Reay, but, when sore pressed, he betook himself to this rocky defile, where he was supplied with food by his friends.

CRAIG BEG.

By taking the road which branches off to the right beyond the castle gate, there is a pleasant though somewhat steep drive, which, crossing the railway, descends into the valley below Huntly's Cave, and, crossing the burn, ascends on the other side. After passing the farm of Upper Derraid, the drive turns sharp to the

right, and, going over the hill, leads into the valley of Dellifure. Thence there is an excellent road back to Grantown. This drive commands a finer view when taken in the opposite direction.

The pedestrian, taking the same road, which leaves the Forres road to the right beyond the castle gate, may, after crossing the burn, turn to the right, and follow a track which leads through the clash and comes out at the other end of a picturesque glen on the road from Upper Dellifure to Grantown. A magnificent view is obtained by ascending a grassy track to the right, about midway down the glen, and crossing the fence into an open field, which overlooks the castle and grounds and the whole strath, bounded by the Cairngorm Mountains in the distance.

THE SPEY BRIDGE

is situated about a mile down the river from the town, and was built by Lord Charles Hay, aided by five companies of soldiers, in 1754, being twelve years before the erection of any house on the site where Grantown now stands. The views from the bridge and the views of the bridge, from short distances above and below it, are very fine. The famous flood of 1829 greatly damaged the smallest of the arches—three feet of the roadway being all that was left.

The station of the Great North of Scotland Railway is situated on the opposite side of the Spey, and directly above the bridge.

Three roads lead from the bridge. The first, which turns to the right and passes the railway station, is the road to Nethy Bridge. The road which turns to the left divides into two at the crossing of the railway. The branch to the right is the road by the Dirdhu and Bridge of Brown to Tomintoul. A very beautiful drive—though one which can only be made with a pair of strong horses—is got by ascending this road till, when it brings the traveller in view of the Dirdhu, a road is struck on the right which leads across the moor into the valley of the Nethy, and, passing Abernethy Manse, strikes the

Grantown and Nethy Bridge road near the Parish Church. The return to Grantown may be made either by turning to the right and going by Balliefurth, Auchernach, and the Spey Bridge, or by turning to the left and going by way of Nethy Bridge, Broomhill, and Dulnain Bridge.

The branch of the down river road, which keeps to the left, leads to Cromdale, Advie, and Ballindalloch.

CONGASH HOUSE

is situated about half-way between Grantown and Cromdale. In the garden of this curious old house may be seen a gean tree, connected with which a tradition exists illustrative of the character of the people two hundred years ago. Here resided a Bailie of Regality, who, on being informed by a woman that her boy had become unmanageable, promised to look after him. The boy, having soon afterwards allowed the cows he had in charge to stray into a neighbour's corn field, was seized by the Bailie and summarily hanged on this tree.

Here, too, resided in more recent times Captain Grant, for thirty-four years factor to the Earl of Seafield. In 1820 he led the memorable descent on Elgin, when an affront, it was alleged, was offered to the sisters of his lordship. The event is thus described by Mr. Robert Young:—

“At the general election which followed the death of George III., the Elgin Burghs were contested by General Duff, brother of the Earl of Fife, in the Fife interest, and Archibald Farquharson of Finzean, in the Kintore and Seafield interest. Political feeling then ran high in Elgin, and the burghers rallied under the respective Duff and Grant banners. At that time the election was vested in the Town Council, and the object of each party was to obtain a majority of councillors for their respective candidate. The Grant party attempted to kidnap two of Lord Fife's supporters in the Town Council. The Duffs, in retaliation, seized two of the Grant supporters, carried them post-haste to the seaside, and transported them across the Firth to Sutherland-

shire." In consequence of these transactions, Elgin got into a most excited state, and the Ladies Grant despatched an express to Strathspey for a body of Highlanders to afford them protection, as they had been insulted on the streets with cries of "Lord Fife for ever," and, fearing harm, were now prisoners within their own dwelling. The word reached Cromdale on the Sabbath just as the congregation was dispersing, and ere the sun went down every dweller in the district had been made aware of the crisis. Early on the following morning the Strathspey men, headed by Captain John Grant, found themselves 900 strong and within a few miles of Elgin. The good sense of the authorities, however, succeeded in calming popular feeling, but as so large a body of excited Highlandmen remaining in the town threatened collision with its inhabitants, they were induced, after having been suitably regaled, to depart. Their return on the Tuesday presented a striking contrast to the scene of the Sabbath preceding, as wives and daughters received back husbands and brothers unscathed, but conscious, at least, that they had done their duty. Four men were tried at the Circuit Court at Inverness for the abduction of the Bailie and Councillor, but from some flaw in the indictment the prosecution broke down, and the parties were liberated.

CROMDALE

signifies the "Crooked Dale"; and it is easy to see how this district should be designated, as the river Spey at the place where the church and manse are built flows in a semi-circle or half-moon figure. Cromdale may be reached not only by the high road but by several delightful paths through the woods. The finest of these is struck by going down the road to the west of the Black Park, where the markets are held. This road leads to a gate, by passing through or climbing over which the pedestrian strikes a path that trends to the left. This path, which winds among ancient pines and richly-clad banks of heather, by and by skirts an open heather-covered space. When this is passed, a fence is crossed,

and the path which leads along it to the left on its other side is followed for a few hundred yards. Another path leading diagonally through the wood is then chosen, and will, in a short time after leaving the wood, strike the Milltown Burn. The burn is followed on the right bank till it is crossed by a wooden bridge. It is then followed on the left bank, between it and a high pine-crowned bank, called the "Crow Wood," till it joins 'the brimming river,' where a suspension bridge for foot passengers has been erected to supply, imperfectly, the place of "the boat," which served for both foot passengers and carriages, but was swept away by a heavy flood. On crossing the Spey the first object of interest is the Parish Church, which was erected in 1814. The great beech trees in the corner of the burying-ground are worthy of notice. They were planted by Mr. Chapman, the minister, in 1726, and have sheltered thousands of worshippers at seasons of Communion. On proceeding up the road past the Established Church Manse, and across the railroad, the pedestrian will find himself in the midst of a beautiful pastoral country. The scene of *the famous battle* fought on 1st May, 1690, is the low ground skirting the river. The death of Viscount Dundee at Killiecrankie, in 1689, had for a season discomfited the adherents of James II. "Indeed," says Macaulay, "but for the influence and eloquence of Lochiel, not a sword would have been drawn for the house of Stuart. He with some difficulty persuaded the chieftains, who had fought at Killiecrankie, to come to a resolution that before the end of the summer they would muster all their followers and march into the Lowlands. In the meantime, twelve hundred mountaineers of different tribes were placed under the order of Buchan, who undertook with this force to keep the English garrisons in constant alarm by feints and incursions till the season for more important operations should arrive. He accordingly marched into Strathspey, but all his plans were speedily disconcerted by the boldness and dexterity of Sir Thomas Livingstone, who held Inverness for King William. Livingstone, guided and

assisted by the Grants, who were firmly attached to the new Government, came with a strong body of cavalry and dragoons, by forced marches and through arduous defiles, to the place where the Jacobites had taken up their quarters. He reached the camp-fires at dead of night. The first alarm was given by the rush of horses over the terrified sentinels into the midst of the crowd of Celts, who lay sleeping in their plaids. Buchan escaped bare-headed and without his sword. Cannon ran away in his shirt. The conquerors lost not a man. Four hundred Highlanders were killed or taken. The rest fled to their hills and mists." The popular ballad, which curiously mixes up two battles fought far apart both in space and time, thus celebrates the event:—

We were in bed, sir, every man,
When the English host upon us cam';
A bloody battle then began
Upon the Haughs o' Cromdale.

The English host—they were so rude—
They bathed their hoofs in Highland blood;
But our brave clans they boldly stood
Upon the Haughs o' Cromdale.

A *singular phenomenon* occurred on the hill of Tomanourd, directly to the south of the railway, during the flood of 1829. First there was experienced on the public road a shaking of the ground, and then an immense column of water burst from the face of the hill, "spouting," says Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, "into the air, and tossing round large stones and great quantities of gravel. Sometimes it ceased altogether, and nothing was heard but the rush of a considerable river. Again it would burst forth in a body of water like the river Dulnain, tearing up whole banks of earth, and projecting them to a distance of three hundred yards." The place was subsequently examined by Mr. Jardine, civil engineer, and it was found that the ravine opened had given out a quantity of solid matter equal to 7,000 cubic yards. It was thought to have been the bursting of a subterranean reservoir that had become surcharged with

the heavy rains upon the hill. The same phenomenon sometimes occurs among the Cairngorm Mountains.

Lethendrie, in the neighbourhood, was the birthplace of Sir James McGregor, who was born 9th April, 1771, and died in London, 2nd April, 1868. He presided over the medical department of the Army for thirty-six years, and was a great favourite of the Duke of Wellington. He was three times elected Lord Rector of Marischal College, Aberdeen. An obelisk of polished red granite, formerly erected to his memory in the quadrangle of this college, now stands in Duthie Park, Aberdeen. The honour of his birth has also been claimed for the site now occupied by the mill on the farm of the Mains of Cromdale.

LETHENDRIE CASTLE,

the ancient seat of the Barons of Lethendrie, stood upon the hillside a mile above the Post Office. Here a band of fugitives from the famous battle took refuge, and were subsequently captured by Livingstone's army. The vaults and the walls of a tower alone remain, the former of which are now appropriated to the unsentimental purposes of sheltering fowls and keeping milk. The worthy inmate of the adjoining farm will gladly show the ruins on application.

Visitors may so time their visit as to return to Grantown by train.

CROMDALE HILLS.

A favourite excursion is to these hills, various points of which reach an elevation of over 2,000 feet. To reach them, cross the Spey Bridge and proceed towards Cromdale nearly a mile, at which point a road strikes off to the right, skirting the edge of a wood, and conducts to the farm of Burnside, from which the best ascent may be made. The walk along the ridge is by no means difficult, and affords fine views of the valley of the Spey and the opposite hills on the one hand, and, on the other, of the vale of the Nethy, Glen Lochy, and Strathaven. One of fair pedestrian powers might start from the Ballintua end of the range, and proceed onwards till the

path descends to Advie, from which the return may be made by train.

NETHY BRIDGE

may be reached by taking the train from the Spey Bridge station of the Great North of Scotland line. It contains a spacious modern hotel and many imposing villas available for summer visitors. After a drive of three miles the excursionist will find himself in the midst of an entire change of scenery, the Cairngorm Mountains now forming the central and most prominent object in the landscape. The Nethy, which signifies the "washing stream," is about twelve miles long, and rises near Loch Aven. Although only a brook in dry weather, sometimes it comes down in a flood so as to float rafts of timber, and, in its more serious moods, to devastate entire fields. At one point it passes through a channel of Alpine grandeur, having on both sides precipices of not less than 1,000 feet in height. The vale of the river is for several miles through the great Abernethy Forest.

The great flood in August, in 1829, constituted Strathspey at this place one vast sea. "I am satisfied," said Captain Macdonald, of Coulnakyle, "that I might have sailed a fifty-gun ship from the Boat of Balliefurth to the Boat of Garten, a distance of seven or eight miles." At Broomhill the flood above the ordinary level was twenty feet, and about a mile broad.

A pleasant walk may be found at Nethy Bridge by proceeding up a farm-road opposite the Post Office, and through a singular-looking village called *The Causar*, all the houses of which are constructed of wood, erected chiefly for the accommodation of the workmen employed at the numerous saw-mills in the neighbourhood. A foot-path to the right conducts to a small bridge, from which is obtained a fine view of the glen through which the Nethy flows. On passing the yard of a saw-mill, the principal part of the village of Nethy comes into view, comprehending the United Free Church, together with a number of villas and cottages. Returning to the spot from which the start was made, the Parish Church, with

its elegant manse, will be found a short distance along the road which leads to the Spey Bridge.

The drive through the Abernethy Forest when the heather is in bloom is one of the most enjoyable excursions in the neighbourhood.

Beyond the forest lies the district of *Tulloch*, the scene of the famous "Reel o' Tulloch." Two hundred years ago, among the suitors for the hand of the laird's daughter, Isabel, was one of the lawless clan Macgregor, but her friends gave the preference to a gentleman of the Robertson clan, who resolved on the destruction of his rival. Accordingly, accompanied by a small party, he came suddenly upon him, but Macgregor was more than a match for his assailants. Having escaped to a barn, he made a gallant use of his claymore, striking down successively those who dared to enter, and, aided by Isabel, who loaded for him a musket, he succeeded in destroying the whole band, among whom was her brother, who had acted a treacherous part on the occasion. It was in the moment of exultation consequent on such a victory that he composed and danced the famous "Reel o' Tulloch." Soon afterwards Isabel was apprehended and imprisoned for her share in the bloody fray. When the head of Macgregor, who had been shot during her imprisonment, was presented to her, she was so overcome with anguish that her own death soon followed. This occurred about 1640.

A little below the junction of the Nethy with the Spey is a place called *the Iron Mill Croft*. In 1730 the York Buildings Company established here iron works and saw-mills. All trace of the former of these had been for many years effaced, till the great flood of 1829 anew disclosed their site. Up to the time when the company commenced operations, such a thing as a sawn deal was unknown in Speyside. Previously it was the custom to split up the trees with an axe, and then chip the deals into shape. Some of the rooms in Castle Grant are actually floored with wood prepared in this manner. While the iron works have long since ceased, the saw-mills continue to hold their ground. The Rev. Dr.

Forsyth, the parish minister, writing to the *Scotsman*, informs us respecting the former smelting of iron:—

“The ore was carried in creels by ponies from the Lecht mines, beyond Tomintoul, a distance of nearly twenty miles, and was manufactured in furnaces and mills on the Nethy, a little above the present railway station. The enterprise was more remarkable for boldness than wisdom, and did not prove remunerative. It was abandoned in 1737. The Rev. John Grant, in the ‘Old Statistical Account,’ describes the company as ‘the most profuse and profligate set that were ever heard of in this country. Their extravagances of every kind ruined themselves and corrupted others. Their beginning was great, indeed—with 120 working horses, saw-mills, iron mills, and every kind of implement and apparatus of the best and most expensive sorts. They used to display their vanity by bonfires of tar barrels and opening hogsheads of brandy to the country people, by which five of them died in one night. They had a commissary for provisions and forage at a handsome salary, and, in the end, went off in debt to the proprietors and the country.’ Mr. Grant, however, admits that they had done considerable good by the making of roads, the introduction of saw-mills, and various improvements in agriculture, and in the manufacture and transportation of timber, and that their short residence had helped forward the civilisation of the district. Whatever distinction attaches to the place where the first iron-smelting furnaces were used in Scotland seems to belong to the parish of Abernethy, and not to Carron.”

Near to the Parish Church there may be seen on a knoll close by the public road an old ruin, called Castle Roy or the Red Castle. Why it is so called is not known. In 1689 here General Hugh M'Kay took up his quarters for one night, when his army was encamped at Coulnekyle, waiting to give battle to Viscount Dundee. It has two square projecting towers, with a high-arched gateway and a curious vault or crypt in one of the corners. According to Shaw, it was the house or fort of Cumming, Lord Badenoch, but on the forfeiture of the Barony of

Abernethy, it became part of the Earldom of Moray, and still gives the title of Lord Abernethy to that nobleman.

The visitor may vary the route home by *Broomhill station*, on the Highland Railway, which is situated about a mile from Nethy Bridge. The walk to Broomhill is most delightful, and the view towards the Cairngorm range from the high road above the station is one of the finest in the Highlands.

The charm of the spot is enhanced by the fact that near here is to be found the farm-house of *Tullochgorum*, and the well-known reel of that name will doubtless occur to the reader. We may even state that here the peculiar class of music known as strathspeys had its origin. A prominent sept of the clan Grant held Tullochgorum for many centuries, and we are inclined to think that it was under their fostering influence that the music referred to assumed shape and form. The song:

Come, gie's a sang, Montgomery cry'd,

was written expressly to the tune of "*Tullochgorum*" by Rev. John Skinner, Longside, Aberdeenshire, and was first published in the *Scots Magazine* in 1776. It will be remembered that Burns called this "the best Scotch song Scotland ever saw." To the attractions of Abernethy have been added a bowling green, near to Nethy Bridge, and a golf course of nine holes, on Croftroy, five minutes' walk east of the railway station.

MUCKERACH CASTLE

is situated three and a half miles from Grantown. Take the road at "the west end" which strikes off to the left, and proceed south till Dulnain Bridge is reached. The village is worth seeing, and also the brawling stream of the same name—a river which, next to the Aven, is the largest tributary of the Spey. It has a course of forty-five miles. The range of mountains which here comes into view towards the north are the *Monalaidhs*, or grey, misty mountains. They comprehend the sources of the Spey, Dulnain, Findhorn, Nairn, and of numerous

streams which discharge their waters into Loch Ness, after having traversed the straths and valleys of one of the most perfect solitudes in the Highlands—the native wilds of herds of black cattle, roe and deer, grouse and ptarmigan. They also constitute the watershed between the Dulnain and Findhorn.

Muckerach House, the residence of Robert Grant, Esq., is situated on the right hand side of the road, a short distance up from the bridge.

The *Old Castle* is on the same side of the road a little farther on, occupying a picturesque position, and forming a fine subject for the pencil of the artist. It is said to have been erected by Patrick, second son of John, laird of Grant, and was the earliest possession of the Grants of Rothiemurchus. The lintel-stone of the doorway has been carried off, but may still be seen in one of the walls of the Doune mansion. It has inscribed on it "1598," the year in which the castle was built, the owner's arms—three crowns and three wolves' heads—together with the words, "In God is al my traist." Although only a portion of the original structure remains, the foundations of other parts indicate that it must have been in the times of its occupancy a somewhat imposing edifice.



III.—SOUTHERN EXCURSIONS.

BOAT OF GARTEN,

formerly connected with the right bank of the Spey by a ferry, now possesses a substantial-bridge, erected in 1899. It is a good starting-point for Kinveachy and Carr Bridge, and also for the Cairngorm Mountains by the Sluggan and Glenmore, or by Aviemore, Rothiemurchus, and Loch Morlich. It is distant $7\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Grantown by rail, and possesses an excellent hotel, also an attractive golf course of nine holes. A mission hall in connection with the Established Church was erected some years ago. In driving to Carr Bridge, the old coach road to Inverness is reached below Kinveachy Lodge, and from the summit of the hill beyond the drive is through a striking part of the forest. Pedestrians, just after passing the schoolhouse—about a mile from Boat of Garten—may go through the fields past Chapelton, and straight up hill by a path diverging to the left beyond the gate, saving more than a mile, and landing on the public road in the forest above Kinveachy.

AVIEMORE.

Aviemore, thirteen miles south of Grantown, is now an important junction on the Highland Railway, and a popular summer resort, with a golf course, numerous finely-equipped residences for visitors, and a splendid new hotel of many apartments. Until the opening of the new direct line to Inverness it consisted of little more than a merchant's shop, a few small cottages, the railway station, and the old inn, which, however, is no longer used as a place for the lodging and refreshment of travellers. Here starts the new Highland line to Inverness, by way of Carr Bridge, Slock Muich, and Loch Moy. The flood of 1829 reached as high as the upper wall of the garden of the old inn, and, after it had subsided, several sheep were

found alive among the top branches of the garden trees. Concealed behind the Post Office, at the foot of Craigellachie, lies a beautiful little lake called Loch Balladern. On a plain piece of barren moorland, a mile further down the river, there are the remnants of a Druidical temple.

We are now in the country of the Grants, celebrated in the well-known lines of Sir Alexander Boswell:—

Come the Grants of Tullochgorum.
Wi' their pipers gaun before 'em,
Proud the mothers are that bore 'em,
Fiddle-fa-fum.

Next the Grants of Rothiemurchus,
Every man his sword and durk has,
Every man as proud's a Turk is,
Feedle-deedle-dum.

The bold, projecting rock on the right is *Craig-ellachie*, the scene of many a gathering in troublesome times. "There is nothing remarkable," says Ruskin, "in either its height or form; it is darkened with a few scattered pines and birch trees, and touched along the summit with a flash of heather, but constitutes a kind of headland or leading promontory in the group of hills to which it belongs; and thus stands in the mind of the inhabitants of the district—the clan Grant—for a type of the country upon themselves. Their sense of this is beautifully indicated in the war cry of the clan — 'Stand fast, Craigellachie.' " This rock and another of the same name below Aberlour are the southern and northern boundaries of the Grant land. When the Chief wished to muster his clansmen, the "fiery cross," of which there is so graphic an account in Scott's "*Lady of the Lake*," was sent through the country. On coming to any village or house, the war cry was uttered, "Stand fast, Craigellachie," and the clan summoned to learn the will of their Chief. Ruskin says, "You may think long over these few words ('Stand fast, Craigellachie') without exhausting the deep wells of feeling and thought contained in them—the love of the native land and the assurance of faithfulness to it. You could not but have

felt, if you passed beneath it at the time when so many of England's dearest children were being defended by the strength of heart of men born at its foot, how often among the delicate Indian palaces, whose marble was pallid with horror, and whose vermilion was darkened with blood, the remembrance of its rough, grey rocks and purple heaths must have risen before the sight of the Highland soldiers—how often the hailing of the shot and the shrieking of the battle would pass away from his hearing, and leave only the whisper of the old pine branches—'Stand fast, Craigellachie.' ”

Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, speaking of the flood of 1829, says—“Nothing could equal the sublimity of the scene on Tuesday morning. An entire river poured itself over the rugged and precipitous brow of the hill of Upper Craigellachie, converting its furrowed front into one vast and diversified waterfall. Every object around was veiled in a sort of half obscurity, save when occasional glimpses of the lofty Cairngorm burst forth amidst the fury of the tempest, and he reared his proud head, as if in mockery, above it.”

The high rock up the strath, on which stands a pillar to the memory of the last Duke of Gordon, is *Tor Alvie*. Here, also, a large cairn commemorates the heroic deeds of Colonel Sir Robert Macara, of the 42nd, and Colonel John Cameron, of the 92nd Highlanders, and their brave countrymen who fell at Waterloo. The view from the summit of this hill is very fine, comprehending, as it does, cultivated meadow and heath-clad moor, river and valley, mountains and lakes. The bold and dusky mountain towering aloft above all others is Ben Macdhu, 4,295 feet above the level of the sea. It forms the centre of the Cairngorm range.

The neat ecclesiastical structure on the roadside after you cross the Spey Bridge from the railway station is the Rothiemurchus United Free Church.

DOUNE,

the residence of the lairds of Rothiemurchus, is situated two miles up the Spey from Aviemore. It is a modern

mansion without architectural pretensions, but surrounded with beautifully wooded policies. No situation on the banks of the Spey possesses greater attractions. The garden, placed at a short distance from the mansion in a deep dell among rich plantations, has had its natural features much improved. The Bedford family had their autumn residence here for thirty years. The Duchess, who died in 1853, was the youngest daughter of the famous Jane, Duchess of Gordon, and seems to have inherited something of her mother's wit and love of fun. Sir David Brewster on one occasion met a party here, among whom was Lord Brougham when he was Lord Chancellor. His lordship, being somewhat indisposed, had retired early to bed, when the question arose whether Lord Chancellors carried the Great Seal with them in social visiting. As a means of ascertaining the fact, the Duchess ordered a cake of soft dough to be made, on which the Seal might be impressed. A procession of lords, ladies, and gentlemen was then formed, Sir David carrying a pair of silver candlesticks, and the Duchess bearing a silver salver, on which was placed the dough. The invalid lord was, as may be supposed, startled by this strange invasion and the request that he should get up and exhibit the Great Seal. Get up he could not, but he directed Sir David to bring him a peculiar-looking box to which he pointed, and, sitting up in bed, impressed the Seal upon the cake of dough. The momentous question being thus settled, the procession re-formed and retired. Near the Doune is the *quoad sacra* Parish Church and churchyard of Rothiemurchus, beautifully situated by the water side.

LOCH-NA-MHOON

is a lake near Avielochan, about two and a half miles eastward of Aviemore, and a mile from the Druidical Circle. In the centre of it there was formerly a floating island, but during the flood of 1829, one of the road drains having sent down with great force a torrent of water, it was broken from its mooring and driven by the gale to the steep bank where it now lies.

LOCH-AN-EILEAN,

which means the "Lake of the Island," is perhaps the most beautiful resort in the whole district. It is on the border of the Rothiemurchus Forest, about three miles distant from Aviemore station. It may be reached by two roads which part at Inverdrue, a small clachan about a mile from the station on the other side of the Spey. The traveller going by the higher of these roads, which it is perhaps better to take in approaching the loch, holds straight on, avoiding the road to the right, which leads to the Doune, and by which Loch-an-Eilean can be reached, and the road to the left, which goes to Coylum Bridge. About a mile further on, the road enters the Croft Farm, through which it passes, and joins the low road within a few hundred yards of the loch. In the forest beyond the loch an extensive fire occurred in August, 1899, destroying wood and undergrowth over an area of three square miles.

Returning from the loch to Aviemore, the tourist follows this low road, passing the Manse and the Polchar on the right, and turning to the right when he joins the main road from Feshie Bridge. He then skirts the edge of the forest, and joins the road, which he left in going to the loch, at Inverdrue.

On the islet, near the foot of the loch and close to the shore, are the ruins of one of the ancient strongholds of the Earl of Buchan, a natural son of Robert II.* On

* This Chieftian, better known as the Wolf of Badenoch, was the scourge of these northern counties. His depredations and adventures are related in a romantic form in Sir Thomas Dick Lauder's "Wolf of Badenoch." Having taken forcible possession of some lands belonging to the Bishop of Moray, he was excommunicated, and in retaliation sacked and plundered the Cathedral of Elgin, carrying off its chalices and vestments, polluting its shrines with blood, and finally setting fire to the noble pile, which, with the adjoining wooden houses of the canons and the neighbouring town, were burnt to the ground. Upon his humbling himself and doing penance by standing barefooted three days at the gate of the Cathedral, and by appearing in the Blackfriars Church, Perth, before the high altar in presence of the King and many of the nobility, he was received back into the Church on condition that he would make full satisfaction to the Bishop and Church of Moray; but this castle was all the indemnification ever got from him, as he died in less than four years afterwards—20th February, 1349.

It was in this castle of Loch-an-Eilean that the remnant of the routed host under General Buchan, fleeing from the disastrous battle of Cromdale, sought refuge; but the relentless laird, aided by Grizzle More, his wife, who cast leaden balls for the defence, refused them succour, and left them to the tender mercies of their enemies.

the top of a turret to the right may be seen the nest of a pair of ospreys or fishing eagles, birds of great rarity in Scotland, as this is one of the very few places where they are known to build. An interesting account of their habits is given by Mr. William Jolly, H.M. Inspector of Schools, in articles in *Good Words* for April, 1880, and May, 1881. From a point on the shore directly opposite the castle there is a singularly good echo. *Rathad-na-meirlich*—i.e., the Thieves' Road—by which, we are told, the Lochaber reivers made their invasions into Speyside, skirts the shore. At the head of the loch there are a number of very ancient pine trees, a remnant of the great Caledonian Forest, whose thick gnarled stems and branches date from an earlier age than the ruin in the loch close by.

No one should visit Loch-an-Eilean without climbing the beautiful birch-clad hill, *Ord Bain*, or the White Hill, so called from its being formed of limestone. It rises from the shore of the loch, and presents the uncommon appearance in the Highlands of an intermingling of wood and verdure to the very summit. Here there may be obtained one of the most extensive views in Speyside—a view comprehending some seven or eight lochs. In clear weather, Ben Nevis is also visible.

The glen terminates, seven miles on, in *Loch Eunach*, a lake which, although only a mile in length, rivals Loch A'an in sublimity. It lies between Braeriach and Sgoran Dubh, and is surrounded on all sides but one with precipices of majestic grandeur. A visit to this loch involves a walk of ten miles from Aviemore and seven or eight from Loch-an-Eilean by the road up Glen Eunach.

From the top of the crag—the Sgoran Dubh—which towers above the loch, can be obtained a view perhaps the most awful and grand of any in the whole district, scarcely surpassed even by the view of Loch Aven from the heights above it. At the head of Loch Eunach is a lofty and rugged amphitheatre of cliffs called Corrou, closing the glen. Across are the corries of the giant Braeriach, ranged tier above tier. The Sgoran Dubh can best be realised by climbing from Loch Gamhna

(pronounced Gaun) — above Loch-an-Eilean — to the ridge, then along the ridge in front past the “Argyle Stone” to the Sgoran-ta-More (the big Sgoran), past the wart-like Sgoran-ta-Beg (the little Sgoran), and on to the Sgoran Dubh (the black Sgoran or “Wind’s Nose”). From Sgoran-ta-More, or from Sgoran Dubh, can be obtained what is perhaps the best view to the west and south-west of Badenoch and Lochaber.

KINRARA,

which is now the hunting-lodge of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, is in the immediate neighbourhood of Loch-an-Eilean, by ferry across the river, and about three miles from Aviemore. “Built in hollow of the hills,” says Dr. Carruthers, of the *Inverness Courier*, “and embosomed in its native woods, with its cultured walks, trim garden, and trailing vines, Kinrara rises like a paradise in the wild, peopling the spot which, but a few years since, was tenanted by the fox and wild deer, and resembling rather, with the surrounding scenery, the creation of some Eastern tale than a sober reality. In front of the cottage is a long, deep vale, washed by the Spey, whose dark and rapid waters contrast finely with the masses of white pebbles accumulated on its shores and the light wood on its banks. In the distance are the lofty Grampian and Cairngorm hills, their blue summits undulating against the clear sky.”

Here Lady Jane Maxwell, *the witty Duchess of Gordon*, delighted to live, and her remains lie buried at a spot selected by herself near the river side in the neighbouring old-fashioned *Kirkyard of St. Eda*. A beautiful granite monument, erected to her memory, marks her resting-place. Burns characterises her as “charming, witty, kind, and sensible.” She was as much at home in the cottages of the poor as among the gaieties of the court. Indeed, as Mrs. Grant of Laggan has said, “Unlike most people of the world, she presented her least favourable phases to the public, but in this, her Highland home, all her best qualities were in

action, and there it was that her warm benevolence and steady friendship were known and felt."

Here, too, another Duchess of Gordon delighted to resort. Elizabeth, the last Duchess of this name, was a daughter of a younger son of the good Lord Brodie, and it must ever add to the charm of this lovely retreat that it is associated with one who gave to the house, of which she was the last, the lustre of a consecrated Christian life. Her memoirs by Dr. Moody Stuart will always be held in high esteem. In 1819, Prince Leopold, the husband of the Princess Charlotte, and subsequently King of the Belgians, paid a visit to Kinrara. The Marquis, having resolved upon giving His Royal Highness a suitable welcome, summoned the Highland clans to do honour to the occasion, and to enhance his gratification by a sudden surprise. The Prince having arrived early in the day, an excursion to Tor-Alvie was suggested. On the summit were found the Marchioness and a party, but the host which had been summoned were nowhere visible—

 Their chieftain stood with eagle plume,
 But they with mantles folded round
 Were crouched to rest upon the ground,
 Scarce to be known by curious eye
 From the deep heather where they lie;
 So well was matched the tartan screen
 With heath bell dark and brackens green.
 The mountaineer then whistled shrill,
 And he was answered from the hill;
 Instant, through copse and heath, arose
 Bonnets and spears and bended bows;
 And every tuft of broom gave life
 To plaided warrior armed for strife!
 Watching their leader's beck and will,
 All silent there they stood, and still.
 Short space he stood—then raised his hand
 To his brave clansman's eager band;
 Then shout of welcome, shrill and wide,
 Shook the steep mountain's steady side;
 Thrice it arose, and brake and fell
 Three times gave back the martial yell.

"Ah!" exclaimed the Prince, surprised and highly pleased, "we've got Roderick Dhu here!"

Loch Alvie, at the gates of Kinrara, adds a charm to the scene which no artist can transfer to canvas. The Parish Church and Manse stand on a peninsula embosomed in the lake. Here the Rev. William Gordon ministered till the advanced age of 101 years—a man remarkable for noble qualities.

About a mile westward of the loch, at *Delfour*, there are the remains of a *Druidical Temple*, having almost all the characteristics of Stonehenge—there being a circle of stones of lesser diameter within the larger one. There is also in the vicinity a stone pillar about eight feet high without any inscription.

INSH CHURCH

is perhaps the most interesting antiquity in the whole district. It is situated on the banks of Loch Insh—one mile long and about half a mile broad, and which is, in reality, a simple expansion of the river Spey. The view of the loch, as seen from the railway and the high ground above it, is very beautiful. Birch and water, the grace and ornament of the Highland landscape, are here found in the most exquisite combination. The blue waters of the lake shining through the trembling leaves of the graceful trees present a charming picture.

The Church of *Insh*, which signifies an “island,” stands on a knoll near where the river leaves the loch—about half a mile from Kinraig station—and in time of flood is encompassed with water. It dates from the time of the Culdees. We know that Columba resided frequently among the Picts north of the Grampians, and is said by Adamnan, his biographer, to have converted Brudeus, their King, who had his court at Inverness. At Mortlach, in the Moray district of Banffshire, the Culdees had a monastery. The bronze bell of the church may be regarded as one of the finest relics of their worship. According to tradition, it was once carried off, but would never be silent, crying “Tom Eunan,” “Tom Eunan,” till it was restored to the hill of that name, on which the church stands. This church was dedicated to St. Adamnan, who succeeded to the

abbacy of Iona in 679. He died in 704. The parish is now only *quoad sacra*, having ceased to be *quoad civilia* two hundred years ago, part going to Alvie and part to Kingussie. What gives the church peculiar interest is the fact that it is the only one in Scotland in which continuous worship has been celebrated from the sixth century to the present time.

The Feil Columcille—that is, the fair which was anciently held in honour of the saint—is yet remembered in the district. The Rev. Mr. Munro, the late minister, states that it was customary for the women to appear at this festival dressed in white, in token of having been baptised; and that an old woman of the district died a few years ago, aged ninety, who was wont to show the white dress in which, in her young days, she attended this celebration, and which at last served her for a shroud.

THE CAIRNGORM MOUNTAINS,

or the Blue Mountains, are the highest of the Grampian range, and have for their principal summits Ben Macdhui (4,296 feet above the sea level), Braeriach (4,248 feet), Cairntoul (4,241 feet), Cairngorm (4,084 feet), Ben Aven, and Ben-y-Bourd, separated from each other by what are little more than narrow gorges. The group occupies an area of twenty-five miles, stretching from Strathdee to Strathspey, and comprehends some of the most sublime scenery in the Highlands. What was thought of such scenery in 1775 may be inferred from a remark of Mr. Shaw, in his "History of Moray"—"Although to the taste of some travellers these may seem to disfigure the country, to others their diversifying figures form the most agreeable landskip." Here Alpine winter reigns for nine months of the year; indeed, these mountains are never wholly free from snow, and wood, consequently, only to a limited elevation clothes their sides. Even pastures fail, and a coating of moss takes its place.

ASCENT OF CAIRNGORM.

The mountains may be most conveniently reached from Nethy Bridge or Aviemore.

To go from Grantown, by way of Nethy Bridge, involves a drive of about eighteen miles. An early start should be made—not later than 6 a.m. From Nethy Bridge the road leads through the Abernethy Forest, and, especially when the heather is in bloom, is inexpressibly beautiful. After emerging from the most densely-wooded part of the forest, the views across the moorland to the mountains are very fine. The road leads through a picturesque pass, called the Pass of Rebhoan, between the lateral range of the Kincardine hills on the right and the main Cairngorm range on the left. The pass is rendered more picturesque by the fact that it contains a little lake of singularly clear water, which, from the reflection of the grassy slopes that rise from its sides, is called the Green Loch. The bed of the lake, as well as its banks, are strewn with the white trunks and branches of fallen pines, from which the bark has disappeared. These look like the bones of giants slain in battle.

When the pass has been reached, at the point at which the shoulder of the Cairngorms touches the road, the ascent of the mountain which gives its name to the range may be begun. When made from this point the ascent involves a considerable walk along a heathery ridge, but comparatively little climbing. In passing along the ridge the climber looks down on the left into the valley of the Nethy, which is at one point a tremendous ravine, with a wall of almost perpendicular rock, and on the right into the beautiful valley of Glenmore, at the bottom of which lies Loch Morlich, with its fringe of pines.

Most climbers, even those approaching the mountain from the Nethy side, prefer to make the ascent from the bottom rather than from the head of the valley of Glenmore, and so continue their drive till they are almost at Glenmore Shooting Lodge.

It is at this point that those who come by way of Aviemore usually begin to climb. The visitor to Grantown, leaving by the early train, reaches Aviemore about eight o'clock. Crossing the river, a mile's walk

brings him to Inverdrue and the Rothiemurchus United Free Church, whence, taking the road to the left, he proceeds to Coylum Bridge. The road after passing the bridge divides into three. The central road is the private approach of Drumintoul Shooting Lodge; the road to the left is the road by the right bank of the Spey to Nethy Bridge; the road to the right is the direct road to Loch Morlich and Glenmore. When Glenmore Shooting Lodge has been reached, the traveller can either leave the road and pass along through the grass in front of the lodge or, if he prefer it, he can enter by the gate and pass through the court between the house and the stables, all prohibitory notices notwithstanding. The lodge has been built across the public road, and the right-of-way past it is undoubted. The walk from Aviemore to this point where the ascent should begin is about six miles, and the road is excellent.

If the traveller is driving—and carriages may be obtained by communicating beforehand with the innkeeper at Lynwilg, $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Aviemore station—he will find the most striking approach to the mountains by taking the left-hand road at Coylum Bridge, and following it till he has passed Loch Pityoulish—once the site of an island stronghold, portions of the walls of the latter only being now visible when the level of the loch is low. He will then find a road to the right which leads to a hamlet called the Milton, where the road begins to ascend and cross the Kincardine ridge by a pass called the Sluggan. This is one of the most picturesque passes in the whole district. As you ascend and look back, the view of Strathspey is very fine. There are glimpses of the winding river; and Loch Garten, in the depths of the Abernethy Forest, which is usually hidden till the traveller is almost on its banks, may be seen from this height sparkling like a gem in its setting of dark pines. As the summit of the pass is neared, the descent on the left to the tiny burn far below is very precipitous. It and the equally precipitous ascent on the other side of the burn are clothed with most Alpine-like pines, amid which may be seen white goats feeding here and there



LOOKING EAST AND NORTH THE HOME OF THE DREYER 1813 L. 44.

After the summit of the pass has been crossed and the descent begun, the Cairngorm Mountains come into view, right in front, filling up the pass, their deep purple contrasting grandly with the dark green of the pines on either side of the vista through which they are seen. An easy descent of a few miles, which, spite of the imperfection of the road may be made by a carriage at a good pace, brings the traveller to the banks of Loch Morlich. A sharp turn to the left leads him to Glenmore Lodge, and the point from which to ascend Cairngorm.

To ascend the mountain from this point, it is necessary first to go down to the bed of the stream which enters Loch Morlich. Leaving the road just above the east gate of the lodge, a walk diagonally across the grass leads to the wooden bridge by which the stream is crossed. A well-marked path then conducts the climber up the left bank of a tributary of the stream just passed, till that in turn is crossed by a rustic wooden bridge, and then begins the steepest part of the ascent, which, however, is rendered easy by a deer-shooters' zig-zag path, which does not cease to be well defined till it has brought the climber up to the ridge, from which, by holding on to the right, the summit is reached. The grass is short and hard and crisp, and, except some outstanding boulders, which serve as landmarks, the stones are flat and smooth. Even those little inured to mountain climbing can make the ascent with ease; and horses can go to the very summit, only care must be taken to keep them from feeding on the scanty herbage, as, either from poisonous qualities in the grass, or from the fact that it is hard and sharp as needles, it has been known more than once to prove fatal to horses permitted to eat it. The summit of the mountain is marked by a cairn. After the climber has walked round the cairn, and admired the view on all sides, he will find, about two or three hundred yards to the north, a spring of rare coolness and abundance, which is named *Fuaran-a-Mharcuìs*, or the Marquis's Well. By the side of this he can rest and eat his sandwiches. He can then also come to a decision whether he should content himself with having been

at the summit of Cairngorm, and go back by the way he came, or whether he should go down to Loch Aven or go on to the summit of Ben Macdhui. If he is a hardy pedestrian, has started early, and has not lingered by the way, he may accomplish both of the latter feats. At the very least, no one who has reached the top of Cairngorm should return without looking over the cliffs down to Loch Aven.

LOCH AVEN,

pronounced Loch A'an, is 2,500 feet above sea-level. The descent to it by the streamlet on the south-western side of Cairngorm is very steep, but it may, in clear weather, be attempted with due care by a stranger, furnished with a map and compass. No one should venture himself on these mountains, where mists often descend with great suddenness, unprovided with these equipments; but it is safer to have a guide, or someone in the party who knows the mountains. The loch, which is about a mile and a half long and little over a quarter of a mile in breadth, is unique among Scottish lakes for the utter solitude and stern magnificence of its surroundings. The mountain walls that shut it in are so high that, for a great part of the year, the sun never shines on its surface. "The lake," says Mr. Hill Burton, "abounds in trout of a black colour and slender shape, differing much in appearance from the trout found in the limpid stream of the Aven which issues from it. At the west end of the lake is the famous Clach Dhian or *Shelter Stone*. This stone is an immense block of granite, which seems to have fallen from a projecting rock above it, rising to the height of several hundred feet, and forming the broad shoulder of Ben Macdhui. The stone rests on two other blocks imbedded in a mass of rubbish, and thus forms a cave sufficient to contain twelve or fifteen men. Here the visitor to the scenery of Loch Aven takes up his abode for the night, and makes himself as comfortable as he can, at a distance of fifteen or twenty miles from all human abode."

"*Glen-aven*," says the Ettrick Shepherd, "is indeed a sublime solitude, in which the principal feature is

deformity ; yet that deformity is mixed with lines of wild beauty, such as an extensive lake, with its islets and bays, the straggling trees, and the spots of shaded green : altogether, it is such a scene as man has rarely looked upon." This region is still the haunt of the eagle. Some time ago, as a keeper was reclining on the side of a hill, he observed one dart down and seize a pole-cat, with which it flew away in the direction of a cliff on the opposite side of the glen ; but it had not proceeded far when he observed it abating its speed, and then descending spirally to the ground. On proceeding to the spot, he found both quite dead—the eagle with its talons transfixed in the cat, and the cat with its teeth fixed in the eagle's gullet.

Mr. Hill Burton gives this judicious advice to excursionists to this region :—" Whatever may be his habits, the wanderer, if he value his life, must determinedly abstain from spirits if he finds that, from cold and fatigue, their exhilarating influence seems necessary to stimulate him to further exertion. The reaction will come presently, adding torpor to the other impediments, and, if he yield to that, it is all up with him. Of restoratives or exhilaratives in critical circumstances, tea, if it can be got, is the best, and it can't be too strong. If no roof, with its accompanying comforts, be available, the policy of the benighted wanderer is to walk on and on, cheering himself, if he can, with variations on the popular song, ' We shan't go home till morning,' or any other scheme, consistent with continued exercise, for making the night cheerful. There are some who know how to make themselves cosy, covered, like the babes in the wood, with leaves, and quite luxurious with bunches of heather set on end, but these are achievements only to be tried with safety by thorough adepts ; and the unpleasant part of the whole affair is, that of those who get into such scrapes, it is the poor fellow, not hardy enough to provide for himself in the open air, and do a little bit of savage life for a few hours, who must, if he value his life and health, determinedly walk on until he can get beneath a hospitable roof."

ASCENT OF BEN MACDHUI.

But if the climber has made an early start, and has a good reserve of strength, there is no need for him either to lie down beneath the Shelter Stone or become a benighted wanderer. Keeping south-south-east from the Shelter Stone, and climbing up by the streamlet till he reaches Loch Etchachan, which lies at a height of 3,100 feet above the sea, he can reach the summit of Ben Macdhui by the foot-track in time to admire the all but unequalled view, and still descend before the summer night has fallen. As Ben Macdhui is 4,296 feet high—48 feet higher than Braeriach and 55 feet higher than Cairntoul—being, indeed, only surpassed by Ben Nevis, which may be seen far to the south-west—it commands an uninterrupted view of all the Highlands of Scotland. Ben Wyvis rises grandly to the north, the serrated peaks of the Cuchullin hills in Skye lie in the west, while as the eye sweeps southward it is easy to identify all the familiar heights from Ben Nevis downward, including Schiehallion, Ben Lawers, Ben Lui, Ben More and Stobinian, Ben Cruachan, Ben Voirlich and Stuc-a-Chroin, Ben Ledi, Ben Lomond, and the long, high ridge of Ben-y-Gloe, while to the eastward dark Lochnagar rises in majesty. The immediate surroundings are no less interesting. Ben Aven and Ben-a-Bhourd, with their wart-like knobs, the wild grandeur of the rocks about Loch Etchachan and Loch Aven, the splendid heights of Braeriach and Cairntoul across the deep Larig Pass, with the winding thread of the Garrachorry Burn descending between them from its source on the shoulder of Braeriach, and the windings of the Dee as it is escaping from the naked desolation of its native mountains and approaching the richly-wooded strath where lie Braemar, Balmoral, and Ballater, all unite to form a view of the most varied interest and the wildest beauty. The descent from Ben Macdhui may be made by a most precipitous track, known to some climbers as “the Shaft,” which descends into the Larig Pass, north from the Pools of Dee; but this descent should on no account be attempted by anyone not thoroughly acquainted with the

mountains. A safe but somewhat tedious descent may be made by following northward the ridge which bounds the Larig Pass on the east, passing Craig-an-Gechan or the Lurcher's Crag, and descending into the pass by the slope of the Castle Hill. The mountain may also, of course, be ascended from the Larig Pass by taking either of the ways indicated—by skirting the Castle Hill (the height which guards the entrance to the pass on the east), and up and along the ridge by the Lurcher's Crag, or by continuing up the pass till the cliffs on the east side give place to steep slopes of green grass and stones, up the first of which—"the Shaft"—a climber with a strong head can make his way to the ridge above very speedily. A very useful and simple hint for a misty day is the following:—From the peak of Craig-an-Gechan, or, for that matter, from the head of "the Shaft," one following the compass due south with exact care should land precisely at the cairn on Ben Macdhui. Conversely, a line taken due north from the cairn will lead one to the head of "the Shaft," or to the top of Craig-an-Gechan, whence descent to the Larig is easy. Possibly, however, the simplest plan on a very misty day for one not acquainted with the ground is to clamber down the side of a streamlet on the west side of Ben Macdhui until the Dee is reached, and then to follow the track past the Pools of Dee, and through the Larig Pass to Aviemore.

In October, 1859, the ascent of Ben Macdhui from Deeside was made by the late Queen Victoria, and is vividly described in her "Leaves from the Journal of our Life in the Highlands":—"We ascended very gradually, but became so enveloped in mist that we could see nothing—hardly those just before us! Albert had walked a good deal, and it was very cold. The mist got worse, and as we rode along the stony but almost flat ridge of Ben Macdhui we hardly knew whether we were on level ground or the top of the mountain. However, I and Alice rode to the very top, which we reached a few minutes past two, and here, at a cairn of stones, we lunched, in a piercing, cold wind.

"Just as we sat down, a gust of wind came and

dispersed the mist, which had a most wonderful effect—like a dissolving view—and exhibited the grandest, wildest scenery imaginable! We sat on a ridge of the cairn to take our luncheon—our good people being grouped with the ponies near us. Luncheon over, Albert ran off with Alice to the ridge to look at the splendid view, and sent for me to follow. I did so, but not without Grant's help, for there were quantities of large, loose stones heaped up together to walk upon. The wind was fearfully high, but the view was well worth seeing. I cannot describe all, but we saw where the *Dee* rises between the mountains, called the *Well of Dee*—*Ben-y-Ghlo*—and the adjacent mountains, *Ben Vrackie*—then *Ben-a-Bhourd*—*Ben A'an*, etc.—and such magnificent wild rocks, precipices, and corries. It had a sublime and solemn effect, so wild, so solitary—no one but ourselves and our little party there. *Never* shall I forget this day, or the impression this very grand scene made upon me; truly sublime and impressive; such solitude."

PASS OF LARIG GHRU.

This public right-of-way from Speyside to Deeside is reached by a foot or bridle-path*, which leaves the road from Aviemore just before it comes to Coylum Bridge. One of the finger-posts erected by the Right-of-Way Society indicates the point at which the high road is left. The path follows for some distance the road which leads to some farms and to the Rothiemurchus deer-forest, but, if the pedestrian wishes to avoid climbing a high gate, which the proprietor of the shootings has thrown across the road, and keeps locked during the season, it is necessary that he watch carefully for a small cairn of stones on the left, which marks the point where the path diverges from the road, and keep up the left bank of the stream. The track is sometimes almost invisible, as it crosses levels covered with long heather, but the stream

* There is undoubtedly the right of a "bridle" as well as "foot" path, but the entrance provided from Coylum Bridge does not admit a horse. The rider will, however, find access by the driving road indicated below, which enters the forest at the foot of Loch-an-Eilean. No one should go on horseback who does not thoroughly know the pass, as a stranger would almost certainly come to grief among the boulders at the summit.

is an excellent guide, and now and again the path becomes clearer, till at last it emerges on a grassy open, at the further end of which the friendly finger-posts of the Right-of-Way Society give the assurance that the pedestrian is on the way to the mouth of the pass. This assurance is given by more ancient landmarks. Before him the traveller sees the beautiful symmetry of the conical hill named Carn Elrick, the "sanctuary" of the Rothiemurchus Forest, and he knows that it is the guardian of the mouth of the pass on the west.

Leaving the finger-post, he crosses the stream by a wooden bridge, and ascends by the right bank, marking where from the opposite side the larger stream from Loch Eunach joins the smaller stream that comes down the pass. Descending on a grassy plain, and still keeping up the stream, he again finds the road well defined, and, following it till it leaves the river bank and ascends a little height, he will see at the summit of the height a finger-post indicating that to enter the pass he must here leave the road and follow a not too well-defined track through the high heather.

This point, if the traveller prefers it, may be reached by carriage, and thus the walk to Deeside by the pass greatly shortened. Leaving Aviemore, the driver takes either of the roads to Loch-an-Eilean. Just before the loch is reached there is a little cottage on the left, covered with honeysuckle, and beyond it an iron gate. This gate used to be kept locked by the proprietor, but now, through the enterprise of the Right-of-Way Society, the claim of the public has been admitted, and it stands open. Entering by this gate, and driving along the foot of the loch, keeping to the left where the roads first divide, and then holding straight on, turning neither to right nor left, the traveller will be brought to where the stream is crossed, immediately after passing the finger-post indicated above, and so on to the other finger-post, which points to the hardly-perceptible track which leads up the pass.

Following this track by an easy ascent, the pedestrian keeps the right bank of the stream, the roar of which

rises from far below, till he reaches a height, marked by a great boulder, where he can rest and look back on the strath of the Spey which he is leaving. At this point the path begins to descend till it reaches the bank of the stream. Here, at a point where the stream—after passing for some distance underground—narrows sufficiently to make the passage easy, the path leads across it and then ascends the left bank, the fretted cliff of Craig-an-Gechan rising steeply on the other side. Below where the crags end the path once more crosses the stream and follows its course until it disappears and the track is all but indistinguishable among the giant boulders that are heaped in wild confusion. To avoid fatigue, it is necessary to keep to the left and near the bed of the stream, which is often invisible. When the summit is attained, the Pools of Dee lie immediately below it, and beyond them the windings of the infant river, through a long, grassy hollow, contrast strikingly with the torrent-like descent of the streams on the other side which the traveller has just left.

When it is remembered that the summit of the pass is 2,750 feet above the sea, and that the mountain walls by which it is bounded are—on the west, Braeriach and Cairntoul, and, on the east, Ben Macdhui, towering to a height of 1,500 feet above it on either side—some idea may be formed of its sublimity. No pass in Britain can be compared to it. “Seldom,” says Mr. Hill Burton, “is the cleft between the two great summits free from clouds, which flit hither and thither, adding somewhat to the mysterious awfulness of the gulf, and seeming in their motions to cause certain deep but faint murmurs, which are, in reality, the mingled sounds of the many torrents which course through the glens far below.”

To reach Braemar by this ancient right-of-way, the path is followed across and down the left bank of the Dee, and through the grassy slope in which the river winds. The views of the splendid corrie between Braeriach and Cairntoul—down which the Garrachorry Burn descends to join the streams from the side of Ben Macdhui and from the Pools and thus form the Dee—

and the splendid opening of Glen Guisachan, with all the wild and awful corries on the giant sides of Cairntoul, keep up the interest of the pedestrian, which might otherwise flag in the closer air of the hollow for which he has left the bracing summit of the pass. Before passing Glen Guisachan on the further side of the stream, the path trends away from the river to the left, crossing far down the shoulder of Ben Macdhuì, and coming in sight of Loch-na-gar. A walk of some five miles from this point down Glen Lui Beg brings the traveller to the Derry Lodge, where, if he has wisely telegraphed for it as he was leaving Aviemore, he will find a conveyance in waiting to take him easily the ten miles that remain to be traversed to reach Braemar.

THE ASCENT OF BRAERIACH AND CAIRNTOUL.

Both of these mountains may, like Ben Macdhuì, be ascended from the Larig Pass, but the ascent is, in both cases, especially in the case of Cairntoul, exceedingly laborious. To ascend Braeriach from the pass, the path should be followed to about the point, indicated before, where it last crosses the stream, and then the pedestrian should keep the path or track to the right which crosses the summit considerably up the slope. He should keep to this till it begins to descend again, and then skirt the slope till he comes to a zig-zag path. This takes him to the top of the "saddle," and by holding up the ridge he soon reaches the top of Braeriach. Thence the top of Cairntoul can be very easily reached as described below. To ascend Cairntoul without going to Braeriach, the summit of the pass must be crossed and the Pools of Dee passed till the Devil's Point is reached, whence the ridge which terminates in that point is followed to the summit.

But the better way of climbing these mountains is to ascend from Glen Eunach, and then they can be, without undue fatigue, taken in one day. By entering the Forest of Rothiemurchus by the gate recently thrown open at the north end of Loch-an-Eilean, and following an excellent driving road to the second turning on the right,

the way to Loch Eunach is struck. A drive of a few miles brings the traveller to the first bothy, at which it is best to begin the ascent. The road should be left exactly opposite the bothy by a track that goes up the left bank of the burn and turns up a little side valley. By following that track, and gradually ascending along the side of the hill, a winding deer-stalkers' road is struck, which goes zig-zag up to within 1,000 feet of the summit. When this road terminates, the climber should keep along parallel to the road up the glen, but gradually ascending. He will soon reach the top of the ridge, when the summit of the mountain, at some distance to the left, comes in view, and can be reached without much additional fatigue. Great care must be taken in approaching the summit, especially if there is any mist, as the topmost cairn rises within two or three yards of the head of a tremendous precipice, forming one of the sides of the gorge between Braeriach and Cairntoul. The view into this gorge and across to Cairntoul, which carries a beautiful little circular lake, called Loch-an-Uaine, as in its bosom, is one of the most striking features of the view from Braeriach. The view of Ben Macdhui across the Larig, at the opening of the gorge, is also very grand; and so are the more distant views out on to the strath and to the south-western Grampians and western and northern mountains in the distance.

To ascend Cairntoul the climber returns toward Glen Eunach, following the bend of the gorge which separates the two mountains, and going round the head of it. At the point where the burn that tumbles over the precipice at the head of the gorge is crossed, a detour should be made to visit the Wells of Dee, which are the sources of the Garrachorry Burn and the highest sources of the Dee. There are abundant springs rising out of the mountain at a height of 4,000 feet above the sea. Leaving the Wells, the climber should again strike the edge of the gorge, cross the back of the pyramid-like spur of Cairntoul, and he will then reach the double top of the mountain, which consists of great granite boulders piled up as in a cairn. The view from the summit, in addition

to what has been seen from Braeriach, commands the whole valley of the Dee, with its richly-wooded banks and its succession of villages, with the majestic form of Lochnagar looking down on them.

The descent may be varied by returning to the Wells of Dee, and then striking a track which leads to the left along the ridge above Glen Eunach, and going down to the loch and the second bothy by another deer-stalkers' path.

THE ASCENT OF SCOR-AN-DUBH

may be made by taking the first road on the right which leaves the road entering the Rothiemurchus Forest by the iron gate at the foot of Loch-an-Eilean, continuing to the first burn which crosses that road, and striking a track which leads up the left bank of the burn, and then, on emerging from the pine wood, up the face of the heather-clad hill, named Cudha Mor, which rises on the south-eastern side of Loch-an-Eilean. When the summit of Cudha Mor is reached, the climber continues past a great stone—the "Argyle Stone"—on the ridge to the left, and then along that ridge, on which there is a succession of summits looking down into Glen Eunach and across to Braeriach, till the highest point of Scor-an-Dubh is reached. Then, in addition to the view of the great mountains across the glen, and, in the opposite direction, over Glen Feshie into Strathspey, the most striking feature is to look down a sheer precipice of nearly 2,000 feet on Loch Eunach, with its depths of blue water and its herds of deer feeding on the grassy banks.

The return may be made by going forward to a ruined hut on the banks of a burn, down the side of which one can clamber, and so reach Loch Eunach and return by Glen Eunach, or by continuing along the ridge and gradually descending into Glen Feshie, or by returning to the height just passed on the ascent, and then keeping down the valley on the left. A deer-stalkers' path will be struck, which will lead out to South Kinrara and the high road to Aviemore.

KINGUSSIE

is situated on the Highland Railway twenty-four miles south of Grantown, and is rapidly rising in popularity as a summer resort. The town contains a Court House, Free or United Free and Established Churches, several banks, private villas, and numerous lodging-houses. There is also a bowling green and a golf course. Near the hotel may be seen the ruins of the ancient monastery of St. Columba, endowed by the Earl of Huntly in the end of the 15th century.

The scenery here is varied and beautiful, although not so magnificent as at Aviemore, whilst the air is bracing, the town being one of the highest inhabited places in Scotland. On the opposite side of the Spey, on the summit of a green mound, stand the ruins of *Ruthven Barracks*, built on the site of a more ancient and formidable stronghold of the Wolf of Badenoch. Here the Highlanders rallied after the Battle of Culloden, still resolved to prosecute the contest, but only to receive orders from the Pretender to disperse—orders which were received with curses and tears. It was rebuilt by the Government in 1715.

BELLEVILLE

is situated two miles south of Kincaig, on the site of the ancient stronghold of the Raits. The style of architecture is Venetian, and is singularly imposing and elegant. It was formerly the residence of "Ossian" Macpherson, who was born at Kingussie in 1738. This remarkable man for a short time taught the School of Ruthven, and subsequently acted as tutor to Mr. Graham (afterwards Lord Lynedoch). In 1789 he purchased the property of Raits, and having built upon it the present mansion, he changed its name to the more euphonious one of Belleville. Here he died in 1796, leaving orders that his body should be buried in Westminster Abbey—orders more easily accomplished then than now, it being only necessary at that time to pay the requisite fees to obtain this coveted place among the distinguished dead—and that a suitable monument be erected to him in his native place. Both injunctions

were duly fulfilled. His body was interred in the Poets' Corner, and a marble obelisk, having on it a medallion portrait, may be seen amid a clump of trees by the roadside near Kingussie.

Sir David Brewster married a daughter of Mr. Macpherson, whose descendants now occupy Belleville. "On the brow of a rising ground behind the village of Raits, about half a mile north of the public road, there is an artificial cave, supposed to be a *Pictish house*, which, on being cleared out some years ago by direction of Sir David Brewster, was found, as described by him in the Antiquarian Society's transactions, to form a long subterranean building of a horse-shoe form, having its sides faced with stones, and roofed in by gradually contracting the side walls and joining them with very large, flattish stones. The convex side, which faces the south, measures eighty-six feet, the height and width being each seven feet. The entrance at the middle of the convex side was by means of two stone steps and a passage of some length, and at one part is a doorway where a door had separated a portion of the chamber from the rest. A lock of an unusual form, almost destroyed by rust, was found among the rubbish."—*Inverness Railway Guide*.

The flood of 1829 overflowed the meadows adjoining Belleville to the extent of five miles, presenting the appearance of a tempest-tossed lake.

DUTHIL,

better known in ancient times as *Gleann-a-Ceatharnach*, Glencarnie, Glen of Heroes: so named from the number of the illustrious dead who found a last resting-place under the numerous cairns to be met with in the district. Some of these cairns are of considerable size, notably at Toumtyleich and at Dochlaggie, where the cairn measures 60 feet in diameter and 9 feet high. The Dulnain intersects the northern part of the parish, and the Spey forms its southern boundary. The extensive afforesting of the higher ground has within recent years much enhanced the natural beauty of the district. The churchyard, which stands at the roadside seven miles

from Grantown and about two miles from Carr Bridge, has been for over three centuries the burying-place of the Grants. The history of the church, which stands within it, goes back to the 13th century. The mausoleum adjoining the church was built in 1841 by Francis William, sixth Earl of Seafield, from a design by Playfair. The last interment was when, in April, 1884, the body of Ian Charles, eighth Earl of Seafield, who died in London, was conveyed to its last resting-place here. A new mausoleum, the exact counterpart of the former, was erected to the east of the churchyard by the present proprietrix, the Countess-Dowager of Seafield, and here rest the remains of James, ninth Earl of Seafield, who died in June, 1888. The traditions of the district mostly gather round Bigla (Matilda) Cumin, only daughter of Gilbert Cumin, Lord of Glenchearnach, and the connecting link between the Comyns and the Grants, their successors in the lordship of the lands of Glenchearnach.

Wolves were at one time numerous here. A short distance from the church is a lane called *Clais-a-Mhadidh*, in celebration of the feat of a woman who resided on the farm of Lochanhully. When returning home with a gridiron in her hand, she was met by a wolf of huge proportions. To retreat would have been certain destruction, and to proceed she dared not. They thus, for a few moments, stood surveying each other, and then the brute made a spring at her, but she, by a well-directed stroke with the gridiron, laid him lifeless at her feet. The litany of Dunkeld, current in Scotland in the eleventh or twelfth century, runs thus:—"A cateranis et latronibus, a lupis et omni mala bestia, Domine, libera nos." The last of British wolves was killed in Lochaber in 1680 by Sir E. Cameron of Lochiel.

"*The Men*" in this parish at the Disruption in 1843 numbered 160, the greater part of whom passed into the Free Church. Doubtless they have always comprehended those of genuine Christian character, but their views and spirit have frequently betrayed them into unwarrantable extravagances. Although consisting to

a large extent of tailors, shoemakers, blacksmiths, farm labourers, and the most illiterate of the community, they sit not only in judgment upon their minister, approving or condemning his conduct, and, it may be, compelling him to resign, but they will pass judgment upon the leading men of the Church and the acts of its supreme court. On sacramental occasions the Friday immediately preceding the observance of the Lord's Supper is given up to them. A meeting of the kind is thus described:—"The majority of them resident in Duthil, and a few from Badenoch, Strathdearn, and Strathnairn put in an appearance. There would be somewhere over a hundred spectators present. 'The Men,' all in all, are well weighed with years, not a few of them being apparently octogenarians. They are possessed of strongly-marked facial lines and peculiarities, and give very forcible expression to their antipathies and convictions; also they invariably don the old-fashioned tartan plaid. The meeting was inaugurated and brought to a close by Rev. Mr. M'Queen, Free Church—"the Men" occupying all intermediate time. We observed that the presiding elder had to indulge freely in the exercise of 'prigging,' or coaxing. Sometimes it required a third, a fifth, or a seventh 'call' before the party addressed would start to his feet, but generally the seventh demand proved effective. We noticed signs of approval on every side. Many faces looked serenely satisfied, others exhibited a serio-comic expression; very few showed indifference, and all listened with patience and decorum until the end."

Their fanaticism culminated when a few years ago they proceeded to erect, at a short distance below Boat of Garten, what is known as "*the Stone of the Spey*." Dr. Arthur Mitchell, in his work, "*Past in the Present*," tells us that, according to tradition, while the body of the wife of Patrick Grant of Lurg, in Abernethy, was being conveyed to the churchyard of Duthil, on arriving opposite Tom Bellac, the residence of the once-famous Bellac Cumming, the waters of the Spey divided, and the funeral party passed through on dry ground. The memory of this woman has ever been held in high favour

by "the men" at Duthil as "Holy Mary of Lurg"; and William Grant, at Slock, a leader of "the men," prepared a stone, suitably inscribed, which was erected here in 1865, but the people in the district, unable to brook this scandal, under cover of night broke it in pieces and cast it into the river.

CARR BRIDGE.

Carr Bridge, the first station on the Highland line from Aviemore to Inverness, is an attractive little village on the north-eastern border of the Kinveachy Forest, where the direct coach road from the South for Inverness crosses the Dulnain and bends to the north-west. It is the centre of population for the parish of Duthil.

From the bridge beside the hotel, the arch of the old bridge is a striking object, only about 50 yards above, rising from the rocks, giving a fine effect, especially when the double arch is seen from *below*. The old arch is in perfect preservation, though of great age, having been that of the bridge by which pack horses passed in olden times.

The walks in the forest are many and very fine. There are, besides, numerous footpaths by the river and over the moor, including one on each side of the river, both leading to Duthil, where there is a foot-bridge.

About two miles above Carr Bridge, on the Dalnahatnich road, by the right bank of the river, in a beautiful retreat, is Sluggan Bridge, one of General Wade's bridges for the military road on the pass along which Prince Charlie passed with his Highlanders. On the shoulder of the hill, at the upper end of the dell above Sluggan, looking towards Inverlaidnan, may be seen the ruins of the house in which Prince Charlie is reported to have slept in course of his march. At this point the distance is only about twenty miles from Culloden.

The deer forest stretches for nearly six miles up the main road and quite two miles beyond Dalnahatnich, where there is a wooden bridge by which carriages may pass on through the forest to the Inverness road, which



CROMDALE SUSPENSION BRIDGE.
(p. 37)



CARR BRIDGE.
(p. 72.)

is reached about half a mile below the Slochd Pass, on the way to Tomatin on the Findhorn. The distance back to Carr Bridge from the point where the Inverness road is reached is a little over three miles.

The scenery around Carr Bridge is finely described by Lord Cockburn in his "Circuit Journals." Cockburn delighted in this little retreat, where change of horses occurred. Carr Bridge is the first station on the direct line of railway from Aviemore to Inverness. The Free Church, with manse and meeting-house, occupied a conspicuous open space, cleared in the forest in the centre of the village.

At a short distance to the west of the village there is a small patch of land surrounded by a few stunted birches called *Croft-na-croich*, or the Gallows' Croft, which recalls a tragedy illustrative of olden times. About the end of the seventeenth century there haunted this district a notorious freebooter of the name of Cameron. In consequence of his depredations, Sir Ludovick Grant, having called his followers to his aid, appointed Mugach More, a man of great strength and undaunted courage, as their leader to go in pursuit and recover the cattle stolen. This having been accomplished, Cameron resolved on being revenged. So, besieging Mugach's dwelling, he slew him and his sons, and piled their heads in a heap on a hill to the east side of the village, and which is known to this day as *Tom-nan-cean*—that is, the Hill of the Heads. A large reward having been offered by Sir Ludovick Grant for the apprehension of the murderer, Cameron fled to Ireland. After the lapse of seven years, he returned, was apprehended, and carried to Castle Grant, but time having modified the laird's horror of the culprit's crime, he ordered him and his captors to be gone. The latter retired mortified, and resolved to commit him to the hands of the Sheriff at Inverness. As they proceeded on their way, however, up the south side of the Dulnain, the hill of *Tom-nan-cean* came into view, and the atrocity of the prisoner, recalled by the bloody scene, roused in them the old spirit of vengeance, and they shouted, "Let

him die on the spot where he did the bloody deed." So they hanged him on a tree. About a year after his execution, some schoolboys from Duthil having struck with a stone the birchen withe, down came the culprit's wasted remains, which were afterwards buried in the neighbourhood.

By driving through the village and entering the road which leads to Kinveachy Shooting Lodge, the slight divergence from the direct course will be amply rewarded. On looking down through the tall birches, with their graceful ringleted branches and trembling leaves, which adorn the precipitous slope upon the wide-extending strath beneath, bounded in the distance by the Cairngorm range, a scene on a clear day is beheld which might have delighted the eye of even Horatio Macculloch.

LOCH GARTEN

may be taken on the way home. Having crossed the Spey by means of the ferry, there will be found, two miles further on, a lovely sheet of water, wooded down to its very banks, save where here and there stand in verdant meadows the houses of small farm steadings.

The loch may be also reached by proceeding on foot direct from Nethy Bridge station. The distance to be walked by this route is a little longer than that from Boat of Garten, but, if in the month of August, when the heather is in full bloom, the exhilarating influence of moorland adorned by the sweetest flower that grows, and the air scented by its fragrance, will be more than a compensation for the additional fatigue, and will bring to remembrance the late Rev. Dr. Wallace's "Farewell to Strathspey":—

Oh the bonny blooming heather! what nameless charms it
hath

As it spreads for miles around me on my lonely mountain
path;

The hills, and dells, and knowes, and glades are clad in
purple sheen,

And, far away beneath the pines, what a sea of glossy green!
Soft carpet for the weary feet, sweet solace to the brain,
Here rest awhile and listen to Nature's soothing strain;
A holy calm now breathes around in the murmur of the trees,
And wakes the music of the heart in every passing breeze.



LOCH-AN-DORB, FROM THE SOUTH.
(p. 75.)



LOCH MOIRLICH, GLENMORE.
(p. 55.)

IV.—NORTHERN EXCURSIONS.

LOCH-AN-DORB

signifies the “lake of black water.” It may be reached by three different routes. A carriage-way conducts to its midshore, a distance of ten miles; or, by taking the train to Dava, a walk of three miles will bring you to the same spot; while young and lithe may save their money and increase their strength by walking right over the moor above Dreggie Farm. The loch is about two miles long, and at one point nearly a mile broad, and is 969 feet above the sea-level.

The Castle is situated on an island in its midst, the ramparts rising round the whole edge to the height of nearly thirty feet. They enclose two courts, one of which, from the depth of its soil and from the plants still to be found in it, we infer had been used as a kitchen garden. The accommodation seems to have been capacious if not magnificent, and the walls mark it as a place of great strength. Like the castle in Loch-an-Eilean, the island on which it stands is evidently partly reared on piles.

History represents this castle as having been the scene of many a stirring event. Edward I. of England, in 1303, took possession of it. Here he enjoyed the exhilaration of the chase by day, and in the evening feasted his subjugated nobles, while the camp fires illumined the southern shores. In 1336 it was the residence of Catherine de Beaumont, widow of David de Hastings, Earl of Atholl, and “other ladyis that were lovely,” when it was blockaded by Sir Andrew Moray (successor in the Regency of Scotland to Douglas, who was killed at Halidon Hill), but who, on the approach of Edward III. with a chosen body of his army, retreated to his castle at Darnaway. Of that retreat of Sir Andrew Moray’s, Sir Walter Scott, in a letter to Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, as stated in a note of that gentleman’s work, says “that it

was one of the finest actions of the period, and most characteristic of Scottish generalship." It was left garrisoned by Edward, and was the place of imprisonment of William Bullock, a favourite of David Bruce, in 1342, who, having deserted Baliol to join the King, and being suspected of tampering with the English, was stripped of his honours and cast into a dungeon of this castle, where he was starved to death. "The rabbits," said the keeper to a visitor, "when they were here, scraped up many human bones. In my father's time the oak beam that served as a gallows was still sticking out of the wall at the north-west corner of the castle." It was also from this stronghold that Alexander Stewart, surnamed the Wolf of Badenoch, is supposed to have made his memorable descent on the Laigh of Moray, when he burned the Cathedral of Elgin in 1393. The north-west part of the loch belongs to the Earl of Moray, and the other part, which comprehends the castle, belongs to the Countess of Seafield.

Visitors to Loch-an-Dorb would do well to observe the steep, bare, and rocky hill, rising 1,586 feet above the sea-level, called *Tiribeg*—pronounced *Cheerepeck*—on the Grantown side of the loch. On the occurrence of great events in the Grant family, such as the birth of an heir or on his reaching his majority, bonfires are usually set ablaze on its summit.

FORRES,

or *Farius*—i.e., near water—is situated twenty-three miles from Grantown, on the Highland Railway. It is a burgh with a population of 4,313, and is supposed by some to be the Varris of Ptolemy. In addition to its antiquity and interesting historical associations, as well as the beauty and romance of its neighbourhood, the inhabitants have made the town one of the cleanest and prettiest in the kingdom. In the principal streets there are several handsome houses and public buildings.

The Cluny Hill, in the immediate neighbourhood, affords a pleasant walk. On the summit there has been erected a lofty monument in honour of Trafalgar and

Nelson. The *hydropathic establishment* stands on the southern slope of the hill.

Five and a half miles to the west of Forres is the Hardmoor, where Macbeth and Banquo met *the witches*.

Two miles distant from the town stands *Sveno's Stone*, one of the most remarkable ancient monuments in Europe, and certainly the most magnificent Runic obelisk in Great Britain. It consists of a slab twenty feet in height and four in breadth, and is still in a state of tolerable preservation. What it celebrates has not yet been certainly determined.

In the vicinity are the ruins of *Kinloss Abbey*, founded by King David I. in 1411. It was richly endowed, and was evidently of great extent. Two fine Saxon arches and the remains of a chamber having a grained roof, together with what seems to have been one of the walls of the cloisters, are all that now remain.

The original extent of the abbey may be inferred from the fact that, in 1303, Edward I., with his whole army, made his quarters good here for several weeks.

THE FINDHORN.

"I do not know a stream," says Mr. St. John, in his "Wild Sports of the Highlands," "that more completely realises all one's ideas of Highland scenery than the Findhorn, taking it from the spot where it is no more than a small rivulet, bubbling and sparkling along a narrow gorge in the far-off recesses of the Monadhliadh Mountains, down to the Bay of Findhorn, where its accumulated waters are poured into the Moray Firth." From source to mouth the distance is not less than sixty miles; its sinuosities are, however, about thirty more.

Sir Thomas Dick Lauder says:—"The old military *Bridge of Dulsie*,* consisting of one bold and lofty arch, of forty-six feet, spanning the yawning chasm, and a

* A long but very pleasant drive may be taken from Grantown to Dulsie Bridge, going by Duthil, taking the Forres road, which strikes to the right before entering the village of Carr Bridge, following that road till the junction with General Wade's military road, and thence holding to the north-west. The return drive may be taken by Dava.

smaller subsidiary that carries the roadway from a high rock onwards to the north bank, is highly picturesque, and surrounded by scenery of the wildest character. The rock here, and for eight or ten miles downwards, is a beautiful red porphyritic granite; and the whole river's course is of the most romantic character.

"At *Ferness*, about two miles below *Dulsie Bridge*, the river sweeps for three miles round the high peninsula, through some of the wildest scenery imaginable, between lofty and precipitous rocks, towering in some places into castellated shapes, where the natural pine shoots out its tortuous and scaly form, mingled with the birch and other trees. In the midst of a beautiful holm, which the river embraces before it enters this romantic part of its course, stands a lonely cairn, with a rudely sculptured obelisk rising from it. Tradition tells us that this is *the grave of two lovers*—the hero a Dane, and the lady the daughter of the prince of the country. The father refused his daughter's hand to one who was his natural enemy. They fled together on the same horse, were pursued to the wooded Hill of *Dulsie*, where they had taken refuge, and, being driven from thence, they were drowned in a desperate attempt to ford the river. Their bodies were found on this haugh, locked in each other's arms, and they were buried under this cairn. The tomb of these unfortunate lovers was respected by the flood, though the haugh itself suffered very considerable loss. This solitary spot is perfectly beautiful."

Randolph's Bridge is so called from the fact that the Earl of Moray had a bridge erected here as a means of access to his castle. It stands about a mile above the junction of the *Divie* and the *Findhorn*. It is also called *the Soldier's Leap*, from the fact that the gallant *Allastir Bain*, when hard pressed—having flung his standard across, shouting, "Let the bravest keep it"—leapt the yawning gulf, and cut a way of escape through his foes. "There are leaps on some other rivers in Scotland—some of them much higher above the stream—but I am not aware of any of them that are above so large a volume of water—eight feet broad, and no bottom

found with a pole twelve feet long. Here there are slippery and uneven rocks upon both sides — no sure footing from which to take a spring or to alight upon when the spring has been taken. I don't think any man would dare to take such a leap unless certain death were at his heels."—*Brown's Round Table*.

Sir Thomas Dick Lauder says, respecting the flood of 1829:—"On the evening of Monday, the 3rd August, we were roused, while at dinner, by the account the servants gave us of the swollen state of the rivers, and, in defiance of the badness of the night, the whole party sallied forth. We took our way, through the garden, towards our favourite Mill Island, and the instant we had passed out at the gate, the Divie appalled us!

"Looking up its course to where it burst from the rocks, it resembled the outlet to some great inland sea that had suddenly burst from its bounds. It was already eight to ten feet higher than anyone had ever seen it, and, setting directly down against the sloping terrace under the offices, where we were standing, it washed up over the shrubs and strawberry beds, with a strange and alarming flux and reflux, dashing out over the ground ten to fifteen yards at a time—covering the knees of some of the party standing, as they thought, far beyond its reach—and retreating with a suction which it required great exertion to resist. The whirlpool produced by the turn of the river was in some places elevated ten or twelve feet above other parts of it. Above all this was heard the fiend-like shriek of the wind, yelling as if the demon of desolation had been riding upon its blast. The leaves of the trees were stript off and whirled into the air, and their thick boughs and stems were bending and cracking beneath the tempest, and groaning like terrified creatures impatient to escape from the coils of the watery serpent. The rain was descending in sheets, not drops, and there was a peculiar and indescribable lurid or rather bronze-like hue that pervaded the whole face of nature. The whole scene had an air of unreality about it that bewildered the senses. It was like some of those wild, melodramatic exhibitions where

nature's operations are out-heroded by the mechanist of a theatre, and where mountains are thrown down by artificial storm. The damage done to Relugas by the storm is perhaps not more in actual value than £1,200. But the beauties of nature cannot be estimated in money; and although Relugas has yet enough to captivate strangers and to make them wonder how there could have been anything to regret, yet ten thousand points of locality are lost, on which hung long-cherished associations with the memory of those who can never return to sanctify the new scenes resulting from the late catastrophe. The flood of the 27th did no injury here. Principal Baird, being on his way to Relugas from Forres on that day, called to the postboy to stop as he was crossing the Divie bridge, that he might enjoy the view of the scenery. 'Na, na, sir,' roared the lad, smacking his whip; 'these are ower kittle times to be stopping on brigs!'

"Although the opening at Randolph's Bridge expands, as the rocks rise upwards, till the width is perhaps not less than seventy or eighty feet above, yet, from the sudden turn the river takes as it enters this passage, the stream was so checked in its progress that the flood actually rose over the very top of the rocks, forty-six feet above the usual height, and inundated the level part of Rannoch Haugh, that lies over them, to the depth of four feet, *making a total perpendicular rise, at this point, of no less than fifty feet.*"

Mr. St. John informs us that the river is frequently subjected to rapid changes, and that in consequence he, his two boys, and a servant, on one occasion, were placed in great jeopardy. Having walked dryshod to what in time of flood becomes an island at the mouth of the river, a woman shouted to them, "The river is coming"; and on looking up they beheld a wall of water several feet high, carrying with it trees and rubbish, and in an instant encompassing them by a boiling torrent. The water continued to rise for half an hour; but by firing their guns they attracted a boat's crew, who at length rescued them. Rain, in this case, did not begin till

evening, but up the country there had been a terrific thunderstorm.

"The river now plunges into a rocky channel," say the Messrs. Anderson, in their "Guide to the Highlands," "which is surmounted by brushwood and fir- and birch-clad slopes and skirted by large trunks of old oaks and pine trees; and behind *the House of Logie* a winding pathway conducts the stranger, beneath which he sees the river toiling among the hard rocks of grey gneiss, traversed by many curiously twisted veins of flesh-coloured granite, till at last (two miles on) he finds himself suddenly emerge from these rough and irregular primitive masses, and encompassed with scenery spread out before him in gentle, undulating ridges, and adorned with thick masses of coppice-wood, fir, and birch, and through which the Findhorn, taking several long and magnificent sweeps, called the Esses, glides on, a broad and stately stream."

There is a point on the public road near Randolph's Bridge from which, on a clear day, when looking down through the gorges on the river towards the rugged and peaked range of mountains extending from Caithness on the right to Ross-shire on the left, a view is obtained which for extent and magnificence is unsurpassed.

Pedestrians may reach the Findhorn by a walk of about two miles from *Dunphail station*. It can also be reached from Forres by foot or conveyance.

ALTYRE,

the mansion-house of Sir William Gordon-Cumming, Bart., is in the modern Italian style of architecture, and is situated amid magnificent trees. Miss Sinclair says:—"The house is a perfect cluster of arbours and green-houses, apparently a home for the Muses and Graces, for pleasure, gaiety, and romance, but never intended for the mere vulgar, ordinary purposes of life. Within, without, and around you see nothing but flowers, rushing in at every window, covering every table, and besetting all the doors. This is the court of Flora herself, and you

would suppose we had come to a horticultural show.” The family of the Cummings, or Comyns, were settled in Britain before the Conquest. The first Scotch nobleman of the name on record is Robert Comyn, who fell along with his sovereign, Malcolm Canmore, in 1093. There is a hill at Altyre which still goes by the name of the Gallow Hill, where, in former times, the sentences passed at the Baron Court of Altyre were executed. We subjoin a judgment of the 16th day of September, 1697:—“John Macgillichallom, theiff and robber, having been indicted, as within written, and haveing acknowledged, as is within espresst, the persons of assyze finding him guiltie, the sds judges appoints and decerns the said pannell to be hanged upon Tuesday next to the death, upon the gallows erected upon the Gallows Hill of Altyre, and yt betwixt the hours of two and four in the afternoon, be the hands of John Gowrie, publick executioner, and this is given to him for doom.—W. CUMING.”

DARNAWAY CASTLE,

the seat of the Earl of Moray, is on the opposite side of the river. Some derive the name from *Taran*, thunderer, then *Tarnaway*, on the supposition that Jupiter Taranus was worshipped here. In the year 1314, King Robert Bruce rewarded his nephew, Thomas Randolph, the hero of Bannockburn, with the title and lands of Moray. The building, which is of cut polished freestone, rises to the height of four lofty storeys, and stretches its front, decorated with pilasters and adorned with turrets, to the length of 150 feet.

“There is much to attract in the interior of the mansion,” says a writer in the “Journal of Forestry.” “For instance, in the entrance hall there is a fine collection of historical family portraits, beginning with the Regent Moray; and in the drawing-room there is Vandyke’s celebrated and very grand picture of Charles I., standing beside his horse, and attended by the Duke of Hamilton. This picture originally hung in Donnibristle Castle, another seat of the Earls of Moray, on the shores

of the Firth of Forth, which was burned about thirty years ago. A workman, during the conflagration, with great presence of mind, took his pocket-knife and cut the canvas from its frame, and, rolling it up, brought it safely out from the burning pile. But the great 'Randolph's Hall' is undoubtedly the most interesting portion of the castle. This chamber is ninety feet long by thirty-six feet broad, and was erected, some six hundred years ago, by Sir Thomas Randolph, Earl of Moray, after whom it is named.

"Its roof is a fine specimen of the Norman style, and resembles the Parliament House at Edinburgh. There are many interesting relics in the ancient hall. For instance, the banqueting tables and chairs which occupy the centre of the great room are worthy of inspection from their quaint form and free carving. There is a magnificent mirror in a boxwood frame, elegantly and artistically carved into foliage and Cupids. Among the other furniture are the Regent Moray's and Mary Queen of Scots' chairs, and also a cabinet containing a secret drawer which belonged to the unfortunate queen, who held her court here in 1564." At the west end the floor is raised several inches. Here the Earl with his barons was wont to sit, while his vassals and retainers were seated lower down.

This elegant palace rises on a small green hill near the skirt of an aged forest which spreads over a thousand acres.

"The earldom of Moray," says the same writer, "was long a feudal title, reverting to the Crown in default of male issue. The first Earl was Angus, Comes de Moravia, in 1130, said to be a descendant of King Duncan. Then, early in the fourteenth century, there was Sir Thomas Randolph, Earl of Moray, the builder of Randolph's Hall. In 1562 the title and estates were conferred upon James Stewart, better known as the Regent Moray, and half-brother to Mary Queen of Scots. His eldest daughter, Elizabeth, married James Stewart, or Stuart, Lord Doune, a descendant of Robert, Duke of Albany, and third son of King Robert II., and from this union

the present family of Stuart, Earls of Moray, are descended.

“Originally built as a hunting seat, it is but natural to suppose that there have been forests in the neighbourhood of Darnaway for many centuries. As a matter of fact, the woods here have been celebrated for generations, and few estates in the country can boast such an expanse of splendid full-grown timber. The oak forest of Darnaway is acknowledged to be the finest in Scotland, and there are few which can compare with it anywhere in the British Isles. Some idea of the extent of the forest, including the oak and the pine woods and plantations, may be gathered from the fact that, in order to make a tour through them, a walk of twenty miles has to be indulged in.”—*Journal of Forestry*.

The Heronry is situated below Sluie, in a most picturesque and sequestered spot, and in former times gave a marked feature to the scenery, as large numbers of herons were always hovering above the river, or from its precipitous banks watching for their prey. The heron is royal game, and it is supposed that those birds had their haunts here since the time when Regent Moray held his court within the ancient hall, Darnaway. Much care was always taken in protecting those birds, but the mischievous jackdaws who built in the neighbouring cliffs lost no opportunity of carrying off their eggs the moment a heron had quitted her nest, and much amusement was afforded by the awkward attempts made by the herons to recover their property and punish the depredators. But forbearance has its limits, and so persistent was the molestation that the herons, some years ago, moved off in a body and sought a quieter haunt near the mouth of “the Muckle Burn,” which falls into the basin of the Findhorn between Moy and Kincorth.

RELUGAS HOUSE,

the seat of the late Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, now the property of Mrs. E. Smith, stands on a terrace facing the west, near the junction of the Divie and the Findhorn,

about two miles from Dunphail station. Professor Blackie says:—"I know no finer example of the picturesque in river scenery through the whole of Scotland than Relugas as it bursts on the view coming down from Dunphail. Rich water, now swirling in deep, dark pools, now foaming with a broad orange sweep over granite ledges; mighty trees, now hanging loosely over the rushing flood, now wrenched violently from their roots, and laid prostrate on the bank or flung athwart the stream, the persistent witness of Titanic storms and unmerciful deluges—all this exuberant wildness, combined with the grace of human dwellings festooned more in the style of rich England than of bare Scotland, and glints of delicious sunshine, adding a soft glory to the leafy shade which the full glory of a tropical sun would have annihilated, presented a scene to which it might have defied the artistic pen of a Goethe to do justice."

At the back of the house, a picturesque, conical, wooded hill called the *Doune* rises to the east. It seems to be a fortress of still greater antiquity than the castle of Loch-an-Dorb, to which the inhabitants of the country retired, with their cattle, upon the invasion of the Danes. It is encircled by a deep fosse or ditch, with a strong rampart on the outside, mostly composed of stones, some of which have the appearance of vitrification. Probably, in the early history of the country, the Doune of Relugas was one link of a chain of signal stations used for the purpose of communicating by fires up the twin glens of the Findhorn and Divie. The Romans also seem to have occupied it at one time, for there were here found some fragments of Roman pottery, and, at no great distance, a spear and two bronze hatchets were found on the property of Sluie.

DUNPHAIL CASTLE,

the seat of Lord Thurlow, is situated on the Divie, about two miles from the Dunphail railway station. The house is in the Venetian style, built in 1829, from plans by Playfair. Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, in describing the

devastation of the flood of 1829, says:—"About six o'clock in the evening of Monday, the 3rd, the river rose so much as to carry away two handsome wooden bridges, one for carriages and the other for foot passengers, and an embankment at the upper end of the island having given way, a mighty torrent poured down towards the house. The flood continued, and became so alarming that the carriage was ordered, and Mr. Cumming Bruce prevailed on his lady to leave Dunphail with her daughter. The furniture was ordered to be removed, and, by means of carts and lanterns, this was effected without any loss, even in the most delicate ornamental movables of a drawing-room. Mr. Cumming Bruce ordered everyone to quit the building, and he and his people took their station at some distance to witness the fall of this beautiful structure. But it pleased Providence to spare him so great an additional calamity. About four o'clock the clouds appeared lighter, the river again began to subside, by degrees a little sloping beach became visible towards the foot of the precipice, the flood ceased to undermine—and the house was saved."

The old Castle is a fortress of considerable antiquity. Its ruins occupy the summit of a high isolated rock, protected on three sides by a deep and romantic ravine. After the Battle of *the Lost Standard* it was besieged by Randolph, Earl of Moray, the first Regent of Scotland, and gallantly defended by Cumin, the proprietor. Allastir Bain, his son, and a man of extraordinary valour, being no longer able to cope with the enemy in open combat, owing to the slaughter of his followers, had recourse to ambuscade and stratagem to harass the besieging party and to supply his father's garrison with provision. At length the place of his concealment was discovered, which was a deep cavern in a wild, narrow glen called *Slochk-nan-cean*, about half a mile from the castle, where he was taken by surprise. One only could descend at a time, and the death of him who should attempt it was certain, for the red glare of Cumin's eye in the obscurity within and the flash of his dirk-blade showed that he had wound up his soul to die with the

"*courage!*" of the lion on his crest. They called on him to surrender at discretion. He replied, "Let me but come out, and, with my back at that craig, I will *live or die like a Cumin!*" "No," exclaimed the leader of his foes, "thou shalt die like a fox as thou art!" Brushwood was quickly piled over the hole, but no cry for mercy was heard, and, after a sufficient quantity of burning matter had been thrust in to secure his suffocation, they rolled stones over its mouth.

When the cruel deed was done, and the hole opened, Allastir Bain was found reclining in one corner, his head muffled in his plaid and resting on the pommel of his sword, with two or three attendants around him, all dead. To make sure of them, their heads were cut off, and thrown, one after another, into the fortress, with this horrible taunt to the old man: "Your son has provided you with meal, and we now send you flesh to eat with it." The veteran warrior, recognising the fair head of his son, said: "It is a bitter morsel," and took it up and kissed it; "but I will gnaw the last bone of it before I surrender!" From this has arisen the Morayshire proverb, employed in designating any action of revenge—"Beef for your bannocks, like the Cumin's head."



V.—EASTERN EXCURSIONS.

TULCHAN LODGE

is a handsome house of two storeys, and is situated on the bank of a ravine on the north side of the Spey, two miles nearer Grantown than Advie station. It was erected by the Earl of Seafield for the accommodation of the tenant of his shooting. While it was occupied by Mr. Bass, late M.P. for Derby, who opened up the romantic scenery in the immediate neighbourhood by constructing fine walks along the Spey and burn of Altquoich, Mr. Bright was a frequent visitor, and often enjoyed his favourite pastime of fishing for salmon. The present tenant is Mr. Arthur D. Sassoon, who has here entertained H.M. the King, the Prince of Wales, and some of the most distinguished members of the aristocracy.

ADVIE.

In the neighbourhood of this place may be seen, on a green knoll, the ruins of an old church, by which hangs a tale. When in the course of erection, there was inserted over the doorway a slab having upon it "W.G.—A.G."—the initials of the builder and his wife, together with the date "1706." The laird was so offended that his own name did not occupy the place of honour, that another stone was never laid. A neat church and manse was built some years ago, and the parish is now disjoined *quoad sacra* from Cromdale.

In this locality also may be seen the remains of the *first stone house* built in the country. Up to the thirteenth century the houses were all built of wood.

Three miles nearer Grantown is the fertile farm of *Dalvey*, on which may be seen the remaining ruins of the

ecclesiastical building of Deveh, to which Freskyn of Kirdels made a grant in 1210, mentioned in the "Cartulary of Moray." The original mansion-house is still remembered as an old, lumbering tenement. A dovecot which was appended to it has inscribed on a stone "1674." The fine old trees which survive mark it as the former residence of someone of importance.

At Aird, above Dalvey, there is a large granite boulder called *the Piper's Stone*, which is an object of interest. Tradition has it that a wounded piper, fleeing from the battle of Cromdale, here sat down, played a "spring," or lively tune, proceeded a short way further, and expired.

BALLINDALLOCH CASTLE

is well worthy of a visit. The distance from Grantown is thirteen miles, and it may be reached by train from Speyside station; but the entrance to the ground is two miles from the Ballindalloch station, and adjoins the Bridge of Aven. Over the imposing gateway is inscribed the family motto—"Touch not the cat, bot a glove." The castle is one of the most perfect specimens of baronial architecture in the North of Scotland, and consists of a square building flanked by three circular towers. There is in it a remarkable intermingling of the ancient and the modern, but the whole so artfully harmonised in style and colouring as to present the *beau ideal* of a Highland residence. A wide staircase conducts to the dining- and drawing-rooms, which are adorned with many valuable paintings. Over the chimney-piece of one of the rooms is carved "1546"—the date, probably, of the oldest portion of the building. The present possessor is Sir George Macpherson Grant. He is the third baronet, and was born in 1839.

The avenue, which extends to about a mile, has on the right side a rugged and precipitous bank, called Carig-Achocheaw, clothed with verdure and all "the grace of forest charms"; while on the left side the crystal Aven sweeps along, skirting the road and then retreat-

ing, so as to leave a spacious lawn in front of the house, which is finely wooded with magnificent trees. Indeed, there are few parts of the country in which nature and art have combined to produce a lovelier effect.

It was here that, in 1748, a retainer, having been doomed to die, betook himself to a pit, and, drawing his claymore, declared he would kill the first man who dared to lay hands on him; but on his wife expostulating and telling him to "Come quietly and dinna anger the laird," he submitted to be hanged.

A short way up the fairy-like glen, through which rushes a brawling brook, crossed by a bridge in the avenue which leads to the house, may still be seen *some old stones*, on what is believed was the site originally selected by the Laird of Ballindalloch for his castle. What greatly commended the selection of this spot was the fact that it overlooked the lands of Tullochcarron on the opposite side of the Aven, and might, in the event of a quarrel between them, be an advantage. Tradition alleges that operations were accordingly commenced, but morning after morning it was discovered that the previous day's work had disappeared. The building, however, was each day renewed, and a watch was set; but those comprising it must have slept, as the stones were once more gone, and found lying at the bottom of the Aven. Enraged, the laird resolved to keep guard himself, along with his faithful henchman Ian, on the following night. Heavily the hours passed, but on the approach of day a lurid light shot across the sky, an unearthly shriek was heard, and in a moment master and man were whirled through the air and dropped upon a widespread holly bush, while they heard stone after stone plunged into the river below. Then followed a tremendous laugh, and an eldritch voice which shouted: "Build in the cow-haugh—build in the cow-haugh"; and all was silent. The laird thereupon commenced building the present castle, and was allowed undisturbed to proceed with the undertaking. What is not a little singular, and accords remarkably with this legend, is the fact that the site on which the castle stands—at the bottom

of a wooded bank—is not the situation at all likely to be chosen for such a building by a Highland laird jealous of his near neighbour.

Several of the proprietors of Ballindalloch followed the military profession, the most eminent of whom was *General James Grant*, who defeated Count D'Estaing with an inferior force, conquered St. Lucia in 1779, and was for many years Governor of Florida. At the time of his death, which happened at Ballindalloch in 1806, he was Colonel of the 11th Foot and Governor of Stirling Castle. In terms of instructions left by himself, his remains were interred in the corner of a field on the Mains farm (a favourite spot with him in his lifetime), where a mausoleum has been erected, bearing a Latin inscription intimating the time of his birth and death and the rank he had attained.

Here the flood of 1829 did terrible havoc, and foreboded the fulfilment of the old prophecy that “the Kirk of Inveraven will gang down Spey fu’ o’ folk.” The flood, on subsiding, left the ground everywhere strewn with fish, and seemed to have scared all the small birds away. At the bridge the rise of the river was 23 feet.

On the ground of Lagmore, in the vicinity, may be seen several *Druidical stones*, and on the opposite side of the Aven several others of a similar kind.

Above Ballindalloch is the little *Inn of Dalnashough*, and, at a short distance below, the *Church of Inveraven*, beautifully situated amid verdant banks and majestic trees. In the churchyard may be seen a curious sculptured stone, six feet long and three broad, which, according to tradition, was found under the foundation of the old church. The records of this church session of 16th August, 1704, testify to a laudable effort to abolish an ancient superstitious custom. It had been long the practice to burn *the Clavie*, which means a torch, by carrying it round cultivated fields, whereby they might become fruitful. The kirk session accordingly denounced such practices as superstitious and heathenish, and declared its determination to proceed against those who gave them countenance as scandalous persons; and further

declared that if they should be found to be children, their names should be kept in record and they be declared incapable of any church privilege till, arriving at maturity, they removed the scandal. The discipline awarded required the guilty parties to appear before the congregation clothed in sackcloth, and to submit to sharp rebuke or stand in the "joutes" for two days. On the sea coast the practice, however, still lingers of carrying the clavier round fishing boats when about to proceed to sea. Near the railway station is *a well* the water of which is reputed to be efficacious in the cure of sore throats.

GLENLIVET

presents at different points fine bits of Highland scenery. The entrance to it is three miles up the Aven from Balindalloch. The *river Livet* was very destructive in 1829. Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, writing of its devastations in the great flood of that year, says:—"The bridge of Livet, near Minmore, with its three long, straggling, picturesque arches, was much demolished, and one of its arches carried away; trees were torn down, gardens annihilated, houses wrecked, and the new road dug into a great ravine. An immense breach," he adds, "has taken place in the road immediately opposite to *the burial-ground of Dounan*, situated on a picturesque point of rock overhanging the Livet. There the river rose 26 feet in the ravine. It would be well that this failure should be speedily repaired, for, as strange sights are said to be sometimes seen in the little field of the dead filling the space between the road and the river, the Glenlivet farmers returning from market may require to use spur here to flee from others than the inhabitants o' the earth."

This glen is best known by its famous *distilleries*. Down to the beginning of the last century, in this district there were few families which did not manufacture their own whisky. Illegal practices were generally winked at, and even when some delinquent was brought before the justices, it was not uncommon to inflict a nominal penalty, which was often paid by one of them-

selves; but from 1823 such measures have been taken as entirely to suppress smuggling. The result has been the erection of several legalised distilleries; but the Minmore establishment is, properly speaking, the only real Glenlivet one, and is situated on the banks of the Livet, a short distance above the confluence of that stream with the Aven, and about seven miles from Balindalloch station. The present proprietor is Colonel John Gordon Smith. The alleged superiority of its whisky is ascribed to the excellence of the water from which it is manufactured, and which is drawn—not from the Livet, as is generally supposed—but from the adjacent hills by means of pipes.

The mountain at the base of which these distilleries stand is *Ben Rinnes*, which rises 2,765 feet above the sea level, and is the noblest mountain on the whole course of the Spey. From its summit may be seen fifteen counties and nearly all the great mountains in Scotland, from those in Perthshire to those in Sutherland and Ross.

The Battle of Glenlivet was fought on the banks of the Altachoylachan, a tributary of the Livet. The Earl of Huntly having murdered the Earl of Moray at Donnibristle, in Fife, in 1592, and having in conjunction with the Earls of Erroll and Angus entered on an attempt to destroy the Protestant cause, the King commissioned the Earl of Argyle, then an inexperienced youth, to oppose them; but here the latter was defeated by the Catholic army in October, 1594. Argyle lost 500 men, while Huntly's loss was trifling.

CARRON

has a distillery, and a fine mansion-house, the residence of William Grant, Esq. The bridge which spans the river, backed by its finely wooded slope, forms a very picturesque object.

A short distance up the burn of Carron may be seen the cave in which James Grant, then known as *James-an-thuim*, who flourished in the early part of the seven-

teenth century, and whose roving career is narrated by Spalding, having committed murder, took refuge; but a reward for his apprehension having been offered by Parliament, the laird of Ballindalloch, in 1632, slew a number of his followers, and sent him, along with the rest of them, a prisoner to Edinburgh Castle, where he was "admired and looked upon as a man of great vassalage," but his followers were hanged. While confined here, observing Grant of Tomnavoulen pass one day, he called out, "What news from Speyside?" "None very particular," rejoined his acquaintance; "the best is that the country is rid of you." "Perhaps we shall meet again," replied James. Tomnavoulen passed on, and James was left for the time to his meditations in jail, but in the end made his word good. Having escaped by means of ropes conveyed to him by his wife in a cask supposed to contain butter, he called, on his return to Speyside, at the house of Tomnavoulen in an evening, where he was invited to pass the night. The invitation being declined, Tomnavoulen and his son were asked in return to accompany him a little on his way. All three set out in company, apparently on the most friendly terms; but they had not gone far when the barbarian drew his sword, slew both the father and son, cut off their heads, wrapped them in a corner of his plaid, and, having returned to Tomnavoulen, threw them, reeking with blood, into the lap of Mrs. Grant, and then bade her good-night. He next seized the laird of Ballindalloch and kept him a prisoner in a limekiln at Elgin, from which he in his turn escaped also.

The cave subsequently became the resort of *Macpherson*, a man of great physical strength, of good family, but a notorious robber, who for a long time kept the country in a state of terror, frequenting markets at the head of an armed band preceded by a piper playing, and marking those who received money for their cattle. Duff of Braco, the ancestor of the Duke of Fife, accompanied by a few brave men, attacked the scoundrels, and seizing their leader had him tried at Banff, and condemned to death in 1700. He spent the interval between his trial

and execution in composing a song and an appropriate air for it—

I've spent my time in rioting,
Debauched my health and strength,
I squandered fast as pillage came,
And fell to shame at length.
But dantonly and wantonly,
And rantonly I'll gae;
I'll play a tune, and dance it roun'
Beneath the gallows-tree.

On his way to execution, true to his word, he played his violin and danced, and, as no one would accept of the instrument, he indignantly broke it to pieces on his knee, and threw himself from the ladder. He was just the kind of man to enlist the genius of Burns, who produced a finer version of the song to the same accompaniment.

It was in the neighbourhood of Carron, too, that *Malcolm* encamped before he fought the Danes at Mortlach.

Mrs. Grant, born at Aberlour in 1745, and authoress of "Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch," lived here. She died at Bath in 1814.

ABERLOUR AND CRAIGELLACHIE.

The former is distant from the Spey Bridge station by rail twenty-seven and the latter twenty-nine miles. The mansion-house and *Castle of Aberlour* stands upon a commanding position on rising ground overlooking the valley of the Spey. It is an imposing structure of the Grecian-Doric order, and is approached by a bridge. The interior has been adorned with everything that taste could devise and wealth provide, Brazilian pillars of marble, ceilings, cornices, panellings, all being in the richest style and most artistic designs. A little in front of the edifice stands an obelisk, eighty-four feet high, in memory of a former proprietor. The interior exhibits some excellent pictures. The garden, which is in keeping with the house, is on a most extensive scale, and is adorned with the richest plants. A mile up the burn of Aberlour may be seen the beautiful cascade or *Linn*

of *Ruthrie*—the stream being here precipitated over a ledge of rock thirty feet in height into a deep pool. The gorge further down, overhung with trees, shows what a mountain stream can do in the way of cutting a channel for itself. The noise is terrific when, after a downpour of rain on Ben Rinnes, it is busily engaged in this kind of work.

Near the influx of the burn of Aberlour, on the haugh of Allachie, stands the roofless walls of *the old church*, and about three hundred yards further to the east, on the same plain, is situated *the new church*, a handsome and commodious building, erected in 1812, burned in 1861, but since then rebuilt.

The village of Aberlour, or *Charleston of Aberlour*, is situated about two miles south-west of Craigellachie station, and consists principally of a single street, broad, and planted with lime trees. There are three churches—Established, United Free, and Episcopal. The village is well supplied with shops, hotel, post-office, banks, and railway station. At the east end of the village is the large and well-known Orphanage, an institution established in 1875 for orphans of both sexes in the United Kingdom, and is supported by voluntary contributions. It contains 320 children at the present time.

The rock known as *Lower Craigellachie* is a mile distant from Charleston of Aberlour. It is lofty and picturesque. Some regard Craigellachie as signifying "the Echoing Craig," and others "the Fiery Craig." In Rothiemurchus there is another lofty rock called by the same name, to which we have already adverted. In olden times signals by fire used to be made from the one to the other on the approach of an enemy. A *handsome iron bridge*, of a single span of 150 feet, at Lower Craigellachie, conjoins Morayshire and Banffshire, at a point where the water is thirty feet deep. It was erected in 1815, from a design by Telford, at a cost of upwards of £8,000. The view from the bridge is singularly beautiful.

Easter Elchies is situated on the bank of the Spey, nearly opposite Aberlour, and was the residence of the Honourable George Grant, grand-uncle of the present

Earl of Seafield. The house is finely shaded by old trees, and was built nearly two hundred years ago. The founder of the family was Patrick Grant, second son of Duncan, the fifteenth laird of Grant. Of this Patrick was descended Patrick Lord Elchies, a distinguished judge in the Court of Session, who took his title from this property. He died in 1753.

The scientific attainments of the late J. W. Grant, Esq., have made *Wester Elchies* famous. It is a fine old Gothic structure. Here, on a soft green lawn, close by the house, stands the observatory, a white stone building, having over its entrance the words, "And He made the stars also," and having within it the giant telescope of the 1851 Exhibition—an instrument of such huge proportions as so to alarm the road trustees for the safety of their bridges, when it was in process of conveyance to its destination, that they would not allow of its proceeding without receiving a guarantee from Mr. Grant for payment of all the damage it might occasion.

The flood of 1829 did great damage here. Sir Thomas Dick Lauder says:—"The manse of Aberlour was inundated, and in the confusion that occurred the cellar was drained in more ways than one by some officious assistants. Part of the glebe was swept away. The haugh above the bridge of Lower Craigellachie was very much cut up, and the house and nursery at the south end of the arch are gone." Excursionists may leave the train either at the Aberlour or Craigellachie stations.

TOMINTOUL,

fourteen miles distant from Grantown, is the capital of the extensive parish of Kirkmichael, in Banffshire. It was begun in 1750, and stands on a tableland overlooking the river Aven at an elevation of 1,161 feet above sea level, being about twenty-five feet higher than Braemar. The village is under the superiority of the Duke of Richmond, and consists of two long rows of houses, with a spacious square in the centre, where markets are held and where visitors and country people

throng annually in August to witness the locally famous Strathaven Highland Games. The population of the village is about 530. There are United Free, Established, and Roman Catholic places of worship, and the public school has long been known for the very large proportion of distinguished students it sends from time to time to the University. There is a Town House, where public meetings and assemblies are held, two modern hotels (the "Richmond Arms" and the "Gordon Arms"), and a public library endowed by the late Mr. Alexander Stuart, Lynchork. Within the last few years Tomintoul has greatly improved, and is becoming a resort for health- or pleasure-seekers, for which its bracing air and perfect liberty of roaming or of fishing well adapts it. There is in the vicinity of the village a chalybeate spring which is credited with many potential qualities. The inhabitants are industrious and hospitable and display a considerable amount of public spirit. A recent acquisition is a golf course in proximity to the village. A mail-gig runs all the year round to and from Ballindalloch station on the Great North Railway, a distance of about fourteen miles; and a coach to and from Grantown during the visitor season. The scenery along the whole course of the Aven is very pleasing, while the gorges and precipices of the Ailnack or Caiplauch display Nature in her most majestic mood. Tomintoul is only a little over twenty miles from Braemar, which is reached by driving to Inchrory, a distance of nine miles, and thence on foot past the eastern shore of Loch Builg. The late Queen and Prince Albert took the longer drive by Cock Bridge on their return to Balmoral from Grantown in 1860.

The district is rich in manganese, ochre, iron, and lime, and certain geological indications, it is alleged, testify to the presence of coal. Indeed, on the burn of *Lecht*, in the neighbourhood, iron mines were once worked, but these operations have long since ceased.

One of the most delightful drives in this neighbourhood is along the banks of the Aven to Inchrory Lodge. A short distance beyond the lodge are the Linns of Aven, where the river precipitates itself in very picturesque

fashion over a ledge of rock of considerable height. In the deep pool at the foot of the fall the salmon congregate in great numbers towards the close of the season, and it is an interesting sight to witness their persevering and oftentimes successful efforts to surmount this obstacle to their progress upward. With respect to the approach to Loch Aven (the source of the Aven) by this route, Christopher North says:—"To come upon it so as to feel its transcendent grandeur you should approach it up Glen Aven. Between Inchrory and Tomintoul the glen is wild, but it is inhabited; above that house there is but one other, and for about a dozen miles—we have heard it called far more—there is utter solitude. But never was there a solitude at once so wild, so solemn, so serene, so sweet."

The scenery immediately above the *Bridge of Campdale*, near to Tomintoul, is very beautiful. Abrupt rocks, covered with rich wood, rise from the right bank, whilst that on the left recedes, forming a lovely little nook of retirement, surrounded by green slopes and knolls adorned with trees.

The Haugh of Della-vorar, or the Lord's Haugh, on the banks of the Aven beyond the village, is so called from Montrose having encamped there on his return from his expedition to the North during the Covenanting times of 1644 and 1645. Some remains of iron still denote the spot where the army forges were placed. Graham of Claverhouse, Viscount Dundee, also encamped here, fourteen days before the Battle of Killiecrankie, and made a day's march to Braemar, where he encamped on another haugh, also since named *Della-vorar*.

This entire valley was covered by the flood of 1829, the river Aven appearing like a vast moving lake, the real channel being distinguished only by the greater velocity of its current.

The Bridge of Brown, three or four miles on the Grantown side of Tomintoul, constitutes a striking feature of the district. The transition from the barren hillsides along the Dirdhu road to the verdure and cultivated fields of Glen Brown, and its continuation, Glen

Lochy, is very striking and pleasing. *The Linns of Brown*, a short distance from the road, alone are worthy of a visit. The stream has here cut for itself a remarkable channel. The bottom of the chasm at the surface of the water is not more than two feet wide, but the rocks gradually widen as they rise to an elevation of forty feet, where they are not less than eight or ten feet apart. A bridge has been here thrown across the stream, which renders the scene even more picturesque. The *Iomadiah* and the *Brown* meet a few yards below the linns, but above the bridge and after passing underneath it the united streams are known as *the Lochy*, the course of which is very pleasing, with its broad, pebbly channel and clear, shining water flowing occasionally between birch-clad, precipitous banks. *The Alt-an-Douris*, its first tributary below the bridge, has a fine fall and a natural bridge of rock a few feet beyond; but it is so thickly wooded and its banks are so precipitous that its beauty is almost hid.

The boundaries of three counties formerly met at Bridge of Brown; and Queen Victoria, on the journey formerly noticed, stood upon that part of it which marked their junction. Her visit is still a subject of much interest to the people of the district. They then had no idea of her rank; and the old man who assisted her to mount believed hers was merely one of the Sassenach parties who occasionally passed that way, consequently neither she nor her attendants received any special attention.

A large *boulder* which lay in the stream, and was regarded as a memorial of this junction, was, on account of its size, removed to Tomintoul and carved into the cross which may be seen on the Roman Catholic Chapel there.

The district abounds in *good trouting streams*, of which the following are specially worthy of notice—the Lochy and its tributaries, the Brown and the Iomadiah, the Ailnack and the Aven. Descriptions of these will be found elsewhere.

Appendix.

THE CAIRNGORMS—HINTS TO CLIMBERS.

BOOTS—Very strong and with stout soles, but comfortable and not new (they will be “barked” by the granite). Avoid those with tackets in rows, for they slip easily.

CLOTHES—Grey or brown the best; oldish; pretty thick and warm, because cold is sometimes intense. Don't take a waterproof. If you get wet, keep moving.

STAFF must be strong. Nothing better than oak staff with rounded head. Get one that will grip—“unshod”—and can more than bear your weight. Leave shepherds' crooks and alpenstocks, etc., at home.

PROVISIONS—Take variety of plain food, and plenty of it; also cup for drinking-water. Eschew stimulants.

GUIDES, as a rule, are a nuisance; but, if possible, go with a friend who knows the ground thoroughly.

COMPASS—A good one, not a toy. Never venture without it. To use it aright you must (1) have a known starting-point, otherwise it can serve you but very generally; (2) have a known direction, but don't make out from the map beforehand an elaborate system of compass directions. Have some of the most useful in your mind—the fewer and simpler the better. Enough for ordinary use are given below; (3) use and follow it most carefully. In mist, take your direction from it, fix your eyes and keep your eyes on some prominent stone or the like in the exact line; go to it, and then consult your compass again, and so on. Remember that a slight angle of divergence at any point becomes a serious matter after a little. In mist or in prospect of it, err on the side of caution rather than of confidence.

MAPS—None like the (original) Ordnance Survey Maps (inch to mile scale, sheets 64 and 74, 1s. 9d. each)—

except the help of a friend as above, or your own observations in clear weather. Leave aneroids at home.

START as early in the morning as you possibly can. (N.B.—This is of the utmost importance.)

SUNDRY HINTS—The night before, get from a native weather prophet a definite forecast—if you can.

Don't waste time and pith at the start by walking on "made roads" any further than you can help.

Walk very steadily all the time—even slowly for an hour or so after starting. Put on a "spurt" if you wish when you reach the low grounds again.

Pocket your collar and cuffs when you begin in earnest to climb. Ladies must then "kilt"—for safety.

If weather be clear, plan so that you lose least ground. If misty, follow your compass wherever and however it leads.

To rest, lie down or lean on your staff: don't sit.

When coming down a steep slope, dig your heels well into the ground, and trust them and your stick. Similarly with your toes in climbing. Use the side of your foot as little as may be, and your hands not at all. Remember those beneath you, and don't dislodge even small stones.

Be very careful on slopes of loose stones, lest the whole slip and carry you down. Beware of gusts and blasts of wind when near the edges of precipices.

Don't bother about Cairngorm stones.

If you have a choice, take the route that will keep you longest on the high grounds.

Finally, no one should attempt to climb these hills at the very beginning of their holiday. Those of sedentary habits should be especially careful not to overtax their strength. If, however, you are quite able for it, and use your strength with discretion—walking steadily and never "jerking" yourself—no kind of exercise can do more good. Take full and hearty "gulps" of the keen air into your lungs, and keep your eyes and mind open to nature.

Advertisment.

{ April 15,
1765.

On the Banks of *Spey*, a little West of *Castle-Grant*

SIR LUDOVICK GRANT and Mr. GRANT of Grant propofe a TOWN fhould be erected, and will give Feus or long Leafes, and all proper Encouragement to Manufacturers, Tradefmen, or others, fufficiently recommended and attefted as to Character and Ability, who incline to fettle there.— The Place propofed for the Town is called *Feavoit*, to which the Fairs and Markets in the Neighbourhood can be collected. It will be the more convenient, as it lies near to *Spey Bridge*, has public Roads branching off from it to *Invernefs*, *Nairn*, *Forres*, *Elgin*, *Keith*, *Braemar*, *Perth*, and to the *West Highlands*, being Eighteen Miles from *Invernefs*, and Twelve miles diftant from *Forres*.

Thofe who incline to fettle, on Enquiry will find that it is a good pleafant Country, and well accommodated with all Materials for Building, lies near plenty of Mofs and other Firing, has the Woods of *Abernethie* and *Glenchernick* near to it, and a fine Lime-ftone Quarry eafily wrought. It will be particularly well fituated for all Manufacturers of Wool or Linen, being a great Sheep Country; the Linen Manufactory already introduced, the Soil good, and having fine Water and every Conveniency for Bleach-fields. The Situation is alfo well adapted for Wood-Merchants, Carpenters, Cartwrights, &c., the Woods lying near, and to be had at low Prices, and at a very moderate Charge floated down *Spey* to *Garmouth*, where Shipping may be eafily had.

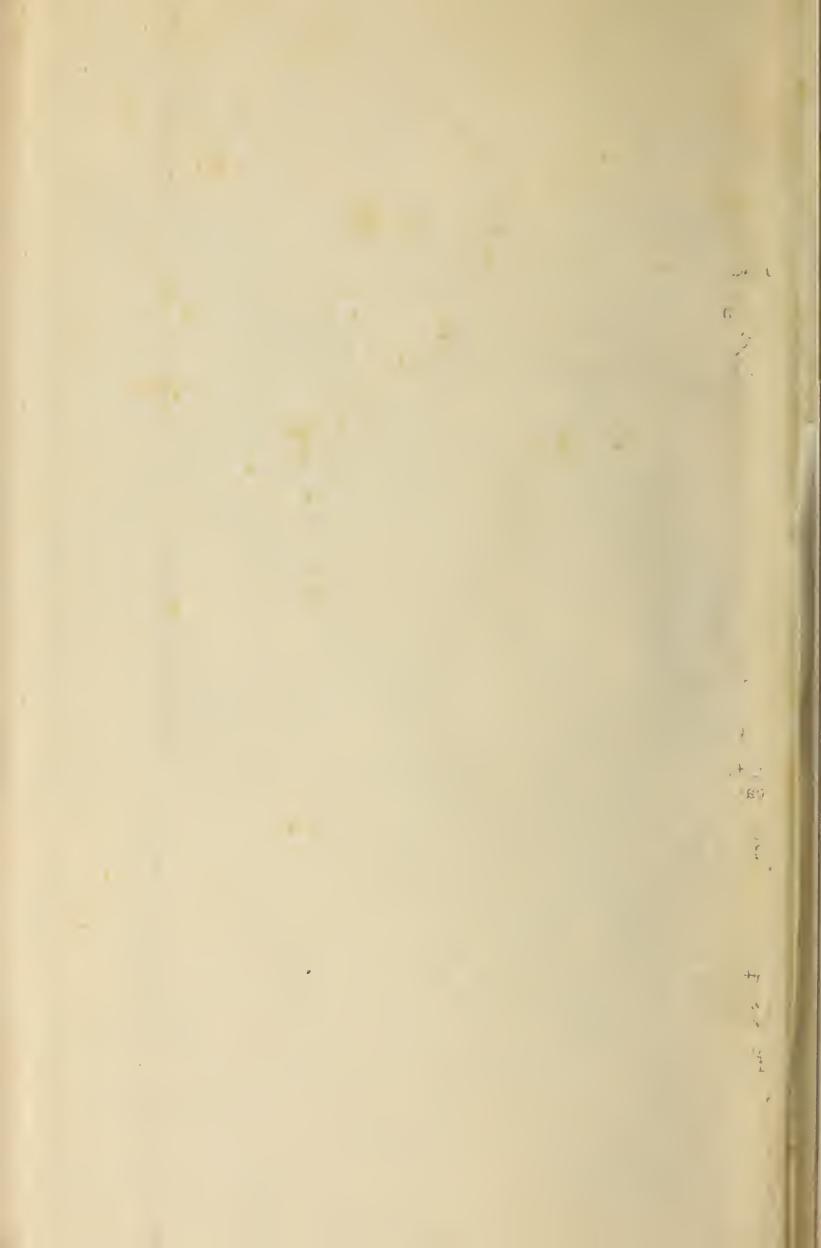
Befides what is to be feued, or Let on long Leafes, thofe fettling at the above Place may have, in Tack, Cultivated or Improvable Grounds, for their further Accommodation.

It is therefore defired, that any Perfon willing to take Feus or Leafes, will give in their Propofals in Writing before the Firft of June, 1765, to the Proprietors at *Caftle Grant*; or, at *Aberdeen*, to *Alexander Innes*, Commiffary; and, at *Edinburgh*, to *Robert Grant*, Writer to the Signet; as the Entry will be this Summer.

There being fome of the Woods of *Abernethie* and *Glenchernick* to be manufactured this Year, thofe who want to purchafe Planks, Deals, and Sparwood, will be ferved by applying to *James Grant Inverury* at *Culnaskyle*, Overfeer of the above Woods.

MAP TO ILLUSTRATE DR REID'S GUIDE TO STRATHSPEY, PUBLISHED BY A. STUART, GRANTOWN.





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