

CASTLE GRANT STRATHSPEY.

LECTURES
ON
THE MOUNTAINS;
OR, THE
HIGHLANDS AND HIGHLANDERS
OF
STRATHSPEY AND BADENOCH
AS THEY WERE AND AS THEY ARE.

SECOND SERIES.



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TO
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
JOHN CHARLES,
EARL OF SEAFIELD,
VISCOUNT REIDHAVEN;

Lord Strathspey ; and Chief of the illustrious
House and Clan of Grant, &c., &c., &c.

This volume, descriptive of “The Highlands
and Highlanders of Strathspey and Badenoch,
as they were and as they are,” is most respect-
fully dedicated

By his Lordship's

Faithful, humble servant,

THE AUTHOR.

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ERRATA.

Page 324, for "*Apropos* to the 'pressure from without,'" read "*Apropos* of," &c.

Page 325, for "Donna Inis," read "Dona Inis."

PART I.

**AGRICULTURAL, SOCIAL, AND
MORAL STATISTICS.**

CHAPTER I.

State of the Countries of Strathspey and Badenoch.—System of Husbandry.—Crops and Rotation of Cropping.—Farm-stocking—Farm Cattle and Implements—Farm-steadings, &c., as they were sixty years ago.

WHAT has been set forth pretty fully under this head, in our first volume, applicable to the countries of Strathavon and Glenlivet, may be taken, for the most part, as descriptive of the system of husbandry, crops, farming, cattle and implements, and farming stock and steadings, as they existed in the countries of Strathspey and Badenoch, upwards of sixty years ago. But distinctions and modifications must be made, as applicable to the divisions of the countries now under treatise. Time and space will not admit of our going into a minute investigation of the agricultural and rural economy of the different divisions of the extensive countries of Strathspey and Badenoch in ancient times. It may, however, be sufficient that we describe, shortly, the system of husbandry pursued in those countries sixty years ago.

The tenantry of Strathspey located more proximately to agricultural countries, and having the advantage of lime, and a more genial climate than Badenoch, began early to acquire

expanded ideas of improved agricultural management and operations, while the upper country of Badenoch, located in the bosom of the Grampian mountains, could only be regarded as a pastoral district. But, even in the districts most adapted to cultivation, in the wide spreading vallies of Abernethy and Cromdale, we have the best authority, statistical accounts and local information, for coming to the conclusion, that the farming operations of the times had been on a limited scale, and the produce precarious and uncertain, not being adequate by any means, to the sustentation of the inhabitants of the land. For Mr. John Grant, in his accurate statistical account of the parish of Abernethy, in 1795, states that the absurd method of *run-ridge* farming still took place in a great part of the parish, the produce of corn and potatoes never maintaining the inhabitants; and, from a calculation made by him, the whole produce would be at the rate of one and a half boll to each inhabitant. He states that the parish, in general, was only a nursery for raising lean cattle and sheep to be fattened elsewhere, the cattle being often half-starved in winter, and sent in summer to hills covered with sheep, to be disposed of to drovers in August and September, with the "former year's hair on them."

The state of Abernethy, in those days, may be taken as an illustration of the agricultural condition of the other parishes in Strathspey, with the exception of the Laird's domains surrounding Castle Grant, under the immediate supervision and influence of the lords of the manor.

With respect to the mountainous divisions forming the country of Badenoch, from all we can learn, the science of agriculture appeared to be in its primitive infancy. No doubt, the more favoured localities, forming the residences of the lairds and principal tacksmen, produced fair crops of the more hardy description of cereals, and a modicum of green crops of the description of potatoes and turnips. We learn from the interesting "Survey of Moray," published by Forsyth, of Elgin, 1798, that the potato, now the Highlander's staff of life, was introduced into this country in 1740. He writes, "potatoes were first introduced into this country, about the year 1740. At the first, like "celery or asparagus, regarded only as a "luxury, they were cultivated with care, in the "most favoured situation of the garden. They "were put under the landlady's care, with the "stock of winter fruit, and served up at the "tables of the opulent as a vegetable of the "greatest delicacy—the servants and the poor "aspired not at such dainty fare;" now these dainties are raised in perfection and abundance at the foot of Drumauchtor. Sixty years ago, the only potato disease known in the Highland countries was occasioned by frost, often as deadly in its operation as the great disease of modern times. Turnips were seldom cultivated as part of a rotation of cropping, on a great scale, even in the more favoured district of Strathspey, but each tenant, whatever might be the extent of his bounds, sowed a few ridges of turnips, partly as an adjunct to the potato field and the kail-yard, being used for the sustentation of the inhabitants of both ends of

the house, by biped and quadruped, according to the exigencies of the times.

In those days, no regular rotation of cropping was pursued by the ordinary tillers of the soil. According to the "Survey of Moray," the cereal crops sown in the higher districts consisted of bear, oats, and pease ; and the author states a remarkable fact, "that the purest English *barley*, repeatedly sown in the higher parts of the country, although kept separate with the greatest care, in a few years it becomes pure unmixed *bear* ;" and we are told, that if the best white oats be too often sown in a cold soil in the Highlands, it will become *black hairy oats*, which is the grain most indigenous to cold upland regions, which, probably, was the reason why a proportion of the small black oats, not equal to half the value of the white species, was, till lately, cultivated in the Highland districts. Like the hardy mountaineers of Strathavon and Glenlivat, it is evident that the brave warrior bands of Strathspey and Badenoch did not draw much of their sustentation from their meal girnals, and that they must have depended, in a great measure, on animal food, for their subsistence, which, in many cases, they chiefly drew from the hills and the rivers. For, from the best information we can draw from old statistical accounts and other documents, we are led to the belief that the farm produce of Strathspey, sixty years ago, was not more than one-half what was adequate to the support of the population ; and, from the pastoral character of Badenoch, we should conclude that the agricultural produce, in those days, was not nearly adequate to the support of *half* the population.

Sixty years ago, the farm-stocking of Strathspey and Badenoch partook very much of the description given under the head of farm-stocking, in the first volume, applicable to Strathavon. The principal tacksmen, for agricultural purposes, generally maintained a few pairs of large oxen of a superior breed, and a miscellaneous stock of milk cows and other cattle, not selected and bred as a particular stock, but a stock which might suit the fancy and circumstances of the owners. There was, in those days, little regard paid to particular classes of stock, such as the pure Highland breed, short horns, crosses, and Ayrshire dairy stock. The stock of a Highland farmer generally consisting of a mongrel collection of Aberdeenshire dodies, Murrayshires, Galloways, Argyleshires, and, perhaps, Ayrshires, producing progeny remarkable for a variety of colours, among which what was called the brandered, or black and red, and speckled black and white, largely preponderated.

With a certain class of tenants, the stock varied in description, according to their means and localities. In purchasing a cow, the purchaser's inquiries were more directed to the feeding and milking qualities of the animal, and its price, than to its pedigree and breed; and, according to the minister of Abernethy's description, such stock was long parting with the previous year's *uniform*, being often put upon *short commons*. In those days, the sheep were chiefly of the old aboriginal breed, with long legs, black faces, and spiral horns, with the exception of those of some tacksmen, who improved their stocks by occasional importa-

tions of hogs and tups, from breeders in the south. The above description of stock in Strathspey, will apply to those of Badenoch, with the explanation, that as agricultural farms were few and far between in those pastoral districts, the stocking was adapted to Highland grazings for cattle and sheep. Even in those days, the sheep stocks held by the principal tenants, on large ranges of pasture, must have been comparatively numerous, and of a better class than those held by the tenants of Strathavon and Strathspey, where the farms under cattle and sheep were comparatively few and of limited boundaries; and in the parish of Laggan, in particular, we are told that the sheep-farms and sheep-stock partook of the same quality and style of management, as those of the south of Scotland.

With regard to the farm steadings in Strathspey and Badenoch sixty years ago, the description given in our first volume as applicable to Strathavon will so far apply, but it falls to be explained, that, towards the latter end of last century, great improvements in the description and style of dwelling houses and farm steadings on many of the principal farms of Strathspey, took place under the auspices of the great and good Sir James Grant. By means of his fostering patronage and influence, many of his proteges, by their gallantry and perseverance, rose to rank and affluence; and, returning to their native country, the dwellings that gave them birth gave place to commodious mansions, with suites of offices and improved systems of husbandry, corresponding to the requirements of an opulent tenant; and it was a matter of

pride with the generous proprietor, to see monuments raised on many a site to record the success in life of the objects of his patronage and regard; and in Badenoch, on every farm of considerable extent, the buildings were sufficiently commodious and neat, of substantial masonry of stone and lime, and for the most part slated, and neatly finished and furnished. The farm steadings were built in the same substantial manner, generally disposed in handsome squares connected with the mansion-house. But, as respects the tenantry in general, the ancient style of living of the ancient Highlanders descended to their descendants, until increasing means and intelligence enabled them to pass from the old to the new style of social life and rural economy. And we believe that this description will generally apply to the accommodations and style of living of the tenantry along the banks of the Spey, from Ballendalloch to Garvamore, premising that the dwellings of the humbler and chiefly pastoral classes of the country of Badenoch, were, at the close of the last century, considerably inferior to the houses and steadings of the inferior class of tenantry in Strathspey.

CHAPTER II.

Great progressive Improvements in Scientific and Practical Farming.—Farm-stocking.—Farm-steadings.—Increasing Wealth and Prosperity of the Tenantry as they are.

IN the preceding chapter it has been set forth, that sixty years ago, with the exception of the holdings of wealthy and intelligent gentlemen, the system of husbandry pursued by the ordinary class of tenants was rather of a primitive character, such as was pursued by their ancestors along the banks of the Spey. But, of late years, the native intelligence and enterprise of the inhabitants have opened up to them improved systems of husbandry, as regards the tillage of the soil and the quality and description of their farm-stocking. In all wide Strathspey, the *run-ridge* system, so much deprecated by Mr. Grant, of Abernethy, and the half-starved class of cattle, wearing their last year's hair in the beginning of autumn, have disappeared from the land. Following the example set before him by his more enlightened and opulent neighbouring agriculturist, the small tenant has been emulous to adopt a system of rotation of cropping,—following an improved system of preparing his land for different crops,—applying lime and manure ac-

ording to his means, and sowing his fields with seeds adapted to the soil and climate, and calculated to yield the best returns. Under the auspices of generous and paternal landlords, the tenant assured that the fruits of his industry were secure to himself and his progeny—improvable moors, bogs, and woodlands became, in the course of time, arable fields, waving with luxuriant crops, to remunerate indomitable industry and energy, so that many small holdings of narrow bounds and barren aspects, have, within the last sixty years, been expanded into snug considerable farms, the produce of which is amply sufficient to maintain the tenant's family and his stock of horses and cattle, without going down to the Lowlands to purchase meal, as his ancestors did of old—or sending his cattle to hills covered with sheep, to eke out a bare subsistence. In the parish of Cromdale alone, Mr. Grant, the incumbent, in his statistical report of 1841, states, that within the last sixty years, at least 500 acres were brought into cultivation.

Sixty years ago, we described the farm-stock-
ing of Strathspey as being of a mongrel miscellaneous description, wearing coats of many colours; but the ameliorating influences we have mentioned, and the great stimulus to improvement in the breeding of stock infused by the Strathspey Farming Society, conducted with great energy and praiseworthy spirit by a body of intelligent gentlemen farmers, have resulted in the propagation of classes of cattle of superior breeds adapted to the country. Upwards of thirty years ago, the West Highland breed was introduced into the country by skilful en-

terprising breeders of stock. At the Highland Society's great cattle show, held at Inverness in 1839, the first premium was awarded to Mr. Stewart, of Dalvey, for the best Highland bull ; and, at the great Paris cattle show, in 1856, a prize was awarded to Mr. Stewart, and another to Mr. Gordon, of Ballentomb, for a Highland bull of the same description. The stocks of Dalvey and Ballentomb have long been celebrated for their superior excellence, and carry off prizes every local show ; and a spirit of laudable emulation on the part of other gentlemen farmers, encouraged by the patronage of the noble proprietor, and other gentlemen anxious to promote the success of the Strathspey cattle shows, have resulted in the breeding of several superior classes of cattle, horses, &c. In an account of the Strathspey Agricultural Society's Show, held at Grantown on the 25th of August, 1859, we observe that the following different classes of stocks were exhibited, and prizes awarded to some gentlemen exhibiting the best animals of each class ; (the first prize being awarded to Mr. Fraser, of Auchernack, the energetic secretary of the society,)—viz., Highland bulls calved after the first of January, 1857, and Highland bulls calved before the first of January, 1857 ; two-year old Highland queys, and Highland cows. On this occasion, under the auspices of the Highland Society and the local Strathspey Society, prizes were awarded for polled bulls, Highland bulls, polled cows, cows of any other breed, polled queys, brood mares, breeding sows, boars, and poultry ; Mr. Bruce's (of Kennet) prize for bull calves, stot calves, cow calves,—and the Earl of Seafield's

prize for the best stone of cured butter, and the best stone of sweet milk cheese.

In the foregoing classes of cattle exhibited at the show, it will be seen how much attention has been paid to the selection and breeding of stock in Strathspey by the principal tenants ; and not by them alone, but also by the secondary classes of farmers, who, by the purchase of a young bull, or quey, manage to introduce new blood into their stocks of the old stamp—and if they cannot always boast of the pure West Highland, or short horns, they can show crosses which, with a new sleek pile and fattened flanks, will fetch a price which would surprise a farmer of the old school sixty years ago. As remarked in the preceding chapter, Strathspey is not a pastoral country for sheep, and consequently sheep flocks are few and far between. Where sheep are kept, the old black-faced set, described in former chapters, have been improved by crossing the breeds, and by introducing stocks of a more superior stamp and value.

In the preceding chapter the character and style of the farm steadings in Strathspey sixty years ago were shortly described. With the exception of the steadings of principal and opulent tacksmen, which even then were of a substantial commodious description, the houses of the secondary class of tenants were generally of the old Highland primitive construction, built according to the fancy and materials of their native architects—black houses being the order of the day. But the rapid progress of agricultural enterprise, and the increasing wealth of the tenantry, have, within the last sixty years, conspired to raise very much the character and

description of the dwellings and steadings of the farmers in Strathspey ; so that every farm of considerable extent presents the pleasing appearance of a neat and comfortable mansion, generally slated, and a suite of offices tastefully built and thatched, giving the assurance of comfortable accommodation to the tenant, and his excellent stock of horses and cattle. While elegant commodious mansion houses decorate the holdings of the gentlemen tenants, the second class of farms present commodious, tasteful edifices—the temples of rural happiness, peace, and plenty ; and even the artizan and humble country tradesman is emulous to rival his neighbour in the neatness of his white-washed cottage, his garden, and, perhaps, his flower parterre. All the classes we have mentioned not only give indications of great improvements in their social style of living, as shown by their habitations, but the style and description of their furniture and modes of living indicate a great advance in their domestic economy. While the opulent classes, accomplished by education and general information, present specimens of polished manners, great hospitality and easy affluence, the second class of tenants, in their modes of living, dress, manners and conversation, present pictures of rural comfort, easy means and prosperity, according to their stations in life.

It will be kept in view, that our remarks under this chapter apply to the tacksmen and tenantry of Strathspey. What remarks we are now about to make, will apply to similar classes in the more pastoral country of Badenoch. From all we have personally seen of that interesting

country during the last twenty-five years, and from parochial statistical accounts and other means of information, we are enabled to pay a due meed of praise to all classes, from the laird to the cotter, for the great progressive improvements taking place in the agricultural and social economy of that district. The proprietors of Badenoch, being descended from ancient and honorable families, have been always distinguished for learning, gallantry, and personal accomplishments. In ancient times, splendid mansions were only deemed the inheritance of the chief; and the cadets of the chief's house were not ashamed to live in houses which would now be sneered at by their principal tenants. In process of time, however, ancient edifices, venerable only on account of the families who graced their halls, gave place to more splendid mansions, in which hospitality and the social virtues were ever found. And, following the spirit of advancing times, the gentlemen tenants were emulous to live in handsome mansions, suitable to their means and accomplishments — nurseries for succeeding bands of gallant spirits, who went forth at the bidding of their chiefs, to acquire for themselves renown and independence, and for their country honour and national glory. Such have been, is, and shall be the character of the chiefs, lairds, and gentlemen of Badenoch. But it must be admitted, that the second class of tenants and inhabitants were much longer and later in following in the wake of the improvements exemplified by their superiors, for they long deserved the old Highland designation of *Commons*, in the common style of their habitations for man

and beast. We remember the edifice of a gallant captain, designated by him *Strone House*, in the construction of which native turf predominated, presenting the aspect of anything but the dignified residence of a military magnate, of no small pretensions to intimacy with the great, and which, nevertheless, had been occasionally honoured by the visits of the first noble of the land. No wonder, therefore, that minor military heroes and kindred civilians were content to live in turf houses, which might be more comfortable within than elegant without; and we remember when most of the small tenantry and the people of Badenoch were content with dwellings of a like humble construction and style. But the march of improvement has spread among the Badenoch mountains and glens; and, under the auspices of the lairds and gentlemen of the land, comfortable dwellings are gradually taking the place of the *black slums*, in which the gallant sons of Badenoch were formerly wont to raise warlike defenders of their sovereign and country—a race of people who, for their military bravery, peaceable and industrious habits, and moral virtues, deserve due commendation.

Comparing again the progressive improvements in farm-stocking, as exemplified in the districts of Strathspey and Badenoch, there can be no doubt that the more advantageously situated country of Strathspey has been far a-head of the pastoral district of Badenoch. In respect of agricultural statistics, and according to all accounts, in the parishes of Alvie, Kingussie, and in Laggan, the second class of tenantry have been slow in adopting new and improved systems

of husbandry. It is true, the primitive style of agriculture mentioned in our previous chapter, in so far as respects the mode of tilling and managing their lands, has given place to a better system ; but, so far as we have seen and learned, the tenants, enamoured of the good old system of their forefathers, are averse to any regular rotation of cropping, fallowing, and preparing their land ; hence, their crops are necessarily uncertain and seldom abundant, while they have to contend with the occasional calamities of frost and malaria in certain localities ; and their live stock, from the want of sown grass and turnips for summer and winter feeding, must be inferior in quality and weight. And, even at this time of day, the parishes we have mentioned, upon the average, are scarcely self-supporting in agricultural produce for the consumption of the tenantry.

The foregoing remarks apply to the general class of tenantry and the agricultural state of the district. As regard the gentlemen and principal tenants, their stocks of horses, cattle, and sheep are of superior classes. The principal farmers in Badenoch, like those in Strathspey, for many years back have directed their attention to the selection and breeding of West Highland and other approved breeds of cattle, which, in point of superior excellence, symmetry, and size, can compete with any class of the same breed in the Highlands, as has been shown at the local exhibition of stock. With respect to the sheep stocks of the principal farmers in Badenoch, we believe no country in the north can produce *black-faced stocks* equal in quality and value to those of the principal

sheep-farmers of Badenoch. Sixty years ago, the author of the "Survey of Moray" narrates, that the practice had been to house sheep at night, except in the parish of Laggan, where the sheep were managed as practised in the south of Scotland; and it would appear that, notwithstanding the great altitude and inclement climate of the heights of Badenoch, the sheep farmers of Laggan and its neighbourhood have excelled their compatriots in more favoured regions in the successful management of this class of stock, and that the palm of superiority in this respect, is due to the gentlemen farmers of Badenoch.

ROADS AND BRIDGES.

Under the head of roads and bridges, Strathspey and Badenoch, within the last eighty years, have been completely regenerated. The late Rev. Mr. Grant, of Abernethy, in his "Statistical Account," quaintly observes, "Time was, when Highlanders were said to be averse to have any roads made in or to their country," probably not wishing to open up convenient means of speedy communication to those parties who still carried on the "Rob Roy" system of droving; but, from Mr. Grant's account, it would appear that since Sir James Grant succeeded to the estate (1764, down to 1795), one hundred and thirty miles of roads were made, and several bridges built under his auspices, which great extent of communication has received great additions during the last sixty years. And, under the auspices of the Commissioners for Highland Roads and Bridges, the

parliamentary line of road from Perth to Inverness traverses Badenoch and part of Strathspey, which is maintained by tolls; and chains of district roads have been formed in Strathspey and Badenoch by the trustees, under the provisions of the Local Roads' Acts of Parliament; while an excellent road has been formed, traversing the parish of Laggan, leading to Fort William; so that there is no district in the Highlands where roads and lines of communication are more ample than those to be found in these extended regions.

CHAPTER III.

State of the Inhabitants—Their Education, Manners, and Habits—Dress of Different Classes—Social and Domestic Condition, as they were.

MANY writers, ancient and modern, have devoted their time and talents to the delineation of the habits, dress, and mode of living of the Highlanders of their time. A very ancient author, Dr. Shaw, a much older authority than Shaw, of the province of Moray, gives the following anything but flattering account of his countrymen and compatriots. They are, says he, “the same people, if we except their religion, they were 2000 years ago, without regarding the novelties in dress or behaviour, that so often change. Their guibes, *i. e.* houses, are daubed over with mud, covered with turf, have but one chamber, and in a corner of it are the foles, kids, and calves. The Hyke, *i. e.* blanket or plaid, six yards long and two broad, serves for dress in the day, and for bed and covering in the night; by day it is tucked by a girdle. Their mills for grinding corn are two small grind-stones, the uppermost turned round by a small handle of wood placed in the edge of it. When expedition is required, then two

“ persons sit at it, generally women.” But we would suppose, from his description, that Dr. Shaw himself lived two thousand years ago, or had at least been a contemporary of Cæsar or Ossian, for even Baron Macaulay, in his rude account of his Highland ancestors, founded on his veracious authorities, does not tell us that the *foles*, kids, and calves, formed part of one social Highland family. At the same time there is no doubt that the Highlanders of Scotland, and particularly those of the Grampian mountains were, till knowledge and civilization were opened up to them, sufficiently primitive in their manners and original habits. For, according to Shaw, of the province of Moray, education had made small progress in its advancement to the Highland mountains, for he says (‘ Shaw’s Moray,’ p. 306, published eighty odd years ago), “ I well remember that “ from the Speymouth Strathspey through “ Badenoch, and Lcchaber, to Lorn, there was “ but one school, viz., at Ruthven in Badenoch, “ and it was much to find in a parish three “ persons that could read or write. Hea- “ thenish and Romish customs were much “ practised. Pilgrimage to wells and chapels “ were frequent. Apparitions were everywhere “ talked of and believed. Particular families “ were said to be haunted by certain demons, “ the good or bad genius of those families ; “ such as, on Speyside, the family of Rothymurchus, by ‘ Bodach-an-Dun,’ i. e. the “ ‘ Ghost of the Dune.’ The Baron of Kin- “ chardine’s family, by ‘ Red Hand,’ or ‘ a ghost, “ one of whose hands was blood red ;’ Gar- “ tonbeg, by ‘ Bodach Garton ;’ Glenlochie, by

“ ‘ Brownie ;’ Tullochgorum, by ‘ Maag Moulach ;’ *i. e.* ‘ one with the left hand all over hairy.’ I find in the synod records of Moray, frequent orders to the Presbyteries of Aberlour and Abernethie, to inquire into the truth of ‘ Maag Moulach’s appearing. But they could make no discovery, only that one or two men declared that they once saw, in the evening, a young girl whose left hand was all hairy, and who instantly disappeared.”

Under this head we may mention, that persons fond of demonology and supernatural lore, will find in a work of a modern date, published by Constable and Co., of Edinburgh, 1823, and republished in 1851, a full account of the popular superstitions, &c., of the Highlanders of Strathavon and Strathspey, at the date of the original publication (see ‘ Stewart’s Popular Superstitions of the Highlanders’). So much for the superstitious beliefs of the Highlanders of ancient and modern times, which are fast fading under the light of wide-spreading knowledge and education. We would, however, demur to the accuracy of the Rev. Mr. Shaw’s authority on the subject of education, even in his day, because we know that in every parish a proportion of the people, however comparatively small, could read and write—as abundance of old manuscripts and correspondence in the repositories of most respectable Highland families will show, and Mr. Shaw himself admits that, soon after the revolution, and the establishment of ministers and parochial schoolmasters in almost every parish, religious knowledge and elementary education were placed within the reach of the inhabitants of the

mountains as well as of the plains. But still it must be admitted that, sixty years ago, the *commons*, or lower classes, devoted much more attention and time to the acquisition of military and rural accomplishments, than to the acquisition of literature, even in the shape of reading and writing, and casting of accounts.

Under the head of manners and dress of the inhabitants of Strathspey and Badenoch sixty years ago, we can refer to what has been fully set forth under the third Chapter, of the agricultural, social, and moral statistics, of the first volume, applicable to Strathavon and Glenlivet. The class of gentry comprehending, proprietors, magistrates, clergymen, officers, tacksmen, and their families, in their personal attire, varied very little from what is given as the description of the dress of the better class in Strathavon and Glenlivet—premising that the superior wealth and means of education of many families in Strathspey and Badenoch, introduced *Saxon* innovations in the style of dress, assumed by travelled gentlemen and their families—the broad bonnet, wig, and *queue*, and other appendages of their forefathers, being superseded by the fashionable garbs of their Lowland neighbours. But still, the old cut and quality of the cloth for the men, and the *curroc dhu*, and modifications thereof, for the women, predominated among the better classes. And, with respect to the second or middle class, the description of attire was the same with that worn by their compatriots in Strathavon,—premising that the Clan Grant, Clan Macpherson, and others, wore plaids and tartans pertaining to their respective clans,—the head-gear

of the men being generally bonnets of various shapes and mountings, according to the district of the country, and that the description of dress worn by the fair sex, partook much of the home manufacture, at which the housewives in general were accounted expert adepts.

With respect to the dress of the lower classes, winseys, red and blue, the old mutch and toy, —the checked plaid and the brooch for the aged, and the tartan scarf, brooch, and necklaces, and other modest ornaments for the young, might be called the universal female uniform at church or market, from Ballendalloch to Garvamore. In respect of their social and domestic qualities, the inhabitants of Strathspey, and generally speaking of Badenoch, might compare with people in the same grade of life in any country, for native intelligence, and sociable, excellent qualities as parents, children, and relations,—with some exceptions, virtuous and moral in their habits—loyal to their king and chiefs—in their dispositions peaceable and subservient to the laws—happy and contented in their several stations in life. Their passion for music and the dance afforded them innocent recreations when other amusements were unattainable. In the pursuit of occasional pleasure on festive occasions, it cannot be denied that, less than sixty years ago, the warm-hearted Highlander, too often yielding to the influence of that evil spirit, the usquebea, engaged in fights and follies which often brought him to the stool of repentance. But, unfortunately, smuggling and dram shops then abounded, and neither teetotal societies nor temperance orators existed in the land.

CHAPTER IV.

Rapid Progress of Education.—Intelligence and Enterprise of the People developed under the auspices of their Chiefs and Proprietors.—Present condition of the Inhabitants in their Moral, Social, and Domestic Relations.

UNDER the present head of our prelections, our commentaries need not be much expanded, as the manners, habits, and education of the different classes of people in Strathspey and Badenoch do not vary much in these times from those of similar classes in other parts of the country. Sixty years ago, the fostering, genial patronage, and desire to promote the views and aspirations of young men, exerted by the influential families of Grant and Gordon, and other leading families along the banks of the Spey, excited on the part of parents and children an emulation to qualify the rising generation for respectable stations in society. In Strathspey, the benevolent Sir James Grant might be viewed as the director-general of the education of his people. Under him, the clergymen in the parishes in his interest exercised a vigilant superintendence of the schools and scholars, being the medium of imparting to the paternal proprietor the qualifications and talents evinced by promising young men, fitting them for bursaries at uni-

versities, commissions in the army, and other situations in the gift of the chief of his people, and the guardian of their interests. Conscious of this generous disposition on the part of the lord of the castle, the teachers—many of them looking forward for church preferments from his patronage and influence—exerted themselves to please him by turning out young men of promising talents and scholastic attainments. The benevolent, patriotic Mr. John Grant, of Abernethy, warmly patronised and befriended Mr. Pirie, the exemplary old rector of the grammar-school of Grantown, who, in spite of an asthmatic complaint, laboured from morning to night in his noisy mansion to instil elementary knowledge and erudition, into the minds of his pupils ; proud of the long list of rising young men whom he had turned out of his seminary to follow the paths leading to fame and fortune. And there were other successful teachers, alike emulous to obtain a character for themselves as teachers, and distinction for their pupils. As mentioned in a previous chapter of our previous series, many young lads “who whistled at the plough” were thus brought under the notice of the patronising laird and lady of the castle, who lost no opportunity of gladdening the hearts of parents and children by obtaining for them civil or military appointments. We remember good old Mr. William Grant, ground-officer and innkeeper in Grantown, who had a large family of sons, every one of whom was raised to the rank of a gentleman, and provided for in the church, the army, or civil situations—one instance among many of the generous, fostering

care and kindness of the family of Grant in promoting the prosperity of their people and dependents.

So numerous have been the natives of Grantown who have risen to military and civil distinctions, that in the *Inverness Courier* of the 17th November, 1859, now before us, we read in the obituary of the death in the East Indies of Lieutenant Colonel James Grant Stewart, 16th Madras Native Infantry, and under another head the appointment of Mr. R. Grant to the professorship of astronomy in the University of Glasgow—both natives of Grantown, and the appointment of Dr. John Grant Stewart to be honorary surgeon to the queen. The Doctor, though not born in Grantown, is parentally connected with Strathspey. While Sir James Grant, thus promoted and gratified the views and aspirations of young men who sought to acquire distinction in the world, his amiable, excellent lady was no less anxiously sedulous to see the female portion of the rising generation instructed in useful branches of education, according to their means and stations in life; and thus the joint beneficent influence of those companions in deeds of worth and grace, laid the foundations for successive courses of training, educational, social, and moral, on the part of the rising generations of both sexes in future years.

With the better class of gentlemen and tacksmen it has been the practice to send their sons and daughters to suitable seminaries of education in towns where modern education in all its useful branches, suitable to their conditions in life, can be acquired, so as to fit

them to discharge their duties in society in a respectable and graceful manner.

With the second class of the people it is an object of ambition to bring up one member of the family to the church, or some other respectable station in life; and a general desire exists on the part of all classes, however humble, to afford to their offspring an education corresponding to their means; so that, instead of few persons being able to read and write, as in the days written of by the historian of Moray, few persons can now be found in Strathspey who cannot both read and write, and fewer still who cannot read their Bible and catechism. Without invidious comparisons, it may be now said of Strathspey that no Highland district can excel the people in their relative situations, in respect of intelligence and information on all subjects pertinent to their conditions in life; and they are not less distinguished for useful accomplishments, graceful and polished manners, and elegance and neatness in personal attire, and polite and pleasing address. Those who may have seen an assemblage of the sons and daughters of the Spey in the halls of Castle Grant, or the ball-room of Grantown, mingling modestly and gracefully with the first nobility of the land, will admit that this sketch is no flattering portraiture. And it is not adulation to state that the pleasing characteristics we have described are not a little influenced by the example, genial kind-heartedness, and affable deportment of the Countess of Seafield and her noble husband, who, in their persons and conduct, worthily represent the good Sir James

and Lady Jane Grant, and the last benevolent Earl of Seafield and his lamented lady.

With respect to the district of Badenoch, comprehending the parishes of Alvie, Insh, Kingussie, and Laggan, most of the foregoing commentaries, as applicable to the country and people of Strathspey, will apply, with some modifications, to the country and people of Badenoch. From the dissertations of Mr. Shaw, the historian of Moray, it would appear that Badenoch was fortunate in having a seat of learning at Ruthven, when schools and seminaries of education were few and far between in Highland countries; and from that seat of learning sprang that bright luminary in the literary world, James Macpherson, who for a time taught his own *alma mater*.

It does not, however, appear that the light of education had been widely shed abroad on the benighted glens of Badenoch sixty years ago; for from old statistical accounts and other authorities we learn that a great portion of the common people were then unable to read or write. But the establishment of parochial and society schools throughout the country, in needful situations, and influential motives, generated by the generous exercise of patronage on the part of the Duchess of Gordon, and local chiefs and leading families, powerfully operated in giving a stimulus to education among all classes of the country, producing most salutary improvements on the moral and social habits of the people. From the last parochial statistical accounts we learn that the attendance of the rising generation at schools was generally good,

and the results highly satisfactory. In the wide and populous parish of Kingussie, containing a population of 1,633 in 1836, there were only thirty-nine persons above six years of age who could not read; and the clergyman, Mr. Shepherd, states that in some of the schools—but more particularly in those conducted on the sabbath evenings—several aged people had been taught to read with an ease and accuracy credible only by those who have heard them; while the general diffusion of knowledge, and the comparative fewness of those who are unable to read, furnish a most pleasing contrast to the gloomy picture of two-score years before, when the great number of the people were so illiterate that they could neither read or write.

The foregoing remarks, however, do not apply to the upper classes of society. As remarked under a preceding head, the lairds and principal tacksmen and gentlemen, many of them cadets and connections of the chief of Clan Chattan, Macpherson, were always distinguished for their learning, intelligence, and polished manners, acquired at the best seminaries of education in the north. In general, the youthful gentry affecting a military life, in their travels at home and abroad, acquired ample knowledge of the world and useful experience, which they turned to good account in the halls of their forefathers, while the young ladies, trained and instructed in useful accomplishments of person and mind, were fitted to become exemplary wives and parents, training up their children in the way that they should go, constituting a society, moral, virtuous, and pleasing among themselves, and in their inter-

course with the world. And, as far as the rules of polite society and the progress of refined education, prescribe, the landed and leading families in Badenoch spare no expense in training up their children with every educational advantage, fitting them for courts and camps, justifying the declaration of George IV. in the Palace of Holyrood, "That the Highlanders were a patrician race of heroes and heroines, on whom Nature peculiarly lavished her choicest gifts in mental powers and personal graces." And we believe that her present Majesty, in her sojourn among the glens and gentry of Badenoch, concurred in the eulogium expressed by her royal predecessor, selecting, as she did, a member of the Clan Chattan family to grace her royal court.

CHAPTER V.

Forests of Strathspey—Their great Extent and Value.

IN ancient times, according to ancient historians, and modern antiquaries and geologists, large forests of fir and oak trees abounded in the Caledonian Highlands. In many regions, now bleak and bare, labourers, in the course of their excavating operations, have turned up bodies of trees of enormous dimensions, which have been imbedded in moss remarkable for its preservative qualities, for a series of centuries ; and, from such evidences, we may come to the conclusion that, in ancient times, most of our glens and moors were clothed with majestic trees, which, in the contests of savage people, contending for conquest and revenge, became the prey of the devouring element, which, like a fire in the prairies of South America, swept along the surface of a country, carrying desolation and ruin in its train. From its inland, inaccessible situation, Strathspey was less exposed to the ravages of the invading foe, who, in ancient times waged wars against the aboriginal inhabitants of the Caledonian mountains ; and, hence, we infer the cause why the moors and glens of Strathspey are still the nurseries of national pine forests.

No doubt the wants and enterprise of man have, within the last sixty or seventy years, made great inroads on the noble forests of Strathspey. Glenmore forest, of noble and gigantic trees, covering an area of several square miles, sold, in 1787, by the Duke of Gordon, for £10,000, to an English company (of which the company made £70,000 profit), was in a short time felled to the ground, leaving here and there trees that escaped the woodman's axe, monuments of the stalwart dimensions of the generation of noble trees which once waved their branches, and sung their cadence to the breezes of Cairngorm. Some of them, denuded of bark by the storms which "scalped the brow of old Cairngorm," stand like spectres stretching forth their whitened arms, warning the beholder that he and all things belonging to the animal and vegetable creations, must ultimately die, and give place to succeeding generations.

About the year 1730, a branch of the York Building Company purchased from the Laird of Grant, of the day, £7000 worth of the woods of Abernethy; but their agents were noways fitted to turn the adventure to a profitable account; for the Rev. Mr. Grant, in his "Statistical Account," 1794, designates them "as the most profuse and profligate sets that were ever heard of in this corner." "They used to display their vanity by bonfires, tar-barrels, and opening hogsheads of brandy to the country people, by which five of them died in one night." But, as sometimes happens, good came out of evil; for, among other things, they taught the people to make rafts on large and improved

plans, whereby large quantities of timber were floated down the Spey to the sea. Before their time, Mr. Grant observes, some trifling rafts were sent down the river in a very awkward and hazardous manner. Ten or twelve dozens of deals tied together, conducted by a man, sitting in what was called a *currach*, made of a hide in the shape, and about the size, of a brewery-kettle, broader above than below, with ribs or hoops of wood, and a cross stick for the man to sit on, who, with a paddle in his hand, went before the raft, to which the currach was attached by a rope. Currachs were so light that men carried them on their backs home from Speymouth. The York Building Company had eighteen of these *sea-worthy vessels*, till Mr. Aaron Hill constructed the large raft.

Such was the abundance of timber, and difficulty of obtaining a market for it, about one hundred and fifty years ago, according to Mr. Grant, "that the Laird of Grant got only a mark a year for what a man chose to cut and manufacture with his axe and saw—people then alive (1794) remember it at 1s. 8d. a year—afterwards it came to 3s. 4d—and the Laird of Rothymarchus, commonly called Mac Alpine, brought it to 5s. a year, and one pound of tobacco. General Sir Alexander Grant, who died in 1719, attempted to bring some masts to London, but failed.

In those days the style of manufacture was as primitive as the price of the wood, for Mr. Grant says, "The method of making deals was "by splitting the wood with wedges, and then "dressing the boards with axe and adze. A "high room in Castle Grant appears to be

“floored with deals made in this way, and
 “never planed. The mark of the adze across
 “the boards are still visible, and the floor
 “appears to be of great antiquity. Such is the
 “superlative quality of the timber, that it may
 “continue as sound as it is now hundreds of
 “years hence. This floor has another mark of
 “antiquity, for the nails appear all to have been
 “made by a country smith, according to the
 “times, the bonnets being as broad as a small
 “half-penny.”

In the march of invention and improvements, this antediluvian process of manufacture was superseded by the upright saw,—and saw-mills, in the course of time, greatly superseded the operations of the hand sawyers, and ultimately the circular saw was introduced into the forests of Rothymurchus (afterwards referred to), and Strathspey, where great quantities of valuable wood are now promptly manufactured by wood merchants, for all the purposes of rail roads, ship-building, &c.

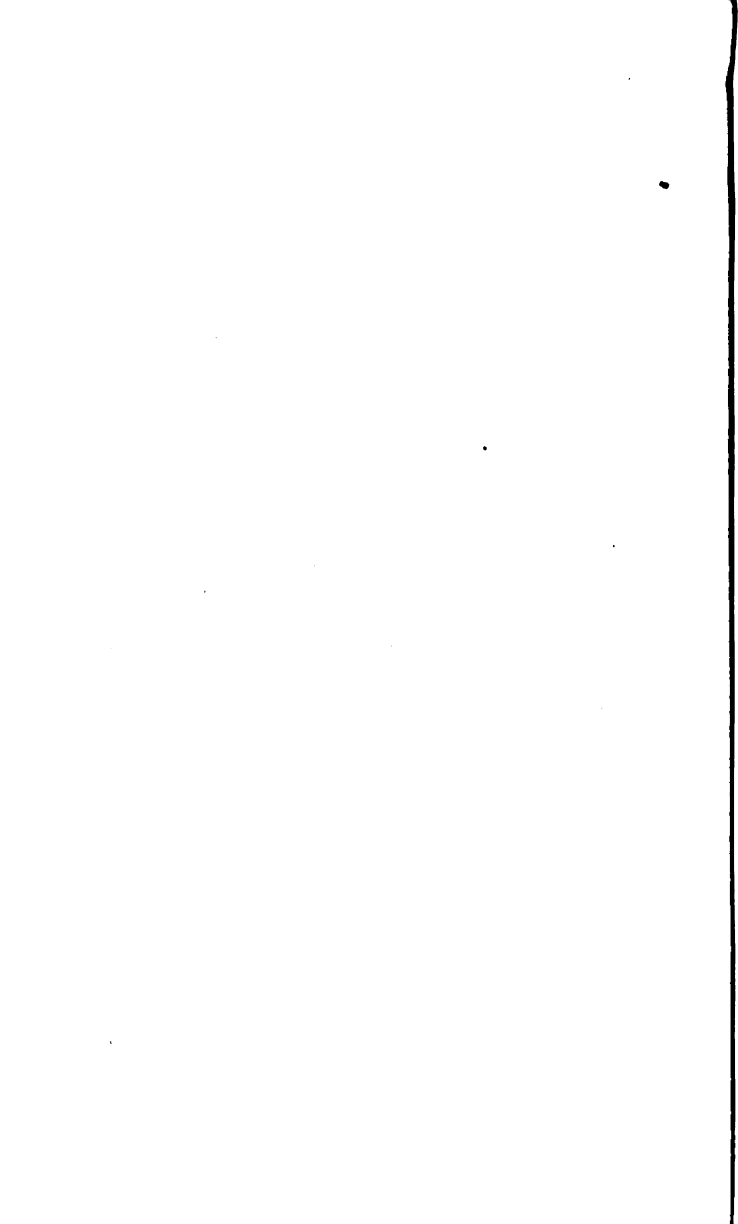
An estimate may be formed of the extent and value of the forests on the princely domain of the Earl of Seafield, from a valuation made by competent judges on the succession of the present Earl of Seafield, in 1853, for the purpose of computing the succession duty payable by him. On the estates of Strathspey alone, the acreage, under woods of all sorts, is immense, whereof the value was computed at upwards of £400,000.

Under the auspices of Sir James Grant, in addition to the old natural fir woods, many hundred acres of bleak and barren moors have been planted with fir and larch, now forming

forests of noble trees. And, on reports on the extent and state of the plantations laid down by the late Earl of Seafield, during his long management over the whole Grant and Seafield estates, the Highland Society's gold medal was awarded to his lordship as the greatest planter in Scotland. For, under the auspices of the Earl, and the indomitable activity and perseverance of his faithful factor, Capt. John Grant, "during the twenty-six years preceding 1841, no less than 2,500 acres had been planted in the parish of Cromdale alone;" and, according to the Rev. Mr. Grant's statistical account of that parish, 1840, "there is not now a parish in Scotland which contains an equal extent of plantations as Cromdale." Speaking of the value of the old forests, Mr. Grant says, "A vast number of the old trees, larch and fir, grew into a very large size—several trees measure thirty inches diameter at the root, and eight inches at seventy feet in height. Many of the old trees from these plantations, especially from the close neighbourhood of Castle Grant, have been taken to Garmouth for ship masts. They are of great value, and no less than seven pounds were offered for a large tree as it stood in the Forest." And he adds, "In the churchyard of Cromdale there is a venerable beech tree of great antiquity, its branches are of such enormous extent that it is capable of overshadowing one thousand people!"

PART II.

**MILITARY STATISTICS OF
STRATHSPEY AND BADENOCH.**



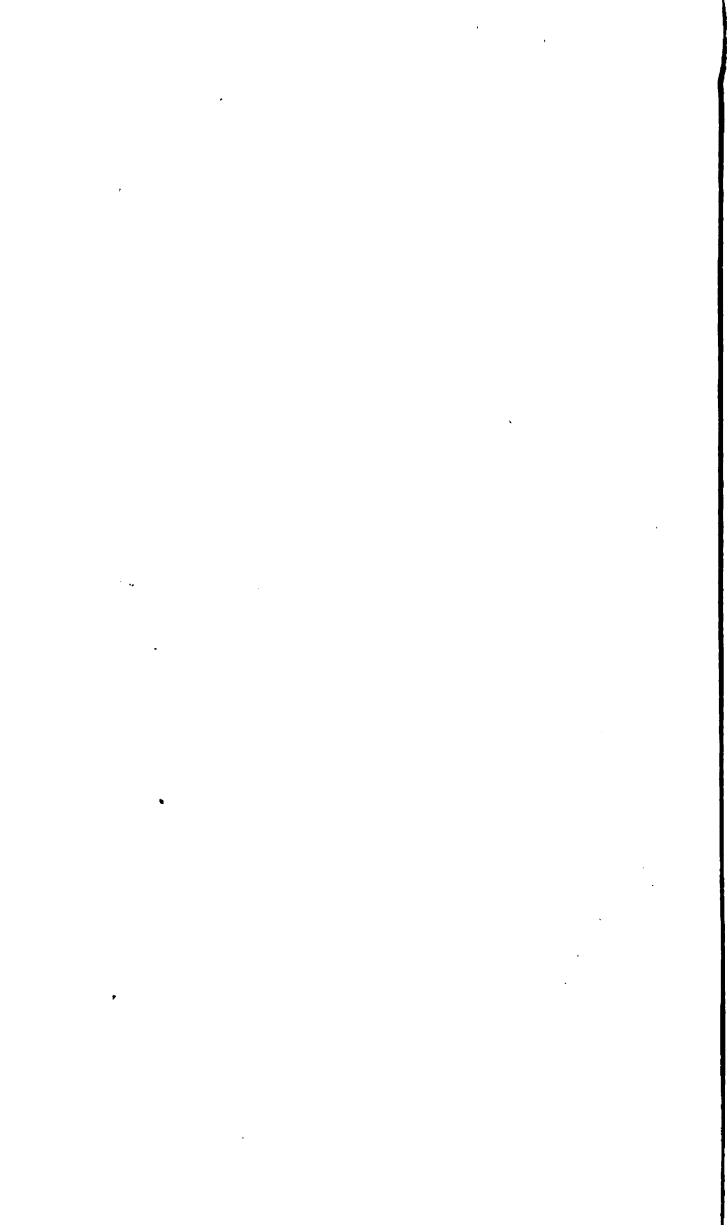
CHAPTER I.

Regiments raised by the Grant and the Gordon Families during the French War.—Computed Number of Officers and Men furnished from Strathspey and Badenoch.

FROM General Stewart's accurate statistics, published in his popular work on the Highland Regiments, we learn, that from 1793 to the end of the French war, in 1815, there were raised in the Highlands of Scotland, 40 battalions of the line, fencibles, and reserve, with seven regiments of militia, and 34,785 local militia and volunteers. Calculating each of the said 47 battalions of the line and militia at 800 men, the number would be 37,600, to which, add 34,785 local militia and volunteers, making a grand total of 72,385. And from the same statistics, and other information, we are well warranted to conclude that the territories of the Gordon and Grant families, comprehending Strathavon, Strathspey, Badenoch, and part of Lochaber, including the powerful Clan Macpherson, and Clan Cameron, who coalesced much with the Gordon and Grant families, contributed to this great armament a proportion of not less than one-seventh, or 10,000 men. Under the head of military statistics, in the preceding series of this work, it was shown, that in the course of the years 1793

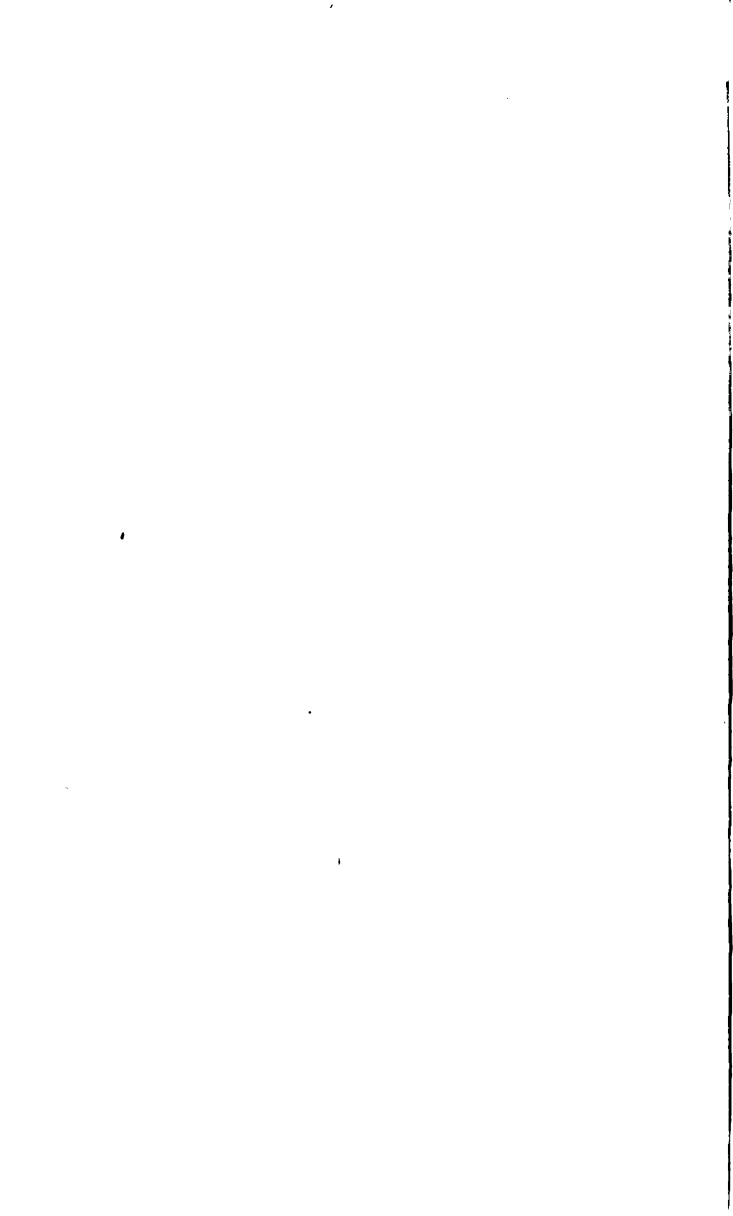
and 1794, Sir James Grant's personal influence with his clan and people, and as Lord Lieutenant of Inverness-shire was so great, that in little more than one year, he, on the declaration of war with France, raised the Strathspey Fencibles all from his own estates, and the 97th Regiment of the line, consisting of 1000 men, all from the Grant estates, with the exception of two or three companies brought to the colours by gentlemen who obtained commissions in the regiment. In the same years, the Gordon family raised the Gordon Fencibles, of which about 300 consisted of Highlanders from Strathavon and Badenoch ; and the 92d Regiment, of which a major proportion was recruited from the said estates and part of Lochaber, the Highland estates being the great nurseries for officers and men, from which the strength of the 92d was maintained during the Marquis of Huntly's connection with that regiment, and afterwards with the 42d ; so that it may be fairly deduced that, from 1794 to 1815, Strathspey would have furnished a duplicand of the two regiments raised in 1793 and 1794, and that Badenoch, including the Gordon, Clan Chattan Macpherson, and other estates, would have contributed at least 1000 men to the line, as a fair proportion to the original contributions to the Gordon armaments raised in 1793 and 1794 ; and, seeing that during the heat of the war, bodies of local volunteers were raised in Strathspey and Badenoch, and that a great many men were raised for the Inverness-shire militia by the ballot and enlistment, during the said period, we may safely put down 5000 as the quota furnished

by Strathspey, and half the number, 2500, as the quota furnished by Badenoch and its dependencies in Lochaber, thus contributing the aggregate number of 7500 men, exclusive of such as might have joined local militia corps at Inverness, with a view to avoid the ballot. But, as stated in the said article, in the first series, if Strathspey and Badenoch furnished so many men to the service of the king, a much greater proportion of young men and non-commissioned officers obtained commissions in the line, militia of all descriptions, and East India Company's service, &c., chiefly through the powerful influence of the Gordon and Grant families, and the chiefs of Clan Chattan Macpherson and Clan Cameron, computed in another chapter in the first series, at the aggregate number of 1000 officers. Unfortunately, no record has been kept of the names and histories of those brave men, many of whom, as officers under the British Crown, performed signal services to their king and country. But under the head of "Seats of Families; Eminent Men and Warriors," in this and preceding series, we have briefly noticed the names and merits of a legion of gallant men, some of whom, by their sword, carved out for themselves escutcheons of honour in the temple of fame,—many of whom became leading stars in the honorable profession of arms, raising their names and native countries to high places in the annals of Britain's wars and national glory.



PART III.

HISTORY OF THE FAMILY OF GRANT AND COLLATERAL BRANCHES OF THE FAMILY.



CHAPTER I.

The History of the Family of Grant and Collateral Branches
of the Family.

THE name and family of Grant are allowed, by all Highland historians, to be amongst the most ancient and honorable. Tradition, which is, however, unsupported by historical facts or legal documents, assumes that the founders of this family existed so far back as the seventh century. We are in possession of a MS. history of the Grant family, partly founded on tradition and partly on history, which connects the original ancestors of the family with the kingdom and royal family of Norway. Hacken Grant, Lord Protector of Norway, in the ninth century, is said to have been the founder of the family, and the name of Grant, which in the Latin language was spelt *Grandis*, and in the Scotch and English language *Great*, which name was, in the course of time, spelled *Le Grand*, after the French, and Grant, or Grantd, as a corruption of the original name, *Grandis*, or *Great*, *d* and *t* being synonymous letters. This appears to be confirmed by a Dutch surname, which is promiscuously spelt *de Groat*, or *Grand*. The successors of Hacken Grant "did bear two strong men, with standing "trees as supporters, with the motto 'stand

“fast,’ importing his faithfulness and fast stand-
 “ing in the great trust committed to him.”
 “At the time,” says this chronicle, “great con-
 “fusion had arisen through Charles the Great,
 “and his attempts against the kings and king-
 “dom of Denmark and Norway, which were
 “not fully composed, and as there were several
 “bickerings, so there were some grounds of a
 “treaty and union between the three kings of
 “Denmark, Norway, and Sweden; so it hap-
 “pened that Hacken, the Protector, was in
 “high and deserved repute with them all, and
 “by their compliments conferred, they sig-
 “nalized the same, for Hacken Grant, the Pro-
 “tector, did still bear six crowns in his coat of
 “arms, evidencing his descent from Cagles, the
 “sixth son, and prince, descended from Wo-
 “dine, and yet now, as a testimony of their
 “respect, he was favoured with a crown from
 “each of these kings; therefore, Hacken Grant,
 “the Protector, and all his successors, have
 “their coat of arms as follows:—Three cornered
 “crowns, (and the other three are in the arms
 “of the King of Denmark and Norway to this
 “day); also, two great men, with their trees
 “supporting the crowns, with the motto ‘stand
 “fast.’ ” But although the old traditioner’s
 record favours us with several interesting par-
 ticulars as to the descendants of Hacken Grant,
 he does not enlighten us much as to the emi-
 gration of Hacken’s progeny from Norway to
 Scotland; for the historian merely says, that
 Fleming, one of Hacken Grant’s descendants,
 came to Ireland, “after having caused to be
 “built two churches, with their steeples, and
 “all ornaments suitable, within nine miles, to

“Christiansand, in Norway, as yet remarkable,
 “and called of Grants. At length, Fleming,
 “coming to Ireland, was respected suitable to
 “his character, and was married to Isabella,
 “daughter to the Prince of Dublin, of whom he
 “begat several hopeful children. The sons of
 “Fleming became men of deserved renown in
 “the world, and coming to Scotland, did begin
 “to inherit, and to this day do their posterity
 “enjoy their inheritance in Scotland. After a
 “good age, Fleming died about the tenth cen-
 “tury.”

It appears probable that this old MS., so far as respects remote antiquity, is a record of facts and fictions, and therefore not entitled to absolute credit as a historical document, though in respect of modern times it contains a great deal of matter of much interest to the Clan Grant, and Highlanders in general. Descending to historical facts, we shall confine ourselves to the history of the Grant family, as borne out by authentic history and documents. “From what country to fetch the Grants originally, I know not,” says Shaw, the historian of Moray, in his own quaint style. And we do not profess to be able to elucidate the point on which Mr. Shaw expressed his ignorance; but the most profound antiquaries are disposed to fetch the Grants from Norway to Normandy, and from Normandy to Britain with William the Conqueror. The particular time the family acquired possessions in the north we cannot discover. The first of this family found on record is Gregorious, or Gregory de Graunt, Sheriff Principal of Inverness, Ross, Sutherland, and Caithness shires, in the reign of

King Alexander II., who succeeded to the crown of Scotland anno 1214, and died 1249. At this time Gregory was proprietor of the lands of Stratherrick ; and from an old charter it would appear that Dominus Robertus de' Grant, Vicecomes de Inverness, was witness to an agreement between the Bishop of Moray and Bysseth, of Lovat, in 1228. In 1270 Henry III. of England gives a protection to William Le Graunt to go to the Crusades. In 1288 Peter Le Graunt signs, among others, an obligation of the King of Arragon to the Prince of Salerno. In 1297 John de Graunt and Rodulph de Graunt, with many of the *magnates Scotiæ*, are included in an order of Edward I. of England to serve in the war against France. They are discharged from prison on this condition.

In 1302, Edward I. addresses letters to prepare with men and horses for engaging in the Scots war, among others, to William le Graunt and John Comyn.

Sir John de Graunt was one of the commanders in the battle of Halledon Hill, anno 1333, who was also an ambassador to the court of France in 1359. Sir John Graunt was the first of his family, it is believed, who got possession of part of the lands of Strathspey by royal gift from King David II., about the year 1346. Edward III. of England grants safe conduct to John Graunt Miles to come to and return to London ; and in 1363 he grants a safe conduct to John de Graunt de Scotiæ Miles, and to Elizabeth, his wife, to come to England, and to have ten persons, horsemen and footmen, in their retinue.

In 1420 the king of England secures their property to many in Normandy who had sworn fealty to him; among others, to William Graunt. Boethius mentions that, soon after 1424, Fleming Graunt was one of the honorable persons who attended Margaret, daughter of James I. of Scotland, into France, on her marriage to Lewis, son of Charles VII.—all which facts are supplied from charters and historical documents.

Robert Grant was much in favour with King Robert II., and was one of the persons intrusted with the distribution of 50,000 crowns of gold to promote the invasion of England.

Maud, or Matildis, heiress and daughter of Patrick Grant, married Sir Andrew Stewart, sheriff of Bute, who was son of King Robert II., and who assumed the name of Grant.

Patrick Grant, son of the said Andrew Stewart, who assumed the name of Grant, married the daughter and heiress of Wiseman, of Mulben.

John Roy Grant, son of Patrick Grant, married Bigla Cumming, heiress of Glencher-nick. He had two sons, Duncan, his heir, and Duncan, the progenitor of Clan Donachie, or family of Gartenbeg.

Duncan Grant, designed of Frenchy, married Muriel, daughter of the Laird of Mackintosh, by whom he had John, his heir, and Patrick, the ancestor of the family of Ballindalloch.

John, called the Bard Roy, or Red Poet, married Elizabeth Ogilvie, daughter of the Earl of Findlater, by whom he had John, his heir.

John Grant, of Frenchy, in 1751, entered

into a contract with Angus McAllaster, of Glengairie ; and “it is agreed that Donald McAngus MacAllaster is to marry Helen Grant, daughter of John.” In this contract there is a singular condition, “that if there are no heirs male of the marriage, then Angus pays 6,000 merks to John Grant and his heirs ; and if there is one daughter of the marriage, 1200 merks to each ; and if three, 600 merks to each. Angus also obliges himself to enter into a bond of man-rent with John Grant and his heirs and successors ; and if Angus preserves this agreement, then John agrees to infest Glengairie, and his heirs male, in the lands of Glengairie, which John possesses by virtue of comprising and infeffment ; but if Glengairie fails in the bond of man-rent, then the infeffment falls to the ground, is cessat and annullat, as if never made.”

John Grant, married to a daughter of the Earl of Rothes, had three sons, James, his heir ; John, of whom Corriemonie is descended ; and Patrick, ancestor of Bonhard. In 1572 there is a bond of man-rent between right honorable men—John Grant, of Frenchie, and Colin Mackenzie, of Kintail, particularly “to defend Colin against Heu Frazer, of Lovat, his airs and kyne, and the said John against Lachlan Mackintosh, of Dunachton.” It appears that this Colin was married to Barbara, daughter of John Grant, and obtained Loch-broom with her ; for it is agreed between them, in, 1752, “that if Colin Mackenzie repudiates her, then John Grant and his heirs shall have ingress and egress to half the lands of Loch-broom.”

James, called Shemus, *na Creach*, married

the daughter of Lord Forbes, and dying, anno 1553, leaving a son.

John Grant, who, by his first wife, Margaret, daughter of Stewart, Earl of Athole, had Duncan, his heir, and Patrick, ancestor of Rothermurchus; and by his second wife, Isabel Barclay, of Towie, he had Archibald, of Ballintomb.

Duncan died anno 1581, before his father, who died 1585; and the wife of Duncan, Margaret, daughter of the Laird of Mackintosh, left John, his heir; Patrick, of whom Easter Elchies; and James, of whom are Moyness and Lurg.

John Grant, of Frenchy, died anno 1622, leaving by his wife, Lillias Murray, daughter of Tullibardine, John, his heir.

Sir John Grant, called "Sir John Sell-the-Land," by Mary Ogilvie, daughter of Lord Findlater, had eight sons—viz., James, who succeeded him; Colonels John and Patrick, Alexander, governor of Dunbarton; George, a major—all of whom had no male issue; Mungo, ancestor of Knockando and Kinchindy; Robert, of Muckerrach; and Thomas, of Balmacraan, whose descendants are extinct.

Sir James succeeded Sir John anno 1637, and left two sons by Mary, daughter of the Earl of Moray—Ludovick, his heir; and Patrick, of Wester Elchies, whose male representatives are extinct.

Sir Ludovick married Janet Brodie, and died anno 1718, leaving two sons—Alexander and James. He was succeeded by—

Sir Alexander, who was one of the most distinguished men of Scotland in his day. He

attained the rank of brigadier-general. He, during the war in the reign of Queen Anne, served with great applause. He was the close companion and friend of John, the great Duke of Argyle. He was one of the commissioners who settled the articles of the Union between England and Scotland ; and a member of the first five British Parliaments. According to the testimony of a just historian, "he was equally qualified for the camp and the court." He died anno 1719. He was succeeded by his brother,—

Brigadier General Grant was succeeded by his next brother James, the second son of Ludovick Grant, of Grant. In 1702 he married Ann Colquhoun, daughter and heiress of Sir Humphrey Colquhoun of Luss. In the marriage articles, it was provided, that this James Grant, then of Pluscarden, should, as is usual in such cases, assume the surname of Colquhoun, and if he should happen to succeed to the estate of Grant, that his eldest son should bear the name of Grant, and his second son the name of Colquhoun. Upon the death of his elder brother, General Grant—Sir James, who had entered upon the possession, and assumed the title of Luss, with the surname and arms of that family, resumed his paternal surname of Grant. By his lady, Ann Colquhoun, he had five sons and five daughters :—1. Humphrey, who died a bachelor ; 2. Ludovick, afterwards Sir Ludovick ; 3. James, a major in the Army, who, upon Ludovick's succeeding to the estate of Grant, succeeded him in the estate of Luss, and married Helen, sister to the Earl of Sutherland ; 4. Francis, a general in the

Army; 5. Charles, an officer in the Navy, and captain of a seventy-four gun-ship at the taking of Manilla. Of the daughters:—Jane, the eldest, married, in 1722, to William, Lord Braco, was mother of the late James, third Earl of Fife, and grandmother of the late James, fourth Earl of Fife; Anne, married to Sir Harry Innes, of Innes, was mother of the late, and grandmother of the present, Duke of Roxburgh; Sophia, the third, died unmarried; Penuel married, 1739, Captain Alexander Grant, of Ballindalloch, elder brother of the late General James Grant; and Clementina, married to Sir William Dunbar, of Durn, Bart. Sir James died at London, anno 1747, and was succeeded by his son—

Sir Ludovick Grant, of Grant. He was representative in Parliament for the County of Moray from 1741 till 1761, when his son James was elected in his stead. He married Miss Dalrymple, daughter of Sir Robert Dalrymple, of North Berwick, by whom he had a daughter, who died unmarried. He married, secondly, Lady Margaret Ogilvie, eldest daughter of James, Earl of Findlater and Seafield, by Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas, Earl of Kin-noul. By this lady, who died anno 1757, he had one son,—James, who succeeded him—and eleven daughters, of whom six survived their father, viz.;—1. Mary Anne; 2. Ann Hope, married to Robert Darly Waddilove, D.D., Dean of Ripon; 3. Penuel, married to Henry Mackenzie, Esq., of the Exchequer, author of the “Man of Feeling,” &c.; 4. Mary; 5. Helen, married to Sir Alexander Penrose Cumming Gordon, of Altyre and Gordonstown,

Baronet; and 6, Elizabeth. Sir Ludovick died in 1773, and was succeeded by his son—

Sir James Grant, of Grant, Baronet, who married, 1763, Jane Duff, only child of Alexander Duff, Esquire, of Hatton, by Lady Ann Duff, eldest daughter of William, first Earl of Fife. By this lady he had seven sons and six daughters, of whom survived at their father's death, two sons and three daughters, viz.,—1. Lewis Alexander; 2. Francis William. The daughters were,—1. Ann Margaret; 2. Margaret, married to the late Major General Francis Stewart, of Lessmurdy and Newmill, who had issue Captain James Stewart, and other children; 3. Penuel. Lady Grant died anno 1805. In all the relations of life, as wife, parent, and guardian of the interests of her people, she was a model of virtue and a pattern to her sex; Sir James himself was a meet companion to his exemplary consort; distinguished, as he was, for unbounded generosity, benevolence, hospitality, and charity,—characteristics which obtained for him the unbounded attachment and gratitude of his clan and people, and the enduring appellation of “the good Sir James.” Under a different head, his military services to the State are briefly recorded. At different periods, he represented the Counties of Moray and Banff in Parliament. He was general cashier of excise for Scotland, and Lord Lieutenant of the County of Inverness, from the year 1794 till 1809, when the infirm state of his health obliged him to resign it to his sovereign, who appointed his son to succeed him. This illustrious chief died anno 1811, and was succeeded by his son—

Sir Lewis Alexander, who, on the death of James, seventh Earl of Findlater, 5th October, 1811, without issue, succeeded to his extensive estates, in right of his grandmother, and to the titles of Earl of Seafield, Viscount Redhaven, and Baron Ogilvie, of Deskford and Cullen. In the year 1822, his Majesty King George the Third was graciously pleased to advance his lordship's brother and sisters to the same rank and dignity they would have attained had their father, the late Sir James Grant, lived to be the Earl of Seafield. Lewis Alexander, Earl of Seafield, died anno 1841, and was succeeded by his brother—

Colonel the Honorable Sir William Grant, representative in Parliament for the County of Moray, Lord Lieutenant of Inverness-shire, and Colonel of the tenth or Inverness-shire militia, who married, in 1811, Mary Ann, only daughter of John Charles Dunn, Esq., and had issue,—1. Jean, married to General E. W. Walker, of the Fusileer Guards; 2. Francis William, sometime Member of Parliament for Inverness-shire, who died anno 1840; 3. John Charles, the present earl; 4. The Honorable Major James; 5. The Honorable Captain Lewis Alexander; and 6. The Honorable Captain George Henry. Francis William, Earl of Seafield, who was a representative Peer of Parliament, died, July 1853, universally beloved and regretted by all who knew him, and particularly by the numerous tenantry over whom he had presided for upwards of forty years. To him the encomium passed on an unfortunate monarch, by a celebrated judge and historian, and applied by General Stewart, of Garth, to Sir James Grant,

the father, may be aptly applied to the character of the son : “ He was the worthiest gentleman, the best master, the best friend, the best husband, the best father, and the best Christian ” of the wide districts to which he was an honour and a blessing. A biographer of his life and character enunciated a striking fact which found an echo in the breasts of all his grateful dependents—“ that, during his long sway over the destinies and welfare of so many thousands, he had never been known to have been personally accessory to a single act of cruelty or harshness to any of his people.” And the universal gloom which the news of his demise spread over his extensive territories, bore emphatic testimony to the truth of this due eulogium. “ A worthy of son of a worthy sire,”—he was animated by the same anxious desire to promote the prosperity of his estates and people. The extent of his improvements obtained for him the Royal Highland Society’s medal as the greatest planter in Scotland ; and during his time, industry, peace, plenty, and happiness, prevailed over his mountains, glens, and vallies.

Francis William, fifth Earl of Seafield, was succeeded by the—

Honorable John Charles, Viscount Redhaven, who, in 1850, married the Honorable Caroline Stuart, daughter of the eleventh Lord Blantyre, and have issue, born 1851, Ian Charles, Viscount of Redhaven, and Master of Grant, the Right Honorable John Charles Grant Ogilvie, Earl of Seafield, Viscount Redhaven, and Baron Ogilvie of Deskford and Cullen,—elected one of the Scotch representative Peers in

Parliament—was raised to the British Peerage, in August 1858, under the title of Baron Strathspey, which was the cause of great and general rejoicings over the Strathspey and Grant territories, as mentioned in another chapter.

Family seats : Castle Grant and Balmacraan House, Inverness-shire ; Grant Lodge, Morayshire ; Cullen House, Banffshire.

CHAPTER II.

The Chief created Lord Strathspey, August, 1858.—Great and General Rejoicing in Strathspey.

THE important services rendered by the family of Grant to the British crown, from the earliest period of their history, and particularly during the great national struggle maintained by the British Isles against the great despot of Europe, from 1794 to 1815, well entitled the Lord of Strathspey and its dependencies to be regarded as one of the brightest jewels in the British monarch's national crown; and those important services, acknowledged in part by raising the family of Sir James Grant to the titles and honours appertaining to the sons and daughters of an earl, in 1822, remained to be still more adequately acknowledged by raising the head of the house of Seafield and Grant to the dignity of the British peerage, and we know that a design to that effect, in regard to the late noble and excellent Earl of Seafield, on the part of conservative Governments, had been only frustrated by the frequency of political revolutions of parties in the Government during the last twenty years.

We deem it a graceful act of justice on the part of the British crown, to have lately fulfilled the intentions of previous Governments—an act alike grateful to the head of the pow-

erful house of Seafield and Grant, and to the descendants of those, who, by signal services at home and in the battle-field, contributed not a little to the honour of their native land and the glory of the nation. In almost every land the name of Strathspey has acquired something like a talismanic celebrity, as the romantic land of blue mountains, green forests, heroes, poetry, and song.

It is no wonder that the tidings of her Majesty having been pleased to confer upon the noble chief of Grant the name and title of their beloved country, was received with a galvanic thrill of joy by the sons and daughters of Strathspey, throughout the length and breadth of their land; and soon they gave vent to their feelings of joy in a most effective demonstration. Fragile youth, and feeble age, as well as the strong and robust, climbed the mountain's brow, with offerings to the huge pile, which was to celebrate the event in their locality. From Ballendalloch to Craig-Ellachie, a distance of thirty miles, every hill was crested with a towering pile of combustibles, while Cluny Macpherson, chief of a gallant clan, raised on the top of Craig-Ubhie, the ward hill of the Macphersons, a similar demonstration of respect and goodwill towards a neighbouring chief, in which he was followed by some of his distinguished clansmen; and on an appointed evening, when the torch was applied,—from Craig-Ubhie to Ballendalloch, a distance of sixty miles, the mountains and vallies of the winding Spey and neighbouring localities were illuminated by the lowing, glowing, conflagrations of a chain of between thirty and forty flaming beacons.

Such a magnificent demonstration of respect and affection is unparalleled in the annals of our country. In the centre of the square of Grantown, a stupendous bonfire, composed of wood, tar-barrels, and combustibles, seventy feet in height, streaming with banners and clan-nish mementos and devices, in the course of the evening, gave forth its flaming volumes of light, doubly illuminating the hall and table, around which sat the Lord of Strathspey and his principal clansmen, most of them "plaided in gallant array." "Their breasts were a hundred, but their hearts were one," all animated with generous feelings of loyalty to the Queen, and attachment to their chief, cordially felt and expressed on the joyous occasion. No orator was required to excite the overflowing aspirations of the happy assembly, whose shouts in pledging the toasts of the evening, were taken up, repeated, and proclaimed, by the congregated assembly in the square, amounting to several thousands of devoted tenantry, among whom the earl and countess, in the course of the evening, mixed and mingled, giving and receiving mutual feelings of genuine regard; and ultimately, the crowds of brave men and bonnie lassies, who awaited their advent in the ball-room, received them with heart-felt acclamations. For a time all the happy crowd was quite at home in the enjoyment of their happiness; the nobles and honorables of the castle mingling with unaffected affability and pleasure with the humbler occupants of the cottage, and "all went merry as a marriage bell," until the lights of the morning paled the lights of the night. No wonder that those exciting and joyous scenes

evoked poetry in a poetic land, which might do credit to the pens of a Burns and a Scott ; and we cannot do better than close this article by recording the sweet flowing stanzas of a young poetess, who gives promise of future excellence, and who, during an excursion to the North, was present on the happy occasion.

STRATHSPEY REJOICINGS.

Why are the hills of proud Strathspey
Crowned with a blaze of light—
Why do the dazzling fires burst forth
Amidst the calm of night ?
Is it the beacon's warning gleam,
Is the invader near,
And doth the land call forth her sons
To aid with sword and spear ?

And will the undaunted Clan arise,
As it was wont of yore,
The banner of the Grants unfurl
Upon the breeze once more ?
Will it march onward to the fight
In stern and fierce array,
Shouting the battle-cry again—
Craigellachie ! Strathspey !

Yes, were the fiery signal given,
If foemen were at hand,
They would display the flag on high,
Unsheath the glittering brand.
But now far other thoughts than these
Are with the gathering crowd,
Who wake the echo of each glen
With cheering long and loud.

The Chieftain of their ancient line
Has won another name,
A title dearer to his Clan
Than any he can claim ;
The bells were ringing far and near,
The throng came forth to-day,
To render homage to their Lord,
The Baron of Strathspey.

He's richer in these loyal hearts
Than in his princely lands;
They're true and constant as their Rock,
Which ever firmly stands.
Titles and wealth, by royal might,
May be bestowed at will;
The choicest gift—a people's love—
Must flow spontaneous still.

But there is one most welcome, too,
At every cottage hearth,
Who comes, with pleasant words and smiles,
A sunbeam on the earth;
And when our children's golden locks
Are turning into grey,
That name will be a watchword yet—
The Lady of Strathspey.

She does not prize the festive scene,
Its vain and empty glare—
The poor around her stately home
Are still her anxious care;
The tenants on these wide domains
All bless her gentle rule;
And children lisp out prayers for her,
In many a village school.

And he who on our sports to-day
So joyously has smiled,
With winning looks and artless grace—
The bright and noble Child;
May Heaven grant him years of life,
When we have passed away,
May blessings rest upon him still—
The young Heir of Strathspey.

But now the bonfire's ruddy glow
Streams all the country o'er,
From Tullochgorum's lofty height,
On Frenchie and Craigmore;
On Cromdale's Hill, on Garten's crest,
The rival flames ascend,
In honour of the Lord Strathspey,
The Chieftain and the Friend.

The burning rockets mount on high
Through the soft evening air,
They show us many a happy face,
For joy is everywhere.

Oh, ever in this favoured land
May truth and concord dwell,
And may this night, in after years,
Be long remembered well !

And soon the stirring bagpipes play
Some old inspiring strain,
Then gaily speed the dancers on,
And all is mirth again.
Swiftly the festive hours pass on,
They glide unnumbered by,
Until the radiant dawn appears
In the unclouded sky.

Land of the bright, impetuous stream,
Of mountains darkly blue,
Thy sons are ever staunch and brave,
Thy daughters fair and true ;
Long may the heather freshly bloom,
The fir be green for aye,
May peace and plenty ever bless
The Homes of fair Strathspey.

And thou, who wilt endure when we
Are gathered to our rest,
The bulwark of the line of Grant,
Its Chieftain's lofty crest—
Rock, that for ages hast withstood
Each keen and piercing blast,
Be still the guardian of the land—
Craigellachie, stand fast !—H. S.

CASTLE GRANT, STRATHSPEY,
11th August, 1858.

CHAPTER III.

The Family of Ballindalloch—His Historical Notice of the Family.

AN ancient cadet of the family of Grant, is Grant of Ballindalloch. The ancestor was Patrick, probably son of Duncan Grant, of Frenchie, who had the lands of Ballindalloch before 1521, as then he purchased the lands of Tullochcarron from Hugh Bron Lamb, and is designated Patrick Grant, of Ballindalloch. In 1536 there is an indenture and obligation from James Grant, of Frenchie, to infest John Grant, of Ballindalloch, son to Patrick, in these lands lying within the lordship of Glencherneck. His son Patrick succeeded about 1553, whose son Patrick succeeded about 1595 ; his son John succeeded about 1619, who was succeeded by his son James, about 1628 ; his son John succeeded about 1649, who was succeeded by his son John about 1680, who died anno 1721.

Brigadier Grant, of Grant, bought this estate about 1704, and sold it about 1711 to Colonel William Grant, a son of the family of Rothermurchus, who had married Anne, the brigadier's sister. He had two sons. Alexander succeeded him ; and, by his wife Penuel, daughter of Sir James Grant, of Grant, had a son William, who succeeded him, but dying without issue in

1770, was succeeded by General James Grant, the Colonel's other son.

General Grant entered the army in early life, and was employed in important military services. He was Governor of Florida; he defeated Count D'Estaing with an inferior force, and conquered St. Lucia in 1779. He became Colonel of the 11th regiment of foot, and Governor of Stirling Castle. During his occasional residence in the country, in the latter part of his life, he made material improvements on his estate, in elegant buildings and cultivation of waste grounds, and other agricultural improvements, agreeably to the most approved method of modern times. General Grant was succeeded by George Macpherson, Esq., advocate, son of the Laird of Invereshie, in Badenoch, a near kinsman, to whom the general disposed his estates of Ballindalloch and others; Mr. Macpherson assuming and bearing the name of Grant. During a long life, Mr. Macpherson Grant was distinguished for great intelligence, profound knowledge of rural and agricultural subjects, extending his ample possessions by extensive acquisitions about Ballindalloch and Badenoch. For his valuable services as a political adherent, Mr. Macpherson Grant, of Ballindalloch, was created a baronet in 1838, and died in 1846. He was succeeded by his son, Sir John Macpherson Grant, an enterprising agriculturist, who died in 1850, leaving a son, who is a minor, a very promising youth.

The family seat of Ballindalloch and its neighbourhood, under the auspices of General Grant and the late Sir George Macpherson

Grant, has become one of the most beautiful and rich localities in the north. An elegant tasteful mansion, comprising, amid modern additions; an old massive tower,—a warlike ensign of its warrior founders, surrounded by a grove of noble trees, bespeaks it the residence of opulence and taste. Swampy grounds and barren moors have from time to time been converted into corn lands, bearing the richest crops, while new farms and rising mansions proclaim the progress of great agricultural improvement around the vale of Ballindalloch, exhibiting to the passing traveller a delightful landscape below, like a fair and animated painting, till the traveller passes the bridge over the Avon, leading to Strathspey, or ascends the road leading to the wild and romantic regions of Glenlivet and Strathavon.

LEGEND OF BALLINDALLOCH.

“JOHN GRANT, of Ballachastle, being when a minor, left fatherless, is tutored by his uncle, Patrick, of Ballindalloch, and educated by his grandfather, the Laird of Mackintosh. Ballindalloch being now factor to the Laird of Grant, is prompted to entertain, and with his might maintain, that he had as good a right as his brother to be representative and Laird of Grant, and having his encouragers, as well as great opportunity, he comes and lives in Ballachastle; by means and suitable disoblidgements, the minor and righteous heir is altogether discouraged (for Ballindalloch having now all the power as factor, is for a long time here, much favoured by country), which, when the heir's

grandfather, the Laird of Mackintosh perceived, he calls for him and brings him up to Dunachton, and sees carefully to his maintenance and education. After he arrived to years of discretion, and passed his minority, his grandfather caused him to visit the country, and invited all the gentlemen to a hunting-day. The following day, Mackintosh, and his grandchild being visited and conveyed by all the country, was at last noticed by Ballindalloch, the factor, and is invited to Ballachastle. Then, passing sometime in diversion, the youth of the country are so taken with him, that he is not only owned as the righteous heir, but it is also proposed civilly to desire the factor to remove, and, if needs be, to eject him. Ballindalloch, suspecting the friendship of the country (by reason of some misunderstanding between them since his becoming factor), thinks fit to remove for a short time, which when the youth of the country perceived, they not only prevailed on the young man to stay in, but also manored and kept the house, and by force discharged Ballindalloch from ever after entering therein; which, when he perceived, he was prevailed upon to return, though discontented, to Ballindalloch, and the young laird enjoyed his lands and freedom without control." — *Old MS. History of the Grants.*

CHAPTER IV.

Carron and Ballindalloch.—The Haunts and Hiding-places of James Grant, of Carron, *alias* Sheamus Naduim, or James of the Hills.—The Rob Roy of the North—History of his Feuds, Fights, Murders, Rapine, and daring Deeds from 1588 to 1693.—From old MS. History of the Grants.

IN the time of Sir John Grant, of Frenchy, fell out the bloody and fatal quarrels between the kinsmen of the houses of Ballindalloch and Carron, which, because they are a remarkable piece of private history, I shall here relate as not being well-known in our days.

The family of Ballindalloch, were, for some generations, powerful in men, rich in possessions, and of a high spirit that could not bear control, insomuch that their chief and they had frequent discords; and John Roy Grant, natural son of Grant, of Glenmouston, having settled in Carron, in the neighbourhood of Ballindalloch, debates arose about marches, which were maintained with great warmth on either side. In these debates, the Laird of Grant was said to have discovered a partial favour for Carron, and to have shown it would not disoblige him if Ballindalloch were humbled. This emboldened Carron,—confident of his chief's favour, he would yield no point in debate. Upon which several scuffles took place, with no great

loss on either side; till, in one of them, about the year 1588, John Grant, of Ballindalloch, was slain. This occasioned much trouble to both families, and sowed deep seeds of discord betwixt them.

The memory of Ballindalloch's death and the lust of revenge were awakened after many years, in the following manner. James Grant, son of John Roy, of Carron (and commonly called Shamus-na-duim) because he resided on the Tom, or hill of Carron, being with his brother Thomas, at a public fair, in the town of Elgin, in the year 1615—Thomas was wounded in a tumult by one of the house of Ballindalloch, which so provoked James that he pursued that man and killed him.

Ballindalloch resented the death of his friend and prosecuted James for murder, and upon his not presenting himself, got him fugitive and outlawed; and, although his chief interceded for him, Ballindalloch would not be reconciled to him, James Na-duim, irritated by this, gathered a company of desperate fellows, and being himself daring and cruel in his temper, they, like a parcel of banditti, distressed Ballindalloch's tenantry and friends, and struck terror into all that would not submit to them. Ballindalloch employed several parties to apprehend James, but in vain. But the Earl of Moray, being made lieutenant of these counties in the year 1624, was specially required by the Privy Council to apprehend and bring him to justice, and sent out several detachments for that purpose, all of which had no other effect than to exasperate James still the more against the family of Ballindalloch, inso-

much, that suspecting that James Grant, and John Grant, of Tomavullin, were employed as spies to discover him, he cut off their heads and escaped all the snares laid for him.

Ballindalloch understood that James was secretly encouraged and protected by his brother Patrick, of Carron, wherefore he resolved to deprive him of that refuge, and, in the year 1630, Carron, with his servants, and Alexander Grant, a gentleman in his neighbourhood, having gone to Abernethy, to cut wood for building his house, John Grant the younger, of Ballindalloch, with sixteen men, followed him. They pretended to come in search of the outlaw, James Na-duim, and finding Carron in the village of Rothimune, they awakened the old quarrel, and in a sharp skirmish Carron was killed, and some of his servants were wounded; and on Ballindalloch's side, Thomas Grant, of Delvy, and Lachlan Mackintosh, of Raymore, were killed. Thus, the two families came to an open rupture, and sought to destroy one another. The Earl of Moray, lord-lieutenant, favoured Ballindalloch, and having represented the case to his Majesty in the most favorable light, obtained a remission for him. The Marquis of Huntly, in opposition to Moray, secretly favoured the family of Carron; and it was thought that Sir James Grant did so likewise. In the mean time, James Na-duim, who had absconded for some time past, appeared again, and confiding in the favour of the great men, became quite insolent. On December 3rd, 1630, he came with his associates, to Pit-chash, where young Ballindalloch resided, and assaulted his house in the night.

The gentleman had a sufficient guard of thirty men, and maintained the house, but did not choose to come out in the dark to these desperadoes. Wherefore James set fire to his corns and office houses, and burnt or killed all his cattle; and on the 7th of that month, he burnt and destroyed all the houses and cattle on the lands of Tullichan, and miserably ravaged Ballindalloch's other lands; and the melancholy tragedy of burning the Viscount of Aboyne and others in the house of Tendraught, having happened a little before that time, James marched down with 240 men, to resent the quarrel of his friends, the Gordons; and if the Marquis of Huntly had not stopped him, he would have utterly wasted all Fendraught's lands.

The people now loudly and justly complained that they were oppressed and impoverished, and that the lord-lieutenant, who ought to protect them, offered them no relief or redress. To silence these clamours, the Earl of Moray, finding the parties hitherto employed by him unsuccessful, sent a message to the intercommuned Mackintoshes, offering them peace, on condition that they would bring James Naduim to him dead or alive. They, to purchase their own peace and liberty, gladly accepted the office. Here, I must make a short digression, in order to explain the case of the Mackintoshes. The Mackintoshes, in Pelly, had been all in the year 1620 warned out of their possessions by the Earl of Moray, through the instigation of the Marquis of Huntly. They thought it ungrateful in the earl thus to treat them, considering what service they had

done him, after the murder of his father, by the Gordons, in the year 1591-2, and they judged it hard to relinquish their *duchas*, after a possession of some hundred years. Yet, the earl served them with a legal ejection, and they continued in violent possession. He brought 300 Highlanders out of Monteith and Balquhider, in the year 1623, in order to drive them out ; but Highlanders are too fond of *duchas*, to fight against those whose crime it is to maintain it, and so those did him no service. Next year, the earl marched into Petty with a considerable body of horse, but the Mackintoshes absconded, and upon his return they possessed their own dwellings, for no man could be got to take their tenements. This provoked the earl so much, that he got them outlawed and intercommuned in the end of the year 1624. This exasperated them the more, and for near six years they maintained their violent possession and levied and spent the earl's rents—yet, all that time, they shed no blood and injured none of their neighbours. At length, about the year 1629, the Earl and the Marquis of Huntly discorded, and he was reconciled to, and relieved all the intercommuned, excepting forty of the principal men, and these were they, to whom he proposed to apprehend James Na-duim.

Lachlan Mackintosh, of Corriebrough, and William Mackintosh, of Kellachy, and George Dallas prepared for the undertaking. They knew that James Na-duim kept a company of daring and desperate men, and that he haunted much the country of Strathavon. Therefore, they divided their men into three parties, and

entered Strathavon, by three different roads. On December 18th, 1630, they found James in a house in Achnahyle, attended by ten men and his bastard son. Corrybrough came up first, and immediately assaulted the house; James maintained bravely till the other two parties arrived. Then, finding himself overpowered by numbers he rushed out, and, attempting to make his escape to the hills, four of his men were killed, only his son escaped. He himself, and the other six, were made prisoners, after he had stood to his defence until he had received eleven wounds.

Next day, they carried the prisoners to Balindalloch, and from thence to the town of Elgin, where six of them were incarcerated. But James was brought to Darnaway, the seat of the Earl of Moray, and his wounds were so festered with cold, that he lay nearly a year under cure. It would appear that Dr. Johnson was his physician, who, in an epigram addressed to the Privy Council, threatened to waft him over the Stygian Lake by a dose, if they did not pay his fees.

*"Aut date quæ meruit Johnstonus præmia patriæ,
"Aut Stygia tranabit Grantius ante diem."*

When he was fully recovered, he was carried to Elgin, 25th February, 1632; and the Mackintoshes were employed to convey him and his men to Edinburgh; and upon delivering him, the Mackintoshes obtained their peace, and returned home in friendship with the Earl of Moray, after seven years' outlawry. James's six associates were tried and hanged; but he himself was committed to prison in the castle, till the

king's pleasure regarding him should be known. He wanted not friends who interceded for him; and he was not kept so close but that his wife had frequent access to him, and conveyed a small rope, in a roll of sweet butter, by means of which he made his escape over the wall, 15th October, 1632, after he had been confined about eight months. Being unknown in the Western countries, he found means to get over to Ireland.

The Privy Council made search for him in and about Edinburgh, and promised a reward to any one that should apprehend him. They likewise examined his wife, but she would make no discovery. He remained in Ireland for a year; and then he knew that there was a price set upon his head; yet he ventured to return to his native country, and appeared openly in Strathspey in November, 1633, and frequently visited his wife, who lived in a small hut in the lands of Carron.

James Na-duim's return vexed Ballindalloch not a little, and so frightened his tenants that few of them would remain on his lands. That gentleman would willingly have employed the Mackintoshes to apprehend him again; but though, to obtain their own peace, they had formerly undertaken that employment, yet now they refused to meddle in the quarrels of another clan. Wherefore, Ballindalloch applied to the Privy Council, who gave warrant to Patrick Ger MacGregor, an outlaw, and brother to the Laird of MacGregor; and he undertook, with a party of that clan, to bring James to Edinburgh, dead or alive; one outlaw being thought the fittest to catch another, in order

thereby to ransom his own life. Patrick, with a numerous gang, came to Strathspey. They laid out their intelligence; and sixteen of them, with Patrick at their head, surrounded in the night the hut in Carron where James lay with his son and one other man. In the attack, Patrick Ger was mortally wounded; and while his men were employed in taking him up, James and his companions made their escape. The MacGregors returned disappointed; and their captain died of his wounds.

For some time after this, James keeps concealed. He had for some months carried on a private correspondence with Ballindalloch about a reconciliation, and was greatly provoked by his employing the MacGregors against him. However, the correspondence was continued, that under the colour of it he might the more effectually execute his revenge. An interview was appointed to be holden at the Miln of Pitchash, on the night of the 7th December, 1634, where they might commune freely with one another. As Ballindalloch was at supper that night in his house of Pitchash, James's wife came in and whispered to him. He instantly went out, armed with sword and target, and discharged any one to follow him; yet his lady went quickly after him. Upon a signal made, as agreed upon, James alone appeared; and after a short communing, James whistled, and twelve men rushed out of the Miln, and made both Ballindalloch and his lady prisoners. They carried them about two miles down the river-side to Culchoich, where they dismissed the lady. They then blindfolded Ballindalloch, carried him through the

river, and led him through so many traverses, that he could not possibly conjecture where he was or what would be his fate; and before the dawning of the next morning they brought him to the house of Thomas Grant, three miles from Elgin, and near to the village of Urquhart; there lodged him in the furnace of a kiln, constantly guarded by two of their number; and in this memorable place he remained about three weeks, oppressed with hunger, cold, and anxiety, and uncertain about the event.

Upon the 24th December James had gone abroad into the country, and left only five men to guard the prisoner. It was the lot of Leonard Leslie (son-in-law to Robert Grant, brother to James) and of one MacGuirman that day to be in the kiln-furnace. Ballindalloch, in despair, and not knowing of James's absence, spoke to Leonard in Latin, promising an ample reward if he should favour his escape. Leonard, either out of compassion or avarice, told him where he was, and that James had gone into the country; and that if he would knock down MacGuirman, and spring out, he would favour him. Ballindalloch took the hint, gave MacGuirman a violent blow, and leaped to the door of the furnace. Leonard made as if he would catch him, and purposely fell across the door, which so far stopped MacGuirman, that Ballindalloch got out of the kiln, and made towards the village of Urquhart. All the five men pursued close; but he had got into the village, where they durst not follow him, except Leonard Leslie, who from that time detached himself from James, and kept close with

Ballindalloch. From Urquhart they were conveyed that night to the house of James, and next day, which was the 29th December, 1634, into the town of Elgin. James, upon his return, was obliged to abscond, and the rather because Leonard Leslie could discover all his haunts and abettors.

How soon Ballindalloch made his escape, he removed his family to Edinburgh, knowing that they could not be safe in the country; and this put him to great charges. He obtained a commission to apprehend James, Thomas Grant and his son, Patrick Anderson, and others. James had a safe retreat in the Marquis of Huntly's lands, and could not be found; but Thomas Grant and four men were apprehended and incarcerated in Elgin. Two of them made their escape out of prison. Thomas, in whose kiln Ballindalloch was kept, was hanged, and the other two men banished. In the meantime, the MacGregors, commanded (after Patrick Ger's death) by Gil-Roy (commonly called Gilderoy) and John Dow Ger, failing in all the attempts they had made upon James Na-duim and thereby forfeiting the favour promised by the Privy Council, committed all manner of villanies. They stole, robbed, and ravished women, murdered innocent people, &c. They so wasted the lands of James, of Balvenie, and put him to such charges, that he never recovered. They ravaged the lands of Fendraught; they fell down upon the estate of Dr. Forbes, of Corse, and plundered it. In a word, like the Saxons whom the Britons called in to defend them from the Scots and Picts, but who proved greater enemies than those against whom

they were employed, the MacGregors became a greater nuisance than James Na-duim, whom they were to apprehend.

These villanies moved the Privy Council, in 1635, to take caution of all chiefs of clans, heritors of lands, heads of families, &c., in terms of the general bond (see this bond in Act of Parliament 159), that they should be answerable for their clans, tenants, servants, &c. In pursuance of this, Sir John was required either to bring James-Na-duim to justice, or to drive him out of his lands, and to do the same with the MacGregors. These last skipped from one country to another; and it was not easy to apprehend them. The Stewarts, of Athole, brought eight of them to Edinburgh. The Lord Lorn apprehended Gil-Roy and three of his gang; and one John Stuart, in Braemar, caught more of them.

All were hanged in Edinburgh in 1636; but John Dow Ger infested the country till the year 1639. In November that year he came, with a gang of twenty villains, to the house of William Grant, at Speymouth, and demanded a contribution in money from the inhabitants of Garmouth, on pain of burning their houses. They gave him fair words until the neighbourhood was alarmed. Perceiving this, he seized on their boats, and got with his men into an island in the river, from which he exchanged some shots with the people on shore; and Alexander Anderson, in Garmouth, shot him dead on the spot, and then his gang fled.

James Na-duim, who absconded since Ballindalloch's escape, appeared openly in April, 1636; and since Ballindalloch was just out

of his reach, he bent his malice on his relations. His first attack was upon the house of Thomas Grant, brother to Patrick Grant, of Culchoich; and, missing that gentleman, he destroyed his castle. Soon afterwards he found Thomas and his bastard brother in bed in a neighbour's house, dragged them out by the heels, and cut off their heads on a block at the door. Hence, he passed into Glenboate, and cut off the heads of other two of Ballindalloch's friends. Then, moving towards Strathboggie, he chanced to enter the hangman's house, not knowing it was his. The poor man fled, and alarmed the bailiff, who beset the house with a party. James had only three men with him, and killed two of his assailants, and wounded others; and maintained the house till, by the favour of the night, he and his brother Robert made their escape; but his bastard son John, and one Forbes, were taken and hanged, with Gil-Roy, in July, 1636.

James returned to Strathspey, and lived openly. His chief, Sir John Grant, having failed to drive James or the MacGregors out of his lands, in terms of law, thereby gave grounds that he too much favoured them. There were, indeed, but few MacGregors harboured. Gregor MacGregor, who then resided at Tulloch-grew, in Rothymurchus, and thereafter settled in Delavorar, in Strathavon, was a peaceable and industrious man. But with respect to James Na-duim, he was too much countenanced and sheltered in his chief's lands; and on that account Sir John Grant was committed to prison at Edinburgh in January, 1637, being soon liberated. He died in the month of April thereafter.

From that time, James Na-duim lived undisturbed until he obtained a remission in the year 1639, when Lord Aboyne landed in Aberdeen with a commission of lieutenancy, and called the Highland clans to meet him at Strathboggie, in the month of June. Among others who came to his standard, were James Na-duim, with twenty men, and John Dow Ger MacGregor, with twenty-four men.

Such outlaw banditti, murderers, and robbers were, it seems, good men to march against the Covenanters. I have spoken of John Dow Ger's fate; and probably it was on account of this eminent piece of service that James Na-duim obtained his Majesty's peace in that year, 1639.

Thus a turbulent and bloody man, after an outlawry of above twenty years, after having committed many villanies, escaped many dangers, and brought the families of Ballindalloch and Carron so very low that they never recovered their former splendour and power—that man, I say, obtained his Majesty's peace. In him we have a specimen of the justice of these times; and in these two families a warning, both to private persons and to opulent families, to guard against bloodshed, and not to indulge in revenge.—*Old Authentic MS.*

PART IV.

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CHAPTER I.

Slockmuick.—The Haunt of Wild Boars, Water-Kelpies and Free-booters.

WHOEVER has travelled from Inverness to Perth, by the Highland road, at any season of the year, but particularly in winter, must have been struck with the wild and secluded character of the pass or gorge of Slockmuick, leading from the country of Strathdearn to the district of Strathspey. But, wild as the locality may now appear, opened up as it has been by the large mound and other great improvements made by the Highland Road Commissioners, it was infinitely more so when the author, upwards of thirty years' ago, traversed it by General Wade's up-and-down road and *hump-backed* little bridge (still entire, over the little rivulet which winds its tortuous eel-like course along the flat) conducting the traveller along the bottom of the gully, under beetling rocks and precipices, to which the tenacious-footed goat hung, like a fly to a pane of glass. The savage aspect of the scene was heightened in our youthful mind by the recollection of divers awe-inspiring stories connected with the place, which we shall briefly notice as we go along.

In olden times, when Fingal and his compeers, according to the testimony of old Ossian, pursued

with dog and spear, the deer, the wolf, and the wild boar, in the forests of Caledonia, Slockmuick (in Gaelic) signifying, in English, the boar's den, was then the haunt of those natives of the forest—finding, no doubt, cover and some security in the caves, rocks, and fastnesses of this solitary gorge, which, in ancient times, was surrounded by pine forests. From the description of Ossian and tradition, those porkers were a breed of a class which do not now grace our agricultural shows. The boars of old, according to said authorities, measured some ten or twelve feet from the tail to the snout, were of corresponding proportions in height and breadth, with bristles like needles, and tusks, such as would do honour to Mr. Rowallan Cumming's collection of ivories. Those ferocious monsters, when suffering from hunger, like the Russian bear, would attack an unprotected traveller, who would not be in safety to pass their haunts unless armed with claymore and target; and tradition has it, that those great grunTERS (like the boa-constrictor, which for a dinner will dispose of a goat, hoofs and horns), would, from its ample maw and paunch, manage to make away with a stalwart Highlandman, plaid-purse and all, and who would thus be for ever missing to his family and clan. Hence, it is supposed, arises the Mahometan antipathy manifested by most Highlanders to porkers and pork of all denominations.

In those days, too, even worse than the wild boar, those amphibious emissaries of Satan, half-spirit, half-horse, called a water kelpie, found this solitary pass a convenient locality for carrying on professional vocations. We are in possession of

the history of one of those entrappers, who was put *hors de combat* in this place by one of the clan Gregor, whose descendant showed us the bit of the kelpie's bridle—for particulars as to which we refer to our preceding volume. But, in more recent times, worse than even the boars and water kelpies levied black mail on the persons and chattels of travellers finding occasion to pass through this slough of despond.

The clans, so long out with Prince Charlie, had acquired such a taste for sharp-shooting that some of them continued to practice as *rifle corps* on their own private account, and sometimes rifled the corpse of a devoted traveller. So much has been said and written as to the doings of Mackintosh, of Borlum, and his banditti, that we think it unnecessary to repeat tales which have been told by writers and novelists, with many aggravations, calculated to wound the feelings of honourable families connected by kindred ties to that wayward gentleman robber of the old school, who escaped to America, where, it is said, he served with great distinction under General Washington in the War of Independence. His estates were forfeited and brought to sale, and the celebrated James Macpherson, the collector of Ossianic poems, became the purchaser of that portion of them now called Belleville and Raitt's, noticed in another chapter.

CHAPTER II.

Forrigan, and the Goodwife of Forrigan.—The Hopopathic, or Dancing Cure, as once practised in the Highlands.

EMERGING from the Pass of Slockmuick resembling a gallery leading to a grand pictorial exhibition, we are soon ushered on a wide extending amphitheatre, hung, as it were, with a series of grand and gorgeous pictures of mountain scenery and varied landscape, drawn by the great Architect and Painter of the Universe himself, the varnishing of the groundwork being done by the hand of man. In the foreground we behold what we shall denominate the province of the Spey and its tributaries, comprehending Strathspey and Badenoch,—which may be peculiarly called the “Land of mountains, glens, and warriors; and the land of romance, poetry, and song.”

Supposing ourselves to stand on the farm of Forrigan, situated on the high table land overlooking Strathspey, we need not go further to find a tale, which like Shakespear’s mirror, will reflect the opinions and habits of the inhabitants in the days of yore,—a tale still as familiar to many of the inhabitants of the plains before us, as their household words. And let it be premised that if our tale, being handed down to us like an ill-preserved manuscript, wanting many leaves and

some chapters, has drawn on our analogical knowledge of Highland subjects to supply such wants, for the sake of connection and illustration—we can assure the reader the cardinal heads of our story, regarding the *dramatis personæ* and the incidents of the piece, are founded on well known credited tradition, transmitted from father to son, like many other facts of much greater antiquity.

In the good old patriarchal times, when every Highland chief “did what was right in his own eyes, there being no king in Israel,” so far as regarded him,—who waged war for or against his nominal sovereign as suited his interest or convenience—each chief found it expedient to have a privy council of his own, to deliberate on, and carry out such acts and edicts as he found it his policy to adopt. This privy council was composed of the cadets, or nearest of kin, of the chief and of the principal tacksmen of his lands. To such tacksmen, according to the extent of his quality and his means, was let a large tract of land, chiefly valuable in those days for breeding and grazing sheep and cattle. The tacksmen, holding of the chief, sublet such portions as he thought proper, to sub-tenants, cotters, and dependents, at such increase of rent as he could obtain, and these were the *Commons*, holding off the Upper House—in other words, the tacksmen were the principal joints of the chief’s tail, and the subtenants the subordinate appendages.

At the time we are writing of, the upland farm of Forrigan, then of great extent, from its elevated situation chiefly fit for grazing cattle, was occupied by a respectable enterprising

tacksman, who was married to a most respectable woman of the same class as himself, both active intelligent managers in their respective departments, training up their sons and daughters in the way they should go,—the sons in the army, the church, or agricultural employments—and the daughters, without any pretence to fashionable accomplishments (there were no pianos, or spinnets, as they were then called, found in farmers' houses) but full of health and beauty—dropping away from time to time, to grace the mansion of one of their own class, and to publish second editions of the Grants of Forrigan, Tullochgorum, &c., &c. Though the general tenor of the life of this class and of the Forrigan family was such as to please any orator of the Temperance League, yet family and holiday festivities were, in those days, celebrated with extraordinary hospitality; every dependant and servant, far and near, being on such occasions summoned to partake of such festivities, which sometimes lasted for several days together. In connection with this part of the subject, we come to introduce to the reader an important personage, who may be called the hero of our story, and whose employment, personal description and characteristics will require some paragraphs from our pen.

Besides what was called the Home Farm, it was customary in these times to allocate a tract of hill pasture, in some remote mountainous region, to which the sheep, and perhaps cattle, were sent to graze in the early part of the summer. And one who had grown up from boyhood to manhood and middle-age, in the service of Forrigan, like another Jacob,

watched over the flocks of his master for an equal term of years, without the promise of a Leah or a Rachel, or even the speckled sheep or cattle, with rare fidelity and without a murmur, though we cannot conceive a more lonely, melancholy, cheerless situation than his,—his dog, seemingly his only companion, his bag of meal and bannocks his commissariat. But this is the dark side of the question, and it appears that our hero had private resources of enjoyment, not open or patent to any but himself.

So much for the situation, now for the description of the man.

Donald M'Alpin was a very tall man, fully two Scotch ells in height; the colour of his hair we know not, but it was a very luxuriant crop, which he wore *en queue*, of a most enormous length, descending to the root of his spine; the colour of his eyes we know not, but his visual orbs were large, animated, and expressive; his nose, of the Roman order, was a very prominent organ, and his mouth, of singularly large dimensions, disclosed to view a row of ivories which might do good service to a shark. His coat was of many colours, arising from a variety of patchwork of different sorts of cloth, and slashed at the sleeves, not by the hands of the tailor, to be in accordance with the fashion of the day, but by the hand of time. His kilt was of short dimensions, and his hose, like Sir John Dudley's stockings, of all colours but the original one, with brogues of untanned hide, with slaps to let out the water when it got in. Such was the usual dress which enclosed M'Alpin's outward man,—though, for state occa-

sions, he had no doubt in reserve greater embellishments.

But, whatever may be the opinion of the reader as to M'Alpin's personal attractions, Donald himself held an opinion decidedly favorable to himself on the subject, and it would appear that he had some grounds for forming the estimate. Like most of his original countrymen, M'Alpin had a great partiality for usquebea and other malt liquors, when they could be honestly come by. In the process of imbibing his liquids, whether it were whisky or reaming swats, he seemed to have lost his swallow,—pouring his libations down his throat simultaneously, as if it were a chimney vent. In the article of tobacco he largely indulged, in the treble capacities of snuffer, smoker, and chewer; for, on festival occasions, abounding in such luxuries, he was never known to refuse the mull, the pipe, or the spleuchan of the votaries of the fragrant weed. But it was his passion for the dance, and his dancing performances, both early and late in life, that obtained for M'Alpin his notoriety. It is true that in those days, for persons in his degree, the dancing master was not abroad—the *chassee* to the right, the *chassee* to the left, the back-step, and the fore-step, and such like fashionable modes of moving through the mazes of the dance were no part of Donald's education. Instead of the *to* and *fro* Polonaise style of dancing, Donald affected the *up* and *down*, or saltatory mode of giving expression to his mental and bodily excitement,—leaping and whirling, with arms now extended, now raised aloft, now planted in his sides, now clapped

together, to cap the climax of his hilarity—M'Alpin was the observed of all observers, while the *queue* astonished all beholders. Actuated by the saltatory and circular motions of his head, its appendage seemed as it were a thing of life—a twisting eel, or serpent—now striking his partner in the face—now whirling round his neck—now bobbing up and down, from the top of his head to the bottom of his vertebræ, while his open and expressive countenance ever and anon gave vent to his glee in animating shouts; when the music and the dance “grew fast and furious”—a pleasure to himself, he was a pleasure to others—and on occasions of balls and merry makings, at Forri-gan and other places, M'Alpin and his *queue* were as indispensable as the clown is to the pantomime.

It would also appear that M'Alpin had an exquisite taste for music—as like the gentle shepherd, he also played upon a pipe, which had once done duty as the chanter of a piper's bagpipes; and there is no doubt that it was the sweet music which he discoursed along with his *queue* that obtained for him the tender regards of a *Lanan Shi*, or a fairy sweetheart. For in these days, a *liaison* was nothing uncommon between piping shepherds and fairy damsels; for, says Browne, in his “History of the Highlands” (page 112), “According to the traditional legends of the Highlands, the Shiichs are “believed to be of both sexes; and it is the “general opinion among the Highlanders, that “men have sometimes cohabited with females “of the Schiich race, who are in consequence “called *Lanan Shi*. These mistresses are be-

“ lieved to be very kind to their mortal para-
 “ mours, by revealing to them the knowledge
 “ of many things, both present and future,
 “ which were concealed from the rest of man-
 “ kind. The knowledge of medical virtues of
 “ many herbs is related to have been obtained
 “ in this way from the Lanan Shi.”

And the author remembers a decent, credible shoemaker, lately living in Tomintoul, who made shoes for him when a boy, and who confessed to having dalliances with a Lanan Shi when he was a shepherd in Glenavon. And it will appear from the sequel, that M'Alpin's accomplishments enabled him to captivate one of these fallen angels, to be his companion and adviser in his banishment from other society.

But to return to the farm and family of Forrigan, we have to record an extraordinary occurrence which happened to the tacksman's worthy wife—an event in every respect most unlooked for and unaccountable to her family, and afterwards to herself.

Shaw, in his “History of Moray” (page 307), and published eighty years ago, says, “Scarce
 “ a shepherd but had seen apparitions and
 “ ghosts. Charms curing diseases by enchant-
 “ ment were commonly practised and believed
 “ in.” And again, he says, “If any one was
 “ affected with hysterics, hipposcondraism, rheu-
 “ matism, or the like acute disease, it was
 “ witchcraft.” And that within his own me-
 “ mory, he “had often seen all persons above
 “ twelve years of age solemnly sworn four times
 “ in the year, that they would practise no
 “ witchcraft, charms, spells,” &c.

Whether the sudden affliction which we are

about to describe arose from some of the supernatural agencies we have mentioned, or from natural constitutional causes—such as local plethora, unequal distribution of the animal fluids, or disorder of the nervous system—we leave to the determination of more able pathologists ; but true it is, that the wife of Forigan, while seemingly in the enjoyment of sound mental and bodily health, all at once became the victim of a monomania, or mental hallucination, imagining herself a time-piece—a notion probably suggested to her diseased imagination by the presence of a clock in her apartment. Setting herself down, she entered on the duties of her new calling ; and this she did by turning her head from right to left, like the motion of a pendulum, and making a noise with her tongue resembling the clicking of the clock ; and when the hour struck she, by clapping her hands, also struck the corresponding number of claps. It was in vain her astonished and grieved husband and family tried to reason her out of her strange delusion, for she would listen to nothing in her anxiety to keep an accurate account of time. Supposing that hunger and sleep would in a short time make her drop her horological vocation, and for the sake of privacy, it was resolved by her family to allow the disease to run its course ; and, with the exception of one or two confidential servants, no one knew what employment the mistress carried on in her apartment. But the disease, like a fever, showed no intermission or abatement ; when it happened that our mountain friend, Donald M'Alpin, found occasion to visit the big house for a supply of provisions.

The family being abroad at the time of his arrival, with the exception of the said confidential servants, the notion of ushering into the presence of his mistress her favourite dancer, by way of surprise, was instantly acted on. The startling apparition of Donald instantly put a stop to her clock-work, and suggested to her in lieu a reel with M'Alpin. While he was "making his manners to his mistress," full of kind inquiries for the health of the family, she jumped up and told him they must have a reel. Donald, with many apologies for his dirty condition and unworthiness of the honour intended him,—(tired and hungry as he was), could not decline the extraordinary proposal, thinking, at the same time, that the reel would soon have an end. But Donald was grievously mistaken; for, after leaping for an hour by Forrigan's old clock, the mistress was only getting into the humours of the thing, while Donald was completely *hors-de-danse*; and, in spite of all his *manners* and wishes to please, he was obliged to be plain enough to tell his partner that unless he got a *drink of usquebea* he could not lift another foot. The petition for whisky at first sight appeared to her as reasonable, and going to a press, she took out a bottle and helped herself plentifully by *cheek-measure*; but, from a perverseness which can only be accounted for as incidental to her condition, she returned the bottle to the press, locking it up from Donald's longing eyes, declaring he would not get a drop till he had finished his reel. Disappointed of his drink, and fairly exhausted, Donald threw himself down in a corner, "like a bundle of wet fish,"

and swore and protested he was "*all kilt.*" But his mistress had no notion of such effeminacy. Seizing the tongs, she began an onslaught on the person of poor M'Alpin, which again forced him on the boards; and the ball, vigorous only on the part of the lady, was resumed, when the tacksman arriving at the house, and looking in at the windows, was amazed and astonished at the performance going on within.

Waiting for no explanation, but arming himself with a heavy loaded horsewhip, he proceeded to inflict a murderous castigation on the person of the unfortunate M'Alpin, in which he was aided and abetted by his wife with the tongs, heaping blows and abuse upon Donald's devoted head, "as a lazy, worthless, drunken rascal, who wanted her to give him a drink of whisky." At last, Donald's outcries and loud shouts of "*Murst, murst*" (the Gaelic for murder), brought some of the family to the rescue; and the poor fellow, *minus* his bonnet and his kilt, and bleeding from many a wound, fled as best he could from the house of his unnatural protectors.

Soon after Donald had got his leave, his mistress gave unmistakeable signs of physical exhaustion. A state of composed lethargy was followed by a profound sleep, out of which she did not waken for many hours; and when she did awaken, great was the joy of her husband and household to find that, like Nebuchadnezzar of old, "her reason had returned to her." Expressing great surprise at her situation, she complained of great exhaustion, hunger, and thirst; but which proper resto-

ratives and farther rest wholly removed. She was full of anxious curiosity to know the particulars of her long sleep; for it is a curious fact, that from the commencement of her visitation, or eclipse of her reason, down to the hour of her restoration, the interval of time, including the clockwork and reel with M'Alpin, was as much a blank in her recollection as if she had been in a profound sleep, and when the extraordinary facts and incidents had been revealed to her, she naturally felt much shocked at her *exposé*.

Being well versed in supernatural lore, and drawing inferences from analogous cases, she readily concluded she had been under the spell of witchcraft or fairy transmigration; and having heard of M'Alpin's connection with a member of the fairy community, she began to draw conclusions as to the object and cause of his mysterious visit to her while under her aberration, much more favourable to Donald than had yet occurred to the family. It was consequently deemed desirable to bring about a personal interview with the shepherd, which might possibly throw some light on the dark subject; and a confidential emissary was commissioned to find out M'Alpin, and to tell him that his mistress was most anxious to see him, and that he might depend upon receiving a very kind reception from herself, his master, and the family. But this peaceful overture on the part of his late mistress was met by a decided declaration of war on the part of the servant, who declared that he believed Forrigan and his wife belonged to the *Ogremore* species (known by Jack, the Giant-killer), who de-

lighted in human collops ; and that he believed they had a design on his life, intending by a prolonged, and seemingly preconcerted mode of torture to make his flesh more tender (on the plan of sticking a pig, and letting it run about with the knife—or hanging a duck or turkey with its head downwards), and vowing, with many Celtic oaths, that he never would visit Forrigan, except at the head of a party of messengers, who should give the tacksman a charge of horning, and take his cattle, horses, and sheep as a *solatium* to him for being made “a lameter for life,” (visions of satisfaction which floated across his mind to cheer him under his martyrdom) ; for he was then under the hands of one of those native churgeons who, though not “*licensed to kill*,” were expert at curing such heads and members as were in those days broken and abused at fairs, funerals, and such public occasions—it being M’Alpin’s intention, as soon as he was fit for locomotion, to proceed to Inverness, to have his wounds, bruises, and putrefying sores examined, inventoried, and attested by a *head doctor*, and a libel founded on these and other counts and delicts, drawn out by a *head lawyer*, intended to be laid out by Mr. M’Alpin before the Red Lords at Edinburgh *in propria personá*.

The receipt of this decisive declaration at Forrigan occasioned no small degree of uneasiness, on account of the whole circumstances of the case ; and at another privy council it was resolved to send a plenipotentiary, in the person of one of the family, with full power to disclose as much of the circumstances of the

case as might enable the parties to compare protocols, and bring about more pacific relations. This lady ambassador, supplied with abundance of cordials, found a more ready road to M'Alpin's heart. A short comparison of notes cleared up the mist which led to the catastrophe, promising, at the same time, full indemnity for the bodily damages incurred by him. And M'Alpin, seeing how the land lay, and warmed with the generous potations kindly placed before him, promised, as soon as his wounds would permit, that he would see what the master and mistress would say and do, before he would go to the "Red Lords." And when he was left to his private meditations, he rejoiced greatly that the door was opened to an amicable solution of the great difficulty, inasmuch as that he had all his life been taught, according to his Gaelic domestic liturgy, to pray to the Almighty to keep him from lawyers and doctors ("Dhia cum bho lugh agus bho Lichen mi"); and he considered that a contravention of this part of his litany would only be justified in a case where "necessity has no law." Besides, he calculated that in the adjustment of his affair with Forrigan, his Lanan Shi might be of as much service to him as the Highland lawyer's might be to him in Edinburgh. Accordingly, getting his surgeon to affix on his head and face a great many patches of paper, by such adhesives as honey and cobbler's wax, and getting a supply of Alderwood bark, the chewing of which enabled him to spit blood at pleasure, and leaning on two ample crutches, M'Alpin, under the cloud of night, presented himself at

Forrigan's door. With a cry of joy at his appearance, M'Alpin was instantly transferred to the lady's apartment; and his tattered and mutilated aspect presented such a crying case, that his mistress raised her voice and wept aloud. After due attention to needful sustentation, and mutual promises of confidential secrecy, M'Alpin confessed to his being on conjunct and confident relations with a Lanan Shi, who, in course of their solitary endearments, let him into many secrets, and instructed him in many useful arts, for his private advantage. That she it was who told him that his mistress had been put under the spell of witchcraft, giving him some amulets, the application of which would have the effect of removing the witchcraft, recommending a dance as a wind-up, by way of dispelling the evil influence from her blood and humours. That no sooner had he poured on her a phial of fairy water, than she herself jumped up and proposed a reel, which was prolonged more than was necessary; and that while so employed, his master, not choosing to wait for explanations, and no doubt instigated by the evil spirit and his emissaries (aided unwittingly by his wife), nearly took his life. M'Alpin's tale not only moved the heart, but also the strings of the well-replenished purse, of the good-wife of Forrigan, who, overflowing with mingled feelings of remorse and gratitude, poured its ample contents of notes, guineas, dollars, and small specie, into M'Alpin's receptacles, while Forrigan himself promised him a holding of land, with outside and inside plennishing, as a reward for his long and faithful

services. Thus satisfactorily for Donald ended this treaty of peace.

But, although these events were enacted and and concluded under the promised seal of inviolable secrecy, there were too many parties cognisant of facts too extraordinary to admit of their being buried in oblivion. Nay, not many weeks, nor even many days, passed, when inuendoes relating to supernatural and mysterious cures at Forrigan were whispered about, *sotto voce*. And in the course of those whisperings it was insinuated, that M'Alpin found himself no mean proficient in the arts of casting out of evil spirits, and removing evil influences, by means of prescriptions obtained from his Lanan Shi at Beamchlay; and the change in his worldly circumstances gave great cause for those inferences. Hence, it soon followed that Mr. M'Alpin's new habitation in Slockmuick was honoured by many visitors, for reasons best known to him and themselves. And Donald, never blind to the signs of the times, seeing that his sun, as a fairy and a warlock doctor, was in the ascendant, lost no time in studying that natural system of domestic medicine which was successfully practised when the "college doctors" were few and far between; and M'Alpin found his practice both extensive and remunerative. Day after day a fresh arrival took place—some sagacious senior bearing a cheese, a bottle of whisky, and such provisional commodities, was accompanied by a patient, whose case generally fell to be explained in confidential whispers at a private conference, involving, perhaps, some strong insinuations against the morals and

conduct of some female residents in the patient's locality, and of whose doings it was insinuated Master M'Alpin, from his means of private knowledge, could find out better than the patient could tell; and assuring the Master (for by this time M'Alpin had got his degree of *Master of Arts*) that an effectual interposition in the patient's case would be thankfully rewarded. By a significant interchange of nods and hems between M'Alpin and his informant, they speedily came to an understanding, and Doctor M'Alpin proceeded to examine into the *idiosyncrasy* of the patient, and to prescribe according to the symptoms.

The Doctor's establishment, getting into as great repute as Professor Holloway of the present day, consisted of a superannuated piper, who also did the duties of apothecary. His *Materia Medica* consisted of some serpent-stones, several parcels of medical herbs, some bottles of medicated waters, prepared according to fairy prescriptions, and a goodly supply of woollen fleeces and warm blankets. Following out the practice of his system, M'Alpin, now entitled to append the letters M.D. and D.M. to his name as a physician and dancing-master, administered his curative process, according to the nature of the disease and constitution of the patient, combining the homœopathic and hopopathic systems in his plan of treatment. In simple cases, indicating indigestion, he exhibited a moderate quantity of medicated aqua, followed by the *Ceum shuil*, or promenade step. In more urgent cases, indicated by headache or local plethora, he

exhibited a dose of laxatives, followed by *Ceum coshich*, or footing-step, or *Ceum crask*, or cross-step. In cases of catarrh, indicating suppressed perspiration, he exhibited a large dose of gruel or brochan, mixed with honey and butter, followed by *Ceum Crask*, or Highland fling; and in extreme cases, indicating a disorder of the system, arising from unequal distribution of the blood and animal fluids, indicated by hypocondriasm or mental aberration, he exhibited a large dose of laxatives, combined with perspiring prescriptions, followed up by *Cruin leum*, or the M'Alpin leap—all these processes being followed up by warm applications to the body, in the shape of woollen fleeces and warm blankets. The doses being repeated, according to the nature of the case and constitution of the patient, the system of Professor M'Alpin, like that of Professor Holloway, was by experience found to be applicable to all the ills and diseases to which flesh is heir to.

In his day, all affections, natural and supernatural, were of short duration in the land; and perhaps it is a matter of regret to all, except those having *vested interests in killing the lieges*, that an enterprising man like M'Alpin or Holloway has not started up to refound a College of Health on hopopathic principles. It is an old and true saying, that there is nothing new under the sun; and looking back to the days of Esculapius, 600 years before the Christian era, and examining the different systems of medicine practised by him and his successors, we shall find that the homœopathic system of exhibiting the infini-

tesimal doses, and what we have called the hopopathic system, obtained in the days of Democritus and Herodius, whose gymnastic medicine, employed systematically as the means of restoring or promoting health, was practised in the days of Pliny and Plato in the gymnastic schools, all over Greece; and that none were eligible to the office of professor unless he had a degree from a medical school certifying his proficiency in the hopopathic and gymnastic systems.

CHAPTER III.

Castle Grant—Its History and Legends.

THE seat of the ancient family of Grant stands on an elevated terrace about a mile and a half to the east of Grantown, and is so concealed amidst groves and forests of tall ancestral trees, that the visitor is close to the castle before the house opens up to his view. Castle Grant, said to have been an original residence of the great family of Cumming, when Lords of the Highland domains, has received many additions and alterations since it became the baronial residence of the family of Grant. The original front towards the south is the workmanship of the fifteenth century, and still presents an elegant appearance. The body of the house is four stories in height, its northern front forming three sides of a quadrangle, to which elegant additions were made during the possession of the late Earl of Seafield, according to plans furnished by the eminent architect, Mr. Playfair. The accommodations are now elegant and extensive. The old dining-room is a true type of the hall of a chief in the good old patriarchal times, when crowds of clansmen sat down at the festive board. Of dimensions, forty-seven by twenty-seven feet, and of a proportional height, it is lined by a series of paint-

ings, of immense value, by ancient masters, such as Vandyke, Caracci, Guido, Rubens, Sanini, Plymor, Corregio, Bassau, Hamilton, and others, and family portraits by Kneller, West, Ramsay, Allan, Reid, and other artists, besides about thirty portraits of clansmen of the name of Grant, more valued by their descendants than the most valuable paintings of the distinguished masters. The drawing-room, an elegant and spacious apartment, and other principal rooms, are embellished with paintings by distinguished artists of the ancient and modern schools ; and the castle contains a mass of valuable paintings and works of art, such as are not to be found in any family residence in the north—with the exception of Cullen House, belonging to the same family, and Gordon Castle, the princely residence of the ducal Gordon Richmond family.

The view from the top of the battlements is truly magnificent. Immediately around the castle are groves of hard wood trees, glades and parks, extending to several hundred acres. On the south, the deep dark green forests of Abernethy climbing up the sides of towering hills, encroaching on the lofty sides of Cairngorm, “clothed in his azure hue.” To the south-east lies the wide extending plain of Cromdale. The rolling Spey shining in the sun like a silver band, winds through its luxuriant vallies, backed by a serried succession of hills, till the vista is closed by the distant blue mountains of Glenavon, and presenting in the foreground to the beholder’s eye, series upon series of shining mansions and smiling fields, the happy homes of the sons and daughters of the Spey.

Though Castle Grant is one of the oldest

feudal strongholds of the powerful clans of the north, the legendary chroniclers have no black deeds to unfold as legends of Castle Grant. Whatever may have been the tragedies enacted in the days of the ruthless Cummings, when they “hung out their banners on the outer walls” of Frenchy—during the long tract of time that the family of Grant have “hung out their banners” on this feudal stronghold, no dark deeds of blood or rapine have been transmitted to posterity as appertaining to its history, which, during the last 600 years, present nothing but a continuous record of gallant deeds and noble bearing on the part of that powerful family down to the present day.

But there are many tales and legends of a melodramatic description connected with this noble residence, of which the following will serve as specimens, illustrative of the lives of chiefs and clans of the Highlands in the days of feudal chieftainry and romance.

No. 1.

The Heiress of Glenchernick and the Chief of Grant.

“PATRICK GRANT, of Frenchy and Ballachastle, sheriff principal of Inverness about the year 1400, a man of no less valuable accomplishments than his progenitors, and wanting only opportunity to extend his grandeur and aspiring mind, which at length, by a good Providence, he obtained—for at this time the name of Cumming was strong and numerous in Scotland, particularly the Lord of Glenchernick, leaving one

daughter, called Bigla, whom he tenderly loved, and left her as heretrix of Glenchernick and representative of his family, and intrusted her under the tuition of some of the most special trustees of his name, both for preservation and education, the which trustees, with all care imaginable, endeavoured to discharge the trust committed to them; and to facilitate the same, did build underground some little mansion for her and her governess, where she remained for some time, because of the alarming account of having her stolen and married to another but a Cumming. Patrick Grant, being well accomplished and duly respected, is advised by his friends to use methods for obtaining Bigla in marriage; and that the rather on account of the contiguity of the Lordship of Glenchernick to the Barony of Frenchy and Ballachastle, which, if both united, would make him great and comfortable in means and fortune, as well as in parts and esteem. At length, Patrick's perfections do so engage little Lady Bigla that, without consent of friends, she is married to him, and by her he got the great country of Glenchernick, and strong envy of the Cummings; yet the enjoyed satisfaction did not encourage any attempt of the latter, and therefore he lived comfortably with his little lady (for she was very low of stature), and begat one daughter, whom he named Marjory, or Maud, whom he left heretrix of his fortune, and died in a good old age."—*Old MS. History of the Grants.*

No. 2.

The Heiress of Grant and the Hon. Andrew Stewart.

“MARJORY, or Maud, daughter and representative of Grant, was left by Patrick as heretrix of Frenchy, Stratherrick, and Glenchernick, to the tuition of his nearest friends, with this mandate, that whosoever should be joined in marriage to her must of necessity be of the name of Grant. About this time, Andrew Stewart, Sheriff of Bute, a young man of deserved renown, pursuing his fortune, coming to Ballachastle, and visiting the heretrix, their affections are so mutually engaged, that they consent and promise marriage ; the frequency and intimacy of the young courtier, Andrew Stewart, in Ballachastle, occasioned among the friends a supposition of marriage intrigues, and little time after did confirm them, so as to become incensed and irritated against him. Andrew Stewart at length is in great friendship with the Baron of Dounan (a place scarce half a mile distant from Frenchy), and by this baron’s persuasion and advice, there is a cave made under-ground, and as yet remaining, where the young courtier is obliged to live for some time, for fear of his life, for all of the name of Grant are dissatisfied with the match ; but yet, the affection and inclination of the heiress was such, that by projects and stratagems both Andrew and Marjory did meet, and after some time, matters came to the pitch of a treaty, which is, that upon condition that Andrew Stewart should change his name, and be called Andrew Grant, then and in that case, friends

would consent to the marriage ; the proposal heard did find a satisfying answer from both. At length Andrew Stewart and the heiress of Grant being solemnly married, they lived quietly and comfortably together for many years in the same account with their predecessors ; yet the Cummings of Glenchernick wanted not envy of their happiness, nor a resentment of their heiress Bigla's marriage. Andrew Stewart, alias Grant, begat one son, and a daughter, with his lady Marjory Grant, and the son and representative is called Patrick ; the daughter Mary, who at length is married to Lord Lovat, her cousin ; with her he got restored the lands of Stratherrick, and the amity still subsisted betwixt the family of Lovat and Grant."—*Old MS. History of the Grants.*

No. 3.

Kincardine Church—Cummings Burnt by Grants.

THE manuscript history of the family and Clan Grant, before mentioned, contains the following exciting narrative of the doings of the Cummings in the fourteenth century on the banks of the Spey, and the feudal justice inflicted upon them for an act of barbarity, according to the spirit of the times :—" Patrick Grant, commonly called Patrick Beg MacMauld, because he was Marjory's son, and of low stature ; he was a man of good esteem in the world, enjoying the honour and inheritance of his father as being Sheriff Principal of Inverness-shire, heir of Frenchy, Ballachastle and Glenchernick ; he

is married to Bathia Macdonald, daughter to the Earl of Rothies, with whom he begat one son, named John. The envied greatness, fomented with malicious designs of the Cummings, induced Patrick Grant to call for his friends, and proposed his mind as follows:—‘I find I am surrounded at Ballachastle by a number of petty barons; I find the Cummings at a misunderstanding with me, and irritated against me; I find some grounds of necessity to dispense with the lands of Stratherrick to satisfy my brother-in-law, Lord Lovat, in his tocher, and I find remedy for all these my straits, which is, that you, my friends, do unanimously resolve to sell off your possessions in Stratherrick, and with me come and purchase an inheritance in Strathspey; by which means we are not only more united among ourselves, but also will be capable to defend against, yea, to be formidable, to the envying Cummings.’ Which proposal had such an effect on all the Laird of Grant’s friends, that they unanimously resolve to sell their possessions to Lord Lovat, and accompany their chief to Ballachastle and Strathspey, where they purchase land, and call it after their other operations in Stratherrick, which continue the same to this day; such as Garten, Achnarrow, and the like. Leaving Stratherrick, Patrick, Laird of Grant, with followers to the number of sixteen gentlemen, come to Strathspey about the year 1250, where they inherit to this day. The most, and as yet remaining gentlemen, who came with the Laird of Grant, and inherited in Strathspey, are Clan Allan, who purchased and inherited the barony of Downan, now pro-

perly belonging to the land which, because of its contiguity to the Barony of Frenchy, was complemented by Anchernick to the Laird of Grant. The next was Clan Cheran, who purchased and inherited the lands of Achnarrownear Dounan, in the parish of Cromdale, which they inherited for many years. Duncan Carrach was next, and his representative came to Dellachaple, and his two Lucas Lia and Amphra Buy, that is, grey-haired Lucas, and yellow-haired Humphrey, were, with all their posterity, called Slick-ill-Carrich; the most remarkable and principal of these Slick-ill-Carrich are MacFinlay More, in the parish of Abernethy, Donald More, boatman at Bellafurth; their first and principal seat of old was Lettoch in Abernethy. There are not wanting who informs us that Duncan Carrach had two sons, of whom Lucas Lia, the eldest, are descended the Clan Cheran, and Humphrey is the progenitor of the Slick-ill-Carrich. The next follower of the Laird of Grant was Evan Dornoch, so called because strong 'neved,' or handed; and those descended from him are called Slick Evan Dornoch. Their principal representatives are those called MacRoberts in Strathspey, and one John Cattanach, a servant, who lived long among the Clan-Chatan. Their seat of old was the Barony of Lettoch and Culchoichmore, in the parish of Cromdale. He was called Baron Proiss, and his posterity called Slick Baron Proiss. The next was called John Riach, so called because of grim and marled hue, or colour; those descended from him are called Slick Ion Riach. They have

a desk in the church of Inverallan of an old standing, but they are for the most part extinct, except those found in Strathavon. There are several other followers whose names have so worn out that I can hardly mention them here.

Thus, Patrick, with his friends, being fully settled in Strathspey, was capable of defending or offending ; as occasion offered, yet, however well circumstanced as to the valour and number of his friends, the rancour of his enemies still continued, and he was at length most cruelly murdered by them in the following manner : While he was on a visit to the Baron of Kincairn, a barbarous crew of the most remarkable of these Cummings surround and cruelly put to death the Laird of Grant, at which horrid action the country of Strathspey being alarmed, they pursued the Cummings, who finding themselves overpowered, hastened to possess the kirk of Kincairn (for every church in these times was a sanctuary and city of refuge from the avenging foe) ; the Grants, finding the Cummings made for the church, are put to a stand what to do, being straitened to shed blood in a sanctuary on one hand, and suffering their chieftain's blood to be shed unavenged on the other ; yet the latter consideration so prevailed, that no place would secure the murderers. At length, one of the name of Grant effectuates the affair, and eases his mind as to the shedding of blood in a sanctuary, by falling on the following stratagem. He takes and fixes a spunk on the point of his arrow, and shoots it at the roof

of the church, which being thatched with heath, soon kindles in blaze, and entirely consumes the church and all the Cummings within it, except one big man, commonly called, from his stature, Cumminich More, who by swiftness of foot makes his escape, till at length being taken by one of the family of Slick-ill-Carrich, whose head, with a blow from a two-edged sword, is severed from his body, which sword to this day lies in the representative of Clan Cheran's house. Thus, Patrick being hastened to eternity, is succeeded by his son John."—*Old MS. History of the Grants.*

No. 4.

The Raid of Glenchernick.

"JOHN GRANT, of Frenchy, &c., &c., Sheriff Principal of Inverness-shire, a man of good accomplishments, yet he wanted not his infirmities, is married to Florence Maclean, daughter to the Laird of Maclean; of her he begat one son named Duncan. There being an implacable revenge in the veins of the Cummings, of Glenchernick, against the Grants, ever since the marriage of the heretrix Bigla Cumming—John, Laird of Grant, falls on a project to procure their favour and subjection to himself, which is as follows: that his father-in-law, Maclean, should seize and carry away all the cattle, by way of *heirship*, from the Cummings, of Glenchernick, and drive them away, until the Laird of Grant should be seen

in person, to turn them. At length, the cattle are all away, and the plundered Cummings, notwithstanding the feuds between them and the Laird of Grant, come and make their address to him, in humble manner, beseeching him to rescue the spoil and seize on the robbers; and, upon that, they should, all their days, subject themselves under his power; with which humble entreaty the Laird of Grant is prevailed upon to follow and turn the spoil, which, when the Macleans beheld one by chance, **not** being privy to what had passed between his master and the Laird of Grant, bent his bow at a venture, and unfortunately hit John, Laird of Grant, in the ankle, which wounded him so severely that he bled to death, and was buried in Forriken, in the parish of Duthel, marked with a large cairn of stones, called after Laird of Grant's name, 'Carn Jan Ruay.' After the Laird of Grant's death, the Cummings had their cattle returned, but Maclean was so grieved, as to have immediately erected a gallows, and hanged the perpetrator of the deed in presence of all the people; and in testimony of friendship and esteem, received Grant's sword, vowing both strictly, that while those two families remained in the world they should exchange swords, by giving the defunct's sword to the survivor, which custom is ever since religiously performed between the families of Grant and Maclean. Thus John, Laird of Grant, being removed, is survived by one son, named Duncan, and the progenitor of Clan Donachy and Clan Phaduck. Between these two families and tribes, there was such a strict union

declared, that whoever of them should violate the same, should be stigmatised with the following curse:—‘*Ulula inter aves et fucus inter apes.*’ ‘Let him be an owl among the birds, and a drone among the bees.’”—*Old MS. History of the Grants.*

No. 5.

Feudal Revenge—An Orphan Hospital.

“JAMES NA-CREACH, or *Jacobus Rapinorum*, so called for his attempts and daring success, was remarkable in avenging his brother-in-law’s death, which was occasioned as follows:—

“Gordon, Baron of Brackly, by some fatality being menaced by the country people about him, his friends made their address and complaint to his chieftain, the Earl of Huntly. The Earl of Huntly’s slackness, in avenging his kinsman’s death, occasioned this proverb. ‘If ever I kill a man, he shall be a Gordon;’ for it is observed, that they are not busy in avenging their kinsmen’s quarrel. At length, the baron’s friends make their address and complaint to Shames-na-Creach, the Laird of Grant, who being exasperated at the account, undertakes to avenge. Forthwith, a party of men, beginning at the upper end, destroy and slay all the men of the country, in revenge of Brackly’s murder. The Earl of Huntly, prompted by James-na-Creach’s forwardness, joins in the slaughter; the next day, as Huntly was burying the

slain, he occasionally finds a great number of orphans, whose parents had been killed the day before. The earl, moved with compassion, ordered such as were most lively to be carried away to his castle, at Strathboggie, to the number of three or four score of them, and commanded to make a long trough of wood, in which such provision as was thought convenient, was put; the poor orphans, sitting in a row, on each side of the trough, ate what was bestowed on them. Once, James-na-Creach, visiting the earl, is, by way of pastime after dinner, invited by him to see the little ones coming and lobbing at their trough. With such admirable fancy was he taken, that anon, saying, "My Lord, I was as forward as you in the destruction of their fathers, and it is as reasonable that I be a sharer in the preservation of their children," therefore, sweeping away one side of the sitters about the trough, ordered them away to Strathspey, and maintained them there. Such of those that were brought in Strathspey, were called Grants, and such as lived in Huntly's land, were called Gordons, and sometimes Sangsters; they are to this day, called Slick-na-mar, *i. e.* trough men. There are several families of the Slick-na-mar, in Strathspey, such as Macfinlay Roys, in Culchoich-Beg, and McJameses, in Inverallan parish. It is observable of James-na-Creach, being once set against a certain gentleman, who dreaded bodily harm of him, this gentleman so prevailed as to have James-na-Creach cited to Edinburgh, to sell Lawburrows, which citation James had ruggedly obeyed, and

obliged himself, under one thousand merks, to do that gentleman no harm. At length, having settled his affairs at Edinburgh, he accidentally met with him in the street, and he accordingly crying, says: "Sir, I shall now be alike with you, for I know the price of your head," with which words, he so severely laid on his foe, as to have occasioned his death."—*Old MS. History of the Grants.*

No. 6.

A Supernatural Procession ; or, Funeral foregoing of a Chief.

ACCORDING to the supernatural philosophy of the ancient Highlanders, the death of a person was followed by a nocturnal procession of spirits, from the house of the defunct to the place of interment.—Sometimes a very imposing and interesting spectacle, not a paltry spectacle of one ghost, so common in those countries, but a superb assemblage of them, all dressed in their best attire, each reflecting lustre on the other.

"A smith, who had a large family to provide for, was often necessitated to occupy his smithy till rather a late hour. One night in particular, as he was turning the key of his smithy door, his notice was attracted to the public road, which lay contiguous to the smithy, by a confusion of sounds indicative of the approach of a great concourse of people. Immediately there appeared the advance ranks of a procession, marching four men deep, in tolerable good order, unless occasionally some unac-

countable circumstance occasioned the fall of a lusty fellow, as if he had been shot by a twenty-four pounder. Thunderstruck at the nature and number of the marvellous procession, the smith, honest man, reclined *his back* to the door, witnessing a continuation of the same procession for nearly an hour, without discovering anything further of the character of those who composed it, than that they betokened a repletion of the Usquebea. At length, the appearance of the hearse and its awful ensigns, together with the succeeding line of coaches, developed the nature of the concern. It was then that the smith's knees began to smite each other, and his hair to stand on an end. The recent demise of this venerable chief confirmed the conviction of its being a *Taish*, and a very formidable one too. Not choosing to see the rear, he directed his face homewards, whither he fled with the swiftness of younger years, and was not backward in favouring his numerous acquaintances with a full and particular account of the whole scene. This induced many honest people to assume the smithy door as their stand of observation on the day of the funeral, which took place a few days after; and to his honour be it told, every circumstance detailed by the smith in his observation accurately happened, even to the decanting of two dogs, and thus established the smith's veracity in all time thereafter."—*Highland Superstitions*.

No. 7.

A Highlandman hanged, of consent, to please the young Laird.—A Highlandman hanged, not of consent, for a cow stolen by Satan.

MOST of our readers may have heard of the story of the Highlander who consented to be hanged to please the young laird.

“An incorrigible clansman, who had often broken the commandments of his chief and clan, was at last condemned to the “woodie;” and, for the sake of an impressive example, the clan was called out, under the command of the young chief, to witness the execution. Donald, the culprit, accompanied by his wife, family and friends, marched in solemn procession to Tom-na-croich (Gallows-hill), where he was resolved to suffer with all possible fortitude and decorum. But, just as preparations were being made, the chief’s head official arrived with a respite, commuting the capital sentence into one of excommunication of himself and family from the community of the clan—a commutation which pleased all parties, with the exception of the young chief, who never having seen a man hanged was anxious to see the operation. Affecting disappointment at being paraded to carry out a sham sentence never intended to have been enforced, the leading clansmen speedily fell into the young chief’s view of the case. But, in the face of the chief’s reprieve, it was concluded that the sentence could only be carried out with the consent of the culprit himself. This alternative being proposed to Donald, he demurred

to the proposition, saying if any one was disposed to please the young laird in his fancy, the road was open to him; but that he, Donald, was of opinion that hanging would be poor sport to the person principally concerned in the operation. In the solution of this difficulty, Donald's wife and family ultimately took a part—his loving spouse, full of tender endearments, representing to him the position in which he and his family stood, as hopeless outcasts ; and that it might be desirable "that dear Donald should consent to please the young laird, in the hope that his interest with the chief might get the sentence rescinded, so far as regarded his family." Such a feeling argument, coming through such a mouth, was irresistible ; and poor Donald, committing his wife and family to the guardianship of the young chief, manfully mounted the "woodie," and was "hanged to please the young laird."

Now this apocryphal story, we have no doubt is a malicious *Saxon* fiction, intended to misrepresent the accommodating relations subsisting between chiefs and clans—showing that a clansman, to please a young chief and an affectionate wife, would consent to undergo an operation, to which he himself, like all others, had a strong natural aversion. The following short pathetic story is much more likely to be founded on fact :—

Those acquainted with the principles and practices of witchcraft are doubtless aware of the deceitful arts by which the grand master got recruits to his standard. Mighty forward to enter into pactions, and extraordinarily liberal in his terms while making a bargain, he

is said to have been far less ready to perform his share of the conditions when it was concluded. Accordingly, we have heard of not a few deluded mortals who sold themselves to him for sums of money and other considerations, but never yet heard of his having paid the purchase-money.

“So once fared a poor, needy wretch of a Highlandman, that bartered his soul to Satan for a cow, and who never could get the latter to fulfil his bargain. It is no doubt true that, after much importunity, he did at length perform his stipulation, in a way not very creditable to him. Urgently importuned by the disposer to give him his cow, he ultimately fetched him one, which was but a few hours in his possession, when it was challenged by a third party as his stolen property. Unwilling to explain how he came by it, the poor fellow was flung into a prison, and speedily brought before the laird for trial. In this distressing situation, the disposer was compelled to tell the truth, and the manner he came by the cow, not doubting but that the disclosure would have at once exculpated him from the charge. But, unfortunately for him, his ingenuous confession failed of its object, and the poor man was condemned to the *wuddie*, reserving to him such recourse against Satan as he might be advised to adopt.”
—*Old Traditions.*

CHAPTER IV.

Castle of Lochindorb—Its History and Legends.

THE earliest historical records of Lochindorb bear "that it was a royal fort, situated in an island in a loch of that name, between Forres and Strathspey. That Edward I. of England, in 1303, traversed Scotland with his troops, and came in person to Lochindorb in September of that year, where and at Kinloss he remained for some time, and received the submission of the northern parts of the kingdom. That in 1336, Edward III, of Windsor, with Edward Baliol, came to Perth; and King Edward III, with a chosen body of his army, in August, marched over the hills to Lochindorb, then besieged by Andrew Moray, governor of the kingdom—raising the siege and taking out of the castle the wife and the heir of David, Earl of Athole, that the Brucians had nearly taken prisoners. He then comes to Elgin, which he burns, except the houses of the ecclesiastics, and after leaving a garrison in Lochindorb, laid waste the whole country, and destroyed Aberdeen." This account is given by Ferdun, who also relates that the celebrated William Bullock who abandoned the cause of Baliol and acquired honours under King David II, was accused of treason and died of cold and hunger in this castle.

The spot where the besieging army lay, is on the southern shore of the loch, and can still be distinguished by the ditches which surrounded it. It was from this position that the warlike engines, used for throwing large stones before the invention of artillery had operated, as the shattered state of the corner wall of the castle immediately opposite still testifies.

Tradition relates that, on the occasion of this siege, the besieging army threw a dam or barrier across a little rivulet which flows from the northern extremity of the lake, its only outlet. Extending the camp round the lake to prevent communication with the land, they awaited the rising of the waters, which they expected would drown the inmates of the castle. The water rose high upon the walls. In this extremity one of the besieged devised a plan for their relief. With a boring instrument and a number of wooden pegs, he proceeded alone, and at dead of night, in a *currach*, a small wicker boat covered with hides, to the barrier formed across the streamlet. It was composed of a layer of planks next the water, propped up behind by stones, earth, and turf. Boring a great many holes through the wood, and stopping each with a peg, he connected all the pegs together by thongs of leather to a long line he carried with him. He then paddled back to the castle. On drawing the line, all the pegs fell out, the water then oozed into the openings, and the soft earth and turf suddenly gave way. One or two planks becoming misplaced a rush of water followed, and in a few minutes the whole fabric gave way. Numbers of the

besieging army lying on the banks of the streamlet were swept away and the castle was completely relieved.

The island and castle subsequently became the property of the Earl of Moray, and in 1606 James, Earl of Moray, disposed, along with lands near Inverness, this lake, castle, and adjoining shealings to Sir John Campbell, of Calder. That family contributed to the demolition of the castle, and among other things carried away the great iron gate at the portal door, which is said to be now in the Peel of Cawdor. By an excambion, or exchange of lands, between the Cawdor and Grant families, the Castle of Lochindorb and pertinents have for a long time formed part of the possessions of Grant of Grant.

Not many years ago, a herb, peculiar to the island of Lochindorb, was known by the name of Lochindorb kail. It appeared to be a mixture of red cabbage plants and common turnip, sown probably by the last possessor of the castle garden and never reaped, becoming a wild perennial production, annually springing up in a thick bed without cultivation. In favourable situations the root of the turnip grew to about a pound weight, but in general the root was similar to that of cabbage plants. Both were used at the tables of the country people, who transplanted them into their gardens as rare delicacies.

In a book of great research and interest, just edited by Mr. Cosmo Innes, one of the ablest of our antiquaries, entitled the "Thane of Cawdor," some light is reflected on the private life of James II, and his doings in the Northern

Highlands. Mr. Innes says, "The Castle of Lochindorb, a formidable Norman fortress, in a moorland loch, which had been fortified against his authority by Douglas, he doomed to destruction, and employed the Thane of Cawdor to demolish it." Speaking of Cawdor Castle, it is said, visitors to the old castle, it will be recollected, have their attention called to the ponderous iron door or gate of the 'donjon keep,' which is said to have been carried by some northern Samson on his back from Lochindorb. The tradition is at least partly confirmed by the discovery of royal mandate addressed to the Thane of Cawdor for the rasing and destruction of Lochindorb Castle, then a stronghold of the rebellious house of Douglas, one of whom had seized upon the earldom of Moray." We shall, in the next series of our work, recur to the contents of this interesting record of antiquarian lore.

Feudal Attachment of the Clan Grant to their Chiefs.

The devoted attachment evinced to the Grant chief by all his followers, has been conspicuous throughout successive generations. Sixty years since, an Earl of Moray claimed an insulated piece of ground, which a rivulet in its impetuous course had separated from Dava, at the eastern extremity of the parish of Cromdale. A family of the name of Shaw, dependent on

the chief or laird, engaged to take possession, and to keep this *debateable land*. Shaw, with his wife, two daughters, and four sons, set out early in the month of May to occupy their new abode. A heavy mist encumbered them as they proceeded, but just as they came in view of the destined spot, the 'Orient sun' broke out with resplendent lustre, and the fog disappeared. Shaw and his associates pronounced this to be a propitious omen, but hardly had they kindled a fire on the premises, when accident divulged to them that Mr. Russell, the chamberlain on Lord Moray's estate, drew near with a posse to expel the laird of Grant's tenant, and to invest the Earl of Moray. Shaw and his sons resolved to prevent this legal point of right, or to die in the act of resistance. No help was to be had, nor was there time for much deliberation. They, however, lay in an ambush, where Mr. Russell and his party must pass, and as they approached, confident of success, and careless, because a great superiority of number was on their side, Shaw and his sons rushed upon them with tremendous exclamations, announcing themselves as the van of a formidable force. Many of the chamberlain's attendants fled in a panic, but still more than double the numerical amount of the opposite band rallied round their employer. The Shaws stood aloof for a few minutes. Mr. Russell and his friends, concluding that they were intimidated, moved forward. The Shaws again dashed upon them and seized the chamberlain. His mercenaries betook themselves to flight. He suffered no personal injury; but

old Shaw took his wig, which he said must go to Castle Grant as a trophy; and he denounced, with many oaths, more signal vengeance, if ever Mr. Russell should molest him or any of the laird's people—not only the wig, but the head it covered, should then go to Castle Grant.”—*Ladies' Magazine*, Sept., 1821.

CHAPTER V.

Castle Muckerrach, its History and Legends.

ABOUT three miles to the west of Grantown stands, on the brink of a terrace on the brow of a hill, the old tower or castle of Muckerrach, the high walls of which are visible at a great distance. It was the original seat of the family of Rothymurchus, having been erected in 1598 by Patrick, second son of John, Laird of Grant, and Margaret Stewart, daughter of the Earl of Athole, his first spouse. The lintel stone over the doorway has been carried off, but exists in a house at Rothymurchus. It contains the year 1598, the owner's arms—three antique crowns and three wolves' heads—and on the scroll "In God is all my trest."

The building forms a picturesque ruin, rapidly going into decay, being a mere shell, its roof and all anterior partitions having fallen away. It was only a castellated mansion, not having the solidity and thickness of wall which have kept entire many structures much more ancient. It was long inhabited by the family of its founder, and was latterly occupied by the eldest son of the Laird of Grant, when he attained majority during his father's lifetime. At the close of the sixteenth century, the property of Rothymurchus belonged to a family of the name of

Shaw, devolving, by the death of the old laird, on a young heir, who was left under the charge of his mother. The lady married a second husband, Dallas, of Cantray, in Strathnairn, who became an object of hatred to his step-son, who murdered his father-in-law, and was obliged to fly from the country. The estate was forfeited, and was purchased from the Crown by the Laird of Grant, who gave it, along with the lands of Balnesprick, in Badenoch, to his second son, Patrick, of Muckerrach, the progenitors of the Grants of Rothymurchus.

The Priest of Duthel—a Legend of Castle Muckerrach.

“ The Castle of Muckerrach was built in 1598. There was a notable villain living in Knockando, called John Du Garve, who maintained a mortal hatred against Achnernick, not finding an opportunity for power to exercise the same. It came to pass sometime thereafter, that there was a priest lived in Duthel, betwixt whom and Achnernick there passed such dry words as, that in the Mill of Duthel, Achnernick was heard and found to say, in his wrath, that he should be alike with the priest, and it came to pass that within a few days after these words were spoken, the priest of Duthel was found murdered and dead in his own house. The bishop and clergy being informed, there is a great noise and search for the actor ; but, after all, there was nothing found out, but that some days previous to the priest’s murder, Achnernick was heard to threaten him, and therefore by maxim in law, *Damnum minatum et malum Lecutum*, they

oblige and apprehend Achernick, and carry him to the dark prison of Spynie, where he lay in chains for several months, till, by the obnoxious air of the prison, weight of chains, and discouragement, he becomes deadly sick, and dies in the prison. The Laird of Grant, taking to heart the bad usage of his kinsman, does grieve. Now, it came to pass, about the same time, that John Du Garvie, the villain in Knockando, is apprehended for theft, and condemned to be hanged, who, among other things, in a penitent manner confessed, after some time, that he was the man who murdered the priest of Duthel, not out of any ill-will to the priest, but hatred to Achernick, whom he knew to have threatened the priest of Duthel. The declaration and confession being duly heard, and circumstances fully examined into to the conviction of all, it was found that John Du Garvie was the priest's murderer, and that Achernick did only threaten. However, the Laird pursues the clergy for his kinsman's usage, and to satisfy the Laird of Grant, they thought fit to give him the lands of Muckerrach and Balnespick, which to this day holds of the Church, and was given in patrimony to Duncan Guish, second son, who is the representative of Rothiemurchus. Patrick Grant, of Rothiemurchus, built the Castle of Muckerrach, and married Miss Gordon, daughter to the Laird of Eight. With her came one John Cruickshank to Strathspey, who is the progenitor of the Cruickshanks there to this day, of which there are some families."—*Old MS. History of the Grants.*

CHAPTER VI.

Grantown and its Celebrities.—Rise and Progress of Grantown.—Excellent Educational Institutions.—Orphans' Hospital.—Hotel and Hotel Keepers.—Grant of Lurg, and the Warriors of Strathspey giving a Benefit to the Brewery.—Chancellor of the Corks and Exchequer.—The Bridge of Spey near Grantown.

A HUNDRED years ago, the site on which the thriving village of Grantown, is built, was tenanted by hares and grouse. The only village in the locality then consisted of a few houses, adjacent to Castle Grant, called Ballachastle, which, in the march of improvements, was rased to extend the policy of the Castle, and Grantown, for a long time called *Ball-oor*, or, the new town, was inaugurated in its place. In point of situation and elegance of buildings, no village in the north of Scotland can compare with Grantown. The houses of a size suited to the condition of the inhabitants, are of pretty and uniform dimensions, all built of fine-grained white granite, giving the main street an elegant and cleanly appearance. In the centre of the village there is a spacious square of houses, larger than the rest, affording convenient accommodations for markets and other public meetings. In the centre of the south side of the square, stands the Orphan Asylum. It is formed on a neat design, suited

to the size of the place and the purpose for which it is intended. A plain Doric front, with a dome and clock above the entrance, give a neat and elegant appearance to the building, and its internal arrangements accord with the exterior. To a sum of money, left some time ago, by Lady Grant, of Mony Musk, for the education of orphan children in Cromdale and neighbouring parishes, considerable additions were made by the family of Grant and others, and the whole put under the direction of the heritor clergymen of the country and other gentlemen, subsequently nominated as trustees. As many children as the house can accommodate, are supplied with board, clothing and education, from the age of seven till thirteen years. The boys attend the parish school during the day, while the girls are educated within doors, under the supervision of a female teacher, who presides over the establishment; the children wear a costume of a neat and comfortable description, and present the appearance of health and happiness.

Grantown church, situated a little to the north of the village, surrounded by a thriving belt of trees, is also a handsome building, in which a clergyman, provided with a salary, partly contributed from the royal bounty, and partly by the family of Grant, now regularly officiates in connection with the minister and Kirk Session of Cromdale. Within the last thirty years, no less than three branches of banks have been established in this village, showing the great increase in the wealth and business of the district.

Grantown has been always celebrated for its

local educational institutions, from the days of old worthy Mr. Pirie, to the present time. The Grammar School, as it is called, has flourished under the patronage of the family of Grant, and many distinguished men in various professions have received the elements of their education at this seminary, and the present respectable teacher is very successful in turning out pupils who have been distinguished at the Universities.

By the terms of the constitution and leases of the village, designed and granted by the benevolent founder, Sir James Grant, one establishment for the accommodation of the public and travellers was built at the expense of the proprietor. For a long time it went under the name of the *Brewery*, the excise laws of those times permitting the manufacture of native grain into native ale, a beverage surpassing in strength, pleasant flavour, and taste, the produce of modern breweries, with a view to afford refreshing nourishment to the inhabitants of the village and neighbourhood. But the cellars of the brewery were not confined to vats of nappy ale. Casks of genuine Glenlivet and Strathavon's Usequebea being at times in as great requisition as the produce of the home brewery, and, on occasions of public meetings and winter festivals, the warriors and other choice spirits of the district, according to the practice of the times, would assemble to renew old friendship, and fight their battles overagain in friendly rehearsals over the contents of the brewery cellars. Sixty years ago, on an occasion of a district market or other public congregation of the people of Strathspey, it

was no difficult matter for Colonel Grant, of Lurg, or some other choice spirit bent on holding a convivial mess in the brewery, to recruit a company of warriors of the *Baron Bradwardine* school, for the length of whose sederunts such stringent regulations as those of Forbes Mackenzie's Act found no place. Much more suited to such occasions was Robert Burns' convivial song, then in its pristine popularity, conferring the honour and praise on the strongest and longest drinker, which may be parodied :—

“ Wha first shall rise to go awa’
 A cuckold coward loon is he.
 Wha first beside his chair shall fa’
 He shall be king amang us a’.”

But those doughty warriors, though bent upon a *spree*, had some method in their folly; for we had been told by a gentleman who was frequently a party to their jovial meetings, that it was the practice to appoint a chancellor of the corks and of the *exchequer*, to *check* the scorings of the landlord; and this was done by putting the corks of different kinds of liquor drawn, into different pockets; and on the conclusion of the jollification, to compare the reckonings with the landlord, and take a note of the “total of the whole” for the day of ’compt and reckoning, when the bill came to be settled at some future public meeting. On which occasion, the landlord’s black memorial required something to elevate the spirits of the ratepayers in disbursing each his share of the bill, for which “value had been received.” And it was no rare thing for the assemblage, when paying *old* scores, to enter on a *new* one;

thus keeping up a system of accounting—of charge and discharge, tending to keep up the good old Highland convivial brotherhood, on the part of the guests, and an advantageous patronage of the brewery and its worthy host. For such benefits, not few and far between, like angel's visits, were accounted god-sends in those days, when reform bills and elections of all sorts were unknown in the locality. In modern times, such benefits, under the patronage of the warriors of Strathspey, or indeed of any class of the people, do not enter into the landlord's calculation on taking the brewery. It is true, that on market occasions there are a great many corks drawn and ankers tapped, to meet the demand for refreshments on the part of thronging customers, but with few exceptions, the provisions of Forbes Mackenzie's Act would be deemed no great grievance by most of the assemblage; for reform of old habits is decidedly progressing towards a great improvement in the morals of the people of the country. Still, there is no lack of customers, *bonâ fide* travellers, at the brewery, or "Grant's Arms Hotel," and two other respectable inns in the village, where good entertainment for men and horses can always be had at reasonable fares.

In the vicinity of Grantown, the bridge of Spey is an object of interest, from the style of its construction and the character of its architects. A slab stone records, that in 1754, Lord Charles Hay, 33d regiment, with five companies of soldiers, were engaged in the construction of this bridge. It would appear that the centre pier was founded on wood,—for, at

low water, the wood is visible. With such foundation, it is no wonder that the bridge should suffer deterioration, and a fissure has for some time appeared in the centre of the bridge, indicating a sinking of the foundation. But the fracture does not seem to increase,—nor do the passengers hesitate to traverse it with heavy loads.

CHAPTER VII.

The Battle of Cromdale.

THE Haughs of Cromdale, opposite to Castle Grant, on the south side of the Spey, has been rendered classic ground in Highland annals by the sword of the warrior and the pen of the poet. "The Haughs of Cromdale" has long been sung and danced to in Scotland.

The cause of James II having become desperate by the death of Viscount Dundee, at Killlicrankie, in July, 1689, all his adherents disappeared except the band of Lochiel and a few others. But in the spring of 1690, the Camerons, Macleans, Macphersons, Macdonalds, and Grants of Glenmorston, marched towards the Lowlands, to amuse and fatigue the king's troops. By this time, Sir Thomas Livingstone had come to Inverness with a battalion of foot and some troops of dragoons. The Highlanders, informed of this, returned towards the Highlands, and Livingstone resolved to intercept them. Conducted by some gentlemen of the Grants, he marched on the night of the 31st of April with the horse dragoons, leaving the foot to follow. By the dawning of the morning, May 1, 1690, he came to Darrirade, or top of the hill above Castle Grant, and was directed down the valley

of Auchenarrow, to cross the Spey below Delachaple. The Highlanders had come to Cromdale, April 30, and choosing to keep near the hill, encamped that night near Lethendrey, and had some advanced guards near the Kirk of Cromdale, which guards observed the troops fording the river, and alarmed the camp. This moved the general to mount some of the Grants on dragoon horses; and all the horse and dragoons, led by these gentlemen, rode smartly (the distance being about a mile, and a part of the road concealed by a birch wood), and surprised the enemy before they could all get on their clothes, who fled precipitately about half a mile, many of them quite naked; and at the foot of the hill of Cromdale they turned round upon their pursuers, and defended themselves with their swords and targets with great bravery. A thick fog coming down the side of the mountain, compelled Livingstone to discontinue the pursuit, and even to beat a retreat. According to Mackay, the Highlanders had 400 men killed and taken prisoners, while Livingstone only lost seven or eight horses; but Balcarris states his loss about 100 killed and several prisoners; and the author of the "Memoirs of Dundee" says that many of Livingstone's dragoons fell. Shaw, in his "History of Moray," says that above 100 of Buchan's men were killed, and about sixty made prisoners. A party of the Camerons and Macleans, who had in the flight separated from their companions in arms, crossed the Spey the following day, but were pursued by Livingstone, overtaken on the Moor of Granish, near Aviemore, where some

of them were killed. The rest took shelter in Craigellachie, where they were joined by Kerpoch and his Highlanders, when they made an attempt to seize the Castle of Loch-an-ellan, in Rothymurchus, but were repulsed with loss by the Rothymurchus men.

CHAPTER VIII.

Tullochgorum and its Ancient Family.—The Brownies of Tullochgorum.—Brownie Clod and Mag Vuluchd.

THE family of Tullochgorum had, for its first progenitor, Patrick, a second son of John Grant, of Frenchie, and sheriff principal of Inverness-shire, chief of the Clan Grant. Patrick Grant, of Tullochgorum, was supposed to be born in the fourteenth century, and all descended from him were called Clan Phadric, after his name. The principal families descended of Clan Phadric are Grants, of Glenlochy and Inverlochy, in Strathavon ; Grants, of Milnton, of Duthel, and some others (old MS.). Next to the Castle Grant family, called by way of distinction, in Gaelic, *Tai' chal.*, the collateral branch or house of Tullochgorum, has always been regarded as the most important sept for upwards of 500 years. The *Ceanteadh* or chieftain of this house, is understood to be represented by John Grant, Esq., of Kilgraston, a descendant of the family of Glenlochy, in Strathavon (*vide* vol. i, "Seats of Eminent Men and Warriors"). Tullochgorum, celebrated as the birthplace of a long line of warriors has acquired a celebrity in the annals of poetry and song. The Rev. John Skinner, bishop of Aberdeen,

the contemporary of Burns, has rendered the place classic ground, by giving the title of *Tullochgorum* to a song, characterised by Burns, at one time, "as the first of songs," and, at another, the "best Scotch song Scotland ever saw," a song, which, according to Robert Chambers, partakes of a national character, is engraved on the hearts of the Scots people, is sung and danced to at their social meetings, and finds a response in every heart. *Tullochgorum*, in the annals of local tradition, is also celebrated as, at one time, the location of two supernatural agents known, respectively, under the names of *Brownie Clod* and *Maag Vullach*, said by Shaw, the historian of Moray, to be latterly attached to the family of *Glenloch*y, before mentioned, as the lineal ancient blood of the house of *Tullochgorum*, of which they had been, according to legendary lore, written and oral, the appendages or parasites for centuries.

The Brownies of *Tullochgorum*.

Although this mysterious and very useful agent has now become very rare among the Highland mountains, it appears that at one time he was the common appendage of many families of rank in those countries. Hence, his history and character are well known; and his memory still retains a powerful interest in the minds of the inhabitants. It may not, therefore, be improper to give a condensed account of the most prominent traits of the Highland Brownie's character, to enable the reader to

compare his manners and habits with those of the Brownie of Bodspeck, or any other Brownie, with the manners of whom he may happen to be acquainted.

With regard to the Brownie's origin, it is a point that is involved in much obscurity. It was always a peculiar trait in his character, that he never would favour his earthly acquaintances with any information regarding his own private affairs. From some resemblance the Brownie bore to the Fairy, joined to a similarity of habits, it was shrewdly suspected by the more discriminating sort of people, that if he were not actually a member of the Fairy people, he was at least a mongrel species of them. But on this important topic, the sagacious Brownie himself opened not his mouth, leaving them to argue the matter as they thought proper.

In his personal appearance, the Highland Brownie was highly interesting. His person was not quite so tall as that of the Fairy, but it was well proportioned and comely; and from the peculiar brownness of his complexion he received the appellation of Brownie.

In his manners and habits, he differed widely from all the supernatural beings of his day; inasmuch, as he was laborious and faithful to his master's interest—content to labour day and night for no other fee or reward than a scanty diet, and occasionally a suit of cast-off apparel. Hence, the possession of so cheap and useful an agent was an acquisition highly desirable. But he was what neither money nor interest could procure. Having once united himself to the founder of an

ancient family, he adhered to him and to his issue, so long as he had any lineal posterity; and hence it is, that the Brownie was only found the heir-loom of an ancient and honorable family.

Unexampled for his fidelity, he was the indefatigable guardian and promoter of his adopted master's interest; and, from his powers of prophecy and information, his services were truly invaluable. Over the servants, he was always a vigilant spy, ready to give a faithful account of their good or bad actions; and hence it followed that, with these, he was very seldom on a good understanding. So that if the Brownie was left to the servant's mercy, he would not, in all likelihood, fare the better for his fidelity. But if the master had regard to his own interest, he was careful to have seen him properly cared for in his meat and in his drink, which care was rewarded by the most unlimited devotion to his interest.

The last two brownies known in this quarter of the Highlands, were long the appendages of the ancient family of Tullochgorum, in Strathspey. They were male and female, and for aught we know, they might likewise have been man and wife. The male was of an exceedingly jocose and humorous disposition, often indulging in little sports at the expense of his fellow-servants. He had, in particular, a great trick of flinging clods at the passengers, and from thence he got the name of "*Brownie-Clod.*" He had, however, with all his humour, a great deal of simplicity about him, and became, in his turn, the dupe of those on whom he affected to play. An eminent in-

stance of this appears from a contract into which he foolishly entered with the servants of Tullochgorum, whereby he bound and obliged himself to thrash as much corn and straw as two men could do for the space of a whole winter, on condition he was to be gratified with an old coat and a Kilmarnock cowl, pieces of apparel for which, it seems he had a great liking. While the servants were reclining themselves at their ease upon the straw, poor Brownie-Clod thrashed on unremittingly, and performed such Herculean tasks as no human constitution could bear for a week together. Some time before the expiry of the contract, the lads, out of pure gratitude and pity, left the coat and cowl for him on a mow of corn in the barn, on receipt of which, he instantly struck work, and with the greatest triumph at the idea of taking in his acquaintances, he sneeringly told them that since they were so foolish as to give them the coat and cowl before he had wrought for them, he would now decline to thrash another sheaf.

“Huar Prownie coad agus curochd
Agus cha dian Prownie opar tullidh.”

The female was more pawky in her ways; and, instead of being a laughing-stock to the female-servants with whom she wrought, she was a sort of mistress over them. She was seldom on good terms with them, in consequence of the fidelity with which she reported their neglect of duty to their master and mistress. It was her custom to wear a superabundance of hair, in consequence of which, she was commonly called “Maug Vuluchd”

or "Hairy Mag." Mag was an honest and excellent housekeeper, and had the service of the table generally assigned her, in which capacity she was extremely useful. The dexterity and care with which she covered the table, always invisible, was not less amusing to strangers, than it was convenient to their host. Whatever was called for, came as if it floated on the air, and lighted on the table with the utmost ease and celerity; and for cleanliness and attention, she had not her equal in this land.

CHAPTER IX.

Abernethy and its Legends.

ABERNETHY, sixty years ago, comparatively a barren domain, yielding one third of its present rental, is one of the most extensive and valuable parishes in the Highlands, extending nearly twenty miles along the banks of the Spey, and fifteen miles to its south-eastern borders of Glenlochy and Glenbrowne. In point of topography, it presents all the phases of scenery, from the level alluvial haugh, indulating knolls and terraces, upland glades, and steep acclivities, to the towering rugged "cloud-capped" mountains of Glenavon, where "Alps upon Alps arise," presenting a striking combination of luxuriant fields, verdant glades, and dense forests, climbing up the mountain's brow,—meet subjects for the poet's pen, and the painter's pencil. Near the north-eastern boundary of the parish, stands the ruins of Castle Roy, about four miles beyond Grantown, which had been a quadrangular fortress of the Cummings, provided with two square projecting towers, and a noble and high-pointed arched gateway. Standing on a bleak and lonely piece of ground, this ancient roofless ruin presents to the beholder a dark melancholy looking pile, in which even the owl cannot find a

resting place,—a memento of the departed power of a once great and mighty race, who, in ancient times, were the lords of boundless territories. The only interesting relic within its high walls, is a curious vault or crypt, near the western corner, but as to this and to all relating to this ancient fabric, history, and even tradition, are now entirely lost.

Near to this old ruin stands the church and churchyard, surrounded by a series of elegant sepulchral monuments, on many of which are engraved epitaphs and admonitions from the dead to the living; one of those epitaphs proclaims that poets flourished in Abernethy, in the days of Mr. John Grant, for we suspect he was the author of the following serio-comic epitaph on a grave-stone :

“ The world is a city full of streets,
And death’s a market where every one meets ;
But if life were a thing money could buy
The poor could not live and the rich never die.”

The neighbouring elegant manse and school-house, and commodious and comfortable mansions of Coulnakyle, Balliemore, Birchfield, Rothymoon and Dell, surrounded by highly cultivated fields, waving with luxuriant crops in their season, present a cheerful contrast to the old dark, awe-inspiring Castle Roy, “ the ghost of a departed existence, lingering amid a scene of living happiness and prosperity.” Abernethy, like every other Highland parish, has its time-honoured legends, some of which we record as specimens of traditional lore.

LEGENDS OF ABERNETHY.

Nos. 1 and 2.

Robert Grant, commonly called the Bailie More.—“A’Jeddart Justice”—“Hanging before Trial.”—Bailie Bain, one of the same.—His Evil End.

IN the parish of Abernethy, once lived Robert Grant, commonly called the Bailie More, a bailie of regality previous to the abolition of heritable jurisdictions. It is said he used to hang people for disobliging him. He seldom called juries: he hanged two brothers on a tree within a thousand yards of the manse of Abernethy, and buried both in one grave, on the road side. The grave and stones above it are still visible. Another, named James Grant, commonly called Bailie Roy, who lived long in this parish, hanged a man of the name of Stewart, and after hanging him, set a jury on him, and found him guilty. The particulars are too long to be inserted here. The bailie had many reasons for being in such a hurry. The man was, unluckily for him, wealthy, and abounded in cattle, horses, sheep, and goats, all of which were instantly driven to the bailie’s home; Stewart’s children set a begging, and his wife became deranged in her mind, and was afterwards drowned in a river. It is not very long since (*e. g.* before 1794). This same Bailie Roy, on another occasion, hanged two notorious thieves, parboiled their heads, and set them up on sticks afterwards. At another time, he drowned two men in sacks, at the bridge of Billimon, within a few hundred yards

of the manse of Abernethy, and endeavoured to compel a man from Glenmore, in the barony of Kinchardine, to assist him and the executioners he had with him in the business; which the man refusing to do, the bailie said to him, "If you was within my regality, I would teach you better manners than to disobey my commands." This bailie bought a good estate. There was another of them, called Bailie Bain, in this country, who became so odious that the country people drowned him in the Spey, near the church of Inverallan, about a mile from the manse of Abernethy. They took off his boots and gloves, left them on the bank, and drove his horse through a rugged place, full of large stones. The trail in the sand, boots, &c., discovered what had become of him; and when a search was made for him down the river, a man met the party near the church of Cromdale, who asked them "what they were searching for?" They answered, "For the bailie's body;" upon which he said, "Turn back, turn back, perhaps he has gone up against the river, for he was always acting against nature." As their power was great and generally abused, so many of them enriched themselves. They had many ways of making money for themselves; such as, 1st. the Bailie's Darak, as it was called, or a day's labour in the year from every tenant on the estate. 2d. Confiscations, as they generally seized on all goods and effects of such as suffered capitally. 3d. All fines for killing game, black fish, or cutting green wood, were led on by themselves, and went into their own pockets. These fines amounted to what they pleased almost. 4th.

Another very lucrative perquisite they had, was what was called the Herial horse, which was, the best horse, cow, ox, or other article, which any tenant on the estate possessed at the time of his death. This was taken from the widow and children for the bailie at the time they had most need of assistance. This amounted to a great deal on a large estate. The practice was abolished by the late Sir Ludovick Grant, in this country, in the year 1738.—*Rev. Mr. Grant's Statistical Account of Abernethy and Kinchardine, 1794.*

No. 3.

Garline.—Muruch-na-Ban, the Man-Midwife.—Legend of his Grandmother.

A good many years ago, the author, while yet a boy, in passing through the place of Garline, felt great curiosity to see Muruch-na-ban, the man-midwife, not only on account of his notoriety as a professor of the obstetric art, a profession then almost exclusively engrossed by females, but also on account of the way by which his great grandmother acquired a fairy diploma, which conferred supernatural superiority upon herself and her descendants in the midwifery department. And it so happened, that the author obtained a full view of Muruch-na-ban, who, although a lank, lean, aged person, by no means possessed of personal

attractions, was regarded by the author with feelings of no small veneration, prompted, no doubt, by his vivid recollections of the following legend.

“A considerable time ago, there was a woman living in the neighbourhood of Cairngorm, in Strathspey, by profession a midwife, of extensive practice, and esteemed, indeed, the best midwife in the district. One night, while she was preparing for bed, there came a loud knocking to her door, indicating great haste in the person that knocked. The midwife was accustomed to such late intrusions, and concluded, even before she opened the door, that her presence was too much required at a sick-bed. She found the person that knocked to be a rider and his horse, both *out of breath*, and most impatient for her company. The rider entreated the midwife to make haste, and jump up behind him, without a single moment’s delay, else that the life of an amiable woman was lost for ever. But the midwife, having a great regard to cleanliness and decorum, requested leave to exchange her apparel before she set out; a motion which, on the part of the rider, was met with a decided negative, and nothing would satisfy the rider but that the midwife would immediately jump up behind him on his grey horse. His importunities were irresistible, the midwife mounted, and off they flew at full gallop. The midwife being now seated and fleeing on the road, she began naturally to question her guide what he was—where he was going—and how far. He, however, declined immediately making any

other reply to her questions, than merely saying that she would be well rewarded, which, however consoling, was far from being satisfactory information to the midwife. At length, the course they pursued and the road they took, alarmed the midwife beyond measure, and her guide found it necessary to appease her fears by explaining the matter, otherwise she would, in all probability, prove inadequate to the discharge of her duty. "My good woman," says the fairy to the midwife, "be not alarmed; though I am conducting you to a fairy habitation to assist a fairy lady in distress, be not dismayed, I beseech you; for I promise you, by all that is sacred, you shall sustain no injury, but will be safely restored to your dwelling when your business is effected, with such boon or present as you shall choose to ask or accept of." The fairy was a sweet good-looking young fellow, and the candour of his speech and the mildness of his demeanour soothed her fears, and reconciled the *Ben Ghlun* in a great measure to the enterprise. They were not long in reaching the place, when the midwife found the fairy lady in any thing but easy circumstances, and soon proved the auspicious instrument of bringing to the world a fine lusty boy. All was joy and rejoicing in consequence, and all the fairies in the turret flattered and caressed the midwife. She was desired to choose any gift in the power of fairies to grant, which was instantly to be given her. Upon which she asked, as a boon, that whomsoever she or her posterity should attend in her professional capacity, a safe and

speedy delivery should be insured them. The favour was instantly conferred on her, and all know to this day, that Muruch-na-Ban, the man-midwife, possesses in no inconsiderable degree the professional talents of his great grandmother."

No. 4.

Glen Brown and its Legends.

IN a secluded pass, and lying adjacent to the old military road leading from Grantown to Tomintoul, and equi-distant from both of those towns, stands the peaceful hamlet which takes its name from the rivulet or burn called The Brown, which forms one side of the boundaries of the farm. Another burn, meandering through the hollow of the pass, joins the Brown at the bridge of Brown, at the point of the northern angle of the farm; and it is a curious fact, that one standing on the bridge may angle in waters situated in the three counties of Inverness, Moray, and Banff—the said bridge being a point where the said three counties form a junction. And the wise people of old did not fail to attach magical traditions to this "meeting of the waters," ascribing supernatural potency to waters passed over by so many of the dead and living through so many ages. And not

only did they ascribe great virtues to the water, but the junction of the shires had also spells negative of necromancy and fairy agency. In particular, should a woman or child be stolen by the fairies, and what was called a stock or deceptious representative be left as a substitute, the leaving of the supposed spurious representative at the bridge of the Brown for a night, compelled the fairies to restore the true individual in place of the stock. And it is a well authenticated fact, related when the author was a boy, that a woman, when a child, then still in life, had been exhibited wrapped in a warm blanket, to enjoy for the night the pleasures of solitude, under the impression that the said exchange would be accomplished. How far the expectations of the wise parents had been accomplished it remains for the fairies to tell; but, strange to say, the child suffered no material injury from the exposure, and grew up to be a natural specimen of humanity, who proved the parent of natural genuine offspring. From the following legend it would appear that John Brown, an ancient tenant of Glen-Brown, had palpable experience of the expertness and profligacy of his fairy neighbours of Corlaggack.

“There was once a courageous, clever man, of the name of John Roy, who lived in Glen-Brown, in the parish of Abernethy. One night, as John Roy was out traversing the hills for his cattle, he happened to fall in with a fairy banditti, whose manner of travelling indicated that they carried along with them some booty. Recollecting an old, and, it seems, a faithful saying, that the fairies are obliged to exchange any booty they may possess for any

return, however unequal in value, on being challenged to that effect, John Roy took off his bonnet and threw it towards them, demanding a fair exchange in the emphatic Gaelic phrase, '*Sluis sho slumus sheen*;' ('Mine is yours, and yours is mine.') It was, no doubt, an unprofitable barter for the fairies. They, however, it would appear, had no other alternative but to comply with John Roy's demand; and in room of the bonnet they abandoned the burden, which turned out to be nothing more nor less than a fine fresh lady, who, from her dress and language, appeared to be a *Sasonach*. With great humanity, John Roy conducted the unfortunate lady to his house, where she was treated with the utmost tenderness for several years; and the endearing attentions paid to her by John and his family won so much on her affections as to render her soon happy in her lot. Her habits became gradually assimilated to those of her new society; and the Saxon lady was no longer viewed in any other character than as a member of John Roy's family."

"It happened, however, in the course of time, that *the new King* found it necessary to make the great roads through those countries by means of soldiers, for the purpose of letting coaches and carriages pass to the northern cities; and those soldiers were never great favorites in these countries, particularly during the time that our own kings were alive; and, consequently, it was no easy matter for them, either officers or men, to procure for themselves comfortable quarters. But John Roy forgot the national animosity of his countrymen to the *cottan darg* (red coat), when the latter appealed

to his generosity as an individual; and he accordingly did not hesitate to offer any asylum under his roof to a Saxon captain and his son, who commanded a party employed in his immediate neighbourhood. His offer was thankfully accepted of; and, while the strangers were highly delighted at the cleanliness and economy of the house and family of their host, the latter was quite satisfied with the frankness and urbanity of manner displayed by his guests. One thing, however, caused some feelings of uneasiness to John Roy, and that was the extreme curiosity manifested by them whenever they were in the company or presence of his English foundling, on whom their eyes were continually rivetted, as if she were a ghost and a fairy. On one occasion, it happened that the captain's son lapsed into a state of the profoundest meditation, gazing upon this lady with silent emotion. 'My son,' says the captain, his father, 'tell me what is the cause of your deep meditation!' 'Father,' replies the sweet youth, 'I think on the days that are gone; and of my dearest mother who is now no more. I have been led into these reflections by the appearance of that lady who is now before me. Oh, father! does she not strikingly resemble the late partner of your heart; she for whom you so often mourn in secret!' 'Indeed, my son,' replies the father, 'the resemblance has frequently recurred to me too forcibly. Never were twin sisters more like; and were not the thing impossible, I should even say she was my dearest departed wife:' pronouncing her name as he spoke, and also the names of characters nearly related to both

parties. Attracted by the mention of her real name, which she had not heard repeated for a number of years before, and attracted still more by the nature of their conversation, the lady, on strict examination of the appearance of the strangers, instantly recognised her tender husband and darling son. Natural instinct could be no longer restrained: she threw herself upon her husband's bosom; and Ossian, the son of Fingal, could not describe in adequate terms the transports of joy that prevailed at the meeting. Suffice it to say, that the Saxon lady was again restored to her affectionate husband, pure and unblemished as when he lost her, and John Roy gratified by the only reward he would accept of—the pleasure of doing good.”

From the sequel of the story, it appears, that some of the hordes of fairies inhabiting the “Shian of Coir-laggack,” found it convenient, for purposes which may be easily guessed at, to take a trip to the South of England, and made no scruple to kidnap this lady in the absence of her husband, and on the occasion of her accouchement. A stock was of course deposited in her stead—which of course died in a few days after—and which of course was interred in the full persuasion of its being the lady in question, with all the splendour which her merits deserved. Thus would the perfidious fairies have enjoyed the fruits of their cunning, without even a suspicion of their knavery, were it not for the “cleverness and generosity of John Roy, who once lived in Glen-Brown.”

CHAPTER X.

Kinchardine, and Col. John Roy Stewart, a renowned
Poet and Warrior.

COLONEL JOHN ROY STEWART will live in history and the popular traditions of the Highlands of Scotland as long as the name of Prince Charles Stuart shall endure. Though born in rather humble circumstances, he could boast of having royal blood in his veins, which has always been regarded as the true patent of nobility among Highland chiefs and clans. The first baron of Kinchardine was Walter Stewart, third son of the celebrated Earl of Buchan and Lord of Badenoch who was son to Robert II, of Scotland, and this small barony descended through many generations in the same line, until the last of the proprietors, who was described as a "silly witted man," was cozened by a designing brother-in-law of his own, the notorious Bailie Bain, to sell his inheritance to Lord Huntly, in 1683, for a mere trifle; so that, instead of being a baron, John Roy Stewart's immediate ancestors became only tacksmen of Kinchardine, and through the favour and consideration of the noble family of Gordon, the descendants of the old race were continued and patronized in their Duchus so long as the race endured, and the

families of Pitouylsh and Knock furnished genuine specimens of military heroes.

John Roy Stewart was a true type of the Bradwardine school. His mother was aged fifty-five years when he was born. Entering the British army, he became lieutenant and quarter-master in the Scots' Greys, but being refused a company in the 42d regiment in 1740, he became a devoted adherent of the exiled royal family of Scotland. He was an elegant scholar, a good poet, a brave soldier, and an accomplished gentleman. He wrote with equal facility English, Latin, and Gaelic. It was in his songs and descriptive pieces in the Gaelic language that he attracted the admiration of his countrymen. An active partisan of the Prince in 1745, during his hiding of many months in caves and fastnesses, he had ample leisure to indulge his taste for song and poetry. The traditions of his native country abound with descriptive pieces, eulogies, and laments on friends, in connection with the history and misfortunes of the idol of Highland hearts, "Bonnie Prince Charlie." At the time of the rebellion he commanded a regiment amounting to four hundred men, chiefly natives of Grandtully in Perthshire, and Kinchardine and its neighbourhood, in Strathapey. Possessed of an excellent judgment, and great knowledge of the Highlands and Highlanders—had his advice been acted upon, the fatal results at Culloden would have been obviated. He strenuously recommended opposing the passage of the Duke of Cumberland's army, in crossing the passage of the rapid Spey, where deadly loss might have been

inflicted on the duke's army, while he opposed fighting on Culloden Moor, which being a level and hard surface, was just the area for the English cavalry and artillery; and when his advice was rejected he proposed to attack the English army before it was formed in order of battle; but his advice was disregarded until the royal army was formed in two lines. In his songs and laments, John Roy Stewart, in the most moving and poetic language, bewailed the fate of the gallant bands who, full of affection for their prince and the pride of clannish glory, under such fearful odds and gross mismanagement, rushed sword in hand upon the serried phalanx of their enemies, meeting death unappalled, rather than fly disgraced from the fatal field. When the prince returned to France, Colonel Stewart was one of the devoted band who to the last followed his fortunes, getting commands in the French army.

And history records an event pregnant with interest to all Highland readers. On the 2d of July, 1747, the Duke of Cumberland, in command of the British forces at Lafeldt in Holland, stood opposed, along with his allies, to the French army under Marshal Saxe, whose Scotch brigade carried the village of Land-herry after the repulse of forty battalions, who had attempted it but failed. A letter from an officer in the army to his friend at York, says: "That the brigade consisted of
 " Scotch and Irish in the French service, who
 " fought like devils, that they neither gave nor
 " took quarter; that, observing the Duke of
 " Cumberland to be extremely active in defence

“of this post, they were employed on this
 “attack at their own request; that they in a
 “manner cut down all before them, with a full
 “resolution, if possible, to reach His Royal
 “Highness, which they certainly would have
 “done had not Sir John Ligonier come up
 “with a party of horse, and thereby saved the
 “duke at the loss of his own liberty; that it
 “was generally believed that the Young Pre-
 “tender was a volunteer in the action which
 “animated these rebellious troops to push so
 “desperately; and, as what advantage the
 “French had at Fontenoy, was as well as now,
 “owing to the desperate behaviour of these
 “brigades, it may be said that the King of
 “France is indebted for much of his success to
 “the natural born subjects of the Crown of
 “Great Britain.”

Concurring accounts record the superhuman efforts made by the brave Scots' brigade on this occasion. The object of their most intense hatred, the “bloody Cumberland,” stood in their view, exciting in every heart and soul a determination to reach his heart, and more than once were they within a few yards of their prey. But all mortal efforts have their limits in the face of unconquerable obstacles, and the brave band had only, on reflection, to deplore the carnage of some of their own Highland blood, opposed to them in the prosecution of their hopes of revenge.—‘*Gentleman's Magazine*, 1747, *Brown's History and Traditions*.

CHAPTER XI.

Kinchardine and its Legends.

KINCHARDINE, signifying in Gaelic the location of friends, and for a long time the inheritance of the ancestors of the celebrated Colonel John Roy Stewart, forms part of the extensive parish of Abernethy, including the wild and romantic regions of Glenmore and Cairngorm, "regions truly rude and wild, meet nurse for a poetic child." Kinchardine was, for a long time, the nursery of brave and gallant men, and the land of native poetry and song; for, not many years ago, the locality possessed senachies and chroniclers equal, in respect of legendary lore, to the ancient genealogists and senachies of Lissmore and Iona. Of course, those wild and sequestered glens and vallies were fitting locations for supernatural beings of all classes, and it did not require going back far into the era of antiquity to find subjects for the lovers of the marvellous. As a specimen, the truth of the following tale would, some seventy or eighty years ago, be attested upon oath, both by clerical and lay spectators of the dramatic performances.

 No. 1.

The Ghost of Kinchardine.

"Not many years ago, there lived in Kin-

chardine, of Strathspey, a poor man, who contracted a severe and sudden illness, which, to the great grief of his family, terminated in his death. From the suddenness of the honest man's call, he had not time to settle his affairs, and this circumstance, it seems, as might have been supposed, caused him no small disquietude in the eternal world. He wished, in particular, to have had an axe and a whisky barrel, which he had borrowed of a friend, restored to him, for iron, you must know, in such cases is very bad. In order, therefore, to have this matter adjusted, the dead man commissioned his ghost to wait on a particular friend to disclose to him the circumstance, not doubting in the least but the friend would have bestowed his best attention on the subject. The faithful ghost lost no time in proceeding to get the object of his mission accomplished; which, however, turned out rather a difficult undertaking, for it was no easy matter for the ghost to procure a conference with the friend on the business. One glimpse of the former never failed to communicate to the latter the feet of a roe, nor could all his dexterity bring the matter to a hearing. At length, exasperated by a long course of night watching and useless travelling, the wily commissioner had recourse to an expedient which ultimately effected his purpose. As soon as the sun went down every evening, the ghost opened a cannonade of bricks and stones upon the unhappy friend and the inmates of his house, which did not terminate till cock-crowing in the morning, and so expert an archer was this pawky ghost, that he scarcely ever missed an aim, while every stroke would kill a bullock.

Smarting under the effect of this unseasonable chastisement, the friend and his family raised the most outrageous clamour at their unaccountable misfortune, which induced some of their neighbours nightly to assemble in considerable bodies to protect them from this nocturnal warfare. But the wily ghost, far from relaxing his operations on that account, only plied them with additional vigour, sparing neither sex nor age in his sweeping career. All sorts of missiles announced themselves, rebounding on the shoulders of the protectors as well as the protected, the pithy weight of which, and the unaccountable manner in which they were flung, convinced the sufferers they were not flung by mortal hand. All the acquaintances of the friend, therefore, urged on him to challenge the invisible demon who thus savagely persecuted him at the hour of midnight, in order to afford the latter an opportunity of explaining his business, and the reason of his cruel and unchristian conduct. But this advice, the friend of the deceased was disposed to consider a dernier resort, and one that required some cool consideration. At length, rendered quite desperate by a series of unparalleled persecutions, which rendered him as thin in body as a silver sixpence, the good man came to a final determination to call the ghost to account the very first opportunity for his mean and pusillanimous attacks on himself and poor family. Accordingly, one night, on receiving a tart peel on the cheek, which gave him the ear-ache, and which wonderfully improved his courage, the good man marched forth, with a mixture of rage and fear, demand-

ing of the unfeeling ghost, in a voice resembling the falling notes of the gamut, ‘Wha-a-t i-i-s you-r busn-ess wi’ m-my ho-use and fa-fa-fa-mi-ly?’ The ghost instantly appeared happy to answer the question; but ere he could do so, it was necessary to go through a ceremony. which is no less curious than disagreeable to the feelings of the parties concerned. This ceremony consists in the mortal’s embracing the ghost, and raising his feet from the ground, so as to allow the wind to pass between the soles of his feet and the ground, which enables the tongue-tied ghost to speak a volume. What was then to be done in this particuiar case? Encouraged by the eloquent cheers and arguments held forth to him through the crevices of his house, by his anxious family, he made several attempts to encircle the awful emissary in his arms, which, by a sort of mechanical motion, receded from the embrace, and it was not without great difficulty he could persuade himself to give a friendly embrace to the mischievous ghost; this, however, he did at last,—seizing him as he would a bunch of thorns. The ghost’s long-locked jaws now began to speak, in so sepulchral a tone as to palsy all who heard it. The friend of the deceased promised strict attention to all the ghost’s injunctions, upon which he vanished in a flame of fire, leaving the unhappy man scarce able to totter to his chair. A minute compliance with all his instructions rendered a second visit from the ghost unnecessary—and this was no small matter of comfort to the friend.”

No. 2.

Rory McGillivray and his Reel.

“ Once upon a time, a tenant in Kinchardine, of Strathspey, emigrated with his family and cattle for the summer to the forest of Glenavon, which is well known to be inhabited by many fairies, as well as ghosts. Two of his sons having been one night late out, in search of some sheep which had strayed, they had occasion to pass a fairy turret, or dwelling, of very large dimensions; and what was their astonishment, on observing streams of the most refulgent light shining forth through innumerable crevices in the rock, crevices which the sharpest eye in the country had never seen before. Curiosity led them towards the turret, when they were charmed by the most exquisite sounds ever emitted by a fiddle-string, which, joined to the sportive mirth and glee accompanying it, reconciled them in a great measure to the scene, although they knew well enough the inhabitants were fairies; nay, overpowered by the enchanting jigs played by the fiddler, one of the brothers had even the hardihood to propose that they should pay the occupants of the turret a short visit. To this motion, the other brother, fond as he was of dancing and animated as he was by the music, would by no means consent, and very earnestly inculcated upon his brother many pithy arguments well calculated to restrain his curiosity. But every new jig that was played, and every new reel that was danced, inspired the adventurous brother with addi-

tional ardour, and at length, completely fascinated by the enchanting revelry, leaving all prudence behind, at one leap he entered the "shian." The poor forlorn brother was now left in a most uncomfortable situation. His grief for the loss of a brother whom he dearly loved, suggested to him, more than once, the desperate idea of sharing his fate by following his example. But, on the other hand, when he coolly considered the possibility of sharing very different entertainment from that which rung upon his ears, and remembering, too, the comforts and conveniences of his father's fire-side, the idea immediately appeared to him anything but prudent. After a long and disagreeable altercation between his affection for his brother and his regard for himself, he came to the resolution of trying a middle course; that is, to send in at the window a few remonstrances to his brother, which, if he did not attend to, let the consequences be upon his own head. Accordingly, taking his station at one of the crevices, and calling upon his brother three several times by name, as use is, he sent into him, as aforesaid, the most moving pieces of elocution he could think of; imploring him, as he valued his poor parents' life and blessing, to come forth and go home with him, Donald Macgillivray, his thrice affectionate and unhappy brother. But, whether it was he could not hear this eloquent harangue, or, what is more probable, that he did not choose to attend to it, certain it is that it proved totally ineffectual to accomplish its object, and the consequence was, that Donald Macgillivray found it equally much his duty and his interest to return home

to his family with the melancholy tale of poor Rory's fate. All the prescribed ceremonies calculated to rescue him from the fairy dominion were resorted to by his mourning relatives without effect, and Rory was supposed as lost for ever, when a 'wise man' of the day having learned the circumstance, set them upon a plan of having him delivered at the end of twelve months from his entry. "Return," says the Duin Glichd to Donald, "to the place where you lost your brother, a year and a day from the time. You will insert in your garment a Rowan Cross, which will protect you from the fairies' interposition. Enter the turret boldly and resolutely, in the name of the Highest claim your brother, and if he does not accompany you voluntarily, seize him, and carry him by force,—none dare interfere with you."

The experiment appeared to the cautious, contemplative brother, as one that was fraught with no ordinary danger, and he would have most willingly declined the prominent character allotted to him in the performance of it, but for the importunate entreaty of his friends, who implored him as he valued their blessing not to slight such excellent advice. Their entreaties, together with his confidence in the virtues of the Rowan Cross, overcame his scruples, and he, at length, agreed to put the experiment in practice, whatever the result might be.

Well, then, the important day arrived, when the father of those two sons was destined either to recover his lost son, or to lose the only son he had; and, anxious as the father felt, Donald Macgillivray, the intended adventurer,

felt no less on the occasion. The hour of midnight approached, when the drama was to be acted, and Donald Macgillivray, loaded with all the charms and benedictions in his country, took mournful leave of his friends, and proceeded to the scene of his intended enterprise. On approaching the well-known turret, a repetition of that mirth and those ravishing sounds, that had been the source of so much sorrow to himself and family, once more attracted his attention, without at all creating in his mind any extraordinary feelings of satisfaction. On the contrary, he abhorred the sounds most heartily, and felt much greater inclination to recede than to advance. But what was to be done? Courage, character, and every thing dear to him, were at stake—so that to advance was his only alternative. In short, he reached the “Shian,” and, after twenty fruitless attempts, he, at length, entered the place with trembling footsteps, and amidst the brilliant and jovial scene, the not least gratifying spectacle which presented itself to Donald, was his brother, Rory, earnestly engaged at the “Highland Fling,” on the floor, at which, as might have been expected, he had greatly improved. Without losing much time in satisfying his curiosity, by examining the quality of the company, he ran to his brother, repeating, most vehemently, the words prescribed to him by the “*Wise man*”—seizing him by the collar, and insisting he should immediately accompany him home to his poor afflicted parents. Rory assented, provided he would allow him to finish his single reel, assuring Donald, very earnestly, that he had not been half an hour in the house.

In vain did the latter assure the former, that instead of half an hour, he had actually remained twelve months. Nor would he have believed his overjoyed friends, on reaching home, “did not the calves, now grown into stots, and the new-born babes, now travelling the house, at length, convince him, that in his single reel, he had danced for a twelvemonth and a day.”

CHAPTER XII.

The Family of Rothymurchus.—Historical Notice of the Family.

THE family of Grant, of Rothymurchus, is highly ancient and respectable. The founder of this family was Patrick of Muckerrach, son of John, Chief of Grant, and Margaret Stewart, daughter of the Earl of Athole. Upon the forfeiture of Shaw, of Rothymurchus, Patrick got Rothymurchus and Balnespick in exchange for Muckerrach. He was succeeded by his eldest son Duncan, who, having no issue, was succeeded by his brother John, father of James, who had three sons, viz., Patrick, Colonel William, and John, who died a bachelor. Colonel William held the lands of Ballendalloch, and was father of Alexander and James, then of Ballindalloch. Patrick had three sons, viz., Patrick of Tullochgrew, Captain John, who died a bachelor, and James the eldest son, father of Patrick, the father of John Peter Grant, a distinguished barrister, a Member of Parliament, and a Judge, having in 1828 been appointed one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of Bombay, receiving at the same time the honour of knighthood. Sir John Peter Grant's humane and enlightened principles and policy obtained for him universal respect as a

man and a judge. In returning to his native land, he died on his passage, anno 1848, leaving two sons in India, W. P. Grant, Esquire, and the Honorable John Grant, who now holds the distinguished position of Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal; and three daughters, viz., Eliza, married to General Smith, of Batterboys, Ireland; Jean, widow of Colonel Pennington, now married to J. T. Gibson Craig, Esquire, W.S., and Mary, married to W. Gardener, Esquire, of the East India Company's Civil Service, all of whom exercised much benevolent kindness towards the inhabitants of their native place in the absence of their brothers; and now, under the auspices of the Honorable John Grant, peace and plenty reign over the beautiful region of Rothymurcus.

The family seat, the Doune, was possessed for many years as a summer residence, by the Duke and Duchess of Bedford and their family. The Duchess partook much of the warm-hearted character of her brother, the celebrated Marquis of Huntly, the great and good last Duke of Gordon. Full of life and active benevolence of heart and disposition, she was ever employed in promoting the comfort and happiness of her friends and neighbours of all classes—labours of love in which she was aided by members of her noble family. The death of this noble lady was regarded as a mournful calamity at many Highland homes by the grateful recipients of her kind and considerate bounties.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Castle of Loch-an-Ellan.—Its History.—Remarkable Echoes, and Alpine Scenery.

CONNECTED with the estate of Rothymurchus, Loch-an-Ellan Castle is interesting historically and traditionally, and as presenting a grand subject for the pen of a poet, and the pencil of a painter. Once a stronghold of the sacrilegious Wolf of Badenoch, it may be well supposed to have been, during his reign, the scene of many bloody deeds and crimes, to excite the poet's imagination; and, for the painter, we scarcely know of a scene of more varied Alpine grandeur. Loch-an-Ellan, about two miles distant from the Spey, is embosomed in an amphitheatre of lofty precipices, rising from the water's edge, crowned with woods, clinging to the rocks, reflecting on the bosom of the loch the inverted shadows of the bold and rugged scenery. In the centre of the loch stands the castle, appearing at times as if rising from the water, and washed by the murmuring lake at its base. As a Highland feudal stronghold it was of considerable dimensions, and though roofless and ruinous, its lofty walls, and the imposing scenery are awe-inspiring to the mind of the beholder, who to his cry finds a full and loud response, being the site of a remarkable echo

at some points more than once repeated. We have heard the word *murder* thrice repeated, "murder, murder, murder," in wild accents.

Legends of Loch-an-Ellan Castle.

"The lands of Rothymurchus having been granted by King Alexander II, to Andrew Bishop, of Moray, anno 1226, were held of the Bishops, in lease by the Shaws, during a hundred years, without disturbance. But about the year 1350, Cumming, of Strathdallas, having a lease of these lands, and unwilling to yield to the Shaws, it came to be decided by the sword, and James Shaw, chief of the clan, was killed in the conflict. James had married a daughter of Baron Ferguson, in Athole; and his son Shaw, called Corfiachlach, as soon as he came of age, attacked Cumming, and killed him, at a place called to this day Lagna Cumminach. He purchased the freehold of Rothymurchus and Balnespick, and by a daughter of Macpherson of Cluny had seven sons, James the eldest, and Farquhar, ancestor of the Farquharsons, &c. Shaw commanded the thirty Clan Chattan on the Inch of Perth, anno 1396, and dying about 1405, his gravestone is seen in the church-yard. James brought a company of his name to the battle of Harlaw, anno 1411, where he was killed. His son, by a daughter of Invereshie, Alexander Kiar, by a daughter of Stewart of Kinchardine, had four sons, of whom Dale, Tirdarroch, and Delnafert are descended; and John, by a niece of Mackintosh, was father of Allan, who, by a

daughter of the Laird of Mackintosh, had John, father of Allan, who, having barbarously murdered his step-father, Dallas of Cantray, had his estate justly forfeited, and the Laird of Grant purchased the forfeiture about anno 1597.

“A party of the adherents of King James II, during the troubles of 1668, under General Buchan, after the Battle of Cromdale, (the followers of Keppoch) made an attempt to seize Loch-an-Ellan Castle, who attacked from the mainland, and a smart fire of musketry was kept up from the castle, to carry on which, Grizzle More, the laird's lady, a very clever woman, was employed upon this occasion in casting the leaden balls for the defence.”—*Shaw's Province of Moray.*

CHAPTER XIV.

The Forests of Rothymurchus—as they were, as they are,
and as they will be.

ROTHYMURCHUS derives its etymology from the Gaelic Rath-mor-gius, or great stretch of fir—a designation peculiarly appropriate even at this day. Within the last century the axe and the saw went over most of the great forests of Rothymurchus, for a long time producing to the proprietors an income of ten times the value of the arable rental of the estate; and so indigenous to the soil is the growth of pine wood in this locality, that a new generation has sprung up in the place of the departed forests; and, under the auspices of the present proprietor of this beautiful and valuable estate, the forests of Rothymurchus, in due course of time, will again be a mine of great wealth. The estate, rather limited in extent, is extremely valuable, both on account of its woods, rural beauty, and susceptibility of improvement. Under the judicious management of Alexander MacIntosh, Esquire, the factor, a great deal of land has been reclaimed from moor and loch, and added to the arable

fields of the adjacent farms; and it may be added that, of its extent and size, no property in the Highlands is more valuable and attractive.

CHAPTER XV.

Kinrara and Tor Alvie.

ON the north bank of the Spey, opposite to the Doune, rises the high rock called Tor Alvie; and the woods and fields by which it is environed are parts of the pleasure-grounds of Kinrara, the favorite seat of Jane, Duchess of Gordon, and of her popular son, the late duke. On the eastern brow of the knoll is a rustic hermitage, commanding a far extending view of the valley of the Spey; and, at the southern extremity of the ridge, a high cairn of stones commemorates the heroic deeds of Highland warriors who fell at Waterloo. On one side of it is a tablet with the following inscription:

To
The Memory of
SIR ROBERT MACARA,
Of the 42nd Regiment, or 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 16, 1815.

The house of Kinrara is not visible from the

public road, shrouded as it is by screens and belts of ornamental trees. Of a simple, unadorned style of architecture, the beauty of the situation constitutes the principal charm of the residence. According to the graphic pen of Dr. M'Culloch, "Kinrara has a succession of continuous birch forest covering its rocky hill and its lower grounds, intermixed with open glades, irregular clumps and scattered trees, producing a scene, at once Alpine and dressed, combining the discordant characters of wild mountain landscape, and of ornamental scenery, while the variety is at the same time such as is only found in the most extended domains." In an old burial-ground, a short distance from the house, dedicated to St. Eda, stands a beautiful granite monument, erected to the memory of Jane, Duchess of Gordon, the place of sepulture selected by herself.

Kinrara, for many years the summer haunt of the brilliant duchess and her gallant son, was thronged with crowds of the first nobility of England and Scotland, attracted, not less by the mountain scenery of the country, than by the charming wit and fascinating conversation of both mother and son; and, though those bright spirits have both passed away, their favorite residence is still regarded in the Highlands with a degree of traditional veneration.

CHAPTER XVI.

Introduction to Badenoch.

So called, from *Badan*, a bush or thicket, because it was anciently full of wood. Who were the original lords and vassals of this country, before the time of the Cummings, in the twelfth century, does not appear from history; but it appears that, in 1313, Badenoch formed a part of the earldom of Moray, granted by King Robert the Bruce to Sir Thomas Randolph. The earldom reverted to the Crown, on the death of Sir John Randolph, anno 1346, without male issue, when George Dunbar, Earl of March, had, at least, the title of the Earl of Moray, in right of his mother, Agnes Randolph, sister and heiress of Earl, John Randolph. And when King Robert II granted the earldom of Moray to John Dunbar, he excepted Badenoch, Lochaber and the Castle of Urquhart out of the grant. The said King Robert, anno 1372, granted the sixty Davochs of Badenoch to his son Alexander, and his heirs, whom failing, to his brother David and his heirs. Lord Alexander died 1394, without lawful issue. David, likewise, left no son, and the lordship of Badenoch remained in the Crown, till it was given to the Earl of Huntly,

after the battle of Brechin, anno 1452, in whose family the superiority and property of it continued, until the Clan Chattan became part proprietors of the country.

CHAPTER XVII.

Ruthven Castle and Badenoch Legends.

ON the site of the ancient stronghold of the Lords of Badenoch, stands the Castle of Ruthven, on a green mount, jutting into a marshy plain. The mount is steep on three sides, and tapering to the top, as it were artificial, the area on the top about 120 yards long and sixty broad; the south wall was nine feet thick, through which the arched entry was guarded by a strong iron gate and a portcullis; the other walls were sixteen feet high and four thick, and the north end of the court, with two towers on the corners, and some low buildings and a draw-well. The ruins of the last of the Ruthven strongholds, have an interest attached to them, on account of their historical associations,—having been successively occupied by the bold and ruthless Wolf of Badenoch, by the beautiful and unfortunate Queen Mary, in her hunting excursions among the Highland wilds, by bands of warriors engaged in bloody strifes contending for evanescent power; and exhibiting in the present ruins a sad memorial of the vanity of human ambition. *Sic transit gloria mundi.*

No. 1.

A Feudal Banquet at Rait's Castle—a Badenoch Legend.

AMONG the great revolutions to which all mortal things are liable, we behold in the ruins of many strongholds the only memorials now extant of the feudal power exerted for centuries by the once mighty race of Cumming, who, however, will long live in local and traditional history for their oppressions and crimes. The following legend of Rait's Castle, one of the principal seats of this rapacious race, on the site of which now stands the mansion of Belleville, raised by the hands of genius, records an appalling specimen of the barbarous character and policy of the bloody Cummings and their bloody times :

“ The great and powerful clan of the Cummings were almost cut off by private quarrels, and their opposition to King Robert Bruce. Their war with the MacIntoshes was long, and of the most inveterate kind. A desperate battle was fought between the two clans at Leacna-Maigh, near Moy, not far from Inverness, where the Cummings were defeated with great slaughter. This did not, however, end the quarrel. As MacIntosh, on his way home, passed through a wood, his servants (who had gone a considerable way before their master), were found hung up upon the trees at the wayside, when their chief came up. At last, Cumming, of Rait, pretended to make peace ; and, with an intention to destroy the whole clan, he invited MacIntosh, with his followers,

to a feast. MacIntosh was to be placed at the head of the table, and Cumming himself was to be at his right hand; the rest of the clan were to be seated in the same manner, *i.e.* a Cumming on the MacIntosh right hand, from the chief down to the lowest man, as a particular mark of the friendship now commenced between them; a bull's head was to be brought in, as a signal to the Cummings for every man to stab his left hand neighbour, being a MacIntosh.

But, unluckily, for Cumming, he revealed his design to a gentleman, who was a well-wisher to MacIntosh, and for the better security, took his oath to keep it secret; the gentleman, however, contrived a method to reveal it to MacIntosh, without breaking his oath. As they were walking in the fields, he desired MacIntosh to stand on one side of a large stone that lay in their way, while he went to the other, and, in MacIntosh's hearing, told Cumming's plot to the stone; upon which MacIntosh convened his clan in all haste, who were no sooner got together than an invitation was sent for them to the feast, and, according to the custom of the times, it was cowardly not to accept of it. Accordingly they went all prepared; Cumming met them on the way and told them his method of entertainment, and hoped they would be so kind as to comply with it. MacIntosh answered, that he would not; but, on the contrary, he would give Cumming the preference, otherwise, he would not enter; Cumming, with some reluctance, at last agreed to it; both clans seated themselves according to this last proposal; the

MacIntoshes had their eyes constantly on the door; at last, the bull's head appeared, and the MacIntoshes drew their daggers, and treated the Cummings in the same manner in which they were intended to be treated themselves.

No. 2.

The Robbers' Cavern—a Legend of Badenoch.

It so happened, that one of the MacNivens' sons (he had nine) had killed one of the Clan Mhurraich, or Clan Chattan, in Badenoch, which so exasperated the Clan Mhurraich, that at last they determined, in revenge, to kill the Laird of Dunachton and his sons. The Laird's clan was the weaker of the two, and in order to save himself and his sons from the violence of their enemies, they dug a deep cellar in their dwelling-house, as a hiding place to escape to, when the Clan Mhurraich came in search of them. In order that their place might be kept a secret in the family, the Laird's daughters carried the sand and small stones in their aprons, which they threw into the river Spey, distant about half a mile; and continued this work, in the night-time, until the cave was completed. The Laird's sons, who were strong, stout fellows, carried enormous large flags upon their backs, from the neighbouring hills, which covered the cellar. They had a trap-door from the kitchen, by which they descended, when they apprehended the approach of their enemies. The cave, still extant, is crescent-shaped, and about fifty feet

from end to end; and, as the soil is friable, it must have been formed with great difficulty. At the centre, the width is about six feet and the height about seven, but, towards the western end, both height and breadth contract so much that, at the mouth, the space will only admit, by crawling, eel-like, one man at a time. A few feet from the narrow entrance the passage had been guarded by a strong door; and the boles built in the walls show that the bar must have been a tree of at least three feet in circumference. At the eastern end, the cave widens to a breadth of eight or nine feet and the roof is about an equal height, so that a somewhat spacious chamber is formed. The walls of the cave are of large stones, rudely built together; the roof consists of a series of large flag stones, stretching from wall to wall. To the centre of the cave, there is a second entrance, by a flight of steps, that seems to have been concealed by a trap-door. As a further precaution against discovery, a booth was built over the trap-door, the other passage opening up betwixt the peat stacks behind the house. The Clan Macpherson made several attempts to find out the objects of their search and the place of their security, but all in vain. Yet, they knew well that they were concealed somewhere near or about the house. At last, they fell upon an expedient by which they expected to find out the secret place of abode of the MacNivens, which was as follows:—A beggarman, who wandered through the country, (one of their own clan) was fixed upon, as the most likely person to make the discovery. A stranger was seldom warmly welcomed—a beg-

gar was not likely to be well received—he entered the kitchen, and having asked for quarters, was told he could get none. He replied, that it was too late to go anywhere else, and, besides that, being troubled with a particular disease, “the gravel,” he could not go further that night; and that as he could not get a bed, he would be happy to sit by the kitchen fire all night. The inhospitable churlishness of the landlord, was mollified, and he gave the beggarman admittance all night long.

Macpherson, the beggar, lay by the fireside, writhing and groaning, as if in great pain, while he watched the movements of the inmates, who were busily baking what seemed to the beggar, an enormous quantity of cakes. As the reeking bannocks were taken from the fire, he observed that they were put into the bottom of a standing “press;” but they were always put far down, as if the press was empty, while the heap of cakes never seemed to increase. Suspicion of the truth flashed upon the Macpherson, and shouldering his wallet, he left the hut at an early hour, as if to proceed on his begging journey; but at once proceeded to report what he had seen. The Macphersons collected a strong party on the following night, seized and massacred the whole band. The pretended beggar, by whom the MacNivens were betrayed, was called Jan MacEoghain, or John McEwan; and the tribe of the Macphersons descended from him are distinguished by the appellation of Sliochd Jan Mhiceoghain, that is, John McEwan’s descendants. It is said that this tribe have ever since been peculiarly liable, at some period of life, to be more or less affected with gravel.

No. 3.

Quick and Awful Catastrophe in 1800.—Death of Sportsmen—a Legend of Badenoch.

ON New Year's-day, O.S. 1800, an occurrence took place in the Forest of Gaick, situated in the mountains lying to the south of Kingussie, at the recollection of which the native Highlanders for many a day stood pale with horror, and which has formed the subject of mournful lamentations of native bards. The story has often found a place in local histories, and we do not mean to give more than the cardinal particulars of the mournful event. Captain Macpherson, of Ballochroan, near Kingussie, a gallant officer, fond of the chase and deer stalking, planned an expedition to the said wild locality to kill some game for Christmas festivities. He was accompanied by four expert huntsmen, well acquainted with the locality as fox-hunters, and skilful deer-stalkers. Taking with them provisions to last them for several days, they were to lodge in the sporting lodge of Gaick—a good and substantial building of stone, with strong couples of wood, driven into the ground for greater stability. It stood on a terrace, at the foot of one of those lofty mountains with which the valley is environed, and from its situation and strength, might have been thought proof against the fury of a storm. Two days after the huntsmen departed came on a violent storm of wind and drifting snow, which throughout the night blew a hurricane, till the forenoon of next day, when it gradually settled down into calm weather. As the lodging

of the party was known to be good, no fears for their safety was entertained till their non-appearance on the Friday evening, before which time they promised to return. This excited suspicions that something was wrong. A messenger was dispatched on Saturday morning to discover the cause of their non-appearance. On coming near the place where the house had stood, he was horrified to find that it had quite disappeared, its site being covered with a great depth of snow, which led to the conclusion that the party had all perished ; and the fact of his finding a hat and a powder flask partially buried in the snow, increased his fears. Returning home with the appalling intelligence, a party of twelve men collected and set off for the spot on Sabbath morning. On reaching the place, they found among the snow, between the house and the bottom of the valley, stones, wood, and divots, which had formed parts of the house ; some of them from two to three hundred yards distant from the site. The lintel of the door, a stone of large size, lay at least one hundred and fifty yards distant ; and nothing to be seen but a large extended bank of snow, so that they had much difficulty in discovering the site of the building and the remaining vestige of it, under at least six feet of snow. A part of the back wall, about a foot high, still remained, the rest of the building was completely swept away. On further search, four of the bodies were found within the area of the building, and from their position, it would seem that they had been retiring to bed or reclining, when the catastrophe befel them. Captain Macpherson was sitting with his coat off, upon

the remains of a bed, leaning forward, with his elbow on his knees—one hand grasping the wrist of the other, which supported his head. Two of the party lay in each other's arms, half out of bed, as if making a fruitless effort to escape. Another of the bodies was lying on his back on a fragment that remained of a long seat, opposite to Captain Macpherson, with one thigh broken, and covered with stones and turf. Two guns were found in the middle of the floor, one of them twisted, and the other broken in pieces; and two noble greyhounds lay dead beside their masters. The remaining sufferer was found two or three months thereafter, when the snow had abated, lying at a distance of two hundred yards, partly undressed.

In a country abounding with superstition, and a passion for the marvellous, it is no wonder that the awful catastrophe was referred to supernatural agency; but an avalanche, or sudden fall of snow from the adjacent precipice is the most natural cause of the calamity. In those confined glens and gullies, gusts of whirlwind, which the natives were wont to ascribe to the agency of fairies and malignant spirits, are likely to have aided the howling storm of the night in detaching from the precipice its impending covering of snow, which, like a snow-ball, acquiring magnitude and force in its rapid descent, would dash before it a building of far greater stability than the devoted lodge which covered the ill-fated party; a conclusion supported by the fact that, in the interval between the occurrence and the finding of the last missing body, an immense body of snow fell from the same hill, resting immediately at the site of the

house, where further progress was opposed by the previous deposit—the lump measuring twenty-four feet by sixteen broad ; and several years thereafter, a similar fall from a hill near the same locality, had sufficient force to break ice a foot thick, which covered a small lake at the base, and to dash the water of the lake to a considerable distance upon the opposite precipice.

No. 4.

The Wife of Laggan—a Badenoch Legend.

SINCE the days of Saul down to the present, or at least to a very recent period, Satan was well known to be partial to the employment of human beings for his emissaries, and particularly old and ugly women ; for he found such instruments always more useful in carrying on direct communications with human beings than invisible and supernatural emissaries, whose means of operations were less direct and tangible than those instruments who, face to face, could, with much more tact and assiduity, succeed in catching “gudgeons of all sorts and sizes,” and could more effectually succeed in hooking in the unsuspecting portion of mankind. It has always been the surprise with reasoning and reasonable men, what inducement those human agents of Satan could have for undertaking a course of such hard labour in this world and punishment in the next. Since the origin of the ancient order of witchcraft, it has never been known that any member of the “Black Craft” either saved money, or was in what is called comfortable circumstances. Ne-

vertheless they certainly had some privileges, and always displayed great zeal and alacrity in the service of the worshipful master of their black order. But the natural surprise will be considerably increased in all reasoning minds, on learning that persons, particularly females, who were wont to move in what may be called a decent or respectable sphere of life, should be induced to become members of the sisterhood. No doubt the ruling principle in the female breast, called "female curiosity," was the exciting cause of initiation into the mysteries of demonology.

And certain it is, that all good men and women felt no sympathy towards those professors of the black art ; and, in particular, the hero of our tale was one who, from duty to the well-disposed part of the community, waged for many a day a relentless war of extermination against the sons and daughters of Satan, in human shape, who infested his native country by their diabolical machinations. Of course it was not to be expected that such proceedings, on his part, were calculated to win him the favour of the infernal crew ; and the sequel of the present tale will show the industry and perseverance with which the black sisterhood planned and executed their revenge on their determined foe.

On a certain day, John M'Gillechallum of Razay, the hero of our tale, who was a great hunter, planned an expedition to proceed to the Island of Lewis, for the purpose of hunting deer, which then abounded in that comparatively uninhabited territory. Young Razay was accompanied by the flower of his kith and

clan, and the light of day was the signal for them to set out on their enterprise. The sun rose in his full splendour, shedding his cheering beams on the animated face of nature, and all objects were signals to invite the sportsmen to share in what they conceived to be the promise of boundless pleasure and success in their cheering enterprise. But scarcely had they reached the adjacent port, at which their yacht was moored, when the face of heaven became suddenly overcast with a black cloud, and nature, from the garb of joy, speedily assumed that of dark mourning. The sun withheld his countenance from all natural objects, and the winds of heaven began to blow furiously along the face of the deep. Still the hero of our tale, full of the ardour of youth, would insist on his party embarking with him for the scene of their intended amusement; but the more cautious part of his retinue demurred to this bold resolution, and Razay, no doubt, with a view to fortify the spirits of his party, adjourned to the ferry-house to debate, over a jorum of whisky, the feasibility and expediency of undertaking the proposed adventure. Opinions differed and words ran high in discussing the subject-matter of council, when, as by chance, an old, frail woman, in the habits and character of a beggar, seemingly bending under a load of years, entered the change-house, as if in quest of charity, and became a listener to the argumentation of the contending parties, and Razay, in the heat of his ardour, by way of stimulus to the courage of his party, appealed to the old woman as to the practicability of the undertaking, when she promptly answered that

she had often seen men of less courage and degree encounter the ferry in much more boisterous weather, adding other reflections which told with complete efficacy on the minds of the whole party, for, all at once, opposition was silenced, and all resolved to encounter the storm and all its hazards. Accordingly, in a moment, all hands were on board, the anchor was weighed, and the vessel directed to its destination. For a time it kept its point steadily towards the desired haven, until the party had been about half way from the shore, when a seeming whirlwind diverted the vessel from its course, and the storm every moment threatened the swamping of their frail barque. And then was seen to appear on deck a black cat, of ominous appearance, which climbed up the mast, followed by another and many successors, until at length the mast and tackling was completely covered with them. The first was seated on the top of the mast, and seemed commander-in-chief of the whole party. It was then, and not till then, that Razay saw the extent of the danger and the character of the visitant, in the feline similitude before mentioned, and foresaw, with fearful certainty, the catastrophe which awaited himself and his adherent. But resolving to die sword in hand, he immediately ordered an attack on the black cats, when, with a simultaneous effort, they brought the barque to its "leeward wale," and every soul on board was immersed in a watery grave, among the screams and cries of exultation of the hellish monsters, who, on the swamping of the vessel, assumed the likeness of ravens, and flew to their re-

spective locations. Thus perished John Garve M'Gillechallum of Razay, to the great grief of all good men, but to the unspeakable joy of all the professors of iniquity then existing in those iniquitous times.

It happened upon the same day that another hero, distinguished for similar hatred and persecution of witchcraft, was abroad hunting deer in the wild forest of Geich, in Badenoch. There also the storm raged with exceeding violence, and the hunter of the hills had retired to his bothie for shelter from the storm; his gun reclined in a corner, his skian dhu hung by his side, and his two faithful hounds lay stretched at his feet, all listening to the whistling of the raging storm, when a miserable-looking, weather-beaten cat entered the bothie. The hounds immediately raised themselves from the ground, their hairs became erected bristles, and they essayed an attack upon the cat, when the cat offered a parley, entreating the hunter to restrain the fury of his dogs, and claiming the protection of the hunter as being a poor unfortunate witch who had recanted her errors, had consequently experienced the harshest treatment of the sisterhood, and had fled, as the last resource, to the hunter for protection. Believing her story to be true, and disdaining, at any rate, to take advantage of his greatest enemy, in her present forlorn situation, the hunter, with some difficulty, pacified his infuriated dogs, and invited the cat to come towards the fire and warm herself. "Nay," says the cat, "if I do, those furious hounds of yours will tear my poor hams to pieces; I pray you, therefore, take this long hair and tie the dogs therewith to that beam of

the house, that I may be secure from their molestation." The hunter took the hair, and taking the dogs aside, he pretended to bind them as he was directed ; but instead of which, he only bound it round the beam, or what is called the couple, which supported the roof of the bothie, and the cat, supposing that her injunctions had been complied with, advanced to the fire, and squatted herself down as if to warm herself, but she speedily began to expand her size into considerable dimensions ; on which the hunter jocularly remarked to her, "An evil death to you, nasty beast ; you are getting very large." "Aye, aye," says the cat, equally jocosely, "as my hairs imbibe the heat, they naturally expand." But still her dimensions gradually increased, until about the size of a large hound, when, in a twinkling, she assumed the similitude of a woman ; and to the horror and amazement of the hunter, she presented to him the appearance of a neighbour whom he had long known under the name and title of "The good wife of Laggan ;" a woman whom he had previously supposed to be a paragon of virtue. "Hunter of the hills," exclaimed the wife of Laggan, "your hour is come, the day of reckoning is arrived. Long have you been the devoted enemy of my persecuted sisterhood. The chief aggressor against our order is now no more ; this morning I saw his body consigned to a watery grave, and now, hunter of the hills, it is your turn ;" whereupon she flew at his throat with the force and fury of a tigress, and the dogs, whom she supposed securely bound by the hair, flew at her breast and throat in return. Being thus unexpectedly

attacked, she cried out, addressing herself to the hair, "Fasten, hair; fasten!" and so effectually did the hair obey the order, that it snapped the piece of wood on which it was tied in twain. Finding herself thus deceived, the good wife of Laggan attempted a flight, but the dogs clung to her breasts so tenaciously that they only parted with their hold on the demolition of all the teeth in their heads; and one of them succeeded in tearing off the greater part of one of her breasts before she could get him disengaged from her person. At length, with the most fearful shrieks, she assumed the likeness of a raven, and flew in the direction of her home. The two dogs, his faithful defenders, were only able to return to lick the hands of their master, and to expire at his feet. Regretting their loss with a sorrow which is only known to a father who loses his favorite children, he remained to bury his dogs, and then proceeded to his home full of those astounding and melancholy reflections which the scene he had been engaged in was so much calculated to produce.

On his arrival at home, his wife was absent; but after an interval she made her appearance, and in the course of providing for his entertainment, she told him, under feelings of great concern, that she had been visiting the good wife of Laggan, who having been all day sorting peats in the moss, had got wet feet and a severe colic, and all her neighbours were just awaiting her demise. Her husband remarked, "Aye, aye; it is proper that I also should go and see her;" on which he repaired to her bedside, and found all the neighbours wailing over

the expected decease of a highly esteemed friend and neighbour. The hunter, under the excited feelings natural to the circumstances of the case, instantly stript the wife of her coverings, and calling the company around her, "Behold," says he, "the object of your solicitude. This morning she was a party to the death of the renowned John Garve M'Gillechallum of Razay, and to-day she attempted to make me share his doom; but the arm of Providence has overtaken the servant of Satan in her career, and she is now about to expiate her crimes by death in this world, and punishment in the next." All were seized with consternation, but the marks upon her person bearing conclusive proofs of the truth of the tale of the hunter, and the good wife of Laggan did not even attempt to disguise the veracity of his statement, but addressing herself to her auditors in the language of penitent confession, she said, "My dear and respected friends, spare, O spare an old neighbour while in the agonies of death from greater mortal degradation. Already the enemy of your souls and of mine, who seduced me from the walks of virtue and happiness, as a reward for my anxious and unceasing labours in his service, only waits to lead my soul into eternal punishment! And, as a warning to all others, to shun the awful rock on which I have split, I shall detail to you the means and artifices by which I was led into the service of the evil one, and the treachery which I and all others have experienced at his hands." Here the good wife of Laggan narrated the particulars of the means by which she had been seduced into the service of Satan—the various adventures in which she

had been engaged, concluding with the death of Razay, and the attack on the hunter; and in the midst of the most agonizing shrieks she, in the presence of all assembled, gave up the ghost.

On the same night two travellers were journeying from Strathdearn to Badenoch, across the dreary hill of Monadhliagh. While about the centre of the hill, they met the figure of a woman, with her bosom and front besmeared with blood, running with exceeding velocity along the road in the direction of Strathdearn, uttering at intervals the most loud and appalling shrieks, to which the hills and rocks responded in echo. They had not proceeded far when they met two black dogs, as if on the scent of the track of the woman; and they had not proceeded much further when they met a black man upon a black horse, coursing along in the direction of the woman and the dogs. "Pray," says the rider, "did you meet a woman as you came along the hill?" The travellers answered in the affirmative. "And," continued the rider, "did you meet two dogs following the tracks of the woman?" The travellers having answered in the affirmative, the rider added, "Do you think the dogs would have caught her before she could have reached the churchyard of Dalarossie?" The travellers answered, "They would at any rate be very close upon her heels." The parties then separated, the horseman proceeding with the greatest fleetness after the woman and the dogs.

The travellers had not emerged from the forest of Monadhliagh when they were over-

taken by the black rider, having the woman across the bow of his saddle, with one dog fixed in her breast, and the other in her thigh. "Where did you overtake the woman?" said one of the travellers to the rider; to which he answered, "Just as she was about to enter the churchyard of Dalarrossie."

On arriving at home the travellers heard of the melancholy fate of the goodwife of Laggan; and there existed no doubt on the minds of all to whom the facts were known that it was the spirit of the wife of Laggan who was running to the churchyard of Dalarrossie, which was esteemed and known to be sacred ground, and a pilgrimage to which, either dead or alive, released the subjects of Satan from their bonds to him. But unfortunately for the poor wife of Laggan, she was a stage too late.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Kingussie and its Celebrities.—Contested Elections.—The Polling-place for Speyside District.—National Reform injurious to the Constitution.—Night Scenes.—Day Scenes.—Polling in a Snow-storm.—The Strathspey Snow-way Train.—Election Dinners.—Going the Whole Hog.—Travelling with Mules in Search of a Deserter.—McGregor's Dodge.—Ducking in the Spey to avoid the Pole (Poll).

WHEN a meet successor to the great historian, Lord Macaulay, comes to treat of the rise and progress of national reform and its advocates, from the days of Charles James Fox to the days of John Bright, he will no doubt depict in philosophical glowing terms the fervent representations held forth of the benefits in store for the commonwealth under the operations of the extension of the franchise to the middle classes of the community, socially, morally, and politically. And without going so far back, many of our readers, in their own times and recollections, will have a vivid remembrance of the florid pictures drawn by sanguine reformers of the great benefits consequent on the reform in the national representation according to the political economy of Grey, Hamilton, Brougham, Jeffrey, *et hoc genus omne*. And thirty

years ago, when reform became the national popular cry, some of our readers will remember the boons and benefits promised by the advocates of national reform to those who greedily swallowed the promises held forth of signal improvements in their social condition and circumstances. All commodities essential to the sustentation and comfort of man were to be had at half price; reduced rents to the farmer, cheap meal to the labourer, and provisions to the middle classes at greatly reduced rates. But, after twenty-seven years' experience of the national reform millennium, the farmer lives to see his rent increased, and the people the prices of provisions of all sorts greatly enhanced as compared to what they were in the olden Tory times, while the social and moral condition and character of the community have been by no means ameliorated by the practical working of the new political machinery of the constitution. For we cannot help giving expression to the truth as exemplified in our experience, that two events in the history of our times have caused signal injuries to the social and harmonious well-being of the community. The electoral reforms, parliamentary and municipal, and the disruption of the Church of Scotland, however good may have been the design of the promoters, and however equitable may have been the principles propounded by them, have nevertheless introduced an immense amount of political and sectarian discord among the great families of our national commonwealth. He who has witnessed the scenes at our parliamentary and municipal popular elections, and the more passive, but still ardent, sectarian feelings

entertained by the adherents of the Established and Free Church communities, will be at no loss to appreciate the justice of these remarks. In enunciating these opinions we are not actuated by a feeling of hostility to any class of politicians or churchmen. On the contrary, we admit that an extension and improvement of the old electoral laws of the country were founded on equity and justice, while at the same time in matters of religion we would advocate full freedom and toleration, leaving it to all men to follow the dictates of their conscience in matters relating to God more than to man. And if our remarks have any tendency, it is with a view to the reformation of excessive and violent partisanship on the part of the electors of parliamentary and municipal representatives, and of violent sectarian feelings on the part of religious communities towards each other. But perhaps these are matters more germane to legislators and churchmen than to private individuals, and we shall confine our further remarks to historical matters more properly falling within our province.

When the first Reform Act, the panacea for all social and political evils, became the law of the land, we have good cause to remember the great revolution introduced by its operation among peaceful communities, for the first time divided into two ardent and sometimes violent partisans, under the appellations of Conservatives and Whig Reformers, and the attempts of politicians and lawyers to turn many things, in the vulgar phrase, upside down, so as to suit political purposes.

We remember the surprise expressed by the

unsophisticated people of Grantown, when they were told that they were to be severed from their native county of Inverness and handed over to the county of Moray, disposing of them like some of the smaller Continental states at the great congress of European Powers in 1815,—an allocation which is now making no small noise in the political world. In explanation, it falls to be stated that the Whigs of Inverness-shire thought it would be very convenient to get the town and neighbourhood of Grantown, containing between thirty and forty electors, transferred over to the county of Moray, where the Conservative party was already more than sufficiently powerful. This convenient plan was founded on a provision contained in the Act, “that where a place belonging to any county was locally situated in, or surrounded by any portion of such county, such place was to be held as part of the county in which it was locally situated.” The apparent situation of Grantown and Cromdale afforded a plausible ground for this plea, to which the local judicial authorities seemed disposed to give some weight, and lawyers and surveyors were set to work to demonstrate that the locality of Grantown was circumscribed by the county of Moray. But when these learned gentlemen were hard at work at proofs, plans, and speeches, a gentleman, who took more than his own share of pains and anxieties in the question at issue, addressed himself to a scrutiny of the old sheepskins in the archives of Castle Grant, in which researches we along with him spent two anxious days. And Layard in his researches at Nineveh was not more re-

joined than were the political antiquary and his assistant at the discovery of two instruments of sassine, and other documents, proving, by writs and evidents strong as holy writ, that Laggan of Finlarg was in the county of Inverness, a discovery which broke the legal ring attempted to be formed by the interpreters of the Reform Act, as Finlarg was contiguous to Clury and the lands of Gartin, &c., forming a continuous part of Inverness-shire, thus breaking down the circumvallation by which it was intended to enclose the Grantown Conservatives in a new political fold; and the exhibition of the old parchments put an end to all further examination of witnesses, some of which were sufficiently *cross* and unsatisfactory.

In due time, the new roll of votes was adjusted, and parties came to try their strength under the new law. Most unfortunately, the dissolution of Parliament took place in the month of January, 1834, and the election over all the county was carried on during the prevalence of a great snow-storm. On the day that the Strathspey electors set out for the poll at Kingussie, in a train of vans, brakes, and carriages, very much resembling a modern railway train, the showers of snow were so dense that objects were invisible at the nearest distance. And we still remember the red plaid of the anxious and gallant conductor who presided over the train, like a meteor flying from carriage to carriage, inquiring if every one was in his right place. The train proceeded, in spite of all obstacles, and there was then no law to prevent ample entertainment for men and horses at the excellent hotel of Airemore, which had

great difficulty to provide accommodations for so many lodgers. Bent on making timeous arrangements for the poll of next morning at Kingussie, to open before daylight, Captain Grant, accompanied by his worthy friend of Burnside and the narrator, set out in a carriage, in a dark night, through the howling storm, but on a solitary moor at Alvie the snow was found too deep for the horses and carriage, floundering in which the harness gave way, leaving the party in no enviable plight. Our two companions made for the manse of Alvie, while we resolved to take shelter in a shepherd's house near to the roadside, to be at the root of the journey in the morning; the driver, who rode back his horses to Airemore, being enjoined to be in attendance on us with a vehicle or a horse by five o'clock the next morning.

The shepherd and his family were not a little surprised at the apparition of a *Sassenach*, as they supposed, at such a time and place. But they were put at ease by being told, in answer to inquiries as to our quality and condition in life, that we were only a gentleman's servant, and that all the accommodation we required was the wooden bench or settle by the fireside, and, as a security against accidents, a horse and a servant to guide us to Kingussie early in the morning. The shepherd was an old soldier, who had followed the Marquis of Huntly to the cannon's mouth, and finding that we could talk Gaelic, the honest man entertained us with whisky and water in a bowl, braxy collops cut from a suspended ham, and entertaining stories of the Duchess of Gordon, the Marquis of Huntly, and the warriors of his time, until very

late at night, when he climbed a ladder, disappearing in a hole in the roof of the apartment forming the dormitory of the family. His son, suspecting that we were one of those who scattered money and drink among the electors, made very hard terms for himself and the horse next morning. But it was, however, long after the appointed hour before he appeared, with a shaggy Shetland-like pony, and a saddle without a croup and minus one of the stirrups, all which, it appeared, belonged to a neighbour. The appearance of the conveyance was anything but satisfactory. But, as we could not ride with one stirrup, he agreed, after some altercation, to go in search of another saddle, with which he appeared after the lapse of an hour, and we at last proceeded on our journey to Kingussie, the pony's feet contracting balls of snow, which our attendant had to cut away with a knife at intervals of time, and before we reached Kingussie we sustained several falls, without personal injury, it is true, though the exhibition, in presence of parties going to the poll, friends and foes, was anything but dignified or agreeable.

The poll was open at least two hours before we appeared at the hustings, and we were met with a great clamour, and no small indignation on the part of the Conservative phalanx, in respect that we—the legal organ of the party—was not at our post to put the *oaths time about* to the opposite party; for in those days the oaths of possession, bribery, and corruption, were the order of the day, and often put, perhaps, more for the sake of annoyance than any other object, and, indeed, these oaths were held in small repute by some of the constituency under the

Reform franchise, for we have heard a worthy elector in a Highland district declare that for a small fee "he would take twenty of the oaths made by the Parliament." A short explanation satisfied the leaders that, though absent in person, we were present in mind, and they were delighted to hear that, in spite of all physical obstacles, the Strathspey snow-train was on its way. The sound of pipes in due time announced the arrival of the grand procession, and soon the increasing majority at this station was made three to one—a majority which, however, was more than counterbalanced by the majorities in other districts, Mr. Grant (Lord Glenelg), for many years M.P. for the county, having carried his election against Macleod of Macleod by the narrow majority of seven or eight votes, and poor Macleod, from exposure to cold going to vote at the polling-station at Skye, contracted a disease which ultimately proved fatal, so that it may be said that he died in the breach in fighting this memorable contest. This result was, however, not known for a couple of days on Spey side, and both parties, full of sanguine hopes of victory, were not sparing in the use of creature comforts. At Pitmain, on the day of the election, we had the honour, as the representative of the Conservative candidate, to preside over the festivities of nearly a hundred Conservative voters at a very substantial banquet, which did not terminate by eleven o'clock, for in those days Forbes Mackenzie's Act and short hours had not become the law of the land, and if they had, we suspect much that the provisions of the law would avail but little against the provisions of the board, which on some of

the guests, according to the ancient spirit and practice of Highland gatherings, had an overpowering influence,—For we remember to have heard the complaint of an honorable gentleman, who shared his carriage with two electors from Kingussie to Airemore, of the unsociable, taciturn condition of his two companions, who by some mesmeric influence were turned into mutes, responding to his addresses in guttural sounds, to him partaking of the nature of the unknown tongues. But, perhaps, their state of mesmerism might be accounted for by those who had been their companions for days and nights engaged in the work of political conversion and preparation for confirmation, not at the altar, but at the hustings; for it was no easy matter to keep some of the said converts faithful to their promised creeds. An eminent instance of which falling-off was exemplified in the case of one of the clan Gregor, who bribed his servant by a pound of tobacco to fall with him, as if accidentally, in wading the river Spey on the servant's back, which he considered as a sufficient excuse for returning home and taking to his bed, to avoid the consequences of a dipping in the Spey at such an inclement season of the year, whereby the worthy MacGregor saved his conscience and his health, for in the course of time it oozed out that he was pledged to vote for both of the candidates.

CHAPTER XIX.

The Family of Clan Chattan Macpherson.—Historical Notice of the Clan.

ACCORDING to all authorities, the Clan Chattan is one of the most ancient and honorable races in Scotland. The origin of this powerful clan has engaged the attention and formed the subject of dissertations on the part of several genealogists and clan historians latterly, involving the rival pretensions of two great branches or families to the lineal or feudal right of chieftaincy, the Macpherson family claiming the dignity on the inherent and indefeasible right of blood and lineal dissent, and the Mackintosh family in right of collateral blood, alleged royal grants, and family agreements. Shaw, the accurate historian of the province of Moray, whose prelections were published nearly a century ago, long before the last existing rivalry arose, and who deduced his facts from the most authentic documents and history, may be taken as the best authority on the origin and descent of the Clan Chattan. From his antiquarian and etymological deductions it may be concluded that their great ancestor and founder was Gilli Chattan More, of Cualau, *i. e.* the Great Gilli Chattan, of Caithness, and that from Gilli Chattan More

they were called Mac Gillichattans, and from Muiroch, the name of one of the original chiefs, they were also termed Clan Murich, and from Gilli Chattan Clerach, parson of Kingussie, the family name in Badenoch became Macpherson. Shaw says it was the common tradition that Gilli Chattan More lived in the reign of King Malcolm II, in the eleventh century, and the most probable account of his descendants, for about two hundred years, is as follows—(1) Gilli Chattan More was father of (2) Dugal, father of (3) Gilli Chattan and David Dow, ancestor of Invernahavon; Gilli Chattan was father of (4) Muiroch More, who had two sons, Kenneth and Gilli Chattan Clerach; (5) Kenneth had no issue, and was succeeded by his brother, Gilli Chattan Clerach, parson of Kingussie, who resigned his pastoral charge, married, and became chief of the clan. He had two sons, Gilli Patrick and Ewan Bane; (7) Gilli Patrick was father of (8) Donl Dal, whose only child, Eva, married Angus Mackintosh of that ilk, about 1292. The direct male line failing thus, the chieftaincy devolved to the descendants of Ewan Bane, the second son of Gilli Chattan Clerach. Ewan Bane died, leaving three sons, viz. Kenneth, ancestor of Clunie; John, ancestor of Pitman; and Gelis, the first of the family of Inverabbie (Invereshie). These and their descendants assumed the surname of Macpherson from the said parson of Kingussie, but the posterity of David Dow, of Invernahavon, were called Clan Dai. According to Shaw, the family of Cluny, from Ewan Bane, continued the succession; but he could not “condescend upon”

the names of the representatives before the seventeenth century. He says: "I know that in 1660 Andrew was Laird of Clunie, whose son Ewan was father of Duncan, who died 1722, without male issue. The direct line thus failing, the nearest collateral male was Lachlan Macpherson, of Nuide, son of William, son of Donald, whose father John was brother to the foresaid Andrew of Clunie. Lachlan, in 1722, had the designation of Clunie, and by Jane, daughter of Sir Ewan Cameron, of Lochiel, was father of a numerous issue, of which the eldest son Ewan, of Cluny, was the hero of 1745. He left a son by Janet, daughter to Simon Lord Lovat, called Duncan, who was a colonel in the army, married to Catharine, daughter of the late Sir Ewan Cameron, of Farsifearn, and sister of the distinguished and heroic Colonel John Cameron, who fell at Quatre Bras, 1815, by whom he had a family of sons and daughters, of which the eldest son is the present much-esteemed and respected chief of Clan Chattan Macpherson, some time captain in the 42d Regiment, who married Sarah Christina, daughter of Arthur Davidson, Esq., of Tulloch, Rosshire, by whom he had a family, of which the oldest son is Duncan, captain in the 42d Royal Highlanders; Ewan Henry Davidson, captain in the 93d Highlanders; George Gordon, page of honour to her Majesty—and three daughters, Caroline, Catherine, and Lucinda, and others.

CHAPTER XX.

Laggan and Cluny Castle.

PERHAPS in all the Central Highlands of Inverness-shire, abounding as they do in mountain scenery of superlative Alpine grandeur, there cannot be found a combination more impressive in respect of varied scenery than the locality of Lochlaggan and its environs. Approaching from the south or from the east, a stranger would suppose himself entering on a congregation of rugged mountains, high and wild, meet only for the habitation of the wild beasts of the forests, but progressing onwards, the traveller finds that Nature, in her freaks, has blended barren wilds with picturesque, secluded regions, abounding in fertile field, lake, and forest—a landscape of unparalleled varied grandeur, and encircling within a wild amphitheatre a series of shining mansions, the residences of opulent clansmen and tenants of the lord of the manor.

In the foreground stands Cluny Castle, a phoenix risen from the ashes of the old baronial castle of Clan Chattan of the “forty-five” doomed to destruction by the barbarian policy of barbarian warriors, who, like the fanatic ecclesiastics calling themselves reformers of

old, wreaked their vengeance on the architectural ornaments which graced and adorned the country, as if those edifices of lime and stone had been guilty of the sins of treason or apostasy. This modern mansion, of an elegant baronial construction, surrounded with thriving plantations and smiling fields, indicates the residence of a lord of the soil, who devotes his time and talents to the improvement and prosperity of his country and people.

In the background stands the Monadhia, a prodigious pile, rising about three thousand feet above the level of the sea, dividing the vale of the Spey, on the south, from the basin of Lochness on the north. To the south of Lochlaggan, stands the Benalder range, equally lofty and magnificent. To the spectator, as he advances, the landscape seems to change, presenting a succession of enchanting views, surpassingly pleasing to the lover of picturesque scenery.

We remember the great pleasure with which we viewed, for the first time, the romantic scenery of this locality, many years ago. Accompanied by the late John MacNab, Esq., of Aberarder, a gentleman remarkable for vivid perceptions and vivacious conversation, who could "preach a sermon on stones"—his stories, legendary and traditional, regarding the royal hunters of Laggan and Glenroy, were as interesting as they were ample. The beautiful and romantic residence of Aberarder, so much admired and praised by Mrs. Grant, of Laggan, in her time, lost none of its attractions, in the eyes of the author, in his day. And if Aberarder abounded in out-door attractions, it was

not less attractive for its indoor hospitality and felicitous conviviality, on the part of the worthy host, who, by his entertaining tales, kept Captain MacPherson, of Nuide, and the author wide awake, until long after the other inmates had retired to rest.

Mr. MacNab's generous qualities, as a landlord, served not a little to elevate the imaginations of his guests, and we still remember the ecstasy with which, on taking leave early, on a fine summer morning, to breakfast, at Tierindrish, we beheld a piece of theatrical scenery, strikingly magnificent. A floating mist enveloped the surrounding lofty hills like a mantle of gauze, save here and there a towering peak, like the head of a giant, seemed as if peeping out of its shroud, and a dark limb might be seen protruding through its fragile envelope. As we proceeded along the magic scene, the curtain which shrouded surrounding objects, like the drop-scene of a theatre, began gradually to ascend, opening to the view mountain scenery such as we have seen represented in our youth, when 'The Lady of the Lake,' or some mountain drama, was being enacted on the stage. Our fascinated imagination presented the hallucination of mountains piled upon mountains,—and opening up vistas along the gorges of Glenspean and Glenroy, representing huge expanding tunnels, arcades and crystal palaces, which gradually and piecemeal, under the chemical influence of the sun, "vanished into air and left not a wreck behind."

No wonder, then, that, living midst scenes of such romantic grandeur, "meet nurse for a

poetic child," the ingenious Mrs. Grant, of Laggan, should find her prose turned into poetry, and that she should, by her genius and her works, have, in some measure, rendered this locality classic ground. Her life and writings are so generally known and appreciated, that it would be a work of supererogation on the part of the author to dilate on the literary merits of this distinguished genius of the Highland mountains.

CLUNY CASTLE HISTORICAL LEGENDS.

No. 1.

Members of the Clan Chattan Macpherson, 28th May, 1628,
and their Covenant.

"WE, under subscribers, being sensible of the bad consequences and effects of discord, animosities, and jealousies, amongst relatives and neighbours against the law of God and man, have thought fit for prevention of that and the like sake, to give our oaths each of us to other, and hereby do swear that we shall behave to one another as brethren, maintaining, supporting, and defending our respective interests, and the one of us not encroaching upon the other in his means, fame, interest, or reputation, but to the contrair, behaving to one another in brotherly love and unity, as God's Word and nature do require at our hands, and in further preservation of the unity and amity amongst ourselves. It is conditioned betwixt us that in case of any contravertible debates arising betwixt any two or more of us about

marches, controvert debts or any delict or wrong done by one of us to another, that the same and all such words as may fall in controversie (excepting heritable rights whereon infeffment has followed), shall be submitted to the decision of two friends of each side, and an oversman in case of variance to be chosen by the arbiters, and in case of variance betwixt the arbiters in the choosing of the oversman, our chief Cluny to be oversman; and if the matter be so intricate that it cannot be decided by untried men, that it shall be referred to one or two lawyers, with power to them, in case of variance, to choose an oversman; and for the more security we consent to the registration hereof in the Books of Council and Session, or others competent therein to remain for preservation, and if need be that all execution necessary may pass hereupon in form as effairs, and to that effect constitute our pro'rs. In witness whereof these presents (written by John Macpherson, of Strathmashie), are subscribed by us at Cluny, the Twenty-eighth day of May, Sixteen hundred and twenty-eight, Sic Subscribitur, La Macpherson, of Clune: Jo. Macpherson of Strathmashie; Paul Macpherson, of Clune, And. Macpherson, of Noide; Don Macpherson, of Cullenlin; Don Macpherson, of Pitcherine; Jo. Macpherson, of Ovie; Jo. Macpherson, Benchar, yr.; Jo. Macpherson, Killihuntly; Mal. Macpherson, of Phoiness; Mal. Macpherson, of Ardbrylach; Jo. Macpherson, of Crathie; James Macpherson, of Invernahavon; Alex. Macpherson, of Ordhumore; Murdo Macpherson, of Eterish; Jo. Macpherson, of Invernahavon; Jo. Macpherson,

yr., of Clune; Tho. Macpherson, in Pitoure; Evan Macpherson, of Press; Angus Macpherson, of Garvabeg; Chas. Macpherson, of Coral-dine; La Macpherson, of Lagan; Danl. Macpherson, of Midcoul; Don Macpherson, of Midcoul, Jo. Macpherson, yr., of Eterish; Don Macpherson, in Stramashie; Evan Macpherson, in Balidbeg; Jo. Macpherson, of Gaskmore; Jo. Macpherson, elder, of Benchar; Angus Macpherson, of Killihuntly; Mal. Macpherson, Gargask; Alex. Macpherson, of Crager; Jo. Macpherson, in Dullanich; Don Macpherson, in Phoness; Malcolm Macpherson, in Nessintulech; Duncan Macpherson, broyr. to Phoiness; Jo. Macpherson, in Nessintullich; Andrew Macpherson, in Noidmore; Mal. Macpherson, son to Mal. in Nessintullich; Tho. Macpherson, in Dalroach; Alex. Macpherson, of Crubinebeg; Duncan Macpherson, Dumtallolach; Alex. Macpherson, in Lagan; Murdo Macpherson, of Shiramore; Jo. Macpherson, of Crubine; Ro. Macpherson, of Blarbulorey.

No. 2.

Archives of Cawdor Castle.—The Families of Cawdor and Cluny Castle.—Ancient Grouse Disease.—A Feudal Manifesto.

From a recent interesting publication by Cosmo Innes, Esq., compiled from the archives of Cawdor Castle, we find the following curious details, relating to a grouse disease, or scarcity equal to if not exceeding that of 1857-8. The

directions for preserving deer, rabbits, and black-cocks—(no mention of red grouse)—and the collecting a few deer from Jura and Isla, to be brought to Cawdor, call our attention to the subject of game. “We have at Cawdor a notice of ‘buying moor fowl and ptarmagans from Badenoch and Strathspey,’ suggesting the strange suspicion that grouse were not then to be had, or not abundant, on the hills of Cawdor. Moor fowls were bought also for Sir Hugh’s funeral banquet at the end of March. In truth, the common notion of the abundance of game, and of the whole occupants of our mountain ranges, in the olden time, is very mistaken. Sheep and wool are not mentioned in these papers; but we know, from similar authentic sources of information, that in countries where they were kept, they were in miserably small flocks, herded close to the dwelling of the owner. Black cattle, in like manner, were few and bad. In the Eastern Highlands, the rents were seldom, or in small proportions, derived from them; it could not be otherwise; the mountains swarmed with foxes and wolves, and cow-stealers more daring and skilful; every clan was against its neighbour, and where there was any excuse of war, or popular rising, or faction-fighting—and where was such excuse wanting? The country was soon covered with marauders, to whom everything was lawful booty, and that was preferred which could move off on its legs. The pasture unused by sheep or cattle ought to have maintained a multitude of deer; but it was not so. The deer being unprotected, killed out of season, driven about, and allowed no rest, were reduced exceedingly

in number, and found only in the remotest fastnesses of the hills. No doubt the primary cause of the scarcity of deer was the state of the inhabitants of the Highlands, always on the verge of famine, and every few years suffering the horrors of starvation. The introduction of fire-arms seems to have added to the other causes of their decay, more than we should be prepared to believe. An Act of Parliament, so early as 1551, sets forth that ‘deer, roe, and wild beasts, and wild fowl are clean exiled and banished by shooting half-hag culverin and pistol.’ But the confusion of the following century much increased the evil; and at the end of that period, deer was probably to be found only in the great central forests of Perthshire, stretching from Aberdeenshire to Argyle, and in the wilds of the Sutherland peninsula.”

The same record contains a document of great interest to the chief and descendants of the ancient Clan Macpherson, being a declaration and engagement entered into by the principal clansmen on the marriage of the second son of Sir Hugh Calder to the only daughter of the chief, in 1689, which seem to be designed as a significant premonition to the chief that they, the clansmen, would have no more captains deriving the right from female marriages with other chieftains, evidently repudiating the expediency of the match between Eva, the heiress of Doul Dal, to Macintosh, of that Ilk—a match which has given rise to so much acrimonious discussion on the part of kindred chiefs and clansmen: “We, the under-subscribers, considering that Duncan Macpherson, of Cluny, our present chief, is of full purpose and resolu-

tion to tailzie, not only his whole estate, but also the representation of us and all others our kinsmen, by his righteous heir male with his daughter to a stranger, and that, without any misadventure, our ruin is thereby threatened, if God Almighty, by one entire union among ourselves do not prevent the same, do hereby declare and swear upon our great oath, that we shall not own nor countenance any person as the said Duncan Macpherson, his representative, failing heirs male of his own body, excepting William Macpherson, of Noide, who is his true lineal successor, and the heirs male of his body, whom failing the heirs male whatsoever and so forth successively; and that we shall, to the utmost of our power, assist and maintain the said William and his foresaids, in attaining and possessing the said estate by all just means imaginable. And, further, we, the under-subscribers, and in particular the said William Macpherson, shall second, assist, and maintain one another in all our just and righteous interests against all mortals, his Majesty being excepted; and we bind us to perform the promises under the pain of infamy. In witness whereof we have subscribed these presents with our hands at Benchar, the 14th day of March, 1689 years. (Signed) Wm. Macpherson, of Noide; Alex. Macpherson, Pitmain; James Macpherson, Ballachroan; Alex. Macpherson, Phoness; Murdo Macpherson, Clune; James Macpherson, Invernahavon; John Macpherson, Coranach; John Macpherson, Benchar; Angus Macpherson, Killihuntly; John Macpherson, in Strone," &c. (sixteen subscribers in all).

No. 3.

Cluny Macpherson's adhesion to Prince Charles Stuart, 1745,
and subsequent Life and Adventures.

Cluny, chief of the Clan Chattan, Macpherson, and Lochiel, chief of the Clan Cameron, of the "Forty-five," will long live in history on account of their gallantry, noble devotion, and sufferings. The "gentle Lochiel," contrary to his own sober convictions and views of expediency, was carried captive by the personal graces of Prince Charles at their first interview, and soon after, Lochiel led captive into the same desperate enterprise his relative, the gallant Cluny Macpherson, who was then captain in the king's army. His company was then stationed at Ruthven Castle; and Cluny being at his own castle at the time, Prince Charles proposed that a detachment should be sent to seize "the rebel chief," as the prince designated him. The order was given, and Lochiel was commissioned to execute it. It was no doubt a daring enterprise to attempt making prisoner of a chief in his own castle in the midst of his own clan, and Lochiel found it expedient to send a detachment consisting of *one man*, who surprised Cluny, and brought him prisoner to the prince, it is supposed, of his own consent; and the prince readily pardoned Cluny's past treasons on his joining his own standard. Afterwards, Cluny accompanied the prince to Edinburgh, was present with his regiment at the battle of Prestonpans, followed him to England, and had the rear-guard in the skirmish at Clifton. At

Clifton or Penrith, with about 600 Macphersons, he put two regiments of Cumberland's dragoons to flight.

On the fatal day of Culloden, the gallant Macphersons and their green invincible banner were within a few miles' march of the battle-field, and had they come up to take their place beside their kindred clan Mackintosh, and joined in their gallant onset, in all probability the result of the day would have been a very different one. After Culloden, Cluny was the object of Cumberland's special vengeance, and he left no means untried to get him into his meshes; but such was the devoted fidelity of Cluny's clan and countrymen to his person and fortunes, that for the long space of nine years he lived among his people in Laggan, a concealed fugitive, making many narrow escapes from the fangs of his hireling pursuers. On one occasion, when residing at a gentleman's house in Laggan, a party of soldiers were seen approaching; escape appeared impossible. Quickly equipping himself in the habiliments of one of the gillies of the house, with hands and face blackened, and with head and legs bared, *à la gillie*, he went out to meet his pursuers. The officer gave him his horse to keep, while he and his party pursued the search for the chief within the house, and rewarded him with half-a-crown for his pains when the search was over. For a long time he had a small hiding-hole formed in a wooded hill, of sticks and turf, with so much art, that the soldiers stationed in the district knew his concealment was near them, and kept a good look out, but were never able to discover his place of retreat. On one occasion,

the military got information of the old gentleman being unearthed, and felt certain of securing their prey, but a faithful clansman was before them. Wrapping him in a plaid, the domestics hastily carried him out and concealed him in the brushwood which skirted the river until the red-coats entered the castle, when the chief was consigned to his place of security. Shortly after, a prattling member of the clan tumbled by accident through the roof of his chief's bower. "What," exclaimed the man in astonishment, "is this you, Cluny; I am glad to see you." "But I am not glad to see you, Donald," replied the chief. The clansman vowed secrecy; but Cluny, knowing his prattling tongue and lack of discretion, lost no time in changing his abode—a prudent precaution, for next day his pursuers visited his deserted haunt. Cluny, in the fashion of other chiefs and nobles, had more than one seat. For a time, a miserable hovel, or cave, at Mellanuir, formed his retreat; and a very romantic habitation, called "the Cage," in Benalder, which was fitted up for Prince Charles's reception, for some time formed his covert. Cluny describes it thus: "It was situated in the face of a very rough, high, and rocky mountain, called Letternilichk, still a part of Benalder, full of great stones and crevices, and some scattered wood interspersed. The habitation called 'the Cage,' in the face of that mountain, was within a small thick bush of wood. There were first some rows of trees laid down, in order to level a floor for the habitation; and as the place was steep, this raised the lower side to an equal height with the other; and these trees, in the way of

joists or planks, were levelled with earth and gravel. There were, betwixt the trees, growing naturally on their own roots, some stakes fixed in the earth, which, with the trees, were interwoven with ropes, made of heath and birch twigs, up to the top of the Cage, it being of a round, or rather oval, shape; and the whole thatched and covered over with fog. This whole fabric hung, as it were, by a large tree, which reclined from the one end all along the roof to the other, and which gave it the name of the Cage; and by chance there happened to be two stones at small distances from one another, on the side next the precipice, resembling the pillars of a chimney, where the fire was placed. The smoke had its vent out here, all along the face of the rock, which was so much of the same colour, that one could discover no difference in the clearest day. The cage was no larger than to contain six or seven persons, four of whom were frequently employed playing at cards, one idly looking out, one baking, and another cooking." It may be here stated, that Cluny did not leave Scotland from his 'dreary and hopeless state of existence,' but in compliance with a special request made to him by Prince Charles in a Letter to Cluny, 4th September, 1754.

No. 4.

Interesting Relics of Prince Charles Stuart and his Times at Cluny Castle.

Among those interesting relics, memorials of the gay, the gallant, the brave, and unfortunate heroes of the "Forty-five" enshrined in Cluny Castle, may be enumerated the prince's sword, shield, pistols, sporan, and purse—fragments of plaids and garments (including the wig and plaid to disguise his person) worn by him, in his wanderings,—the tattered green banner of the Clan Chattan Macpherson, under which the clan always marched to victory, and the want of which, on the fatal field of Culloden, was deemed one of the great causes of the signal misfortunes of that day—for in their hastening march to the scene of conflict, the sound of the artillery of the contending combatants reverberated on the ears of the approaching phalanx, which arrived in sight only to behold the discomfiture and flight of their devoted compatriots.

Among the relics shown at Cluny Castle, (some of which are delineated in the Abbotsford edition of the 'Waverley Novels,' published by Robert Cadell), there is a small chanter, or whistle, called the "*Feadan Dubh*," said to have been consecrated or blessed by St. Columba or St. Ciaran of most enchanting influences. We have read of the whistle brought from Denmark to Scotland, by a

Danish noble, a prince of topers, who was a meet associate for his Majesty King James, of facetious memory in his "drinking and turning over" expedition in search of a wife. But this whistle, which was the trophy of the most profound drinker who could be the last to blow it, became by right the property of a Scotchman, who beat the Dane hollow at a national challenge at drinking,—and long remained in the victor's family. But the Feadan Dubh of the Clan Chattan exercised its spells, not in securing victory to those who contended for bacchanalian honours, but to the more noble and exalted heroes who contended for victory over contending foes. And it would appear that in the renowned and desperate combat on the Inch of Perth, anno 1396, betwixt two branches of the Clan Chattan, the Macphersons and Davidson's descendants of two brothers, the Feadan Dubh, was carried off by the victors, the Macphersons, and has been the property of that clan for nearly five centuries. But it would also appear that property and possession do not always go together, for the valuable properties of the Feadan Dubh, made it an object of speculation on the part of contemporary clans, naturally anxious for the possession of a warlike instrument which, however puny in its bore, was more than a match for "Mons. Meg" in the field. And we have reason to know that after having been "missing, and a prisoner" more than once, in the possession of some neighbouring clans, the present worthy chieftain of the Grants of Glenmoriston, no doubt influenced by compunctions of con-

science, in having in his possession property not honestly come by, of such sacred value, about thirty years ago returned the treasure to its legitimate owner, the present accomplished chief of the Clan Chattan Macpherson. And long may he live to possess an heirloom, pregnant with so much historical and traditional interest.

In reading in a public print, now before us, an imaginary conversation between a Frenchman and an Englishman (said to be the Emperor Napoleon and Mr. Cobden), we wish that the apostle of Peace, Mr. C., might have been able to give the "Grand Monarch" a hint of what he might expect, if he should attempt to desecrate our national shores; when the blast of the Feadan Dubh and the chants and war cries of the Highland chiefs and clans would summon to the fight the sons of those brave mountaineers, who, in every battlefield, overthrew the "Invincible Legions" of Napoleon the Great. And who, from Benalder to Benweavis, and from Cairngorm to Ben Nevis, in thousands and tens of thousands, led by their chiefs and chieftains, their natural captains, would rush like their mountain cataracts to drive the invading foe into the sea, shouting that song of songs of the bard of bards—

" We'll give them a meeting,
We'll give them a grave."

CHAPTER XXI.

Ardveirge and its Environs.

ON the south bank of Loch Laggan, in the midst of Coillmore (the great wood), once the most considerable remains of the ancient Caledonian forest, peculiarly remarkable for its uncommon size, literally gray from age, and fast yielding to the decay of nature,—which extended five miles along the southern side of the lake, the scene of many historical traditions, is a place distinguished by the name of Ardmergie, supposed to mean either the height of the standard, or Ardveirge, the height of Fergus. It has been held sacred from remote antiquity, as the burial place of seven Caledonian kings; who, according to tradition, lived about the period when the Scots, driven northwards by the Picts, held their seat of government at Dunkeld. It is likewise, by tradition, represented as a distinguished place for hunting, and it abounded in deer and roe, till they were expelled by the introduction of sheep. According to ancient tradition, kings of Scotland and their retinue hunted on the banks of the lake for the greater part of almost every summer, which is rendered probable by its vicinity to the once royal castle of Inver-

lochy and parallel roads of Glenroy, which, according to the theory of some antiquaries, had been formed for the purpose of entrapping the game into impassable recesses, and could not have been made except by men of great means and power. In the year 1836, the Marquis of Abercorn commenced building a shooting-lodge there. A piece of ground was trenched for a garden in the immediate vicinity of the graves of the buried kings, and a silver coin, about the size of a sixpence of the reign of Henry II, was found by the trenchers.

In the lake, which is more than eight miles long and nearly abreast of Ardveirge, are two neighbouring islands. The largest is termed Eilean-an-Rìgh (King's Island), presenting walls of a strong, ancient building, composed of round stones laid in mortar, untouched by the mason's hammer. Here their majesties rested from the chase secure, and feasted on the game. The other, named Eilean-an-Con (the Island of Dogs), was appropriated for the accommodation of the hounds, and the walls of their kennel, of similar workmanship, also remain. Ardveirge, renowned in traditional lore, became, during the autumn of 1849, her present Majesty's and Royal Consort's residence. The Alpine grandeur of the scenery, embosomed in the Grampian mountains, afforded ample employment for her Majesty's artistic taste for landscape sketching, while the moors and forests afforded scope for the Prince's predilection for field sports—rural pleasures which happily begat a lasting attachment to Highland amusements and scenery. At Ardveirge the generous, kindly qualities of her Majesty's heart and disposition were duly

appreciated. The proximity of her residence to Cluny Castle, the seat of the Lord of the Manor, obtained for the accomplished chief of Clan Chattan Macpherson the honour of her Majesty's visits, and a lasting friendship for himself and family. This happy introduction to the land of mountains, glens, and heroes, ended in her Majesty's permanent acquisition of "dark Lochingar" and its wild and romantic mountains and valleys, rendered classic ground by England's noble bard.

At the east end of Loch Laggan, the venerable ruins of St. Kenneth's chapel remain, in the midst of its own consecrated burial ground, which is still devoutly preferred to the other burial place.

Near the middle of the parish is a rock, 300 feet of perpendicular height; the area on the summit, 500 by 250 feet, is of very difficult access, exhibiting considerable remains of fortification; the wall, about nine feet thick, built on both its sides with large flag-stones without mortar. It is at least 600 feet above the level of the adjoining valley.

CHAPTER XXII.

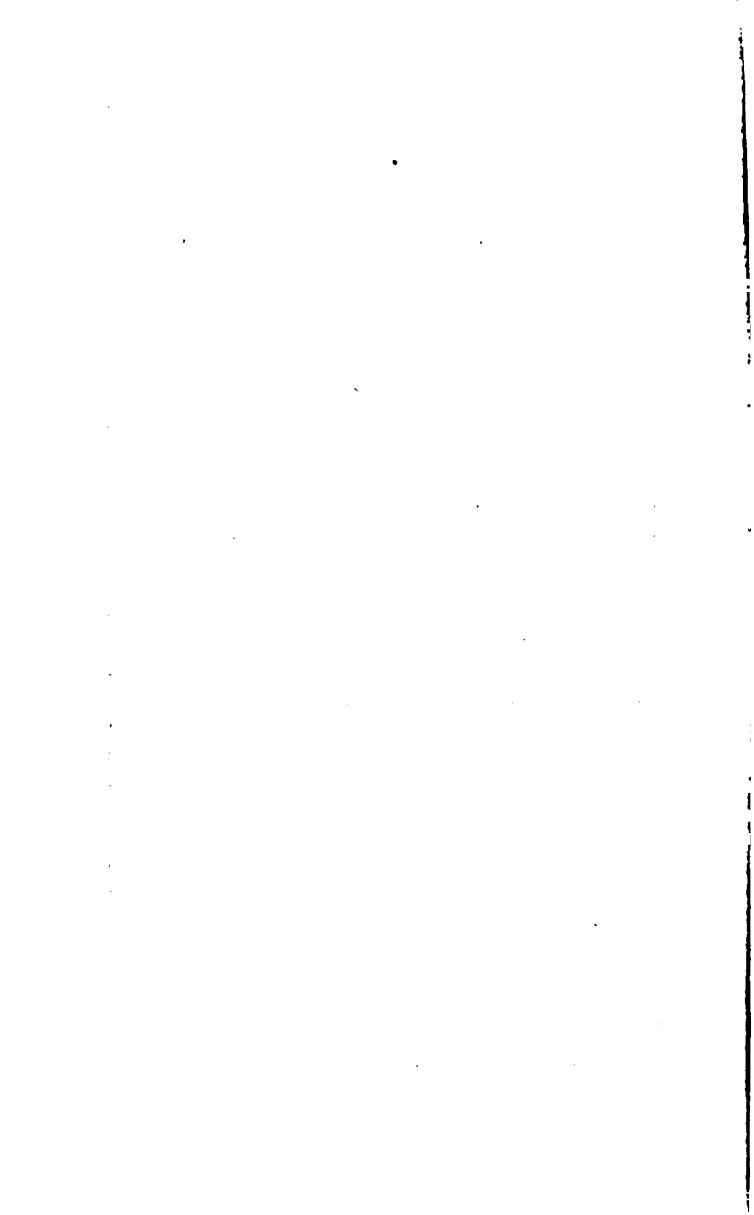
BATTLE OF INVERNAHAVON.

Invernahavon.—Battle between the Catanei and Cameronii.

THE occasion of this battle is detailed in the Manuscript History of the Family of Mackintosh, as follows:—"The lands of Mackintosh in Lochaber being possessed by the Camerons, the rents were seldom levied but by force and in cattle; the Camerons, irritated by the poinding of their cattle, resolved to make reprisals, and marched into Badenoch, about four hundred men strong, commanded by Charles M'Gilony. Mackintosh, informed of this, in haste called his friends and clan to meet together. The Mackintoshes, MacPhersons, and Davidsons soon made a force superior to the enemy; but an unseasonable difference was like to prove fatal to them. It was agreed by all, that Mackintosh, as captain of the clan Chattan, should command the centre of their army; but Cluney and Invernahavon contended about the command of the right wing—Cluney claimed it as chief of the ancient clan Chattan, of which the Davidsons of Invernahavon were but a branch. Invernahavon pleaded, that to him, as the oldest branch, the right hand belonged, by

the custom of Scottish clans. The contest was spun out till the enemy were at hand ; and then Mackintosh, as umpire, imprudently gave it in favour of Invernahavon. The MacPhersons, in whose country they were met, and who were as numerous as both the Mackintoshes and Davidsons, being greatly offended, withdrew as spectators. The conflict was very sharp. By the superior number of the Camerons, many of the Mackintoshes and almost all the Davidsons were cut off. The MacPhersons could no longer bear to see their brave neighbours and friends overpowered. They rushed in on the Camerons, and soon gave them a total defeat. The few that escaped, with their leader, were pursued from Invernahavon, the place of battle, three miles above Ruthven, in Badenoch, over the river Spey ; and Charles MacGilony was killed in a hill on Glenbanchir, which is called Cor-Harlich, *i. e.* Charles' Hill."

The lands of Keppoch, which Mackintosh also got as part of the dowry of Eva, the daughter of Doual Dal Macgillieatan, were possessed in like manner, rent free, by the Macdonalds for three hundred years. They were always ready to give battle at term day, and no rents could be obtained from them but by force. These Macdonalds of Keppoch are amongst the oldest clans in Scotland—but being poor and few in number, from their proneness to this kind of warfare with their superiors, they never became formidable beyond the bounds which they occupied.



PART V.

**SEATS OF FAMILIES, EMINENT
MEN, AND WARRIORS.**



CHAPTER I.

Seats of Families, Eminent Men, and Warriors.

DELCHROY, the birth-place of Sir William Grant, on the north side of the Spey, opposite to the place of Advie, formerly a humble location, has acquired some notice and interest. Sir William, the son of James Grant, sometime tenant of the said farm, when a boy, experienced the privations incident to one born in humble life; for it is a fact, attested by some surviving relatives, that the future Master of the Rolls for some time "whistled at the plough," having, after his father's death, driven the plough of a relative, Mr. Alexander Grant Delcroy, who took some interest in him, until he was taken under the wings of a nearer and more opulent relative, an uncle, Robert Grant, Esq., a cadet of the first Grants of Ballindalloch, who, being successful in trade, purchased the estate of Elchies and others, and took his nephew, young William Grant, under his protection: and finding that he gave promise of excellence as a scholar, spared no expense in educating him for the higher grades of the legal profession. Having passed as an advocate at the Scotch bar, the kind patronage of his chief, Sir James Grant, and some other friends, opened to him a successful career at the English bar.

In early life we believe he became a colonial attorney-general—an office which he relinquished for the more honorable position of a member of the British Parliament. His speeches in the House of Commons, remarkable for eloquence and legal erudition, attracted the discriminating notice of Pitt, “the heaven-born minister,” whose friendly connection with Dundas attached him to Scottish adherents—and soon Mr. William Grant was invested with the official mantle, ultimately climbing up to the high office of Master of the Rolls, then only second in dignity and importance to the highest judicial office of Lord Chancellor—an office which his friend Lord Eldon wished to relinquish in his favour. Both had seen three-score and ten years at least, and worldly ambition nearly became extinguished. But these luminaries of the law were spared for years to spend the evening of life full of honours and wealth.

Sir William Grant, no doubt, could count many “kith and kin” on the banks of the Spey in circumstances as humble as his own in the morning of life, and some of these “plodded their weary way” on foot to London, full of the hope that their great relative would place them in lucrative situations. But, in general, those weary pilgrims found it no easy matter to get access to the Grand Lama of the Rolls; and when they did get a response, it was generally in the shape of a *douceur*, with a recommendation that they should return to the plough, as the only department in the state which they were qualified to fill. There were, however, cases in which he exerted his influence in favour of relatives who were qualified for military and

civil employments; and it is creditable to his memory and character, that in making a distribution of his means in his settlement, he was not forgetful of the more indigent of his connections, having devised annuities and legacies to a number of persons, according to their degree of relationship and need of pecuniary aid.

Dalchroy, the birth-place of Commissary and Major John Grant. In early life John Grant got under the wings of the good Sir James Grant, who placed him in the capacity of "servitor" and clerk to his son, Lewis Alexander, who for some time followed the occupation of an advocate at the bar; and, having acquired professional knowledge sufficient to qualify him for a legal situation, Sir James, always anxious to promote the interests of his dependants, appointed him at an early age to the judicial office of Commissary of Morayshire. But this easy office did not satisfy the ambition of an aspiring spirit. Through the influence of his distinguished patron, Sir James, and his relative, the Master of the Rolls, he obtained a commission in the Guards, from which he exchanged into the Line, and for a long time served in the gallant Irish regiment, the 86th, or Royal County Down, from which corps he was promoted to the majority of the 89th Regiment. At the affair of Malago, under the command of Lord Blaney, while retiring on board ship, he was unfortunately hit by a bullet fired by the pursuing enemy. The bullet took effect in his neck, and the wound ultimately proved mortal. Like most Highlanders, Major Grant's thoughts turned to his native home and relatives in his latter hours,

and set himself to devote the remaining hours of life to the welfare of his family. By the sale of his commission, a considerable sum of money was realised, which he devised to his mother and family, and the War-office generously gave effect to the disposal of his commission, in respect of his gallant and distinguished services, the proceeds of which were realised for the benefit of his family. Captain Grant's bravery at Baroda, Bhurtpore, and other places in India, evoked from the Governor-General in Council a special eulogy, February, 1808.

Tullichan.—Adjoining to Dalchroy, is noted by many as the birth-place of Alexander Grant More, about two centuries ago,—the progenitor of a numerous sept known in Strathspey by the patronymic of the Mores. Allister More, long a retainer of the family of Grant, like many of his ancestors and descendants, was a man of great bodily strength and prowess. He was careful of the things of this world, and in his day, his house in Tullichan had the aristocratic distinction of stone chimnies and white walls. In the course of time, his descendants multiplied and replenished the country, and now form a band of most respectable and wealthy tenantry; and, in loyalty to their sovereign and chief, the sept of the Mores now hold an influential place among the septs and families of Strathspey. At the late meeting of the Royal Society at Aberdeen, the picture of Allister More, in the Castle Grant collection, was exhibited, and attracted much notice, on account of his manly proportions and warlike expres-

sion, suggesting to a describer of the exhibition the remark "that he would rather have a dram than a quarrel with Allister and his claymore."

Advie—Adjoins the property of Ballindalloch. On the south side of the river is the barony of Advie, anciently the property of the Earl of Fyfe, which came to the family of Ballindalloch in the fifteenth century, and continued their property till sold to Brigadier Sir Alexander Grant, of Grant about 1700.

The barony of Advie and of Delay were long occupied by descendants of the family of Ballindalloch. For a considerable time, the principal farm of Advie has been possessed by a family of the name of Grant—Charles Grant, married to Elspeth Grant, daughter of James Grant, of Dalcroy, and sister of Commissary John Grant, of Morayshire, had sons: John, late captain of the 86th Royal County Down Regiment; Lewis, lieutenant in the same regiment, died 1831; Charles, the present respected tacksman of the farm; William, merchant at Advie; and James, minister of Kirk-michael, in Strathavon. Another sister of Commissary John Grant, married William Maclean, some time major of the 27th regiment, by whom he had a son, some time a captain in the 27th regiment, colonel of a colonial regiment at Fort Murray, and lieutenant-governor of Caffraria, and two daughters, one of whom was married to Colonel Macpherson, and the other to Dr. Moysten, of the 27th regiment, who was the oldest surgeon in the army, and obtained eleven medals for his services in important battles.

Dalvey—Adjoining to Advie, for several generations pertained to a branch of the family of Ballindalloch, was sold 1680, to James Grant, of Gartenbeg, who was King's Advocate, and knighted in 1688—and dying, as did his brother Lewis, without issue, his estate came to Patrick Grant, of Inverlaidran, chieftain of the Clan-Donachie, who sold it to Brigadier Grant. This fine farm has been long occupied by Mr. Adam Stewart, who married a daughter of Grant, of Culchoich, and his family consisting of Alexander Stewart, Esq., of Broadleys, the present enterprising tacksman, who has carried many premiums, medals, and prizes, as a breeder of Highland stock; William, successively a medical officer in several infantry and cavalry regiments, distinguished for literary and professional abilities; James, minister of Abernethy, possessed of literary and poetical talents of a high order; and Gregor, a medical officer in the 84th regiment, who died with his regiment in China.

Culchoich—On the opposite banks of the Spey, long the residence of a family of the name of Grant, represented by the late John Grant, Esq., banker, in Grantown, whose brother, Lieutenant Alexander Grant, was an officer in the East India Company's service.

Dellachapple, in Cromdale.—The ancient seat of the head of Clan Cheran, one of the original tribes of Strathspey, for a long time possessed by a family of the name of Grant, afterwards of Garmouth. The sept of the Clan Cheran, which had declined very much in numerical

importance, is represented, we believe, by the descendants of the ancient family of Glenbeg. This old duchus is now occupied by Mr. John Grant.

Lethendrie Castle—The ancient seat of the Barons of Lethendrie, stands on an elevated site, overlooking the Haughs of Cromdale. This decayed edifice, once the residence of a race called the Barons of Lethendrie, and which long ago became the possession of the family of Grant, is noticed in the accounts of the battles of Cromdale, 1690, as having been taken possession of by a band of fugitives from the field of battle, and who were made prisoners by Livingstone's army. The vaults and some of the lower rooms, still pretty entire, are now used by the tacksman of the farm as keeps for cattle and poultry, and farming produce.

Burnside—For several centuries the residence of a highly respectable family of the name of Grant, descendants of the Clan Allan. We believe that, so far back as 1560, John Grant, fourth son of the chieftain of the house or sept of Clan Allan, of Achernack, became the founder of the family of Burnside, producing a race of heroes and warriors, who, on the battle-field, nobly maintained the martial glory of their clan and country. Of Colquhoun Grant, a chivalrous and devoted adherent of the "King of Highland hearts, Prince Charles Stuart," history records a feat of unparalleled gallantry and daring. Throwing away the pen, and grasping the sword, the lawyer became the dashing, daring dragoon on the field of Prestonpans, carrying

terror and dismay into the hearts of Cope's craven cavalry, a band of whom he chased from the battle-field to the gates of Edinburgh Castle. But the wheel of fortune compelled him to become a fugitive in turn. As the companion and compatriot of the celebrated Colonel John Roy Stewart, they, on the downfall of their desperate enterprise, during many dreary days and nights, sought concealment in the fastnesses of their native mountains. Ultimately, the sword gave place to the pen, and Colquhoun Grant lived a wealthy and respectable writer to the signet in Edinburgh, where he died in 1790. The memory of his brother, Dr. Gregory Grant, an eminent physician in Edinburgh, will be long venerated in Strathspey as one of the founders of the Grantown Orphan Hospital, an institution which, under the best management, has conferred signal benefits on the population of the country.

But, coming down to our own knowledge and recollection of the last generation of the Burnside family, we have seen much to venerate in their character and conduct. The late Captain Gregory Grant, R.N., of Burnside, will long be remembered with feelings of respect and affection by all classes of his countrymen. Though "his home was on the deep," and though trained to strife and excitement, during the French war, he, on the return of peace, chose to seek his native Highland home, to spend his days in rural retirement. There, as a model of the good country gentleman, he had laid aside the aristocratic habits of the commander; and, with plaid and staff, mingled socially and cheerfully among his neighbours

and countrymen. Proud of his clan and his own family lineage, descended as he was parentally from the ancient Grants of Strathspey and Macphersons of Badenoch, Captain Grant always displayed the dignified bearing of a gentleman; but, at the head of his own hospitable board, where abundance was always spread with a liberal hand, and at all convivial meetings and associations, the urbanity and courtesy of his manners, and the bland and kindly expression of his pleasing countenance, diffused happiness around him. Abounding in affable facetiousness, he had always a passing kind word, and perhaps a more substantial token of his benevolence for the humbler classes of his acquaintance. But, too soon for his friends and countrymen, who universally mourned the sad event, Captain Grant, in the year 1844, was called to his rest. But his worthy sister and companion was for a time spared to dispense wonted kindness and benevolence among the retainers and dependants of Burnside. Her lamented demise, in 1851, to the general regret of the country, terminated the possession of Burnside by one family for a period of nearly 800 years. But Mrs. Captain John Grant, of Birchfield, a daughter of the House of Burnside, was still spared to represent the family, and Birchfield, like Burnside, was the abode of the social virtues and benevolence. Her husband, Captain Grant, who had "a heart and hand to give," pursued the even tenor of a life, genial, happy and benevolent, mingling with his friends and neighbours in a social, kindly, and liberal spirit, joining cordially with his worthy partner in many acts of unostentatious,

sympathising kindness, towards deserving objects of their bounty—a course of conduct which, after his lamented demise, some years ago, Mrs. Grant pursued to the last. In the disposition of her ample means, her great and considerate spirit of benevolence is well portrayed; for we are told that, besides many legacies bequeathed to deserving dependants, no less a sum than £3700 is either already destined or set apart for benevolent purposes or charitable institutions, under the administration of honorable and judicious friends, charged with the execution of her pious behests; so that not only the poor, but many of the people, will have permanent cause to bless the memory of the last member of the Burnside family.

This ancient possession is now held by the enterprising and prosperous owner of the famed distillery of Ballimeanach, Mr. James MacGregor, who, within the last thirty years, has converted more than fifty acres of barren moors into productive arable land; and his spirited and profitable enterprise meeting with due encouragement from his noble landlord, is an admonition to his neighbours to follow his example.

Cromdale—The birth-place of Sir James MacGregor, baronet, who, for the long space of twenty-seven years, presided over the medical department of the army. Born of respectable, but not affluent parentage, the remains of his paternal residence is often visited by countrymen and friends, as the site that gave birth to one who has done honour to, and conferred no small benefits on many of, the inhabitants of his native land.

Having adopted the medical profession, indomitable talents and perseverance gradually opened up to him the highest rank in his profession. His services at the head of the medical department during the Peninsular War were adequately appreciated and frequently lauded by the Duke of Wellington in his despatches. Ultimately he became director-general of the medical department; and in the exercise of his patronage, he gave many proofs of the lively interest he took in promoting the success in life of the medical men of the North, and of his ardent attachment to the welfare of his native country. Sir James was the author of able and popular works on subjects connected with his profession, which gained him no small share of respect and reputation. At a very advanced age he retired from the onerous situation which he had so long filled with distinction, and lately died at his seat, Campden, near London. Measures are now in progress for raising a monument commemorative of his name and worth, which we believe is to be erected in the neighbourhood of Forres.

Congash.—At one time occupied by Mungo, sixth son of the head of the Clan Allan and his representatives; and nearly for half a century by Captain John Grant, of Port. At an early age, this gentleman entered the army, and for many years served successively in the Sinclair Fencibles, Grant Fencibles, and the Tenth or Inverness-shire Militia. Retiring from the Militia in 1813, he became tacksman of Congash, and soon after was appointed by the late Earl of Seafield, then acting as curator-at-law

for Lewis, Earl of Seafield, to the onerous and important situation of factor of the whole of Strathspey, a post which he continued to hold for the long space of thirty-four years, enjoying and retaining the unlimited confidence and regard of his noble constituent, and the universal respect and gratitude of the tenants and people of the country. It is but truth and justice to enunciate a fact, which many living witnesses will corroborate, that Captain Grant pursued the interest of his constituent with an ardour and zeal seldom equalled, but never surpassed; and, regarding the eventual interest of landlord and tenant as one concern, he strove by every means in his power to promote the rising prosperity of the flourishing estates over which he presided. As a specimen of his indomitable energy and perseverance, it may be instanced that he, amidst his official and other avocations, personally superintended the planting of between two and three thousand acres of moors during the first twenty-seven years of his management. Possessed of a body and mind extremely active and vigorous, Captain Grant, at the entreaty of his beloved constituent, continued to hold and discharge the duties of his onerous office till on the verge of fourscore years. On the eve of his retirement, he received a gratifying proof of the place he held in the regard and affections of the gentry and tenantry of Strathspey, who subscribed a large sum to have a portrait of him taken by an eminent painter—a specimen of art from the hand of Mr. Colvin Smith, R.A., which, for artistic fidelity of colouring and striking resemblance, has been much admired. From this portrait a

print was taken by an eminent artist in Edinburgh, which hangs in most of the respectable houses in Strathspey—a striking likeness and memorial of their old and esteemed factor and friend.

At an age which few men are privileged to see, Captain Grant, who, we believe, with few exceptions, is the oldest officer receiving half pay now living, still takes an interest in the welfare of the community of Strathspey, keenly alive to the interests of educational and parochial institutions promotive of the welfare of the young and old.

Revack.—At the base of the pine-clad rock of Craig Revack. This beautiful residence, commanding a wide and varied prospect of the adjacent strath, long occupied by Captain Gordon of Ivy Bank, Nairn, is now possessed by James Brown, Esq., general manager of the Earl of Seafield's woods and forests.

Auchernack.—For about three hundred years the residence of the head or chieftain of the Clan Allan. About the year 1560, James Grant, of Auchernack, had a family of eight sons, whereof Duncan was the first; (2) Gregor founded the family of Gartinmore; (3) James was the ancestor of Acterblair, afterwards Carron; (4) John was the ancestor of Lethendrie and Burnside; (5) Allan was ancestor of Mullochard; (6) Mungo, of Congash; (7) Robert, of Nevie; and (8) Andrew. In the survey of the province of Moray, it is said that the tradition of the country is, that the Clan Allan, who came northward with "Thomas Randolph, were Stewarts then in Strathavon.

The family of Achernack, two hundred years ago, was opulent and married into respectable families; Major, afterwards Colonel Louis Grant was then the head of the sept, and, residing at Achernack, materially improved the old duchies." How far this tradition is well founded, so far as regards Thomas Randolph and the Stewarts, we know not; but it is a matter of history, as well as tradition, that the family of Clan Allan were, for centuries, an opulent, powerful tribe.

The last-mentioned Colonel Louis Grant, whose descendants, we believe, represent the Clan Allan house, or tribe, was succeeded in the occupancy of Achernack by Major Charles Grant, of the East India Company's service, a generous, excellent, country gentleman, who died about 1816. For some time back, Achernack has been possessed by Mr. Sweeton Fraser, who, as a judicious farmer, and as the energetic secretary of the Strathspey Farming Society (an association which has, during the last fifty years, conferred signal benefits on the agricultural interests of the country), is likely to maintain the high character and salutary influence so long exercised by this patriotic body.

Heathfield, near Grantown.—Formerly the residence of James Grant, Esq., for many years factor for Sir James Grant, of Grant. His son, John Grant, Esq., M.D., was for many years on the medical staff of the army, and still lives a respected inhabitant of the town of Forres. Dr. Grant is, probably, the oldest medical officer of the British army. His other

son, James Grant, Esq., of the royal navy, practised for many years as a physician in Grantown, where his professional skill and kind disposition rendered him a useful and popular member of the community.

Craggan.—Long occupied by a family of the name of Grant, of whom, the last occupant was a captain in the army. His brother, General William Grant, of Tannachie, from humble means, by his sword and persevering gallantry, rose to rank and affluence, acquiring an ample fortune, with which he purchased the estate of Tannachie, near Findhorn, on which he built an elegant mansion. General Grant was succeeded by his nephew, Major W. Grant.

Inverallen.—The ancient seat of the church and manse of Inverallen, formerly the church lands of three davochs of Finlairg, excambied by King Alexander II, in 1236, for lands in Brae Moray. On this locality, the present Earl of Seafield has built an elegant mansion, occupied by Colonel Dixon, his lordship's highly respectable factor for Strathspey.

Lynelish.—Formerly called Laggan, of Finlairg, the residence of the late Colonel Sir Maxwell Grant, K.C.B., son of Captain Grant, of Rippachy and Lynelish. Sir Maxwell Grant was a distinguished officer, who, for his eminent services in various parts of the world, received the honours and rewards to which he was justly entitled, and died about 1820. This beautiful residence is now possessed by Sir

Maxwell's nephew, Mr. Malcolmson, an eminent London merchant.

Ballintomb.—Long the residence of a respectable family of the name of Grant, of whom many were distinguished warriors. Captain Grant, the beau ideal of a Highland soldier and country gentleman, who died about 1820, was the last of his race, who possessed this duchus. For some time past, Ballintomb was in the possession of the late Mr. James Gordon, a most enterprising and intelligent agriculturist; and since his death, by his not less enterprising widow and family. By their successful attention to the breeding of superior classes of Highland stock, they have carried prizes in France and at home. The breeds of Balintomb and Dalvey, are of descriptions equal to any of the same classes in Scotland.

Clury.—A fine holding, long possessed by a family descended from the house of Grant, and of late, by a series of gentlemen farmers, among whom may be enumerated Captain McBarnet, late of Ballachroan, Captain Macdonald, of Coulmakyle, Mr. John Fraser, Mr. Burgess, Mr. Forbes, of the family of Cul-loden, &c.

Tullochgriban.—Long possessed by a family of the name of Grant, a branch of the Kinchirdy family. The last of the line died about thirty years ago, leaving an only daughter and heiress, who was married to the late General Sir Lewis Grant, K.C.B., a descendant of the old family of Mallochard, who left an only daughter, lately married to a young officer in the army.

This farm had been for some time occupied by James Houston, Esq., who will long be remembered in the country for his spirited enterprising character,—the original promoter of the Strathspey Farming Society and other essential improvements,—and as a social, estimable member of society, who died in 1832. Tullochgriban is now possessed by Lewis Dunbar, Esq., J.P., for Moray and Inverness-shire, who, as an agriculturist and breeder of Highland stock at Tullochgriban and Pityoulish, has been very successful.

Mullochard.—Long possessed by a branch of the Clan Allan family, was the birth-place of Duncan Grant, Esq., who became the Provost of Forres, and the father of several sons, distinguished in military history, of whom, was General Sir Lewis Grant, colonel of the 84th regiment, a gallant officer, who had seen a great deal of service. His brother, Colonel Alexander Grant, of Findrassie, who acquired high reputation, for daring feats of gallantry in the wars in India, under Cornwallis; and his brother, Sir James Grant, an eminent medical officer, who was the associate of Sir James MacGregor, obtaining a high professional reputation, in the Peninsular wars, was knighted for his services, and still survives. General Sir Lewis Grant, was married to the only daughter and heiress of the last Grant of Tullochgriban, by whom, as already mentioned, he had one daughter, lately married to an officer in the army.

Achterblair.—Originally the seat of James,

third son of the head of the Clan Allan. Achterblair was long the residence of Major John Grant, who had seen much service at home and abroad. Major Grant was married to a daughter of the Rev. Patrick Grant, some time minister of Duthel, who was married to Miss Campbell, of Duntroon, Argyleshire, an early associate and favorite of Mrs. Grant, of Laggan, and sister of Sir Niel Campbell, the British commissioner, who accompanied Napoleon Bonaparte to the Island of Elba, and the authoress of an excellent little work on education. By Major Grant's marriage to Miss Grant, he had a family of sons and daughters trained up with every educational advantage, under the superintendence of their worthy grandmother and parents.

Of this family, two sons, Patrick and William, at an early age, embraced the profession of arms. Patrick, entering the East India Company Service, his professional talents and energy, early marked him out for situations of trust. Appointed Deputy Adjutant-General of the Bengal army, he, on the death of General Lumley, became principal Adjutant-General of the Indian forces, and in the trying, but glorious Sutlej campaign of General Gough, was his right arm in the memorable battles of Ferozeshah, Sobraon and Moodkie, in which last-mentioned battles he was severely wounded. Returning home to recruit his health, he was, in acknowledgment of his distinguished services, nominated one of her Majesty's aides-de-camp and C.B.; and, in 1855, he was appointed by Government Commander-in-chief of the Madras Presidency, and raised to the rank

of Knight Companion of the Bath and Lieutenant-General. On the outbreak of the Indian mutiny, the Governor-General, on the death of General Anson, nominated him interim commander-in-chief of the army in India—a position he would have been the most fitted to fill, next to the old tried veteran, the hero of the Alma, Lord Clyde, selected by the home Government for the permanent appointment, and whose new glories and British coronet confer as much honour on the Peerage as the Peerage does on him. Sir Patrick Grant, lineally descended, both on the father and mother's side, from the old family of Tullochgorum, was first married to a daughter of William Fraser Tytler, Esq., long sheriff and convener of Inverness-shire, and second, to a daughter of the Right Hon. Lord Viscount Gough, and has issue.

Not less distinguished, as a noble, gallant, and energetic soldier, was his brother, Captain William Grant, who, at the time of his death, held the post of Assistant Adjutant-General in Affghanistan, in the first trying and disastrous campaign to Cabool. Captain Grant was wounded in the action at Jugdaluck. With about twenty officers, he formed a line to oppose the enemy's advance, and in a hand-to-hand combat with overwhelming numbers, he nobly fell at the pass of Gundannuck, 13th of January, 1842, at the age of thirty-eight. Achterblair has been long possessed by Lieut. A. MacBain and his family.

Milnton of Duthel.—Long the seat of a family of the name of Grant. The founder of the

family was Robert, sixth son of Sir John Grant, of Freuchy, seventeenth Chief and Laird of Grant. Of this family, was lineally descended Mr. John Grant, the worthy minister of Abernethy, noticed in a separate chapter. The family of Milnton is worthily represented now by the Rev. Mr. Grant's son, James A. Grant, Esq., of Viewfield, convenor of Nairnshire, "the worthy son of a worthy sire."

Glenchernick.—The site of Bigla Cumming's house. On the west bank of the Spey, at the ferry of Gartenmore, stood the house of Cumming of Glenchernick, whose daughter, and heiress, much to the chagrin of the Cummings, married the Laird of Grant, whereby her possessions were annexed to the Grant domains. The house stood on a green moat fenced by a dry ditch. According to tradition, a salmon net cast into the pool, below the wall of the house, and a small rope, tied to the bell, brought in at the window, rung when a salmon came into and shook the net. The foundations of Bigla's castle are still visible.

Gartoneg.—The seat of the Clan Donachie. In the MS. history of the family of Grant we find the following traditional narrative of the origin of the Clan Donachie: "John Grant, of Frenchy, &c., Sheriff Principal of Invernessshire; he was a man of good accomplishment, yet he wanted not his infirmities. Being, after his father's death, about Ballachastle, in the year 1300, he begat with child a young woman (or, as some say, his lady's maid), which, proving a son, is called Duncan; this is

the progenitor of the house of Gartenbeg, and all descended of him are called Clan Donachie. Of these are descended several families in Strathspey; the most remarkable were Grant of Inverladran, Grant of Delrachanie, in Duthel." In Shaw's history of Moray is contained the following entries respecting the Clan Donachie. "In the east end is Gartenbeg, the ancient seat of the Clan Donachie, of whom Sir Ludovick Grant, of Dalvey, is now the representer. Lachlan Grant, now of Gartenbeg, is of that family."

Kinchirdy.—Long the seat of a family of the name of Grant, descended from Mungo, seventh son of Sir John Grant, of Freuchy, seventeenth Laird and Chief of Grant. John Grant, Esq., the last of the race who lived at Kinchirdy, sometime an officer in the army, had five sons, who rose to rank and distinction. One of them attained to the rank of colonel in the East India Company's service; one to that of major; another to that of captain; and another a lieutenant in king's army, the last of whom was a very gallant soldier, and was killed at the battle of Assaye. The other son, Colquhoun Grant, Esq., M.D., attained high rank and distinction as a medical officer in the British army. This ancient family is represented by Lieutenant Colquhoun Grant, of the Bombay army, the only son of Dr. Colquhoun Grant. This promising and gallant young officer was severely wounded a short time ago at the siege of Berjl, in the Gulf of Cutch.

Birchfield.—Latterly the residence of Captain

John Grant (See Ruthven in Strathavon and Burnside).

Delbniack in Duthel.—The birth-place of a distinguished officer, Colonel MacGregor, some time of the 59th regiment, who held a high staff appointment in India, and died on his passage to England about thirty years ago. This farm was afterwards possessed by a family of the name of Grant, of whom there were some officers who served with distinction in the Peninsular war.

Delrachanie.—The seat of a family of the name of Grant, who built a large mansion at Inverlaidran. In 1746 Delrachanie received Prince Charles Stuart and his suite a few days previous to the battle of Culloden. The last of the race was Mr. James Grant, noted for his generous hospitable qualities.

In those days, meetings of the Glencher-nick men were held in the "hotel" in the immediate neighbourhood of the church. At one of these meetings, Delrachanie of the day, commonly known by the sobriquet of "*Jan Dhu*," or "Black John," had a quarrel with a gentleman whom he challenged to fight upon the spot, but not finding a second in the company, he rushed out, mounted his horse in the dawn of the morning, and rode furiously in quest of a second, when he met James Fraser, the tenant of Tullochgribanbeg coming home whisky plenus from Gaick, who roared out, "Where are you going, Jan Dhu?" "To hell," was the short and emphatic answer; to which Fraser responded, "That he might turn

back, that he, Fraser, had just left that place (having called at Inverlaidran), and that Jan Dhu, the d—l, was not at home." This sally of wit put an end to Jan Dhu's fighting humour—returning with Fraser to the hotel to have "one bottle more." The last representative of this family, a lieutenant of infantry, was killed at the taking of Copenhagen by Lord Nelson.

Boladeran.—Long possessed by a family of the name of Grant, a branch of the Kinchirdy family, of whom there were several distinguished officers.

Sluggan.—Now annexed to Beananich,—the birth-place of Major James Grant, some time of the 42d regiment, who on leaving the army retired to his native home, where his wife, a lady of literary talents, wrote some interesting sketches, under the title of "Letters from the Highlands."

Beananich.—The residence of Alexander Cumming, Esq. (now representing the ancient race of the Glenchernick Cummings), for a long time an influential merchant, and for some time Provost of Inverness. Fond of rural improvements, Mr. Cumming, when yet in the prime of life, retired from the strifes of municipal politics and business, to devote himself to the amelioration of his native home on the banks of the Dulnan, which, under his auspices has become a fertile and beautiful residence. Mr. Cumming's extensive experience and information eminently qualify him for the discharge

of the duties of a magistrate and country gentleman. In all matters relating to the fame and interests of his country and countrymen he takes a lively interest, and the author thankfully acknowledges his obligation to him for the patriotic zeal with which he aided in putting on record the names and merits of gallant men, who in their day and generation an honour to their native land, are "Now consigned to death's dark shade, and ever hid from mortal view."

Rothymoon.—Long possessed by Mr. Charles Grant, for many years a faithful servant and manager for Sir James Grant, of Grant, and the late Earl of Seafield, who rewarded his fidelity by a constant friendly attention to the interests of himself and sons. James, his eldest son, became minister of the parish of Cromdale.—An able and acceptable preacher of the Gospel, a kind and attached friend, and an accomplished and agreeable member of society, he lived beloved and died regretted at an early age, anno 1857. Robert, for some time factor of Glen Urquhart. Francis, M.D. some time of the 42d regiment. Lewis Alexander, now tacksman of Rothymoon, and another son, John.

Lurg.—The birth-place of Colonel John Grant, of Lurg, celebrated in his day, perhaps more on account of eccentricity of character than for military prowess, who was descended from an ancient respectable family. He was the son of Robert Grant, of Lurg, fifth in descent from Duncan, heir of Grant, who died

in 1581. Robert Grant, of Lurg, was a type of the old school of Highland gentlemen, in his manners, dress, and character. A portrait of him in Castle Grant, represents him with a long "Crimean" beard, tartan coat with slashed sleeves, philabeg, with belt, dirk, and pistols. He lived in good repute and affluent circumstances in his *Duchus* of Lurg, which he very much improved, and died at the advanced age of ninety-seven, in 1772. John Grant, his son, entering the army, divided his attention between the army and his farm, to which last he ultimately retired with the Brevet rank of Lieutenant Colonel. Possessed for a time of ample pecuniary means, and rejoicing in great physical strength, and convivial talents of no ordinary kind, he became the ruling and presiding genius at all social meetings; and many are the anecdotes still extant, which confer on his memory, perhaps, an unenviable celebrity on account of his bacchanalian performances. No doubt the indulgence of those wayward tendencies ultimately diverted his attention from his agricultural pursuits; and after many vicissitudes, he found it expedient to retire to the Abbey of Holyrood, where he met with a spirit somewhat congenial to his own. An Englishman of eccentric habits and similar disposition, contracting a greater love for Lurg than for his nearest of kin—it is said that the two worthy gentlemen executed a mutual last will and testament, bequeathing to the longest liver his means and estate—which Lurg could do without any loss to his kin; and it is said, that having survived the Englishman, he became heir to a considerable property, which

enabled him to spend the evenings of his days possessed of competency. But the family place of Lurg, having by his misfortunes fallen into the possession of plebeian occupants, he never returned to his native land to be gathered to his worthy forefathers.

Ballimore.—For some time the residence of James MacGregor, Esq., factor for Sir James Grant, over the properties of Strathspey and Glen Urquhart—a man distinguished for talents and knowledge of country business. Mr. MacGregor had a large family, some of whom rose to a high rank in their professions. Of these were Sir Patrick MacGregor, Bart., surgeon to his Majesty George IV ; and Colonel William MacGregor, a brave and distinguished officer, who saw much service under General Grant, of Ballindalloch. Ballimore afterwards became the residence of Robert Lawson, Esq., one of the factors for the Grant family, by whom it was much improved, and has since been occupied by enterprising tenants, whose improvements have rendered the place a first-rate agricultural holding. It is now occupied by Mr. Lowe, late of Nairn.

Kinchardine.—An ancient nursery for brave men in the time of Colonel John Roy Stuart, and his compatriots, which long continued to produce gallant soldiers. The families of Pityoulish and Knock,—shoots from the old stock,—furnished specimens of genuine Highland warriors. In the French war, Captain John Stewart, of Knock, who received many wounds in the service of his king and country ; and

his brother Alexander, a lieutenant in the 42d regiment, whose prowess at Waterloo obtained him the denomination of the "bravest of the brave," were the last of this race—unless good old Stewart, of Baddan, may have been a collateral shoot of the same ancient family. In our youth we shared the hospitality and conviviality of worthy old Baddan, who was noted for his eccentricities. But there was a method in his eccentricities, for by his humour and tact he obtained the patronage and favour of an influential gentleman—Mr. Stewart, of Fincastle, Perthshire, from whose family he claimed a Highland kindred descent—a patronage which obtained two commissions for two of his sons; Lieutenant James Stewart, who long served in the 78th regiment, and Lieutenant Robert Stewart, now of the Perthshire militia.

Pityoulish.—Long possessed by descendants of old Kinchardine Stuarts, and latterly by Mr. Lewis Dunbar, noticed under the head of Tullochgriban.

Achgourisk.—Possessed by Mr. James Shaw, descendant and representative of the ancient Shaws of Inchrory, whose son, Mr. Donald Shaw, is author of poetical pieces of some merit, and of some Highland sketches recently published.

CHAPTER II.

Badenoch Division.

INVERESHIE.—The seat in Badenoch of Sir George Macpherson Grant, of Ballindalloch and Invereshie, Baronet.

According to Shaw the historian of the Province of Moray, Gelis, the son of Ewan Bane, chief of the Clan Chattan Macpherson, who died about anno 1296, became the founder of the family of Inveralbie or Invereshie, whose descendants long possessed the romantic property of Invereshie. By the marriage of George Macpherson of Invereshie to a sister of the late General Grant of Ballindalloch, his descendants succeeded to large possessions, as mentioned in a preceding article, under the head of Ballindalloch. The late Sir George Macpherson Grant, the grandfather of the present youthful proprietor, was distinguished for enterprise and taste for agricultural improvements. During his lifetime, great and valuable additions were made to his patrimonial possessions in Badenoch; and under his auspices, tracts of land along the banks of the Spey were reclaimed, defended from the river by strong embankments, and converted into valuable possessions, affording at the same time examples to his neighbours,

which were adopted by the late James Macpherson, Esq., of Belleville, in consequence of which large tracts of swampy ground on both banks of the Spey were subjected to the plough, and ultimately the value of the property much enhanced, the appearance of the country much improved, and the source of malaria and mildew effectually removed.

Kincraig—the mansion house in Badenoch, of The Mackintosh of Mackintosh, whose family and territories will fall to be noticed under our next series. According to Mr. Shaw, in his history of the province of Moray, the barony of Dunachton came into the possession of the laird of Mackintosh, about the year 1500, by his marrying the heiress and daughter of the Baron of Dunachton. Here Mackintosh had a castle, which was burnt in the year 1689, and was never rebuilt. South Kinrara, and Dalnavert, the other remaining part of the Mackintosh's property in this country, once called "the Davochs of the Head," were a part of the compensation given for the head of William, fifteenth laird of Mackintosh, said "to have been beheaded by order of the Earl of Huntly, in the year 1556, when paying a friendly visit at Huntly Castle." In an article on the Highland clans, contributed by Sir Walter Scott, to the Quarterly Review for January, 1816, as a review of the Culloden papers, and republished by Adam and Charles Black, Edinburgh, 1837, we find the following narrative, which we suppose had reference to the above-mentioned transaction. "William Mackintosh, a leader, if not the chief of that ancient clan, upon some quarrel with the Gordons, burnt

the Castle of Auchindown, belonging to this powerful family ; and was, in the feud which followed, reduced to such extremities by the persevering vengeance of the Earl of Huntly, that he was at length compelled to surrender himself at discretion. He came to the Castle of Strathboggie, choosing his time when the earl was absent, and yielded himself up to the countess. She informed him that Huntly had sworn never to forgive him the offence he had committed, until he should see his head upon the block. The humbled chief kneeled down, and laid his head upon the kitchen dresser, where the oxen were cut up for the baron's feast. No sooner had he made this humiliation, than the cook who stood behind him with the cleaver uplifted, at a sign from the inexorable countess, severed Mackintosh's head from his body at a stroke."

The Mackintosh's said properties have been much improved by industrious tenants. The mansion house, farm, and lands of Kincairg were long held in wadset or long lease by Mackintosh of Balnespie, an ancient branch of the chief's family. The holding was long in the possession of the late Mr. John Russell, a very industrious and improving tenant, who, by draining, paring, and digging up large blocks of moss fir, converted about twenty acres of indifferent pasture into rich arable land, a course of improvement likely to be followed by Mr. John Russell, of Inverness, the present respectable tenant of the farm.

At Dalnavert, the late Mr. James Clark, some time lieutenant of the 42d Regiment, during his possession of the farm, by draining, grubbing, and embanking, nearly doubled the

arable land, which is farmed with spirit and success by the present industrious and respectable tenant, Mr. Alexander Stewart.

South Kinrara—A beautiful Highland residence, presents the appearance of an improved system of farming in the aspects of the fields, and the description of the farm stocking, of which the present respectable tenant, Mr. Mackintosh, is a good judge.

South Kinrara was for some time the residence of a respectable family of the name of Carmichael, and the birth-place of Lieutenant-Colonel Lewis Carmichael, one of the many distinguished soldiers whose names and deeds have conferred lasting honours on their families and descendants, and martial renown on the banks of the Spey, which may be truly and justly called "the land of heroes." Colonel Carmichael's claims on us as a native historian are so strong, that we cannot do less than recapitulate a just and generous obituary sketch of him, from the pen of an able biographer of his character and deeds, published in the '*Inverness Courier*,' of 21st August, 1844:—
 "We have the painful task of recording, in our obituary this week, the premature death of our gallant countryman, Lieutenant-Colonel Lewis Carmichael, which took place at Forres on the 8th instant. A braver soldier, or a man of a more gentle, affectionate, and modest, yet independent nature, never existed. Colonel Carmichael commenced his military career as an ensign in the 59th Regiment in 1809, whilst he was yet a mere boy. His first campaign was in the Peninsular War, when, towards its close, he was four times wounded, and on one of those

occasions very severely. He was engaged in the battle of Vittoria, at the siege and capture of St. Sebastian, the battles of the Nieve and Nivelles, and at the crossing of the Bidassoa. After the escape of Napoleon from Elba, the Colonel was with his regiment at Waterloo, and was next engaged at the storming of Cambray. Shortly after the peace, he joined his regiment in India, where he served in the Mahratta war of 1817 and 1818, and in the commotions of Ceylon in the following year. In 1826 he particularly distinguished himself at the siege of Bhurtpore, being then aide-de-camp to Sir Jasper Nicol. On some of these occasions his conduct and bravery were made the subject of special mention in general orders. In Canada, also, during the late disturbances, his services merited and received similar acknowledgments. He was in the command of the regular and militia forces when Beauharnais was given up by the insurgents; and, afterwards commanding at Coteau-du-Luc, he was as efficient in keeping the quiet of the provinces as he had been before in quelling the insurrection. He obtained his majority by purchase after leaving India in 1829; his unattached lieutenant-colonelcy was his reward for his services in Canada. At St. Sebastian he was the only officer out of thirteen who accompanied the advance that entered the town; and at Bhurtpore he did signal service, at the greatest personal risk, by examining a part of the interior defences three days previous to the assault. Some of the trophies taken at Bhurtpore were handsomely presented to him by the Indian Government. On the occasion of the

shipwreck of a portion of his regiment, on board the *Lord Melville* transport, near Kinsale, in the year 1815, he displayed admirable courage and coolness, and the influence he possessed over his men, was mainly instrumental in conducing to their preservation. In Canada, the Glengarry Highlanders looked up to him as a brother, while they obeyed him as a chief. The cairn raised by them in honour of Lord Seaton was planned at the suggestion of Colonel Carmichael, and his own assistance in rearing this singular structure was not wanting. He was greatly attached to all relating to the Gael, and cherished their language, their customs, and the remembrance of all connected with the north, in whatever part of the world his destiny led him. The duties of private life he discharged in the most exemplary manner; he was a devoted and affectionate relation, an attached and constant friend, and a highly agreeable and intelligent companion. His constitutional firmness and intrepidity were united to the mildest disposition and most unassuming demeanour. The respect in which he was held was strikingly evinced on the occasion of his lamented death, which was felt by all who knew him as a personal calamity; while his funeral was numerously attended both in Forres and Strathspey. At the former of these places, nearly all the respectable inhabitants followed his remains, and many of the neighbouring proprietors (among whom were the Earl of Moray, Sir W. G. G. Cumming, Bart., &c.), joined in the same mournful tribute to departed worth. He now sleeps in his 'narrow bed' amongst his native hills, in the

church-yard of Cromdale. Peace to his ashes, honour to his memory."

Not much less distinguished for talents and bravery as an artillery officer, was Major Carmichael, of the Royal Artillery, a near kinsman of Colonel Carmichael, and son of Mr. Carmichael, some time tacksman of Congash, where he was born. Major Carmichael, for his conduct in several engagements, was lauded in the despatches of the commanding generals. At the close of the French war, Major Carmichael retired to Elgin, where he died about twenty years ago.

Colonel Robert Macdonald.—To this constellation of Spey-side heroes may be added a native of Cromdale, Robert Macdonald, who, by the force of his own merits, attained to the rank of lieutenant-colonel in the army. A captain in the Royal Regiment at the battle of Waterloo, the command of the regiment devolved on him, his superior officers having been killed or wounded, and where he himself was wounded in the command of the regiment—in consequence of which, and in reward of his gallant services, he was promoted to a majority, and a suitable pension conferred on him.

Belleville House (formerly Rait's), the seat of James MacPherson, Esq., of Ossianic celebrity. On the crest of a sloping terrace stands the elegant and spacious mansion, raised by him. The style of the architecture, after the plan of the eminent architect, Adam, is in the Italian or Venetian order, and is of a particularly imposing and elegant description. The history of James MacPherson is too

well known to require a lengthened notice from our pen. Born at Ruthven, anno 1738, he for a time discharged the onerous duties of schoolmaster of his native parish, until genius opened up to him the road to fame and fortune. Happily for him, he appreciated the poetical beauties of his mother tongue—the Gaelic language, and became the collector of the songs of Ossian, which were then recited at the cottager's fireside. Under the patronage of leading stars of literature in Edinburgh, he prosecuted his researches in those lands where the poems of Ossian still formed the choice treasures of the bards, senachies, and lovers of song in the western isles; and returned to his native country possessed of the philosopher's stone, which in his succeeding career obtained for him ample fame and fortune. Having filled various honorable situations at home and abroad, he returned to his native country anno 1790, and in his splendid new mansion, for some years dispensed great hospitalities among a host of friends and admirers, until, dying at the age of fifty-eight, this great light was extinguished. A beautiful marble obelisk, at a point near the road-side leading to Kingussie, recalls his fame to the traveller's recollection. His remains were interred with suitable honours in the Poet's Corner, Westminster Abbey. His liberal fortune descended to the late James MacPherson, Esq., his son and heir, sometime an officer in the Indian service, who died 1833, and is now enjoyed by his sister, Miss MacPherson, of Belleville, distinguished for unostentatious kindness and benevolence, whose sister is married to Sir David Brewster, Principal of Edinburgh Uni-

versity, whose fame as a bright luminary in the scientific and literary world almost equals that of his father-in-law as a poet and man of genius.

Invernahavon.—Once the seat of a branch of the Clan Chattan. According to Shaw the historian, the founder of this branch was David Dow, a grandson of Gili Chattan More, whose descendants became numerous and powerful, so that in the fourteenth century, they contended for precedency with the principal branch of the Clan Chattan, which led to the celebrated conflict on the Inch of Perth, in the year 1396, narrated in our first volume, under the head of “Lecht Gown.”

Invernahavon is remarkable as being the site of a battle between the Mackintosh's and Macpherson's, and Clan Cameron, anno 1386, in which the Camerons under the command of Charles Mac Gilony, suffered a great defeat (see Chap. XXII).

Ralia.—The ancient residence of a branch of the Macphersons, descended from the family of the chief. Lacklan Macpherson, Esquire, last of Ralia, was a gentleman of great weight and influence in his native country, and his death is spoken of by Mrs. Grant, of Laggan, in her letters from the mountains, as the subject of general regret in the Highlands. Mr. Macpherson had a large family, and some of his sons, by distinguished bravery and enterprise, rose to rank and affluence.

Ewan, a Major in the East India Company's service, acquired an ample fortune, with which he purchased the estate of Glen-trium, as after mentioned.

Duncan, a gallant officer, who had attained the rank of captain in the army, severely wounded at Correlino Battavia, having retired from the service, became Collector of Customs at Inverness; and, during a long period of service in that department, his affable deportment obtained for him universal respect. Retiring from this department to his native country, and having attained the Brevet rank of Major in the Army, he has become a leading popular country gentleman. Major Macpherson is a Deputy Lieutenant and Magistrate of the County of Inverness.

James, who early distinguished himself by feats of surpassing gallantry and daring in the army, which obtained for him the favour and patronage of the military authorities. At Badajoz he headed the "forlorn hope," and with his own hand pulled down the French colours, and planted a soldier's red jacket on the crest of the enemy's citadel. He rose to the rank of Lieutenant Colonel in the army, and the command of the Ceylon Rifle Corps.

Glentruim.—The seat of Robert Macpherson, Esq., son of the late Major Ewan Macpherson, of Glentruim. Glentruim, which formed a portion of the Gordon estates, was converted from a bleak and bare region into a beautiful residence, by the late enterprising proprietor, Major Ewan Macpherson, of Ralia. An elegant mansion was the first of a series of judicious improvements, which in time will prove remunerating to the proprietor and an embellishment to that part of the country.

Bialid.—Once the seat of a family of the

name of Macpherson, and for a long time possessed by Captain Lachlan Macpherson. Captain Macpherson, in his person, affords an instance of what talent and perseverance will do in raising an aspiring Highlander from a humble situation in life to some rank and affluence. According to the old proverb, "Where there is a will there is a way," and Captain Macpherson was an illustration of this adage, always evincing a most determined will to overcome difficulties. Whatever cause Captain Macpherson espoused, he pursued with earnest zeal and indefatigable perseverance. A strong politician, an ardent conservative, and a staunch adherent to the conservative cause—which he promoted on all necessary occasions, by night and by day,—his arguments, enforced with native eloquence, seldom failed to convince and convert a wavering politician to his views of the question. With strong opinions and feelings upon particular points and subjects, Captain Macpherson always showed an honest and honorable disposition and spirit. In society he was pleasing and generous; as a magistrate, clear-headed and impartial; and as a countryman, liberal and warm-hearted. Captain Macpherson, who died some years ago, left an only son, James Macpherson, Esq., sometime an officer in the Inverness-shire Militia, and magistrate of the County of Inverness; now tacksman of Cairn Bank, Forfarshire, who possesses in an eminent degree those energetic talents which distinguished his respected father. He is married to a daughter of Colonel Macpherson, of Kerrow, by whom he has a large family.

Ballachroan.—The seat of a family of the

name of Macpherson—sometime possessed by Captain Macpherson, who was lost in the Forest of Gaick, with a party of native sportsmen, in 1800, (see Legend)—and latterly by Captain MacBarnett, sometime of the 92d Regiment, married to a daughter of Captain Macpherson, Ballachroan, by whom he had a large family—some of whom are officers in the army; of whom George, a gallant and promising officer, was killed at Delhi, anno 1858.

Noide.—Formerly the residence of a branch of the family of the chief of Clan Chattan Macpherson. This farm was lately occupied by Captain Æneas Mackintosh Macpherson, a gallant officer, who was wounded in the Peninsula—sometime factor for J. E. Baillie, Esq., of Kingussie—now in Australia.

Pitmain.—The birth-place of General Sir John Maclean, a distinguished officer, who, by daring feats of gallantry and the exercise of superior talents, rose to the rank of a Knight of the Bath, and obtained some other rewards and distinctions for his signal services.

Knapack.—The birth-place of Lieutenant General John MacIntyre, of the East India Company's service. Another instance of a young Highlander, born in comparatively humble circumstances, attaining to high rank and wealth by prudent conduct and distinguished gallantry.

Breckachy.—The birth-place of General Barclay Macpherson, who died at Stirling, 30th December, 1858, aged eighty-four. He

entered the army as ensign in the 88th Regiment, Connaught Rangers, 3rd June, 1795, saw much service in the West Indies and East Indies, and South America, and commanded the first battalion of his regiment at Vittoria and Pyrenees, Orthes, and Toulouse, and went to Canada in 1814. In 1815 he received the golden clasps for Vittoria and Orthes, with silver medal and the clasps for the Pyrenees, Nivelles, and Nive; in June, 1854, he attained the rank of lieutenant-general, and on the 11th of February, 1857, obtained the colonelcy of his own regiment.

“A great grandson of the famous Lord Lovat, and cousin-german of the present Cluny Macpherson, the lamented general’s sympathies were strongly with the brave Highlanders of Scotland; and, since 1819, a resident near Stirling, he always spoke of the Highlands as his home. Quiet and unobtrusive in his manners, those who knew him most liked him best; his noble qualities endeared him to every acquaintance. A good man, who died full of years and honours. His remains were removed to the Highlands for interment in the burial-place of the Breckachy family at Kingussie, of which he was the last lineal descendant. Breckachy was for some time possessed by the Ralia family, and now by Captain Ewan Macpherson, some time of the 93d Regiment, now of the Inverness-shire militia, son of Colonel Macpherson, of Kerrow.”

Aberarder.—Once the seat of a family of the name of Macpherson, of whom were descended the late John Macpherson, Esq. long known and respected as factor for Lord

Macdonald in Skye, and latterly for Lord Lovat, whose son, Dr. Macpherson, a medical officer of high rank in the army, has acquired reputation as the author of several excellent works on medical subjects. Of the Aberarder family was also descended General D. Macpherson, of Burgie House. Aberarder was lately possessed by John MacNab, Esq., a genuine type of a genuine Highland gentleman.

Gaskmore.—The birth-place of Colonel Ronald Macdonald, adjutant-general, Bombay. Commencing his career as an officer in the 92d Regiment, his gentlemanly manners and talents attracted the notice of the friend of the Highland soldier, the Marquis of Huntly, while colonel of that regiment. In 1833, as major of the 92d, and still a young man, he was, through the influence of His Grace the Duke of Gordon, nominated military secretary to General Sir John Keane, the commander-in-chief, Bombay Presidency, afterwards Lord Keane, of Affghanistan celebrity, through whose influence and high recommendations Colonel Macdonald succeeded to the post of adjutant-general of the said Presidency. While in that situation, Colonel Macdonald, a warm-hearted Highlander, was the steadfast friend of many countrymen of all grades, and never lost an opportunity of promoting their interests. He died at Bombay some years ago, universally beloved and regretted.

Lynevilg.—The birth-place of Lieutenant Alexander Gordon and Lieutenant George Gordon, both of the 92d Regiment, who saw

much service in the Peninsular war, where Lieutenant George Gordon received several wounds. Lieutenant Alexander Gordon long resided at his beautiful romantic residence of Lynevuilg. His social genial qualities and liberal disposition of heart secured for him the attachment and respect of his friends and neighbours. Lieutenant George Gordon was married to a daughter of William Mitchell, Esq., sometime of Gordon Hall, by whom he left a family, some of whom were officers in the army. Lieutenant Alexander Gordon died, anno 1856, when his beautiful residence became the habitation "of the stranger."

Ruthven.—A farm lately possessed by Lieutenant Macpherson, late of the 92d Regiment, a gallant soldier, who distinguished himself, and was wounded at the battle of Waterloo.

Benchar.—Once the seat of a family of the name of Macpherson, now possessed by Miss Macpherson, and rented by John Robertson, Esq., J.P. for Inverness-shire.

Strathmashie—Anciently the residence of a family of the name of Macpherson; of which family was Lachlan Macpherson, an accomplished Gaelic poet and scholar, who accompanied James Macpherson in his researches in the Western Highlands, in quest of Ossian's poems, and assisted him in the translation and publication of that great national work; and latterly possessed by the gallant Colonel Mitchell of the 92d regiment, who distinguished himself on the memorable day of Waterloo;

and more recently by Lieutenant-Colonel D. Macpherson, of the 39th Regiment, a gallant soldier who had seen much service in India, where he was universally beloved and respected by all who knew him, and particularly by the sons of the Highland mountains, who found in him a father and a friend.

Ovie.—The birth-place of Captain Ewan Macpherson of the 79th Regiment, some time of Culachy, mentioned in Mrs. Grant's, of Laggan, correspondence, afterwards major of the 92d Regiment, Colonel of the 6th Royal Veteran Battalion, and Governor of Sheerness, died anno 1823. *Ovie* has been long possessed by respectable tenants of the name of MacGregor.

Dalchully.—Once the seat of John Macpherson, Esq., on which possession a jointure house was built for the Honorable Lady Ann, daughter of Simon, Lord Lovat, who was married to Ewan, Chief of the Clan Chattan Macpherson; latterly possessed by Donald MacNab, Esq.; and now rented by J. MacNab, Esq.

Shirrabeg.—Long possessed by a family of the name of Macpherson, now represented by Lieutenant-Colonel John Macpherson, and rented by the heirs of the Mr. John MacNab.

Invertromie. Once the seat of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Gordon, son of Alexander, Duke of Gordon, who for some time commanded the 11th Light Dragoons.

Killiehuntly.—Once the seat of a family of the name of Macpherson, now possessed by the heirs of the late Mr. M. Macpherson.

Kerrow.—For a long time possessed by Lieutenant-Colonel Alexander Macpherson of the 59th Regiment, a brave officer who saw much service and was severely wounded. Colonel Macpherson was one of four brothers, all gallant officers, who saw much service.

Pitchirn.—The birth-place of Captain Donald Macpherson, and Captain Charles Macpherson, both meritorious officers.

Glenbanchar.—Long time possessed by a family of the name of Macpherson.

Garvabeg.—Long possessed by a family of the name of Macdonald. During the French war this family, like every other family of note in Badenoch, gave several brave officers to the British army.

Garvamore.—Long possessed by a true Highlander of the old school, Mr. John Macdonald, who for his hospitality and genuine kindness was the right man in the right place in the wild Alps of Corryearick.

Gellovie.—Once possessed by a family of the name of Macdonald, of whom was Captain Ronald Macdonald, and now by Lord Henry Bentinck, as shooting-quarters.

Cluny Castle.—Colonel Duncan Macpherson, of Cluny Macpherson, the last chief, who saw much service in the American war, and as Colonel of a Regiment of the Guards, had, by

Catherine, daughter of the late Sir Ewan Cameron, baronet, of Fasifearn, the following sons :

Ewan, some time captain in the 42d regiment, present chief of the Clan.

Colonel John Cameron Macpherson, late of the 42d Royal Highlanders, a hero of the Alma and a true representative of the warrior race of Clan Chattan.

Colonel Archibald Fraser Macpherson, of the Madras army, who saw much service, and acquired distinction for signal gallantry in India. On his return to his native land, he received a gratifying demonstration of the respect and admiration of his clansmen and countrymen, in the shape of a splendid Highland banquet, characterised by a true display of just, generous, and patriotic feelings and sentiments, on the parts of all concerned.

Invereshie.—Captain John Macpherson, the father of the late Sir George Macpherson Grant, who saw much service, and was severely wounded, had two sons, one of whom entered the army, and died in the West Indies.

Blairgy.—The birth-place of Captain John Macpherson, who was orderly serjeant to General Wolfe, the day he was killed, and who received him in his arms when he fell at Quebec; also the birth-place of Captain Donald Macpherson of the 92d regiment.

Aberarder.—The Rev. Robert Macpherson before mentioned, commonly called “the Minister Lauder,” from his great bodily strength—had four sons, three of whom entered the army. One in the King’s service, and two in the East India Company’s service, of whom

the survivor is a lieutenant-general before mentioned.

Crathie.—The birth-place of Colonel Andrew Macpherson of the 14th Indian Native Infantry, a near relation of the chief of Macpherson, who died in the command of the regiment, in 1804,—a distinguished officer, who was more than once publicly thanked by government for his meritorious services, and whose private character was equally estimable.

Nuidemore. — The birth-place of Captain Duncan Macpherson, of the Macphersons of Noide, who served during the American war.

Benchar.—Andrew Macpherson, Esq., some time of Benchar, had four sons, two of whom entered the King's army, and the other two, the East India Company's Service—one of whom rose to the rank of major in the Bengal Infantry, and two others to the rank of captain, one of whom was killed at Seringapatam.

Badenoch was likewise the native country of the following distinguished officers :

Colonel Malcolm Macpherson of the 74th regiment.

Colonel John Macpherson, who was killed in the Peninsula.

Colonel Ewan Macpherson, who served throughout a great part of the Peninsular war, either with his regiment or on the staff.

Major Charles Macpherson, barrack-master-general, in Scotland, who had four sons, all of whom entered the King's or Company's service.

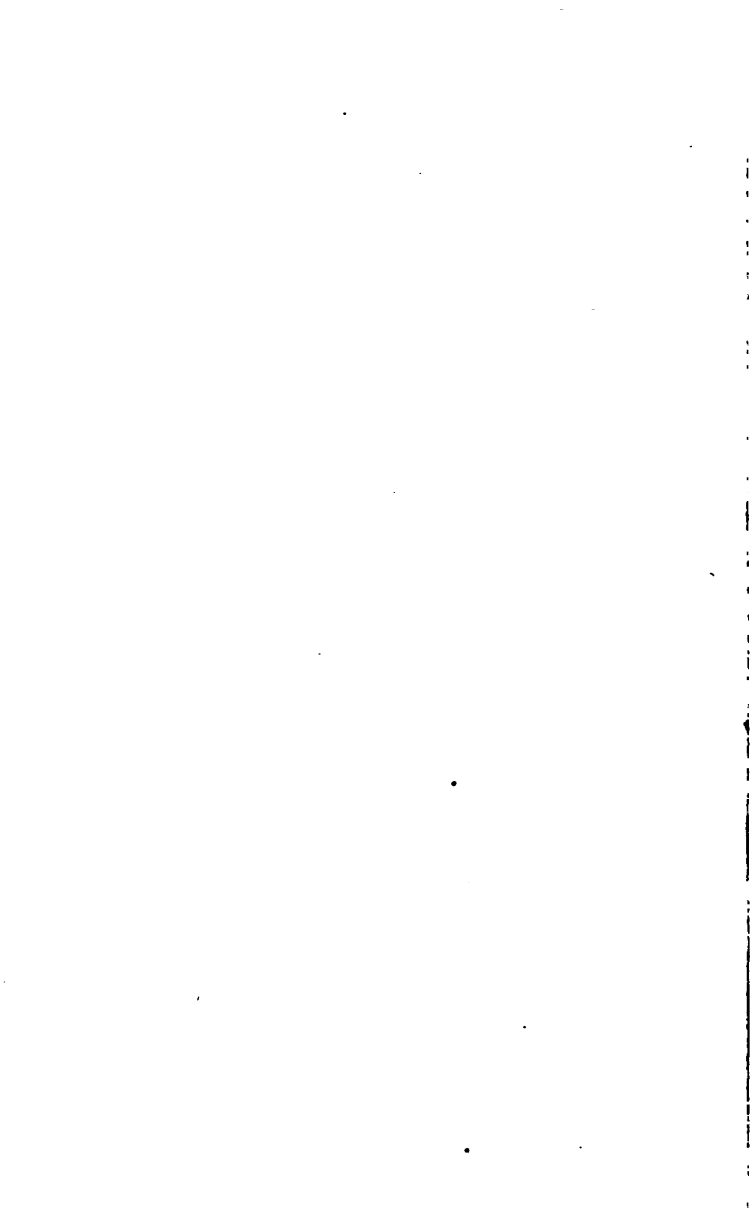
Major Daniel Macpherson, of the Veterans.
Lieutenant-Colonel Angus Macpherson, of
the Madras army.

Two sons of the Rev. Mr. Grant, of Laggan.

Two sons of Mr. Clark, some time of Ruth-
ven, and—

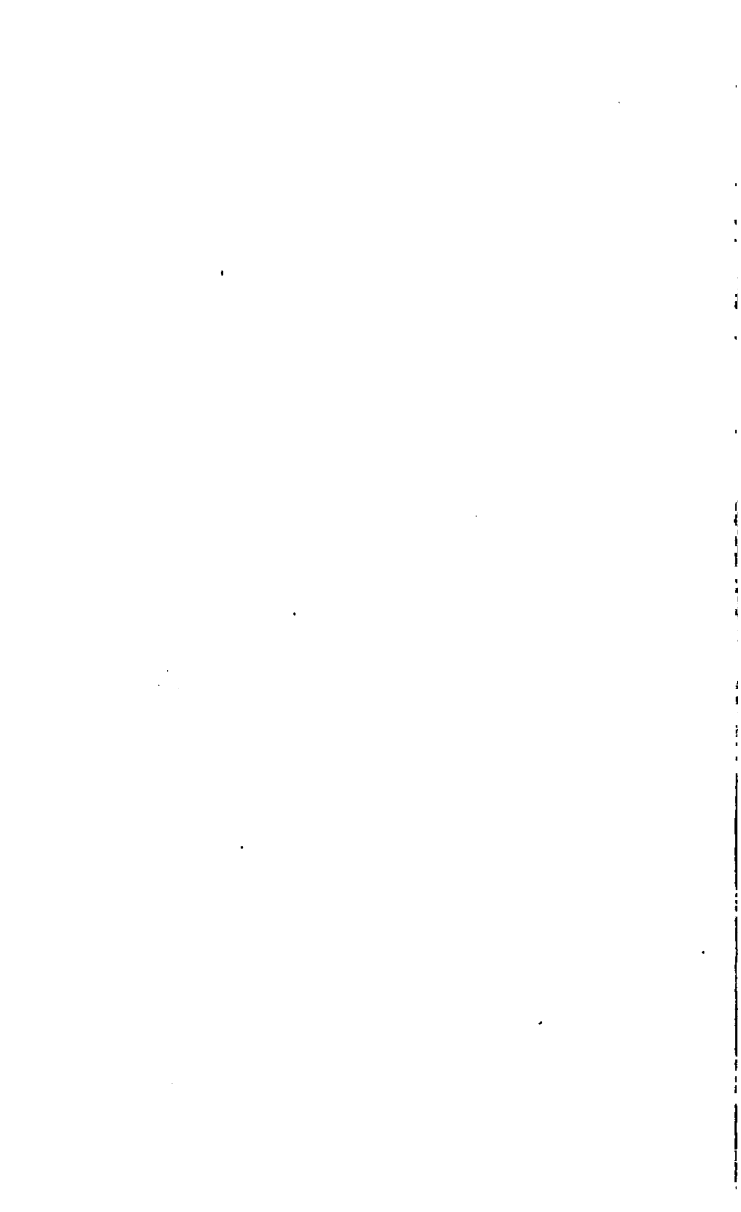
Two sons of Mr. Clark, of Nessintully; and
many other meritorious names which, prob-
ably, have not yet come to the author's know-
ledge.

Before concluding this imperfect enumeration
of the galaxy of military stars of Strathspey
and Badenoch, who so signally contributed to
render the British army, and particularly the
Highland legions, the terror of their foes, and the
admiration of the world, the author has much
pleasure in gratefully acknowledging the assist-
ance afforded to him by the universally respected
chief of Clan Chattan Macpherson, who takes a
just pride in putting on record the names and
deeds of so many distinguished clansmen and
countrymen, and he has to record similar ac-
knowledgments to Major D. Macpherson, of Ralia,
whose patriotic zeal, though labouring under
severe indisposition, prompted him to furnish
notices of many brave compatriots, many of
whose names are only known and spoken of by
kindred descendants in their native glens and
localities. By the aid of these honorable
gentlemen and other friends, the author hopes,
in the course of a short time, to have full and
complete notices of the eminent men and war-
riors who have done so much honour to their
native lands, from Ballindalloch to Drumochter
and Garvamore, ready for the next edition of
this work.



PART VI.

ECCLESIASTICAL STATISTICS.



CHAPTER I.

The Rev. John Grant, of Abernethy—a true Shepherd of his Flock, in their spiritual and temporal interests.

MR. GRANT'S long life would afford a good subject for a biographer, disposed to write the life of a Highland parson, partaking somewhat of the disposition and character of the Vicar of Wakefield ; for, in respect of simplicity of character and universal benevolence, the two pastors bore a strong resemblance. The Rev. John Grant, a descendant of the family of Milntown, was settled in this parish, anno 1765. For some time he mounted the sword and cockade, as chaplain to a Highland Regiment, which tinged him with a military spirit, inspiring him with a patriotic enthusiasm, which, in warlike times, he even carried with him into the pulpit. He who reads his simple, unvarnished, truthful account of his parish and parishioners, in Sir John's Sinclair's Statistical Collection, of 1796, will see therein reflected the genial disposition of Mr. Grant, both as a man and as a minister. His wide parish, and parishioners scattered over a tract of mountains and valleys, extending to twenty miles in length and five in

breadth, were nevertheless well known to the incumbent of Abernethy. Pursuing a regular system of domiciliary visitations, every parishioner was well known to him, making inquiry into his character, his habits, his wants, and his wishes—applying himself zealously to promote by every means in his power, the temporal as well as the spiritual welfare of his numerous flock, in whom he took a sort of a parental interest. Of an active and lively disposition, he delighted to mingle with his people on occasions of social festivities, making all happy around him by his felicitous vein of social and friendly manner and conversation. And, equally prompt to share and sympathise with them in their sorrows and bereavements—he was the support, more than in one sense, of many a mourning and broken spirit. His purse, like his heart, was at the service of every worthy parishioner in the hour of need ; and good Mr. John, of Abernethy, was looked up to by old and young in the light of pastor, parent, and friend.

From his military antecedents, he took a particular interest in the loyalty of his people, and never found fault with them for “seeking the bubble honour in the cannon’s mouth.” On the contrary, he always enjoined on his parishioners, on entering the army, to carry themselves with bravery, so as to be an honour to their friends and country. And when these were far away from their parents and friends, he was the ready correspondent and medium of communication between the parents and friends at home, and soldiers abroad. So that he imbibed a sort of natural affection for,

and interest in his countrymen, when engaged in deadly strifes with that "great little man—Bonaparte, the scourge of mankind." On the receipt of the news of a great battle and victory over the foe—when couriers and telegrams were few and far between in the Highlands, and when news travelled to the foot of Cairngorm by slow and uncertain posts—this enthusiastic disposition often led the worthy and sympathising shepherd of his scattered flock, before dispersing the congregation, to draw forth from the pocket of his "cassock," the 'Gazette,' and recite, in Gaelic, to the anxious auditors, the glorious tidings of the great event, in which he always said he hoped their children and relatives engaged therein acquired for themselves and countrymen new renown—and none more cordially rejoiced than did Mr. Grant, at any tidings of gallantry and success on the part of his military friends and countrymen. Even in the small rural matters of his parishioners, Mr. Grant took a fatherly interest—often, at the end of Divine service, exhorting his hearers to industry and attention to their farming matters at critical times and seasons. This worthy gentleman died at a very advanced age, anno 1820, and was consigned to the grave by parishioners devotedly attached to him, on account of his genial and truly benevolent disposition of heart, with feelings of universal sorrow and veneration. It is, perhaps, not out of place to mention that this worthy man's ability to indulge in acts of liberality and benevolence, beyond the means of a Highland minister, was much enlarged by his son, James Grant,

Esq., of Viewfield, Convener of Nairnshire, who, by enterprising talent, and honorable conduct in the East Indies, acquired an ample fortune, with which he long ago returned to benefit his friends and country.

CHAPTER II.

The Rev. Mr. Gordon, Minister of Alvie, the protector of Culloden fugitives.—His bold speech to Cumberland.—Cumberland reproved for his barbarities.—Mr. Gordon released as a Prisoner.

THE Rev. William Gordon, who died at the extraordinary age of 101 years, was long minister of the parish of Alvie. In person, manners, and habits, Mr. Gordon was remarkable for bold and generous qualities as a man, and Christian graces as a minister. In him the oppressed found a protector from the oppressor, and the poor and needy found relief. His reputation for those qualities attracted to him many of the followers of Prince Charles at Culloden, reduced to the last extremity, as supplicants for succour and relief. Mr. Gordon feelingly sympathised with them in their sufferings, received them hospitably into his house, and humanely afforded them all the relief in his power. Information was directly conveyed to the Duke of Cumberland, then stationed at Fort Augustus, that the minister of Alvie favoured the rebellion by harbouring rebels in his house, and Mr. Gordon was speedily summoned to appear before the Duke to answer for

his conduct. In his progress there under a military guard he was led to understand that a gibbet was already erected for him and others suspected of rebellious practices; but Mr. Gordon was not dismayed. Called into the presence of the Duke, who assumed towards him his wonted austere and haughty manner, he was called on to give an account of his conduct. Mr. Gordon's portly figure was shrouded in an ample cloak; and, from his determined and manly demeanour, it was said that the Duke apprehended the lurking of some deadly weapon within the folds of his mantle. Fearlessly addressing the Duke, he said, "May it please your Royal Highness, I am straitened between the contrary commands of my heavenly master and earthly king. My heavenly master commands me to feed the hungry, to clothe the naked, and to give meat and drink to the utmost of my power to all objects in distress, indiscriminately, who apply to me for relief. My earthly king's son commands me to drive the houseless wanderer from my door, to shut my bowels of compassion against the cries of the needy, and to withhold from my fellow mortals in distress the relief which it is in my power to afford. And now, my Lord Duke, as you and I are both the servants of that heavenly King before whom both of us must shortly appear to answer for our deeds in the body, I pray you to tell me which of these commands am I to obey." Shaken by this bold and startling address, the Duke, much mollified in manner, replied, "By all means obey the commands of your heavenly King. Your character

is very different from what I supposed it. Go home in peace, and none shall molest you." Thus ended the interview, and Mr. Gordon was honorably entertained and attended at Fort Augustus and on his way to Alvie.

CHAPTER III.

The Seven Sisters and their Seven Sons.

IN the time of Sir Ludovick Grant, who succeeded to the estate of Grant, anno 1747, seven sisters of the name of Grant, (of one of whom the author is a great grandson,) married to seven husbands of the name of Grant,—resolved each to bring up her eldest son to be a minister of the gospel, in which laudable design they were aided by the benevolent chief, who had some university bursaries at his disposal; and it is a remarkable fact, illustrative of the healthiness and longevity of the people in Strathspey, that the said seven students lived to become preachers of the gospel; and a no less striking instance of the generous exercise of patronage on the part of the Grant family is afforded by the fact that, through Sir Ludovick Grant's influence with Government, every one of the said seven sons was presented to a church—one to the church and parish of Calder, Nairnshire; one to the church and parish of Daviot and Dunlichity (afterwards transported to Boleskine, and from Boleskine to Kiltarlity); one to the church and parish of Dores; one to the parish of Urquhart and Glenmouston, one to the parish

of Kilmanivaig, Inverness-shire; one to the parish of Nigg, Ross-shire; and one to the parish of Ardchattan, Argyleshire.

It cannot, however, be said that some of those Grants met with an harmonious call from their parishioners. In those days, the female part of the creation took upon themselves the province of deciding on the gifts and qualifications of their spiritual pastors; and as the Gaelic language of Strathspey differed much in idiom and accent from the provincial Gaelic of Boleskine and Nigg, the women resolved to veto *vi et armis* the presentees, not *argumentum ad hominum*, through the church courts, but *argumentum ad baculum*, in the shape of stones and missiles applied to the persons of the *intrusionists*.

The day that Mr. Patrick Grant was inducted into his charge at Boleskine was a grand field-day with the fair sex, who collected in bands, with aprons full of stones, which they applied *sans ceremonie*, by way of interdict to the persons of the parson and his reverend brethren and associates. So smart and effective was the fusillade of these Amazonian fusileers, that the servant who accompanied Mr. Grant with a pony, by way of caveat, to save himself and horse from mortal damage, called out to those viragos to spare "him and his horse, as they were Frasers, and not Grants." And we believe that the worthy presentee to the parish of Nigg met with a still more warlike opposition on the part of the female junta composing the *holy inquisition* of Nigg, which necessitated the calling out of the military to moderate their zealous mode of adjudicating the ecclesiastical

laws. It happened that the presentee wore a powdered peruke, which indicated him as the mark for the archery of his reclaiming people, who cheered each other on by calling out "*Ven mu chri nach tien u ar Phervichd-lia,*" "Woman of my heart, won't you make for the grey periwig?" But they ultimately found that the grey periwig and steel bayonets were more than a match for their ammunition; and we believe that ultimately they also found that Mr. Grant's Strathspey Gaelic was no sufficient ground for attacking the wig and person of the incumbent, who in the course of time became a popular minister; and we know that, notwithstanding the barbarian reception given by the females of Bole-skine to Mr. Patrick Grant, he in a short time, by his gifts and graces, acquired the love and esteem of his people, who expressed regret when, according to the phrase, he was "transported" to Inverness, from which he was soon after transported to the parish of Killarlity, where he died, anno 1807.

Some of those seven sons multiplied the clan Grant in their respective localities, raising up and sending forth to the world sons, who, by their talents and genius, rose to high ranks and distinctions in civil and military employments. The late General Sir Colquhoun Grant, who as a cavalry officer held a high place in the opinion and confidence of the Duke of Wellington, was a son of Mr. Grant, of Ardchattan; and the late amiable and worthy General John M'Innes, of the East India Company's Service, who died at Hampstead, anno 1858, was a grandson of Mr. Grant, of Kilmanivaig.

PART VII.

FORESTS, MOORS, AND RIVERS.



CHAPTER I.

Sport and Sportsmen in Strathspey and Badenoch.

UNDER the head of Sport and Sportsmen in the Highlands, we, in the first series of this work, discoursed at some length on the pleasures negative and positive of sportsmen in general, which discourse anticipates a good deal of what might be otherwise pertinent to the present chapter. Game in the upland regions of Strathspey and Badenoch has not suffered the vicissitudes which of late years have visited the general run of moors in other parts of the Highlands. No doubt the physical and pathological causes to which the great deterioration of game and grouse in other moors fall to be referred, have prevailed to a certain extent over the length and breadth of the shooting grounds in these countries. But, though the sportsman's hopes have in several instances suffered some disappointments, yet, the winged denizens of the moors have escaped those great ravages of disease which affected the grouse in other localities; and the same gentlemen have for years returned to their old beats without angry discussions with the proprietors of the moors.

As mentioned in the preface to this work—sixty years ago, the noblemen and gentlemen of England and the plains of Scotland had not been inoculated with the passion for sport and sporting which, fortunately for themselves, in a sanitary point of view, and for the lords and lairds of Highland moors, in a pecuniary sense, now prevails over the land. And we do not think we err much in our computation when we state, that from Ballindalloch to Dalwhinnie and Glenroy, the proprietors of deer forests and grouse moors derive an aggregate revenue amounting to upwards of £8000, which, sixty years ago, would be equal to nearly one-half of the agricultural rents of those wide territories.

It might, therefore, be expected, that the tenants and occupants of such extensive shooting-grounds, let to noblemen and gentlemen on tenures of various durations, merely as subjects of pleasure, should present frequent changes in the occupancy. But we believe that those changes of tenants in the principal ranges in those countries have been by no means so frequent as might have been expected. In our own recollection of sportsmen in Strathspey, we find names who, from the duration of their occupancy, might be viewed in the light of naturalised semi-Highlanders, well entitled, if they pleased, to wear the kilt, plaid, and bonnet, as the costume of their adopted country. Within the wide range of those territories, the Prince Consort for a time followed the life of a sportsman on the wilds of Benalder, while her gracious Majesty, with artistic hands, on the Banks of Loch-Laggan, drew graphic

sketches of the grand Alpine scenery which surrounded the House of Ardverigie. And not far from their habitation, for a time, stood the residence of an English gentleman, who, really in character, disposition, and costume, became a naturalised denizen of his favorite haunts in Badenoch. Thirty years ago, Major Towers pursued the deer and the grouse on the mountains of Laggan; and it is but a short time ago that Major-General Towers, who lived beloved and respected in his place of Cat Lodge, found a grave in the church-yard of Laggan. We remember the name and person of Mr. Winslow, of Coulnakyle, who for many years beat all other sportsmen on the 12th of August, often with his own seemingly puny hand bringing down more than one hundred brace of grouse in one day. All Strathspey men know and respect the name of Bruce of Kennet, who has for nearly twenty years annually returned to grace with his hospitality the House of Auchernack, and to gladden the natives along his shooting-grounds by his kindness—a gentleman of generous feelings, taking an interest in the agricultural prosperity of Strathspey by his precepts and liberality. All Strathspey men know and regard with affection the tenant for many years of the moors of Tulichan, on which he has built an elegant mansion, displaying no small taste in the building and embellishment of his Highland home. This High Sheriff of a Welsh county, is fond of associating with the sons of the Spey at their convivial meetings, and by his own vein of facetious humour, often contributes to the hilarity of his associates—as an instance of which, we

cannot help recording a toast given by him at a large public dinner at Grantown, a short time ago, when grouse disease was in the ascendant. Standing up, Mr. Williams called upon the company to fill a special bumper, and in very appropriate and emphatic terms, proposed the better health of the grouse family, a proposal which was responded to and drank with cordial cheers. We do not mean to say that this sentiment was altogether a disinterested one, neither do we mean to say that drinking to the better health of the crowing tribe was likely to have any salutary effect on the medical condition of the grouse family; but still the toast was a popular one, in a party interested by ties of various kinds in the welfare of the denizens of their native moors. The names of Campbell, of Blythwood, and Lochindorb, Sir Henry Wilmot and Carr Bridge, Mr. Stiers and Abernethy, the generous party at Advie, the nobles of the House of Bedford, at Rothymurchus, and many other parties in Strathspey and Badenoch, both past and present retainers of moors and forests, are regarded with due respect, particularly by respectable neighbours who shared their kindness and liberality; and not less by numerous merchants, tradesmen, and gillies, who prospered not a little from being the recipients of golden considerations in their respective vocations in life.

CHAPTER II.

Strathpeffer Sportsmen—Lord Cardinghim and Lord Fitzclaret.

UNDER those appellations the reader will be at no loss to decipher the real names of two distinguished noblemen, one of whom had his home in the camp, and the other on the deep, and who, some years ago, for a time transferred their habitations to the gay glen of Strathpeffer, the resort of parties in search of health and recreation. Dwelling in the old baronial halls of Castle Leod, attended by a due complement of gamekeepers, gillies, ponies, and dogs, those ardent sportsmen climbed the heights of the lofty Ben-wevis, in quest of the antlered and feathered denizens of the corries and moors of those Alpine ranges. Though cordial friends and associates in those exciting pursuits, the attendants of those magnates remarked that they were the antipodes of each other in respect of temper and disposition. In Lord Cardinghim, the keepers, gillies, ponies, and dogs found a strict disciplinarian, taking sharp account of any fault or inattention on the part of bipeds and quadrupeds, who were all drilled to their duties by this serjeant-major, who took early and late cogni-

zance of their outgoings and incomings. Lord Fitzclaret, on the other hand, showed a free-and-easy disposition, and a partiality for the good things of life,—often indulging in small practical jokes, at the expense of the temper and equanimity of his noble comrade. In “quarters,” as Cardingham called them, he was, however, a most liberal commissary, providing man, horse, and dog in sumptuous fare and creature comforts; and in time, the attendants were taught to overlook the severity of the martinet in the generosity of the master, and on the close of the season, we were informed by one of the keepers, that, with new dresses and well filled purses, they parted with Lord Cardingham with affection and regret.

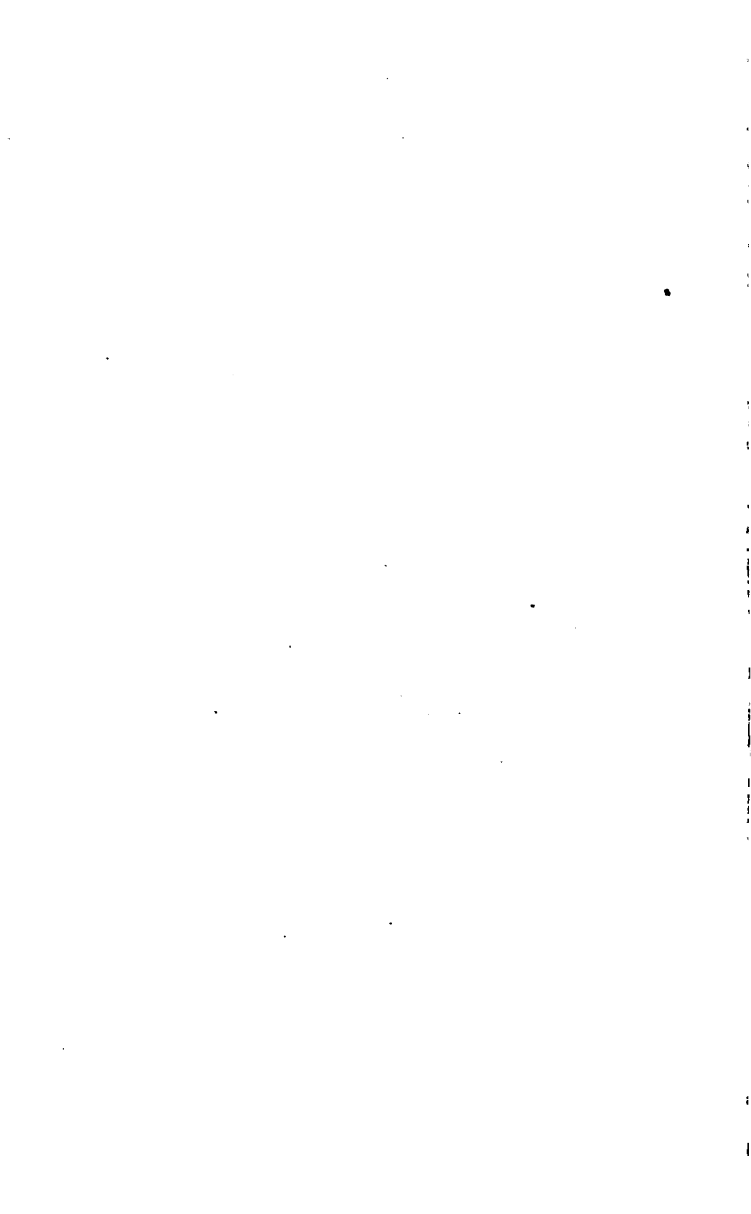
From the same authority, we received an amusing narration of one of those little plots devised by Lord Fitzclaret for getting up a scene, by way of excitement and amusement. In journeying from Strathpeffer, southwards, the parties stopped to rest at an inn on the Highland road. They had a great many grouse packed in the carriages, and Lord C—, with his usual attention to mundane matters—the weather being hot—insisted that the birds should be spread out for an airing, and he scientifically set to work with a knife to split up the bills of the birds, as a preventive against decomposition—a process, which Lord F—, thought rather tedious and uninteresting. To diversify the amusement, the sailor lord bethought him of a device for raising the dander of the excitable land martinet. Calling to a private interview an uncouth stable-boy, who was lounging

about the premises, he propounded to him a plan of exciting the merriment of the party, by running off with bundles of the grouse successively, at the same time cautioning the stable-boy to keep clear of the gentleman and his knife, as he was sometimes rather rough in his jokes. Other parties having been admitted to this plot, and all plans having been laid, the boy shambling up towards Lord C—, picked up a bundle of the grouse, and throwing them over his shoulder, made deliberately off with them towards a stable-loft. Lord C—, amazed at such a piece of arrogant daring theft, committed before his face in open day, before witnesses—with a shower of the most earnest imprecations, gave chase, when the boy, climbing an outside stair, entered the stable-loft. Lord C—, with knife in hand, followed at his heels; but the boy, descending by the trap for feeding the horses, made again towards the grouse deposits, and by the time Lord C— emerged from the stable, the boy had got an additional parcel flung over his shoulder, describing a pretty wide circle in his flight, so as to avoid collision with Lord C— and his knife. Lord C—, in a paroxysm of rage and astonishment, walked up to Lord F—, (who was lying down in convulsions of laughter, which he averred, arose from astonishment at the Highland robber's audacity). Shouting out for landlord and servants, Lord C— could get no response, some of those looking on affecting to be strangers, and, like Lord F—, dumb-founded by such an extraordinary exhibition. And, while Lord C—, was damning and *carding* the whole

household as a pack of conniving thieves and robbers, the acting robber repeated his visit to the grouse, helping himself to an additional bundle, so that he was entirely covered by birds. In the agony of his indignation, Lord C— made another essay to seize and take the robber *red-hand* in the act, but with no better success than before; and, at length, exhausted by the violence of his passion, he sank down beside Lord F— to consult what measures should be taken, when Lord F— called the boy, and asked him what he meant by running about with the birds, when the boy, with a great show of innocence, said he was only “assisting the gentleman in airing birds, as his was the only way to keep them from stinking.” Lord C— for a moment pondering over the extraordinary adventure, was easily persuaded by Lord F—, to adopt the boy’s solution of the riddle, and was even persuaded he was guilty of harsh conduct and contumelious language towards the boy and the whole of the establishment in his wrath. On the boy, with affected humility and fear, coming to deliver the birds, Lord F—, gave him half-a-crown for his honesty and bad usage, which prompted Lord Carding-him to give him five shillings as a *solatium* for the libellous abuse vented by him on the poor boy, who, he thought, on reflection, could never mean to commit such an open act of daring felony. If all stories be true, this distinguished nobleman, one of the bravest of the brave, had a better heart than head, his quick temper and impatient spirit often eclipsing for a time generous and magnanimous dispositions.

PART VIII.

TOURS AND TOURISTS.



CHAPTER I.

Highland Tours and Tourists.

“ On summer eve, when heaven's aerial bow,
 Spans with bright arch the glittering hills below,
 Why to yon mountains turns the musing eye,
 Whose sunbright summits mingle with the sky ?”

CAMPBELL.

WHAT a mighty change has come over the ideas and feelings with which the inhabitants of London and England, and the inhabitants of the Highlands of Scotland, regarded each other less than a hundred years ago. At the time of the invasion of England by Prince Charles Stuart and his followers in 1745, the English were taught to believe that a Highlandman enjoyed nothing so much as a plump, well-fed child for his dinner ; and the Highlandman, on the other hand, looked upon the Englishman as an “ outside barbarian ” of foreign lingo and foreign habits, who ought to be made to perform the Chinese kou-tou (or “ knock his noddle nine times on the ground ”) in presence of the celestials of the mountains, and we have read that when the Laird of Macnab, a man of great bodily dimensions, and an eccentric character, and the Clan Alpin Fencibles, were taken to London about eighty

years ago their Highland costume, naked limbs and warlike accoutrements caused the English cockneys to regard them with as much wonder and aversion as if they had been Turks or Albanians, while the Laird of Macnab, with dirk in hand, felt much disposed to retaliate upon them those marks of contumely with which he and his companions were often assailed.

In those days no English gentleman would think of transporting himself, his wife and daughters, in quest of health and pleasure, among the "hordes of bare-hipped savages" who peopled the Highland mountains. But those feelings, founded on national prejudices of long standing, gradually gave place to more just appreciations of character, and the fame of the Highlanders as warriors, and the fascinations thrown over their warlike deeds and social habits by the pens and pencils of poets and painters, now attract all classes to the "land of heroes, poetry and song." Instead of wandering on the banks of the Rhine, the Mediterranean, the Missilonghi, the Tiber, the Po, and the Seine, which formerly formed the grand tour, and which all young gentlemen of family were doomed to undergo, as a polite part of the education and training of a gentleman—a visit of some weeks' duration to the mountains and rivers of the Tay, the Dee, the Avon, the Spey, the Caledonian Canal, and the Western Islands, now constitutes the grand tour of fashionable life. Since her gracious Majesty took up her annual abode for a time in the Highlands, the "land of mountains and of floods" becomes the Court-end of the king-

dom, for a time, as well as the great metropolis, and each division has its own *season* with the polite and fashionable world. As the meeting of Parliament opens up scenes of fashionable grandeur among the aristocracy and gentry of the land, and a busy time for those who supply Courts and courtly dresses, luxurious viands for the body and food for the mind, in London, so the closing of Parliament opens up a golden time for lords and lairds of Highland forests, moors, and rivers, and a busy and profitable time for hotels, coaches, steamboats, and a host of retainers of all grades and descriptions in the Highlands.

As Christmas commences the preparations for the season in London, the beginning of August commences the preparations for the season in the Highlands. On the moors, gamekeepers and gillies are busy training and exercising dogs. In the hotels and inns, artizans are at work, decorating, with paper and paint, apartments requiring repairs, from the ground floors to the attics; carpenters and upholsterers repairing articles of furniture that may have sustained damage at the hands of drunken and unruly customers during the winter convivialities; sempstresses preparing additional beds and bedding, and drapery and mantelpiece ornaments, fitted for the reception of Saxon nobility and gentry—while commissaries, male and female, perambulate the country, providing stores of dairy produce; sheep, pigs, and poultry, of all denominations. On the eve of that great day in the sportsman's calendar, the 12th of August, avant couriers, in the shape of servants, horses, and dogs,

announce the approach of the Southern nobility and gentry; and anon the hotels, steamboats, and roads, are crowded with lords, members of Parliament, generals, colonels, and captains—a host of sportsmen of all grades and denominations—proceeding to their shooting quarters; dispersing themselves over the length and breadth of the land, peopling the forests and moors against the great day. Full of excitement and emulation, all issue forth to fulfil the scriptural command, “arise and slay,” each being determined to occupy a high position in the sportman’s calendar as a superior shot, taking great pride in the number of game of all descriptions bagged by him on the 12th of August.

Soon after the sporting exodus has invaded the forests, moors, and rivers, the general body of tourists look with anxious eyes and hearts in the direction of the North Pole; and London, and the principal towns of England, pour forth their hundreds and thousands, intent on visiting the favorite land of promise—“the land of grouse, milk, and honey.”

• An enterprising speculator, Mr. Cook, arranges with large parties to conduct them through the grand tour of Scotland, starting from Glasgow by sea, along the west coast for the central Highlands, returning by the Caledonian Canal to Inverness, and from Inverness by land—through the romantic regions of Strathspey, Badenoch, the Grampian Mountains, and Perthshire—to their father-lands. In 1858, we read that, in one party, Mr. Cook presided over the destinations of 200 persons, who landed in Glencoe, to the great

admiration and surprise of the natives of that romantic and celebrated Highland glen. How this great concourse was accommodated on land, we know not, but we suppose that the party dispersed into divisions and subdivisions, as the rooks do, when at a general meeting in the morning they arrange as to the localities in which they are to carry on their foraging operations during the day, returning, we presume, in great numbers to their steamboat *rookery* at night for shelter and sustentation.

On these and other points of great interest, our intelligent friend, Captain Turner, of the Edinburgh Castle, would afford interesting information to the general reader. For we know that his courteous and attentive manners attract to his vessel many of the tourists who may know of his name and fame,—and his fame is considerable, not only as the Consul at Inverness for the great ship-owners, the Messrs. Hutchinson, of Glasgow, and as commander of the Edinburgh Castle, but as a scientific gentleman, who has for some time back applied himself to discover the secrets of futurity as a Weather Prophet. But, how far he will excel in his astrological divinations remains to be seen.

We remember, as some of our readers will no doubt do, Mr. Mackenzie, an officer of the Perthshire Militia, who, instead of affecting the study of Dundas and other authorities on military tactics, preferred to devote his time and talents to the study of the moon and other planets—becoming in time the author of a learned theory, delineating the influence of the planets on the earth

in their revolutions in the solar system—deducing therefrom what he called cycles, and from the cycles calculations of meteorological influences on our planetary atmosphere, and hence, from these calculations, predicting the character of our weather on each day during the course of a cycle. But poor Mr. Mackenzie's astrological and theological theories were considered anything but orthodox—he was pronounced a false prophet and preceptor in both of these departments, and we believe he and his book have gone, many years ago, to the "tombs of the Capulets."

We also remember, as many of our readers will remember, a popular little work, called "Moore's Almanack," containing prognostications of the weather, which, for more reasons than one, was largely bought by farmers and parties interested in the character of the weather, who, in spite of many disappointments, gave a sort of credence to the philosopher's predictions. And we remember the emphatic mode in which a testy old farmer of our acquaintance once inflicted bodily punishment on the "annual prognostication," for telling a palpable falsehood, in promising a fine clear sunny day, whereas it turned out of one great severity,—sleet and snow,—whereupon our ancient friend, issuing forth in great wrath, nailed the "*prognostic*," as he called it, to the peat-stack, as he said, "to expose its lying prophecies, and to give it a tasting of what was going on."

We do not mean to say that Captain Turner's philosophical predictions will turn out equally false with Mr. Mackenzie's theories and Mr. Moore's prognostications, but we must say that

his tables of the weather for the last two years, and the philosophical data on which they were founded, have generally played falsely to him and the believers in his theories; and, having just perused his predictions for 1860, published to the world, promising a more than usual supply of snow, sleet, and frost, even till May-day, we cannot help sincerely wishing that his system of cycles and calculations may not be more veracious than those of the "*annual prognostic*" before referred to. But, perhaps, experience and more accurate calculations may end in more satisfactory results. And, comparing his predictions for January, 1860, now current, with the weather, we admit the coincidence in matters of "snow and frost;" putting his prognostication on a par with that of Mr. Moore, and something more.

All men distinguished for great mental powers have been always noted for a partiality for the occult sciences, from the days of Confucius, the Chinese philosopher, down to the days of Captain Turner. We read in the prelections of the ancient philosophers, and in the best of all authorities, the Bible, that the study of the heavenly bodies, under the name of astrology, met with much repute with the Chaldeans and other eastern nations; a science or study which obtained more or less credence on the part of a certain class of philosophers in all countries and ages.

We lately read of a conversation between a pious, worthy lady,—no doubt an orthodox member of the English church—and the Persian ambassador, dressed in his flowing robes and sugar-loaf-shaped head-dress, which the Persian

wears even in the presence of royalty. The lady, by means of an interpreting friend, with true female curiosity, wishing to obtain information from this "eastern barbarian" as to the manners and beliefs of his country, exclaimed: "Ah! sir, I am told that in your country you worship the sun." "So we do, madam," responded the Persian, "and if you saw *him* you also would worship him," insinuating that in England the real sun was never seen. Accordingly, as already mentioned, there always have been, and always will be, some expansive-minded men, who will worship the sun, moon, and stars, on account of their influence on our planet and its various elements. Without stopping to discuss the doctrines propounded by astrologers as to the influence of good and evil stars on the destinies of persons born under certain horoscopes, we readily admit and believe in the influence exerted by our satellite the moon on our globe, particularly in regard to the rising and falling of our tidal waters; and we therefore confess that, in our humble estimation, the study of the moon, in all her phases, is a pertinent one for those "who go down to the sea in ships," and we do not demur to the propriety of nautical men, who have a taste for astronomical subjects, extending their inquiries to the other planets belonging to our system.

While some of the ancients essayed to extract divinations and foreknowledge from the heavenly bodies, others had recourse to extracting information from the bowels of the earth, as Saul did through the machinations of the Witch of Endor in calling up Samuel. And this ancient method of divination has of late been revived

under the terms of "Spirit-rapping" and "Table-turning." We have lately read of some astounding performances by professors of the art of raising the spirits of the dead in foreign countries, even in the presence of that first-class philosopher, Napoleon Bonaparte, who, no doubt, felt a natural desire to have a confidential chat with his renowned uncle, Napoleon the Great. And we have heard that much older men than the great Napoleon, such as Julius Cæsar, and other eminent ancients, had been called up, (whether with or against their consent we know not), to appear again on the stage of life for the edification and amusement of the curious. As we never had the felicity of being present at an exhibition of this sort, or even seeing the "spirit rapping" and "table turning" performances lately practised in our own country and time, we shall leave the further consideration of this subject of discourse to more able theologians and metaphysicians.

In the morning of life, we remember taking a great interest in a subject, which, for a time, engrossed much of the thoughts of a thinking public, under the head of craniology and phrenology. And we, too, like our neighbours, had our cast and book of reference, for our own private studies, being naturally anxious to find out the nature and extent of our own passions, tendencies, and propensities, as developed by our bumps and organs; and the probable results on our future life and character. For in those days believers in phrenological doctrines referred the good or evil acts and deeds of a human agent, more to the influence of his bumps and organs, than to the good or bad mental

qualities of the individual. Like the ancient Highlanders, who excused themselves on being arraigned for the crimes of murder, adultery, theft, &c., by ascribing the inductive cause to witchcraft, so men convicted of great crimes and offences, referred the inductive cause to the over-ruling influence of their craniological organs and developments. And in the days of Combe and his disciples, when such men as Burke and Hare were convicted, and hanged for great crimes and misdemeanors, a cast of the head was considered a valuable acquisition for phrenological studies.

But in the course of time, phrenology gave place to mesmerism, in all its marvellous branches. The old exploded doctrine of animal magnetism was revived in its full force; and some years ago, Mr. Lewis, a black professor of this occult art, produced in the Highlands a wonderful sensation, and something more, in the shape of belief in demonology in the minds of crowds of persons who witnessed the wonderful performances of this black necromancer. The most wonderful of his performances—a faculty imparted to the mesmerised—being a *spiritual* cognizance of a dwelling-house to which the “medium” had no *corporeal* access, but who, nevertheless, described accurately the furniture and the occupations of the inmates of the house.

And now the study and practice of mesmerism, like the study of craniology—which, for a time, engaged the pens, digits, and thoughts of the learned and curious—are likely to give place to a new system of divination into

the characteristics of mankind, for we read in the public journals of a new science, under the name of "Graphiology," whereby "Marie Coupelle, on being furnished with the hand-writing of an individual, undertakes, for fourteen postage stamps, to give vivid and interesting delineations of character, from an examination of the handwriting, promising to give minute details of the talents, tastes, affections, virtues, failings, &c., of the writer, with many other things hitherto unsuspected, and calculated to be useful through life."

In giving the foregoing enumeration of natural and supernatural subjects which have engrossed the attention of the curious part of the public, in ancient and modern times, we are led to hope that our friend, Captain Turner, may extract some useful suggestions for the improvement of his system of philosophy and divination, both as regards matters celestial and terrestrial. We do not mean that he should become a "Table-Turner," and have dealings with "the spirits of the vasty deep;" neither do we suppose that he will become a professor of the heterodox doctrine of mesmerism, but we think that he might, with advantage to himself and the public, become a student of the new science of Graphiology.

From the premises, we would propound one special suggestion for the consideration of Captain Turner, namely, that he should follow the example of his friend—the sagacious host of Drumnadrochit—in keeping an album, in which he should obtain autographs of the distinguished passengers who grace his quarter

deck during the annual golden season in the Highlands, which would prove a very interesting book of reference to all the patrons of the Edinburgh Castle, and to the curious public in general. And, at a time when artists and photographers, in search of employment or recreation, abound in the Highlands, it might also be a remunerative and agreeable undertaking to get photographic sketches of the principal personages, along with their autographs, from which Calotype and Collodion copies might be taken for the gratification of all parties interested. We opine that this new, agreeable amusement of sketching the beauties of the earth might be found less utopian than studying the signs of the heavens, and one much more likely to redound to the fame and profit of the commander of the Edinburgh Castle.

We have been led into these last suggestions by hearing of a matter which, some time ago, formed the subject of grave doubts and difficulties among a wise coterie of travellers. There was present a gentleman of solemn contour, and rather of reserved and exclusive manners, known only to one or two familiars, but who left him much to his own meditations. One of these gentlemen observed a hole in the pocket of the coat of this exclusive, which he pointed out to his friend, and apart they held a discussion as to the probable cause of this *disruption*. One suggested that it was done by his tobacco pipe, to which it was answered that he did not smoke; and several other suggestions were made which seemed equally ill-founded, when ultimately it was propounded that the pocket contained one of this exclusive's speeches, which,

being of a *lucifer composition*, had exploded under "a pressure from without," to which he was occasionally subject, which suggestion was cordially accepted by the other friend as the best solution of the difficulty. It was afterwards discovered that this gentleman was a noble lord, then holding a high office in her Majesty's councils, bearing a name much venerated by Whigs and Reformers of the old school, and it appears there was a modern Captain Grose an eavesdropper on board who verified the truth of Burns' stanza—

"Hear, Land o' Cakes and brither Scots,
From Maidenkirk to Johnnie Groats',
If there is a hole in a' your coats,
I rede you tent it.
A chiel's amang you taking notes,
And, faith he 'll prent it."

But to leave the aquatic parties of tourists, who, in a gregarious manner, content themselves with a passing look of our Highland mountains, glens, lakes, forests, groves, and antiquarian and historical objects of regard, we shall follow with more admiration those high-spirited parties, who for themselves are determined to overcome every difficulty in their laudable ambition to record their names on the tops of our highest mountains, and leave their tracts on all those localities rendered classic by the pens of our poets and historians.

In our youth we could sing a heart-touching old ballad, the argument or narrative of which was, that Lady Jane, daughter of the Duke of Gordon of the time, fell in love and eloped with Captain Ogilvie, "a pennyless lad with a long

pedigree," and being disowned by her family for her indiscretion, poor Lady Jane, on the marches of the corps, was obliged to march upon foot, with a child on her back and another at her breast. In the agony of her privations she exclaims—

" Oh, but I am weary of wandering !

Oh, but my fortune is bad !

It does not suit the Duke of Gordon's daughter,
To follow a soldier lad."

But in these times we hear of noble ladies, who, for less reasons than those of Lady Jane Gordon, will undergo journeys and undertake exploits of great magnitude and daring. A considerable time ago, one of the greatest magnates of our nation, the Duchess of Buccleugh, and her brother-in-law, Lord John Scott, were lost for a night among the clouds of Ben Nevis, and only saved from perdition by the sounding-bell of parties who went in search of them.

In 1859 a young English lady of high connexions, leaving her mother behind her, attempted to attain the top of the said mountain and the summit of her ambition ; but, her strength failing, she was left for a night to enjoy " the pleasures of solitude and night-thoughts," until she was recovered by a searching party and a bell next morning.

In 1859 two of the great nobles of England, the Duke and Duchess of Manchester, dismissing their gillies and ponies, intending to take a short cut to Achnacarry, the shooting seat of Lord Malmesbury, found that the Highland roads of Lochaber resembled the walls of Troy ; and, were it not for personal vigour and

indomitable perseverance, they, like "the Babes in the Wood," might have become the subject of another doleful Scotch ballad, (to which kind of poetry we are told his grace is partial,) and which might have been sung to the pathetic air of "Lochabet no more."

In October, 1859, the highest lady in the land, the Queen, stood upon the summit of Ben Macdhui, the highest ground in Britain.

In 1859, on one of the dog-days, we were a witness to a pedestrian progress in Glen Urquhart, Inverness-shire. The pedestrians were a trio, consisting of a handsome young gentleman, a young lady of graceful figure, form, and face, interesting at all times and in all places, but peculiarly so in her present situation, and a man whose "head was silvered o'er with age," having many ups and downs in life, being lame on a leg. The association of the young couple with the aged senachie was probably for the sake of information respecting the scenery and interesting particulars relating to the beautiful country of Glen Urquhart. But it also became convenient, inasmuch as the young lady, with thin shoes, travelling on sharp metalled roads, had "a hirple in her walk, like Kate Dalrymple," and our friend old Malcolm gallantly tendered her his crutch, of which she was graciously pleased to accept, and in the course of their walk towards the hotel freely and truthfully answered those inquisitive questions which a Highlandman never fails to put to affable strangers. She told him that her brother and herself were the son and daughter of an Irish peer, Lord Courtenay, that they had undertaken to walk

on from Glenmouston to Glen Urquhart on foot, probably for want of accommodation or conveyance at the Invermouston hotel, and that owing to the heat and state of the road the journey was too much for her.

In answer to anxious inquiries as to accommodations at the Glen Urquhart hotel, Malcolm expressed great fears that every corner was full, on which the lady expressed a hope that they could get a cup of tea and any sort of accommodation, as to which they would not be particular. Near the hotel the young lady had a friendly parting with old Malcolm, thanking him for the use of his staff, and cordially shaking hands with him. Malcolm proclaimed with pride the name, rank, and conversation of his travelling companions. What may have been the nature of the conversation between them and the worthy host and hostess at the hotel we know not, but we know that, although the house was so crowded that some parties slept three in a bed and two on a sofa, the interesting situation and other circumstances of the young lady obtained for her a couch within the house, while the young lord was necessitated to become an "outside barbarian" for the night.

Appropos to the "pressure from without," to which the hotel-keepers are willingly exposed during the said golden harvest, we felt much interest in a narrative we had from the landlady of Drumnadrochit two or three years ago. Late in the evening, and when the house was, in theatrical phrase, "a full bumper," two pedestrians came to the door, soliciting entertainment and quarters for the night. The

landlady expressing much regret, in her own conciliatory manner, told them that they might get something to eat in some corner, but that, unless they would accept of a bed in an out-house, they could not be accommodated for the night; to which one of the young gentlemen replied, in a modest, unassuming manner, that they would accept of the proposed accommodation. While getting refreshments, the other young man, supposed to be the tutor of his companion, whispered, *sotto voce*, that his companion was Lord King, grandson of Lord Byron, the poet. Who, much less polished in body and mind than the landlady, has not read the captivating strains of England's noble bard! and who has not read of his daughter "Ada, sole mistress of my house and heart!" And soon Ada's son became master of her house and heart. Resolving that he should not, at any rate, be an "outside barbarian," she determined that Byron's grandson should repose for the night in her own berth; and carrying her husband, nothing loath to concur in her resolution, the favoured youth accordingly slept for the night on her own pillow.

Next morning treating him with all the partiality of a Donna Inis for a Don Juan, and saluting him by the title of "My Lord," which he modestly repudiated (casting a reproving glance at his companion, wishing evidently to travel *incog.*), and anxious to have a *souvenir* of her interesting lodger, Mrs. W. pressed him to leave with her an uncouth, newly-cut stick for one more suitable to his rank and quality. But he declined, on the ground that it was cut by himself, and therefore had a claim on his

regards. The premature death of the Countess of Lovelace, his distinguished mother, shortly before or after this incident, gave peculiar interest to the landlady's narrative.

As germane to the proposed new study for our friend Captain Turner, a record of the names and designations of noble and remarkable passengers who honour him with their company might be modelled on the Visitor's Book at the Hotel of Drumnadrochit, which contains the names and designations of a great many noble and distinguished personages, who have for a time sojourned in that delightful locality—a record containing many complimentary commendations, of which the host and hostess may well be proud. Among the names of men distinguished in the political world, will be found that of the celebrated orator, Mr. Bright, M.P., whose feeble health was so much renovated by the exhilarating air of Drumnadrochit, three years ago, that he caught the inspiration of a poet, and in the Visitors' Book gave vent to the following poetic stanza:—

“In Highland glens 'tis far too oft observed,
That man is chased away and game preserved;
Glen Urquhart is to me a holier glen,
Here deer and grouse have not supplanted men.”

But it would appear that he was not the only visitor at Drumnadrochit who caught the “Divine inspiration,” for one, in the spirit of poetic emulation, inscribed in juxtaposition to that of Mr. Bright, the following specimen of his poetic talents:—

“Nor thousands here a wretched life-course run,
To buy a splendid luxury for one!
'Mid stifling walls, and sweltering alleys thrust,
In Belial's atmosphere of Devil's dust.

Doomed by the heartless priests of Mammon grim,
Glen Urquhart is to me a glorious glen,
Here mules and shoddy leaves, not stunted men."

During the touring season great and fashionable arrivals often occasion great and agreeable sensations; and we remember, a year or two ago, hearing that, on a fine summer evening, a great arrival at Drumnadrochit occasioned no small surprise and excitement, when it was announced by the conductor "that Bonaparte and the French Ambassador were in the coach,"—the name of Bonaparte, associated as it once was with the conception of war, rapine, and desolation, the bugbear of old people and children,—and the invasion of a French Court, for whom there was no courtly accommodation—the house being occupied to the attics—might well occasion some consternation and confusion on the part of the host and hostess of Drumnadrochit. But their excitement and uneasiness on this head were speedily removed, and their confidence assured by hearing the truculent Bonaparte talking Gaelic to the Gillies, and the Ambassador's lady, the Countess de Persigny, with tumbler in hand, singing the Swiss popular song "Rans de Vache," making for the byre for a drink of warm milk from the cow. The tall, living effigy of the Knight of Netherby, whose statements of facts at the poll and in the House are sometimes so sarcastic, one of the party, was on this occasion the picture of good humour and affability; and we believe that the distinguished party, getting plenty of Gaelic and milk for their entertainment, were as well pleased with Drumnadrochit as Drumnadrochit was with them. But

in explanation it falls to be added that it was not the Emperor Napoleon, nor Prince Napoleon, the husband of the Princess Clotilde, who honoured Glen Urquhart by a visit, but Prince Lucien Bonaparte, a handsome, affable prince, who applied himself with great diligence and success to the acquisition of the Gaelic language, in which he accosted all the natives with whom he came into contact.

CHAPTER II.

The New Cleikum Inn, of Balwhinie—Annals of the Inn—
Its Establishment—Fashionable Arrivals—Fare and Bills
of Fare.

BUT it is not at Drumnadrochit and such-like commodious establishments that scenes of *elegant distress*, on the part of innkeepers and tourists, are most likely to occur. Were the arch-magician of Abbotsford, or one possessed of his imaginative dramatic powers, to look out for an appropriate subject for a stirring comedy or farce, we opine that the story of the Cleikum inn, at St. Ronan's well, would meet with additions and improvements, as the annals of a new establishment, created on the great thoroughfare of those who make a pilgrimage from St. Paul and the English provinces to Cairngorm and Ben-nevis; and we cannot help thinking that in fiction this architect would lay down, at a point on the Highland road, equi-distant from the fair city of Perth and the Highland capital, a Highland station for the accommodation of the travelling public; and we should be apt to suppose that the personages who presided over the acts and scenes enacted at the Cleikum inn, St. Ronan's well, would be transported to the Cleikum at Balwhinie. If the venerable Meg Dodds

should now be thought too old to rule over such a turbulent establishment, we think it natural that her son and heir—for it is not said that she was a spinster—should reign in her stead. In the course of routine promotion, it might be presumed that Captain MacTurk, Meg Dodds' ancient acquaintance, should now hold the brevet rank of a general officer, though we have never seen any reports of his warlike exploits; and it might also be presumed that the worthy General would be a partner in a grouse-shooting, along with Colonel Cannon and Major MacSwagger, sportsmen on the Balwhinnie moors of the new establishment. This party, during the heat of the shooting and touring season, would be rendered complete by the addition of Captain Bullfinch, a walking and talking gentleman of great vivacity and facetiousness, who, happy in himself, would be the cause of happiness in others over a jorum of Mr. Dodds' choice potations.

And there is another character, a sort of Davie Gellatly, necessary to complete the principal *dramatis personæ* of the piece. This is old Hamaish MacTavish, of whom local traditions and representations make it easy to draw a sketch. Hamaish was once young, and he himself says, "a pretty man," but the vicissitudes *and ups and downs* of the life he has endured, have left him defective in his visual orbs and pedestal understanding. A mongrel cross, combining the vocations of a gamekeeper, sportsman, and gardener in his own proper person, he affects to excel in all these departments, and that his profound knowledge of men and manners fit him for the office of a scout

or interpreter of the titles, rank, and wealth of travellers and tourists. For the amusement of sportsmen and the travelling public, and his own special emolument, Hamaish might be supposed to set up as an instructor of musketry, keeping a large target and an old rusty rifle, with a stock of ammunition of blasting powder, slugs, and swan shot, charging the quality and those who could afford it three pence a shot, but sometimes moderating his charges to one penny, sometimes even to prime cost, when volunteers and *sneeshin* were scarce.

With a due establishment of servants, horses, cattle, and creeping things, fitted for the use and consumption of his establishment, it might be supposed that Mr. Dodds would class the apartments of his house for the reception of the different grades of society, setting apart the principal rooms and a corresponding number of bedrooms for those of the nobility and gentry who travel in their own carriages, having coronets and coats of arms emblazoned on their coach panels, in the decyphering of which Captain Bullfinch affects to be a master of arts, while Hamaish, dressed in a red kilt of short dimensions, wearing formidable black whiskers, and bearing a capacious ram's horn, and a snuff pen of the size of a salt-spoon, introducing himself to the drivers and servants attached to the fashionable arrivals, would essay to suck out the status and fortune of the parties for the information of the host in the appropriation of his state apartments. Unfortunately, however, for Mr. Dodds, there being no telegraphic wires on this line of communication, nor means of foreknowledge of "coming events casting their

shadows before," it might be no unusual thing in making his distributions of accommodations among the arrivals in the course of the day, to find that the great quality preferring, on account of the heat and their horses late travelling, should arrive when nothing but the upper rooms and the attics remained for disposal. It might, therefore, be well supposed what consternation might be occasioned within and without by Hamaish's announcing the Marquis of Spatterdash and a large party of lords and ladies, and still greater the consternation at the announcement of the arrival of the Duke and Duchess of Doubloon, and of Miss Angelina Goldfinch, the *millionaire*. Calls for rooms, bedrooms, and viands might be supposed to meet with most unsatisfactory responses. No doubt moving appeals would move the general, the colonel, major, and captain, to the garrets, to make room for the refecton of the hungry parties, for whom nothing could be produced but the standing dishes, ham and eggs, and chickens.

Of all those ill-fated creatures that creep about an Highland Inn, whose lives are short and precarious, there are none more precarious than those hordes of chickens of all sizes and denominations that are collected for the sustentation and consumption of hungry tourists. Unconscious of their fate, a dozen of these creatures will have their necks pulled, their bodies divested of their feathers, placed on a gridiron, and in less than one hour presented smoking as a *bon bouche* for the luxurious sons and daughters of the British plains.

But answering the calls for corporeal susten-

tation might be supposed to be only one of the difficulties to be encountered in this overcrowded caravansery. Were the pen of the humorous historian of Sam Slick at work, instead of ours, his fertile genius would be at no loss to create various pictures of elegant distress in "the mistakes of a night" in the explorations of the attic dormitories, the doors of which were numbered by Hamaish, the worst arithmetician in the world. Doubtless he would introduce Sam Slick into the sleeping cot of Miss Goldfinch, who, instead of finding her lady's-maid, would find the hero of Slickville *as an attaché*,—and Lady Juliet Spatterdash instead of her sister, would lay her hand on the shaggy mane of Hamaish MacTavish, who, on explanation would point out her mistake—her sister sleeping in number *tenty*, his number being *tenty-one* (meaning number eleven), while the male part of the travellers retiring fresh from refreshments, presided over by General MacTurk, Colonel Cannon, Major MacSwagger, and Captain Bullfinch, might be supposed to make invasions on the premises and persons of stranger ladies, instead of their own legitimate companions and bedfellows.

The above might serve for the groundwork of a sketch, descriptive of the acts and scenes performed inside of the hotel, but even a more humorous pen than that of Sam Slick's historian might be required to do justice to the scenes enacted in the out-houses set apart for the travelling public of the inferior classes. The pen of the author of the Beggars' Opera might be required to do justice as a caricaturist of the different groups assembled in the

garrets, hay-lofts, and granaries, with far extending pallets, like couches in an infirmary, English, Irish, and Celtic mingled together, jabbering a Babel of confused lingo, most of the wakers duly attending to bodily sustentation, solid and liquid—some swearing, some singing, and some snoring—according to the condition of life in which they were placed for the time.

But if the bills of fare of those various communities would afford but little satisfaction to the travellers' palates, the landlord's bills in the morning might be supposed to afford still less satisfaction to their pockets; the charges for the entertainment for "men and horses," being on a scale which all, except the landlord and his council, might well think extravagant, to which, however, most of the parties would submit with great humour for the honour and pleasure of "roughing it in Tartan land." In our next series we shall resume the "Annals of the New Cleikum Inn," for the benefit of tourists, dramatists, and novelists.

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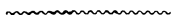
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