



*ARMS OF THE RUTHVENS IN 1569.*

*From an Oak Carving in Aldie Castle.*

*(See page 292.)*

RECREATIONS OF AN ANTIQUARY  
IN  
PERTSHIRE HISTORY AND  
GENEALOGY.

BY

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Let me the page of History turn o'er,  
The instructive page, and heedfully explore  
What faithful pens of former times have wrote.  
*Churchill—"Gotham."*

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— Wondrous skill'd in genealogies,  
And could in apt and voluble terms discourse  
Of births, of titles, and alliances;  
Of marriages, and intermarriages;  
Relationship remote, or near of kin.  
*Charles Lamb—"The Grandamie."*

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*CSM*

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APPENDIX.

"THE THREIPLANDS OF FINGASK."

K. v. 2011. 2

## P R E F A C E.

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ELIA thus wrote of the first series of his *Essays*, on their coming forth as a book: "To say truth, it is time he were gone. The humour of the thing, if there was ever much in it, was pretty well exhausted; and a two years' and a-half existence has been a tolerable duration for a phantom."—But these Perthshire Sketches of ours, filling seven volumes, have had a much longer existence—their duration being seven years. They commenced, in the "Antiquarian Repository" department of the *Perthshire Constitutional and Journal*, on 3rd November, 1873, and continued to appear weekly till 27th December, 1880: the aggregate number of Sketches being 144, a whole gross. *Seven* is the perfect number; and fittingly, therefore, the series closes with this seventh volume—not, however, because the subject is "pretty well exhausted;" for, after all that has been written, much more matter still remains untouched.

For errors, omissions, and general deficiencies (of which he is abundantly conscious), the



author craves generous excuse. He begs to express his hearty acknowledgments to that numerous circle of readers who have patiently and kindly borne with him during the protracted course of his labours: and his thanks are also due to Mr J. Watson Lyall, of the *Perthshire Constitutional*, for the manner in which he encouraged him from first to last. Nor can the author forget his obligations for the valuable and ever-ready aid afforded him all along, by the use of rare and privately printed books and MSS. lent by Mr Græme Reid Mercer of Gorthy.

PERTH, 31st December, 1880.



*THE SIEGE OF PERTH IN 1339.—Part 1st.*

— Tell us, shall your city call us lord,  
In that behalf which we have challeng'd it?  
Or shall we give the signal to our rage.  
And stalk in blood to our possession?

*King John.*

"TIME, War, Flood, and Fire," says Byron, contemplating Rome, "have dealt upon the seven-hill'd city's pride." Time deals upon the proudest work of man's hands, and far more speedily upon man himself and all his pride. In the Eternal City the ravages of barbarous centuries form its chief attraction to the learned stranger. There, surrounded with countless vestiges of departed grandeur—amid, indeed, a "chaos of ruins"—you "plod your way o'er steps of broken thrones and temples," and hear "the owl's long cry from out the Cæsar's palace." Without attempting to institute a parallel betwixt the ancient mistress of the world and the city which arose on that other Field of Mars, on the banks of that other Tiber, which Agricola's legionaries hailed,—for not the shadow of such a parallel exists,—let us say, however, that, as with Rome, so with our Fair City, her history records how "War, Flood, and Fire" have dealt upon her pride. The Tay often swelled in wrath against her, and in the October of 1210 nearly compassed her utter destruction. She had not long recovered from this visitation, when, in 1242, "a great many of the burghs of Scotland were burnt," writes Sir James Balfour; "some by chance, others by the invasions of the rebels:" and one of these burghs was Perth. Before that century closed, the city suffered a second time from the devouring element. The broken Scottish bands, retreating from the fatal field of Falkirk, in 1298, devoted Stirling and Perth to the flames, that the English might find no shelter. Of war, indeed, Perth had a full share—from the remote period at which she

was first founded as a Roman station, down through more than sixteen hundred years. The wild Caledonians prowled around the Roman settlement, eager to break in and destroy. The conflicts of Picts and Scots, and the invasions of the Danes, gave the town constant experience of battle and slaughter. Frequently was Perth exposed to siege, and the assailant generally prevailed. The soldiers of England manned the walls; but both Wallace and Bruce forced their way over the bulwarks, and surmounted them with the Scottish standard: and though the defences were wholly dismantled that they might no more give harbourage to the Southron enemy, still that enemy returned and rebuilt them. Edward Baliol won the Battle of Dupplin, and found ready access into the open town of Perth. The Brucian patriots drove out the sham King's supporters; but the latter speedily returned, backed by the English power, and fortified the city strongly, and held it stoutly for a season until compelled to capitulate, when again the defensive works were levelled with the ground. In after days the surges of war occasionally rolled around the renovated walls. The tidings of Tibbermuir spread terror through the streets, and, without a shot being fired, the gates were opened to Montrose. For a whole day, Cromwell himself was held out, but was admitted on the morrow. Dundee, on his way to his last battle-field, seized the town, and rifled the public purse. Twice during last century was Perth the head-quarters and rally-point of the Jacobites: and in Mar's year particularly the place was only saved from siege and bombardment by the timely retreat of the insurgents across the frozen Tay. Thus, our Fair City can boast, like Othello, of "the battles, sieges, fortunes" that she hath passed.

Turning over the pages of elder chronicle, we read of a siege which Perth sustained with success. It was in the time of King Duncan and Macbeth, when the Thane of Glamis, not yet the slave of guilty ambition, was a loyal soldier of the crown. The story savours much of the legendary, and may (for aught we know) be

fabulous altogether, or, at the best, based upon a very slender substratum of fact. But we will rehearse it—remembering what Milman says in his *Latin Christianity*:—“History, to be true, must sometimes condescend to speak the language of legend. The belief of the times is part of the record of the times.” And the story will serve as an introduction to the subsequent episode in the annals of Perth, which it is our main business to relate.

There was a formidable invasion of Scotland by King Sweno of Denmark. The Norse fleet, with the raven pennants flying, came to anchor on the coast of Fife, and Sweno disembarked with his hardy, yellow-haired warriors, the dreaded rovers of the main and scourge of every shore. “The gracious Duncan” and his chief captains drew their forces together near Culross, and a battle was fought, in which the Danes proved the better men, though with heavy loss. The remnants of the Scottish host retreated with the King to Perth, and Macbeth was dispatched to the north to collect fresh troops for another and final appeal to arms. Sweno, elated with his victory, and anticipating absolute conquest, moved on in pursuit, and laid siege to Perth, in which Duncan had taken his stand. The Danish fleet sailed into the mouth of Tay, and there most of the mariners quitted their ships, and hastened forward to join their countrymen around the walls of Perth, hoping to participate in the plunder, as the capture of the city was reckoned inevitable. But Duncan was equal to the trying emergency. Making a resolute resistance, he privily despatched a messenger to Macbeth, apprising him of the siege, and commanding him to bring his levies to Inchtuthil, on the banks of the Tay (at Delvine), where he should abide pending farther orders. Macbeth did so; and the wily monarch then brought his powers of dissimulation into play against the enemy,—every expedient being held to be fair in war as in love. The Danes pressed their attacks hard; but Duncan “fell in feigned communication with Sweno, as though he would have yielded up the

castle into his hands, under certain conditions, and this did he to drive time, and to put his enemies out of all suspicion of any enterprise meant against them, till all things were brought to pass that might serve for the purpose." The delusive negotiation progressed, and was apparently on the eve of conclusion, when King Duncan, perchance knowing that the Danes were not plentifully supplied with victuals and liquor, sent out to Sweno making courteous tender of the materials of a banquet, that the Danish soldiers might make merry over the impending treaty of peace. This welcome offer was accepted with profuse thanks, and straightway the town gates poured forth an abundance of good cheer, which was distributed through the camp of the besiegers, who set themselves ready to hold high revelry. But mark the issue! King Duncan was beguiling the enemy to sudden destruction. He had caused his men to take "the juice of *mekilwort* berries,"—the deadly nightshade,—and impregnate therewith the "ale and bread," which they served out, thus "spiced and confectioned." The Danes, unsuspecting of the subtle sleight, partook freely of the King's gifts, and kept carousal in their camp, until the deleterious ingredient began to tell upon them, throwing one and all into a lethargy and deep sleep. Meanwhile, King Duncan, knowing at what time the drug would work its purpose, sent an express to Macbeth, directing him to march his troops with all haste, and fall upon the helpless foe. Macbeth obeyed. His army hurried down from Inchtuthil, and found the Danish host prostrated in heavy slumber. Every sentinel lay asleep at his post: not a single soldier was alert: a silence as of death pervaded the encampment. No trumpet sounded, and no shout was raised, as Macbeth's soldiers passed on keen to slay. They burst in like a flood, and began a terrible havoc, a ruthless massacre,—"so that of the whole number" of the enemy "there escaped no more but only Sweno himself and ten other persons, by whose help he got to his ships lying at road in the mouth of Tay." The

royal fugitive got on board ; but a new difficulty presented itself. The fleet could not sail for want of crews, almost the whole of them having gone to Perth and perished there in the surprise. Sweno had barely men enough to navigate one vessel, in which he took his flight, leaving the remainder of the armada riding at anchor in the estuary, exposed to the tender mercies of the winds and waves. In three days the elements combined against the abandoned navy. A violent east wind raised a tempest : the billows rushed to snatch their destined prey : the barks were driven hither and thither in the angry sea, and dashed against each other ; and soon the whole were shattered and sunk on the sands of Drumley. Says the sixteenth century chronicler, they " lie in the same place even unto these days, to the great danger of other such ships as come on that coast ; for being covered with the flood when the tide cometh, at the ebbing again of the same, some part of them appear above water. The place where the Danish vessels were thus lost is yet called *Drownlow-Sands.*"

From King Sweno's defeat we pass over three centuries, and pause at the year 1339, which is memorable for another siege of Perth.

Scotland was then struggling through a crisis of dread calamity. All her triumphs under Bruce had been followed by great disasters : her throne overthrown and her liberties trampled in the dust. The infant King, David Bruce, was expelled by Edward Baliol and his Southron confederates. They, as already said, made an easy capture of Perth ; but before they had time to fortify themselves in it, they were forced to flee. Baliol invoked the aid of Edward III. of England, and did formal homage to him for the Scottish kingdom. The English monarch prepared to assist his supremacy as Lord Paramount. The Brucian party committed the Regency of Scotland to a brave countryman, Sir Andrew Moray of Bothwell, a grey-haired warrior, who had been the chosen comrade of Wallace ; but before the English army of invasion crossed the Border, the Regent

was taken prisoner by the enemy, in a casual encounter. Archibald Douglas, Lord of Galloway, was raised to the vacant office; but no long space elapsed ere he fell mortally wounded at Halidon Hill. Baliol recovered his vassal-throne; but again his tenure was short. The patriots resisted to the death. Sir Andrew Moray returned from captivity, and resumed his warlike efforts in the field. Two joint-Regents of Scotland were appointed: the Earl of Moray, second son of the great Regent Randolph, and Robert, the High Steward, grandson of King Robert Bruce, both young men, but devoted champions of their country. Earl Moray, however, was soon discomfited, and became captive in a skirmish on the Border. The country was now overrun by the armies of Edward III., and the national cause seemed crushed. By the orders of the conquerer, Perth, the capital of the kingdom, was fortified with great care, and a strong garrison placed within it. But the hopes of patriotism revived. Sir Andrew Moray of Bothwell being elevated to his former office of Regent, conducted the struggle for independence with consummate skill and brilliant success. Many a gallant deed was done; and even Scottish ladies vied with their knightly countrymen in the battle for freedom. The Countess of March, Black Agnes of Dunbar, the daughter of the Regent Randolph, and inheriting the indomitable spirit of her father, held out her husband's castle against the Earl of Salisbury,—scoffed at him from her battlements, destroyed the most formidable of his military engines, and compelled him to abandon the siege. An English balladist remembers her:—

She kept a stir in tower and trench,  
That brawling, boisterous Scottish wench;  
Came I early, came I late,  
I found Agnes at the gate.

The Regent, by dint of the most heroic efforts, gradually dispossessed the English of many of the strong places which they held, and drove them out of the greater part of the kingdom. Unhappily, however, while he was thus borne on the full tide of fortune, his age and the

incessant fatigue to which he was exposed, arrested his career, and brought him to the grave. His character has been drawn in the fairest colours by the old historians. "He was a lord of great bounty and sober life," says Wyntoun: "wise and virtuous of counsel," liberal-handed in his charities, devout and full of prayers, "stout and hardy of manhood." That he had fought by the side of Wallace was of itself sufficient eulogy; and his constancy to his country's cause would have covered a multitude of sins.

Robert the High Steward was now chosen as sole Regent or Governor of the kingdom, at the very turning-point of its destiny. Baliol had quitted the scene of strife, and there needed but a combined and resolute effort to crown the patriots with lasting triumph. Edward of England was deeply engaged in his schemes for the conquest of France, and was fain to enter into negotiations with the Scots for a peace; but the proposals for accommodation failed. The sword was still to decide, as the only arbiter. At this time the condition of Scotland was deplorable. The protracted hostilities—the marches, battles, sacks, and ravages—had reduced the land to the extreme of distress. Famine was universal. The country was like a desert. No seed was sown, no harvest reaped. The demon of war had wasted and devoured everything. Numbers of people dropped down dead in the fields, of sheer starvation, and lay unburied. Others strove to appease the pangs of hunger by feeding, like the cattle, upon grass. Horrors unnatural sprung out of this desperate misery, as will be told in the sequel. Yet the spirit of the suffering nation remained unbroken. The sword might destroy, and cleanness of teeth might spread heart-rending desolation; but the Crown of Scotland should rest on none other brows than those of her rightful Sovereign, the son of the Bruce. While the famine was at its height the reins of power came into the Steward's hands. Immediately he commissioned Sir William Douglas of Liddesdale, called the "Flower of Chivalry," on an Embassy to King Philip the Fair of France, en-



treating assistance, and pointing out that by aiding Scotland in her struggle the cause of French independence would be powerfully promoted. Having done this, he mustered as many troops as he could collect, with the design of laying siege to the town of Perth. The place was apparently of great strength, and was held by a competent garrison of English soldiers, commanded by Sir Thomas Ughtred, a brave and skilful knight who had already served with distinction in the Scottish wars.

It was in the end of spring of the year 1339, when the Steward addressed himself to this arduous enterprise. Arduous it was anticipated to prove, because Perth was no longer the open town into which Edward Baliol marched after the victory of Dupplin, nor as when he shortly afterwards fled from it, leaving its defences only a row of stakes planted on the inner side of the fosse. The English King, appreciating the importance of the place as the national capital, and its strategical value as in a large measure the key of the Highlands, had ordered it to be fortified according to the most approved system of the age. The lade or aqueduct from the Almond, which ran along the three sides of the town was rendered a formidable wet ditch, and within its circuit was erected a thick wall, with towers at the angles and over the ports or gates, while several English ships-of-war, keeping command of the River Tay, could pour in supplies to the garrison, and likewise harass the flank of an enemy lying before the town. After artillery came into practice, Perth, no matter how well fortified in itself, could make no effectual resistance; but before the use of cannon, and while darts and stones were the only missiles thrown by the military engines or common battering-train, it was capable of a stubborn defence. The Steward, says Wyntoun, "made a stalwart gathering of all men that could weapons wield," which we may understand to imply that he called out a levy *en masse*: and every Scot of that day was a soldier. Various Scottish Barons attended the muster: Earl William of Ross, Earl Patrick of Dunbar, Sir William Keith, and others

of note, all bringing their bands of feudal retainers. The town was invested on the land side,—the Steward and Dunbar taking their position on the South Inch, and another division of the forces being disposed on the North Inch and close to the Blackfriars Monastery. But the attack made little impression. The English soldiers, confident in their bulwarks, maintained them with dogged hardihood. The broad and deep fosse was an obstacle which the assailants constantly failed to overpass; and it cannot be supposed that they possessed the requisite siege engines or materials, while it was out of their power to make a thorough blockade of the town, as the English ships kept the river. In fact, the defence was so obstinate that the siege dragged on for about ten weeks of the summer, without much promising result, and the Steward became disheartened, and began to think of abandoning the attempt. Meanwhile, however, despite the prevalent famine the forces lying around Perth continued to be fully supplied with provisions and other necessaries. “They had market every day,” says Wyntoun, “and victual into great profusion,”—so efficient were the commissariat arrangements of the commanders in that time of general distress.

But the darkest hour of night is nearest the dawn, and when affairs are at their worst they are said to mend. The cloud of discouragement which lowered over the Scottish camp was suddenly dispelled. Tidings came in one day, gladdening all hearts. The Scottish Envoy, Sir William Douglas, the knight of Liddesdale, was returned from France, and had sailed into the estuary of the Tay with five ships-of-war having soldiers and stores on board. The French squadron was commanded by Hugh Hautpile, a renowned sea-captain, and with him was a skilled soldier, the leader of the land forces, Arnold Audineham, who in after years rose by his gallantry to the rank of a Marshal of France. Another man of valour accompanied the expedition—the Lord of Garencieres, who had already done his devoir in the wars of Scotland;

and there were also two brave esquires, Giles de la Huse and John de Bracy, burning with ardour to win their spurs on the field of battle.

The "Flower of Chivalry," the representative of the ever-famous Black Douglas, was esteemed a host in himself. His name was a tower of strength. The news of his arrival infused new life into the flagging besiegers of Perth, and they resumed their exertions with stern vigour. The French ships blockaded the river, stopping the passage of all supplies to the beleaguered garrison; but Douglas did not immediately join the Regent's camp on the South Inch. He took in hand another duty, in which he might hasten the fall of Perth. This was the capture of the Castle of Cupar in Fife, which was held by a Scottish garrison in the enemy's pay, under Baliol's Chancellor of Scotland—a priest, whose proper sphere seemed rather the field of Mars than the Church. The name of this militant ecclesiastic was William Bullock. He was an Englishman. His aptitude for conducting statecraft had recommended him to the notice and patronage of Edward III., who rewarded his political services with a gift of lands in England. Baliol came to know his worth as an able and energetic administrator, and appointed him Chancellor of Scotland. The bent of the Chancellor's mind was as much military as political: he could fight as well as say mass and dabble in lay affairs: and he was now acting as commander of a garrison. Cupar Castle, standing at the East Port of the burgh, had been besieged by the previous Regent, Sir Andrew Murray, but it resisted his efforts. Douglas, however, was persuaded that he would succeed where Moray had failed. "He that will to Cupar maun to Cupar:" and, therefore, the brave knight landing a portion of his French soldiers on the Fife coast, and leaving the rest in the ships to maintain the blockade of the Tay, set out on his march across "the kingdom" towards his destination. On coming there he sent in a message, desiring a parley with the Chancellor, which was granted. Douglas, on meeting his adversary,

represented to him that the cause of Baliol in Scotland was lost; that the whole country would soon be brought under the sovereignty of King David; and that prudence and self-interest ought to induce the Chancellor to forsake a hopeless cause, and to cast in his lot with the Scots, from whom he would receive ample reward, more than to compensate the confiscation of his lands in England, which would be the inevitable result of his disloyalty. The crafty self-seeking priest listened to the voice of the tempter, and weighed the matter well. The balance of solid advantage seeming to lie on the side of treason, he gave his hand to Douglas, surrendered Cupar Castle, and at the head of his garrison accompanied the French band to reinforce the Steward at the siege of Perth. Douglas and his train were welcomed on the South Inch with the liveliest demonstrations of joy : and Ughtred and his Southrons behind their battlements soon had reason to dread that the hour of their discomfiture was on the wing.

*THE SIEGE OF PERTH IN 1359.—Part 2nd.*

How yet resolves the governor of the town ?  
This is the latest parle we will admit :  
Therefore to our best mercy give yourselves ;  
Or, like to men proud of destruction,  
Defy us to our worst : for as I am a soldier,  
(A name, that, in my thoughts, becomes me best,)  
If I begin the battery once again,  
I will not leave the half-achieved Harfleur,  
Till in her ashes she lie buried.

*King Henry V.*

THE siege of Perth had dragged on wearily through two months and more of that famine-stricken summer, whose blue skies, golden sunshine, warbling birds, and balmy breezes seemed to render still ghastlier the misery that crushed the land. But now the Scots, animated with high hopes, pressed the work with all their energies. Daily the attack was renewed; and desultory conflicts were fought under the walls when the garrison made sallies to stop their enemies' progress. Hautpile, the French captain, kept the Tay in strict blockade; and at length sailed nearer to the town, with the purpose of bringing about an engagement with the English ships. The challenge was not declined. The English vessels cleared for action, and bore down upon the French, and a naval battle ensued, the issue of which proved unfavourable to Hautpile, who was compelled to draw off after losing his largest bark, which was towed into Perth harbour. Thenceforth the French allies contented themselves with continuing the blockade, which in not many days told heavily upon the magazines and stores of the city. On the land side the struggle knew no pause, and, as Wyntoun tells, there was "oft-times bickering." One day two squires, Allan Boyd and John of Stirling, who commanded the Scottish archers, were both slain by the "iron sleet of arrowy shower" from the battlements. At the same time, Sir William Douglas, who was also conspicuous in

the front of the assault, was struck through the thigh by a javelin propelled from one of the large springalds or cross-bows planted on the walls; but the good knight's wound was not so very serious as to cause his withdrawal from active service, and he still appeared at the post of honour and danger. A single combat, too, attended with due formality, according to the chivalric usage of the age, was fought in open field. Serving under Ughtred, the governor of Perth, was a Scottish renegade, David de Barclay (probably of the Brechin family), who challenged one of the French squires, John de Bracy, to run a course with him. De Bracy accepted the challenge, and the two heroes encountered, and ran three courses on horseback in appointed lists before the walls; but neither had the advantage, and no wound was inflicted. Such feats of arms enlivened the monotony of the siege. But the crisis of fate was approaching. Ughtred's storehouses were emptying fast, and there was no chance of relief, the river being closed by Haut-pile's ships. Moreover, the Scots, on the suggestion of the Earl of Ross, had adopted a new scheme of engineering. Skilled miners were procured, and set to work to divert the water of the lade or aqueduct which filled the ditch. The operations, pushed forward in secret, produced the desired result, and the garrison were startled by a sudden subsidence of the water in the deep fosse until the muddy bottom was exposed to the sunshine. The Scots could now fill up the empty channel with fascines, and pass over to the foot of the fortifications.

Wednesday, the 7th of July, seems to have been set for the final assault. The Scottish forces were drawn out around the city in a glittering semicircle. The day was bright, and the sun rode high in heaven, flooding the Midsummer earth with sultry radiance, though the fields wore no summer luxuriance of leaf and flower, but lay sterile and bare,—bleak and blasted under the grim sway of war and want. Wherever the eye turned from the city and the camp, no sign of human life could be seen,—only blackened ruins of burned homesteads, amid

scenes of silent and dreary desolation. The sun was at his meridian, and the Scottish horns were about to sound the signal for action, when a startled murmur ran through the ranks, followed by loud exclamations, and the agitated soldiers, one and all, shading their eyes with their hands, raised their faces to the zenith. What was the marvel? Were they appealing to the God of Battles for favour in the coming fight? Nay, but a celestial wonder was manifesting itself, and a profound dread had fallen upon them; for the aspect of the sun was undergoing a change: a dark shadow was creeping upon it, and as they looked, dazzled and bewildered, the orb of light was becoming gibbous like the moon, and seemed as if it might be blotted out of the firmament altogether. Not that an eclipse was an unwonted spectacle; but in that age, ignorant and superstitious, its cause was only known to the learned; and this particular phenomenon occurring at so ominous a juncture could not fail to produce an awe-struck impression on the minds of the armed beholders. It has been calculated that this eclipse commenced about twelve minutes after noon, and ended at forty-two minutes past two o'clock; the greatest obscuration being at twenty-eight minutes after one, when  $11\frac{1}{3}$  digits of the sun's disc were covered, leaving only two-thirds of a digit clear. To see the refulgent lord of the welkin "struggling in dark eclipse" was a sight which appalled the soldiers both within and without the city. No horn was blown, no sword was drawn, or bow bent: the Scottish host stood watching the blackness that gradually covered all but a minute portion of the orb: and a weird shade, unlike twilight, overspread the landscape, as if the final consummation were about to be heralded by the trumpet of doom. Wyntoun, after relating how the "folk" were "abased" (abashed or confounded) "of that sight," deems it necessary to show that he could explain the phenomena of eclipses:

But had they known the cause all  
That gars such eclipse fall,  
They should not have had abasing,  
Eclipse is nane other thing

Than when the moon that rins mair near  
 Till us than does the sun befer, e,  
 Happens even to come between  
 Our sight and the sun, that is so sheen,  
 It lets us the sun to see  
 In as meikle quantity,  
 As it passes betwixt our sight,  
 And of the sun lets us the light.  
 The sun all time withouten were [doubt]  
 Is in itself both light and clear.

But such simple philosophy was very meagrely diffused in those days, and everything unusual—eclipses, comets, meteors, violent tempests, and the like—were regarded as supernatural signs and portents, “with fear of change, perplexing monarchs.”

Although the dark shadow passed away, and the sun regained his splendour, yet the Scottish soldiers remained under a spell of vague fear and foreboding; till William Bullock, the late Chancellor, to dispel their dread and restore their confidence, advised that the tents of the camp should be pitched nearer the town, so as to facilitate the attack. But there was no need for further hostilities. The Governor of Perth saw that his position was untenable. His stores were exhausted; his garrison were thinned and dispirited; and his fosse was dry. These considerations were fatal to any hopes of protracting the defence. He sent out to the Regent intimating his wish to treat about a capitulation. The Regent offered him honourable terms, namely, that if he surrendered, he and his soldiers should march out with the honours of war, and be immediately conveyed to England by sea. Ughtred agreed to the conditions, lowered his flag, and threw his gates open, and the Scots entered the city. Thus the long siege was concluded. The Governor and his men were embarked for England. Hantpile recovered the ship which he had lost; and the Regent, in accordance with the old system, ordered the fortifications to be razed to the ground.

Victory had thus rewarded the patriotic cause; but the condition of the country, in consequence of the famine, was desperate and appalling. “About Perth,”



says Wyntoun, "the land was so waste that it was a wonder to see; for within a great space there was neither house nor lodging." Even the wild deer, seeing a wilderness before them, had left their native haunts, and were roaming over the desert around the town. "Near thereby," says Wyntoun—that is, in the vicinity of Perth—lurked a hideous wretch, who, amid the prevailing devastation, was driven by gnawing hunger and his own savage instincts, to a degradation beneath the level of the prowling wolves. "Crystyne Klek" was his name—or, in popular tradition, "Christie of the Cleek." He had a wife who accompanied him; and they both, gaunt and fierce with want, threw off all human sympathies, and betook themselves to a secluded den, where they prepared gins and traps for the ensnarement of such stray wanderers as might pass that way—young men, women, and children. These when caught, like game, in the diabolical engines, were butchered by the ferocious couple, who carried the dead bodies to their cavernous abode, and supported their wretched lives by cannibalism! Our old historians agree in asserting this horrible fact, which, therefore, we cannot spurn away as fabulous like the monstrous slander which a great Father of the Church threw upon a tribe of the ancient Scots. St Jerome, writing in the beginning of the fifth century, declares that the Attacotti, a Scottish tribe inhabiting the country of the Lennox, were addicted to cannibalism, devouring human beings who fell in their way as they wandered or hunted in the woods. It has been attempted to be shewn that Jerome's Latin is capable of a different sense, namely, that the Attacotti only fed on the cattle, sheep, and pigs which they seized in the forests; but this explanation is wholly untenable. His words can bear no such construction. He says that the savages "when they hunted the woods for prey, they attacked the shepherd rather than his flock," and so on, describing their feast, and adds, in confirmation, that in his boyhood he had seen some Attacotti in Gaul, who were cannibals; but who, we

must suppose, were publicly exhibited as a show,—just as we have seen wild men from wild climes, in a penny booth on the Inch, furiously making believe to masticate raw flesh, whilst they jabbered in their native tongue with a strong twang of the Saltmarket of Glasgow or the Murraygate of Dundee. Gibbon notices the passage in Jerome, but finds no reason to doubt his veracity. “Their southern neighbours,” says the historian of the *Decline and Fall*, “have felt, and perhaps exaggerated, the cruel depredations of the Scots and Picts; and a valiant tribe of Caledonia, the Attacotti, the enemies, and afterwards the soldiers of Valentinian, are accused, by an eye-witness, of delighting in the taste of human flesh. . . . If, in the neighbourhood of the commercial and literary town of Glasgow, a race of cannibals has really existed, we may contemplate in the period of the Scottish history, the opposite extremes of savage and civilised life. Such reflections tend to enlarge the circle of our ideas, and to encourage the pleasing hope, that New Zealand may produce, in some future age, the Hume of the southern hemisphere.” But Jerome’s veracity may be reasonably questioned. He wrote in times when belief (founded on Pliny’s wonders of natural history) was common not only about “the Anthropophagi,” but also about “men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders:” and if, as Gibbon admits, the depredations of the Caledonians were exaggerated, why not their modes of living at home, of which strangers were utterly ignorant? St Jerome’s works are full of the incredibilities of his age; and whatever he may have seen in Gaul, he had no knowledge of the condition and habits of the Caledonian tribes; so that we may safely dismiss his Attacotti story as a fable. The very tribe whom he maligns furnished two bands of soldiers to the Roman army, which bands were stationed in Italy and Illyricum; so that these Attacotti, at least, must have abandoned their anthropophagy before they enrolled under the Imperial standard. In a word, the Attacotti, we believe, were no more cannibals (though a credulous saint fancied

they were) than Dean Swift was a cannibal because, in 1729, he issued his *Modest Proposal*, recommending for the benefit of the "poor people in Ireland" that they should dispose of 100,000 of their year-old children, to be served up, seasoned with a little pepper and salt, at the dinner-tables of the rich. But to return to Christie, surnamed "of the cleek" from the species of instruments of capture which he used in his vile pursuit. For a considerable time he followed his inhuman career: as Wyntoun has it—

That sorry life continued he  
Till waste but folk was the country :

that is to say, he went on ensnaring, killing, and eating, till victims grew scarce! Then he and the she-fiend, his wife, perhaps forgetting their customary caution, and growing careless of detection,—like Burke and Hare in similar circumstances,—the rumour arose that two cannibals were keeping a Court of Cacus among the hills near Perth; and men were sent to search for and seize them, and they were both taken. On being brought to judgment, they declared that famine had forced them to their unnatural courses. They were executed, and so the land was cleared of the terrible disgrace: which, however, it incurred once again, during the reign of James II., when (if Boece is to be believed) a cannibal family were discovered in a cave on the Angus coast.

The fall of Perth may be held to have been the turning-point in the struggle. From the moment that Ughtred opened his gates, the patriotic cause went prosperously forward until the Scottish soil was freed of the invaders. The Regent's success at Perth, so well rewarding his long toils, encouraged him to prosecute his enterprises; and after an interval he invested the Castle of Stirling. This was a far heavier task. Perth as a place of strength was not to be compared with Stirling Castle, one of the strongest fortresses in the kingdom, though it had often been taken and retaken during the wars. The Scottish army lay weeks and weeks around the "bulwark of the north," and still every assault was repulsed. In an attempt to storm

the walls, one day, Sir William Keith met his fate. He had mounted a scaling-ladder; but in the midst of his ascent, a stone was cast at him from the battlements, and he was struck, and fell to the ground. Perhaps the blow and the fall might not have cost him his life; but, unfortunately, he transfixed himself with his own spear, and so died. Despite, however, the stubborn difficulties with which they had to contend, the Scots, with the patience which they had evinced at Perth, maintained their leagner, until the invincible ally which had forced Perth to surrender, again came to their aid. Famine did its work, and the English garrison marched out. English garrisons yet held Edinburgh, Jedburgh, Lochmaben, and Roxburgh Castles, and some of the lesser fortalices; but their reduction was only a question of time. The Regent foresaw the triumphant end of his labours. He made a progress through the kingdom for the purpose of establishing order, and then directed his energies to the expulsion of the enemy from the remaining strongholds.

William Bullock, the quondam Chancellor, now played another prominent part in the war. In concert with Sir William Douglas, he devised a stratagem for the surprisal of Edinburgh Castle. It was a cunning plot. A sea captain, a merchantman of Dundee, Walter Curry by name, was induced to load his ship at that port with victual and wine, and run into the Firth of Forth. He sailed under English colours, pretending that he was an English mariner, and with him went William Bullock and several Scots disguised as part of his crew. At that time it was the fashion amongst the Normans or Southrons to shave off their beards, whereas the contrary habit prevailed amongst the Scots; and, therefore, Curry and his sailors divested themselves of their beards, and appeared externally true English tars. The craft anchored at Inchkeith, and Curry went ashore, and proceeded to the Castle of Edinburgh, where he sought the Governor, and told him that he had come into the roads on a voyage from England, and was willing to sell him the whole or part of his cargo

for the use of the garrison. The Governor was glad of the opportunity of replenishing his stores, and struck a bargain, on condition that samples would be delivered at the Castle next morning. The seaman went his way, and communicated to his coadjutors what had passed. The Knight of Liddesdale, with 200 soldiers, lurked in the vicinity of Edinburgh, and heard the story gladly. Under cloud of night, he and his men crept stealthily to the foot of the Castle rock, and planted themselves in ambush for the morrow. Curry was ready at the appointed hour. He had a couple of horses—one laden with empty creels covered with matting, and the other with two barrels full of water slung across its back, to represent the samples of corn and wine. The captain and his crew, numbering about a dozen altogether, went as a convoy, each man wearing a coarse carrier's frock which concealed a sword at his side, and bearing a stout staff in his hand. It was yet early morning, and the citizens of the capital were only beginning their labours for the day. The party proceeded to the Castle gate, which was fast shut. At their summons, the porter came forth. "Thir are the gudes the Captain spak of yesterday," cried Curry. "Open the yett anon." The porter "had been better letten it be," says Wyntoun; but there being no cause to suspect foul play, the gate was opened, and the convoy passed in. But that same moment the porter was knocked down by a blow from a cudgel; and Curry dexterously placed a staff under the portcullis to prevent it being lowered, and next he had the creels and the barrels cast off the horses' backs in the straight passage of the archway to block the closing of the gate. Having done so, he blew a horn, as the preconcerted signal for Douglas to fall on. The knight and his soldiers, hearing the blast, started from their ambuscade under the grey rocks, and hastened to join the bold seaman. But the sound of the horn, harsh as the voice of an evil Fate, also alarmed the soldiers of the Castle; half-bewildered, they sprang from their pallets, snatched helm and brand, and, straggling out, attacked

the seeming sailors who defended themselves courageously until the expected aid came. Douglas and his followers now rushed on the scene, and speedily decided the fortune of the fight. The disordered Southrons were cut down on all hands, and no quarter was given. Amid a furious slaughter, the stronghold was taken, and only the Governor and six esquires escaped with their lives. Thus Edinburgh Castle fell into the hands of the patriots, and they committed it to the keeping of a relative of Douglas.

So brilliant a feat of arms emboldened the Regent and the Parliament to bring home their youthful Sovereign, King David, who had been long a guest at the Court of France. He was now in his eighteenth year. He bade adieu to the home of his exile, and landed in Scotland on 4th June, 1342. But we shall follow the history of the times no farther than to relate what ultimately befel Bullock, who joined in the siege of Perth, and to whose ingenuity and daring was due the seizure of Edinburgh Castle. He was loaded with honours, and invested with high and lucrative offices. He amassed wealth, and become one of the foremost men in the kingdom. But the cankerworm lay at the root of all his greatness, although his mountain seemed to stand so strong. Notwithstanding the favours heaped upon him in his adopted country, his restless spirit brought about his downfall. He began intriguing with the English—at least, such was the accusation. Suddenly he was arrested on King David's warrant, and hurried north to the Castle of Lochendorb, in the province of Moray, where he was cast into a dungeon. He was never brought to trial; but either from neglect or design—let us charitably suppose the former cause, though the age was full of deeds of savagery—he was starved to death—the miserable end of a life of remarkable fortunes.\*

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\* Balfour's *Annales of Scotland*, vol. i., p. 54; Hollinshed's *Scottish Chronicle*, vol. i., pp. 238, 239; Tytler's *History of Scotland*; Godscroft's *History of Douglas and Angus*, vol. i., pp. 132, 133; Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, cap. 25; Wyntoun's *Orygynale Cronykil of Scotland* (edited by David Laing), vol. ii., pp. 451-460.

*THE OLD SCOTTISH WILD CATTLE.—Part 1st.*

Mightiest of all the beasts of chase,  
That roam in woody Caledon,  
Crashing the forest in his race,  
The Mountain Bull comes thundering on !  
Fierce, on the hunters' quiver'd band,  
He rolls his eyes of swarthy glow,  
Spurns, with black hoof and horn, the sand,  
And tosses high his mane of snow.

*Scott's "Cadyow Castle."*

READERS of *Castle Dangerous* will remember that Sir John de Walton, the English knight who had come under a pledge to his lady-love that he should keep the perilous strength for year and day despite the sleight or might of the Black Douglas, sought to enliven the tedium of garrison duty (which had begun to tell upon the spirits of his officers and soldiers,) by holding "a solemn hunting-match, which had for its object the wild cattle of the neighbouring dale." The huntsmen from the Castle, attended by the vassals of Douglasdale (who hated their new masters, but durst not disobey them), sallied forth, on a cold and raw March morning, to seek a peculiar sport, which was prized above the chase of the wolf or the boar. Both wolf and bear, when brought to bay, frequently wrought deadly havoc amongst their pursuers, human and canine; but "the wild cattle, the most formidable of all the tenants of the ancient Caledonian forest," says Scott, "were, however, to the English cavaliers, by far the most interesting objects of pursuit. . . . During the course of the hunting, when a stag or a boar was expected, one of the wild cattle often came rushing forward, bearing down the young trees, crashing the branches in its progress, and in general dispersing whatever opposition was presented to it by the hunters. Sir John de Walton was the only one of the chivalry of the party who individually succeeded in mastering one of these powerful animals. Like a Spanish tauridor, he

bore down and killed with his lance a ferocious bull; two well-grown calves and three kine were also slain, being unable to carry off the quantity of arrows, javelins, and other missiles directed against them by the archers and drivers; but many others, in spite of every endeavour to intercept them, escaped to their gloomy haunts in the remote skirts of the mountain called Cairntable, with their hides well feathered with those marks of human enmity." Those were the days when huntsmen could boast of desperate struggles and hairbreadth escapes; for then the chase in the Scottish woods and dales rivalled in excitement and danger the sport which is now obtained on the sunburned plains of Africa and Hindostan.

But in the remote and misty past,—in epochs far beyond the ken of history, those pre-historic times which stretch back indefinitely to the emergence of our island from the bosom of the sea,—various species of wild and savage animals were common in Britain, partly contemporaneously, and partly in succession to each other, according to the climatic changes, most of which races have been long extinct in this country. The fact of their existence is attested by their remains found chiefly in the limestone caverns and the river deposits. We speak of the matter cursorily, without drawing upon precise scientific details which it is unnecessary to adduce. The elephant and the rhinoceros grazed on British soil, and the hippopotamus wandered on the banks of British rivers. The moose-deer or elk once roamed here, though in small numbers. The rein-deer are believed to have spread over Britain and Ireland, towards the close of what is known as the glacial period. Ancient tradition asserts that in some distant age the Norwegians were wont to cross over to Scotland for the purpose of hunting the rein-deer! These or other animals of the deer tribe, according to good authority, were contemporaneous in Britain with several carnivorous enemies—two species of lions, one greater and the other smaller in structure; a species of the leopard or panther; the hyena; the grisly and brown



hearing that a district in Aberdeenshire was ravaged by a bear, he went thither, tracked the destroyer to its lair, and was successful in putting it to death, for which exploit he was rewarded with lands, and the title of *Forbear* or *Forbeiste* was given him, while he was also granted three bears' heads as an armorial cognizance, which has ever since been borne by his descendants. Another version of the legend is to the effect that the hero killed the bear to obtain the hand of a beautiful heiress, named Bess or Elizabeth, and on accomplishing his object he assumed the name of "For Bess." A third version relates that a boar, not a bear, having devoured nine young women at a spring in the parish of Anchindoir, Aberdeenshire, it was "slain by a young man of the name of Forbes, the lover of one of the young women, and a stone with a boar's head cut on it, was set up to preserve the remembrance of his gallantry and courage. The stone," continues the Old Statistical writer, "was removed by Lord Forbes to his house of Putachie; and it is from this circumstance that a boar's head is quartered in the arms of the family;"—a mistake, the Forbes arms being three bears' heads. The spring where the tragedy happened was thenceforth known as the "Nine Maidens' Well." Ochonchar's slaughter of the bear is assigned to the eleventh century—the year 1057; but the brown bear must have become extinct in Scotland considerably earlier than that date. The main legend is a fair example of the turn for finding out a punning or familiar explanation of the names of persons and places, which was common in unlettered times. An instance of the same thing occurs in the derivation of "Buccleugh":—

—Old Buccleugh the name did gain  
When in the cleuch the buck was ta'en.

King Kenneth Macalpin, as we are told, was hunting in Ettrick Forest, when the buck standing at bay in a hollow into which the monarch and his attendants, being on horseback, could not descend, a native of the country, a banished man, who followed the chase on foot, clambered down, and ran in upon the deer. Pos-

sessing great strength and daring, he seized it by the horns, and, throwing it upon his back, ascended the steep hill-side with his struggling burden, and flung it down before the King, who thereupon named him *Bucleugh*. Still another example will be given at a subsequent stage.

The ancient Celtic tribes of Scotland were much devoted to the chase, from which they derived a large portion of their subsistence: the wild hog, with which the country abounded, being one of their chief beasts of pursuit, notwithstanding that the sow appears to have been somehow associated with their mythology, and its figure is found on most of the sculptured stones,—hence the conjecture has been hazarded that originally it was worshipped here as in Egypt of old. In the Perthshire vale of Glenshee there was once a famous boar-hunt, which, because it proved fatal to the best-beloved of the Fingalian heroes, has been commemorated in song by one of Albin's olden bards. Diarmad, the son of Duine, was the nephew of Fingal, by the mother's side, and was the handsomest warrior in the train of the King of Morven, whose jealousy and hatred, however, he had the misfortune to kindle. Brave, noble Diarmad (so sung the bard) was full of strength and valour; his might in battle was as a wintry torrent rushing on resistlessly: fair his cheek, red his lip, blue and grey blended in his clear eye, and long locks of yellow waved over his shoulders. Fingal's hate was moved against him; but it was dissembled, and never found vent until a great hunt was held in Glenshee, where the sounds of deer and elk were ever heard, and where the stream winds at the foot of Ben Gulbin, among the grassy knolls and the grey mossy cairns, on which the sunshine sweetly beams. Thither came the Fingalians,—Diarmad accompanying the "king of men." They climbed the hill with their dogs, and the great boar of Ben Gulbin was roused from his darksome cave. Fierce was the aged wild boar that issued in his wrath from the lofty echoing rocks. He sought safety in flight, but being hemmed in by the hunters and their eager

pack, he turned furiously upon them, scattering the hounds and defying sword and spear. Diarmad, ever fearless and intrepid, sprung forward to the encounter. His spear shivered in splinters on the beast's thick hide, but drawing his thin-leaved sword, of all the arms most crowned with victory, he killed the monster with repeated strokes rapid as the levin-bolt. Sad was Fingal at the sight. It grieved his soul that Diarmad had not fallen a victim,—that the youth should even have emerged unwounded from the struggle. Long sat the King on the hill-side, musing in gloomy silence; and, then pointing to the enormous carcass stretched on the grass, he said—“Diarmad, measure the boar from snout to heel, that we may know its length.” Diarmad did so. He measured the boar by treading with his bare feet along its back. “Measure it again, from heel to snout, against the bristles,” cried the King. This was also done. But the poisonous bristles pierced Diarmad's naked soles, and the venom working quickly into his blood, he fell beside the boar, and died: and so Fingal was revenged. “Valorous chief!” laments the bard, “lightly may the clod rest upon thy golden locks! I stand by thy grave, like a leafless, sapless bough amid the whistling blast of sorrow that scatters the withered twigs around Diarmad's bed at the bottom of Ben Gulbin. Though green was the hill when first we approached it, yet red it is this night with the blood of the youthful champion.” This is the legend of the hunting of Glenshee: and somewhat may be traced in it of analogy with classic fable; for Achilles was vulnerable only in the heel, and Adonis, the beloved of the Cyprian goddess, was slain by a boar. The Clan Campbell claim their descent from Diarmad: they are called in Gaelic song *Sliochd Diarmad an Tuirc*—“the race of Diarmad who slew the boar:” and their heraldic crest is the boar's head. A curious entry in the Sheriff of Forfar's Accounts for the year 1263 would seem to indicate that by the time of Alexander III. the wild boar had become scarce in the country. The Sheriff notes that he expended  $4\frac{1}{2}$  chalders of corn for the wild

boars, *porci silvestres* ; upon which Professor Innes asks: —“ Are we to conclude from this last that the native wild boar of the Caledonian Forest had become extinct or scarce in the valley of Strathmore, and that a supply was reared for sport ? ”

Eventually the wild hog shared the fate of the brown bear. The wolf, however, continued to infest the country, and by its ravages provoked Scottish Parliaments of the fifteenth century to pass decrees for its extirpation. But even the wolf was outlived by remnants of the white cattle which, from time immemorial had haunted the Scottish woods ; and, indeed, to this day, survivors of this race are preserved in several parts of our island. The indigenous wild ox of Britain was the *Urus* ; but whether the later breed of wild cattle, and, in particular, the Scottish Bison or White Bull, can be held as sprung of the aboriginal stock, we do not pretend to judge. It has been supposed that the *Urus* became extinct in England within the pre-historic period, but that it still subsisted in the regions north of the Tweed. At all events, the wild White Bull appears to have been in Scotland from very early days, and was contemporaneous with various beasts of prey, to which it must have proved a sturdy and dreaded opponent. Without troubling ourselves with vexed questions of breed and descent, let us say that there is abundant and indisputable evidence to shew that, for many ages, herds of wild cattle were numerous on both sides of the Border. The “ Celtic shorthorn ” is understood to have been the domesticated British ox during the Roman occupation ; but wild cattle in England are spoken of in records dating more than eight centuries ago. The “ Forest Laws ” of King Canute, who reigned from 1014 to 1036, state that “ there are also a great number of cattle which, although they live within the limits of the forest, and are subject to the charge and care of the middle sort of men, or Regardors, nevertheless cannot at all be reputed beasts of the forest as wild horses, *bubali* [buffaloes, or wild bulls], wild cows,” and so forth.

An earlier reference occurs in Wales. The "*Leges Wallice*," or Welsh Laws of King Howell the Good, enacted about 942-3, mention white cattle with red ears, which were to be given in compensation for certain offences committed against the Welsh Princes. Matthew Paris, in his *Lives of the Abbots of St Albans*, relates how, in the days of Edward the Confessor, "there abounded throughout the whole of Ciltria [the Childrens] spacious woods, thick and large, the habitation of numerous and various beasts, wolves, boars, forest bulls [*tauri sylvestres*], and stags." The historian Fitz-Stephen, says, about 1174, that "close at hand" to London, "lies an immense forest, woody ranges, hiding-places of wild beasts, of stags, of fallow deer, of boars, and of [*tauri sylvestres*] forest bulls." Subsequent records speak of wild cattle in other parts of England; and tradition goes as far back as the oldest writing extant. The ballad of "Sir Guy of Warwick," dating at least in the sixteenth century, tells how the hero slew a great wild cow, in the time of King Athelstan, who reigned from 925 to 940: and although the ballad as such cannot be regarded as competent authority, yet it doubtless preserves a very ancient popular belief which coincides in the main with well-authenticated facts:—

On Dunsmore heath I also slew  
A monstrous wild and cruel beast,  
Called the Dun-cow of Dunsmore heath;  
Which many people has opprest.

Some of her bones in Warwick yet  
Still for a monument do lie;  
And there exposed to lookers' view;  
As wondrous strange, they may espy.

We now pass to Scotland, where the wild white cattle have been well known. One or two references to the race appear in Ossian's Poems; as, for example, in "Fingal" (Macpherson's version):—"Long had they strove for the spotted [the original has *spotless*] bull that lowed on Golbun's echoing heath. Each claimed him as his own. Death was often at the point of their steel. Side by side the heroes fought; the strangers of ocean

fled. Whose name was fairer on the hill than the name of Cairbar and Grudar? But, ah! why ever lowed the bull on Golbun's echoing heath? They saw him leaping like snow." And, again—"I went and divided the herd. One snow-white bull remained. I gave that bull to Cairbar." But the most ample and distinct account of the wild white cattle is given by Hector Boece, in his *Scotorum Historiæ*, which was first published in 1526; and his account has been repeated by succeeding writers. "In this wood"—the great Caledonian Forest, says he, "were some time white bulls, with crisp and curling manes, like fierce lions; and though they seemed meek and tame in the remanent figure of their bodies, yet were more wild than any other beaste; and had such hatred against the society and company of men, that they came never in the woods or lesuris [pastures] where they found any feet or hand thereof; and many days after they eat not of the herbs that were touched or handled by men. Thir bulls were so wild that they were never taken but [without] sleight and crafty labour, and so impatient, that after their taking they died for importable [insupportable] dolour. As soon as any man invaded thir bulls, they rushed with so terrible press on him that they dang him to the earth, taking no fear of hounds, sharp lances, nor other most penetrative weapons." Boece then tells a story of the narrow escape of King Robert Bruce, while, with a small train, he was hunting the wild bull in the Forest, and how the King's deliverer received the name of *Turnbull* for his prowess at the critical moment. "For after the beast felt himself sore wounded by the hunters, he rushed upon the King, who having no weapon left in his hand wherewith to defend himself he had surely perished, if rescue had not come. Howbeit in this distress one car e running unto him, who overthrew the bull by plain force, and held him down till the hunters came that killed him outright. For this valiant act the king endowed the aforesaid party with great possessions, and his lineage is to this day called of the Turnbolls, because he overturned the beast, and

saved the King's life, by such great prowess and manhood." Of course, the story, so far as relates to the origin of the surname, bears the same mint-mark as that of Forbes or Buccleugh; although the incident of, the King's rescue has nothing improbable in it. This Turnbull, it is farther said, fell in a singular manner at Halidon Hill, in July, 1333. Immediately before the battle joined, he, accompanied by a large and ferocious mastiff, advanced towards the English army, and challenged any soldier to single combat. A Norfolk knight, Sir Richard Benhale, encountered the bold Scot, and being first assailed by the dog, killed it at a blow, and then engaging Turnbull, hewed off both his left hand and his head. With regard to the wild bulls, Bishop Leslie, in his *History*, published in 1578, gives a description of the animals similar to that of Boece, and adds that in his day such cattle were preserved in the parks of Stirling, Cumbernauld, and Kincardine.

*THE OLD SCOTTISH WILD CATTLE.—Part 2d.*

Where these high walls round wide inclosures run,  
Forbid the winter, and invite the sun,  
Wild strays the race of bisons, white as snow,  
Hills, dales, and woods re-echo when they low.  
\* \* \* \* \*

But, mightiest of his race, the bull is bred;  
High o'er the rest he rears his armed head,  
The monarch of the drove, his sullen roar  
Shakes Clyde with all his rocks from shore to shore.  
*Wilson's "Clyde."*

AT the time when Boece's *History* appeared,—namely, in 1526,—the wild white cattle of Scotland had become, as we have seen, almost an extinct race. Their chief haunts had been the old forests, which, however, were gradually destroyed, partly by the ravages of war, and partly by the extension of cultivation consequent on the increase and spread of population, so that the herds were deprived of their accustomed and necessary shelter. The breed would seem to have been extirpated generally in the Highlands sooner than in the low country, leaving only to after-days a hazy traditional recollection in which superstition mingled its dreams and terrors,—the white bull merging into a mythical "water-bull," which, with malevolent powers akin to those of the "kelpie" or water-horse, was supposed to hover about small lochs amid heathy deserts and rocky solitudes and the remnants of ancient woods. "It is easy," say the brothers John Sobieski and Charles Edward Stuart, "to resolve this fable into the associations of the last animal of the district, exaggerated by its mysterious seclusion and ferocious nature. The wild bull, like the stag, is fond of deep solitude, water, and marshy places, and in summer retires to remote lakes and rivers, loving to stand in the water, and wallow in the mire. When the wild cattle were reduced to here and there a single individual, his haunt would be often—in some seasons always—about the margins of the



small marshy lakes in the depths of the woods, where, formidable to the hunter, and a terror to women and children, he would soon become the minotaur of the neighbourhood, and hence the superstitions associated with all those little lakes in the Highlands called *Bull-Lochs*." In the Lowlands the few survivors of the race fared otherwise; for at some places in the south of Scotland, the enclosures—parks and policies—which came to be formed around baronial castles and mansions, preserved what remained of the once numerous herds. Thus, a number of these cattle were confined in the park of Cadyow Castle, on the banks of the Avon, before its confluence with the Clyde. There the Hamiltons have ruled for centuries, but the castle went to ruin after the civil wars of Queen Mary's time. The Caledonian Forest had spread over this district, and scattered fragments of it still remain, in the shape of lofty, broad-topped oaks, darkening the course of the stream. The Cadyow domain was granted to the Hamilton family by King Robert Bruce, who used to hunt in its woods; and probably it was there that Turnbull rescued him from the infuriated wild bull. Succeeding sovereigns occasionally enjoyed the same sport in the same locality, and it is known that James IV. did so about the year 1500. Unvarying tradition declares that a herd of the white cattle existed at Cadyow from the time of the Bruce's grant to the Hamiltons; and there a herd remains to this day. The brothers Stuart described the animals in 1848, when they were about 60 in number. They were "of a pure white colour, their eyes dark blue, their noses black, the ears tipped and lined with the same colour, the horns white, tipped with black, and the feet generally speckled, according as the hair above the hoof is black or white. The bulls have now in a great measure lost their manes, and the cows are horned or 'humble' indifferently. The general size of the animal is a degree larger than the West Highland cattle, fat bulls of seven or eight years old weighing about 55 to 60 stones; cows full-grown from 28 to 35 stones. Although by long limit to the semi-detached

state of an inclosed park, familiarized to the sight of man, the animals have lost their original ferocity, the bulls are fierce when pursued, and at all times shy." An account of the habits of these animals has also been given by the Rev. W. Patrick, in the *Quarterly Journal of Agriculture* :—

I am inclined to believe that the Hamilton breed of cattle is the oldest in Scotland, or perhaps in Britain. Although Lord Tankerville has said they have "no wild habits," I am convinced from personal observation, that this is one of their peculiar features. In browsing their extensive pasture, they always keep close together, never scattering or straggling over it,—a peculiarity which does not belong to the Kyles, or any other breed, from the wildest or most inhospitable regions of the Highlands. The white cows are also remarkable for their systematic manner of feeding. At different periods of the year their tactics are different, but by those acquainted with their habits they are always found about the same part of the forest at the same hour of the day. In the height of summer, they always bivouac for the night towards the northern extremity of the forest; from this point they start in the morning, and browse to the southern extremity, and return at sunset to their old rendezvous; and during these perambulations they always feed *en masse*.

The bulls are seldom ill-natured, but when they are so, they display a disposition more than ordinarily savage, cunning, pertinacious, and revengeful. A poor bird-catcher, when exercising his vocation among the "Old Oaks," as the park is familiarly called, chanced to be attacked by a savage bull. By great exertion he gained a tree before his assailant made up to him. Here he had occasion to observe the habits of the animal. It did not roar or bellow, but merely grunted, the whole body quivered with passion and savage rage, and he frequently attacked the tree with his head and hoofs. Finding all to no purpose, he left off the vain attempt, began to browse, and removed to some distance from the tree. The bird-catcher tried to descend, but his watchful Cerberus was again instantly at his post, and it was not until after six hours' imprisonment, and various bouts at "bo-peep" as above, that the unfortunate man was relieved by some shepherds with their dogs. A writer's apprentice, who had been at the village of Quarter on business, and who returned by the "Oaks" as a "near-hand cut," was also attacked by one of these savage brutes, near the northern extremity of the forest. He was fortunate, however, in getting up a tree, but was watched by the bull, and kept there during the whole of the night, and till near two o'clock next day.

These animals are never taken and killed like other cattle, but are always shot in the field. I once went to see

a bull and some cows destroyed in this manner,—not by any means for the sake of the sight, but to observe the manner and habits of the animal under peculiar circumstances. When the shooters approached, they, as usual, scampered off in a body, then stood still, tossed their heads on high, and seemed to snuff the wind; the manœuvre was often repeated, till they got so hard pressed (and seemingly having a sort of half-idea of the tragedy which was to be performed), they at length ran furiously in a mass, always preferring the sides of the fence and sheltered situations, and dexterously taking advantage of any inequality in the ground, or other circumstances, to conceal themselves from the assailing foe. In their flight, the bulls, or stronger of the flock, always took the lead; a smoke ascended from them which could be seen at a great distance; and they were often so close together, like sheep, that a carpet would have covered them. The cows which had young, on the first “tug of war,” all retreated to the thickets where their calves were concealed; from prudential motives, they are never, if possible, molested. These and other wild habits I can testify to being inherent in the race, and are well known to all who have an opportunity of acquainting themselves with them.

The number of these cattle kept at Cadyow Castle, in October, 1874, was 45; of which 30 were in the park, and 15 bulls and steers were in an adjoining pasture field. In June, 1877, the number remained much the same.

At Drumlanrig Castle, in Dumfriesshire, one of the seats of the Queensberry family, a herd of wild white cattle was kept until about the year 1780, when, on account of their ferocity, they were sold to an English nobleman by the fourth and last Duke of Queensberry, and removed across the Border. Mr Pennant, when at Drumlanrig, in 1772, saw these cattle, and has described them in his *Tour*:—

In my walks about the park, see the white breed of wild cattle, derived from the native race of the country; and still retain the primeval savageness and ferocity of their ancestors; were more shy than any deer; ran away on the appearance of any of the human species, and even set off at full gallop on the least noise; so that I was under the necessity of going very softly under the shelter of trees or bushes, to get a near view of them: during summer they keep apart from all other cattle, but in severe weather hunger will compel them to visit the outhouses in search of food. The keepers are obliged to shoot them, if any are wanted: if the beast is not killed on the spot, it runs at the person who gave the wound, and who is forced, in

order to save himself, to fly for safety to the intervention of some tree.

These cattle are of a middle size, have very long legs, and the cows are fine horned: the orbits of the eyes and the tips of the noses are black; but the bulls have lost the manes attributed to them by Boethius.

About half-a-century ago, a herd of wild white cattle, with black ears, muzzles, and hoofs, was kept in one of the parks attached to Blair Castle, Perthshire, the seat of the Duke of Athole. How long they had been there we have not ascertained; but in 1834 it was resolved to dispose of the herd, and accordingly it was sold,—part being purchased by the Marquis of Breadalbane, and part by the Duke of Buccleugh. But neither at Taymouth Castle nor Dalkeith Palace were the animals long preserved. A sort of half-breed from this herd is still kept at Kilmory House, Argyleshire, belonging to Sir John Powlett Orde.

At Ardrosan Castle, in Ayrshire, a herd of the white cattle was introduced, about 1750, by Alexander, tenth Earl of Eglinton. What their number was is uncertain; but they were gradually diminished by shooting to about a dozen, when, in 1820, Hugh, the twelfth Earl, ordered them to be destroyed, which was accordingly done.

In another part of the same county,—at Auchencruive,—a herd of the white cattle was introduced by Lord Cathcart about the same time as they were brought to Ardrossan, namely, in the middle of the last century. In 1763, however, Auchencruive estate was sold to Mr Oswald, and he previous to his death, in 1784, caused the wild cattle to be killed on account of their dangerous propensities.

We must next cross the Border, to Chillingham Castle, in Northumberland, the patrimony of the Earl of Tankerville, where a park with wild cattle is distinctly mentioned in records of the year 1292, while the "great wood" of Chillingham is spoken of as early as 1220. The park of 1292 comprised 1500 acres; and at present, excluding woods, it contains 1100 acres. There can be little doubt that from the end of the thirteenth century

down to the present day, Chillingham has possessed a herd of the ancient white cattle of Britain. When Mr Pennant visited the Castle in 1772, he noted that "in the park are between thirty and forty wild cattle, of the same kind with those described at Drumlanrig." After the publication of *Castle Dangerous*, Sir Walter Scott received an interesting letter on the subject of the Chillingham cattle, which he appended to the revised edition of the novel:—

When it is wished to kill any of the cattle at Chillingham, the keeper goes into the herd on horseback, in which way they are quite accessible, and, singling out his victim, takes aim with a large rifle-gun, and seldom fails in bringing him down. If the poor animal makes much bellowing in his agony, and especially if the ground be stained with his blood, his companions become very furious, and are themselves, I believe, accessory to his death. After which they fly off to a distant part of the park, and he is drawn away on a sledge. Lord Tankerville is very tenacious of these singular animals; he will on no account part with a living one, and hardly allows of a sufficient number being killed, to leave pasturage for those that remain.

It happened on one occasion, three or four years ago, that a party visiting at the Castle, among whom were some *men of war*, who had hunted buffaloes in foreign parts, obtained permission to do the keeper's work, and shoot one of the wild cattle. They sallied out on horseback, and, duly equipped for the enterprise, attacked their object. The poor animal received several wounds, but none of them proving fatal, he retired before his pursuers, roaring with pain and rage, till, planting himself against a wall or tree, he stood at bay, offering a front of defiance. In this position the youthful heir of the Castle, Lord Ossulston, rode up to give him the fatal shot. Though warned of the danger of approaching near to the enraged animal, and especially of firing without first having turned his horse's head in a direction to be ready for flight, he discharged his piece; but ere he could turn his horse round to make his retreat, the raging beast had plunged his immense horns into his flank. The horse staggered, and was near falling, but recovering by a violent effort he extricated himself from his infuriated pursuer, making off with all the speed his wasting strength supplied, his entrails meanwhile dragging on the ground, till at length he fell, and died at the same moment. The animal was now close upon his rear, and the young Lord would unquestionably have shared the fate of his unhappy steed, had not the keeper, deeming it full time to conclude the *day's diversion*, fired at the instant. His shot brought the beast to the ground, and running in with his large knife, he put a period to his existence.

This scene of gentlemanly pastime was viewed from a turret of the Castle by Lady Tankerville and her female visitors. Such a situation for the mother of the young hero was anything but enviable.

Particulars are known of the Chillingham herd at different periods, commencing with the year 1692. In that year the herd numbered 28 animals. In 1772, Mr Pennant reckoned 30 or 40. In 1838, the number was 80; in 1861, it was 50; in 1873, it was 64; in 1874, it was 71; in 1875, it was 62; and in July, 1877, the herd had decreased to 59. An authority quoted in Maxwell's *Border Tales* describes the cattle as "invariably white; muzzle black; the whole of the inside of the ear, and about one-third of the outside from the tip downwards, red; horns white, with black tips, very fine, and bent upwards; some of the bulls have a thin upright mane, about an inch and a-half or two inches long; the weight of the oxen is from 35 to 45 stone, and the cows from 25 to 35 stone." Formerly a portion of the cattle were black-eared.

Chartley Park, in Staffordshire, belonging to the Earl Ferrers, has also been long celebrated for a herd of the wild white cattle with black ears. The park was formed, about 1248, out of part of Needwood Forest; and we are told that "some of the wild cattle of the country which had formerly roamed at large in the Forest of Needwood were driven into the park at this place (Chartley), where their breed is still preserved." The herd is occasionally mentioned in records; but its number seems never to have averaged beyond 30. The animals are not so wild as those at Chillingham. In 1874 they numbered 25; and in 1877, only 20.

"In Lyme Park," Cheshire, "which contains about one thousand Cheshire acres," says Hansall's *History* of that county, published in 1817, "is a herd of upwards of twenty wild cattle, similar to those in Lord Tankerville's park at Chillingham,—chiefly white with red ears. They have been in the park from time immemorial, and tradition says they are indigenous." The park was enclosed out of Macclesfield Forest, and

was acquired by Sir Piers Legh from Richard II. It still remains in the possession of the Leghs, and probably the herd of cattle was introduced at the time of the grant. About 1850, the herd numbered 34; in 1875, only 4; and in 1877, there was an increase to 6. Both red and black ears have occurred in the herd. Generally the Lyme cattle have been larger than any others of the species.

Thus, as we have enumerated, herds of the white wild cattle are still preserved at two places in Scotland—Cadyow Castle and Kilmory House; and at three places in England—Chillingham Castle, Chartley Park, and Lyme Park. But formerly, for different periods, some extending down to recent years, herds of these animals were kept at various localities, of which we now give a brief list:—

At Naworth Castle, in Cumberland, the seat of the Howards, was once kept a herd of “white wild cattle with black ears only,” originally brought from Martindale Forest, near Thornthwaite, in 1629,—the Naworth “Household Book” containing this entry:—“1629, January 9. To Anthony Bearper, George Bell, and William Hall, for their charges and pains in bringing wild cattle from Thornthwaite, 5s 4d.” All the animals composing the herd were killed, it is supposed, during the Civil War.

Gisburne Park, Yorkshire, had a herd of wild cattle, of which, says Bewick, in 1790, “are some perfectly white, except the inside of the ears, which are brown. They are without horns, very strong-boned, but not high. They are said to have been originally brought from Whalley Abbey, in Lancashire, upon its dissolution in the 23d year of Henry VIII., and to have been drawn to Gisburne by the power of music.” The herd, which never exceeded 10 animals, became extinct in 1859.

Herds were likewise kept at Whalley Abbey, Lancashire; Middleton Park, Lancashire; Hoghton Tower, Lancashire; Wollaton Park, Nottinghamshire; Somerford Park, Cheshire; Woldenby Park, Northampton-

shire; Leigh Court, Somersetshire; Barnard Castle, Durham; Bishop Auckland, Durham; Burton Constable, Yorkshire; and Ewelme Park, Oxfordshire.

Although the wild white cattle were once so numerous in the Scottish Highlands, yet it seems ultimately to have become a wonder to find a white ox of the domesticated species in the north. Mrs Grant of Laggan, in her *Essays on the Superstitions of the Highlanders*, relates a story which illustrates the point:—

A gentleman of no small note in Strathspey had a very remarkable animal stolen from him. It was a white ox; a colour rare in those northern countries.

Mungo was not accounted a man of desperate courage; but the white ox being a great favourite, there was in this case no common stimulus. Mungo, as may be supposed, had no numerous *linne na chris* [bodyguard of friends]. He took, however, his servant with him, and went to the shealing of Drymen, at the foot of Corryarich, where he was credibly informed his white favourite might be found. He saw this conspicuous animal quietly grazing, unguarded and alone; but having thought better of the matter, or supposing the creature looked very happy where he was, he quietly returned without him. Being as deficient in true Highland caution as in courage, he very innocently told when he came home, that he had seen his ox, and left it there.

The disgrace attending this failure was beyond the power of a Lowland heart to conceive. He was all his life after, called Mungo of the White Ox; and to this day [1811], it is accounted very ill-bred to mention an ox of that colour before any of his descendants.

After the extirpation of the wild cattle and wild beasts, we hear not only of water-bulls, but of other strange animals in the Highlands, equally, as would appear, the creation of imagination. What shall we say of the one which is described by the Rev. John Grant, minister of Kirkmichael, Banffshire, in the Old Statistical Account of that parish? Among the Grampian mountains, "it is asserted by the country people that there is a small quadruped which they call *fomh*. In summer mornings it issues from its lurking-places, emitting a kind of glutinous matter fatal to horses, if they happen to eat of the grass upon which it has been deposited. It is somewhat larger than a mole, of a brownish colour, with a large head disproportionate to its body. From this deformed appearance, and its



noxious quality, the word seems to have been transferred to denote a monster, a cruel, mischievous person, who, in the Gaelic language, is usually called a *famh-fhear*." The same venomous creature, or one very much akin to it, is mentioned by the author of *The Scottish Gael* (1831):—"A species of amphibious animal, apparently of the rat kind, called *Beothach an' fheoir*, is found in the eddies of the upper regions, always inhabiting the vicinity of the green patches around springs. When a horse feeds upon the grass that has been recently cropped by this animal, it swells, and in a short time dies, and the flesh is found blue, as if it had been bruised or beaten. I believe this creature has not been hitherto described by naturalists." Has any naturalist noticed it to this day? But it concerns us not to press the enquiry.

One word in conclusion as to the reindeer,—which tradition avers used to be hunted in Scotland by the Norwegians, who crossed the sea for that purpose. Tradition is so far supported in this story by an olden authority, the *Orkneyinga Saga*, which states explicitly that the Norse lords of the Orkneys were accustomed to pass over to Caithness to enjoy the chase of the reindeer. "The Jarls of Orkney were in the habit of crossing over to Caithness almost every summer, and there hunting in the wilds the red deer and the reindeer:" and those Jarls [Earls] are said to have been Ronald and Harold, who lived in the middle of the twelfth century,—though we suspect the date of the existence of reindeer in Caithness is rather too recent. Numerous remains of the reindeer have been discovered there and in other parts of the country. In our own county, during drainage operations at the Loch of Marlee, many years ago, the horns and some of the leg-bones of a reindeer were found. It should also be remembered that the reindeer-moss is still common in Scotland. The re-introduction of the reindeer has been attempted here, both on the hills of Athole and in Mar Forest, Aberdeenshire; but in each case the project failed,—the animals having died soon after being liberated in the wilds.

*INCIDENTS OF CITIZEN LIFE IN OLD PERTH.*  
*Part 1st.*

Thus shall you something of our Borough know;

Men are our subjects and the deeds of men.

*Crabbe's "Borough."*

THE Reformation wrought a thorough change not only in the religious and social life and habits of the people of Perth (as it did everywhere else), but also, with a startling suddenness, upon the aspect of the city itself, which prior to that event had possessed much architectural adornment. No town of its dimensions in Scotland, we believe, could boast of more (or even, perhaps, of so many) ecclesiastical buildings, such as monasteries and chapels. As the poet Adamson points out, four

———Monasteries, with churches fair,  
Sometime did stand, placed at every corner  
Was one;

while within the city walls and in the vicinity were various chapels,—all or most of which sacred edifices had “steeple fairly mounted in the air.” The view of the old city from any of the neighbouring points of vantage,—from the uplands on the west, or from Craigie Hill, or Kinnoull,—must have combined many features of the picturesque, which were sadly diminished when every steeple was thrown down, leaving only the ancient tower of St John’s Church to break the dull uniformity of the urban prospect. In the Popish ages, Perth was burdened with a superabundance of religious houses and fraternities; but to account for this we must remember that until about eighty years before the Reformation the city was still nominally, what it had been actually for many centuries, the capital of the kingdom. The storm of the Reformation passed over Perth with the devastating violence of the simoom; every ecclesiastical edifice being demolished, save the Chapel of Our Lady and the Church of St John. The

excited populace contented themselves with "purging" the venerable church: the images of saints being thrown down and broken to pieces; the altars overturned, and their rich furnishings and ornaments becoming spoil along with the plunder of the monasteries. A day or two sufficed to reduce Perth to comparative meanness of appearance. She was deprived of much of what entitled her to the proud name of the Fair City; and she could only continue to claim it, not from her own architectural elegance, but from the unrivalled beauty of her situation on the banks of the Tay, surrounded by an amphitheatre of hills.

The moral revolution was equally thorough, though it took more time to work out its due results. The light of the oracles of truth, and the spirit and power of vital religion, were diffused over the land. At first, perchance, the masses of the people did not fully realize the magnitude of the change and the all-pervading influences which the new order of things was to exercise. The Romish system had so entwined itself with every relation and custom of social life, that for a season considerable difficulty was experienced in eradicating certain "superstitious practices" to which a professedly Protestant population clung from the effect of long and unchallenged habit. But an irrevocable change had come, making itself felt everywhere and in everything. The Romish Hierarchy gave way to plain Presbyters; and the old forms of public worship were entirely abrogated. Before the outbreak of the Reformation, the order of public worship set up by "the Congregation," or Protestant party, while struggling for their rights of conscience, was in conformity with a well-known liturgy,—*The Book of Common Prayer* of the Church of England;—the use of which was enjoined in 1557, when the Leaders of the Congregation issued an edict that "it is thought expedient, advised, and ordained, that in all parishes of this realm the Common Prayer be read weekly, on Sunday and other holidays, publicly in parish churches, with the lessons of the Old and New Testament, conformable to

the order of the Book of Common Prayer." This regulation seems to have prevailed for several years, until 1564, when the *Book of Geneva*, otherwise John Knox's *Book of Common Order*, was adopted, and it continued to be followed for a considerable period,—in some places down to the beginning of the Civil War. From this *Book of Common Order* we can obtain a clear idea of the form of Sabbath services instituted in the Church of Scotland three or four years after the legal establishment of the Reformation. When the congregation had assembled, the minister commenced the worship by reading a confession of sins; which done, he read a portion of Scripture. A psalm was then sung; and the minister having offered an extemporary prayer for divine assistance, proceeded with his sermon; after which he read a prayer, which concluded with the Apostles' Creed; another psalm was sung; and the pastoral benediction terminated the services. The minister, however, was allowed some discretionary power as to adhering strictly to the forms of prayer, &c., according to circumstances. Besides the Sabbath-day worship, prayers were appointed to be read morning and evening on every week-day in all parish churches by a subordinate official called the "Reader," who also, in case of the absence of a minister, read prayers at the usual diet on the Sabbath; and such of the Readers as were considered qualified were authorized to preach. In Perth there was a public sermon every Thursday, in commemoration of that famous Thursday, the 11th of May, 1559, when Knox preached and the popular tumult broke out against Popery. During the winter-time, when lights were necessary in the church at the daily morning and evening prayers, they were ordered to be provided by the Incorporated Trades and the Guildry, apparently as possessors of altarges the annualrents of which they still drew. As to the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, it was dispensed in Perth, at least quarterly; and the celebration was held in the choir or east end of the church, where the high altar had stood. The hour of commencement was early in the

morning. There were two "ministrations," as they were called: that is to say, half the congregation communicated at first, and the other half afterwards. In 1580, it was ordered that, "to the first ministration the first bell should ring at four hours in the morning, the second at half-hour to five, and the third at five; that to the second ministration the first bell should ring at half-hour to nine, the second at nine, and the third at half-hour to ten." No preliminary Fast-day was held as yet, nor preaching on the Saturday and Monday. So much for the mode of worship, &c.

The minister was assisted in his oversight and management of the congregation by a body of elders, who for some time were elected to office annually, and who, along with him, constituted the "weekly assembly," otherwise the Kirk-Session. There were also deacons, elected annually, who were entrusted with the charge of the funds for the poor, but had no vote in cases of Church discipline. The Session in every town and parish arrogated an extensive jurisdiction,—taking cognizance of the public and private walk and conversation of all parishioners high and low, their follies, frailties, and offences, in order that discipline might be duly administered: which power was homologated by magisterial authority in the burghs,—one or more of the Perth Bailies being in attendance at the Session meetings. Consequently, the Session minutes generally resemble much more the books of a modern Police Court than those of an ordinary ecclesiastical conclave. But it is this very characteristic which gives those minutes so much value as graphic records of bygone manners: and we now propose selecting from them and other sources a variety of incidents illustrating the citizen life of Old Perth.

The great mass of the people of the Reformation era were sunk in ignorance, having been systematically kept so by the spiritual guides whom they ultimately expelled. The work of education was slow, and could only operate fully on the young and rising generation. The power of engrained superstition was still strong.

The people believed in, and consulted, witches and charmers ; held faith in ghost and fairy lore ; retained all the freits of their forbears ; and seemed wedded to many observances which had descended from ancient heathenism down through the Romish ages. Although they affected to cast aside, with scorn and indignation, every rag of the Scarlet Woman, yet they were well disposed to keep up favourite old holidays, with their extravagant sports and pastimes, which were peculiar to the Romish regime : and the Reformed Church had a long and stubborn struggle throughout Scotland in endeavouring to suppress those public occasions of scandal to a Protestant community. In Perth, the Session had hard enough work in putting down the May-day devotees at the Dragon's Hole in Kinnoull Cliff ; the Corpus Christi players ; and the processionists of St Obert. But war against obnoxious sports of the populace was begun several years previous to the Reformation ; for, in 1555, the Scottish Parliament, of which the dignified Romish ecclesiastics were members, found it necessary to pass an Act against the Robin Hood and Queen of May games, and the buffooneries of the Abbot of Unreason ; and this statute further enacted that " gif ony woman or others about summer trees singing, make perturbation to the Queen's lieges in the passage through burghs and other landward towns," they should, in default of money to pay a fine, be put upon the pillory. A more flagrant evil, however, the legacy of Popery, was the desecration of the Sabbath. Under the Romish sway in Scotland and other countries, the Sabbath was calculated to begin at six o'clock on Saturday evening, and to end at the same hour on Sunday evening, after which all secular labour and amusements became lawful. Sunday trading was common, and so were the Sunday markets, which were held chiefly in the rural districts. The Reformed clergy, with high ideas of Sabbath sanctity, set themselves to remedy matters. It was an uphill task which they undertook, and for a time they were fain to compromise by permitting a latitude for certain

things being done "between the hours of sermon;" but they never lost sight of their main object, to bring about a condition of strict Sabbath observance according to their own minds. Another phase of the prevailing desecration, common to England as well as Scotland, was the gross irreverence of demeanour among the people while attending Divine worship in the churches on Sundays. A vivid picture of how an English congregation behaved in such circumstances, has been drawn by Barclay, in his *Ship of Fools*, which was published in 1509. After telling that the officiating priests were as bad in conduct as the laity, the satirist proceeds:—

Into the church then comes another sot,  
 Without devotion, getting up and down,  
 Or to be seen, or to shew his garded coat;  
 Another on his fist a sparrowhawk or falcon,  
 Or else a cuckoo, and so wasting his shoon,  
 Before the altars he to and fro doth wander  
 With even as great devotion as a gander.  
 In comes another his hounds at his tail,  
 With lines and leashes, and other like baggage;  
 His dogs bark, so that withouten fail  
 The whole church is troubled by their outrage.  
 So innocent youth learneth the same of age,  
 And their loud sound doth the church fill,  
 But in this noise the good people keep them still.  
 One time the hawks' bells jingleth high,  
 Another time they flutter with their wings;  
 And now the hounds' barking strikes the sky,  
 Now sound their feet, and now the chains ring,  
 They clap with their hands, by such manner things  
 They make of the church for their hawks a mew,  
 And kennel for their dogs, which they afterwards rue.  
 There are handled pleadings and causes of the law,  
 There are made bargains of divers manner things,  
 Buying and sellings scarce worth a haw,  
 And there are for lucre contrived false leasings;  
 And while the priest his mass or matin sings,  
 These fools which to the church do repair,  
 Are chatting and babbling as it were in a fair.

There is no reason to doubt that this picture was equally applicable to the northern side of the Border, as in 1551,—before the Reformation,—the Scottish Parliament passed an Act "against all persons who contemptuously make perturbation in the Kirk, the time of divine service, and preaching of the Word of God, stopping the

same to be heard and seen by the devout people, and will not desist or cease therefra for na spiritual monition that the Kirkmen may use upon them;" which Act ordained that "whatsoever person makes perturbation or impediment in the Kirk, in manner foresaid, shall incur the pains as after follows: that i to say, for the first fault, ane Prelate, Earl, or Lord, £10; ane Baron, or person constitute in dignity ecclesiastical, £5; ane Vassal, Freeholder, Burgess, or small beneficial man, 40s; and others, 20s; and poor folks, that has na goods, to be put in prison for fifteen days to fast on bread and water; and for the second fault, the doubling thereof; and for the third fault, warding of their persons, or banishment for year and day; and ordains the Dean of Guild, Kirkmasters, and ulers, to gar leische [lash or whip] bairns that perturbs the Kirk in manner foresaid." These citations enable us clearly to understand the sort of disorders with which the Reformed clergy had to contend, and which they at once declared their determination to repress. In endeavouring to promote the proper observance of the Sabbath, and decorum and solemnity of conduct in the house of God, they laid down a rule, that no persons should absent themselves from the regular diets of worship without sufficient cause being shewn. In Perth, we find that edicts were framed and promulgated for the compulsory attendance of the whole parishioners: and, to enforce obedience, some of the elders and Bailies were deputed, every Sunday, to perambulate the streets after the assembling of the congregation for worship, that they might detect and report any species of Sabbath profanation, and whom they saw absent from Church,—all defaulters being subsequently summoned before the Kirk Session.

There was but one church in Perth,—that of St John the Baptist,—and it seems to have afforded ample room to accommodate the whole parishioners. Its division into two or three separate places of worship was unthought of at the time we refer to. The Reformation mob had stripped the interior of the sacred fane of all



adornments deemed of an "idolatrous" character: nothing was left save the bare walls, and the pulpit in which John Knox had preached. There were no pews; and the floor was paved with gravestones, beneath which many dead lay buried,—which custom of interment within churches, highly objectionable in a sanitary point of view, was another of the evils which the Protestant clergy opposed. By and by, stools were introduced by women, generally of the better class, for their convenience during sermon; and about twenty years after the Reformation, a movement commenced for the permanent seating of the church. In 1581, the inside of the edifice is described as being partly used as a place of store for wood and lumber; and as now the Kirk Session had resolved to do what in them lay to encourage the erection of pews, they directed that all encumbrances should be summarily cleared out. The stools of the ladies were the first objects of proscription. On the 5th June, that year, the Session "ordains the minister out of the pulpit to discharge all women's stools in the Kirk, betwixt this and this day eight days, otherwise, if not removed by the women, the same to be done by others whom the Session shall appoint in case of disobedience." This step was followed up by other measures of similar tendency. The Session, on 18th December, "ordains an Supplication to be made and directed to the Council concerning appointing of a Kirk-master, to be joined to Andrew Blythman, for purging of the Kirk of all kinds of timber, as spars and such other portable things; for appointing and making an Seat where the Bairns of [the Grammar] School shall sit; and for appointing of places to such as upon their own expenses would build seats to themselves;" and the Bailies were also ordained "to purge the Kirk of all kinds of materials that are portable." It seems then to have been suggested that the church might be got seated to a considerable extent by the Incorporated Trades, if each was allotted a certain space of the area: and accordingly, on 1st January, 1581-2, the Session "ordains Oliver Peebles, Bailie and Kirk-master, to see

at the Deacons of Crafts if they will build seats to themselves in the Kirk, or else to assure them that he shall give license to other honest men to do the same." The Trades received the proposal with approval: and the next minute of Session on the subject is dated the 12th February following, wherein it is stated that the Deacon of the Wrights, as representing his craft, had agreed to erect seats in an assigned place "betwixt the two pillars next the pulpit on the north side of the Kirk;" that the other Crafts had desired to have places assigned to them; whereupon the Session ordained that "decent, comely, and honourable" seats should be erected, of new timber, by Palmsunday next, on pain of the allotted places being forfeited; and "sundry honest men" were granted the like privilege. In this manner was the seating of the church begun; and some additional notices will appear at further stages of our progress.

In relation to Sabbath observance and desecration, we shall now adduce examples of the cases which were brought before the Kirk Session of Perth. That indefatigable body, on 22d September, 1578, ordered the Bailies to poid the effects of three citizens, "Henry Arnot, Alexander Bain, Gabriel Stalker, every one of them for 6s [Scots] to the poor, because according to their own confession they were absent from the sermon on Sunday was eight days": and doubtless the poiding was executed unless the money happened to be forthcoming. Divine service was still occasionally interrupted by unseemly disturbance on the part of members of the congregation. The old nuisance was not yet wholly got rid of. Four men came before the Session, on the 8th September, 1579, charged with this offence, and they all confessed their fault,—though one of them was much deeper in the dish than the others. "John Lindsay submits himself to the discipline of the kirk, for the perturbation of the kirk the time of the administration of the sacrament of baptism; for the which cause the Assembly ordain him to pass about the Cross in linen clothes, barefooted and bareheaded, on Thurs-

day and Sunday next, and thereafter to come to the public place of repentance the time of the sermon, there publicly to confess his offence; also to pay ane half-merk money to the poor instantly, or else to pass in ward [to go to prison] ay and until it be paid. And siclike for the same cause, ordain the next three, to wit, James Cuthbert, James Carr, and Thomas Rutherford, to come to the stool of repentance, on Thursday next, there to make their public repentance." As will be observed from the above deliverance, the Market Cross in the High Street was used, equally with the Cutty Stool, or Stool of Repentance, for the public exposure of delinquents: in fact, to be compelled to "stand at the Cross," an object of derision to the passers-by, was but a lesser form of the pillory. It seems to have been the custom of individuals undergoing public penance to cover their faces from the gaze of onlookers; but the Session emphatically pronounced against the practice by ordaining, in February, 1580-1, "that no vicious persons that pass to the Cross-head, or Stool of Repentance, shall cover their faces or head; with certification if they do, it shall serve for nothing unto them so often as they do it,"—that is to say, their appearance would not be reckoned as fulfilling their sentence. Noisy children occasioned a good deal of the annoyance in church, and the Session, in October, 1580, directed the minister to intimate from the pulpit that "all mothers" should "take heed to their bairns that they perturb not the kirk." The mothers, we may suppose, did their best to carry out the injunction, but their efforts, it would appear, were not attended with permanent success; for, in September, 1582, the Session, provoked by recurrence of the evil, took far more stringent measures, ordaining "that all bairns that perturb the kirk in time of preaching or prayers, shall be warded [imprisoned] ay and until they pay 6s 8d" [Scots].

The "Sabbath question" was forced upon the attention of the Scottish Parliament, which assembled at Edinburgh, on 20th October, 1579; and an Act was passed, prohibiting the holding of Sunday markets, and

also ordaining that "na handi-labouring, nor working, be used on the Sabbath-day, nor na gaming and playing, passing to taverns and ale-houses, or selling of meat and drink, or wilful remaining" of people "fra their parish kirk, in time of sermon or prayers on the Sabbath-day, be used," under the penalty of 20s, or the alternative of 24 hours in the stocks. As might be expected, this enactment strengthened the hands of all the Kirk Sessions, and accordingly strenuous efforts were put forth that it should bear good fruit; but there is no evidence of much amendment being effected. In April, 1581, the Perth Session were necessitated to desire the Bailies to keep the gates of the town constantly closed during the hallowed day, so as to prevent the passage of parties bent on business or pleasure. In May following, an ordinance was issued against all kinds of buying and selling on the Sabbath; declaring that no dispensation would be given authorising anything of the kind; and pointing out that this prohibition was specially directed against bakers, brewsters, wine-sellers, fleshers, and merchants, "with all other crafts and occupations." Nevertheless, the Sunday sale of liquors in taverns and ale-houses, between church hours, was not wholly suppressed, but soon went on just the same as before. In September, 1585, the Session, seeing that "sundry resorted in time of sermon to taverns and ale-houses, and came not to the kirk as became Christians, therefore" they "ordained that ilk taverner or ale-seller that sells wine or ale in time of sermon shall pay 20s [Scots]; and also all [persons] that resort to taverns or ale-houses, and are there apprehended, shall pay 10s [Scots]; and that this penalty shall be taken from the contraveners of this Act so oft as they are culpable thereof." The Session meant well; but their "repressive legislation" in this respect was productive of little result, as their own records bear witness.

*INCIDENTS OF CITIZEN LIFE IN OLD PERTH.*  
*Part 2nd.*

—————Still, with all  
Our intellect, I cannot but suspect  
That half the warmth which in the bosoms glowed  
Of our forefathers, for religious weal,  
Has given place to cold formality;  
Nor do we know a surer mark of this  
Than the low estimate we form of what  
They deemed of high import—the holding fast,  
With a tenacious grasp, the paramount  
Claims of the Sabbath.

*Crease's "Sabbath in Edinburgh."*

CONSTANTLY straining every nerve to secure the due observance of the day of rest, our Perth Session, in January, 1582-3, instituted a new system of Sabbath supervision, by resolving "that an Elder of every quarter of the town shall pass through the same every Sunday in time of preaching before noon, time about, and note them that are in taverns, bakers' booths, or on the gates [the streets], and delate them to the Assembly, that every one that is absent from the kirk may be poided for 20s, according to the Act of Parliament." Soon afterwards, the Bailies were joined with the Elders in this special work of espial. By the end of the year 1583, a flagrant absentee from public worship was called to account,—the defaulter happening to be a matron, who probably had a secret attachment to Popery. Margaret Smith, spouse of George Hunter, was charged with having "absented herself from the kirk in time of sermon this year bygone, but specially in the time of public fasting, therefore she is ordained to pay £3 [Scots] for her absence commonly from the kirk in time of fasting, and to be warded until she find caution, under the pain of paying of the extremity of the Act of Parliament made thereanent, if she be found absent in any time coming." She produced the caution required. In March, 1584, the Session came to an important resolution regarding the Communion—ordain-

ing that its celebration "should be twice in the year, viz., in March and September, and this to be observed in all time coming." But cases of Sabbath desecration continued numerous: and the church services were still disturbed by noise and bad behaviour. During the above month of March, Mr Patrick Galloway, the parish minister, complained to the Session, "accusing Thomas Anderson, *alias* Turner, before my Lord Gowrie [then Provost of Perth] and the Elders, for interrupting of the Psalm, and speaking in time of the sermon, and after sermon immediately calling his minister 'a drunken minister!'" Without denying the charge, Thomas "declined from the judgment of the minister, because he was a party; yet he, giving injurious talk to the minister, was commanded by my Lord Gowrie to be put in fast ward till he find caution to satisfy the kirk." In 1587, the Session had plenty of work in enforcing religious duty upon the inhabitants. The Thursday preaching was generally ill attended: there were "sundry honest men and masters of sundry vocations found walking in the gates [the streets], or abiding in their booths, thereby absenting themselves from sermon on Thursday, to the great slander of the Word they profess, while the rest of their godly neighbours are occupied in the spiritual service of their God." For which cause the Session ordained the Dean of Guild and Deacons of Crafts to charge all "honest men and masters" to leave their callings and attend the Thursday sermon; and that a Notary Public be commissioned to take up the names of the contraveners. This Act was unanimously ratified by the Town Council. A dead set was next made against the scandal of Sunday labour, which seems to have come to a height about August, 1587; for the Session then passed an ordinance that the Sabbath be kept, "especially in the mills, fleshers' booths, bakers' booths and bake-houses, under the penalty contained in the Act of Parliament against the transgressors of the same." This, evidently, proved a mere *brutum fulmen*. In September, the Session had reason to put on record that the Perth

millers "have been divers and sundry times charged to compare before the Assembly for permitting their servants to occupy [do work] on the Sabbath-day, as well as on the rest of the week, and to hold their mills going," and though two of them appeared promising obedience, no amendment had been made; "therefore, the hail elders ordain that if after this day they be found on the Sunday to have their mills going, and if the hail office-men [workmen] come not to the kirk, they shall be punished" in the statutory penalty; and "likewise the millers and office-men at Balhousie and Craigie to be under the like censure." Meanwhile some of the boatmen belonging to the town were guilty of doing what they ought not. In August, William Lessels, boatman, and his mates, were ordered "how soon they came to town, to be warded, because, against the ordinance of God and the Kirk, and the King's Acts, he did in time of preaching, on Sunday afternoon, loose his boat, to the great contempt of God and His ordinance: therefore ordains him to be warded, and to pay ane penalty to the poor, for an example to others."

Another trouble was with William Kinloch, keeper of the Bridge of Tay port (at the foot of the High Street), who was charged with contravening the order to keep his gate shut on the Sabbath, by letting in loads of fish, &c. Comparing before his ecclesiastical betters, in February, 1587-8, he was "accused for breaking of the Sabbath-day, especially for inletting of loads on the Sabbath-day, and time of preaching." Indeed, he confessed that he had repeatedly offended "by inletting of loads of fish and burdens at the said port:" upon which he was found "culpable, and worthy here for to be deposed from the said office for ever." Judgment, however, was to be tempered with mercy. The Session "are not willing to reject him utterly, but hope he shall keep better order in times coming," and therefore "they suspend their rigour at this present, in hopes of his amendment, and ordain him in times coming neither to receive any loads on the Sabbath day within the port, nor procure license for any at the Bailies' hands

for the inletting of them; and in case he be found to contravene the same in times coming, he shall be deposed from his office for ever." A subsequent complaint arose that William silyly persisted in allowing loads and burdens, and also sturdy beggars, to come in on the Sabbath, as he profited in his purse by giving effect to the "Open, Sesame," of all Sunday travellers who came to his port. He was again caught at his former tricks. In March, 1588-9, the Session finding that "the Sabbath-day is broken by such as carry loads through the stanks, as also beggars strong and idle, and malefactors, who have egress and ingress according to their pleasure:" that is to say, if the vagrants and others could not get passage by the gates, they waded the lade which ran around the town, and so made their way in and out as they pleased, jocosely laughing, like Love, at locksmiths. In these irritating circumstances, the Town Council was directed to "take order" in the matter. But the indictment contained another count. "William Kinloch, keeper of the Brig of Tay," it was stated, "lets in teggars and others foresaid for recompense, some eight pennies [Scots], some more" (some one sterling halfpenny, and some perhaps two): "first, it is reported that he has suffered divers beggars to enter within the town, for payment to him of contribution, as is confessed by the beggars themselves; second, as also that he has taken in certain loads on the Sabbath-day, contrary to the Acts; therefore ordains the Council to take order therewith." After this denunciation, Cerberus kept himself circumspect for a season, listening to no "Open, Sesame," though backed by a halfpenny; but at length "vile self" crept in again, and the voice of the charmer prevailed. William was busy levying his contributions when he was detected. In the following month of August, "William Kinloch, keeper of the Brig of Tay port, being called and accused for inletting of loads on Sabbath last, contrary to the Acts of the Kirk, and his admonitions given him afore, confesses that on Sunday last, at the second bell afternoon, he came to the kirk with his friend to his



marriage, yet at the last bell he left the keys with his bairn at home, which were taken from his bairn by an servant of my Lord Drummond's, who took in timber by [without] his knowledge. This his answer being considered,"—and the excuse was certainly a very lame one,—“he is thought not worthy of his office, and therefore *simpliciter* for ever to be deprived, seeing no amendment can be in him after so many admonitions, and appoints Robert Anderson, James Adamson, and Thomas Gall to intimate this Act to the Council on Monday next.” What could Cerberus have expected short of summary dismissal? But he was the servant of the Town Council, and not of the Session; and the civic body, on hearing the case, retained him in his office, after, we shall suppose, further admonitions. The leniency, however, was misplaced: the man was beyond amendment. He offended again; and in September, 1591, the Session finding that “as William Kinloch, for no admonitions given to him, can observe the Port as becomes him on the Sabbath-day, ordains him to be warded presently, therein to abide until Sunday next, and thereout brought, and put on the Stool of Repentance on Sunday next to make his repentance, to be an example that no porter do the like in time coming.” Presumably William underwent his sentence, but did not lose his place. About a fortnight afterwards the “hail porters” or gatekeepers, except William,—four in number,—were called before the Session, “and intimation made to them for better keeping of the Ports on the Sabbath-day; and in case they be found to let in any loads, burdens, &c., on the said day, they to make their repentance, and be discharged of their offices.” Next year, the famous William is met with once more, under apparently some suspicion. On 22d May, 1592, he was inhibited “to suffer John Hall, excommunicate person, to enter in at the Brig of Tay Port, under the pain of deprivation of his office; as also that none of the burgh be suffered to go out on the Sabbath, afore nor after preaching, to the pastime of Scone” (probably the football); “and in case any

will violently go forth, he to report their names under the pain aforesaid." With this the curtain falls on William.

Tavern-drinking was permitted on the Sundays except during the hours of divine worship; but this license was not sufficient to satisfy the bibulous propensities of many of the Perth worthies, who wanted to sit and carouse all the blessed day. An edict of the Session was issued in November, 1588, whereby it was "ordained that no inhabitant within this burgh, chiefly taverners, or toppers of wine and ale, receive or keep within their houses on the Sabbath-day, any person or persons, stranger or inhabitant whatsoever, in time of preaching or sermon." About this time, the Magistrates of the town were deemed somewhat lax in their procedure as guardians of the public quiet during "preaching times": nay, more—they were becoming themselves marked absentees from church! The Session felt compelled to take public notice of this declension; and accordingly, in August, 1589, they "seeing there are many and divers enormities done in time of preaching, within the Kirk and about the same, with bairns playing and crying in time of preaching in the kirkyard, it is ordained that the Bailies keep their own appointed seats on the preaching days, that the Minister may intimate to them such things as are to be done; and in case they be absent, to be nominated by their names to come to the same the next day, and then in case of absence publicly to be reproved. And likewise that the officers [the town serjeants] wait on the Bailies, and keep the preaching time as said is, otherwise to be pointed as breakers of the Sabbath." Not only "bairns," but grown-up persons disported themselves on the Sabbath: attempting to practise archery at the bow-butts on the South Inch; playing at the "kylles" or nine pins on both Inches; holding football matches in the neighbourhood; and indulging in various pastimes on the streets on the Sunday evenings. In truth, such delinquencies grew so common that the Session, tired of trying so many cases, came to a resolution, in March,

1590-1, that seeing they were "daily troubled with the breakers of the Sabbath, ordains that in times coming, the visitors, whosoever they be, Bailies or Elders, that go through the town apprehending them, shall incontinently [immediately] put them in ward, and they not to be let out thereof until ilk one of them pay the penalty conform to the Act of Parliament." Further, on 3d January, 1591-2, the Session ordained "the hail Bailies with two Elders to await every Sabbath-day for observation of the Sabbath, that no handiwork, taverning, baking, breaking of flesh, or any other such like courses, be used thereon, that God may be hailly and holly glorified." Despite every measure adopted, the evil flourished. On 20th March this year, "the Minister and Elders understanding that the Sabbath is specially broken by those that resort to the Inch, taverns, and divers other pastimes, in time of preaching, afternoon," ordained "the Bailies and the Elders to make visitation and report"; and also that the Bailies "cause proclamation to be made eight days before ilk fair and market within this burgh, that no buying or selling be used on the Sabbath, whether it be fair or market, even or day": and an Edinburgh burgess being charged with Sabbath marketing in the town, he "submitted himself," and, as he was a stranger, he was allowed to go with an admonition.

Salmon-fishers on the Tay did not scruple to cast their nets on the Sabbath! In March, 1591, the Session had before them Laurence Lamb, who "promised for himself, and for his own servants that be fishers, that hereafter on the Sabbath-day he shall use no fishing, and likewise promised to desire the rest to abstain who are partners with him." Let us trust that Laurence kept his word. But others, who were under no promise, kept net and coble actively engaged. A year thereafter,—in March, 1592,—"John Adam, being called, compared, and being desired to fish none on the Sabbath-day, *refused to give obedience*; therefore it was ordained that the next Sabbath he should have the first admonition before excommunication for his contemptu-

ous disobedience." In April following, five fishers "promised for themselves, and in name of their servants, fishers, that they should shut their nets for fish on the Sabbath-day hereafter:" and at a subsequent diet other three fishers gave the like pledge. But the fleshers of the town were as bad as the fishers. In March, 1592, Thomas Elgin, flesher, accused of trading on Sabbath, confessed his fault, and was forgiven. On 10th April, the Session, "understanding that Thomas Taylor, flesher, is an contemptuous breaker of the Sabbath by breaking of flesh on the said day, ordain him to make his public repentance on Sunday next." Thomas, however, had a will of his own, and defied the ecclesiastical powers. There was a meeting on 10th May, when he being reported "obstinate," the Session appointed the first admonition before excommunication to be given on the next Sunday, unless he previously submitted. No submission was offered, and the admonition was wasted. The case was considered at a meeting on 26th June, when "forasmeikle as Thomas Taylor is not only found to have given great disobedience to the voice of the Kirk, and for the present is under the admonitions afore excommunication, but also has in the meantime vented not only contempt of our ordinance, but also ungracious and ungodly speeches, for suppressing of the which it is ordained that the Bailies put the said Thomas Taylor in ward until farther order be taken, both for the glory of God and good example to others in time coming, so that vice may be suppressed." The case grew still more perplexing. The Bailies would not imprison Thomas; and Thomas stood out as stubbornly as ever. The thunders of the Church were now directed against the civil power. The session met on 3rd July, when "forasmeikle as Thomas Taylor does give no obedience to the Kirk, but is found to be ane contemptuous person, and the Bailies are negligent: ordains the Bailies presently to put him in ward for his contempt, otherwise to proceed in excommunication against the Bailies in case they be negligent." Somewhat more than a "remnant" of Popery was visible

here. But the assumptions of the "new Presbyters" were still disregarded by the civic magnates. The contemptuous Thomas was not put in ward, and it was only after four months' "warning" and "admonishing" that he was induced to make submission, upon condition that he was not to be put on the Stool of Repentance, nor don the habit of a penitent. On the 13th November, 1592, "after sundry warnings and admonitions made from the pulpit, compeared Thomas Taylor, flesher, and humbly with confession of his offences in breaking of the Sabbath, and his disobedience to the voice of the Kirk, submits himself to the will and discipline of the Kirk; therefore the minister and elders ordain him to make his public repentance for away taking of the slander on his foresaid offences, and ordain him to compear on Sunday next, and in time of preaching to stand bareheaded before my Lady Gowrie's desk, and when he shall be required publicly to give an confession of his said offences, to do the same; and for performance of the premises, Patrick Oliphant becomes cautioner under the penalty of £40 [Scots]." By this compromise, the case seems to have ended. A few days previously, the Session had caused their officer "to pass about the town, and charge and inhibit that no inhabitants within the same, nor parish thereof, buy any flesh on the Sabbath-day; as also that no brewster, nor other, mask on the said day." Moreover, bakers were denounced for baking and selling bread on Sabbath, and were compelled to promise that "their bakehouses shall not gang" on that day. In like manner, barbers were prohibited from trimming their customers: and two women who carried water for sale on the Sabbath were sentenced to the Cutty-stool. One other flesher, Andrew Walker, was punished, in September, 1593, for a great breach of Sabbath observance by his "inordinate drinking and drunkenness, swearing and horrible blasphemy," absenting himself from church, and "breaking of flesh." Notwithstanding vigilance and severity, however, the Sabbath sanctity was still broken: and in

September, 1604, the Session finding "that the Lord's Sabbath is greatly profaned by young women that gather and convene under stairs on the Sabbath at even, and there use to sing and dance," ordered the practice to be prohibited from the pulpit, and "that all masters of families take heed to their families and servants that no manner of way they profane the Lord's Sabbath."

Decorum in church was as yet ill observed by the people. Many of them had a habit of rising up and taking their departure before the benediction was pronounced. To check the unseemly practice, the Session, on 9th April, 1593, "ordains information to be made publicly out of the pulpit by the minister, the next Sabbath-day, after sermon before noon, that none depart out of the kirk before the blessing." Noise and disturbance during the services were still frequent. In September following, the Session considered that "in time of preaching on the Sabbath both the minister and hearers are perturbed by young bairns brought to the kirk that cannot profit, and likewise by barking of dogs, therefore it is ordained that they shall have no access to the kirk in time of teaching, and if they come to be removed by the beadle:" and farther on in June, 1616, John Tenenden, officer, "is ordered to have his red staff in the kirk on the Sabbath-days, therewith to waken sleepers, and to remove greeting bairns furth of the kirk." The youth attending the Grammar School were also pointed out as prominent offenders. "Because," says a Session minute of 7th January, 1593-4, "that the scholars, in time of preaching, by their tumults, and running through the kirk, and likewise their clattering and fighting, does trouble both the teacher and the hearers; therefore, Oliver Peebles and Patrick Blair, elders, are ordained to propose to the Bailies and Council the next day of their convention that an seat and place may be bigged for the scholars in some commodious place of the kirk, where they may hear and learn without troubling either the minister in teaching or the auditory in hearing."

Even after a proper seat was furnished, the boys misbehaved themselves in taking their places, so that the Session had to lay down strict regulations for their conduct. On 15th May, 1620, it was ordained "that the masters of the Grammar School be admonished to cause the bairns of the Grammar School come two and two to their seat in the kirk, and make no tumult nor perturbation at their coming and sitting down in their seats, and for that effect go before them at the foremost rank : and at their going back again to the school, for giving of their notes, that they go two and two in like manner in order," otherwise "that the bairns shall be reduced to their old seat, and the new seat shall be common." About this time some boys were guilty of a gross misdemeanour in church. At a meeting of Session, on 1st January, 1621, George Dickson, merchant, complained "that he was abused by Francis Scott, ——— Thomson, *alias* called Billieald, and certain others their sociates, young professed knaves, by casting of their bonnets at him in the kirk this instant day." Perhaps they had been sharing in the festivities of the New Year. On the morrow, "Billieald" alone was apprehended and brought to the bar of Session, when he was sentenced to be "taken to the Grammar School, and there scourged with St Bartholomew's Taws for his offence." The taws—which belonged to the Glovers, and were used for the correction of their apprentices—are still preserved among other curiosities in the Glovers'-Hall. But boys were not the only offenders. Our old acquaintance, Thomas Taylor, flesher, fell again into trouble by his vicious courses. On the last day of December, 1611, he humbly confessed his profanation of the Sabbath by "drinking with Highlandmen in the time of preaching before noon;" and, farther, it was proved that he had been drunk and disorderly in the kirk in the afternoon: "in his drunkenness had misbehaved himself in the house of God by shooting [pushing] his neighbours, and casting down their books!" He was rebuked, and ordered to be imprisoned; but whether the Magistrates committed him to ward the record does not state.

Strange to say, it was the custom, in harvest time, for reapers to assemble and be hired in the streets of Perth on the Sabbath! This desecration was dealt with by the Session at a meeting on 27th August, 1593. "Forasmeikle as in the time of harvest, sundry, both men and women, shearers, resort to this town on the Sabbath, walking up and down the streets in time of the preaching, waiting only to be hired and on worldly profit, little or nothing regarding the profit of their souls," therefore the porters at the gates were ordered to keep them out, on pain of deprivation of office. In October several parties in the pariah were brought to discipline for hiring shearers and leading corn on Sunday.

Many more examples might be added, farther illustrating the different modes in which the sanctity of the Sabbath was desecrated in the Fair City; but we humbly conceive that the preceding cases form a sufficiently vivid and graphic picture of olden manners—a picture, moreover, exaggerated by no fancy touches, but soberly drawn by contemporary hands, and therefore faithful to the life.



*INCIDENTS OF CITIZEN LIFE IN OLD PERTH.*  
*Part 3rd.*

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A contract of eternal bond of love,  
Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands;

And all the ceremony of this compact  
Seal'd in my function, by my testimony.  
*Twelfth Night.*

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You must be seeing christenings !  
*King Henry VIII.*

IN abolishing the Romish ritual, and denying the sacramental character of Marriage, the Scottish Reformers saw meet to retain one particular form, which had been in use in the Christian Church from its first ages—namely, the Proclamation of Banns. This form, as well as other customs in the celebration of marriage, was borrowed by the early Christians from the laws and customs of pagan Rome. “The dignity of marriage,” says Gibbon (cap. 44), “was restored by the Christians, who derived all spiritual grace from the prayers of the faithful, and the benediction of the priest or bishop, which superseded the heathen sacrifices and the rites of the *Pontifex maximus*. Proclamation of Banns, therefore, had descended from remote Christian antiquity, and was no part of the innovations of Popery. Looked at in this light, it was preserved by our Reformers, who also continued the old practice of celebrating marriage in church on the Sabbath-day. The direction in John Knox’s *Book of Common Order* runs thus :—“After the banns or contract have been published three several days in the congregation (to the intent that if any person have interest or title to either of the parties, they may have sufficient time to make their challenge), the parties assemble at the beginning of the service, and the minister, at time convenient, saith,” &c. It would appear, however, that within half-a-century after the Reformation, the system of proclamation fell somewhat

into disuse, without much remonstrance on the part of the ecclesiastical authorities; but it was subsequently revived in full force as a marked distinction between regular and clandestine marriages.

We shall now see how the marriage ceremonial was conducted in the town of Perth. The first step towards the conjugal tie was a contract between the parties, whereby they bound themselves to solemnize their nuptials within the next forty days, under a pecuniary penalty (generally £10 Scots), which, if they forfeited it by non-fulfilment, went to the poor's funds. An instance of a breach of contract may be quoted from the Kirk Session books, under date of 9th December, 1577 : " Because that Thomas Paterson and Catherine Culbert contracted marriage, and the said Catherine will not accomplish the same, therefore desires the Bailies to point John Wood, who was cautioner for the said Catherine, for £10 Scots, according to the Act." The banns were proclaimed on three successive Sundays : and it was decreed, in May, 1579, " that no proclamation of banns before marriage be received, but upon the ordinary day, to wit, on Monday." Finally, the marriage took place in the church, on Sunday morning. The Session, however, exercised the right of making investigation respecting the religious knowledge of the intended spouses, and postponed the proceedings in the case of those found grossly ignorant, until they should be better instructed. Thus, on 7th July, 1578, " the Minister and Elders perceiving that those who compare before the Assembly to give up their banns to go forward to marriage are almost altogether ignorant, and misknow the causes why they should marry, therefore the Assembly ordain all such first to compare before the Reader for the time, whoever he be, to the effect he may instruct them in the true causes of marriage before they come in before the Assembly." Again, on 6th August, 1593, when two persons were found " ignorant of their Belief,"—the Apostles' Creed,—" and cannot give a confession of their faith, therefore it is appointed that none of the foresaid persons contracted be married, or receive any

benefit of the Kirk, unto the time that they learn to give a confession of their faith." A still more curious example of the Session's interference with marriage occurred in July, 1595, when they ordained "Thomas Cargill to declare his public repentance before his marriage, because that thir years bypast he gave himself out for a fool and profane sporter, walking in a foolish garment, and playing the counterfeit man, whilk is slanderous : " and we presume the professional Merry Andrew was necessitated to do as he was ordered. Although Sunday marriages were the rule, yet the Session condemned marriage feasts on a day of solemn fast, and visited the transgressors with punishment. On the 8th March, 1580-1, Constantine Meliss and Isabel Elder were ordained to make their public repentance upon Sunday next, and further to pay £4 to the poor, because in time of our public humiliation and fasting they passed up at once to their feasting and solemnizing of marriage, contrary to all good order." In August following regulations were promulgated, limiting the number of persons who should attend at the making of contracts and giving in of banns, in consequence of the "great abuse" which had arisen "by the resorting and convening of many people with the persons who are contracted, wherethrough great perturbation not only is found in the assembly, but also in banquetting these;" for which cause "the Elders have ordained that the parties come accompanied with six persons, every one of them the nearest of kin, and no more; and if they contravene the said Act, the said banns and parties are to be rejected." The Act seems to have had little effect in curing the evil complained of; for a further regulation on the subject was framed in January, 1583-4, setting out with an emphatic representation of the "great abuse and slander" occasioned "through the convening of multitudes, and through banquets in time of contracts and banns of marriage given up before the Kirk," therefore "it is ordained that no contracts of marriage should be received on the Monday in time of Assembly, but that any day or hour of the day the

parties to be contracted, with their parents, or any two nearest of their kin, their parents being dead, or any of them, pass to the Minister's Chamber, or any other place assigned to them by the Minister, and there, before the Minister and two Elders, give up their banns; and thereafter that the two nearest of the kindred of the parties contracted come on Monday immediately thereafter following, and there, in presence of the hail Assembly, ratify the contract foresaid, and there act themselves, under the pain of £10, each one of them, that the banns given up, as said is, shall be performed within forty days thereafter following." It was also resolved in next October "that the contracts of marriage should be received only on aue Monday, which is the day of Assembly." At the same time the Session announced a new arrangement in the interest of poor couples, who wished to be married in country kirks, where they were not personally known, because they were without fitting apparel in which to appear in the church of Perth, on Sundays, before the gaze of the congregation. "Forasmeikle as sundry poor desire to marry in landward, because they have not to buy their clothes nor to make bridals, it was ordained that marriages should be as well celebrated on Thursday within our parish kirk in time of sermon as on Sunday; and hereafter no testimonials shall be given to marry a landward." It would thus seem that the citizens did not wear their Sunday clothes when they attended the Thursday sermon.

The concession as to Thursday was an indication of a change coming over the ecclesiastical mind in regard to the celebration of marriages on Sunday mornings. On 10th January, 1585-6, "the Assembly discharges all marriages to be made on Sundays in the morning in time coming:" and on 10th January, 1591-2, it was ordained "that marriages shall be on *Thursdays* hereafter, and they to be used betwixt the second bell and the third on the said day." In October following, the Session ordained that all parties contracting marriage "shall have their cautioners bound for the fulfilling the banns under £10; likewise under the same pain they

shall be bound that there shall not be any piping nor scurrility, as also that the parties, being married, shall not be absent from the preaching under the like pain."

All matrimonial grievances and quarrels were liable to come under the adjudication of the Kirk-Session, who dealt out impartial justice upon bad husbands and unruly wives. In February, 1578-9, Mr John Row, minister at Perth, admonished Thomas Dundie publicly from the pulpit to adhere unto his wife, under the pain of excommunication. In the following August, the Session decreed "the Bailies to take order with Christian Williamson for the shedding of John Anderson her husband's blood, and to take order that she shall compare before the Kirk." A violent goodman is heard of in September, 1592, when the wife of a miller named David Gray presented herself to the Session, "and complained upon her husband" with a doleful tale of ill-usage. She stated "that he kept not his own house;" that she went at midnight to the howff which he frequented, and there reprov'd him; and that "he came home immediately thereafter," in a towering passion, "and bound her hands and feet, and took the stenchell of ane window, and laying her on ane stool, broke her legs, arms, and shoulders, which she shewed before the Assembly, and the neighbours testified. He is ordained to be warded, and sustain an inquest of neighbours." About two years afterwards this cruel miller brought himself to the gallows by his misdeeds. In March, 1585, a troublesome virago was in hands. Isabel Wenton or Elder "found John Wenton cautioner under the pain of £100, that she should keep preaching and prayers in all time coming, especially on Thursday and Sunday; second, that she should live in peace with her neighbours, especially with Walter Elder and his servants; thirdly, that in all time coming she should be obedient to her husband, according to God's commandment; and John Elder, her husband, received her again, and obliged himself to relieve the said John Wenton." In May, 1587, a husband who had deserted his wife

and family, was ordered to provide for their maintenance. The Session ordained "James Walker to take two bairns from his wife and sustain them in bed and board; and for the furnishing of his wife and the other bairn to give her weekly forty pennies (3d sterling), forty shillings [3s 4d sterling] for her house-mail [house-rent], at two terms; or else adhere unto her as his wife." Another bad husband was brought under notice in June, 1599. Isabel Jackson, spouse of Andrew Johnstone, and David Jackson, complained on the said Andrew, that he had misused them many ways; and especially the said Isabel declared that Andrew Johnstone, her husband, had sundry times struck her, and had shot [thrust] her out of his house; and farther declares, that when she was coming from the kirk on the Sabbath, he came and invaded her openly on the street, and spulziet [robbed] her of her silver belt: and farther, it is reported that he is a man slanderous many ways, given to all kinds of profaneness, as drunkenness, tulzieing [quarrelling and fighting], and oppression: and therefore the Session requests the magistrates to apprehend him, and cause put him to the knowledge of an inquest:" which we trust was done. The next case in this category which we shall quote is that of a wife fully as wicked as the cruel miller. In April, 1622, "John Fleming, Bailie, resolving with the Session what form of punishment shall be enjoined to John Keir's wife for putting violent hands on him, and for wounding him in the head with a pair of taings: it is concluded that she, on the next market-day, pass bare-footed, holding up the same taings in her right hand above her head, through the streets of the town!" Certainly this would be an edifying spectacle to the market crowd! To conclude this branch of the subject: we have seen how the Session decreed the maintenance of a deserted wife and her bairns; and we shall now cite an instance in which a young grand-child was ordered to be provided for. In September, 1622, the Session, considering that they had "ordained John Thomson"—who seems to have held some humble office

under them—"to give hospitality to the young little one his oye [his grand-child], and he promised so to do; and that otherwise, if he did not, he was premonished that an half-merk' of his weekly wage should be withdrawn from him, and given to them that would give his oye hospitality: and because that he has neglected to do as was enjoined, and contrary to natural pity, has suffered the young thing to lie under stairs, and it has been seen lying objected [exposed] to wind and weet; therefore the Session ordain that the said John be answered but half an merk weekly of his wage in time coming, and the other half thereof to be given to Janet Gardner to sustain his oye."

As to the baptism of children, a regulation was made by the Session, in March, 1586-7, to the effect "that no bairns be fetched into the kirk in the time of preaching, but to be holden in some secret place until the preaching is ended, and then to be presented to the minister to be baptized, for avoiding of the tumult of the incoming of the people with them, or of the outgoing of the people for them, also for avoiding of the crying of the infants and bairns, which make din in the time of the preaching, so that others, in looking to the bairns and people with them, are stopped from hearing." Again, in November, 1596, the Session, considering "that the women, in time of preaching, do rise and move out, and come in again, with bairns that are to be baptized, troubling both the teacher and the hearers," resolved "that in all time coming the bairns which shall be baptized on the Sabbath be baptized before noon, be twixt the second and third bell, by the Reader having the power to baptize." A party who had misbehaved themselves at a country baptism were taken to task on the 9th December, 1611. "It was reported" to the Perth Session, "that James Blyth, younger, went to Methven, on Sunday was eight days, to baptize his bairn, accompanied with a number of young men of his own craft, and others also, who, both in going to Methven and returning home," conducted themselves in a most disorderly manner, "having an pipe playing,

and fighting in the taft-house, where they were rebuked by the constable there appointed by the Justices of His Majesty's peace;" and, therefore, the whole band were "warned to compear before the Session the morn," when doubtless they were subjected to condign discipline for their pranks.

At intervals, during many years, the Session found a good deal of trouble in regard to seats in St John's Church, about which various members of the congregation quarrelled. On the 3d March, 1600, "because the Session is informed that a controversy and discussion has fallen out betwixt some honest women of the town for particular and proper seats in the Kirk, therefore ordains all the proper seats in the Kirk appertaining to women to be demolished and taken out of the Kirk, for avoiding of such slanderous strifes and contentions in time coming:"—these proper seats being apparently stools, all which had been previously prohibited. But the stools kept their ground, as shewn by a decision pronounced so long afterwards as 11th August, 1634, when "report being made to the Session that contention was made the last Sabbath betwixt the relict [widow] of umquhill James Gall and Thomas Inglis' spouse for their seats in the Quier [Choir], setting of their stools; therefore the Session ordains Mr Archibald Steidman [the Kirk Master] to have an care in time coming that every honest woman's stool be not removed furth of the place wherein they are accustomed to stand." Next year, the Minister's seat was appropriated by a female parishioner. On 9th July, 1635, "Mr John Robertson [Minister] having proponed before the Session that Janet Laurie has intruded herself in that seat in the Kirk wherein his umquhill mother sate, and that it falls by succession to him to sit there, in: therefore the Session ordains Mr Archibald Steidman to remove her thereout of, and to place the Minister's eldest daughter therein the next Sabbath forenoon." In 1636, there was a dispute about the Bakers' Seat. On 17th October, "Patrick Robertson, younger, complained upon John Fergusson, baxter, for giving



him an repulse, and would not suffer him enter within the Baxters' Seat yesterday [Sunday] before the second bell to the afternoon's sermon; and the said John compeared, and answered that he was enjoined by his Deacon and Craft to suffer none to enter in their seat until the brether of craft were first placed: always [meantime] he is found to have disgraced the said Patrick, and therefore he is ordained to be warded till nine hours at even in the Tolbooth." This month, also, the Kirk Session took steps to put a stop to the practice of parties surreptitiously erecting seats within the Church." "Forsomeikle," says the minute, "as it is found an great disorder that any work should be wrought by private persons within the Kirk, without the knowledge and license of the Ministers and Elders first had thereto; notwithstanding thereof there has been, in times past, divers seats for private persons wrought and set in the Kirk, without the knowledge and license of the Session; therefore they request Patrick Robertson, one of the Elders and Deacon of the Wrights, to prohibit them that they or none of them work nor set up any work within the Kirk without the knowledge and license of the Ministers and Elders first had and obtained thereto; whilk the said Deacon promised to do." A month afterwards, the Session pronounced against another practice of locking the doors of seats or pews during the week. On 21st November, they ordained "the Skinners [the Glover Incorporation] not to loek the door of their uppermost seat upon the week days; but that it be patent to honest men to sit in the time of God's service." A still firmer mandate was issued, on 7th March, 1642, when "the Session desires Mr Robert Laurie, minister, to go to the Lady Kinvaid, to leave the door of her seat open, and not to be closed, else the Session will see to it; for *they acknowledge no heritable seats.*" At what time pews began to be let for payment we have not ascertained; but by the year 1668, we come upon entries in the Town Council books ordering Lord Gray to pay £24 for his seat in the Lords' loft, for himself and his

family : and Sir William Stewart of Invernytie and his family to have the back seat in said loft for payment of £20 yearly. Further, the Council, in 1671, prohibited servants sitting in the body of the church, to the exclusion of "many honest men's wives." A minute of Kirk Session, dated 28th May, 1678, and headed "Anent the Setting of Pews," shews that that body drew seat-rents. "The Boxmaster is appointed to go to the several persons, possessors of the same, and to try if they will give any more than what they presently pay; and to augment the long pews that pay £8 presently to pay 30s more yearly, and the short pews to pay 20s more yearly than what they presently pay." A regulation as to admission to pews was framed on 15th January, 1685, to the effect that "the Session appoints David Ranken, Kirk Officer, to keep the entry from the pews, from the door to the Elders' Table, clear, and no person to stand or sit therein, nor to enter thereto, till the pews be full, and that none shall come in but those that pay, till the first prayer be done, and then to set the door open." The Town Council, in January, 1693, resolved to fill the choir with pews,— "the yearly rent thereof to be applied for the maintenance of such poor within the said burgh as the said Magistrates and Council for the time shall judge most charitable to be bestowed : " and on 18th April following, the Kirk Session "appoints their present Boxmaster to set all the vacant pews in the Quier [Choir] at 14s every one's seat-room: and to the Elders' wives, who want seats, in the first place, and then to any other wanting seats." Once more, on 20th September, 1698, "the Session appoints the Church Officer to let no woman enter the Minister's seat at the pulpit foot; and that Mr Nathaniel Fyfe, the Sheriff, have a seat-room there."

Until the end of 1616, the Kirk-Session (who had so much work in reforming the morals and manners of the Perth folks) consisted only of the Minister or Ministers of the town and their Elders; but at the above period an important change was brought about in the composition

of that ecclesiastical body. The Town Council of Perth retained in their hands portions of the Church lands and rents which had been gifted by Royal Charters for the support of the Hospital, and which they applied wholly, or in part, to their own purposes. Dreading that the Session, as Hospital Managers, would some day call them to strict count and reckoning, the Town Council eventually contrived to effect a re-constitution of the Kirk Session by the introduction of the Provost and Bailies as members thereof *ex-officio*; by which means the Council obtained the ascendancy in the Session, and could quash all questions touching their mal-appropriation of the Church funds. This change is recorded in the following formal minute :—

Monday, penult day of December, one thousand six hundred and sixteen years :

Present : Mr John Malcolm, Minister. Item—the hail Elders were present, except David Sibbald.

In the New Kirk [the West Church] with the Bishops and Council.

The Persons present :

Archbishop of St Andrews; James, Archbishop of Glasgow; Alexander, Bishop of Dunkeld; William, Bishop of Galloway; and Adam, Bishop of Dunblane; William, Lord Crichton of Sanquhar; and David, Lord Scone; Mr John Malcolm, Minister; the Bailies, Council, Deacons of Crafts, and Elders thereof.

Whilk day it is agreed, for better ordering of all matters in the Kirk and Session, that the Provost and Bailies hereafter shall always be elected and chosen members of the Session; and that for the present year James Adamson and Constantine Malice be added to the present Session, and give their assistance and concurrence to the Ministers and rest of the Elders : as likewise that the Masters of the Hospital, present and to come, shall contribute and dispense nothing but [without] advice of the Ministers and Magistrates; and that they make yearly compt to them and others three or four of the most discreet of the Council and Session that shall be named by the Ministers and Magistrates; and the said Provost and Bailies be joined to the rest this present year; as also that no price be set upon the farm bear of the Blackfriar and Charterhouse lands to the occupiers thereof without the special advice of the Council had thereto.

(Subscribed) JOANNES DAVIDSONE, *Notarius*.

This invasion of the rights and functions of the Kirk Session was allowed to continue until the new settlement of the Church at the Revolution of 1688.

*INCIDENTS OF CITIZEN LIFE IN OLD PERTH.*

*Part 4th.*

Lo ! now my Records, where I grieve to trace,  
How Death has triumph'd in so short a space;  
Who are the dead, how died they, I relate.  
*Crabbe's "Parish Register."*

—————"Tis slander;  
Whose edge is sharper than the sword; whose tongue  
Outvenoms all the worms of Nile.

*Cymbeline.*

HAVING already gleaned from the Kirk Session books a variety of entries illustrating the marriage and baptism fashions of our forefathers in the Fair City,—it becomes our next task to ascertain, chiefly from the same record, some of the local customs attending Death and Burial.

In the Popish times, when a person lay *in articulo mortis*—at the point of death—the "Passing Bell" was tolled, that all good Christians within hearing of its doleful tones might pray for the welfare of the parting soul. The Passing Bell was abolished at the Reformation; but in its place, after a manner, came the "Dead Bell," which was used for public announcements of deaths and funerals. It was a hand-bell, which was rung by an official appointed by the Kirk Session to the duty, who, at the request of the relatives of the deceased, went about the town and proclaimed, as a common-crier, the death which had occurred, and the day and hour of the funeral. Certain fees were paid for this service by the parties employing the bellman; which dues seem to have bulked so largely in the eyes of the Session that, in 1631, they deemed it expedient to devote a portion thereof to the support of one or two of the necessitous poor. The arrangement then concluded was detailed in the following minutes :—

1631, July 12. Whilk day, conform to lawful warning, the Council being convened with the Session in the Revestry, the Moderator of the Session expoued that John

Tenender was never orderly admitted to the office of Bellmanship, and yet has bruiked [held] the said office many years: and that now he being an reasonable and a young man, and having other callings, it were good that some failed honest man were provided to the said office for his relief. This proposition was thought good; yet because the said John Tenender is thought very qualified for using of the said office, if he shall be content to pay the third of the wages he shall happen to gain of the said office, to be given by him to such men as shall be appointed to receive it, and blet and mend the burial dykes, as he is bound to do for the grass thereof, that he be continued in the said office during the Council and Session's will. Whereunto they agreed. And upon the said John Tenender being called upon, and compearing, and being demanded if he was willing to submit himself to the deliberation of the Council and Session, answered that he would; and it being shewn him that they have ordained him to be continued in his said office during their wills, upon this condition that the third of the wages that he shall happen to gain thereby in time coming, he shall make compt and payment thereof to such honest failed persons as shall be appointed to receive it from him, and to cause repair the [Greyfriars] Burial dykes: wherewith the said John Tenender stood contented, and faithfully promised to fulfil the said ordinance; whereupon the Council and Session admitted the said John to the said office, to be continued thereintil during their wills only, and ordain the Bell to be delivered to him.

—July 14. The Session has made motion that the third part of John Tenender's wage for the Bell service be applied to the support of David Glass, John Fitzcottie, and Andrew Fyffe, honest, misterful [necessitous] persons.

Between the death and the interment various time-honoured customs were faithfully observed by the people. If there was a clock in the house, it was stopped; if there was a looking-glass, it was covered with a white cloth; and the cat or dog of the household was strictly excluded from the room in which the body lay. The corpse being enveloped in the winding-sheet, a plate of salt was placed on its breast, to prevent, it was said, any swelling taking place; but this, in its earlier signification, was emblematic of the "salt of the earth," and, therefore, a charm against the power of Satan; or it was perhaps a remnant of another superstitious rite, whereby a plate of bread was placed beside the plate of salt, both of which were partaken of by persons calling themselves "Sin-Eaters," and

professing to eat the sins of the deceased, that so his spirit might not be kept hovering on the confines of the unseen world. To prevent the corpse before interment becoming the prey of demons, or being in any way disturbed by them, it was nightly watched by a party of friends and neighbours. This watching was the "Lykewake," and the gathering generally gave occasion to unseemly revelry and disorder. Liquor was freely supplied to the company;—humorous stories and ghostly legends were told to beguile the long hours;—and the presence of the dead was no bar to bacchanalian jollity. In the town of Perth, at one time, Lykewakes frequently caused peculiar annoyance to many of the peaceable citizens, by reason that at the dead of night, some of the party left their companions, and strolled about the dark streets, knocking at doors and startling families with false alarms of the sudden illness of relatives in other quarters of the city! So flagrant became this nuisance that the ecclesiastical authorities were at length obliged to denounce it in the strongest terms of reprobation. On 6th May, 1631, "the Session being informed of great profanities that customary are used at Lykewakes by certain profane persons that purposely resort thereto for that effect, and that they use to come at midnight to honest men's houses when they are upon rest, and knock at their yetts [gates], declaring that certain special friends belonging to them have taken a sudden sickness tending to death, putting these persons at whose yetts they report these things under great fear, and causing them in a suddenty to rise furth of their beds to the visitation of those reported to be in the said sudden sickness, and find it but done in derision of mockery, tending to the offence of God and honest neighbours: for restraining of such profanity in time coming, the Session have ordained that the Council convene with them the next Session day, to settle an ordinance anent sobriety and godly exercises to be used at Lykewakes, and that profane persons be not admitted thereto in any time thereafter." Probably the practical joking at yetts

was suppressed; but the Lykewake, with its concomitant joviality, long survived.

The Scottish Church of the Reformation had no Burial Service. According to the *Book of Common Order*, "the corpse is reverently to be brought unto the grave, accompanied with the congregation, without any further ceremonies; which being buried, the minister, if he be present, and required, goeth to the church, if it be not far off, and maketh some comfortable exhortation to the people, touching death and resurrection." But even this "exhortation" was soon abolished.

The yard of the Greyfriars Monastery was appropriated as the public burying-ground for the town of Perth, on 20th December, 1580, and it continued as the only cemetery until rather more than thirty years ago. For a long period, poor persons were buried without coffins; but what was called a "common mortkist" was provided by the Session, in which the bodies were carried to the grave. On 2d November, 1602, "the Session ordains the Masters of the Hospital, with all diligence, to cause make an common Mortkist, whereby the dead corpses of the poor ones may be honestly carried unto the burial." A mortcloth, to be used at funerals, was also provided. On 27th February, 1609, "Alexander Mitchell, deacon, declared that as he was commanded by the Session, he sold the plaids whilk Marion Blackwood had given to buy an Mortcloth, and had received for the said plaids £32, whilk sum the Session ordained to be given to James Adamson, Master of the Hospital, to buy an fine Mortcloth, and the said James received the money, and promised, with all diligence, to cause make the Mortcloth." The order was carried into effect by the 17th of April, when "compeared James Adamson, Master of the Hospital, who declared that according to the ordinance of the Session, he had employed the money he received in buying of an Mortcloth with an silken fringe, which he exhibited before the Session with his Compt, whilk the Session allowed, and found the deburser superexpended £15,

whilk they ordained to be paid with all diligence :” and on 22d May, “the Session ordains the Mortcloth to be given in keeping to John Tenender, Bellman”—that is, the ringer of the hand-bell for the dead. In 1616, the public gravedigger came in for a share of the Session’s kind consideration—they, on 29th July, ordaining “ane stand,” or suit, “of hodden clothes to be given to James Wright, in contentation to him of his service made in making the poor folk’s graves divers years bygone.” It would appear that by the year 1618, the common mortkist for the poor was worn out; for on the 2nd March, the sum of £6 8s was paid for two coffins and a winding sheet for poor persons; and on 5th May following, “the Session ordains John Brown, Master of the Hospital, to make an substantious Common Mortkist, for burying of the corps of the poor.” Here we may advert, for a moment, to the old and widespread prejudice against the interment of suicides in public burying-grounds and churchyards. This was not only denied them, but we read of various instances throughout the country of every possible indignity being offered to such unfortunates: they were dragged at horses’ heels, hung on the gallows, and flung into a hole dug at its foot. In ordinary cases, they were committed to the earth, under cloud of night, in some out-of-the-way corner—perhaps at cross-roads—far removed from the “God’s Acre” in which their kindred lay. An example of how this popular prejudice operated in Perth is recorded under date of third December, 1582, when “the friends of William Fary, who drowned himself at the head of South Inch, in the water of Tay, coming to the Minister and Elders convened together for the time in their Revestry, and desiring license at the Assembly to bury the said William in the Greyfriars’, which is the burial appointed for the faithful that depart in the fear of God: the Assembly answered with one voice that they would not suffer him to be brought through the town in daylight, neither yet to be buried amongst the faithful in the place ap-



pointed for their burial; but ordain that he shall be buried in the *Little Inch* within the water"—that is, in the ground now called the *Sand Island*. The Session further declared "this to have the voice of an Act to all such-like persons, in all time coming; and assuring all, that if any contravene the same, *the dead shall be taken up again*, and the contraveners hereof shall make their public repentance on the seat [the Cutty Stool], and thereafter shall pay £10, to be given to one of the Deacons, that they may distribute it to the poor."

The funeral of a Magistrate, or of any dignified person who might be interred at Perth, was honoured with the tolling of the bells in St John's Steeple: and the funeral of any person of distinction, in passing through the town on its way to a burial-place elsewhere, was accompanied by the Magistrates and principal inhabitants a considerable distance beyond the burgh. The *Chronicle of Perth* supplies several notices on this head. In June, 1615, "the corpse of Sir Harry Lindsay, younger of Carristoun, brought fra Stirling to Perth in ane coach, within ane caip [a coffin] of lead. Remained all nicht within the south perch door of the Kirk; whilk was the 15 day of June, 1615. The Magistrates of Perth, Council, [and] community, met them on foot at Pittheavlis, and convoyed them to the town. The morn thereafter, the Magistrates of Perth, and ane gude number of the inhabitants of the town on horse, convoyed the corpse to Coupar-in-Angus. My Lord of Scone then Provost, with whom they rode. The corpse was convoyed in the coach through the water of Tay at the head of the North Inch." On the 22nd July, 1636, "Andrew Gray, Provost, departed this life, of ane fever of five days' space, and was buried the Sabbath thereafter, with great grief of all, both town and country. The bells of the steeple rang all the time fra [the time] the corpse was lifted till the mools [the earth] were turned on him in his grave. [He] lived not ane full year Provost." Next year, one of the Bailies died—Andrew Wilson, who was the writer of the metrical dialogue recited by two boys, on a barge in the Tay,

before King Charles I., when he visited Perth in 1633. "Andrew Wilson, Bailie, departed this life on Sunday, the 3 day of September, 1637 years, of an high fever, about nine hours at night, and was buried on Tuesday thereafter. At the lifting of the corpse the bells of the steeple rang, till he was put in his grave. He was 14 years Bailie and Dean of Guild, but [without] intermission." In April, 1665, the Bishop of Dunkeld, George Halyburton, who had been one of the ministers of Perth from 1644 to 1664,—though he was promoted to the Episcopate in January, 1662,—died in Perth, and was interred in the Greyfriars Burying-ground. "About five hours at even, George, Bishop of Dunkeld, departed in his ain house in Perth, and was buried, on the 17th April, in the common burial-place called the Greyfriars; honourably convoyed with his friends about the town. The bells were rung all time, began at ten hours. Mr William Annan, Minister at Edinburgh, made sermon, began at twa hours." Sir James Mercer of Aldie died at Westminster, in February, 1671; and his body was embalmed, and conveyed by sea to Scotland that it might be laid in the Mercer Vault under St John's Church of Perth. The Town Council of Perth, at a meeting on Monday, 10th April, "having received ane letter from John Mercer of Melginsh for waiting upon the funeral of the Laird of Aldie, Wednesday the 19th of this instant, they appoint the inhabitants to be warned to wait thereupon, and ordains the bells to be rung as soon as the corpse comes in sight of the town." Before quitting this sombre branch of the subject, it should be observed that objection to Sunday funerals, on the plea of breach of the day of rest, was all but unknown in this quarter until of recent years. Speaking of last century, the author of the *Traditions of Perth* describes the proclamation by the dead-bell, and states that "the majority of the funerals took place in the afternoon of Sunday; during the forenoon of which day, two men stood at each of the church doors, inviting all and sundry to attend," while "a company of mourners," he adds, "went round the streets in a

body on the day of the funeral, for what precise purpose, other than the love of show, it would be difficult to explain."

The people of the period specially under review were ignorant, rude of speech, and gross in manners. One fault rife with them was a propensity to backbite and slander their neighbours; and female "flyting" or scolding was of every-day occurrence. The vice of slander, however, was by no means confined to the humbler classes, but was prevalent amongst their betters, who, in these Reformation times, ought to have set forth a good example by circumspection of conduct. The Kirk Session, to their credit be it spoken, were unremitting in their endeavours to extirpate this moral pest of society; but poor, corrupt human nature proved too much for them. In April, 1586, John Macwalter and Alison Bruce, his wife, being convicted of "troubling their neighbours," and also of "backbiting and slandering" certain individuals, the Session gave judgment in these explicit terms:—"First, that the said John Macwalter and his wife be put in ward until the time repentance be found in them for their slanderous life; secondly, they shall come to the place where they made the offence, and there on their knees crave pardon of the offence committed at the persons whom they have offended; thirdly, they shall pay a sufficient penalty to the poor, according to the Act made against flyters; lastly, if ever they be found in word or deed hereafter to offend any neighbour, *the bare accusation shall be a sufficient plea of conviction*, that so the Act made against flyters be extended against them, and finally to be banished the town for ever." It was evidently hoped that this sentence, which embodied the rough-and-ready principle of "Jethart justice," would conduce to bridle all the unruly tongues in the town; but the bad habit continued so rampant that in November, 1587, the Session saw necessary to issue the following ordinance:—

1587, November 7. Whilk day, the Minister and Elders of the burgh of Perth for the time, being convened within

the Revestry of the same, understanding that they have been sundry and divers times troubled with flyters and slanderers of their neighbours, and for order taken with them in times coming, ordain that all persons whatsoever within this burgh, or parochin of the same, as well to burgh as to land, being called, accused, and convicted in the offences of flyting or slander, shall be apprehended by the Bailies whatsoever for the time, and on the Saturday immediately following the day and date of the decreet against the slanderer and flyter being apprehended, they shall be put upon the cock-stool [the Pillory] from ten hours forenoon until twelve, therein to remain, with the *branks* [the "witches' bridle" or "jougs"] in their mouth, and not to come down till the foresaid two hours be justly expired and past, and thereafter to pay ane half-merk [sixpence sterling] to the poor, and also find caution to compear in the seat and stool of repentance, there to confess their offence publicly, in presence of the hail congregation convened in time of preaching, and to come thereafter from the seat and stool of repentance, and humbly on their knees crave the person or persons offended pardon and forgiveness.

Notwithstanding the terrors of the pillory, the branks, and the stool of repentance, this Act was frequently transgressed. In 1589, Margaret Maclaren, spouse to James Stobie, burgess of Perth, was convicted of slandering Margaret Robertson, spouse of John Spence, dyer and burgess. The Session saw cause to "suspend the rigour" of the Act; but ordained "the said Margaret Maclaren, upon her knees, in presence of the Minister and Elders, to ask the said John Spence and his wife pardon and forgiveness, and likewise on her knees afore her own house, the place where she uttered the slanderous words, to do the like;" with certification that if she offended again she should undergo the full rigour of the Act.

The patronage of the ruined Chapel and Hospital of St Anne, on the south side of St John's Church, latterly belonged to James Doning, burgess of Perth, an aged and infirm citizen, who on 11th July, 1580, executed a resignation thereof in favour of the Kirk Session, and they on 11th November, 1588, let the ground of the dilapidated buildings to the Master of the School, Mr William Rhynd. It would appear that something in these transactions had eventually displeased old Doning, inducing him to fancy that he had been overreached,

especially by Henry Adamson, Dean of Guild (uncle of the author of *The Muses Threnodie*), and William Robertson, Notary Public, who, we may presume from his profession, had been employed about the necessary legal conveyances of the property. Whatever was the cause of offence, so bitter a grudge was taken up by Doning and his son, William, against the Dean and the Notary, that not only did they openly accuse them both of chicanery before the Kirk Session and the Presbytery, but in June, 1594, they likewise resorted to the device of composing "infamous libels and slanderous tickets," which were "written and subscribed with their hands," and which they boldly "affixed on both the Kirk doors on Sunday, the last day of June, being a day appointed for public fasting and humiliation, as also for the celebration of the Holy Supper of the Lord." These libels were designed, it was said, "to defame both the said Henry Adamson and William Robertson, and to make them, so far as in them [the authors] lay, to be abominable both in the hearts and before the eyes of all men and women intending to communicate at the holy table of the Lord that day.\* The case was deliberated upon by the Kirk Session, on 8th July, 1594, when they ordained both traducers to be apprehended by the Bailies and committed to prison; but on considering the measure of punishment which should be inflicted, there was a general desire to exercise some leniency. "The Session, having regard in special to James Doning, his decrepid age and grey hairs, have mitigated the censures which justly might have been extended against" both the father and the son, "and for removing of the slanders have ordained them only to satisfy as follows:—First, the persons, slanderers foressaid, on an Sunday before noon, at the second bell to the preaching, shall come to the south kirk door, where they affixed their infamous libel, and stand there till the third bell be rung and ended; thereafter they shall come to the public place of repentance, there to sit bareheaded until the preaching be ended; lastly, in the presence of the congregation

after sermon, they shall confess their offence as they shall be required by the Minister, and thereafter come down and ask the persons' pardon and forgiveness whom they ungodly traduced and unjustly slandered." The incidental circumstance that the two penitents were commanded to sit bareheaded illustrates the fact that the male portion of the congregation in church were accustomed, at that period and long afterwards, to sit covered with their bonnets and hats during the sermon. For some time the Glovers reserved their front seat for those brethren who wore hats, and who therefore made the more respectable appearance.

The rigour of the law was occasionally relaxed, as we have seen, in favour of particular persons; but common scolders and slanderers continued to be sent to the pillory. Thus, on 4th April, 1597, the Sesaion sentenced Margaret Murdoch and Margaret Waddel to be pilloried "on Saturday next, to remain betwixt ten and twelve hours before noon, for their flyting and profane speeches uttered by them against others upon the common street at the Cross, to the great dishonour and slander of this congregation." Afterwards the pillory itself seems to have been superseded by the Session for another form of public exposure and disgrace; as, on 7th April, 1617, we find that "an chair of stone" was ordered "to be bigged in an public part by the Masters of the Hospital, for setting of flyters and slanderers therein." But whether such chair was built or not, flyting went on. Even while attending divine worship, female scolds did not hesitate to fall foul of each other with their tongues; as was the case, in January, 1622, when Violet Gardener, "being accused for profaning the Lord's sanctuary in flyting with Janet Whyte immediately after their private prayers, she answered that the said Janet had abused her with vile words, and that she forbore the said Janet."

*INCIDENTS OF CITIZEN LIFE IN OLD PERTH.*  
*Part 5th.*

————— Mansworn ! and a' the rest !  
Ye lied, auld roudes; and in faith had best  
Eat in your words, else I shall gar you stand,  
With a het face, afore the haly band !

*The Gentle Shepherd.*

PERTH, for the first-time since the Reformation, had two ministers in 1595; Mr William Cowpar being settled, on 23rd June, that year, as colleague to Mr John Malcolm, who had been admitted in 1591, but who, owing to his advanced age, was become unable singly to discharge all the duties of the incumbency. Mr Cowpar was a native of Edinburgh, the son of a merchant-burgess, and was born there in 1565; so that when placed in Perth he was only thirty, and in the flower of vigour. After studying at St Andrews, he quitted the paternal roof, and led for some season a sort of wandering life—going to England, where he acted for a few months as assistant to a schoolmaster. On returning to Edinburgh, he was appointed minister of Bothkennar, in Stirlingshire, when he was still a year short of his majority. The need of an additional minister for Perth having become much felt in 1595, the Commission of the General Assembly recommended Mr Cowpar, and he was accordingly translated to the Fair City as Mr Malcolm's colleague.

The new minister was a man of considerable talent and culture, and full of energy, and altogether was far better suited to the busy sphere of a city like Perth than to the secluded and obscure parish of Bothkennar, which, he said, had been to him "like the wilderness of Midian to Moses." Mr Cowpar, under an outward aspect of sanctity, was aspiring and ambitious, and of a somewhat meddlesome spirit. Professing to adhere to the more rigid Presbyterian party in the Church, he was nevertheless a trimmer at heart, and ultimately accom-

modated his views to those favoured at Court, where preferment was dispensed. He had great aptitude for business, secular as well as ecclesiastical, and on that account soon made his mark in the town of Perth. He lived among the citizens, he says, "not as one separated from them, but mixed myself in all their fellowships." It was perchance this familiarity which partly bred him the contempt of which he found ample reason to complain. He was a useful counsellor to the municipality in various difficulties, and went to Court, as deputy of the Town Council, in regard to several important matters, such as the disputes with the burgh of Dundee, and the subscription for rebuilding the bridge; and on one occasion he brought home a royal grant to the Council of the teinds, parsonage and vicarage, of the parish. Nor were the local senators ungrateful for his services. When he went to the King, at Dunfermline, in July, 1601, about the dispute with Dundee, the Council promised him a tun of wine: and when he was married, in 1611, they gave him "two puncheons of wine to his bridal, two dozen boxes of comfits, and a loaf of sugar." Probably Mr Cowpar's first advance in royal favour was due to a story which he told relating to the Gowrie Conspiracy. He was attending the Synod at Stirling on the day when the tragedy fell out at Perth, and in coming home he made a detour to Falkland Palace to make enquiry about the startling event. Meeting there with Mr John Spottiswoode, the future Archbishop, Mr Cowpar told him "that not many days before that accident, visiting by occasion the Earl in his own house, he found him reading a book, entitled *De Conspirationibus adversus Principes* [Of Conspiracies against Princes], and having asked him what book it was, he answered that it was a Collection of the Conspiracies against Princes, which he said were all of them foolishly contrived, and faulty either in one point or other; for he that goeth about such a business should not, said he, put any man on his counsel. And Mr Cowpar, not liking such discourses, desired him to lay away such books, and to read others of a better



subject." Although this story was not made use of in the evidence against the Gowries (probably in consequence of no such book having been found in the Earl's house), yet we may suppose that it did the minister no good in the secret thoughts of the Ruthven partisans, who were very numerous in Perth. Be this as it might, the suggestive fact presents itself that while Mr Cowpar was apparently in high estimation with the magistracy, his good name and fame began to be whispered against and then openly and bitterly slandered by many of the townsmen. He himself confesses that he was thus abused during the whole period of his residence in the Fair City: "all the time of my residence, for years, continued this battle, as one left off, another renewing the battle;" but he adds that he despised the malice of his assailants, conscious of his own integrity. At length, however, the mask which he had worn so long was laid aside. He complained, in 1611, that "the town of Perth was not beneficial to him," and wanted to be translated to St Andrews—with an eye, so his traducers hinted, to a Bishopric; but he remained where he was another year until the fates proved more propitious. In 1612, he was lifted to the height of his ambition by being appointed Bishop of Galloway; but he did not resign his charge at Perth until October, 1615; and his successor, Mr John Guthry, was appointed in February, 1617.

About the end of October, 1601,—a month or two after Mr Cowpar had been at Dunfermline on town's business,—a satirical couplet came to light in the Fair City,—probably written on a slip of paper and posted in some public place,—on the church-door, or on the market cross,—where it might be seen and read of all men. It flew like wildfire: everybody had it on their lips: and doubtless it was chanted and sung by the children on the streets in their diversions. It ran thus:

As King David was ane sair saint to the crown,  
So is Mr William Cowpar and the Clerk to this puir town.  
The "King David" mentioned was David I. of Scotland, who squandered the royal revenues in building

and endowing religious houses; and "the Clerk" was the Town-Clerk of Perth, Henry Elder, an old official. What particular circumstances gave rise to this pasquil, we have not ascertained; but it obviously originated out of some of Mr Cowpar's transactions with the Town Council. Both Council and Session rose in arms to discover and punish the author or authors. It was shrewdly surmised that somebody connected with the municipality, and, therefore, conversant with the inner workings of civic affairs, must have penned the libel. At a meeting of Council, on 25th October, the Dean of Guild was ordered "to convene the Guild brethren, to enquire of them if they knew the authors of the infamous libel against Mr William Cowpar and Henry Elder, Clerk, calling them sair saints to the puir town." The Dean duly convened his brethren; and on 27th October, a report was made by the Guildry that "they knew nothing of the authors of the above calumny." Nevertheless the authors were speedily traced out. Full discovery was made at a meeting of Council, on 29th October, when Henry Balneaves *alias* Piper, Deacon of the Fleshers, and William Jack, burgess, gave their confession that they were the authors of the calumny, upon which the Council passed a vote of heavy censure, decreeing that neither of them should bear office or "get honourable place in the town" thereafter. The Kirk Session also gave its award, though rather mildly: and on Sunday, 1st November, Balneaves and Jack made their repentance in their own seats in the church after sermon. In this way the affair ended, so far as the civil and ecclesiastical powers were concerned; but the couplet lived on in the memory of the citizens, and was long remembered to Mr Cowpar's disadvantage.

Either the Perth folks had a stiffnecked, inveterate propensity to slander, or Mr Cowpar's walk and conversation really gave grounds for suspicion that selfishness was his ruling motive; for, notwithstanding his triumph over his metrical traducers, he still continued to be the butt of abuse. In the autumn of 1604, the Town

Council proposed sending him to London to crave support from King James for the building of the Bridge; and immediately people began to whisper that the minister, in accepting this mission, had a personal object in view, namely, to make his court to the King and procure a bishopric. It happened that in September, a dyer in the town, named Robert Blair, vented scurrilous speeches against Robert Matthew, Dean of Guild, for which the Session punished him by infliction of the full penalties within their power. This severity was thought due chiefly to Mr Cowpar's influence—at least, one of Blair's fellow-craftsmen, William Hay, litster or dyer, seems to have so concluded in his own mind, and he very soon let his sentiments on that subject be known. On Tuesday evening, the 2d October, he was in company with several respectable citizens,—Patrick Fleming, merchant, and his son, Patrick; John Robertson, John Gall (the friend of Henry Adamson, the poet), and James Marshall, merchants; and William Robertson, Notary Public,—who were assembled in the fro-chamber of John Stewart, presumably a tavern-keeper. There, in the course of conversation, which had turned upon the minister and his intended trip to London, William Hay broke forth with a torrent of outrageous invective against Mr Cowpar. "He is a false, common thief," he cried, "and ought to be hanged! If it had not been for me, he would have been hanged ere now. But I shall have him hanged yet! Who would not? Who would take his part? What pity did he shew to the poor man, Blair? Even I could improve him in the Scriptures. He is going to London, and he will come home with a surplice and a four-nooked bonnet!" This furious tirade astounded the others, none of whom found speech save the Notary, who enquired—"Do you speak in mows [jest] or earnest?" "Earnest," replied Hay; "and you may take it as you think it." Then retorted Robertson—"You lie like a knave." Hay instantly drew a whinger or dagger which he carried, and aimed a thrust at the Notary; but the latter avoided it, and the party broke up in

disorder. The story spread; and before eight o'clock next morning, the Bailies proceeded to Hay's domicile, and apprehended him for his words, which, however, he now declared were but spoken in "mows." The morning had, therefore, brought sober reflection. He was taken before the Kirk Session that same day, and accused of uttering "certain vile, slanderous, and abominable speeches against Mr William Cowpar, Minister of Christ's Evangel." The culprit, "a sadder and a wiser man" than he had been overnight, denied calling Mr Cowpar a thief, or that he had boasted that he could improve him in the Scriptures, and further declared that he spoke in jest about hanging him, and that he had only said Mr Cowpar shewed no pity to the poor man that was in ward. His companions in Stewart's house, with the exception of young Fleming and the Notary, were then called in and sworn, when they severally deponed to his words as above set forth. The Session, viewing the case as one of the most heinous character, thought best to crave the advice of the Presbytery. But at this interesting stage, unfortunately, the record wholly fails us, as the Presbytery books up to the year 1618 have been lost.

The next offence we hear of against the "sair saint" was by no lesser a personage than the Town Treasurer of the burgh, Robert Keir, who had refused to pay Mr Cowpar's coals. At a meeting of Session, on 5th January, 1607, Mr Cowpar "complained upon Robert Keir that he had disdainfully spoken of his doctrine." The disdainful Treasurer was ordered to be warned to compare before the court: and on 12th January he did appear, and the matter went to proof. A witness named Robert Fleming was produced, who deponed "that when he came to Robert Keir as Treasurer, and desired him to pay for the minister's coals, he answered — 'Mr William preached against me the last day; let him preach against me the next day; the devil a penny I'll pay for coals.'" There was no other evidence. The Session then "called the said Robert [Keir], and desired him to confess his offence, which he refused to

do, and therefore the Session remitted him to the Presbytery." But in this case, likewise, the want of the Presbytery books leaves us without the conclusion : and now we bid farewell to Mr Cowpar and his libellers.

Bishop Cowpar's successor, Mr John Guthry, seems also to have experienced the ill tongues of his parishioners. At one time he had been preaching a good deal against witchcraft and sorcery, and some of his remarks were deemed pointedly personal by certain of his hearers, who in their wrath at being, as they supposed, specially singled out, were not sparing of the minister in their talk out of doors. One of them even told Mr Guthry's son, John, somewhat of his mind, and also conducted himself rudely towards the minister himself on the street. It was a rule of courtesy in the Fair City that all those holding civic dignity should be saluted on the streets by the lifting of the hat or bonnet; and the ministers appear to have likewise claimed the same "reverence." We must also state that in regard to the prevalence of superstition, witchcraft, charming, &c., amongst the inhabitants of Perth, it is not our intention to enter upon that phase of the "Citizen Life," as we have already treated it fully in a former series, under the heading—"The Weird Sisters of Perthshire,"—to which we beg to refer the reader. Coming, then, to Mr Guthry's grievances, we find that, on 3d August, 1619, Alexander Peebles, burgess of Perth, appeared before the Kirk Session, not as a culprit, but as an accuser of his pastor, "taking exception against the doctrine delivered by Mr John Guthry, minister, the last Sabbath in the afternoon, and alleged that the minister had slandered him and his house of sorcery, and consulting therewith by *turning the riddle* [a mode of divination], and uttered many unseemly and outrageous speeches." The senior minister, "Mr John Malcolm, and the Session, certified in one voice that the doctrine which Mr Guthry had preached was general, and necessarily followed on his text, Esther iii., 7 [which tells how the lot was cast before Haman, from day to day, and from month to month]. The said Mr

John Guthry desired them to desist from any censure of the said Alexander, in respect of the greatness of his misbehaviour,"—designing that the case should be referred to a higher court. On the 13th September following, Mr Guthry came to the Session meeting, and "made a great regret of Thomas Young, in that he had not only uttered speeches against him and his ministry, but also that he has met him divers times since on the causeway, and would not discharge that civil duty of salutation as became him to do towards his pastor; and also that immediately heretofore, as he was coming to the Session, meeting him in the north-west of the Kirk Vennels [evidently the Kirk Close], the said Thomas, in manner of provocation to tempt his pastor, by his want of particular duty, passed by him without using any kind of reverence; wherewith the Session were highly offended that he should have so far misregarded his pastor, and provoked him to ire, and therefore ordains him to be cited to compare before them the morrow after the sermon, and underly coudign censure for his said offence." Next day, Thomas appeared, "and being asked what speeches he spake to John Guthry, the pastor's son, answered—that it was not the duty of the pastor to charge his people with witchcraft, sorcery, turning of the riddle, and to utter calumnies against his flock, which he (Thomas) had spoken in general, and in no way mentioned the said Mr John's name, whereby John Guthry had taken very highly, as he (Thomas) had since found no courteous dealing of him, and having yesterday entered unawares the Minister's way, meaning no ways to offend him, but he indolently passed by. Being enquired if he had any opinion that the Minister had at any time grieved or offended him in word or deed, answered negatively; declared that he is sorry for that in any sort he had said or done that which may offend the Minister in word or deed." Upon hearing all this, Mr Guthry "admonished the said Thomas," and then "earnestly dealt with the Magistrates and Session present to inflict no punishment on the said Thomas, but to pass by his offence, in

the hope of his honest and Christian behaviour hereafter; which at his earnest entreaty was granted." But Mr Guthry was far from being pacified in regard to Alexander Peebles, and on 18th October "reported to the Session that he having cited Alexander Peebles to compare before the High Commission for his offence, condign order was taken thereanent, and so it rests."

So much for the scolding and slander in which Perth folks indulged despite the rigour of their ecclesiastical overseers. We shall now turn to other matters in which the Kirk Session exercised jurisdiction,—matters which one might fancy as *ultra vires* of a Church Court, and as belonging exclusively to the civil authorities. But nothing came amiss to the Session. Everything was overhauled before them. They regulated lodging-houses; they would allow no tavern-keeper, or anybody else, to entertain known Papists; they strove to rectify the "smoke nuisance;" and they took cognizance of breaches of the peace, and various other incidents in the citizen life of the time.

Katherine Durinloch, who kept a common lodging-house, was complained upon, in September, 1595, by "honest and famous neighbours" that she took "into her house infamous persons, drunkards, and other like idle beggars and vagabonds, and that under silence of night." The Session warned her—a warning which subsequently had to be more than once repeated—to avoid doing so, otherwise she would incur banishment. In April, 1598, a merrymaking was held under her roof, and three men of the party contrived to purloin a quantity of her salted beef. She informed against them, and the Session ordered their committal to prison that they might "be put to the knowledge of an assize" for the theft.

Mr William Rhynd, Master of the Grammar School, resided in a house, probably about St Anne's Lane,—the old ruined chapel having been leased to him in 1588. Wherever his house was situated, it came to be intolerably subjected to a "smoke nuisance." On 21st November, 1597, he complained to the Session "that

he and his tenants were greatly molested by daily reek and smoke coming furth of that house sometime possessed by James Stewart, and farther declared that his own lodging and tenement was in danger of burning, because that the nether house under his land wanted a chimney, and therefore craves that the Session would stay and inhibit any fire to be in the said house in time coming, and that the door that is in the midst may be steikin up, that the chimney which is in the south house may serve for both the houses. The Session agreed to his desire, and ordains the Masters of the Hospital *primo quoque tempore*, and with all diligence, to cause steik up the door that is in the midst of the said house, and there be no fire kindled again in the north house in time coming." The nuisance, if then obviated by the alteration above mentioned, broke out afterwards, as annoying and dangerous as ever : and, indeed, it appears there were many low houses—or rather cellars used as dwelling-houses—in the town without chimneys, and therefore unfit for human habitations. These places were chiefly tenanted by a miserable and degraded class called *Coddrochs*—a designation by which rural labourers, the descendants of the ancient *nativi* or serfs were first known, though eventually other vagrants may have been comprehended under the name. After serfdom was wholly abolished, there would seem to have been a dislike in some quarters of the country to the employment of the freed race; for we read in a lease of Coupar Grange, by the monks of Coupar-Angus, in 1454, that while the number of cottars was restricted, it was provided that "the cottars shall not have labourers (*codrauchos*) under them," but were to cultivate their portions of land themselves. In consequence of such prohibition, the *codrauchos* were driven in upon the towns, where they huddled together in the most noisome dens. We shall see where and how they lived in Perth. The Council and Session met on 27th November, 1621, when "Adam Paterson complained upon certain coddrochs in Dionysius Conqueror,



Notary, his close, who dwell in laigh cellars wanting chimneys, wherethrough he and his family are not only abused with the smoke and reek ascending up through the liftings of the house, but also are in peril and put in hazard of the burning of their land;" and he further reported that the coddrochs "are reseters of that which unfaithful servants steal furth of their masters' houses. Whereupon the Council and Session think it very expedient that, conform to an Act made before, the said coddrochs be removed, and that the said Dionysius be ordained to remove them, and not to set his houses to any that will kindle an ingle [a fire] therein that want chimneys: and ordains that the said Dionysius and coddrochs be warned the next Monday to hear them discharged." But doubtless this was easier said than done. On 22d December, 1623, the Session were obliged to take notice that "Jackis divers times heretofore has been admonished not to kindle ingle in that low house where he lives, because it wants a chimney, and the burning of ingle in it smokes Mr William Rhynd, and abuses his house, and puts it in great hazard of burning," and still there was no amendment of the nuisance. Again, on 28th July, 1633, the Town Council decreed that "no houses that wanted chimneys should be let to coddrochs." And we who have seen how long the abominations of Shuttlefield Close continued to disgrace the Fair City and endanger public health, need not wonder that the Council and Session made but slow progress with sanitary improvement in the teeth of greedy and unscrupulous house-proprietors.

*INCIDENTS OF CITIZEN LIFE IN OLD PERTH.*  
*Part 6th.*

Our bearded men do act like beardless boys,  
Our women please themselves with childish toys.  
Our ministers long time by word and pen  
Dealt with them, counting them not boys but men :  
They shot their thunders at them and their toys,  
But hit them not, 'cause they were girls and boys.  
*Bunyan's " Divine Emblems."*

UNTIL within about the last sixty years an ancient and remarkable adjunct of St John's Church was a tall octagon tower, with a round pointed roof, which stood close to the east side of the old porch of the West Church, and its basement forms the present porch of that division of the building. It was called *Halkerstone's Tower*; but when, by whom, and for what purpose it was reared, nobody knew, and no record could tell. As little is known about it to this day. The name may have been derived from the builder, or subsequently from some noted person who had been confined within it, and perhaps died there. This tower, the origin of which has long passed into oblivion, was of groined architecture, and contained two dismal cells, one above the other. It was of great age, being considered one of "the most ancient portions" of the church; but in its latter years it was suffered to fall into irreparable decay, and was ultimately taken down, —the basement, as we have said, only remaining. For a long time after the Reformation, the cells were used for the confinement of persons lying under ecclesiastical censure; but, when necessary, the lower one was used as a "dead-house," where the bodies of strangers found about the town were laid until claimed by relations or carried away to be buried. Moreover, the tower seems also to have been occasionally turned into a sort of mad-house. Thus, on 25th May, 1620, Mr John Malcolm, the senior minister of the town, and then an old man, "declared" to the Kirk Session "that he is greatly

troubled and disquieted in his mind and conscience for fear that Satan prevail so far with Margaret Alexander, now deprived of right wits, that she perish in the water, as she has attempted several times to have done; and she being one of their congregation, and sometime had in good account, that it would be a great sin and shame to this town if they took not convenient order with her to disappoint Satan's working in her so far as they might; wherefore it was concluded by the Session and so many of the Council as were present, that she should be put in the Tower, and there kept close, and nourished on bread and small drink only a certain space, till God of his mercy restore her to right wits, and ordains Patrick Pitcairn to furnish the same upon the Session's expenses, which he promised to do." In last century, when detachments of military stationed in the town were quartered on the inhabitants, previous to the erection of the barracks, the cells of the tower were made available for imprisoning soldiers guilty of breach of duty. So far as we are aware, the only view of Halkerstone's Tower still extant occurs on a Perth halfpenny of 1797, issued by John Ferrier, merchant: the obverse representing the front of St John's Church, and the reverse a water-mill.

From what the local records shew of the disorderly conduct of many of the town's people, their continual infringement of ecclesiastical discipline, and their quarrelling amongst themselves, Halkerstone's Tower need never have lacked a sufficient complement of inmates. We have seen how much the desecration of the Sabbath prevailed; how disturbance was common during public worship; and how females scolded each other in church after saying their prayers. But worse than noise and flying took place under the sacred roof. In October, 1595, two of the Session's beadles fell to loggerheads in the church, and "tulzied," or fought, together stontly; for which gross offence they had to make repentance. If beadles disgraced themselves in such a fashion, what might ordinary mortals not do? Some of the Town Officers were no better behaved.

James Young, Town Serjeant, was accused before the Session, in April, 1599, "for profaning of the holy Sabbath by absenting himself from the hearing of the Word both before and afternoon, and being beastly drunk, pursuing George M'Gregor with an drawn sword, to the great dishonour of God and slander of this congregation;" and the culprit "confesses the same." But a witness was brought forward to depone other particulars against him. "George Horne's wife declares that on the Sabbath was eight days James Young with John Murray came to her house, and craved drink, and when she refused he drew out his sword, and said he would shew her another guise except she gave him drink, and so being boasted [threatened], and knowing the disposition of the man, she furnished drink to him until twelve hours; and when he was desired to go home to his own house he went into a cellar against her will, and drank until the sermon after noon was ended, and was so beastly drunken that he knew not what he did." Judgment was then pronounced that he should "come the next Sabbath to the kirk door barefoot and in linen clothes, and stand from the second unto the third bell, and thereafter come to the place of public repentance, and there declare his repentance publicly in presence of the congregation." The tapster wife, who had given evidence, was next dealt with for drawing drink on Sabbath. "Because," says the minute, "that George Horne's wife furnished drink to James Young and his companion, as she alleged against her will, and that the cause of her being at home in time of preaching was sickness and a disease in her breast, the Session desired her to declare on her conscience that it was so indeed, which she did," and so was cleared. We now come to a fray in the church, attended with bloodshed. On a Sunday, in January, 1600, a citizen, named Robert Kerr, quarrelled with a stranger in the congregation, named Adam Abercrombie, and in the heat of passion drew a dagger, and gave him a wound! The Session ordained Kerr to make his public repentance, and to pay £10 to the poor.

Brawls on the streets and in the outskirts of the town, by day and night, were of frequent occurrence, and sometimes ended in downright murder. Dean of Guild Adamson was slain in the High Street on the Good Friday of 1598. A curious case of assault to the effusion of blood, said to have been committed on the west road leading from Perth, opposite the Playfield, which lay betwixt part of the present upper High Street and the Glasgow Turnpike, was taken before the Privy Council of Scotland, sitting at Edinburgh, on 16th May, 1621. George Mercer, in Easter Arditie, Methven, complained "that where, upon the 18 day of November last, he being within the burgh of Perth doing his lawful affairs, and in the evening being coming forth of the said burgh agaitward hame towards his ain house in Arditie, lippingen for no violence or injury to have been doae to him by any person or persons, it is of truth that William Robertson, in the Mains of Methven; George Moncreiff, his father-in-law, at the Wood of Methven; John Dog, there; John Morris, in Bruntoun of Methven; and George Stobie, in Methven, with others their accomplices, all bodin in feir of weir with swords, gauntlets, dirks, whingers, and other weapons invasive, unbeset the said complainer's said way, and lay at wait for him at that part of the King's highway fornent the Playfield, and there darneit [concealed] themselves until the said complainer came;" but as soon as "they perceived him coming by them, they all with drawn swords and dirks in their hand, under cloud and silence of night, set fiercely upon the said complainer, and shamefully, cruelly, and unmercifully pursued him of his life, gave him ane great stroke on his left arm, [which], has almost mutilated him thereof, and gave him divers deadly wounds in sundry parts of his body to the effusion of his blood in great quantity and peril of his life, and left him lying for dead; committing therethrough a most open and avowed oppression against the said complainer to the high and proud contempt of his Majesty's authority and laws, for the

whilk the said persons ought to be punished to the terror of others to commit the like hereafter." Reading all this circumstantiality of detail, would anybody doubt that the statement was essentially true and could be proved? On the above date (16th May) Mercer appeared before the Council; but the defenders absented themselves—surely a token of guilt? The case went to proof; but although the pursuer had everything his own way in regard to the production of evidence, his story broke utterly down! "Sundry witnesses being examined, *altogether failed to prove any of the points* of the said complaint; and therefore the Lords of Secret Council assoilzies the said defenders therefra for ever." What are we to think of the alleged assault with its deadly wounds?

In June, 1624, the Kirk Session disposed of a case of drunken strife, such as must have been rather usual on the streets. A townsman, Alexander Cairncross by name, was "accused for being in company with drunken men, and he himself also appearing drunk, and yet could not be satiated, but openly on the causeway drank divers pints of ale, and in [the] end fell in tulzieing [fighting]. The said Alexander alleged that he was sober, but those in his company were overcome with drink and fallen in strife, and he was a redder and intervener between them that not one of them should hurt another." A very plausible tale, showing Alexander in the light of a pattern pacificator: and the Session gave a very mild judgment—"He is admonished to fear God and use sobriety." In the following year, a citizen of Perth was charged with murdering a stranger in the town, and the case came before the Court of Justiciary. The *Chronicle of Perth* records that, on 12th June, 1625, "Thomas Crombie, burges of Perth, being summoned to underly the law for alleged slaughter of ane William Blair, ane westland gentleman, wha notwithstanding had done the same negligently to himself, being of intencion to have stricken the said Thomas with ane whinger, he hurt himself in the arm, whereof he died within twenty

days thereafter. And the said Thomas compeared with eighty burgesses of Perth, besides five earls, six lords, and twenty-six barons, upon the burgh of Perth's desire to back him, [and] was clengit and freed therefra." Many other cases of violence might be quoted; but the more important—including the feuds of the town of Perth with neighbouring barons, and the conflict during the sitting of the "Red Parliament"—have been narrated in former articles, and we desire to avoid repetition. Be it borne in mind, however, that Perth was not singular in the turmoil and fighting which broke out on the streets. All the Scottish burghs were much alike in this respect, but "Auld Ayr" seems, at one period, to have held pre-eminence for the turbulent disposition of its "honest men." In the "Life" of the famous Mr John Welsh (attributed to Kirkton, the historian) we are told that when he was settled as minister at Ayr, in 1590, "the place was so divided into factions, and filled with bloody conflicts, a man could hardly walk the streets with safety; wherefore, Mr Welsh made it his first undertaking to remove the bloody quarrellings, but he found it a very difficult work; yet such was his earnestness to pursue his design, that many times he would rush betwixt two parties of men fighting, even in the midst of blood and wounds. He used to cover his head with a head-piece before he went to separate these bloody enemies, but would never use a sword, that they might see he came for peace, and not for war; and so by little and little he made the town a peaceable habitation."

Among the various offences which furnished work for the Perth Kirk Session, in 1620, was the abduction of a young lady, in the beginning of that year. Elizabeth Henryson, daughter to the deceased Andrew Henryson of Lawton, and presumably "a lass wi' a tocher," resided with her widowed mother in the South Street of Perth. She was of marriageable age; and one of her admirers was William Stewart, son to William Stewart of Kinnaird, in the parish of Dunkeld but apparently he did not "tak' the mother's eye," and

therefore his suit sped not, so far as maternal favour and influence went. But probably the fair maid herself was like-minded with Lizzie Baillie of the old ballad:—

She wouldna ha'e the Lowlandman,  
That wears the coat sae blue;  
But she would ha'e the Highlandman,  
That wears the plaid and trews.

Either with or without Elizabeth's consent, the ardent lover and "divers of his accomplices" broke into her mother's domicile, "under silence and cloud of night," on the 10th February, 1620, and abducted the lass, and hastened away with her to the hills of Dunkeld. Dame Henryson made her moan to the Kirk Session, who promptly took "this barbarous fact" in hand, and summoned Stewart to appear before them and restore the lady to her home under pain of excommunication. Considerable delay ensued. Intimation was sent to the Session that Elizabeth had gone with Stewart of her own accord; but that "seeing he lay under danger of His Majesty's laws, and of the party whom he had offended, whereby he could not safely repair for giving satisfaction to the Chureh, therefore he craved that no farther process should be against him." To this it was shrewdly answered that if it were true that he "had obtained the goodwill and assent of Elizabeth Henryson, then the said William had not now such a mighty excuse as he pretended, seeing the fault was not capital, but penal, subjecting him only to an arbitrary punishment; also, that though it were capital, he without any peril might send back Elizabeth Henryson, and thereby give some declaration of remorse for his offence, which if he did not, they [the Session] perceive nothing in him but a purpose to elude the discipline of the Church," and, therefore, "they still would proceed against him." But neither the lad nor the lass appeared in Perth; and upon the authority of the Archbishop of St Andrews, sentence of excommunication was pronounced against Stewart. Upwards of a year elapsed before he was brought to make his repentance and obtain relax-



tion; and apparently Elizabeth Henryson became his wife.

Uproarious street frolics after dark were often perpetuated by intoxicated persons and merrymakers. While the pestilence was in Perth, in February, 1609, several patients who had recovered, came back to the town from the huts in the vicinity where they had been secluded, and riotously disturbed the public peace between ten and eleven o'clock at night. These delinquents were six in number—Andrew Johnstone and his spouse, James Jackson and his spouse, David Jackson, and Helen Hynd. "They were disguised, namely, Andrew Johnstone's wife having her hair hanging down, and a black hat on her head; her husband, Andrew Johnstone, with a sword in his hand; David Jackson having a mutch upon his head, and [wearing] a woman's gown:" and "they hurted and molested several persons." The Session ordered them to prison for several days, and then to make their public repentance in linen clothes. Any form of disguising was a high misdemeanour in the eyes of the ecclesiastical rulers. On 16th April, 1632, "Janet Gibson, a servant lass," was charged with "putting on men's clothes upon her. She answered that she simply drew upon her a pair of breeks, and cast them immediately. She promises never to do the like hereafter. She is committed to ward, therein to remain the space of three hours." On 17th December same year, "report being made to the Session that ——— Burnet, in the Newrow, disguised himself in woman's clothes, and went through the town in great profanity, the last Sabbath at night, he is ordained to be warned to compear before the Session the morrow to be censured for the same." Now and then drunken night-walkers raised great consternation. One night, in February, 1620, about eleven o'clock, two ploughmen from the Muirton slipped secretly into St John's Church, and rang the common bell, which brought everybody out of their beds! Another night, in the end of September, 1623, a party of jovial mischief-lovers, having pressed the Town's Piper into their

service, took him about the dark and deserted streets with them, playing his pipes, which they accompanied with wild outcries! On the 29th, one of them, John Skinner, was before the Session, and "convicted in a penalty of five merks, for roaring, going through the street with great shouting and crying, when the tokens of God's indignation were upon the city, by famine and great mortality of the people. He was fined five merks, and ordained to stand up in the Tailors' Seat, on a Sunday, before noon, and there in presence of the congregation declare his repentance." The piper's turn came on the 30th October, when "compeared James Wilson, piper, accused for playing on the great pipe, under silence of night, the time of the insolvency used by John Skinner and his accomplices, to the offence of God, and terrifying of neighbours, as though either fire or sword had been within the town. He answered that they compelled him to play to them, and he promised never to do the like hereafter. Being humbled on his knees, he declared his repentance." But an unparalleled offence roused the Session in the spring of 1631. A minute of Monday, 25th April, bears that "as there is a great bruit and rumour passing through this burgh, that certain wives were seen donking and walking in the water, beside the Lady Bow, about midnight; therefore the Session exhorts every Elder within his own quarter to try the names of the said wives, and the persons that saw them, that they may bear witness against them." It does not appear, however, that anything tangible was expiscated respecting the "unco sight;" but next day "five honest men's wives having compeared, it was laid to their charge, that in the time of the afternoon's sermon, they had drunk aquavitae very extraordinarily." No deliverance is recorded against them, and they were probably admonished to "use sobriety" in future. Once again, and for the last time, we shall recur to the subject of disturbance in church. A dumb man, a sort of harmless natural, living on charity, was in Perth for some time in the spring of 1632; but at last he fell into a grievous fault,

which necessitated his expulsion from the town. The Session, at a meeting on 30th April, decided that "forasmeikle as Dumbie misbehaved himself the last Sabbath-Day in the kirk, using profaneness, and thereby making tumult and commotion, making the people to have an unreverent behaviour in God's house; therefore he is ordained to be despatched off the burgh, like as he was, for the like misbehaviour, despatched forth of the town of Edinburgh."

About the end of the sixteenth century, a great deal of bad coin was in circulation over the country. Most of it appears to have been struck at Banff and neighbourhood; but one or two parties not far from Perth were actively concerned in the nefarious trade. Five individuals—John Murray, leech [or physician] in Dunfermline; Walter Murray, his brother, in Crieff; Wm. Thomson, smith, in Coupar-in-Angus; William Simpson, servitor to Arthur Smith, in Whitfield; and Thomas Fraser, in Banff—were tried before the Court of Justiciary, in Edinburgh, on 24th November, 1599, charged with "the treasonable forging, falsifying, and counterfeiting of false coin, such as false ten-shilling pieces, two-mark pieces, five-pound pieces, fifty-shilling pieces, hat pieces, pistolets, and crowns." It was alleged that George Drummond, saddler, in Perth, but residing for some time in Banff, was a prime fabricator of this bad money: and a special charge against the Coupar-Angus smith was "the treasonable forging, coining, and printing of false pistolets, whilk George Drummond, saddler, and Arthur Mule, gude-brother to the said William, of the said William's knowledge and counselling, about twa year sinesyne or thereby, treasonably forged of brass, in the burgh of Perth, and upon the Craigs of Kinnoull." The whole five panels were found guilty. The guiltiest three of them—Walter Murray, Thomson, and Simpson were sentenced "to be tane to the Castle-hill of Edinburgh, and there to be wyrrait [strangled] at ane stake, and their bodies to be brunt in ashes:" John Murray was banished the realm: and the doom of Fraser was postponed. In June, 1601, Thomas Glass

in Fowlis was sentenced to strangling and burning, for having uttered spurious money which he had procured from that master-rogue, George Drummond, saddler in Perth, who for several months longer contrived to elude the clutches of the law. But George was run to earth at last. He was brought to the bar of Justiciary, in Edinburgh, charged with "the treasonable outing [uttering] of false and adulterate money, such as hat pieces, crowns, four-pound pieces, and four-mark pieces, amongst our sovereign lord's lieges, as true money and coin, at the fairs of Perth, Stirling, and in other markets in the north parts," which money he had bought from coiners at Banff, &c. The trial was held on 27th November 1601, and resulted in his conviction. He was sentenced "to be tane to the Castle-hill of Edinburgh, and there to be wirreit [strangled] at ane stake till he was dead, and his body to be brunt in ashes."

Here we shall stop—not for want of more materials, which, indeed, are abundant and accessible; but because we consider that we have sufficiently accomplished the purpose with which we set out—namely, the illustration, from contemporary authority, of various phases of Citizen Life in Old Perth during the half-century or so following the Reformation. The accuracy of the sketches cannot be doubted, as they are chiefly given in the *ipsissima verba* of the scribes of the old records.

*THE MURRAYS OF OCHTERTYRE.—Part 1st.*

Ochertyre, ascending o'er the rest,  
In decent form, with rural beauties drest,  
(Whence prudent Murrays boast their ancient source),  
Attracts the eye with more than common force.

*Alves' "Drummond Castle."*

Now, Dunnottar, ere we go,  
We will linger on this steep,  
While our pensive musings flow,  
From thy donjon to thy keep.

*Rev. John Longmuir.*

OCHTERTYRE, where "grows the aik," and Loch Turret, with the wild glen of its river, acquired poetic fame from the visit of Scotland's ploughman-bard in the summer of 1787,—a season when Fortune's sunshine beamed the brightest on his path. The loch is about seven miles north-west of the thriving town of Crieff, which, on its hilly slope backed by the Grampians, enjoys from its position a salubrious atmosphere, and has been styled, with some justice, the Montpelier of Scotland. Loch Turret stretches a mile in length by a quarter of a mile broad, lying in a desert hollow among stupendous mountains, whose summits intercept the low-sailing clouds, and yet this hollow is 1400 feet above the level of the sea. The watery sheet laves the base of Benchonzie, whose elevation attains nearly 3000 feet above sea-level, and whose name, signifying "the mossy mountain," seems descriptive of the circumstance that a space of about forty acres on the top is covered with a species of whitish moss. Over the lake also from the heights of Craig-Garioch and Craig-Chainachan,—the latter being created by an ancient cairn of stones, piled up in commemoration of the death of the usurper, Kenneth IV., who fell in battle on the subjacent plain of Monzievaird, in the year 1005, fighting against the true heir of the Crown, Malcolm II., the last descendant of the line of Kenneth I. The fate of the usurper, and the

accession of Malcolm, find record in the old Celtic poem called "The Prophecy of St Berchan," a narrative delivered in the form of a prediction, and which has been assigned a place in the *Chronicles of the Picts and Scots* :—

The Gael gathered around him,  
The day in which he will be killed by us,  
At his stone of blood between two glens,  
Not far from the banks of the Earn.

Afterwards shall possess high Alban,  
A warrior, fortunate, praised of bards,  
A wrathful heart which fights the battle,  
Whose name is the Forranach—

— the "Forranach," the oppressor or destroyer, being the victorious Malcolm, whose reign extended to thirty years. The crags of Benchonzie were long the haunt of the black eagle : some quarter of a century back stray birds still resorted there; but formerly eager cragsmen used to be slung down by ropes over the precipitous face of the eastern cliffs to steal away the eaglets from their eyries; and the pillagers usually carried loaded firearms to defend themselves against chance attacks by the parent birds. A danger this to be dreaded; for occasionally desperate conflicts ensued in mid-air, not invariably resulting in the triumph of the human combatants. The falcon, too, once nestled on this mountain : and at the coronation of George III., the pair of falcons rendered by the Duke of Athole in token that he held the Kingdom of Man as a fief of the English Crown, were brought from Benchonzie. There is a tradition that two of the last wolves seen in Scotland were chased from a neighbouring wood by a band of hunters and killed amongst the hills. The sense of utter solitude with which a first view of Loch Turret and its majestic scenery impresses the mind of a stranger is somewhat dispelled when the eye catches the baronial shooting of Rhuedmohr, which raises its tower above the plantations on the east bank of the loch. But when Burns trod these banks all was Highland desert, which, it is said, "was welcome from its loneliness to the heart of the poet : " and the scar-

ing of the waterfowl on his approach elicited a pensive effusion, breathing that fervent love to all Nature which he ever cherished :—

Why, ye tenants of the lake,  
For me your wat'ry haunt forsake ?  
Tell me, fellow-creatures, why  
At my presence thus you fly ?  
Why disturb your social joys,  
Parent, filial, kindred ties ?—  
Common friend to you and me,  
Nature's gifts to all are free :  
Peaceful keep your dimpling wave,  
Busy feed, or wanton lave :  
Or, beneath the sheltering rock,  
Bide the surging billow's shock.

Along the River Turret, the scene is of a peculiarly rugged character,—the torrent pouring through a confined and gloomy glen, where sometimes the crags on both sides leave only a narrow gulf profound for its passage. The course of the river, from its source in the lake to its junction with the Earn a little above Crieff, is only seven miles; but most part of these seven miles is full of everything that tends to constitute the wild and the picturesque. The Turret runs rapidly among the rocks, forming cascades of various height, one of which, called Spout Hoich, about a mile north of Ochertyre House, presents a spectacle not soon to be forgotten. Struggling unseen in the depths, the stream suddenly flashes into light, and plunges down an unbroken descent of thirty feet; while an immense boulder, raising its head beyond the fall, amid dense overhanging foliage, almost shuts up the outlet of the foaming water; and an airy but substantial bridge thrown across the tumultuous chasm leads to a grotto where the visitor may calmly view the cataract. The muse of Burns has associated this romantic glen with the memory of the "Flower of Strathmore," Miss Euphemia Murray of Lintrose, whom he met whilst he was sharing the hospitalities of Ochertyre :—

The Highland hills I've wander'd wide,  
And o'er the Lowlands I ha'e been;  
But Phemie was the blytheest lass  
That ever trod the dewy green.

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

But another lake adds its beauty to the domains of the Ochertyre Murrays. The mansion-house—the seat of Sir Patrick Keith Murray—is delightfully situated about half-way down on the southern slope of the lower Grampians, surrounded with wood: and at the bottom of the descent lies the Loch of Monzievaird (as it was once called), covering about thirty acres, and reposing in dreamy quietude, a foliage-fringed, stainless mirror of the over-arching welkin. Ochertyre itself is rich in natural attractions, which, moreover, have been enhanced, wherever practicable, by the hand of art. Many years ago a lady-visitor described “the approach” to the manor-house as “lovely; and by the variety of grounds, woods, lakes, and western boundary of the sublime and picturesque hills around Loch Earn, it is rendered one of the most enchanting spots in Britain. In short, everything, both within and without the elegant and hospitable mansion of Ochertyre, fixes the heart and eye. Its surrounding scenes are beautiful beyond almost every other part of Scotland.” And another writer is equally enthusiastic in his meed of praise:—“All we had ever seen of Highland scenery appeared here combined in one most delightful prospect, and softened into a lovely display of its finest features, as the eye rested on every beautiful and no one rude object. A lake lay below in the vale, under a fine hanging wood, where the house was placed; the distance was bounded by very pointed mountains, and a fine river seemed to ornament the valley to their feet.” On the northern bank of the lake are seen the mouldering remains of an ancient fortalice whose walls are six feet thick, standing on a promontory that juts into the water. The ruin is known as “Cluggy Castle,” which upwards of four centuries back (in 1467, as is said) was described as old, so that in our day its exact age cannot be expected to be computed. At one time it seems to have been entirely insulated by a ditch, the only



access across which being by a drawbridge. At the distance of about seventy yards farther in the lake, and where the water is thirty feet deep, is a small islet, of artificial construction, called "The Cairn," and supposed to have been used as the prison of the castle. But of Cluggy—that crumbling memorial of the remote past—we shall have somewhat more to say hereafter. In the vicinity of the mansion-house of Ochertyre is the family mausoleum, in the midst of a churchyard where formerly stood the old church of Monzievaird, in which a crowd of the Murray race in Strathearn, with their wives and children, were burned to death by their enemies, the Drummonds. Before, however, proceeding to speak farther concerning Ochertyre, we shall turn our eyes eastward to a different quarter of the country, and endeavour to trace briefly the history of another race, whose honourable name ultimately became linked with that of the Murrays.

Out on the craggy east coast of Scotland, a couple of miles or so south of the town of Stonehaven, a remarkable mass of rock, almost wholly separated from the land by a deep and fearsome chasm, projects its huge bulk into the German Ocean. Ever buffeted and beaten by the billows, it lifts its head in defiant majesty crowned with the vast ruins of a stronghold, which bears a familiar name in the annals of the nation.

Many a vanished year and age,  
 And tempest's wrath and battle's rage,  
 Have swept o'er Corinth; yet she stands,  
 A fortress form'd to Freedom's hands.

As with Corinth, so with Dunnottar Castle, the mighty relic of stormy centuries. This strength, which from its vantage-ground seemed to possess impregnability to assault, was for long the proud fastness of a family who held one of the highest offices under the Scottish Sovereigns. Tradition tells that the German tribe of the *Catti*, a brave and warlike people, when oppressed by the Roman power, resolved to abandon their country, and seek a new home beyond the sea. Under their chief or prince,—*Princeps Cattorum*,—they committed themselves to the waves, and, reaching the

extreme north of Scotland, gladly settled there,—the province being thenceforth called Caithness, while the tribal name became corrupted into Kaith, Keyth, Keth, or Keith; and from these emigrants the Clan Chattan have claimed descent. Farther down the page of traditionary history, we come to the great Danish invasion during the reign of Malcolm II. A host of Norsemen, commanded by a famous warrior named Camus, landed on the Angus coast, and, having destroyed the town and church of Brechin, moved southwards to the village of Barry. The Scottish army advancing from Dundee, a desperate battle was fought, and the Danes were utterly routed, leaving their general dead on the fatal field. Camus fell by the hand of a valiant young Scot, Robert, the prince of the Catti or Keiths. When King Malcolm came to the spot where his dead adversary lay, he gave great praise to Keith, and bending down, dipped three of his fingers in the Norseman's blood, and therewith drew upon the upper part of the victor's polished shield three red strokes—bars or pales, as they are styled in heraldry: and as before the fight the King had encouraged his soldiers to rely on the help of heaven against the heathen enemy, who had burned and torn down a Christian church, so he now exclaimed, "*Veritas vincit!*"—"Truth conquers:" and from that day these words and the three gory bars became the motto and the armorial bearings of the Keiths. Thus far tradition. But genealogists, deaf to the voice of fable and dealing with musty charters and parchment rolls, point out that the first of the Keiths who appears in authentic Scottish records is Harveus, the son of Warin. Harveus having won the favour of David I., was granted the lands of Keith, in East Lothian, and also the island of Inchkeith, in the Firth of Forth,—whence the family surname was derived. Harveus witnessed various charters of King David, and among the rest the one by which Robert de Brus obtained the Lordship of Annandale. The Keiths were promoted, at an early stage of their history, to the Great Marischalship of Scotland, which was made hereditary in their

house. This office gave the command of the cavalry of the Scottish army, combined with the duty of providing camp equipage and quarters for the King and his soldiers. Throughout Bruce's war of independence, the Keiths, main stem and branches, were highly distinguished by patriotic valour. Sir Robert Keith, the Marischal, was appointed, in 1305, one of the guardians of Scotland; and subsequently he joined Bruce, and rendered gallant service at the Battle of Bannockburn, where he, at the head of 500 horse, suddenly attacked and destroyed the English archers. The gratitude of Bruce was manifested by a charter granting to Sir Robert the lands of Keith Marischal, and also the office of Great Marischal of Scotland, to him and his heirs-male of the name of Keith. The Marischal, in his old age, fell on the national side at the Battle of Dapplin. As he died without issue, he was succeeded by his grand-uncle, Sir Edward Keith, whose eldest son, William, became the next heir, and wedded Margaret, only child of Sir John Fraser, Thane of Cowie, who brought him extensive lands in the Mearns; and this marriage eventually led to his possession of that sea-girt rock, with which the name of Keith has been so long associated.

We read of the tide of war raging around Dunnottar in the days of Wallace. At that time there was no castle upon the rock, but only an ancient church, dedicated to St Ninian, with the burying-ground of the parish. About the year 1297, when Wallace had reduced various garrisons in the north-east provinces,—Dundee, Forfar, Brechin,—many of the dislodged Southrons fled to Dunnottar, deeming that there they would find sanctuary in the church; but it did not avail them. Wallace, according to Blind Harry, marched swiftly on Dunnottar, and seized the rock by surprise, burning the church, and putting the refugees to the sword. The sacred fane was re-edified, but became a post of the English during the wars of Edward III., and was again devoted to the flames. It is difficult to ascertain what family or families owned the

rock in those troubled times : probably its possession was repeatedly changed ; but in the latter half of the fourteenth century, it was held by Sir William Lindsay of the Byres, who married Christina, daughter of Sir William Keith and the heiress of Cowie. From a document in the Ochertyre charter-chest, it would appear that a new parish church had been substituted elsewhere for the one on the rock, previous to 1392, in which year Keith entered into an excambion with his son-in-law, who exchanged Dunnottar for an equivalent in lands in another part of the country. Dunnottar thus passed to the Keiths : and the Marischal set about erecting a strong tower on the site of the old church and its churchyard. He had not proceeded far with his work, however, when he was assailed with ecclesiastical censures and anathemas, as it was deemed an act of the highest sacrilege to build a castle on consecrated ground : and as Keith would not pause in his operations, the Archbishop of St Andrews fulminated sentence of excommunication against him. Sir William forthwith sent a petition to Pope Benedict XIII., explaining the whole circumstances of the case—how another and more commodious church had been provided, in a more convenient spot, for the parish of Dunnottar, and how needful was the building of the tower as a place of strength. The holy father took a rational view of the matter. He despatched a missive, dated 18th July, 1394, to the hot-headed Archbishop, detailing the terms of Keith's petition, and directing him to enquire into its allegations, and if he found them true to recall the excommunication. The Archbishop did so, and the sentence was rescinded. The tower of Dunnottar was the nucleus around which, in course of time, many additions clustered, forming altogether a great and massive fortification, the roofless ruins of which still remain to excite the stranger's wonder. "The battlements, with their narrow embrasures," says a modern rambler, "the strong towers and airy turrets full of loopholes for the archer and the musketeer,—the hall for the banquet, and the cell for the captive,—are

all alike entire and distinct. Even the iron rings and bolts that held the culprits, for security or torture, still remain to attest the different order of things which once prevailed in this country. Many a sigh has been sent from the profound bosom of this vast rock,—many a despairing glance has wandered hence over the boundless wave,—and many a weary heart has there sunk rejoicing into eternal sleep." From the days of the builder of the tower, Dunnottar became the chief seat of the Keiths, who had for some years previously lived at Cowie, near by. The death of Sir William occurred in the beginning of the fifteenth century. He left three sons and four daughters. John, the eldest son, wedded a daughter of Robert II.; and the eldest sister, Muriella Keith, was the second spouse of Robert, Duke of Albany, and mother of the warlike Earl of Buchan, Constable of France. About 1458, James II. conferred on the heir of the Keiths the title of Earl Marischal of Scotland, thereby raising the family of Dunnottar to the rank of nobility.

Hastening over the next hundred years, we find that William, fourth Earl Marischal, attached himself sincerely to the cause of the Reformation. He was the enemy of Cardinal Beaton, and the friend of George Wishart and John Knox. None the less, however, did the Queen Regent, Mary of Guise, regard the Earl as a loyal subject, a faithful friend, and a wise counsellor. In June, 1560, when she felt death approaching, she invited the leaders of the Congregation, among whom was Marischal, to an interview, at her bedside, in the Castle of Edinburgh; and when they came, she declared her regret for the troubles of the kingdom, and hoped that they might be soon composed. Again, on the 8th of the month, she called the Marischal, and told him that from the good opinion which she held of his character, she had appointed him and Sir John Campbell of Lundy as her executors to administer her testament. The Earl was unwilling to accept the trust; and shortly after the Queen's decease, he adopted a legal mode of ridding himself of an obligation which it might have

been dangerous for him to undertake, considering the temper of the times. A notarial instrument was executed in the Castle of Edinburgh, between the hours of one and two o'clock in the afternoon of 10th July, 1560, at the instance of William, Earl Marischal, setting forth "that the late Mary, Queen Dowager and Regent of the kingdom, chose him to be her executor testamentary, along with Sir John Campbell of Lundy, and because he, the said Earl, could not well perform the duties of the office by reason of the frailty and weakness of his body, he, therefore, renounced it; nevertheless, on account of the special affection which he bore for the said illustrious lady, and although he could on no account intromit with her goods, either now or at any after-time, yet he will be ready with his best assistance for the recovery of the debts due to the testatrix, to the end that her Will may be fulfilled in all points, and this he offers to do with a thankful mind, it being understood, however, that he in no ways accepts the office, or will intromit with the goods or debts of the Queen." Earl William was present in the Scottish Parliament which ratified the Confession of Faith, on 15th July, 1560: and when the ratification had passed—against which "the Popish Bishops spake nothing,"—he delivered himself of some pithy and impressive remarks,—concluding with a protest in favour of the reformed creed:—

"It is long since I had some favour to the truth," he said; "but praised be God, I am this day fully resolved; for seeing my lord bishops, who, for their learning, can, and for their zeal they owe to the truth, would, as I suppose, gainsay anything repugning to the same, yet speak nothing against the doctrine proponed, I cannot but hold it the very truth of God, and the contrary to be deceivable doctrine. Therefore, so far as in me lieth, I approve the one, and damn the other; and do further ask of God, that not only I, but also my posterity, may enjoy the comfort of the doctrine that this day our ears have heard. Further, I protest, if any persons ecclesiastical shall hereafter oppose themselves to this our Confession, that they have no place nor credit, considering that time of advisement being granted to them, and they having full knowledge of this our Confession, none is now found in lawful, free, and quiet Parliament, to oppose themselves to that which we profess. And, therefore, if any of this generation pretend

to do it after this, I protest he be reputed rather one that loveth his own commodity, and the glory of the world, than the truth of God, and salvation of men's souls."

We hear little more of the Earl, who was now in his old age. When the discords broke out between Mary, Queen of Scots, and her husband, Darnley, the Marischal, weary of the affairs of State, withdrew wholly from public life, and spent the remainder of his days in Dunnottar Castle. There he lived retired, devoting his attention to the care and improvement of his large domains, which brought him in annually a rental of 270,000 marks: and, indeed, his lands were so widespread over the country that it was said he could travel from Berwick on the Border to John o' Groat's, taking his meals and sleeping every night on his own property! From the seclusion in which he lived in his Castle, he acquired the soubriquet of "William of the Tower." He died on the 7th October, 1581.

**THE MURRAYS OF OCHTERTYRE.—Part 2nd.**

Like Perth's great lord, her sire possessed of wealth,  
Obeying friendship, struck against himself.  
How great his fall, whatever side he takes,  
Whom conscience guides, and honour ne'er forsakes !  
*Alves' "Drummond Castle."*

WILLIAM, the fifth Earl Marischal, and grandson of "William of the Tower," gained the honourable name of a munificent patron of learning. He it was who, on 2nd April, 1593, founded the Marischal College of Aberdeen, endowing it with the houses, garden, church, &c., which had belonged to the Grey Friars in Aberdeen, and the lands, crofts, tenements, feu-duties of the Dominican and Carmelite Friars there; but the Grey-friar property had been given to him by the Town Council for the express purpose of forming a site for the College. The original foundation made adequate provision for a Principal, three Regents or Masters in Philosophy and Languages, six Bursars, an æconomus, and cook. The General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, which met at Dundee on 6th April same year, approved of the foundation, and Parliament confirmed it on 21st July following. The Earl was entrusted in his time with certain high appointments of State. As ambassador to Denmark, in 1589, he arranged the marriage of the Princess Anne with James VI.; and in 1609 he was Royal Commissioner to the Scottish Parliament. He died at Dunnottar on 2nd April, 1623,—the thirtieth anniversary of his foundation of Marischal College. He was succeeded by his eldest son, William, who died in 1635, leaving four sons and three daughters.

Thus, the seventh Earl, William, came to his heritage on the eve of the outbreak of the Civil War. At the beginning of the troubles, he espoused the cause of the Covenant, and, adhering to it through its good and bad fortunes, suffered heavy losses by the ravaging



of his lands during Montrose's campaigns. The Earl and his brother George marched with the Duke of Hamilton's army which invaded England, and both escaped from the field of Preston, where the Scots were routed. Charles II., on coming to Scotland, visited Dunnottar Castle: and when the Estates sought a safe repository for the regalia of the kingdom, Dunnottar was selected as the place. There the national heirlooms were kept during part of the time the Castle was besieged by the Cromwellian forces. How the precious trust, wrapped in a bundle of lint, was removed from the beleaguered fortress, and conveyed, in open day, through the English lines, to the church of Kinneff, where it was buried under the pulpit and remained in security till the Restoration, is a well-known story in our annals. Marischal was taken prisoner at Alyth, in the autumn of 1651, along with other members of the Scottish Committee of Estates, and sent to the Tower of London, in which he was confined till the Restoration set him free. Dying without issue in 1661, he was succeeded by his immediate younger brother, George: and his youngest brother, John, who had prevented search for the hidden regalia by boasting that he had taken it with him to Paris, was created Knight-Marischal by Charles II., who afterwards raised him to the Peerage as Earl of Kintore.

The ravages of the Civil Wars and the exactions under the Cromwellian usurpation in Scotland had considerably curtailed and impoverished the estates of the Earl Marischal: and George, the eighth Earl, who had fought valiantly at the Battle of Worcester and suffered imprisonment for his loyalty, would seem to have profited so much by his bitter experience of the hard times through which he had passed, that, after he attained his Earldom, he mixed himself very little with public affairs. It happened, however, that he saw his Castle of Dunnottar, which had been the repository of the national emblems of sovereignty, degraded into a State prison. In February, 1685, Charles II. breathed his last, and the accession of James II. was the signal for his

exiled enemies to excite rebellion at home. The Earl of Argyle was the first in the field : and when the news of his descent on the west coast of Scotland reached Edinburgh, in May, the Privy Council anticipated his speedy advance to that capital. Scant cause, indeed, was there for alarm. Argyle's expedition was ill-planned and ill-supported. He was altogether devoid of talent to head the enterprise : a melancholy picture of his incapacity as leader has been left by one of his compatriots, Sir Patrick Hume of Polwarth : and the issue was defeat and ruin,—the Earl, with the valour of his father, shifting for himself at the approach of the Royal troops, and abandoning to their tender mercies the handful of poor Highlanders whom he had dragged into rebellion. But the Privy Council were alarmed : and as there were 240 persons, men and women, imprisoned at Edinburgh for covenanting principles, it was resolved to send them north to Dunnottar Castle for safe keeping. On these unfortunates being ferried across the Firth of Forth to Burntisland, 40 out of the number took the oath of allegiance, and were sent back ; and the rest entered on the long and weary march to Dunnottar ; but before the Castle was reached, some 33 made their escape, leaving 167, or 122 men and 45 women, who, on Sunday, 24th May, were immured in the " Whigs' Vault " of the fortress. Dismal was their condition. They remained till near the end of July, enduring the most cruel hardships. A few escaped from the rock : some died : and the survivors were transported by sea to Leith, where all who rejected the oath of allegiance were sentenced to banishment from the kingdom. This is the darkest episode in all the history of Dunnottar. At the Revolution of 1688, the Earl Marischal held himself aloof from the strife of parties. He died in 1694, and his only son, William, was his successor.

The new Earl shewed himself an active politician, and was a zealous opponent of the Union with England. By his marriage with Lady Mary Drummond, eldest daughter of James, fourth Earl of Perth and Chancellor

of Scotland, he had two sons and two daughters. He was succeeded, on his death in 1712, by his eldest son, George. The younger son, James, was the future Marshal Keith, so renowned in the service of Russia and Prussia, and who fell in battle at Hochkirchen in 1758. The elder daughter married the Earl of Wigton, and was the ancestress of Admiral Sir George Keith Elphinstone, who became Viscount Keith: and her sister married the Lord Galloway. Lady Mary Drummond survived her husband. She was a firm Roman Catholic, and a devoted Jacobite. By her urgent and unceasing persuasions she induced her two sons, the Earl and the embryo Marshal, to embark in the Rebellion of 1715. They joined the Earl of Mar, and brought about the downfall of the house of Dunnottar. Their mother is the heroine of the fine song, "When the King comes o'er the water," which appeared in *Hogg's Jacobite Relics* :—

I may sit in my wee croo house,  
 At the rock and the reel to toil fu' dreary;  
 I may think on the day that's gane,  
 And sigh and sab till I grow weary.  
 I ne'er could brook, I ne'er could brook,  
 A foreign loon to own or flatter;  
 But I will sing a rantin' sang,  
 That day our King comes o'er the water.

O gin I live to see the day,  
 That I ha'e begg'd, and begg'd frae heaven,  
 I'll fling my rock and reel away,  
 And dance and sing frae morn till even.  
 For there is ane I winna name,  
 That comes the reigning bike to scatter;  
 And I'll put on my bridal gown,  
 That day our King comes o'er the water.

And so on. This lyric, says the Shepherd, "is one of the most beautiful of the Jacobite songs of that period, and sung to one of the sweetest airs. It appears either to have been composed by the Lady Marischal, or, in her name, by some kindred bard;" but, in reality, the kindred bard is believed to have been none other than Hogg himself! On the failure of Mar's insurrection, Marischal and his brother fled to the Continent. Forfeiture was pronounced against the Earl. Back he

came to Scotland, in 1719, with the Spanish troops, who landed near Glenshiel. This attempt likewise ending in smoke, he succeeded in making his escape. In 1720, Dunnottar Castle was dismantled, and the estates were sold to the York Building Compaay for the sum of £41,172. Subsequently the Earl was employed as Envoy of the Pretender at the Court of Spain, and shared in all the schemes and plots of his party; but he did not embark for Scotland in 1745, and was even accused of disloyalty to the cause. Leaving the Pretender's service, he repaired to Berlin, at the inducement of his brother, who now served under Frederick the Great of Prussia. The Earl was received with open arms by the King, who soon appointed him as Ambassador to France, and afterwards to Spain. In October, 1758, Marshal Keith, while escorting a grand convoy to the Prussian army, was attacked by the Austrians at Hochkirchen, and fell bravely in the battle. His remains were interred, with great pomp, at Berlin, —the whole Prussian nation lamenting his loss.\* But the untimely fate of the gallant Marshal caused no change in his brother's relations with the Court of Prussia. The Earl continued to enjoy the full sunshine

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\* An amusing anecdote of Marshal Keith is related in Dr Anderson's *Bee*:—The Russians and the Turks, in their war, having diverted themselves long enough in murdering one another, for the sake of victory, they thought proper to treat of a peace. The commissioners for this purpose were Marshal General Keith and the Turkish Grand Vizier. These two personages met, and the interpreters of the Russ and Turkish betwixt them. When all was concluded, they arose to separate. The Marshal made his bow with his hat in his hand, and the Vizier his salam, with turban on his head. But when these ceremonies of taking leave were over, the Vizier turned suddenly, and, coming up to Keith, took him freely by the hand, and, in the broadest Scotch dialect spoken by the Lowlanders and most illiterate of our countrymen, declared warmly that "it made him unco happy, now he was sae far frae hame, to meet a countryman in his exalted station." Keith stared with all his eyes; but at last the exclamation came, and the Vizier told him—"My father," said he, "was bellman of Kirkcaldy, in Fife, and I remember to have seen you, sir, and your brother occasionally passing."

of royal favour. A singular circumstance, however, restored him to his native country. While he was in Madrid, in 1759, he fortunately chanced to discover a political secret of the first importance, namely, the formation of the "Family Compact" between the different branches of the Bourbons, the terms of which were inimical to the interests of Great Britain. He privately communicated the secret to the British Government, and quitted the Spanish capital, fearing that he might be suspected and arrested. For his invaluable service he was rewarded by obtaining pardon from George II. Coming to England, the Earl received a cordial reception at Court, in June, 1760. To obviate part of his old attainder, an Act was passed that year, enabling him to inherit any property which might descend to him : and consequently in 1761, he became the legal successor of his kinsman, the Earl of Kintore, as heir-of-entail. By another Act of Parliament, in 1761, his Lordship was allowed a grant of £3618 out of his forfeited estates, with interest from Whitsunday, 1721. It was the Earl's desire to buy back as much as he could of the lands of his family, and this he did in 1764, —the purchase including Dunnottar. In doing so he intended to pass the remainder of his days in the home of his ancestors; but now the King of Prussia sent pressing him, for the sake of their friendship, to return to Berlin. The invitation became entreaty. Flattering enough to any man were the terms in which his Majesty wrote :—

I cannot allow the Scotch the happiness of possessing you altogether. Had I a fleet, I would make a descent upon their coasts, and carry you off. The banks of the Elbe do not admit of these equipments; I must therefore have recourse to your friendship, to bring you to him who esteems and loves you. I loved your brother with my heart and soul: I was indebted to him for great obligations : this is my right to you, this my title.

I spend my time as formerly: only at night I read Virgil's *Georgics*, and go to my garden in the morning, to make my gardener reduce them to practice; he laughs both at Virgil and me, and thinks us both fools.

Come to ease, to friendship, and philosophy; these are what, after the bustle of life, we must all have recourse to.

The solicitations of the great Frederick prevailed. The Earl, having sold Dunnottar Castle and its domains, in 1767, repaired to Berlin, where he remained till his death, which took place in 1778. He was never married.

The purchaser of Dunnottar, in 1767, was Alexander Keith of Ravelstone, in Midlothian,—a kinsman of the Marischal family. He died in 1792, and was succeeded in the estates of Ravelstone and Dunnottar by his eldest son, Alexander, who claimed the dignity of Knight Marischal of Scotland, and acted in that capacity during the visit of George IV. to Edinburgh, in 1822. Sir Alexander had his place, as Knight Marischal, in the grand procession which accompanied the King in his progress from Holyrood Palace to the Castle of Edinburgh, on Thursday, 22nd August. The contemporary account says that, on this occasion, "the dresses which attracted the greatest attention by their brilliancy and richness were those of Sir Alexander Keith, Knight Marischal; the Earl of Kinnoull, Lord Lyon King at Arms; and the Duke of Hamilton, who carried the Crown. The Knight Marischal was mounted on a black Arabian horse, richly caparisoned. His dress was a white satin cloak, over a richly-embroidered doublet of white and gold, with a white plume in his hat. On each side of him walked a henchman, habited in rose-coloured satin, slashed with white; their underclothes white, with white silk stockings, and white roses in their shoes." Sir Alexander's death took place in 1832, when his only child, a daughter, Helen Margaret Oliphant, became his heiress. The office of Knight Marischal was given to the Earl of Erroll; and on his Lordship's death in 1846, it was conferred on the Marquis of Douglas, who in 1852 became Duke of Hamilton.

From Dunnottar we shall now return to Ochtertyre.

The great house of Moravia, Murreff, or Moray, was once equally potent as the Catti or Keith race in the far north of Scotland. The Morays acquired large possessions in Athole and Strathearn, and spread out into

various families. Sir David Murray of Gask and Tullibardine, who was knighted by James II. of Scotland, in 1424, married Isabel, daughter of Sir John Stewart of Innermeath, Lord of Lorn. The third son of this union was Patrick, first of the Ochertyre line, who obtained lands in Strathearn from his father, before the year 1446, and married Isabel, daughter of Balfour of Mountquhanie, ancestor of the Burley family. Patrick died in 1476, at the age of 46, leaving a son, David, second Laird of Ochertyre. David married Margaret, daughter of Henry Pitcairn of Pitcairn and Forthar, and left two sons, Patrick, third of Ochertyre, and David, who founded the Dollerie branch of the family. But here we must advert for a little to the peninsula in the Loch of Monzievaird and its Castle of Cluggy, which are said to have been comprehended in the lands which Sir David Moray of Gask and Tullibardine formed into a lairdship for his son Patrick. The peninsula anciently bore the name of "The Dry Isle," probably in contradistinction to "The Cairn," or artificial islet opposite to it in the lake. As already mentioned, Cluggy Castle was termed an old place of strength—" *antiquum fortalicium* "—in the year 1467; and there is a tradition that it once was held by the Red Comyn, whom Bruce slew in the church at Dumfries. For a considerable number of years, however, after the death of the first Laird of Ochertyre, the Dry Isle appears to have been in other hands than those of his family. In the *Acta Dominorum Concilii* (Acts of the Lords of Council) we find that on 22d October, 1488, there was a law-plea before their Lordships concerning the Dry Isle. "Anent the complaint," says the record, "made by John Murray of the Balloch upon David Drummond, son of the Lord Drummond, for the taking of the Isle of Monyvard, and spoliation of the goods being thereintill; because it was alleged by the said David Drummond that the said Isle pertained to him by reason of tack, and that he was entered thereto, at the command of our Sovereign Lord's letters, by an Officer and Mair of the Steward of Strathearn; and claimed to pertain to the said John of

Murray in feu farm : the Lords assigns to the said David Drummond and John of Murray, Friday come viij. days, the last day of October, that is to say—the said David to prove that the said Officer entered him in the said house and lands [the house being Cluggy Castle], by virtue of our Sovereign Lord's letters; and the said John of Murray to bring with him such rights and evidents as he will use in the said matter for his right; and ordains that in the meantime the goods taken fra the said John be restored and delivered again to him, gif it please him." The action came up again on 3d November following, when "the Lords decreets and delivers that David Drummond has done na wrang in the taking of the place of the Dry Isle in Strathearn, set to him by our Sovereign Lord's Commissioners, and entered thereto by John of Cumry, Mair of Strathearn, by virtue of the King's letters direct thereupon : and ordains the said David to remain with the said place and Isle, and to bruik and joiss [possess and enjoy] the same, after the form of the said tack : a day being set to John of Murray of the Trewyn, for the shewing of his rights, and oft times called and not compeared; and ordains our Sovereign Lord's letters be direct thereupon. And as anent the ordinance made by the Lords for the deliverance of the said John of Murray's goods, it was proved before the Lords, by an instrument and by the said witness, that the said goods were delivered to John of Murray's wife, all and hale as they were the time of the said David's entry to the said place." And so this dispute was concluded, leaving the Dry Isle in the hands of Lord Drummond's son, as tacksman thereof.

Farther on, the Tullibardine family are found in possession of the Isle. A Retour of Service was expedited in the Tolbooth of the burgh of Perth, on 23d May, 1525, before Patrick Chartris of Cuthilgurdy, Provost of the burgh of Perth, and David Murray of Coldan, the King's Sheriffs of Perth and Stewards of Strathearn in that part, and fifteen persons of inquest, in favour of William Murray, as heir of the deceased William Murray, of Tulybardin, knight, his grandfather, in the



lands of Tulybardyn, in the sheriffdom of Perth; and lands of Gask, Wester Downy, Pitlandy, and Trevyne, with the loch and isle of Dry Isle, in the Earldom of Strathearn. Again, Sasine was given at Trewin, on 8th December, 1542, proceeding on a Precept of Sasine (dated 7th November preceding) by King James V., to his faithful and familiar servitor, William Murray of Tulybardin, of the lands underwritten, namely, the lands of Trewin, extending to the eight pounds land of old extent, with the lake and Isle of Dryile, and with the fishings, tower, and fortalice thereof, with the common pasture, free ish and entry coming to the foresaid lake and isle, and crossing thence to the lands of Ochtertire, adjacent to the said lake and isle, on the north side thereof, going and returning, the one merk land of Ochtertyre, which David Murray on the last day of the month of May, 1508, occupied, lying in length along the north side of the foresaid lake, beginning at the burn of Downy, and extending to the fourth part of Eister Ochtertire, in the lordship of Stratherne and sheriffdom of Perth; the lands of Westir Thomnok, with the meadow and grove thereof; the lands of the forest of Corymucklaw, and the lands of Glenscherwy; the lands of Gask, Wester Downy, and Pitlandie, the lands of Drumfyne, six-merk land of old extent of Casteltoun, ward and grove, with the acres of land near Casteltoun pertaining to the same; the lands of Drumquharagane, except one merk thereof, called Monrusk; also the lands of Kersheid, with the mill and meadows thereof; the lands of Lekkok and the lands of Dawleik, all lying within the Lordship and Sheriffdom aforesaid; which foresaid lands were let in feu form by the King and his father, to the said William and his predecessors for payment of certain yearly farms [feu-duties]; and further, are erected into, one whole and free barony, to be called the barony of Trewin; ordaining the manor place of Trewin, now built or to be built, to be the chief messuage thereof; and a sasine of the said lands to be given to the said William, to hold good for the foresaid lands for ever.

Here, in 1525, we have the Dry Isle and the Looch pertaining to Tullibardine, and in 1542 they are included within the barony of Trewin, which was erected in favour of that house. How long they so remained we are unable to say; but ultimately they formed part and parcel of the possessions of the Ochtertyre family.

**THE MURRAYS OF OCHTERTYRE.—Part 3rd.**

Is there a spot in Scotia fair  
So full of beauty rich and rare,  
Where Nature, with a lavish hand,  
Has formed a perfect fairy-land?  
All gaze with wonder, and admire  
Thy beauties, lovely Ochtertyre !  
*Allan's "Exile King, and other Poems."*

It was apparently in the time of David, second Laird of Ochtertyre, that the Dry Isle and its Castle were adjudged by the Lords of Council to the son of Lord Drummond, as tacksman thereof under the Crown: and about two years afterwards a terrible disaster befel the Murrays of Strathearn. They and their powerful neighbours, the Drummonds, fell at feud concerning the teinds which George Murray, Abbot of Inchaffray, claimed to uplift from the latter's lands in the parish of Monzievaird. In the autumn of 1490, the Murrays, being friends of the Abbot, proceeded to levy the teinds according to his estimate; but this step roused the ire of the Drummonds, a party of whom, headed by their lord's son, William, the Master of Drummond, marched to drive off the intruders. Both sides encountered at the hill of Knock Mary, on the south side of the River Earn, near Crieff, and there joined battle. The Drummonds were worsted in the fight; but being unexpectedly reinforced by Duncan Campbell of Dunstaffnage, who chanced to have come to the spot with a body of his men, to revenge another quarrel upon the Murrays, the conflict was renewed, and the Murrays were routed, and fled for refuge to the church of Monzievaird. Satisfied with this result, the victors were retiring, proud of their triumph, when an unlucky arrow shot from the church killed one of the Campbells. Wildly rose the cry for vengeance ! The allied band, exasperated to fury, surrounded the church, and, not troubling themselves to force the doors or windows, which were barricaded, set it on fire. The

flames soon enveloped the edifice, which was thatched with heath; and the Murrays were doomed to destruction. Such of them as broke out, and attempted to cut their way through the midst of their foes, were driven back or slain; and the whole band, except one man, perished miserably. This savage crime horrified the country. The King, James IV., who was then at Stirling, hastened to Drummond, where he caused the Master to be arrested. The prisoner was removed to Edinburgh, and he and many of his adherents were brought to trial in the Tolbooth, on 21st October,—the King being present. The Master was found guilty, and, despite the urgent intercession of his kindred, was brought to the scaffold at Stirling, and a number of his followers suffered with him. Redress was next given to the wives and children of the victims in the conflagration;—at least, Lord Drummond and Sir William Murray of Tullibardine bound and obliged themselves to that effect, before the Lords of Council, on 9th January, 1490-1; and ten years afterwards—on 14th January, 1500-1,—the King signed a Letter of Pardon for “all actions and crimes of the burning of the Kirk of Monzievaird, and slaughter of the King’s lieges at that time.” Amongst the victims who perished in the church, besides those bearing the name of Murray, were Haldanes, Robertsons, Keuses, Elders, Rollocks, Daws, Lutefutes, &c. The Drummonds had also allies of various surnames at Knock Mary; and one clan, M’Robbie, distinguished themselves so much on that side in the battle, that Lord Drummond, in token of gratitude, gave them, by charter, a right of burial in the north-west aisle of the church of Muthill. So late as the year 1827, this charter was produced in the Sheriff Court, at Perth, and decree was pronounced by the Sheriff for £14 odds, the value of said aisle, against the heritors of the parish, to be paid to Mr Andrew M’Robbie, Tomaknock, near Crieff, the principal representative of the M’Robbies.

David, second of Ochertyre, left two sons—Patrick, who succeeded him, and Anthony, who got from his

father the lands of Raith and Dollerie. In reference to Dollerie, it may be stated that on 6th July, 1465, Robert Mercer of Innerpeffray sold Easter Dullary to Patrick, the first of the Ochtertyre Murrays; and on 19th July, 1467, Patrick had a Crown Charter of Easter and Wester Dullary : so it would appear he acquired Dollerie before Ochtertyre. Patrick, the 3d Laird, fought and fell at Flodden Field. His son, David, who became fourth Laird, married Agnes Hay of Megginch. A charter was granted, on 7th November, 1542, by James V., to William Murray of Tullybardin, of the lands of Dalreoch and others, and to a succession of heirs, among whom are specified "David Murray of Ochtertyre, and the heirs-male of his body." In the Ochtertyre charter-chest is a tack by Gavin, Archbishop of Glasgow and Commendator of Inchaffray, to David Murray of Ochtertyre, and Agnes Hay, his spouse, of the teind sheaves of Ochtertyre and Craigton, in the parish of Monzievaird, dated 16th July, 1544, and signed by the granter and ten monks of Inchaffray. David was succeeded by his son, Patrick, fifth Laird, who married Nicholas Græme, a daughter of Inchbrakie, and had a son, William. Patrick Murray of Ochtertyre was one of the persons of inquest, who, at the Scait of Crieff, on 27th June, 1583, exped a retour of service in favour of John Murray, as heir to the deceased William Murray of Tullibardin, his grandfather, in the lands called the Toftis of Drumsycyne, in the Stewartry of Strathearn, and Sheriffdom of Perth, which lands had been two years and one term in the hands of the Crown by decease of Lady Katherine Campbell, lady of the conjunct fee. Patrick was succeeded by his son William as sixth Laird, who married Bethia, daughter of Murray of Letterbannochy, and was father of Patrick, seventh of Ochtertyre, who married Mary, only daughter of Sir William Moray of Abercairney. The eldest son of this marriage was William. On the 12th February, 1631, a retour of service was exped in the tolbooth of the burgh of Perth, before Sir John Moncrieff of Kinmonth, knight,

Master William Murray of Achtertyre, and Master Andrew Moncrieff, son of the said Sir John, Sheriffs-Depute of Sir William Steuart of Grantullie, knight, Sheriff-Principal of the Sheriffdom of Perth, in favour of Alexander Menzies of Comrie, as heir to the late Duncan Menzies of Comrie, his father, in certain lands. During the stormy days which soon dawned, the Ochtertyre family supported the cause of the National Covenant: and we find that, about 1646, when an "Accompt of the losses done by the enemy [the Royalists] to the lands of Achylle and Drungzie, pertaining to James Stirling of Balvill," amounting to the sum of £2396 13s 4d, was given in to the Covenanting Government, four commissioners—one of them being Mr Patrick Murray of Achtertyre—were appointed by Parliament for trial and cognition "of the lands within the Presbyteries of Auchterarder and Dunblane, whilks are brunt, plundered, and wasted;" and the Commissioners by a decree dated at Auchterarder, in 1646, relieved James Stirling of Balvill from the payment of any monthly maintenance or other public dues from his lands above mentioned. Patrick died sometime after the Restoration. His eldest son—who appears in the list of Commissioners of Supply for Perthshire, 1661, as "William Murray, fiar of Ochtertyre"—succeeded as eighth Laird. On 7th June, 1649, William had married Isabel, daughter of John Oliphant of Bachilton. At this time—and, as we may suppose, for a long time previously—the Castle of Cluggy was in the possession of the family of Ochtertyre. It was still intact with its fosse and drawbridge; and during the war with Cromwell, the ancient fortalice became William's abode, as a place of considerable security in a troubled country. There two of his children were born: Mary, on 13th September, 1651, and William, on 21st July, 1653.

Under this eighth Laird, who was a man of ability, the house of Ochtertyre acquired a higher status than it had hitherto enjoyed. In 1669, he purchased the lands of Fowlis-Easter from Patrick, ninth Lord Gray, whose

family had been heavily oppressed by the fines and exactions under the Cromwellian usurpation. Moreover, on the 7th June, 1673, William of Ochtertyre and Fowlis was created a baronet of Nova Scotia, with remainder to his heirs-male. He died on 18th February, 1681. His eldest surviving son and heir, Sir Patrick, who was born at Dollerie, in 1656, married Margaret, daughter of Mungo Haldane of Gleneagles. Sir Patrick was a friend of the Revolution of 1688. The Scottish Convention of Estates at Edinburgh, on 30th March, 1689, issued a proclamation calling out the Militia, and among the Perthshire Commissioners for that purpose is named Sir Patrick Murray. On 27th April following, an Act was passed for raising four months' supply, and of the Perthshire Commissioners, Sir Patrick Murray of Auchtertyre was one. Further, the Scottish Parliament, on 7th June, 1692, passed an Act for raising a supply to the Government, and again Sir Patrick Murray of Auchtertyre was named among the Perthshire Commissioners. Moreover, the Revolution Government entertained so good an opinion of his sagacity and integrity of character that he was one of those chosen to distribute public money amongst the Highland chiefs, with the view of inducing them to remain quiet: and it redounds much to his honour that, unlike others, he faithfully accounted for the money with which he had been entrusted, and paid back the small surplus which remained in his hands. Prudent and economical in his habits, he amassed a fortune of fully £18,000, which enabled him to make purchases of lands, particularly the barony of Monzievaird. His manorial seat was Fowlis Castle, where all his family were born—eight sons and three daughters; but three of the sons and one of the daughters died young. The eldest son and heir was William, born 22d February, 1682. The eldest daughter, Isabel, born 19th June, 1683, married Alexander Duncan of Lundie, on 30th April, 1702, and was grandmother of the celebrated Admiral Duncan, first Earl of Camperdown.\* Sir Patrick sat in the last

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\* The family of *Duncan of Lundie*, illustrious in our

Parliament of Scotland, as one of the four representatives for Perthshire: the other three members being John Haldane of Gleaeagles, Mungo Græme of Gorthy, and John Murray of Strowan. But although Sir Patrick was a decided Whig of the Revolution type, and a friend of the Union and the Hanoverian Succession, his heir, William, espoused Jacobite principles, and became a stout partisan of that party. He joined the Earl of Mar, in 1715, and fought at Sheriffmuir, where he was made prisoner. He was carried south, and confined in Carlisle, but afterwards obtained his freedom. A document among the Weem papers gives a glimpse of negotiations which were set on foot for release of Jacobite prisoners, including young Ochertyre:—

MEMORANDUM for Frazardale to his Grace the Duke of Atholl, in name of my Lord Marquis of Tullibardine, Glengarie, Lord George Murray, and Frazardale himself.

If the Duke of Atholl has full power from the Government to assure us and others who may adhere with us, of a general indemnity, we are then to enter one the articles his Grace proposes; for it cannot be expected that we should leave one syde till we be assured of safety on the other, which the Duke may reasonable represent to the Government.

The Marquis proposes for himself that the Duke should use the most pressing instances that Lord Charles and Lord Nairne with all thos who wer taken with them in there regiments at Preston, and also William Murray of Ochertyre, with the Atholl prisoners taken at Sheriff Moor, may be fully included in the same conditions of indemnity as shall be agried on with him the said Marquis. Young Ochertyre escaped the penalty of his rebellion;

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naval history, is of remote antiquity; it was originally designated of Seaside, and there is an authenticated heraldic tradition which accounts for the crest, a *dismantled ship*, now borne over the arms of Camperdown. A member of the family, who lived some two hundred years ago, having been supercargo on board a vessel bound from Norway to his native place, Dundee, was overtaken by a tremendous storm, in which the ship became almost a complete wreck, and the crew were reduced to the utmost distress. Contrary, however, to all expectations, they were enabled to navigate their crazy, crippled bark into port, and the parents of the thus fortunately rescued son immediately adopted the crest alluded to, in commemoration of the dangers their heir had so providentially escaped from.—*Burke's Peerage and Baronetage.*



but his attachment to the Jacobite side remained unshaken; and in 1719, after the defeat at Glenshiel, when Jacobite commissions were sent to Lord Nairne that he might distribute them amongst the Pretender's friends in Perthshire, William received one of them, and was doubtless proud of the gift.

Sir Patrick, on 21st February, 1726, executed a Deed of Entail of his estates of Ochtertyre, Monzievaired, Fowlis, and Fowlis-Easter, in favour of a series of heirs, namely, William, Patrick, George, and John, his four surviving sons. The deed is remarkable for a peculiar clause, to the effect that the "hail heirs of entail, succeeding to the aforementioned lands and estates, shall neither take nor receive from the fountain of honour, nor from any other person by succession, any higher title at any time than that which I presently enjoy, viz., a Knight Baronet, under the forfeiture of the estate in contravention." But is this clause binding? It is not repeated among the irritant clauses, as it ought to have been, and, therefore, necessarily loses all its force as to forfeiture in contravention. Sir Patrick departed this life, at Ochtertyre, on 25th December, 1735, in his eightieth year. The hero of Sheriffmuir, Sir William, succeeded his father; and it is said that it was he who changed the orthography of the family surname from *Moray*, as it had been previously spelt, to *Murray*, its present form. He married Catherine, daughter of Hugh, Lord Lovat, and had a numerous family, but several of his children died young. Sir William was highly educated and accomplished: he had studied at Oxford, and made the tour of France and Italy. But his tenure of the inheritance was destined to be brief. He died on 20th October, 1739. His eldest son, Patrick, born in 1707, succeeded him. Of the daughters, Amelia became the wife of her cousin, John Murray of Lintrose; Catherine married Sir Thomas Moncreiffe, Baronet; and Margaret married Robert Graham of Fintry.

In 1741, Sir Patrick, fourth baronet of Ochtertyre, married Helen Hamilton of the Wishaw family: and of

this marriage came a son, William, and three daughters, one of whom died unmarried. When the Rebellion of 1745 broke out, Sir Patrick held a command in the British army, as a Captain in the 42d Regiment. This national corps was then in Flanders; but meantime, to repair the losses sustained at Fontenoy, three additional or "augmentation companies" had been raised at home, "in different parts of the Highlands," says General Stewart of Garth; "but, owing to the influence of Sir Patrick Murray, through the Atholl family, and that of the other gentlemen of Perthshire, Invercauld, Gledlyon, and Glenfalloch, a greater proportion of the new levy consisted of men from the districts of Athole, Breadalbane, and Braemar, than was to be found in the original composition of the regiment." The captains of these companies were the Laird of Mackintosh, Sir Patrick Murray of Ochertyre, and Campbell of Inverawe. A Book of Accounts kept by Sir Patrick, beginning in 1743 and coming down to 1747, contains entries, in 1745, of the expenses which he incurred in recruiting, outlays for his company, and for spies: he paid £5 1s for four broadswords at Stirling, and £1 11s 6d for other two of these weapons. In the end of July, 1745, he and his brother-officer, Campbell of Inverawe, received a Government warrant to arrest the "Duke of Perth" at Drummond Castle. This personage, James Drummond, one of the leading and enthusiastic spirits of the Jacobite party, was the representative of the Earls of Perth. He was the grandson of James, fourth Earl of Perth, who received the ducal title from James II., at St Germain's: and his father had been attainted for his share in Mar's Rebellion. With no legal right to a peerage, though he was the heir of the Drummonds, and inherited the family estates in Perthshire, James Drummond had assumed his grandfather's title of "Duke of Perth," and was so styled by his friends. "The so-called Duke," says Chambers, "was thirty-two years of age, brave, frank, and liberal, but disliked by many on account of his profession of the Catholic faith, in which he had been reared by a remarkably enthusi-

astic mother." As soon as intelligence of Prince Charles Edward's arrival in the West Highlands was known to Government, steps were taken to secure all suspected persons, of whom the Duke of Perth, then living at Drummond Castle, was one of the most prominent. To have prevented him, by arrest, from ruining all his prospects in life, and bringing himself to an untimely end, by rushing into the rebellion, would have been a truly friendly act, no matter how he might have construed it in the heat of his zeal for the Young Chevalier.

Ochertyre and Inverawe having been selected to execute the warrant, they went about their duty with much caution, and in such a way as was reasonably expected to obviate resistance and bloodshed. They sent a message to the Duke, inviting themselves to dinner with him, and he returned for answer that they would be made very welcome. On the day appointed—the 26th July—they proceeded to Drummond Castle, followed at some interval by a detachment of soldiers, instructed to surround the place. The compiler of the *Jacobite Memoirs* has left a minute and animated account of what transpired after the two officers had sat down to dinner with their host. One of the Duke's valets, having accidentally perceived soldiers approaching the Castle, went and called his master to the door of the dining-room, and told him what he had seen, begging him "to take care of himself." The Duke smiled, and, paying no heed to the story, rejoined his guests. Again the footman came back with his warning; "but the Duke always smiled:" and soon was he undeceived. "After dinner," according to the narrative, "the officers, having drunk a little while, and the time being come when they had appointed the soldiers to surround the house, at a little distance, were pleased to inform his Grace of their errand, pulling out their orders for that purpose. The Duke commanded his temper very well, and, seeming not to be much displeased, told them he would slip into the closet which was in the room where they were sitting,

and get himself ready. To this they agreed, as they thought he could not go out of the room. He went into the closet, and (gently locking the door) slipt down a pair of back stairs which came to the closet, and got into the wood joining to his gardens with much difficulty. In making his way through the wood (which was surrounded) he got his legs all much scratched and wounded with the briars and thorns, and he behoved sometimes to crawl on hands and feet to keep himself from being seen by the sentinels at their different posts. The officers waited some time, and the Duke not returning, they went to the closet door, which being looked, they called some of the servants, who told them their master was gone away on horseback in a great hurry. After the Duke got out of the wood, he lay squat for some time in a dry ditch till the party should be gone. The officers and their command, in their return to Crieff, the place where they quartered, passed so near the ditch, that the Duke heard all that they spoke ;” but they never observed him where he lay, and so marched on. “When the party were all out of sight, the Duke rose up to look about him, and, spying a countryman with a little horse, he desired to have the use of the horse, which the countryman readily complied with. The horse had neither saddle nor bridle, but only a branks (or halter) about its head. However, in this pickle did the Duke ride to the house of Mr Murray of Abercairny. From that he went to the house of Mr Drummond of Logie. At night, when all were in bed, Logie Drummond, entertaining fears he could not really account for, got out of bed, and, going to the Duke’s bed-chamber, awaked him, and begged him to be gone speedily to some other place, for that he was afraid of his not being safe to stay all night.” There was no rest for the Duke even under the roof of a friend. He was obliged to rise and resume his flight. “Logie would not leave him till he saw him out of the house, and the Duke was not well gone when a party came (in dead of night) and searched the house

very narrowly for the Duke." The fugitive Jacobite found his way to the Prince, and speedily brought a strong body of his dependants to the Rebel standard. The augmentation company, to which Captain Sir Patrick Murray and Lieutenant James Farquharson, younger of Invercauld, were attached, formed part of the force under General Cope at the Battle of Prestonpans. The company was cut to pieces, and both Ochtertyre and young Invercauld were taken prisoners by the victorious Rebels. We are told, in the *Jacobite Memoirs*, that when the Duke of Perth came up to the spot where Ochtertyre stood a prisoner, he asked how he did, and "very pleasantly" added—"Sir Patie, I am to dine with you to-day!" The Prince allowed Sir Patrick to go on his parole, to Ochtertyre, where he remained till relieved, some months thence, by Cumberland's troops while on their march from Stirling to Perth. The adventurous Duke of Perth ran his destined course in the Rebellion. He saw the last hopes of his party quenched in the blood of Culloden. After wandering for a short time in the Highlands, he embarked for France; but he was so utterly worn out with the fatigues of the campaign, that he died at sea, on his birthday, the 11th May, 1746. Sir Patrick Murray survived the Rebellion for nineteen years. He died at Ochtertyre, on 9th September, 1764; and was succeeded by his only son, Sir William, who was born at Ochtertyre on 23d October, 1746.\*

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\* Douglas' *Peerage of Scotland*; Burke's *Peerage and Baronetage of the British Empire*; Anderson's *Scottish Nation*; Pratt's *Buchan*; *Third Report of the Royal Commission on Historical Manuscripts*, p. 408; *Sixth Report of do.*, pp. 702, 708; *Seventh Report of do.*, pp. 711, 712, 713, 715, 716; Buchan's *Historical Account of the Family of Keith*; *Miscellany of the Spalding Club*, vol. ii., p. 249; *Acta Dominorum Concilii*: 1488; Calderwood's *History of the Kirk of Scotland*, vol. ii., p. 37; Wodrow's *History of the Sufferings*, vol. iv., p. 323; Longmuir's *Dunnottar Castle*; *The Marchmont Papers*, vol. iii.; Hogg's *Jacobite Relics*: First Series; *Acts of the Scottish Convention*, &c.; *Historical Account of His Majesty's Visit to Scotland*: 1822, p. 197; *Historical Sketches of Fowlis-Easter*, p. 110; Oliphant's *Jacobite Lairds of Gask*, p. 64;

*THE MURRAYS OF OCHTERTYRE.—Part 4th.*

————— The story of my life  
From year to year; the battles, sieges, fortunes,  
That I have pass'd.

*Othello.*

—————  
Farewell, farewell, sweet Ochtertyre !  
Feeble my muse, with homely lyre,  
In lowly flight on wearied wings,  
Of all thy wondrous beauty sings.

*Allan's "Exile King."*

It has been mentioned that Sir Patrick, the second baronet of Ochtertyre, purchased the lands of Monzievaired : and, indeed, a story goes that the bargain was made by his lady, Margaret Haldane of Gleneagles, without his concurrence; but, at all events, either with or without his consent, Monzievaired was added to his estates. And here it can scarcely be considered out of place that we should string together the few historical notices, which have fallen under our observation, concerning the old family of Tosheach or Toshack, to whom the barony of Monzievaired long pertained. In the Accounts of the Lord High Treasurer of Scotland, there is an entry, under date of 21st May, 1518, specifying a payment of 6s 8d for "a Letter of Summons raised upon my Lord Drummond for the violence committed upon Andrew Toschaw,"—probably a member of the Monzievaired family. The Toshacks appear once or twice in the Athole charters. On the 8th April, 1530, a Retour of Service was expedie in favour of William Murray of Tullybardin, as heir of his grandfather, before David Murray of Lachlan, and David Toscheauch of Monyverd, Sheriffs of Perth in that part; and one of the per-

*Historical Record of the 42d Regiment*, p. 39; *General Stewart's Sketches of the Highlanders*, vol. i., p. 279; *Chambers's History of the Rebellion of 1745*; *Bishop Forbes' Jacobite Memoirs*, p. 15; *Brown's Picture of Strathearn*; *Beauties of Upper Strathearn*; *New Statistical Account of Perthshire* (Parish of Monzievaired and Strowan).

sons of inquest was Andrew Toscheach of Monzey. Again, on 7th December, 1542, Andrew Toscheach witnessed a sasine to Tullybardin of the lands and barony of Tullybardin: and farther, Andrew Toscheach was one of the witnesses to the infeftment of Tullybardin in the Dry Isle, &c., on 8th December, 1542. There was an Andro Toscheoch of Monyvaird in 1571, who obtained license to abide from the Raid of Leith. In the year 1618, the Laird of Monzievaird was Edward Toscheoche, whose wife was Annas Graham; and they had at least two sons—David, the eldest, and Edward. The family were at feud with the Bruces of Cultmalundie; and on Midsummer-day, David Toscheoche was slain in the South Street of Perth, in a casual encounter with young Cultmalundie and others—a fray which we formerly related at full length in "Passages in the History of the Oliphants." These notices exhaust every documentary trace of the Toshacks which we have obtained: and it seems that their old fortalice stood near the banks of the river Turret, beyond the bridge over the Barvic water; but the place that knew it once knows it no more.\*

Sir William Murray, fifth baronet of Ochertyre, was married, in March, 1770, to Lady Augusta Mackenzie, youngest daughter of George, third Earl of Cromarty, by whom he had five sons and three daughters; but of the sons, one was still-born, and another lived only two

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\* A tradition is told of one of the Toshack Lairds that he kept a fairy concealed in a subterranean hall excavated under the bed of the Turret, with access from his castle by a secret passage. He kept her confined there that he might consult her on the future; but on one occasion his lady, who had often remarked his sudden and inexplicable disappearances, and who was moved by the like "curiosity" which led Bluebeard's wife, Fatima, into a scrape, adopted an artifice to discover whither he went and what he was about. She silyly attached the end of a worsted clue to a button of his dress, and she was thus enabled to track him to the fairy's abode. The lady, transported with jealousy, rushed into the place with furious denunciations, and the fairy fled away for ever, leaving Toshack to encounter coming misfortunes and disasters, of which he was unwarned, and which brought his house to ruin. It is also said that the Toshacks exercised the right of "pit and gallows" down to the abolition of the heritable jurisdictions.

months. The army had been Sir William's profession; but on his father's decease he quitted the service, resolving thenceforth to lead the life of a country gentleman. But his days were not spent in the idleness of luxurious ease. To country matters he applied all the powers of an acute and cultivated mind. He introduced the modern system of husbandry on his estate, and was the zealous promoter of everything tending to improvement and amelioration. He built a mansion-house at Ochertyre,—not the existing one, which is of later erection, but a building situated somewhat to the north-west of that site. It was there that Sir William and Lady Augusta received Robert Burns while on his tour to the north in the month of June, 1787. Sir William's fair relative, Euphemia Murray of Lintrose (afterwards married to Lord Methven, one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of Scotland), was then on a visit to Ochertyre, and her charms powerfully inspired the muse of the poet. His lines to the waterfowl on Loch Turret, and his song on "Phemie, the blythest lass," are the poetic souvenirs of his brief sojourn; while in his correspondence he speaks highly of the considerate kindness which he experienced in the family circle. Writing from Ochertyre House to his friend, William Nicol, Burns says:—"I find myself very comfortable here, neither oppressed by ceremony nor mortified by neglect. Lady Augusta is a most engaging woman, and very happy in her family, which makes one's outgoings and incomings very agreeable:" and again he says, writing from the same place to William Cruikshank, of the Edinburgh High School:—"I have nothing, my dear sir, to write to you, but that I feel myself exceedingly comfortably situated in this good family: just noticed enough to make me easy but not to embarrass me." Sir William Murray died on 6th December, 1800, leaving five surviving children—three sons, Patrick, George, and William, and two daughters. Lady Augusta survived her husband till 1809, when she died at Liverpool.

The eldest son, Sir Patrick, who was born in the old



house of Ochtertyre, in 1771, succeeded as sixth baronet. In 1793 he had passed as an advocate at the Scottish bar; and in 1794 he married Lady Mary Ann Hope, youngest daughter of John, second Earl of Hopetoun. Various public offices fell to Sir Patrick. In 1799 he was appointed King's Remembrancer for Scotland. In 1803 he became Lieutenant-Colonel of the Strathearn Infantry; and also Provincial Grand Master of the Perthshire Freemasons. Entering the arena of political life, he was elected M.P. for the city of Edinburgh in November, 1806, and to this seat he was returned in 1807. In 1808, he was made one of the Trustees for Manufactures and Fisheries: in 1810 he was appointed Secretary to the Commission on Indian Affairs: and in 1820 he became one of the Scottish Barons of Exchequer, which dignity he held till his decease. Although, however, his multifarious public duties claimed so much of his time and attention, Sir Patrick, like his father, was a great friend of rural improvement. He died on 10th June, 1837, leaving five sons and four daughters.

Sir Patrick's immediate younger brother, George, who also first saw the light in the old house of Ochtertyre, on 6th February, 1772, was the most celebrated of all his family, by his career as a soldier and a statesman. Having obtained his education at the High School and University of Edinburgh, he chose the military profession, to which his father and grandfather had belonged; and he received an Ensign's commission in the 71st Regiment of Foot, in March, 1789, but subsequently exchanged to the 34th Regiment, and next to the Foot Guards. His talents and assiduity soon distinguished him in the service, and his promotion was rapid. Beginning his career on the eve of that long war with Revolutionary France, which tested and developed British power, and raised Britain to the proud position of arbitress of European destinies, young Murray first encountered the French on the plains of Flanders during the Duke of York's ill-starred expedition. In 1795, he became aide-de-camp to General Campbell, on the staff of the expedition intended for Quiberon; but was

sent to the West Indies, under Sir Ralph Abercromby, and, soon returning in ill health, served at home in 1797 and 1798. He shared in the expedition to Holland in 1799, and received a slight wound in battle. He was placed in the Quartermaster-General's department under Sir Ralph Abercromby, and accompanied that able General to Egypt, taking part in the struggle which closed with the decisive battle at Alexandria. In the expedition to Copenhagen, Murray was Quartermaster-General to Sir John Moore, and afterwards went with him to Portugal. Moore fell, like Abercromby, in the moment of victory; but a greater General than either came into the field to measure himself against the best soldiers of France: and, under Wellington, Murray served through the Peninsular War. Among the family papers at Ochtertyre there is a parcel of upwards of thirty letters written by Murray from Spain, in the year 1810, to his brother, Sir Patrick; and one of these, dated Celerico, 15th May, contains some curious speculations as to what terms of pacification might be made with Napoleon:—

For my own part I think upon the supposition of Buonaparte being inclined to limit his thirst of dominion, in consideration of the tranquil and permanent establishment of his dynasty, that it would be very possible to make such a peace as we could accept. Suppose, for instance, we should agree to turn the whole Bourbon race out of Europe, we may send them if you please to America, and divide the Spanish dominions there among them. Let Buonaparte, in consideration of this, give up his pretensions upon Spain, and let that crown be given to a prince of the house of Austria, or some other German family. I think the above might be a basis to begin upon. Sicily might be given to the house of Brunswick, and Buonaparte might have Portugal for one of his friends. If Buonaparte will agree to something of this kind, I think we should close with him; but if he will not be tractable, I certainly think he has still much to fear from the uncertainty of war as well as we, and this peninsula, well managed, may yet be a thorn in his side for a great while.

Such were some of the ideas which originated round the British camp-fires in Spain, while Napoleon's gigantic power was still unbroken. In 1812, Murray was raised to be a Major-General, and in 1813 was created a

**Knight of the Bath.** At the conclusion of the war, he was appointed Governor of Canada, and accordingly crossed the Atlantic; but as soon as he heard the news of Bonaparte's return from Elba, he embarked with troops for Europe, and, although arriving too late to fight at Waterloo, he was able to join Wellington before the British army reached Paris. Sir George remained in France with the Army of Occupation till 1817. After coming home, he obtained several offices and honours. A new sphere opened for the exercise of his varied abilities. In 1824, he was elected as M.P. for his native county of Perth: he was re-elected in 1826, and again in 1828. The death of Mr Canning in August, 1827, caused changes in the Administration of which he had been the head. The Cabinet was reconstituted under Viscount Goderich, but only held together till January, 1828, when the reins of power passed into the hands of the Duke of Wellington, as Premier. In May, a rupture broke out in the new Government. On the proposals relative to the transference of the franchise of Penryn and East Retford to Manchester and Birmingham, being discussed in Parliament, Mr Huskisson, a member of the Cabinet, voted against the ministerial scheme, and, judging rightly that in so doing he had offended the Duke, wrote to his Grace that night:—"I owe it to you, as the head of the Administration, and to Mr Peel, as leader of the House of Commons, to lose no time in affording you an opportunity of placing my office in other hands." Was not this tantamount to a resignation? The Duke accepted it as such; but Mr Huskisson, on reflection, declared that it was "a mistake" to suppose resignation was his meaning; which drew from the Premier the well-known rejoinder:—"There was no mistake, could be no mistake, and should be no mistake." Mr Huskisson, therefore, retired, along with Lord Palmerston and one or two others of his colleagues, whose places the Duke promptly filled with new men: and Sir George Murray was appointed Secretary for the Colonies. On accepting office, he was unanimously re-elected for Perthshire.

As a Cabinet Minister, he supported the Repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts and the great measure of Roman Catholic Emancipation: while he developed much capacity for Parliamentary life, and was a fluent and skilful debater, and an able and energetic administrator. When Parliament was dissolved in 1830, he was returned for Perthshire. The Wellington Ministry fell before the end of that year: the Whigs under Earl Grey came in: the Reform Bill was introduced: and at the General Election in May, 1831, Sir George Murray was again elected for Perthshire. The new Parliament had but a short duration. The Reform Bill passed in 1832: and at the General Election consequent on that event, Sir George, as candidate for his former seat, was met by an opponent in the person of Lord Ormelie. The heir of Breadalbane was an untried man; but he was possessed of great local influence, he was the representative of Whig principles, and all the popular furor was in his favour. He defeated Sir George by a majority of 574 on a poll of 2754 electors. The seat was vacated in 1834 by the elevation of Lord Ormelie to the Peerage on the death of the Marquis, his father; and Sir George Murray now presented himself as a candidate. He was opposed by a Whig, Mr R. Graham of Redgorton; but a change had come over the minds of the constituency, and Sir George obtained a majority of 196 on a poll of 2732. The Whig Ministry suddenly fell to pieces, and Peel and Wellington came into office for a brief space, during which Sir George Murray held the appointment of Master-General of the Ordnance. At the ensuing General Election, there was a keen contest in Perthshire; and the Hon. Fox Maule defeated Sir George by a majority of 82 on a poll of 2824. By this unexpected blow, the political connection of Sir George Murray with his native shire was severed for ever. He afterwards contested Westminster and Manchester, but without success. He was made General in 1841. From politics he latterly turned to one department of literature, editing the *Letters and Despatches of the Duke of Marlborough*, a

bulky work, which was published in 1845. Sir George died at London, on 26th July, 1846, aged 74. By his marriage, in 1826, with Lady Louisa Erskine, sister of the Marquis of Anglesey, and widow of Lieutenant Sir James Erskine, Bart., he had an only child—a daughter, who married Mr H. G. Boyce, of the 2nd Life Guards, but died in 1849 without issue. A fine portrait of Sir George Murray adorns the County-Hall of Perth, along with a similar memorial of his gallant comrade-in-arms, Lord Lynedoch. The sketch of Sir George was taken by Sir Thomas Lawrence (who was the painter of the Lynedoch portrait); but he dying when he had merely outlined the picture, it was finished by Pickersgill.

The successor of Sir Patrick Murray, in 1837, was his eldest son, William, the seventh baronet, who was born at Ochertyre, on 19th July, 1801. For some time he held a commission in the 42d Regiment, but ultimately retired from the army. Afterwards he filled the office of Colonel of the Perthshire Militia for several years. On 28th November, 1833, he wedded Helen Margaret Oliphant, only child and heir of the deceased Sir Alexander Keith of Dunnottar and Ravelston, Knight Mariachal of Scotland. Sir William now assumed the ancient surname of Keith, and until his father's demise took up his residence at Stonehaven. A numerous family came of the marriage with the Dunnottar heiress, but several of the children died young. Lady Keith Murray deceased in August, 1852, leaving eight sons and three daughters. Two years afterwards—on the 8th July, 1854—Sir William entered into second nuptials with the Lady Adelaide Augusta Lavinia, fourth daughter of Francis, first Marquis of Hastings; but she died without issue, in December, 1860. The memory of Sir William Keith Murray, as the *beau ideal* of a country gentleman, will not soon be forgotten in Western Perthshire. His urbanity and general kindliness of disposition and habit were proverbial, and won the lasting regard of all classes with whom he came in contact. He was gifted

with fine talents. He was an excellent musician, an accomplished artist, and a learned astronomer. In 1829, he gave to the world assurance of his skill as an artist by the issue of *Sketches of Scenes in Scotland*,—a series of lithographed landscape drawings, to which historical and descriptive letterpress was supplied by Mr David Morison, Perth, who was also the publisher of the work. One of the scenes is a fancy sketch of the city of Perth before the Reformation, as viewed from Kinnoull Hill, when the walls and the religious houses were all intact. This book has now become very rare. Sir William was an enthusiastic proficient in music, and the private concerts held at Ochertyre House were admired by large circles; while he diffused a taste for the cultivation of music throughout the district, and took upon himself the instruction of various pupils, many of whom still remember him with the warmest feelings. In 1851 he commenced the erection of an Observatory at Ochertyre, which was completed in the following year. It has been thus described:—"The site, about 360 feet above sea-level, is on a rocky knoll west of the mansion-house, commanding a good horizon for astronomical purposes, and overlooking Upper Strathearn. The Observatory consists of a central circular room, 18 feet in diameter; adjoining it to the west is a transit room, 8 feet by 12; and beyond it another circular room, 11 feet in diameter; each of the circular rooms have outer doors opening on a platform, about 6 feet above the ground level, and communicating with it by wooden steps. In an adjoining building a room is fitted up for the purpose of showing the sun and the solar spectrum by means of the prism; and there is also a planetarium, illustrative of some of the motions, phases, &c., of the planetary orbs." The Observatory was fitted with powerful instruments. The general public found easy admission, and Sir William, like a true lover of science, was ever ready to give explanations and demonstrations to visitors of the humbler orders, impressing upon them a sense of the power and

goodness of Him who created the heavenly hosts. "If you know an atheist, or one who professes to be so," he said on an occasion, "send him to me, and I will afford him proofs of the being, majesty, and goodness of God that will for ever eradicate such foolish and soul-destroying thoughts from his breast." For Sir William was deeply imbued with the like spirit that inspired the poet of the *Night Thoughts* in these lines :—

Bright legions swarm unseen, and sing, unheard  
By mortal ear, the glorious Architect  
In this His universal temple, hung  
With lustres, with innumerable lights,  
That shed religion on the soul; at once  
The temple, and the preacher! O how loud  
It calls devotion! genuine growth of night!  
Devotion! daughter of astronomy!  
An undevout astronomer is mad.

The worthy baronet lived in the profound esteem of all who knew him. On the town of Crieff and the surrounding country he conferred many benefits: he was liberal-handed to the poor: he steadily promoted the spread of education, and entered heart and soul into every good work. The Volunteer movement of 1859 enlisted his energetic support, and he was given the command of the Crieff contingent. This excellent gentleman died on 16th October, 1861. Soon after his death, the Observatory was taken down.

He was succeeded by his eldest son, Sir Patrick Keith Murray, the present baronet, who was born on 27th January, 1835. In early life, Sir Patrick entered the army, and bore a Captain's commission in the Grenadier Guards, from which, however, he eventually retired. On the death of his mother, he succeeded to the Dunnottar and Ravelston estates in her right. On 23d August, 1870, he married Frances Amelia Jemima, daughter of Mr Murray of Dollerie. Her wedded life was short, as she died on 7th October, 1874, leaving two sons and a daughter. Sir Patrick afterwards married Miss Penny, daughter of Lord Kinloch, one of the Lords of Session, by whom he has a son and daughter. It is worthy of notice that Sir Patrick is the fifteenth in descent from the founder of

the Ochtertyre family, and that in the preceding fourteen generations the father has been invariably succeeded by his eldest son. We may also add that the Dunnottar estates were sold by Sir Patrick some time ago.\*

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\* Pitcairn's *Criminal Trials*, vol. i., Part I., p. 268, Part II., p. 28; vol. iii., pp. 443, 465, 479; *Third Report on Historical Manuscripts*, p. 441; *Seventh Report* on do., pp. 712, 713; *Burns' Works*; *Burke's Peerage and Baronetage*; *Anderson's Scottish Nation*; *Historical Sketches of Fowlis-Easter*; *Korner's Rambles round Crieff*; *Beauties of Upper Strathearn*.



THE CASTLE AND THE LAIRDS OF LOCH  
DOCHART.

—I came through Glendochart vale,  
Where mists o'ertap the mountains grey.

*Richard Gall.*

Macgregor, Macgregor, our scouts have been flying,  
Three days, round the hills of M'Nab and Glenlyon;  
Of riding and running such tidings they bear.  
We must meet them at home, else they'll quickly be here.

*The Queen's Wake.*

BLACK DUNCAN OF THE COWL,—*Donacha dhu na curich*,—the seventh Laird of Glenurchy, who died in 1631, was a great builder of castles on his wide domains around Loch Tay and elsewhere. He built the castle of Finlarig, the tower of Achallader, and a noble house at Barcaldine. He restored from its dilapidation the stately Castle of Kilchurn, on Loch Awe; and he erected a castle on the island of Loch Dochart. The Highland vale, in the middle of which lies Loch Dochart under the towering height of Ben More, is celebrated in the legendary career of St Fillan and the history of his Chapel and Pool, as well as in the wars of Bruce. Nay, more,—it was there, says a literary pilgrim, his imagination smitten with the Celtic influences of the region,—it was “in these very scenes, in severer seasons, and with fewer of the comfortable accommodations of life than the present inhabitants of this district possess, the heroes of Ossian,” as he is pleased to suppose, “performed deeds, and enjoyed a refined, sentimental happiness, which raised human nature to as high dignity and felicity as it has ever exhibited.” We can admire the fervour of Heron's enthusiasm; for he had passed through the glen, in the autumn of 1792, during a furious tempest of rain, hail, and snow alternately, and saw “the Highland heaths and hills in all their horror;” but “fortunately, as the violence of the storm, and as the wildness of the scene increased, my spirits also rose. Everything combined to remind me

of the ancient days of Celtic heroism." The lake lies at the northern base of Ben More, which rises majestically from the wooded banks of the water, forming a notable landmark, seen from afar, among the hills of Breadalbane. Here and there about the foot of the mountain are strewed immense boulders which have been detached from the upper crags by the force of storms in ages remote: the huge fragments covered with the moss of centuries. Mountain, lake, and vale make up an impressive picture, pervaded with the air of deep solitude—a picture which leads the mind back to the days when Christian saints, strangers and wanderers, first told the glad tidings to the votaries of Druidism, and saw how the word of truth prevailed over barbarous superstition. The Fillan stream loses itself in the Loch at its western extremity, while at the lower end the River Dochart emerges, and rushes on towards Killin, passing in its course the burial-place of the Macnabs, and falling over rocks ere it pours into Loch Tay. Like others of the Scottish lakes, Loch Dochart has its island, which is near an overhanging promontory clad with dense foliage. The lake is deep, and the island being high, it offered a site for a place of strength which in other times could be reckoned impregnable. There Black Duacan founded a castle, to maintain his power against the implacable enemies by whom he was environed. The fortalice was built, and became his occasional residence. From its insular position it was a strong place, and its master and his retainers might well have laughed to scorn all idea of its capture save by the slow process of blockade and famine.

Yet, if Highland tradition is to be trusted (and we see no ground for doubting its veracity in the present instance), the Castle of Loch Dochart was, once upon a time, suddenly stormed and taken, and all its defenders put indiscriminately to the sword. The story does not specify the period when this bloody tragedy befel; but it tells that the actors were the Macgregors, the landless Gregalich, who had long held sway in the glen before they were forcibly dispossessed. With them the

Campbells, both of Glenurohy and Argyle, came to be at inveterate feud, which was fed for many years with much conflict and slaughter. It is recorded of Black Duncan's father that "he was ane great Justiciar all his time," and sustained the Clan Gregor feud "ane lang space." Abundant reason had the Gregalich to fear him and his son and grandsons, all of whom wrought them heavy dule, which they revenged as they best might. In a word, they were at war with the world, and if they received no mercy, they gave none. We read of a commission from King and Council being sent to the Earl of Argyle, in February, 1603, after the Raid of Glenfruin, declaring "that this viperous and unhappy generation" of Macgregors "shall be followed, hunted, and pursued with fire and sword, ay and till they be extirpat and rooted out, and expelled the hail bounds of our dominions:" and the Earl, in 1607, was granted a royal order on the Scottish Comptroller, David, Lord Scone, for "sameikle of our lands and lordship of Kintyre as will amount in yearly rent to twenty chalder of victual, heritably to him and his heirs, together with the sum of twenty thousand merks Scots money to be paid to him at Martinmas next," in reward of his services "against that insolent and wicked race of the Clan Gregor, notorious limmers and malefactors." Could aught else be expected of a broken and desperate tribe, thrust beyond the pale of all law, and hunted like wolves to the death, than the ferocious retaliation of ravage and murder? Ever when opportunity offered they dealt unsparingly, and with ruthless joy, the blow of vengeance; and Highland tradition relates that one of their daring exploits was the capture of the castle in Loch Dochart.

It was a hard winter,—year unknown,—a bitter winter, such as often visits the "north countrie." Snow had fallen heavily on the mountains and heathy wildernesses of Breadalbane, while intense frost sealed up all the streams that ran among the hills, and at length covered the breast of Loch Dochart with a sheet of ice, which gradually thickened until the water from

shore to shore and all about the island was as marble. The castle thus lost its insularity; and the Campbell retainers, the garrison, could only trust to their walls and their own bravery to repel attack; but probably the fear of an enemy's assault never disturbed them, seeing that the deep snow and the severe storm apparently shut off all access through the neighbouring wilds. Carousing around the blazing hearth in the hall, with the blast howling without, and the whirling drift darkening the day, perchance the thought never struck their minds that an enemy's "vengeful halloo" might soon mingle with the voice of the tempest. But the frost and ice stirred to action the vindictive energies of the Gregalich. The elements seemed fighting for them. The Spirit of the Storm, sympathising with their wrongs, had paved a firm pathway on the waters to their foemen's fastness. Now was the gathering-word sped. The warriors, roused with the hope of revenge, and thirsting for carnage, hastened to the trysting-place. The attack was cunningly planned, and in broad day it was resolutely executed. The frozen lake could be crossed to the island; but the assailants in their progress thither, short as was the distance, would inevitably be galled by the archery of the defenders. To protect themselves against this artillery, the Macgregors adopted a singular expedient. On reaching the vicinity of Loch Dochart, they busily gathered together bundles of brushwood, straw, and branches of trees, which they twisted and bound into huge fascines, and these, on commencing the attack, they pushed before them on the ice, and so advanced over the lake, as if under cover of a breastwork, secure against the missiles of the Campbells. In this manner did the Gregalich make their way towards the island. In vain the garrison plied their bows: the arrows stuck in the fascines: and soon the latter reached their destination. The assailants rushed out from behind their screen, and swarming up the bank, like wild cats, commenced the escalade of the fortalice. They clambered up the wall, careless of wounds. Some were hurled down as fast as they

reached the top : others were shot; but still their comrades pressed on, and made good their footing within the place. Their furious impetuosity was irresistible. They cut down all before them. Quarter was not even named : and the conflict ceased, when all the keepers of the castle lay dead and dying. So runs the traditional story. Pennant, who relates it, says that the device of the fascines was common to the Scandinavian tribes. "The *Veltæ* of the northern nations were of this kind : the ancient Swedes and Goths practised an attack of the same nature; but did, what perhaps the Macgregors might also have done, wait for a high wind in their favour, roll the *Veltæ* as near as possible to the fort, set them on fire, and under favour of the flame, distressing the besieged, never failed of a successful event."\*

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\* Pennant traversed Glendochart in the year 1772. After describing the lake and the capture of the castle, he says:—"Somewhat farther, opposite to the farm of Achessan, is a small lake, noted for a floating island, fifty-one feet long and twenty-nine broad, that shifts its quarters with the wind. It has (like the islands in the Vadimonian lake, so elegantly described by the younger Pliny) strength sufficient to carry on involuntary voyage the cattle that might be surprised feeding on this *mobile solum*, deceived with the appearance of its being firm land. It cannot, indeed, boast of carrying on its surface the darksome groves of those on the Cutelian waters; but, like the Lydian Calamina, may be launched from the sides of the lake with poles, and can shew plenty of coarse grass, some small willows, and a little birch tree." The writer adds:—"The thickness of this isle is twenty-five inches. Perhaps, as Mr Gahn affirms to be the case of other floating islands, this might have originated from the twisted roots of the *Schœnus mariscus* and *Scirpus cœspitosus*, converted into a more firm mass by the addition of the *Carex cœspitosus*." Pliny the consul says of the circular lake Vadimon, that "several floating islands swim about it, covered with reeds and rushes, and whatever other plants the neighbouring marsh and the borders of the lake produce. These islands differ in their size and shape; but the edges of all of them are worn away by their frequent collision against the shore and one another. They have equally the same height and motion; as their respective roots, which are formed like the keel of a boat, may be seen hanging down in the water, on which ever side you stand. Sometimes they move in a cluster, and seem to form one entire little continent; sometimes they

We have been following tradition—not a very reliable guide in any case; but when we turn to authentic records, they tell us that during the time of Black Duncan, an island siege was conducted by the Campbells against the Gregalich. About the beginning of the year 1611, a party of outlawed Macgregors held a small isle, called Island Varnak, near the western end and on the north side of Loch Katrine: and they were charged with “harrying and oppressing of the haill tenants and inhabitants of the country; taking and inbringing of their haill gudes and bestial, to the number of eight score ky and oxen, xvij score sheep and gait [goats], whilks were eaten and slain by them, withiu the said island.” Black Duncan’s second son Robert of Glenfalloch, whose lands had been wasted by this marauding band, besieged their insular retreat with a strong force of the Campbells, but was compelled to break up his camp by a tempest of snow,—the winter, in both cases, proving an effectual ally of the Gregalich. In the end of July, 1612, the leader of the band in Loch Katrine, named John Dow Moir Macgregor in Rora, and nine of his clansmen, were

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are dispersed into different quarters by the winds; at other times, when it is calm, they float up and down separately. You may frequently see one of the larger islands sailing along with a lesser joined to it, like a ship with its long-boat; or perhaps seeming to strive which shall outswim the other: then, again, they all assemble in one station, and by joining themselves to the shore, sometimes on one side, and sometimes on the other, make the lake appear considerably less, till at last uniting in the centre, they restore it to its usual size. The sheep which graze upon the borders of this lake, frequently go upon these islands to feed, without perceiving that they have left the shore, till they are alarmed by finding themselves surrounded with water; and in the same manner, when the wind drives them back again, they return without being sensible that they are landed.” (*The Letters of Pliny the Consul, Book VIII., Letter XX.*) Having quoted this graphic description of the Vadimonian islands, we ought to notice that most of the topographical writers subsequent to Pennant place in Loch Dochart the floating island which he saw in a neighbouring smaller lake. It will be remembered that Loch Lomond was long popularly famed for three natural wonders—“waves without wind, fish without fins, and a floating island.”

hanged at the Burgh-muir of Edinburgh for various crimes committed against the Campbells: harrying Glenfalloch's lands; killing a bowman of Glenurchy and other seven persons; burning of three young bairns, daughters to John M'Kischak; burning and destroying of the haille houses and biggings upon the forty-merk land of Aberuchil, pertaining to Colin Campbell, and so forth.

Black Duncan was succeeded by his eldest son, Sir Colin; and the latter, in default of issue, by his brother, Robert of Glenfalloch. Sir Robert married the daughter of Sir Lachlan Macintosh, Captain of the Clan Chattan, and had a family of five sons and nine daughters. The eldest son, John, was the first Earl of Breadalbane. The four younger sons all received lands from their father: the second son, Colin, was called of Mochaster; the third, William, of Glenfalloch; the fourth, Alexander, of Lochdochart; and the fifth, Duncan, of Achlyne. Three Earls of Breadalbane descended of Sir John. The fourth and fifth Earls—first and second Marquises of Breadalbane—were of the Mochaster line. Then came the Glenfalloch family into the succession. But our chief concern is with Alexander, the fourth son of Sir Robert.

When the "Rentall of the County of Perth" was drawn up by Act of the Scottish Parliament, in August, 1649, the only one of the sons of Sir Robert who owned lands in the united parishes of Killin, Straphillone, and Ardownich, was William, and he was entered "for Glenfallie," which was estimated at £222. But in 1650, Sir Robert made provision for his fourth son, Alexander, by granting him a charter of certain lands, including Lochdochart. On the 28th March, 1650, Alexander was infeft in the lands of Innerhagernie-beg, with the miln and multures thereof, the lands of Innerherrive, Crenlarich, and the shealing of Corinich, the haille lands of Leirigan, the lands called the Port of Lochdochart, with Loch and Isle of Lochdochart, and pertinents, lying within the barony of Glendochart, proceeding upon the charter by Sir Robert. The sasine

is recorded in the Particular Register of Sasines for Perthshire (vol. i., folio 40). On the 20th August same year, Alexander was "actornay for his sister Mary, future spouse of Robert Robertson of Fascallie," in an infeftment in her favour of certain lands. Alexander was married and had two sons, John and Patrick. In the Particular Register above mentioned was recorded, on 14th March, 1691, a sasine in favour of John Campbell, the lawful son of Alexander Campbell of Lochdochart, of the lands of Leragen, Port of Lochdochart, and others, proceeding on a disposition granted by his father. On 27th October, 1705, John Campbell of Lochdochart, and Robert Campbell of Auchlyne, obtained sasine of the lands of Glenfalloch, comprehending the lands of Over and Nether Kylleters and others lying within the parish of Killin, for their security and relief of the sum of £632 10s, proceeding upon a Bond of Relief granted to them by Robert Campbell of Glenfalloch. Five years afterwards—on 2nd September, 1712,—John Campbell of Lochdochart, eldest lawful son to the deceased Alexander Campbell of Lochdochart, was infeft in the lands of Larigan, Port of Lochdochart, with the Loch and Isle of Lochdochart, and manor-place situate therein, the lands, miln thereof, multures, sequels, and others,—the sasine proceeding upon a precept of *Clare Constat* granted in his favour as heir to his said father, by John, first Earl of Breadalbane. Sometime previous to 1711; John of Lochdochart was married to Margaret Stewart, but of what family she came we have not ascertained. They had a daughter, Anna, baptized at Killin, on 8th April, 1711. A son, William, was also born of the marriage. Lochdochart died about 1735, as his Testament Dative was confirmed that year.

William, who previous to 1729 had married Katherine Cameron, and had a daughter, Isobel, baptized that year, succeeded his father in the family inheritance, and on 16th January, 1743, was infeft in all and whole the lands of Innerhagernie more and Innerhagernie beg, the lands of Innerherrive, Crenlarick, Leirigan, Port of



Lochdochart, with the loch and isle, &c.; also, all and whole the lands of Egich, Brewaries and Crofts of Innerheriff and Allanriosh, the lands of Downich, Stronowa, and Corryeutran, with the pertinents, lying within the lordship of Lochdochart,—the assize proceeding on a precept of *Clare Constat* granted in his favour by John, second Earl of Breadalbane. On 13th March, same year, a Crown charter was granted him of the foresaid lands, including “*fodinarum et mineralium.*” William of Lochdochart had several sons and daughters. He died previous to 25th October, 1763, of which date a Precept of *Clare Constat* was granted by John, third Earl of Breadalbane, in favour of Charles Campbell, as eldest lawful son then in life of the deceased William Campbell, his father: upon which precept, Charles was infeft in the lands of Lierigan, Port Lochdochart, and manor-place in the said island, as also of the lands of Innerhagerie more and Innerhagerie beg, and others, on 1st and 2d May, 1765. In the year 1775, the place of the Lochdochart Campbells in the order of succession to the Breadalbane Peerage was formally settled a second time. John, third Earl of Breadalbane, having survived his children, executed an entail, in which it was set forth that as he was the only heir-male of John, first Earl of Breadalbane, then in life, he considered it proper to carry out the intentions of the entail by the latter in 1704. He then proceeds, after the heirs of his own body, to call the succession in the order of seniority, as descended from Sir Robert Campbell of Glenurehy, the common ancestor of all the branches of the house of Breadalbane. First was nominated, John, “now of Carwhin,” who was descended from Colin of Mochaister: second, Glenfalloch: third, Lochdochart: and fourth, Auchlyne. On the death of the Earl, in 1782, he was succeeded in his titles and estates by John of Carwhin, as fourth Earl. Charles of Lochdochart, in 1776, married Agnes, daughter of William Campbell of Glenfalloch: and she was infeft in an annuity of £50 yearly after her husband’s decease, payable out of parts of Lochdochart. A daughter,

Susanna, was born of this marriage, who in November, 1800, married her cousin, William Erskine Campbell, younger of Glenfalloch, and grandson of William Campbell of Glenfalloch. In September, 1777, Charles of Lochdochart obtained a Crown charter of his lands, and was infeft thereon. His wife predeceased him, and he contracted a second marriage with Mrs Catherine Buchanan. Of this second union there was a son, whose birth and baptism are thus recorded in the Parish Register of Callander:—"Charles Campbell, Esq. of Lochdochart, and Mrs Catherine Buchanan, Mansfield, had a son born the 31st August, and baptized the 30th September, 1815, called Charles Archibald." It would appear that for some time there had been a gradual alienation of the lands of Lochdochart to various purchasers, and ultimately the remaining portions were likewise sold. The old seat of the family, the castle which Black Duncan built on the island in the lake, and which the Macgregors stormed and sacked, had long been a ruin, hidden among foliage sighing to the wind. The race of Alexander of Lochdochart, grandson of Black Duncan, owns it no more. Charles Archibald, whose birth is above recorded, devoted himself to the medical profession. He is now a M.D. in Montreal, and claims to be the only direct descendant of the Lochdochart Campbells. And here their story ends. The Auchlyne branch of the Breadalbane family is extinct.\*

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\* Heron's *Observations made in a Journey through the Western Counties of Scotland*, vol. i., p. 276; Pennant's *Tour in Scotland*, vol. iii., p. 17; *Sixth Report on Historical Manuscripts*, pp. 615, 623; Pitcairn's *Criminal Trials in Scotland*, vol. iii., p. 233; *Rentall of the County of Perth: 1649*, p. 72; Paterson's *Scottish Surnames*, p. 52; Burke's *Peerage and Baronetage*.

**"ST JOHNSTOUN'S RIBBONS;" OR, THE  
MARTYRDOMS IN PERTH.—Part 1st.**

They lived unknown,  
Till Persecution dragged them into fame,  
And chased them up to Heaven. Their ashes flew  
—No marble tells us whither.

*Cowper's "Task."*

It is a remarkable coincidence that the first martyr who suffered in Scotland for "heresy"—that is, for maintaining religious principles which in their subsequent development became distinguished as "Protestant," was arraigned, condemned, and executed in the Fair City—and that the first ebullition of popular wrath against the Romish Church broke out in the same place. A century and a-half elapsed between the two events. During the latter part of this interval especially the premonitions of a coming storm grew so manifest to all eyes that persecution was excited to the highest pitch; but the deeds of judical murder perpetrated in the interest of a corrupt and tottering system, instead of daunting the new spirit of the age, only quickened the march of the inevitable revolution. Romish zealots, resorting to fire and faggot, might as well have striven to roll back the flowing tide or to arrest the sun's course in the firmanent. Of the rise of this persecution in Scotland we have now to speak. Before the end of the fourteenth century, the rays of the "Morning Star of the Reformation" had gladdened many eyes in the north: the doctrines which had been promulgated by John Wickliff in England found their way into Scotland, and found acceptance in many hearts. Copies of Wickliff's translation of the Bible—in whole, or more commonly in small portions, detached books—not the product of the printing press, which as yet was unvented, but the work of careful and laborious scribes, were carried into Scotland secretly—smuggled into the country, as it were, among

the cargoes of ships—in the packs of the travelling merchants or pedlars, and in the wallets of other passers to and fro. The sacred but prohibited treasure was eagerly sought after—read, at night with closed doors, by such as could read, to their families and servants—and anxiously pondered over, the good seed taking root and bearing precious fruit. Alarmed by the circulation of the Word of Truth, and by the growth of the “pestilent doctrines” to which its study gave rise, the priests hunted for it with avidity, and snatched and destroyed every copy on which they could lay their hands. The south-western provinces became noted for the adoption of the Lollard opinions: the “Lollards of Kyle” have a place in history: and other districts were betraying symptoms of disaffection. The Church, thus threatened, exerted herself to suppress free thought. She readily obtained the cordial aid of the civil power. It was a new evil in Scotland this plague of heresy: and the potentate to whom, in 1406, was committed the reins of government,—the well-known Duke of Albany, brother of Robert III.—professed the most devoted attachment to the Romish faith. Albany, on his brother's death, was entrusted by Parliament with the Regency of the kingdom—the young King, James I., having then begun his long captivity in England. Our old annalists depict the Regent as a thorough hater of heretics. The rhyming Prior of Lochleven says of him—

He loved and honoured his Creator;  
 At God's service, and at his Mass,  
 In all time right devote he was.  
 He was a constant Catholic;  
 All Lollard he hated and heretic.

Albany's Regency had just opened when a learned disciple of the Wickliffite persuasion, an English priest named John Resby, crossed the Border from England—perchance prompted by the desire of disseminating the new faith in the north, or forced to fly from the persecution which then prevailed in his own country against all his brethren. Resby was learned, as we have said; he was an able teacher and preacher, possessed of the talent of persuasive eloquence, and animated by that

devoted spirit which had characterised the early Christian missionaries. He brought with him small manuscript tractates, in which various doctrines of Popery were controverted and disproved. These little books being scattered abroad, soon came to the knowledge of the Churchmen, who saw that their fabric of error was in danger of being undermined. They furnished up their sacerdotal weapons of warfare, and suddenly stopped the heretic in his career. A champion of the faith stood forward in the person of Laurence of Lindores, Inquisitor for Scotland. He had an intimate connection with the Abbey of Lindores, and was Rector of the parish of Criech. He was a man of much erudition—skilled in theology—a Doctor of the Civil Law. His mental attainments, his energy of character, and his ardent zeal for the interests of the Church, marked him out for the position of Inquisitor in Scotland, and he was appointed to that office by Papal authority. He was spoken of as "*Clericus solidissimus et theologus famosus*"—a priest most sound and a famous theologian. He afterwards was the coadjutor of Bishop Wardlaw of St Andrews in founding the University of that city. It would seem that in the year 1407 Resby had been traversing the district immediately under the eye of the Inquisitor,—probably labouring about Perth and that neighbourhood,—when he was arrested by Laurence's order, and brought before an ecclesiastical Court which was speedily convened for the purpose in the Fair City. The President of the tribunal was Laurence himself. Forty points of heresy, gleaned from his teaching and writings, were charged against the prisoner: the most notable being that he denied the authority of the Pope as the successor of St Peter; that he held the essentiality of an absolutely sinless life in any one calling himself Christ's Vicar on earth; and that he entertained light opinions concerning confession and penance. Resby defended his principles with firmness and ability; but all his argumentation was wasted on judges, with whom his condemnation was a foregone conclusion. Laurence the Inquisitor made a formal

reply, and, according to the opinion of his brethren, triumphantly refuted the heretic. The conclave then pronounced judgment that Resby should be handed over to the civil power for execution.

The cruel work was undertaken by the civil power with alacrity. Albany—the murderer of one of his nephews, and the betrayer of another—was eager to signalize himself as the friend of the Church. But he may have been partly actuated by another motive. “It is not improbable,” suggests Tytler, “that amongst Resby’s forty heretical conclusions were included some of those doctrines regarding the origin and foundation of the power of the civil magistrate and the rights of the people, which, being peculiar to the Lollards, were regarded with extreme jealousy by the higher orders in the State; and Albany’s persecution of the heretics may have proceeded as much upon civil as upon religious grounds.” Whatever were the Regent’s motives, the Lollard was ordered to execution, which was conducted at Perth with indecent haste. The protomartyr was bound to the stake, and consigned to the flames, and as many of his writings as could be collected together were thrown into the fire around him. It was fancied that this barbarous tragedy—the first of its kind in Scotland—would suffice to crush and exterminate heresy. But the influence of Resby’s work was not extinguished with the embers of his death-pyre. His memory and his pious counsels were cherished, and his little tractates preserved, in numerous households, and all the severities of the Regent could not stay the diffusion of Lollardism.\*

By the time that James I. returned home from his captivity,—seventeen years after the martyrdom at Perth,—heresy was still widespread in Scotland, so that the Church clamoured for measures of repression. The matter was accordingly taken in hand, and the King’s

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\* Regarding the place of Resby’s martyrdom, an obscure authority has stated that he died at *Glasgow*. But our leading historians agree that he was burned at Perth in 1407. A poem on the Campbells of Kinzeanleugh, which

second Parliament, which was held at Perth, on 12th March, 1424-5, enacted this statute:—"Item, anent Heretics; that ilk Bishop sall gar enquire to the inquisition of heresy, where ony sik beis found, and that they be punished as law of halie Kirk requires. And gif it misters [if it be needful], that secular power be called, in support and helping of halie Kirk." Such was the first Scottish statute against heresy. For a few years it seemed to remain as a dead letter for want of a prominent victim. But the victim was at length secured and sacrificed. In 1433, Paul Crawar, a Bohemian physician, a follower of Wickliff and Huss, was deputed by such of the citizens of Prague as were his co-religionists, to visit Scotland and open communication and intercourse with the Lollards of this country. Crawar came—ostensibly in the pursuit of his profession as a physician, but secretly as an agent and missionary of heresy,—seeking out all those who still maintained the doctrines taught by Resby. The Churchmen discovered the insidious enemy, and invoked the intervention of Laurence of Lindores. That stern Inquisitor, with Resby's blood beneath his nails, was still at his post, watchful, resolute, and implacable as ever. He arrested the stranger, and brought him to the bar of "holy Kirk." The trial was held at St Andrews, on 23rd July, 1433; and the same old story was repeated, the same travestie of justice performed over again. Various accusations were made against the prisoner, showing how far he had advanced ahead of Popish error. He denied Transubstantiation, Purgatory, and Absolution; he held that the Holy Scriptures should be open to all the laity; and he administered the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper in both kinds. These and other tenets he defended ably before the was printed at Edinburgh in 1595, contains the following passage:—

As by the story ye may know  
Of Resby brunt before Paul Craw,  
The thousand years four hundrethe five,  
In Perth, while Husse was yet alive.

The date given here, however, is wrong by a couple of years.

Court, and Inquisitor Laurence took up the task of answering him. But what availed any defence? Crawar was condemned, and hurried to the stake : and thus a second martyr sealed his testimony in Scotland. Such were the deeds of Laurence of Lindores. He gloried in the exercise of his dread office, and is said to have written a book entitled "The Swarm of Heretical Lollards which he Drove out of the Whole Kingdom."

It is not our business to follow in detail the progress of the movement which ultimately brought about the Scottish Reformation. Patrick Hamilton perished at St Andrews in 1527, and the smoke of his burning is said to have infected all upon whom it blew. The Reformed opinions were fast diffusing through all classes of society, aided by the genius of Sir David Lindsay, whose principal works unsparingly exposed the corruptions of the Romish system. His *Pleasant Satyre of the Three Estates*, supposed to have been written in 1535, was publicly performed in several towns, before multitudes of high and low. It was "acted in the Amphitheatre of St Johnstoun,"—said amphitheatre being an open space of ground long known as "The Playfield," or "Bow-butts," lying between the south side of part of the upper High Street (or Long Causeway, as it was then called) from somewhere above the Newrow to the Clayhills or Clayholes, and the present Glasgow Road;—it was acted there, says Row, the Kirk historian, "before King James the V., and a great part of the nobility and gentry, fra morn to even, whilk made the people sensible of the darkness wherein they lay, of the wickedness of their kirkmen, and did let them see how God's Kirk should have been otherwise guided nor it was : all whilk did much good for that time." Subsequently a printed book of Sir David's coming into the hands of an honest burgher of Perth, he read it aloud at his fireside, after the day's duties were done, "and," says Row, "taught his hairns to know the matter therein contained, and they taught their condisciples in the school." Just then it happened that a Friar, preaching a Lent sermon in St



John's Church, inveighed against the new preachers, and becoming vehement in his abuse, "all the scholars of the Grammar School," who were present in the church, "to the number of three hundred and above, gave out such an hissing and crying against the Friar, that he in great fear ran out of the pulpit and went away. Before the next Sabbath, when another Friar came to teach in that kirk, he, hearing tell what was done to his brother, complained to the Magistrates that he was so used; whereupon the Master of the school, Mr Andrew Simson," who was "a zealous Papist," was directed by the Magistrates to try and discover "who were the authors of that hissing, that they might be severely punished." Mr Andrew, nothing loth, "used all diligent trial, and found that one of the scholars had that book penned by Sir David Lindsay, whilk was a dittay great enough then to have condemned him; but the youth being of a quick spirit, replied to the Master, when he was going to punish him, that it was no heretical book, whilk he should let him see; then, after he had read it, if he found it an heretic's book, he should be content to be punished at his pleasure. This made the Master desirous to read the book, but he, by the reading and understanding thereof, was fully persuaded that all therein contained was true; whilk made him declare to the Council of the town, and to the Friar who was to teach, that he could not get knowledge who made that hissing first in the kirk; yet he was persuaded, if they would leave off their invectives against thir new preachers, the bairns would be quiet enough." The Friar took the hint, and preaching without any marks of disapprobation, thus concluded his sermon:—"I will speak nothing against thir new preachers, but I will speak against ourselves: If we had done our duty in our calling faithfully, and made you, God's people, to know God's truth, as we should have done, thir new teachers had not done as they do; for what shall poor silly sheep do that are pointed in a fold where there is no meat, but break the dyke and go to their meat where they may have it?

so we cannot find fault with you that are God's people to run and hear God's word taught you, wherever ye may get it." This peroration, adds the historian, "made the people glad, and confirmed the Master of the school" in the truth, so that he eventually became a minister of the Reformed Church. The whole incident was a plain token of how the Protestant doctrines were permeating all ranks of the population: and, in fact, open and deliberate insults to Popery grew frequent.

The Greyfriars Monastery in Dundee, founded so far back as 1260, had a image of St Francis, either of wood or stone, which we may suppose was set in a niche on the outside of the edifice, and most likely over the portal. The Friars seem to have rendered themselves so odious in the eyes of the community that a significant practical joke was played upon the statue of their patron saint. On a dark night in the month of September, 1536, two men, named John Blacat and George Luwett, having special cause of offence with the Friars, went to the monastery, and, taking down the image, put a rope about its neck malefactor-wise, and left it hanging in that disgraceful fashion at the gate. When the sacrilege was discovered in the morning, a great hue and cry arose, and the scandalized fraternity laid their complaint before the King, who forthwith caused warrants to be issued for the apprehension of the delinquents. The Accounts of the Lord High Treasurer of Scotland contain an entry, dated 25th September, 1536, specifying a payment of 20s "to James Bissatt, messenger, to pass with Letters to the Provost and Bailies of Dundee and Sanct Johnstoun, to search and seek John Blacat and George Luwett, suspect of the hanging of the image of Sanct Francis." The two men had absconded, and, lest they might have fled up the Tay to Perth, it was judged expedient to make quest for them there; but so far as recorded they were never captured. As the aspect of the times grew more and more ominous, the Government, urged by the Romish dignitaries, fulminated ordinances designed to

check the spread of heresy. Parliament passed various Acts for that end : and rewards were offered to whoever should "reveal conventions and accuse heretics." Now and again the stake was kindled, and in one year several victims were done to death. Dean Thomas Forrett, Vicar of Dollar, and four companions were devoted to the flames on the Castle-hill of Edinburgh ; and a Grey Friar, named Jerome Russel, and a youth of eighteen, Ninian Kennedy, "of excellent ingyne," says Knox, "for Scottish poetry," were burned at Glasgow : which atrocities took place in 1539. Meanwhile attempts were made to effect some measure of reformation in the Church. The perusal of the Bible in the vulgar tongue was authorized to all and sundry ; but disputation upon it was strictly forbidden. On the 28th March, 1543, the Lord Treasurer enters 22s as "given to John Cob, messenger, passing to Dunfermline and Perth, to proclaim twa Letters touching the having of the Scripture in English, and with ane close writing to the Earl of Argyle.' The law against controversy on the Bible was transgressed in the town of Perth. John Elder, burgess, had to pay £200 (Scots) to procure his remission from the charge of having so disputed, contrary to the tenor of the Act of Parliament : and another citizen, Laurence Pullar, was mulcted of £40 for his immunity. In the month of May, 1543, a quarrel between the Black Friars of Perth and the townsmen led to a riotous attack upon the monastery, and the kail-pot of the brethren was lifted off the kitchen fire, and carried in ludicrous triumph through the streets !

Another day of martyrdom dawned on the Fair City. But before we tell the thrilling story, we must necessarily turn our attention to one of the religious houses in the suburbs of the town.

At the north end of Claypots Wynd, on the west side of the city, stood the Chapel and Hospital of St Catherine,\* founded on 19th June, 1523, by Sir John

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\* According to the Romish hagiographers, whose

Tyria, who for some years occupied the position of Provost of the Collegiate Church of Methven. The Provost seems to have possessed considerable worldly substance. A charter, under the Great Seal, was

voluminous lucubrations present a bizarre admixture of fact and "devout imagination"—the former bearing about the same proportion to the latter as Falstaff's one halfpenny worth of bread to his intolerable deal of sack,—the blessed Catherine, to whom this chapel and hospital were dedicated, lived in the third century, and was martyred for the faith under the Pagan Emperor, Maxentius or Maximinus II. She is said first to have been put upon an engine made of four wheels joined together, and stuck with sharp-pointed spikes, that when the wheels were moved her body might be torn in pieces. At the first stirring of the terrible engine the cords with which the martyr was tied were broke assunder by the invisible power of an angel, and, the engine falling to pieces by the wheels being separated from one another, she was delivered from that death. Hence the name of "St Catherine's Wheel." Nevertheless, she did not escape her doom, being afterwards beheaded by the sword. She is usually represented in works of art with the wheel of torture beside her; sometimes as trampling on Maxentius; and, again, with a sword in her hand. She is the patroness of spinsters and philosophers—an odd conjunction truly; and her festival is fixed upon 25<sup>th</sup> November, in the old English, Scottish, Roman, French, Spanish, German, and Greek calendars. Camden, in his *Britannia*, states that Irish "women and girls keep a fast every Wednesday and Saturday throughout the year, and some of them on St Catherine's Day; nor will they omit it though it happen on their birthday, or if they are ever so much out of order. The reason given by some for this is, that the girls may get good husbands, and the women better by the death or desertion of their present ones, or at least by an alteration in their manners." Traces of this custom on St Catherine's Day have been observable in England. The earliest of the ancient *Mysteries*, or Miracle Plays, known in England, the name of which is extant, was called *St Catherine*. It was written by Geoffrey, a Norman, who became Abbot of St Albans; and it was performed at Dunstable about the year 1110, when some of the ecclesiastical vestments of St Albans' Abbey were borrowed for the costume of the actors. We may further add that at an early date, an altar to St Catherine was found in St John's Church of Perth, and it seems to have had a good endowment; for, on 18<sup>th</sup> March, 1468-9, William Kinglassy, burgess of Perth, granted to the Chaplain an annual rent of £1 6s 8d out of his tenement on the north side of the North (or High) Street, in pledge, till he repaid the sum of £18 13s 4d, which he had borrowed from the Provost and Town Council of Perth, patrons of the said altar.

granted by King James IV., at Edinburgh, on 15th October, 1510, to Sir John Tyry, as Provost aforesaid, for the good and faithful service rendered by him to his Majesty, and also partly in recompense for the said Sir John's tenement of land, with the houses and gardens thereof, in the burgh of Perth, on the east side of the street called the Watergate, granted by him to his Majesty; and also for the increase of divine worship and offering of devout prayers to be made daily for the King, and the welfare of the souls of his predecessors and successors : giving and confirming, and to feufarm heritably demitting to the said Sir John, all and whole the lands of Easter and Wester Busbye, with the pertinents, extending in whole to eight merks of land of old extent, lying in the lordship of Methven; which lands the said Sir John and Robert Tyry, his brother, now occupied at farm: to be held of the Crown in feufarm and heritage for ever : paying thence annually the sum of fourteen merks Scots of feufarm, for one chaplain chantor in the Collegiate Church of Methven foressaid, to celebrate divine worship daily for ever, for the well-being and prosperity of his Majesty and his dearest consort the Queen, as also for the welfare of the souls of his predecessors and successors, as well as for the welfare of the soul of the said Sir John, and the souls of his relations : which sum his Majesty gives, grants, and mortifies to the honour and praise of God Almighty, the Virgin Mary, His mother, and all the saints, for the sustentation of the said perpetual chaplain in the said Collegiate Church of Methven ; and ordains that, as often as the said Chaplainry shall become vacant, it shall be at the full gift and disposition of the said Sir John, now Provost of the said church, and his successors, Provosts thereof. The Watergate of Perth was long distinguished as the " Court quarter" of the city; but the fact has not been generally known that Royalty occasionally resided there. Sir John Tyrie's house was the lodging of James IV., when his Majesty came to Perth, in July, 1490, and in preparation for this visit a puncheon of wine was laid in at the King's cost,—the Lord Treasurer

entering in his accounts that he had "given, at the King's command, to John of Tyre, to buy a puncheon of wine to lay in his house in Sanct Johnstoun, again the King's coming there, £7." The King seems to have been so well pleased with the house, which, being on the east side of the Watergate, had gardens stretching down to the Tay, that he ultimately bargained for it with the proprietor.\*

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\* Wyntoun's *Chronykil of Scotland*, vol. iii., p. 100; Archbishop Spottiswoode's *History of the Church of Scotland*, vol. i., p. 112; M'Crrie's *Life of Andrew Melville* (appendix), and *Life of John Knox* (appendix); Tytler's *History of Scotland*; Cunningham's *Church History of Scotland*, vol. i., pp. 184, 188; Taylor's *Historical Antiquities of Fife*, p. 13; Row's *History of the Kirk of Scotland*, p. 7; Pitcairn's *Criminal Trials*, vol. i., Part I., p. 286; Morris' *Provosts of Methuen*, pp. 2, 34-37; *Accounts of the Lord High Treasurer of Scotland*, vol. i.

**"ST JOHNSTOUN'S RIBBONS;" OR, THE  
MARTYRDOMS IN PERTH.—Part 2d.**

First will I shew, a story of much ruth,  
How that our Martyrs suffered for the truth  
Of Christ's blest Gospel, on Paul's holy day,  
Before the fight was of the Bridge of Tay :  
In that same year, the silly Governor  
Led by the crafty Cardinal, with power  
Held judgment on these men, and under trust  
Condemned them.

*The Muses Threnodie.*

IN a few months after obtaining from the King the lands of Easter and Wester Busbies, Provost Tyrie conveyed them to his brother, Robert. Thus we find that at Stirling, on 10th May, 1511, James IV. granted a Confirmation under the Great Seal, of a Charter, dated at Perth, on 15th April preceding, by John Tyry, Provost of the Collegiate Church of Methven, in favour of Robert Tyry, his brother, of the lands of Easter and Wester Busby, in the lordship of Methven and shire of Perth : to be held from the granter, of the Crown in feu-farm and heritage, for the service of one Chaplain in the said Collegiate Church. But the Provost possessed other lands and considerable wealth, and in his declining years he saw meet to devote part of his superfluity to the erection at Perth of a religious establishment, dedicated to St Catharine, and similar to the Chapel and Hospital of St Paul, which had been founded in 1434 by John Spens of Glendewglie, burgess of Perth, and which stood, above the Turret Brig, at the north-west end of the Newrow—the Hospital being for the entertainment of strangers and of poor and infirm persons.

The Foundation Charter of St Catharine's, which is dated 19th June, 1523, sets forth—

That the said Sir John had founded, constructed, and ordained a chapel to the honour of the blessed Catharine, Virgin, at the west end of the burgh of Perth, at the Claypots, and an house or hospital for the hospitality of poor travellers coming thither, situated contiguous at the west

side of the said chapel, with a chamber and garden for the Chaplain and his successors. And for the perpetual support of the said chapel and chaplaincy, &c., the founder gave, granted, and assigned to one Chaplain, viz., Sir David Tyrie, and his successors, perpetually to celebrate Divine Service in the said chapel, for the salvation of the soul of James IV.; for the soul of James V., "present King of Scots;" for the salvation of the souls of the founder, of his father and mother, brothers and sisters; of Master Robert Monorgand, who had offered his sound counsel and assistance towards the founding and building of the said chapel; for the salvation of the souls of all from whom he, Sir John, might have received any goods, without having rendered full and condign satisfaction; and also for the souls of all the faithful dead;—his nine ox-ganges, with their pertinents, of all and sundry the lands of Ochertyre (or Auchertyre, in the parish of Newtyle), lying in the barony of the same, and within the Sherifffdom of Forfar; and two merks of annual-rent for the sustenance of the roof, the reparation of the said chapel, and the beds of the same. He also makes an annual donation of £5 6s 8d to one poor man to minister in the masses daily to be celebrated in the said chapel, and to worship daily for the souls above expressed, to be paid out of the lands commonly called the Langlands, on the north side of the chapel, in the Barony of Balhousie. He next enjoins that, if Lord Oliphant or his heirs shall redeem or acquit the nine ox-gangs of the lands of Ochertyre, according to the tenor of a reversion made thereupon, the sum of 400 merks shall be received for those lands by the Chaplain at the time, by Robert Tyrie, his brother, and his heirs, and by the Provost of Perth, who are to deposit the money with the Prior and Convent of the Carthusian Monastery, to be kept by them until the Chaplain, the founder's brother, or his heirs, with consent of the Provost of Perth, shall invest the money in other lands or annual-rents. The Chaplain was to be a Presbyter of approved life and honest conversation, sufficiently instructed in literature, who was always to reside in the chapel, or in the burgh of Perth, and celebrate daily in the said chapel masses and suffrages of prayers. He was to maintain decently the ornaments of the chapel, viz., mass-books, altar palls, chalices, phials, chasibles, amices, stoles, caps, hangings, tapestries, curtains, and other necessaries for the celebration of Divine Service. The "poor man" was to be of mature age, and good condition and state, to minister to the priest in the mass; and he was also to reside personally in the chapel. The founder was to have the right of patronage of the Chaplain and of the "poor man" during his lifetime; and after his death the patronage was to be exercised by the Town Council of Perth.

To this abstract of the Charter we may here add that, though the founder assumes the title of *Sir*, and also applies it to David Tyrie, his Chaplain (probably a



relative) it imported no secular knighthood, but was merely a style of courtesy claimed by all priests as "Pope's knights;" for, as Sir David Lindsay explains in his *Monarchie* :—

The pure priest thinks he gettis na richt  
 Be he nocht stylit lyke ane knicht,  
 And callit schir, afore his name,  
 As Schir Thomas and Schir Williame.

St Catharine's was the last religious house erected at Perth before the Reformation, which great change followed at the distance of six-and-thirty years: and we have now to relate how the new Chapel became associated with events which tended to hasten the overthrow of the Romish supremacy in Scotland.

The death of James V., in 1542, a few days subsequent to the disgraceful rout of his army at Solway Moss, brought the celebrated Cardinal Beaton prominently forward on the stage of public affairs. This haughty, ambitious, and thoroughly unscrupulous Churchman, who aspired to play the role of Wolsey in Scotland, was odious in the eyes of many of his countrymen by his pride, his arrogance, and his implacable hatred of Protestantism, and yet sought to instal himself as Regent of the kingdom. He hoped to attain that supreme position by virtue of a Will, which it was said he had forged,—having placed a pen in the dead King's hand, and scrawled the royal signature at the bottom of the paper. Beaton thirsted for power that he might maintain the alliance with Catholic France, and prevent an alliance with Protestant England; but his first machinations proved utterly abortive,—the forged Will being universally scouted. More than this,—there was found on the dead King's person a list, which had been drawn up by the Cardinal, of about 360 noblemen and gentlemen, suspected of favouring heresy, and who, it was proposed, should, therefore, be deprived of their lands. The first name entered in this black roll was that of the Earl of Arran, the next heir to the crown after the infant Queen Mary. Arran, who professed Protestant opinions, was enabled by this discovery to circumvent

his sacerdotal rival, and to obtain, by general suffrage, the appointment of Regent or Governor. Beaton, busy in secret correspondence with the Court of France, was arrested, and placed in safe custody in the Castle of Blackness. The Church, however, took part with her champion, and put forth her most dreaded spiritual efforts in his behalf. His arrest was quickly followed by a total suspension of all the offices and services of religion throughout the kingdom, as though it had been brought under a Papal interdict. Such a condition of things operating on superstitious and bigotted minds threatened grave peril to the State. The Popish nobles began to stir, and a rebellion seemed imminent. Thereupon Arran, whose great defect was the want of fixed principle and firmness of character, was fain to release the Cardinal from Blackness, and place him under the surveillance of Lord Seton in the Castle of St Andrews. Beaton, in his own castle, had no difficulty in regaining full liberty. He now set his ingenuity to work that so he might overreach and control the Governor. His schemes prospered. He had a powerful party at his back, ready for any enterprise. Suddenly they mustered in strong force, and marched upon Linlithgow, where they seized the young Queen and her mother, Mary of Guise (who was probably an agent in the plot), and carried them to Stirling. This daring step, which gave Beaton the ascendancy, compelled Arran to seek a reconciliation with him at any sacrifice. The reconciliation was effected; and, to make it all the more sure, the weak Regent publicly abjured his Protestant opinions in the Church of the Franciscan Monastery at Stirling, and also dismissed the two Protestant chaplains whom he had kept in his household.

The Cardinal, having thus come to accord with the Governor, and brought him back within the Romish fold, next induced him to turn upon the Reformed party, whom he had just renounced. The Statute-Book contained abundance of authority to warrant the most extreme measures of persecution: and Beaton,

desirous above all things to roll back the tide of heresy which was gaining upon Scotland, persuaded Arran to make a progress with him through certain districts of the country,—visiting in particular the towns of Stirling, Perth, and Dundee,—for the purpose of holding Courts of Justice to try all heretics who might be brought to the bar. This expedition was undertaken, with much pomp and solemnity, in the month of January, 1543-44. The two dignitaries were accompanied by the Earl of Argyle, as Lord Justice-General of Scotland, the Lord Borthwick, the Bishops of Dunblane and Orkney, and others. They were likewise attended by an armed train, with several pieces of cannon,—the Lord Treasurer marking in his Accounts, on 12th January, 1543-44, that he had “hired five cart-horse, whilk passed again to Stirling with the said artillery, and fra Stirling to Sanct Johnstown, Dundee, for punishing of certain heretics within the said towns, and paid the said horse eight days’ wages.” With stately parade, the Governor and the Cardinal rode to Stirling, where they opened their Court; but it does not appear that any cases of importance were brought under their notice. On the 20th January, the Lord Treasurer records “my lord Governor’s departing toward Sanct Johnstoun, for punishment, as said is.”

If nothing of much consequence was done in Stirling, there was work of the right sort awaiting the Cardinal at Perth. There a gross insult had been offered to St Francis,—in rivalry of the trick which was played at Dundee seven years before. A wooden image of the saint, presumably adorning the portal of the Greyfriars Monastery at Perth, had been mischievously metamorphosed during the night-time into a figure of the foul fiend! Besides, sermon in church had been interrupted by heretical hearers, and doctrines of the faith had been scornfully denied both in public and private. When the Court of Justice sat down in the Fair City, on the 24th January, five men and the wife of one of them, all reputable inhabitants, were charged with various offences,—the accuser being a certain Friar,

named Spence. The trial seemingly did not occupy much time, as some of the panels freely acknowledged their alleged guilt. Robert Lamb and Helen Stark, his wife, confessed, having (in contravention of the Act of Parliament of 1542, which prohibited the people from arguing or disputing on the sense of Holy Scripture) interrupted the said Friar in a sermon, in which he taught that there was no salvation without intercession and prayers to the saints. Helen Stark was also charged with refusing to pray to the Virgin Mary when in childbed, and saying that she would only pray to God in the name of the Saviour. William Anderson, James Ronald, and James Finlayson were indicted for having affixed a ram's horns and a cow's tail to the image of St Francis, and for eating a goose on All-Hallow-e'en. The remaining culprit, James Hunter, a poor flesher, had done nothing worthy of bonds beyond "haunting the company" of these heretics; but perhaps there was a suspicion that he had furnished, from his own shambles, the contumelious decorations for the Greyfriars' patron. All the accused were found guilty, and condemned to death; and their execution was fixed for the following day. They were shut up in the Spey Tower. The citizens, shocked and enraged at such a sentence for "crimes" so trivial, broke out into tumult; and the Regent, to appease them, pledged his word that not a hair of their neighbours' heads should be hurt. But the Cardinal was made of sterner stuff. He overawed the weak and facile Arran, menacing him with deposition if he ventured to lift a finger in the matter. It is further said; "there were several priests in the town who were hospitably entertained in the houses of these sufferers, whose interest and intercession was requested in their behalf, which they refused, and desired their death." And the ungrateful priests had their fell desire gratified without stint.

On the morrow, the 25th January, being the Day of the Conversion of St Paul, the savage law had its course. The prisoners were led out of the Spey

Tower, at a window of which the inexorable Beaton seated himself, in sacerdotal pride, to glut his eyes on the judicial butchery, as composedly as though he were about to behold a pageant or a sport. The Franciscan shavelings (whose patron had been bedevilled with the ram's horns and cow's tail) doubtless looked on with complacency. The five men were hanged,—the place of execution being differently stated as either the South Inch or the Bridge. Adamson, the author of the *Muses Threnodie*, merely says that the men were executed "in the place where malefactors end their race." The citizens, who had violently remonstrated against the barbarous sentence, made no more commotion, being probably daunted by the armed force at the Cardinal's command: and so the tragedy was played out to the end. All the victims submitted to their fate with great fortitude. Helen Stark, who had a child at her breast, entreated urgently that she might die along with her husband; but even this petition was refused, although she was allowed to accompany him to the foot of the gibbet. When they were brought there, the men commended their souls to God, and then "by the spirit of truth did prophesy" of the coming downfall of their oppressors. Pointing to the monasteries within view (as Adamson avers), they predicted that those stately edifices would ere long be cast down to the ground, and that their inmates would scarcely find a hole in which to hide their heads. The circumstance that some of the monasteries were seen from the place of execution, supports the supposition that it was on the South Inch, where both the Franciscan and Carthusian monasteries would be within view, while the scene would be overlooked from the upper windows of the Spey Tower. Helen Stark, when parting from her husband, thus addressed him:—"Husband, be glad," she said: "We have lived together many joyful days, and this day of our death we ought to esteem the most joyful of all; for soon we shall have joy for ever. Therefore, I will not bid you good night; for we shall shortly be in the kingdom of heaven." A<sup>u</sup>

soon as the men were executed, the new-made widow was taken to a pool of water hard by,—evidently at the side of the River Tay,—where, after she had commended her children to the charitable care of her neighbours, her infant was taken from her bosom and given to a nurse, and she was drowned.

Among the crowd of onlookers was the chaplain of St Catharine's, who, unable to restrain himself at the piteous sight, wrung his hands and shed bitter tears. "Alas! alas! for this unhappy town!" he exclaimed. "I fear me much we shall yet mourn for this cruelty one day, and that right soon; for it shall be taken as a proof that we of the Church have been but blind leaders of the blind." These words enraged some of the priests and friars standing beside him, who cried—"Get you gone, heretic! Pack and away, else your fate shall be the stake!" When all was over, the friends of the martyrs were permitted to take the bodies, which they carried, in the evening, to the Chapel of St Catharine, at the Claypots, and laid them there, preparatory to burial next morning. The good chaplain placed the bodies before the altar, on which he set lighted tapers; and although he durst not sing Soul Mass or Dirge over condemned heretics, yet he held vigil all night, reading the Epistle and the Psalter "with heart devout and sad." At dawn of day the bodies were removed and committed to the earth. Several citizens of the town having been observed to sympathize with the martyrs, the Cardinal thought fit to punish them; and accordingly Sir Henry Elder, a priest, John Elder, Walter Piper, Laurence Pullar, and others were forthwith banished the town. It has been conjectured—though we think erroneously—that the first-named person was the Chaplain of St Catharine's. Had that been so, Adamson, in all likelihood, would have mentioned the fact in his poem, whereas he says no such thing.\* But

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\* A curious case, in which a priest named Sir Henry Elder was implicated, along with two brother-priests, appears in the Books of Justiciary, under date of 21st April, 1539. "Gilbert Blair, brother of Alexander Blair, burgess

not only were Elder and the other citizens banished the town. The Provost himself fell under the displeasure of the Governor and his coadjutors;—it is not stated for what cause, but probably it was for lack of hearty and energetic support of the Court of Justice. Whatever was his fault, John Charteris of Kinfauns, the Provost, was extruded by the Regent's authority, on the day after the executions, and Mr Alex. M'Breck, one of the chief burgesses, was appointed to the civic chair:—

26 January, 1543—44.

The whilk day John Chartris being by may Lord Governor and Lords of Secret Council, for certain causes and considerations moving them, discharged of the office of Provostrie, and Mr Alexander M'Breck by the said Lord Governor and Lords of Secret Council thought qualified and convenientist to the said office: the said Mr Alexander, at the command of the said Lord Governor and Lords of Secret Council, was chosen Provost and Sheriff of the burgh of Perth, and gave his oath in judgment for faithful ministratioun of justice.

It is thus seen with how high a hand the Cardinal was disposed to bear down all opposition, or even the semblance of it. And, in concluding our account of the tyrannical proceedings at Perth, we may notice the relative remarks of a modern Roman Catholic historian of Scotland (the Rev. James Carruthers, Newabbey). "The barbarity of these times, among all sects, adjudged the punishment of death for what they accounted heresy," he writes. "When these opinions tend to rebellion, or to disturb the Government, certainly the civil law has a right, for the preservation of public tranquillity, to punish seditious persons severely; but reason and true piety recommend calm and mild instruction; and experience has proved that

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of Perth, Constantine Fergusson, Sir John Luivell, chaplain, Sir Henry Elder, and Sir William Davidson, found caution to underly the law at the next Justice-air of Perth, for forethought, felony, and hamesucken done to the Keepers of the gates of Perth, in time of the plague, coming upon them under silence of night, on Oct. 24th last, striking and hurting them in peril of their lives: and for breaking into and plundering several houses and chambers, by way of theft and stouthrief." What came of the case is not known.

this charitable method has generally been the most successful." So it has. But does the author mean to put his own infallible Church, presided over by the Vicar of Christ, upon a level with "all sects," which had no unerring guidance? If "reason and true piety," and "calm and mild instruction," were to be found anywhere, surely they should have been found characterising pre-eminently the Church of Rome, which has always claimed to be the only true Church; but from first to last,—and this is the testimony of all history,—if any Church has totally and invariably ignored "this charitable method," and practised the persecuting method, adopted from Paganism, that Church has been the Church of Rome: and if "all sects" practised this persecuting method, they acquired it from the precept and example of Rome in every stage of her career.

The Cardinal, fancying that he had crushed the heretical spirit in St Johnstoun, departed with the Governor and his train for Dundee; but they were stopped on the road by tidings that the Earl of Rothes and Lord Gray were hovering near, at the head of an armed band, with very dubious intentions. Beaton and his friends turned back to Perth, whither they were followed by the two Lords, who, professing amity, were well received; but the Cardinal secretly suspected them, and soon contrived to arrest them both. Having done so, he resumed his progress, and passed through Angus, though without visiting Dundee. But even after the lapse of three quarters of a-year, the Cardinal still kept his watchful eye on affairs in Perth. At the Michaelmas of 1544, Patrick, Master of Ruthven, was chosen Provost of Perth. As a supporter of the Reformation, he was obnoxious to the Cardinal, who, exerting his influence, had him displaced, and the office conferred on John Charteris of Kinfauns, who was now thought "more pliable"—a stretch of arbitrary power, which involved the town in deadly strife. Charteris, knowing the hostility of the citizens towards him, and their staunch adherence to Ruthven, attempted to instal himself by force of arms, but met with a severe repulse



at the Battle of the Bridge, which was fought in July, 1545.

The Scottish Government, to its shame be it spoken, imposed no check on the audacious villainies of Cardinal Beaton, but permitted him to continue fanning the fire of persecution. But while he ran his course under the countenance of bad and oppressive laws, a conspiracy was formed to cut him off,—probably at the instigation of Henry VIII., certainly with his approval. The chief parties to the plot were the Earl of Cassillis; Norman Lesly, Master of Rothes; Kirkcaldy of Grange; Crichton of Brunston; and their intermediary with the English Court was “a Scottish gentleman named Wishart.” Was this Wishart the preacher? George Wishart had returned to Scotland in July, 1543, and from that time went about town and country expounding the Reformed faith, till he was treacherously delivered into the hands of the Cardinal, who had been watching him closely, bent on his destruction. It was an easy matter to assemble an ecclesiastical Court in St Andrews for Wishart’s arraignment and condemnation. On the 28th of March, 1546, he was burned at the stake,—Beaton feasting his sight with the spectacle from a window on the battlements of his castle, where he reclined on cushions. “Yon man,” said the martyr, “who, in such state, from that high place, feedeth his eyes with my torments, within a few days shall be hanged out at the same window with as much ignominy as he now leaneth there in pride.” Beaton’s triumph seemed complete; but Wishart’s death caused the cup of vengeance to overflow. Turn over the next leaf of the Cardinal’s history, and you will read how he perished, on the morning of the 28th May, under the swords of the conspirators, in his own castle: and next morning his dead body was hung over the wall in the gaze of the multitude gathered below.

It is a well-known story how the Cardinal’s assassins and their adherents held out his castle until it was reduced by soldiers brought from France. But meanwhile heresy was still spreading and striking deeper

root; and on the 19th March, 1546-47, the Romish clergy presented a Supplication to the Privy Council at Edinburgh, praying for thorough measures of repression. The Supplication read as follows :—

My Lord Governor and Lords of the Great Council, unto your Grace and Lordships humbly means and shows, We, your orators, the Bishops, Prelates, and Kirkmen now present in this town, for ourselves and in name of the remanent of the Kirkmen of this realm; how that it is not unknown to your Grace and Lordships that sundry parts of this realm, whilk has been ever Catholic since the beginning of the faith to thir days, now infected with that pestilentious heresies of Luther, his sect and followers, and so perseveres unpunished, till divers of them are becoming [against] Sacraments, and specially against the blessed Sacrament of the Altar; others of them abjured and relapsis banished of auld, now comes pertly without ony dreadour, not allanerly in the far parts of the realm, but also to the Court and presence of your Lordships, and sometimes preaches openly, and instructs others in the said damnable heresies, whilks and the same be not remedied by your Grace and Lordships, by your help and assistance to the jurisdiction spiritual, it will spread, increase, and rise daily mair and mair, and ay the langer the mair difficult to remeid; wherefore we humbly beseech your Grace and noble Lordships, for your princely honour and nobilities, to give your hasty help and remeid in thir behalves, to the pleasure of God, maintenance of the Christian Faith, and your ain honour, with your answer.

The answer was an ordinance to the effect craved.

Apud Edinburgh, 19th March, anno &c. 46. My Lord Governor and Lords Temporal ordains and desires the Kirkmen to give to his Grace the names of the heretics that are relapsis or holds opinions against the Sacraments of the Altar, or that teaches heresies, and his Grace and the Lords Temporal shall take them and cause the laws of the realm to be execute against them, ay as he is required thereto, confirm to the laws of Haly Kirk, and ordains this Supplication and deliverance passed thereupon to be put in the books of Council.

In this way did the Government pander to the detestable spirit which sought to crush the Reformation by pains and penalties and murder.\*

\* Morris' *Provosts of Methven*, p. 40; Tytler's *History of Scotland*; M'Crie's *Life of John Knox* (Appendix); Archbishop Spottiswood's *History of the Church of Scotland*, vol. i., p. 147; Bishop Keith's *History of Church and State in Scotland*, vol. i., pp. 97-100; Knox's *History of the Reformation in Scotland*, Book i.; *The Muses Threnodie*, vol. i., pp. 111, 128, vol. ii., pp. 70, 71; Pitcairn's *Criminal*

**"ST JOHNSTOUN'S RIBBONS;" OR, THE  
MARTYRDOMS IN PERTH.—Part 3d.**

And while themselves, from fleshly bonds relieved,  
The glorious crown of martyrdom received,  
Their country, too, from lethargy awoke,  
The cords of tyrant superstition broke,  
And cast them in the martyr's fire, to gall  
No more its spirit with debasing thrall.

*Small's "Scottish Martyrs."*

CARDINAL BEATON was succeeded in the Archbishopric of St Andrews by John Hamilton, a natural brother of the Regent Arran. Through family influence, Hamilton's rise in Church and State was rapid. He was first appointed Abbot of Paisley, and afterwards Lord Privy Seal, Lord High Treasurer, and Bishop of Dunkeld, which See he held at the time of the Cardinal's murder. Yet with all his preferments and honours, the new Archbishop was destined to a fate as black as that of his predecessor: he was to be the last Roman Catholic Primate of Scotland, and the only Prelate that ever died on the gibbet in Scotland. He was an able man, and well fitted for the high offices which he successively filled; but, unfortunately for his Church, he, too, adopted a violent policy, which hurried on the ruin of Romish domination in Scotland.

The Castle of St Andrews, after holding out for fourteen months, surrendered on the 30th July, 1547, and the garrison, including John Knox, who had cast in his lot with them, were shipped across the sea to serve as galley-slaves of France. But the Regent had no sooner achieved this success, than he had to face an invasion from England under the Protector Somerset. The Battle of Pinkie was fought on 10th September, and the Scottish army sustained utter defeat. The victors, however, were unable to follow up their advantage by

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*Trials*, vol. i., Part 1st, p. 219; Carruthers' *History of Scotland during the Life of Queen Mary*, p. 38; *Register of the Privy Council of Scotland*, vol. i., p. 63.

penetrating farther into the country : the child-Queen, Mary, was conveyed for safety to the French Court : and, after nearly three years of desultory warfare, peace with England was proclaimed in April, 1550. During the whole period of the troubles, an important covenant providing for the subjection of the town of Perth remained unfulfilled. Patrick, Lord Gray, chafed long and bitterly over his defeat by the citizens at the Battle of the Bridge, and was anxious to redeem his tarnished honour by obtaining possession of Perth. In March, 1546-47, months before the Castle fell, and before the French soldiers arrived, he visited the garrison, who were in English pay and in close communication with the English Government, which, however, disappointed them in the end. On the 11th March, Lord Gray signed a formal contract, in the castle, binding himself to deliver up to Edward VI. his castle of Broughty, with the fishing and pertinents, worth 200 marks Scots, in consideration that the King should assist him in recovering the town of Perth into his keeping; which being accomplished, he agreed also that the King should take into his hands the principal strength of the place, called the Spey Tower. But amid all the vicissitudes of the times, this contract never took effect so far as concerned the Fair City, which maintained its independence.

The pacification of April, 1550, seemed to be the signal for the resumption of Romish prosecution in Scotland. Archbishop Hamilton bestirred himself that year, and added another name to the roll of martyrs. "A simple man, but very zealous in his religion." Adam Wallace, a tutor in the house of Ormiston, was apprehended for heretical opinions, and for baptizing his own child. He had a solemn trial in Edinburgh, before the Regent, the Chancellor, the Primate, and other dignitaries, and was condemned, and burned on the Castle-hill. Scarce had this shameful deed been consummated when the Churchmen, by a strange freak, mixed their tragic business with a strong spice of the comic. Two factions sprang into existence on the

curious question whether the Paternoster, or Lord's Prayer, should be said to God alone, or to God and the Saints! A vast amount of learning was expended on both sides to clear up the puzzle. It was maintained by some sage doctors "that the Paternoster was said to God *formaliter*, and to saints *materialiter*; others, not liking this distinction, said that the Paternoster ought to be said to God *principaliter*, and to saints *minus principaliter*; others would have it *ultimate et non ultimate*; others *primario et secundario*; and some (wherewith the most voices went) said that the Paternoster should be said to God *capiendo stricte*, and to saints *capiendo large*. Yet they did not settle upon the distinction." As a profane rhymster of the day expressed it:—

Doctors of Theology, of fourscore of years,  
 And old jolly lupoys, the bald Grey Friars:  
 They would be called Rabbi and Magister noster,  
 And wot not to whom they say their Paternoster.

To allay this controversy, which agitated the whole Scottish Church, a Provincial Synod was convoked at Edinburgh, in January, 1551-52, at which the Primate presided. After full discussion of the subtle point at issue, the collective wisdom decided that the Paternoster should be addressed to God, yet so that the saints should also be invocated!—a distinction without much of a difference. The Synod likewise authorised the issue of a *Catechism*,—"ane Common and Catholic Instruction of the Christian People in matters of our Catholic Faith and Religion,"—which appeared in a book of 412 small quarto pages, and is believed to have been composed by the Primate himself, who, in fact, printed it at his own expense. The book was only for circulation among the clergy, that it might be read in the churches to the people. Better for the Church had she never chosen any other mode of defence than reasonable argument! But the old policy still prevailed, and yet more iniquity was to shock the country.

While his *Catechism* was being circulated, Arch-

bishop Hamilton was struggling with bodily ailment. He was sorely afflicted with an asthma, the attacks of which came at intervals of eight days, and lasted each time for four-and-twenty hours. Reduced in strength, brought almost to the gates of death, he was counselled by his medical attendant to send to the celebrated Jerome Cardan of Milan, the most renowned physician of that day in Europe, entreating him, with the offer of a magnificent fee, to come to Scotland and pass judgment on the disorder. Cardan consented, and reached Edinburgh on 29th June, 1552. The Primate awaited him there, and welcomed him with many thanks and high hopes. The learned Italian remained with his patient till about the middle of the following September. He wrote out an elaborate diagnosis of the case, and also a long paper of directions as to regimen for the guidance of the Primate, who, by strictly following the directions, was cured within a couple of years. A tradition goes that Cardan "gave his patient, after he cured him, a terrible proof of his skill in astrology. When taking leave of him, he told him that he had perfectly cured him of his distemper, but that it was not in the power of his art to prevent his fate, or hinder him from being hanged." But the story is a fable. True enough, Cardan, who was profoundly skilled in the astrological science, drew the Primate's horoscope, and found that if he survived the year 1554, he would be in peril from disease of the heart or poison in 1560; that was all the revelation made.

In April, 1554, a change took place in the Scottish Government. The Earl of Arran (somewhat against his will) resigned the Regency, which was conferred on the Queen-mother, Mary of Guise, a devoted friend of the Papacy, and bound up in all its interests. But this transference of power lent the Scottish Church no additional support. The Reformation advanced apace: all through the country numbers of the people were deserting the services of the Church, and attending the ministrations of the new preachers; many of the towns—and Perth among the rest—were full of heresy; and at

length "the Congregation" was formed;—that powerful combination of the Reformed of all ranks, which ultimately gained the ascendancy. Whilst such things were giving plain tokens of the approaching Revolution, Archbishop Hamilton was guilty of an act of gross folly, —to call it by no stronger term. In the month of April, 1558, Walter Mill, a venerable priest, 82 years of age, who had joined the Reformers, was arrested at Dysart, and taken to St Andrews, where he was put upon his trial, and condemned for heretical opinions. He was delivered over to the secular power for execution. But so general was the horror at this atrocious sentence that Patrick Learmont, the Provost of St Andrews and Steward of the archiepiscopal regality, refused to act as the civil magistrate, and quitted the city in disgust. Hamilton next pressed his Chamberlain to take up the office; but he also stoutly refused; and at last one of the Primate's under-servants was prevailed upon by a bribe to perform the odious task. Another difficulty arose. No ropes to bind the victim to the stake could be procured, for love or money, in all the town, and the cords of the Archbishop's pavilion had to be taken for the purpose. Mill was burned on the same day he was condemned. When brought out to die, he said—"As for me, I am fourscore and two years old, and could not have lived much longer by the course of Nature; but a hundred better shall rise out of the ashes of my bones. I trust that I shall be the last that shall suffer death in Scotland for religion." His words were prophetic: he was indeed the last Scottish martyr for Protestantism.

It needed no more than this foul deed to open the eyes of the country. The Queen Regent protested that she had had no hand in it, and doubtless she spoke the truth. She affected a conciliatory air towards the Reformers, and talked of granting a public toleration of their religion; but all the time her heart was with Rome, and she soon began to act the part of a persecutor, so far as her power went. In the spring of 1559, she summoned four of the principal Reformed preachers in Scotland to appear before a Parliament to be held at

Stirling, and there to answer for their conduct in persistently following heretical courses. When remonstrated with on the ground that she had previously held out a promise of toleration, she answered that "promises ought not to be urged upon princes unless they could conveniently fulfil them." Again, on being told that one of the Reformed ministers had been preaching in the Church of Perth, she turned to Lord Ruthven, Provost of that city, who was then in her presence, and curtly commanded him to suppress all heresy within his jurisdiction. The Provost—the same Patrick, Master of Ruthven, whom Cardinal Beaton had attempted to thrust out of the Provostship in 1545—replied to the irritated Regent that "he could bring the bodies of his citizens to her grace, and compel them to prostrate themselves before her till she was fully satiate of their blood; but over their consciences she had no power." Mary called his language "malapert," and straightway issued her behest that the inhabitants of all the towns which had revolted from the Church should attend mass at Easter. She went a step farther. The citation of the preachers was renewed: she summoned them, a second time, to appear at Stirling, on Wednesday, the 10th of May, 1559. The four men—whose names were Paul Methven, John Christison, William Harlaw, and John Willock—produced cautioners for their appearance: the sureties for Christison and Harlaw being John Erskine of Dun and Patrick Murray of Tibbermuir. Events now marched fast to the end. On the 2d of May, John Knox landed in Scotland from Dieppe. He came on to Perth, where the Protestants of the three shires of Perth, Fife, and Forfar had mustered in defence of their ministers, whom they were to accompany to Stirling, and see that no fresh murder was done. The Congregation, to testify their peaceful intentions, deputed the wise and sagacious Erskine, whom the Regent was known to hold in high esteem, to wait on her at Stirling, and try to form some amicable arrangement whereby the country might be pacified. The Queen gave him audience, listened to his



earnest representations, and, seemingly willing to come to a compromise, pledged her word that the summons against the preachers should be abandoned, saying at the same time that the multitude at Perth should disperse to their homes. Erskine sent back this intelligence, which was joyfully welcomed, and many people, thinking the object of the gathering attained, left the city. But behold ! when Wednesday came, the process against the four preachers was duly called, and they, in default of appearance, were denounced as rebels, and their cautioners fined in the amount of their surety, being £40 each. The Books of Justiciary contain the record of the procedure :—

1559, May 10 (apud Stirling). *Paul Methven* was denounced rebel, and put to the horn as fugitive, &c., and *George Luvell*, burghess of Dundee, his cautioner, was amerced, for his not appearing to underly the law for usurping the authority of the ministry of the Church, and for taking upon himself the service thereof, not being lawfully admitted thereto, at the feast of Pasche [Easter], viz. : on March 26 last, and daily for the space of three days immediately preceding the said feast, and continually thereafter, administering the Sacraments of the Altar to several of the lieges within the burghs of Dundee and Montrose, and sundry other places, in a manner far different from the divine and laudable use of the faithful Catholic Church : and also for convocation and gathering of the lieges within the said burghs, at the time foresaid, he not being admitted or approved of by the Ordinaries of these places; and without their license, haranguing and preaching to the said lieges, and persuading and seducing them to his erroneous and seditious doctrines and heresies; thereby usurping the King and Queen's authority, and stirring up the lieges to commit sedition and tumults, contrary to the Proclamations.

*Friar John Cristesonne* and *William Harlaw* denounced rebels, fugitives, &c., and their cautioners, *John Erskine* of Dun and *Patrick Murray* of Tibbermuir, were amerced, for their not entering to underly the law for their usurping the authority of the Church, in taking at their own hands the Ministry thereof, &c., as above, within the burgh of Perth, and other places adjoining, within the shire of Perth.

*John Willok* denounced rebel for the same cause, for preaching, &c., within the burgh of Ayr. *Robert Campbell* of Kinzecluche, his cautioner, was at the same time amerced.

It had not been "convenient" that the Queen's promise should be kept. She flattered herself that she

had stolen an effective march upon the disaffected. She had brought their preachers under legal denunciation, and she trusted that the great convocation at Perth had broken up, and would not, in the chapter of accidents, be so readily gathered together again. But she was living in a fool's paradise. The Laird of Dun, seeing how egregiously he had been duped, made his way secretly out of Stirling, and hastened to Perth, arriving on Thursday morning, the 11th. Knox was there, and the bulk of the Congregation. The perfidy of the Queen Regent filled the minds of the multitude with wrath. Knox proceeded to St John's Church to preach: and then ensued one of the most memorable scenes in Scottish history. The church was crowded with an excited auditory. The intrepid preacher mounted the pulpit, and delivered a sermon "vehement against idolatry." But even his vehemence did not stir the popular feeling to tumult. The impudent folly of a priest provoked the catastrophe. When Knox had left the pulpit, and the hearers were slowly retiring, a priest, to mark his contempt of what had been spoken, prepared to say mass, and opened "a glorious tabernacle which stood upon the high altar." Many people were about; and a young lad among them had the courage to exclaim—"This is intolerable, that when God by his word hath plainly forbidden idolatry, we should stand and see it performed in despite." The ecclesiastic's ire was kindled, and in the heat of the moment he was indiscreet enough to strike the boy "a great blow." The boy staggered back, but retaliated by lifting a stone from the floor,—probably a broken bit of a gravestone, for with gravestones the church was literally paved,—and hurling it at the priest's head. The stone missed its aim, but struck the tabernacle, and broke one of the images which it contained. "Immediately," says Knox, "the whole multitude that were about cast stones, and put hands to the said tabernacle, and to all other monuments of idolatry, which they despatched, before the tenth man in the town were advertised, for the most part were gone to dinner." Accord-

ing to a tradition preserved by Mr William Fraser in his Introduction to the *Red Book of Grandtully*, it was one of the Grandtully family that broke down the high altar in the church. It is said that William, the second son of William Steuart, ninth Laird of Grandtully, "went up to the high altar of St John's Church at Perth, and pulled down the altar and all the ornaments. The tradition adds that such was the unwillingness of the people to violate the sanctity of the sacred altar, that no one could be found to undertake it but the son of the Laird of Grandtully. But the probability is that this act, if performed at all, was performed by this Laird himself, who appears to have entered warmly into the Reformation movement. His second son, William, was born only in the year 1567; and the Reformation having been practically accomplished seven years previously, and the iconoclastic scenes enacted at Perth having taken place at a period even earlier, the son could not have taken any part in them. The Laird of Grandtully lived till the year 1574." Every image within the church was cast to the ground, and shattered in pieces. All the altars were overthrown and demolished, and all their rich ornaments and paraphernalia were carried off as spoil by the poor amongst the crowd. To afford some idea of the valuable furnishings pertaining to the altars, we may quote a list of those of "The Visitation, or Altar of our Lady's Grace," which was founded, on 21st April, 1514, by Sir Simon Young, Chaplain, who granted an annual-rent of 20s out of his tenement on the west side of St Ann's Vennel. The list occurs in an Act of Cautionry, dated 15th April, 1544, by Adam Ramsay, burghess of Perth, in behalf of John Smeton, at the hands of the Provost, Bailies, Council, and Deacons of Crafts, of certain ornaments belonging to Our Lady's altarage situated within the Parish Church of Perth.

*Imprimis*, Ane chesable of black velvet, with the prore. of blue velvet, stole and fannoun of bird Alexander, alb, amyt, and belt.

Ane chesable of auld claith of gold, with the prore. stole and fannone of bird Alexander, alb, amyt, and belt.

Ane chesable of green dames, stele and fannone same  
 parrors. of bird Alexander, and the belt, alb, and amynt.  
 Ane chesable of auld stole, fanone, and parrors. of  
 the same, with the belt, alb, and amynt.  
 Ane chesable of auld claith of gold.  
 Ane ither auld chesable of white silk, and the third  
 chesable of auld ane stole and fanone.  
 Ane new print Mass-book.  
 Ane auld Mass-book of parchment, and ane auld Mass-  
 book of print.  
 Three pair of towels, with three frontallis.  
 Ane pend of bird Alexander of silk, with ane frontell of  
 red damess.  
 Ane pend of pirn satin, under the tabernacle, with ane  
 little towel.  
 Three coddis of auld pirn silk.  
 Ane corporal with ane case.  
 Four great chandeliers for the precatt, and our for the  
 hersa.  
 Four precatt.  
 Ane crowet.  
 Ane pigg for wine.  
 Ane hanging chandelier of brass.  
 Ane vyir of crene work.  
 Ane valie pend at the Altar.  
 Ane silver chandelier gilt.  
 Twa new torches, and twa auld.  
 Ane spoon of silver, and eight chandeliers which are in  
 John Smeton's hands, as yet undelivered.

St John's Church having been quickly purged of  
 idolatry, "the whole multitude convened," says  
 Knox, "not of the gentlemen, neither of them that  
 were earnest professors, but of the rascal multitude:"  
 and the Greyfriars Monastery was the next object of  
 attack. That place was sacked, and then the like fate  
 was meted out to the Blackfriars. On the following  
 day, as would seem, the mob threatened the Carthusian  
 Monastery. It is related by Pitcottie the Chronicler  
 that Adam Forman, Prior of the Carthusians, was not  
 without the means for a vigorous resistance when the  
 storm approached his gates; but his niggardliness lost  
 him his opportunity. A number of his Highland tacka-  
 men were in the house that day, and he called on them  
 to defend it, which they expressed their willingness to  
 do, provided he would include their wives and eldest  
 sons in their respective tacks; but this he peremptorily  
 refused to grant. They next asked for some food and

drink of the best, to cheer their hearts; but he set nothing better before them than salted salmon and small beer. Disdaining such mean fare, the indignant Children of the Mist determined to let him fight his own battle. "Then the Congregation send an ambassador to the Prior," continues Pitscottie, "desiring him to leave idolatry, and to live according to the written will of God. And the ambassador that went to him was the Laird of Moncrieff, who was very near of kin to the Prior, believing that he should dress him at their desires and pleasures;" but Forman returned a saucy answer;—and the mob rushed upon the house and burst in, wrecking everything before them. "The spoil" of the Monasteries, says Knox, "was permitted to the poor;" but the friars were suffered to take away what they could, and the Carthusian Prior took with him "even so much gold and silver as he was well able to carry." Within the space of two days, the mob were "so busy and so laborious" in destroying the buildings, that only the walls of the Greyfriars, Blackfriars, and Carthusian Monasteries were left standing! The Carmelite Monastery and all the other religious edifices in and near the city were visited with the like destruction,—the rapidity of which, unaccompanied as it was with loss of life, was indeed remarkable.\* And this widespread devastation was

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\* Similar rapidity of demolition and immunity from accident characterised the iconoclastic outbreak in Antwerp Cathedral in 1566; so that Strada, the Jesuit writer, felt constrained to award the credit of such expeditious work to Satanic agency! Here is what he says (as quoted in Clark's *Mirroure, or Looking Glasse both for Saints and Sinners*: 1657):—"The greatest wonder was to see them make such quick despatch, that one of the fairest and greatest churches of Europe, full of pictures and statues, richly adorned with about seventy altars, by a few men, not above a hundred at most, beginning but in the evening, should, before midnight, having nothing at all left entire or unprofaned. Truly, if the hundred men had not an hundred hands apiece, that in so short a space demolished such a multitude of things, it is not unreasonable to believe that Devils uniting with them joined in despatching their own work; especially considering that in such an hurry and crowd of busy labourers, whilst they ran about the

the answer to the Queen's Regent's perfidious denunciation of the four Reformed preachers. \*

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church, mounted the rounds of their ladders, whilst they with great pains loosen the brass and marble, whilst they endeavour to spoil the richest things, none of all their number had so much as a fall or knock, though such leads of stone and wood came tumbling down, and so many fragments and splinters flew about, nor received any of them the least hurt by the workmen's tools, which they ran with in their hands."

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\* Tytler's *History of Scotland*; Bishop Keith's *History*, vol. i., p. 143; Archbishop Spottiswoode's *History*, vol. i., pp. 178-182; *Lives of Adam Wallace and Walter Mill, Martyrs*—Edin.: 1827; Morley's *Life of Girolamo Cardano, of Milan, Physician*, vol. ii.; Lawson's *Roman Catholic Church in Scotland*; Pitcairn's *Criminal Trials*, vol. i., part 1st, p. 406; Knox's *History*; M'Crie's *Life of Knox*; Fraser's *Red Book of Grandtully*, vol. i., Introduction, p. 75; Perth Town Council Records; Pitcottie's *Cronicles of Scotland*, vol. ii.

**"ST JOHNSTOUN'S KIBBONS;" OR, THE  
MARTYRDOMS IN PERTH.—Part 4th.**

Grant that by this unsparing hurricane  
Green leaves with yellow mixed are torn away,  
And goodly fruitage with the mother spray;  
'Twere madness—wished we, therefore, to detain,  
With hands stretched forth in mollified disdain,  
The "trumpery" that ascends in bare display—  
Bulls, pardons, cows black, white, and grey—  
Upwhirled, and flying o'er the ethereal plain,  
Fast bound for Limbo Lake.

*Wordsworth's "Ecclesiastical Sonnets."*

FOR a day or two after Knox preached his famous sermon, the besom of destruction was exceedingly busy in and about the Fair City. Somebody—perhaps Knox himself—had remarked that "if the nests were pulled down, the rooks would fly away": and so all hands were laid to the nests. Popular fury raged uncontrollably. The monasteries and chapels which had given stately adornment to the city and its environs were reduced to ruins, only the bare and broken walls remaining, and most of these gaunt wrecks speedily disappeared. Much is it to be regretted that no skilful limner of that age bequeathed to posterity a canvas depicting St Johnstoun in her ancient glories, with her bridge and walls, the Spey Tower, St John's Church, the monasteries, and the other ecclesiastical edifices. But the regret is vain: and we only deal with imperfect lights in trying to conjure up the scene to our mind's eye. Amid the devastation of that wild crisis, the Chapel of St Catharine, in which mass had been sung for only six-and-thirty years, and where the sympathising chaplain had kept vigil at the altar over Cardinal Beaton's victims, did not escape the storm. The zealous iconoclasts might have spared it in memory of the kindly priest's good deed. For a different reason,—

The great Emathian conqueror bid spare  
The house of Pindarus, when temple and tower  
Went to the ground: and the repeated air  
Of sad Electra's poet had the power  
To save the Athenian walls from ruin bare.

But the mob—actuated as one man by the intense, all-absorbing passion to destroy,—were impervious to gentler remembrances that might have tempered their rage : they saw before them only the habitations of superstition—the monuments of idolatry : and so the fane and its hospital at the Claypots were torn down.\*

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\* It would seem that remnants of some of the religious houses were not so soon removed as has been supposed. The gateway of the Carthusian monastery, a beautiful piece of architecture, was saved entire and re-erected at one of the porches of St John's Church, where it remained for long. Our Lady's Chapel at the foot of High Street was partially preserved. Ruins of the Greyfriars Monastery, and portions of some of the lesser religious buildings, must have been standing in the year 1579, when the Kirk-Session proposed to form an Hospital (under King James' Charter) in the Greyfriars or in St Paul's Chapel, and further petitioned the Town Council "that no Walkers [Fullers] perk their webs, as in times past, upon the Greyfriars walls." The Privy Council of Scotland sat at Perth on 4th June, 1580,—the King, the Earls of Rothes and Montrose, Lords Ruthven and Cathcart, and the Commendator of St Colme's Inch, being present, when James Moncreif, patron of the chaplainry of St Paul, declared himself willing that "the pair within the hospital of St Paul should intromit with, bruik, and possess sameikle of the said chaplainry for their sustentation in time coming as was doted thereto of auld;" and a similar concession was granted by James Dunnyng, patron of the chaplainry of St Anna, to the poor of the hospital there. Again, in 1583, the Kirk-Session were considering the propriety of turning St Paul's Chapel into an Hospital, under the grant by King James. In 1594, the Chapel of St Catharine was not wholly demolished, as we find from a minute of Kirk-Session, dated the second December that year, that three persons brought before the Court, confessed "that they were present in St Catharine's Chapel as witnesses at the baptism" of a child, which baptism was performed by a person "deprived from all office of the holy ministry." Indeed, until a comparatively recent date mouldering remains of the Chapel and Hospital still cumbered the site. About the year 1862, a very remarkable relic came to light. While William Robertson, cow-feeder, was making repairs in the floor of his byre at the Claypots, he unearthed a small block of stone, which, on being cleaned and examined, proved to be the headless figure of a female seated, evidently one of the "idols" which once adorned the walls of the chapel buildings, and in the very condition, mutilated by violence, in which it had been flung aside by the mob. The old man kept the sculpture carefully, though he had no more fitting repository for it than a corner of the byre where it was found.



The news of the outbreak at Perth stunned the Queen Regent; for in this case it was the unexpected that had happened. Ocular demonstration was presented to her of the sacrilegious ruin which had been wrought. Most of the Friars of St Johnstoun, on being expelled from their monasteries, gathered themselves together in a motely flock in the outskirts of the city, and resolved to travel to Stirling, and tell their wrongs to the Regent, who alone had the power to find them redress. They "came from St Johnstoun" to Stirling, says an old writer, "as if it had been in procession, to shew to the Queen that they were dislodged, and made a grievous complaint as they had thought they had cause, albeit they were lawfully warned. For," adds this author, with sarcastic gravity, "in the end of October preceding, there was tickets of warning, at the instance of the whole poor people of this realm, affixt upon the doors of every place of friars within this country." The forcible eviction which, at Perth, had followed the warning was unprecedented in Scotland; and the example became contagious; for as soon as tidings of it reached the town of Cupar-Fife, the people rose in a tumult, and purged their parish church of all its images and altars.

Eight years afterwards, when Messrs D. & J. Morrison, joiners, erected their workshops on the vacant stance behind the byres, the image came into their possession, and it is now to be seen placed on a rockery in the garden of St Catharine's Cottage, belonging to Mr David Morrison. The figure bears every mark of antiquity. Not only has it lost its head (as the blessed Catharine herself did), but its two arms are also broken off and a portion of the lower limbs. It stands 22½ inches high in its present state, and is 13½ inches broad. From the appearance of the back, it seems to have been originally placed against a wall, in a niche or otherwise. The hands had evidently been joined or crossed on the breast. Traces of decorative work are still distinct on the collar of the mantle. It would be bold to affirm that this is the veritable image of St Catharine; but unquestionably it once formed an exterior or interior ornament of her chapel. Any of our readers can have an opportunity of seeing the image for themselves by simply calling at the place. We may also mention that during the Messrs Morrison's excavations immediately within the gate of their premises, the workmen came upon the foundation of an old building, which was doubtless that of the chapel.

But what moved the Regent's deepest resentment was the destruction of the house of the Carthusians at Perth, which was a royal foundation and contained the tombs of James I., his consort Joanna, and Margaret, consort of James IV. In her first gust of wrath she vowed that she would march to St Johnstoun, burn the city to ashes, and sow its site with salt, "in sign of perpetual desolation." Publicly denouncing the rising as an open rebellion, she summoned to her side the Duke of Chastelherault and the Earl of Atholl, and ordered D'Osell, the commander of the French troops, who were chiefly quartered in the coast towns of Fife, to collect his soldiers and bring them with all haste to Stirling. She also sent letters to the principal Lords of the Congregation, remonstrating with them for having espoused a rebellious cause. Moved by her words, the Earl of Argyle and the Lord James Stuart (afterwards Earl of Moray) repaired to Stirling, with their armed retainers, in order to clear themselves of the imputation of treason (for they were opposed to the demolition of the Church buildings), and to endeavour to promote an amicable arrangement between the royal lady and the Congregation.

The Popish friends of the Queen pressed her to extreme measures, constantly dinning in her ear such incitements as—"Forward upon the heretics! Let us once for all rid this realm of them!" Nor did Mary delay action. She left Stirling on the 18th May, at the head of the French forces, which included "four bands of Scottish soldiers" in the pay of France, and the little army was augmented by the followers of Argyle and others,—the total strength amounting to about 8000 men. From Stirling the Regent marched to Auchterarder, and there her camp was pitched to await the upcoming of her artillery. Had she advanced without a pause, she might have seized Perth; for the greater number of the strangers who previously assembled in the town had returned to their homes, leaving John Knox behind "to instruct" the inhabitants, "because they were young and rude in Christ," as the great

Reformer describes them. But when intelligence spread abroad of the menacing danger, the Protestants hurried back to the city, ready to devote their lives in defence of their religion. About the 22d May,—the Queen still keeping her camp at Auchterarder,—the Congregation in Perth issued four manifestoes in the shape of letters. One was addressed to the Regent, stating their demand for toleration, and requesting that she should not invade them with violence until the will of their Sovereigns, Mary, Queen of Scots, and her consort Francis, with that of the Council in France, was made known. The second letter was addressed to the Scottish nobility, explaining the objects for which the Congregation strove: the third was to the Commander of the French troops: and the fourth was a violent invective against the Catholic party, “the pestilent prelates and their shavelings within Scotland.” To support their bold and defiant attitude, the Congregation had only 5000 armed men at Perth—a force inadequate to cope with the trained soldiers of the Regent in the open field; but solicitations for aid were despatched to all quarters; and the Earl of Glencairn, at the head of 1300 foot and 1200 horsemen from the west country, made a rapid advance to the relief of the town. Hearing of this movement, the Queen’s captains endeavoured to arrest Glencairn’s progress by destroying all bridges over the Forth above Stirling; but the patriotic Earl held on his course, surmounting all obstacles and eluding opposition. Before his arrival at Perth, however, the congregation were suddenly distressed by the conduct of Lord Ruthven, the Provost of the city—“a man,” says Knox, “whom many judged stout and godly” in the Reformed cause, “as in very deed he was even to his last breath.” On Tuesday, the 23d May, Ruthven left the town, passing first to his ancestral castle, and thence proceeding to the Queen’s camp at Auchterarder. His “defection and revolt,” continues Knox, “was a great discouragement to the hearts of many: and yet did God so comfort his own, that within the space of twelve hours after, the hearts

of all men were erected again." Full of courage the Reformers marched out of Perth, and took up a position about a mile westward of the city, there to await the hostile army's advance.

That army, as yet, had made no further advance, but continued to lie at Auchterarder,—neither the Queen nor her captains seeming desirous of precipitating an appeal to the sword. The day after Ruthven's "defection and revolt," Mary took a pacific step. She deputed the Earl of Argyle, Lord James Stuart, and Lord Semple as envoys to the Reformers, with a request to know the reason of their convocation in arms. The three Lords were met by the Lairds of Dun, Pitarrow, Lundie, Balvaird, and others, on the part of the Congregation, who repudiated the charge of rebellion, and declared "that they were come thither to defend their friends and save the town from destruction;" that they were prepared to come to mediation; and "that if the Queen Regent would cease from troubling the professors of the true religion, and suffer the Reformation begun in the town to proceed, they should in all other things be obedient to her commandments." The envoys stayed over night in the town. Before they took their departure on Thursday morning, they granted an audience to the intrepid Knox, who bade them tell the Regent that "we, whom she in her blind rage doth persecute, are God's servants, faithful and obedient subjects to the authority of this realm;" that the religion which she upheld was false, and he offered to prove it to be so, "liberty of tongue being granted unto me, and God's written word being admitted for judge;" and, lastly, that "this her enterprise shall not prosperously succeed in the end, albeit for a time she trouble the saints of God; for she fights not against man only, but against the eternal God and his invincible verity." The Queen was ill pleased with the Congregation's answer, and brooded over it for two days. On Sunday, the 28th May, she sent the Lyon Herald to Perth, with letters to charge all strangers to quit the town on pain of treason. Such

proclamation was given. But meanwhile the Earl of Glencairn and his succours had arrived, raising the Protestant forces to upwards of 7000 men. Seeing the aspect of affairs changed for the worse, Mary consented that negotiations should be commenced : and for that end, she empowered Argyle, the Lord James, and the Abbot of Kilwinning, to meet with representatives of the Congregation.

Both parties met together on that same Sunday, and discussed the terms of "concord." Considerable difficulty arose in the way of an understanding. The Regent's policy had inspired so many of the Congregation with a deep distrust of her sincerity, that they openly declared they could put no reliance on any promise she might make. To this effect spoke John Knox and his brother-preacher, John Willock, who had come with Glencairn. They sought an interview with Argyle and the Lord James, and, after upbraiding them for having apparently forsaken the good cause which they had before supported, expressed the current suspicion that Mary would break any treaty whenever convenience required. The two nobles replied that their whole sympathies were still with the Congregation; but they had pledged their word to the Queen Regent to endeavour to bring about a concord, and they could not in honour do less than strive to fulfil their engagement. They solemnly added "that if the Queen did break in any jot" the agreement which might be formed "they, with their whole powers, would assist and concur with their brethren in all times to come." The preachers were obliged to be content with this assurance. The negotiators went on with their business, and before Sabbath came to a close, they had agreed upon terms of peace, which the Regent and the Congregation accepted, namely :—

1. That both the armies dissolving, the town should be left patent to the Queen.
2. That none of the inhabitants should be molested or called in question for the alteration they had made in religion.
3. That no Frenchmen should enter into the town, nor approach to it by the space of three miles; and that when

the Queen retired, there should no French garrison be left in the town.

4. That all other controversies should be delayed unto the next Parliament, or meeting of the Estates.

The Congregation were not well satisfied with the treaty; but they proceeded honestly to fulfil their obligation under it by evacuating the town of Perth. On the following day, the 29th, John Knox delivered another sermon in St John's Church, where his auditory included a number of the Queen's soldiers, who had come into the burgh to procure victuals; but no disturbance occurred on this occasion. Knox said he was thankful that effusion of blood was spared; but he had his doubts and apprehensions—nay, he was firmly persuaded that evil was in store. "I am assured," he cried, "that no part of this promise shall be longer kept than the Queen and her Frenchmen obtain the upper hand." His words found an echo in many hearts around him. After sermon, the chief men of the Congregation, filled with the like fears that troubled the soul of the preacher, judged it prudent to draw up and subscribe a Bond or Covenant, which should become operative in the event of the Regent falsifying her word. By this document it was provided thus:—

In case that any trouble be intended against the said congregations, or any part or member thereof, the whole Congregation shall concur, assist, and convene together, to the defence of the same Congregation, or person troubled; and shall not spare labours, goods, substances, bodies, and lives in maintaining the liberties of the whole Congregation, and every member thereof, against whatsoever power that shall intend the said trouble, for cause of religion, or any other cause depending thereupon, or laid to their charge under pretence thereof, although it happen to be coloured with any other outward cause.

The subscribers, in name of the confederation, were the Earls of Argyle and Glencairn, Lords Boyd and Ochiltree, Lord James Stuart, and Matthew Campbell of Teringland. The Covenant being thus formally homologated, the main body of the Reformers with their preachers—those who were not inhabitants of Perth—departed out of the city about two o'clock in the afternoon. Behind remained the Earl of Argyle, Lord James Stuart, and Lord Ruthven, the Provost, to re-

ceive their royal mistress. The townspeople—and especially the “rascal multitude” that tore down the rooks’ nests—awaited her coming with fear and trembling, remembering well how she had threatened to wrap the city in flames and sow its foundations with salt.

In the evening, while the sun was setting on old Bertha, and her encircling hills, and gowany meadows, and broad flowing river flashing with the golden splendours, the Regent’s train, with banners displayed and gleaming arms, appeared on the brow of the western uplands that overlooked the smiling valley of the Tay. But there a sad sight greeted the eye of Mary. May morning’s sun when it rose on the Fair City had gilded towers and steeples now levelled with the dust: and the scene now betrayed such a change as could not escape the observation of the most careless spectator. The sunset of this May eve shone ruddily on remarkable masses of ruins—the half-demolished walls of noble buildings, standing amidst pleasant orchards white with blossom. There, on the left, the Monastery of the Carmelites, or White Friars, was scarcely distinguishable in its dilapidation as the remains of a religious edifice. Nearer to the town, on the same hand, the Chapels and Hospitals of St Catharine and St Paul, shewed grievous proof of the destroyers’ work. Yonder, to the right, the great house of the Carthusians, the only one of the Order in all Scotland, and a stately structure on which much art had been expended, was another shapeless mass of devastation. As the Queen rode on, the highway became strewed with the rubbish of demolished buildings, and her palfrey stumbled now and again over shattered fragments of stone images and crosses. Bitter must her thoughts have been,—deep her horror at so much sacrilege,—while wounded pride prompted a yearning for vengeance,—as her wandering eye sought in vain for those prominent objects which once gave grace and picturesqueness to the view of the ancient burgh,—not one of which remained save the square tower of St John’s Church, that

rose loftily over the surrounding house-tops. Well might a tear of disappointment and wrath steal down her cheek as she beheld the tokens of a revolution which was opposed to all the principles of her faith and all the most cherished associations of her life—a revolution which mocked her power, and might hurl the Scottish crown from her daughter's head.

The Regent was attended by several of her ladies, and also by the Duke of Chastelherault, the Earl of Athole, the Earl Marischal, D'Osell, the French Commander, the Archbishops of St Andrews and Glasgow, and the Bishops of Dunkeld and Dunblane: and her escort consisted of a party of the French musketeers, veterans of many wars and devoted soldiers of Holy Church. To the sound of trumpets and clarions, and with the roll of drums, the Queen approached the Highgate Port, the gate of which was thrown open, revealing a crowded street beyond. There she received the keys of the surrendered city from Lord Ruthven and the magistracy, along with whom stood the Earl of Argyle and Lord James. She passed through the port, and came in full view of the multitude. The High Street was thronged throughout. The fore-stairs, and the windows and wooden balconies of the old-fashioned tenements, were full of gazers, watching a pageant which they dreaded might bring them woe, although a winsome lady, the mother of their Sovereign, was the chief figure in the spectacle. Mary of Guise was now somewhat turned of forty, and in the seventeenth year of her widowhood. The cares of State had latterly pressed heavily upon her, still much of the early charm of her beauty remained. Her fair complexion was clouded with anxiety and sorrow, her pale brow bore here and there a wrinkle, and her hazel eye had lost the joyous sparkle of other days: yet was she still a captivating woman, and right queenly paced she on her palfrey in the midst of her ladies and lords, and reverend bishops, and moustachied guardsmen, — the latter glancing fiercely at the crowd, as though eager to pour a volley upon them.



Little welcome met the Regent on her entry. A few partisans raised faint cheers; but the populace generally were dumb,—they looked at the show, without offering loyal congratulation. The very presence of the French musketeers aroused afresh all the suspicions of the Queen's perfidy, and imposed a cold and ominous silence on the citizens. Thus the Regent slowly made her way down the street towards the royal lodging,—that being, we suppose, the mansion on the east side of the Watergate, which the Provost of Methven had exchanged with James IV. for the lands of Busby. But the pageant was destined to be marred by a tragic event, which might be reckoned as another martyrdom for the cause of the Congregation.\*

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\* *Miscellany of the Wodrow Society*, vol. i., p. 57 (A Historie of the Estate of Scotland from July 1558 to April 1560); *Register of the Privy Council of Scotland*, vol. iii., p. 288; Knox's *History of the Reformation*, Book ii.; Calderwood's *History*, vol. i.; Spottiswoode's *History*, vol. i.; Keith's *History*, vol. i.; Tytler's *History of Scotland*; Pitscottie's *Cronicles of Scotland*, vol. ii.

**"ST JOHNSTOUN'S RIBBONS;" OR, THE  
MARTYRDOMS IN PERTH.—Part 5th.**

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And never may the land whose flowers spring fresh from  
martyr graves,  
A moment's parley hold with Rome, her mimics or her  
slaves,  
A moment palter with the chains whose scars are on her  
yet,  
Earth must give up the dead again—ere Scotland can  
forget!

*Lays of the Kirk and Covenant.*

AMONG the burgesses of Perth who supported the Reformation, one of the most notable was Patrick Murray, Laird of Tibbermuir. Apparently before his adoption of the new opinions, he had gone as a soldier to France. This was in 1552, when a Scottish contingent, under the Earl of Cassillis as Lieutenant-General, and Patrick, Lord Ruthven, as cornet of the footmen, was raised for the French service. To the chief volunteers joining this force, the Scottish Government, on 12th December of the above year, granted special exemption from all law-process at home during their absence, and for forty days after their return: and the list of those so exempted includes the names of Patrick Murray of Tibbermuir and John Murray, his brother, and of other Perthshire men. Only for a short time could Patrick have served in France, as at the Michaelmas of 1554, he was chosen second Bailie of Perth, which office he filled for a year. In 1555, he was a member of the Town Council. He is next met with in the spring of 1559, as co-cautioner with the Laird of Dun for John Christison and William Harlaw, two of the Protestant preachers whom the Queen Regent summoned for trial at Stirling; and upon this obligation the two sureties were most unjustly fined. The fact of the cautionry shews that Patrick Murray was a prominent man in the Congregation: and he is described

by John Knox as "a man fervent in religion, and that boldly had sustained all dangers in that trouble." It is uncertain whether Murray was in Perth when the Queen Regent made her entry; but, at any rate, his family were there. His house, which faced the street,—presumably the High Street,—had an outside stair, a fore-stair as it was called; and when the Queen rode into the town, a number of persons, among whom was the Laird's son, a boy of ten or twelve years of age, stood on the steps to see the procession go by. As the Queen approached, the French guards began to discharge their muskets in the air by way of a *feu de joie*, and when opposite Murray's house seven or eight of them deliberately pointed their pieces towards his crowded stair, and fired a volley. For a moment the smoke obscured everything; but the rattle of the musketry was followed by a shrill cry of pain and a shout of terror and execration. Murray's son had received a bullet, and was sinking on the stair in the agonies of death! Nobody else was struck: only one musket seemed to have been loaded with ball. Perhaps it was an accident, due to the carelessness of a soldier; but there were many people who thought it a designed murder. Whether murder or no, the boy was killed, and what ensued only served to deepen the general impression of foul play. The procession passed on, and the Regent reached her lodging. But she had not divested herself of her riding-habit when a tumult arose beneath her window, and she was informed that the populace had brought the dead body of Murray's boy, and laid it down at her gate, and were calling for justice on the assassin. The Queen, who had apparently been ignorant of the fatal event until it was related to her, treated it with heartless levity and mockery. "It is a pity it chanced on the son, and not on the father," she said, with a vindictive smile. "But seeing that so it has chanced, I cannot help fortune." Such was all the regret she had to express for the boy's death; and "this," says Knox, "was her happy entry into St Johnstoun, and the great zeal she bore to justice."

Could the citizens be blamed for counting the slaughter as another martyrdom for the Reformed cause? \*

\* Here we may note what particulars of the subsequent life of the Laird of Tibbermuir we have been able to ascertain, and which require to be stated apart from our main narrative. Doubtless the death of his boy intensified Patrick Murray's antagonism to the Romish supremacy. At Michaelmas, 1559, he was made first Bailie of Perth; and in 1560 he was re-elected to the same chair. In 1563 he was chosen third Bailie. At the elections of 1564 he became first Bailie, which office he retained at those of 1565. The next mention of him is in connection with the assassination of David Rizzio, in which desperate outrage the Provost of Perth, Lord Ruthven, was a chief actor, having risen from a sick-bed to perform his part. A minute of the Privy Council of Scotland, dated 19th March, 1565-66, includes Patrick Murray of Tibbermuir in the number of those nobles and others accused of being accessory to the murder; and on the 8th June following he is again named among the same persons, who were then denounced as rebels for not compearing to answer to the charge. The process, however, did him no harm. Another minute of the Privy Council, dated 2nd April, 1567, shews that Mary, Queen of Scots, "for the furtherance and advancement of her Majesty's service and common weal of the burgh of Perth," saw meet to order the election of a new Town Council and Magistracy; and among those whom she directed to be chosen for the Council was Patrick Murray of Tibbermuir. At the following Michaelmas he was elected first Bailie, which office he held for a year. In the National Convention which assembled at Perth, on 28th July, 1569, to consider proposals for the establishment of a joint government of Scotland by Queen Mary and her son, James, the burgh of Perth was represented by Patrick Murray and Thomas Monypenny, Dean of Guild, both of whom voted against the motion, which was negatived by a large majority. Murray also acted, in the Convention, as one of the Commissioners appointed by the General Assembly to lay on the table certain articles in the interest of the Kirk. At the ensuing Michaelmas election in Perth, Patrick Murray obtained the Dean of Guildship, and in 1570 he was re-elected to the same dignity. Several years elapse before he is heard of again, and then his name turns up repeatedly in the books of the Privy Council, in relation to local feuds. The Privy Council sat in Stirling Castle, on 15th June, 1579, when William Douglas of Lochleven, as procurator for the parties, gave in for registration, a Bond or Obligation executed at Balward on the 11th June, and signed by Laurence, Lord Oliphant, and his son and heir-apparent, Laurence, Master of Oliphant, as principals, and by the said William Douglas of Lochleven, and James Sandilands of St Monance, as cautioners and sureties for

The death of the boy was an evil omen for the Queen's sway in St Johnstoun; and the callous and insulting manner in which she spoke of the sad catastrophes irritated all men, rendering her authority still more odious. In fact, she seemed set upon forfeiting

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the two, in presence of Laurence Oliphant, portioner of Williamstown, and Andrew Olipher of Gagy, as witnesses: the obligation being to the effect "that Andrew Murray of Arngask, knight, William Moncreif, fiar of that Ilk, and Patrick Murray of Tibbermuir, their kin, friends, men, tenants, servants, assisters, and partakers, shall be unhurt, unharmed, unmolested, invaded, troubled, or in any ways pursued," by Lord Oliphant and his son or their dependents, "for whatsoever cause, quarrel, or occasion bygane, preceding the date hereof, unto the first day of September next to come:" the penalty to be 20,000 merks, one-half to go to the King, and the other half to the person or persons offended, as was usual in such cases. A counter-part Bond for Sir Andrew Murray and others, binding them not to molest the Oliphants, under the like penalty, was also given in for registration. The Council sat again in Stirling Castle, on 25th August following, when the above matter was brought under consideration; and seeing that no arrangement had yet been made for removing the occasion of the troubles and differences, it was now ordered that both parties should appear before the King and Council, on the 6th September, under pain of rebellion, to submit to such arrangement as might be thought best, and should also meanwhile refrain from convocation in arms or mutual injury, "by occasion of leading of the teinds of the Kirks of Dumbarney, Pettie [Pottie], and Moncreif;" suffering the said teinds to be led as in time past, till new order be taken in the matter. On the 12th of September same year, the Council met in Stirling Castle, and further proceedings were taken in the case. The two Oliphants, on the one part, and Murray of Arngask, Moncreif, younger of that Ilk, and Murray of Tibbermuir, on the other, having made no arrangement for removal of their differences, both parties were now charged, under pain of rebellion, to subscribe a Bond "by themselves and twa responsible persons sureties for either party to be insert therein, to endure unto the first of December next to come, wherethrough the occasions of the said differences may be removed." Beyond this date we cannot trace the Laird of Tibbermuir. But his descendants continued to hold the lands for another century. The Rental Book of Perthshire, drawn up in 1649, contains this entry:—"George Murray of Tibbermuir, for Newbigging, Kirkton of Tibbermuir, and St Colme's lands, with acres and pertinents—£346 13s 4d." This George Murray, in November, 1651, granted a Bond for 2000 merks to John Mercer, Town-Clerk of Perth.

and obliterating every vestige of the respect which she had formerly enjoyed in Perth, before the religious troubles rose to a head. She had not been a bad friend to the town, but had granted it some special favours,—one, for example, so recently as in 1557, whereby the citizens were exempted from the trouble and expense of serving upon Assizes in other parts of the kingdom. This was done by letters signed at Edinburgh, 9th June, 1557, of the following tenor :—

Forsameikle as it is understand to us that our burgh of Perth is ane dry town, far distant fra the sea or to ony other part thereof, and the hail traffic and change stands by Craftsmen that daily and continually labours with their bodies, wha has na other to live on: and that in this troublous time bypast the inhabitants thereof has been put to great and exorbitant expenses, by summoning and compelling of them, at all times, to come forth of our said burgh, when they are charged, and compear before our Justice, his deputes, and others, judges and ministers of our laws of our realm, in passing upon Assizes, Inquests, and otherwise, through the whilk they are put to poverty, and may not endure sic charges in time coming. For eschewing of the whilks, and willing that they be used in semblable [similar] manner in time coming as the inhabitants of our burgh of Dundee, who are of great puissance [power, wealth], situate in mair commodious part nor our said burgh of Perth, has exempted and by thir our Letters exempts all and sundry the inhabitants within our said burgh of Perth and freedom thereof, in all time coming, fra all compearance before you our said Justice, Justice-Clerks, Sheriffs, Stewarts, Bailies, Coroners, Provosts, Aldermen, and Bailies of our burghs, or any other Judges within our realm, and passing upon Assizes and Inquests in whatsomever actions and causes, criminal or civil, committed by whatsomever person or persons within our said realm; excepting always, gif the saids crimes be committed within our said burgh of Perth, or ane mile thereabout allanerly: and will and grants that the saids inhabitants nor nane of them, for their remaining and biding at hame fra the saids Assizes and Inquests, shall incur na danger nor skaith in their persons, lands, or goods, in ony wise, and shall not be called nor accused therefor, neither criminally nor civilly in time coming, &c.

For this exemption from what was an annoying burden, the citizens must have been grateful to the Regent: but her policy towards the Reformation proved such as to alienate their regard. Religious bigotry, the principles in vogue at Paris and Madrid, warped her better qualities, blinded her judgment, and hurried her

on to tyrannical excesses which widened and deepened the breach between her and a great part of the nation. Her good faith in relation to the treaty under which she obtained possession of Perth was openly doubted : and within three days she adopted measures which amply fulfilled the worst suspicions. Either of her own determination, or by the advice of the violent partisans by whom she was surrounded, she broke through every article of the treaty. Most of the expelled priests and friars—a very “swarm of papists,” says Knox, returned after her to Perth, and, amid the ruin and desolation of their sanctuaries, “began straight to make provision for their mass; and because the altars were not so easily to be repaired again, they provided tables, whereof some before used to serve for drunkards, dicers, and carders, but they were holy enough for the priest and his pageant.” Moreover, “the Queen began to rage against all godly and honest men; their houses were oppressed by the Frenchmen; the lawful magistrates, as well Provost as Bailies, were unjustly, and without all order, deposed from their authority.” She intruded John Charteris of Kinfauns (he who fought and lost the Battle of the Bridge in 1545) into the office of Provost, in place of Lord Ruthven, “whereat,” continues Knox, “all honest men were offended; they left their own houses, and with their wives and children sought amongst their brethren some resting-place for a time.” Mary, however, made no long stay in the town, but soon found it expedient to go back to Stirling. To ensure a firm hold of the city in her absence,—for Perth being walled, and capable of a stout defence, and being also the key of an important province, its possession was of essential advantage in the prospect of farther strife,—she ordered the four bands or “ensigns” of Scottish soldiers, about 600 strong, serving in French pay, to march in and garrison the place. It was objected that this was a manifest breach of the article in the capitulation which stipulated “that when the Queen retired, there should no French garrison be left in the town.” Mary defended

herself with the transparent quibble that the soldiers were Scotsmen and not French, though receiving the wages of France. When pressed on the point, she answered "that she was bound to no heretics to keep promise: and, moreover, that she promised only to leave the town void of French soldiers, which she said she did, because that these which were left within were Scotsmen." To this it was replied "that all those that took wages of France were counted French soldiers." But she closed the dispute by saying—"Princes must not straitly be bound to keep their promises. Myself would make little conscience to take from all that sort their lives and heritages, if I might do it with as honest an excuse." And having planted her garrison, she departed for Stirling. As soon as her back was turned, Argyle, the Lord James, and Lord Ruthven, with the Earl of Menteith and the Laird of Tullibardine, secretly left Perth, attended by all their followers. The Regent's conduct had outraged their endurance, and they now bound themselves to act together in defence of the Congregation. When the Queen heard of their flight she was very wroth, and sent letters after them charging them to return to St Johnstoun under pain of her highest displeasure. Their answer was "that with safe conscience they could not be partakers of so manifest tyranny as by her was committed, and of so great iniquity as they perceived devised by her and her ungodly council, the prelates." Argyle and the Lord James gave this answer on the 1st of June, and then repaired to St. Andrews, whence they sent letters calling a conference of the heads of their party, to be held in that place on the 4th of the month,—that the position of national affairs might be fully considered.

The leading Reformers met at St Andrews, on the day appointed, under the eye of Archbishop Hamilton, who abode in the Castle. The policy of the Congregation began to broaden. A new demand, in addition to freedom for the exercise of the Protestant faith, was about to be formulated, namely, that the French troops should be sent out of Scotland—a demand which struck



at the root of the Regent's power. At the same time, John Knox was in the van of the battle,—arousing Fife with his fervid denunciations of Rome, the effect of which was that in Crail and Anstruther his sermons were followed by the “purging” of the churches of these towns, after the Perth fashion. To put a stop to such proceedings, the Queen Regent took the field, marching her troops from Stirling to Falkland, where she halted, being within about a dozen of miles from St Andrews, the head-quarters of her enemies, whom she intended to surprise by a sudden and secret advance. Knox passed on to the archiepiscopal city, announcing that he would preach in the Cathedral, on Sunday, the 11th June. The Archbishop in his castle, hearing of this design to beard the lion in his den, assembled about a hundred of his retainers in arms, and despatched a verbal intimation to the Protestant Lords “that in case the said John Knox presented himself to the preaching place in his [the Primate's] town and principal kirk, he should gar him be saluted with a dozen of culverins, whereof the most part should light on his nose.” Even the Lords counselled Knox to forego his resolution for the sake of peace. But the undaunted Reformer was inflexible. It was in St Andrews, he said, that he was first called to be a preacher of the Word: it was thence he was dragged to the French gallies: during his slavery in the gallies he had predicted that he would again preach in St Andrews before he died: and now he would lift up his voice in that Cathedral, whatever came of it. “As for the fear of danger that may come to me,” he added, “let no man be solicitous, for my life is in the custody of Him whose glory I seek; and, therefore, I cannot so fear their boast nor tyranny, that I will cease from doing my duty, when God of his mercy offereth the occasion. I desire the hand nor weapon of no man to defend me; only I crave audience; which, if it be denied here unto me at this time, I must seek further where I may have it.” In this spirit, he who never feared the face of man held forth in the Cathedral as he had proposed, and a multitude attended to hear

him. The Archbishop kept back his jackmen behind his battlements, and merely watched the event. Knox's text was the expulsion of the money-changers out of the Temple; and we may guess how such a subject was handled and applied to the circumstances of the moment. The examples of Perth, Crail, and Anstruther were before the people, who, as soon as sermon was ended, attacked the "monuments of idolatry" with the greatest fury, reducing St Andrews to a city of ruins!

An fearfu' the stramash and stour,  
 Whan pinnacle cam down and tow'r,  
 And Virgin Maries in a shower  
 Fell flat and smash't their faces.  
 The copper roofs that dazzlit heaven  
 Were frae their rafters rent and riven,  
 The marble altars dash't and driven;  
 The cods wi' velvet laces,  
 The silver ewers and candlesticks,  
 The purple stole and gowden pyx,  
 And tunakyls and dalmatyks,  
 Cam' tumblin' frae their cases.

Affrighted almost out of his wits, Archbishop Hamilton fled to the headquarters of the Royal army at Falkland with the doleful news; and the Regent, in a rage, ordered her army, about 3000 strong, to advance upon St Andrews next day. Her troops accordingly marched on Monday; but she still remained at Falkland. The Lords of the Congregation, whose force was very slender, only about 100 horse, pushed forward to Cupar, and took up a position on the moor westward of that town. They summoned aid from all quarters, and aid came. "Finally," writes Knox, "God did so multiply our number, that it appeared as men had rained from the clouds." Tuesday morning, the 13th June, dawned darkly, — a thick fog spreading over the low grounds: for hours it rested on the scene: but when the sun broke through, and the mist-wreaths rose and melted in the summer air, the hostile armies found themselves in view of each other,—the River Eden, then broad and deep, flowing sluggishly between. The Reformers had the preponderance in strength, about 7000 men being arrayed under their standards. Lord Rothes had brought a thousand foot; Lord Ruthven

was there with a squadron of Perthshire horse : Provost Haliburton, of Dundee, commanded a body of his citizens : the men of St Andrews were also in the field. When the experienced eye of D'Osell scanned the masses of spearmen and troops of cavalry, with their cannon and powder-carts, on the opposite side of the river, he hesitated about giving battle,—manœvered his troops,—feigned attacks,—but never sent a soldier across the Eden. Thus the time ran by; and then negotiation was proposed. It was the safest course for the Regent's party. Envoys from both sides met, and a truce for eight days was agreed upon, with other conditions, as expressed in the "Assurance" which was drawn up and signed on the spot:—

WE, James, Duke of Chastelherault, Earl of Arran, Lord Hamilton, and my Lord D'Osell, lieutenant for the King in these parts, for themselves, their assisters and partakers, being presently with them in company, by the tenor hereof promits faithfully to my lords, Archibald Earl of Argyle, and James, Commendator of the Priory of St Andrews, to their assisters and partakers, being presently with them in company, that we and our company foresaid shall retire incontinent to Falkland, and shall with diligence transport the Frenchmen, and other folks now present with us; and that no Frenchmen, nor other soldiers of ours, shall remain within the bounds of Fife, but [except] so many as, before the raising of the last army, lay in Dysart, Kirkcaldy, and Kinghorn, and the same to live in the same places only, if we shall think good; and this to have effect for the space of eight days following the date hereof exclusive, that, in the meantime, certain noblemen, by advice of the Queen's Grace and the rest of the Council, may convene, to talk of such things as may make good order and quietness amongst the Queen's lieges. And further, we, nor none of our assisters being present with us, shall invade, trouble, or disquiet the said lords or their assisters, during the said space. And this we bind and oblige us, upon our loyal fidelity and honour, to observe and keep in every point above written, without fraud or guile. In witness whereof we have subscribed these presents with our hands, at Garliebank, the 13th day of June.

Whilst the armies were facing each other on Cupar Moor, Sir James Melvil of Halhill, Envoy from the Court of France, arrived at Falkland, and had an audience of the Regent. She complained to him bitterly of "her disobedient subjects. And even as I

was speaking with her," he says, "the Duke and Monsieur D'Osel returned from the said muir without battle. Whereat the Queen was much offended, thinking they had lost a very fair occasion." Mary's pride was mortified: another Treaty was to be broken: and soon the storm-clouds of iconoclasm and war were to roll back upon the Fair City.\*

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\* *Register of the Privy Council of Scotland*, vol. i., pp. 135, 437, 462, 505; vol. ii., pp. 2-9; vol. iii., pp. 183, 208, 215, 216; *The Muses Threnodie* (List of Perth Magistrates); Knox's *History of the Reformation in Scotland*, Book 2nd; Calderwood's *History*, vol. i., pp. 460-468; vol. ii., p. 493; Bishop Keith's *History*, Book 1st, cap. 8; Archbishop Spottiswoode's *History*, vol. i., p. 274; Tytler's *History of Scotland*; *Rentall of the County of Perth*, p. 24; Pitcairn's *Criminal Trials*, vol. i., Part 1st, p. 418; *Memoirs of Sir James Melvil of Halhill*, p. 65.

**"ST JOHNSTOUN'S RIBBONS," OR,  
THE MARTYRDOMS IN PERTH.—Part 6th.**

Hence of St Johnstoun's ribband came the word  
In such a frequent use.

*The Muses Threnodie.*

SIR JAMES MELVIL had been sent to Scotland by the French Court with conciliatory instructions. Somehow there had suspicions got afloat in Paris regarding the secret motives and ulterior aims of the Lord James Stuart in throwing the weight of his influence into the Protestant scale: and Melvil was directed to make diligent enquiry on this point. As to the religious troubles, his instructions, as given by the Constable of France, concluded thus:—"If it be only religion that moves them, we must commit Scotsmen's souls unto God; for we have difficulty enough to rule the consciences of Frenchmen. It is the obedience due unto their lawful Queen with the body that the King desires. If any promise be made to them, and not kept, the King nor I are not to be blamed. If they desire any other lieutenant in place of D'Osel, the King will send one, who I hope shall please them." Had the Congregation been dealt with honestly in this spirit, a compromise might have been practicable; but the Queen Regent, swayed by the counsels of the Romish party, pursued a policy tending only to embitter the quarrel. One of the worst defects in her character was an unqueenly disregard of her promises. The "Assurance" had been duly signed, and the Congregation, believing that it would be honourably observed, withdrew their forces to the town of Cupar, where most of their number withdrew to their homes. The Lords returned to St Andrews, there to abide the coming of the noblemen whom the Queen was to send to treat for a lasting pacification. But they waited in vain. The Queen sent nobody, but hastened preparations to cross the

Forth with her soldiers and artillery. Finding themselves thus duped, the Lords resolved to summon a convocation of the Reformers of Perthshire, Angus, and Mearns to meet at St Johnstoun, on Saturday, the 24th of June. As heavy complaints were coming in from Perth concerning the way in which Provost Charteris and the Queen's troops occupying the town were oppressing and tyrannising over the Protestant inhabitants, the Earl of Argyle and the Lord James sent a letter to the Regent, pointing out how the treaty in regard to Perth had been violated, and urging that the garrison should be removed. No answer, however, was deigned : for which reason the leaders of the Congregation deemed it their duty to endeavour to turn out the garrison, and liberate the town.

Whilst the Reformers were thronging from all quarters to the rendezvous at the Fair City, a crowd of them from Fife passed by way of the Abbey of Lindores. This great establishment of Tyronensian monks was founded in 1178, by Earl David, brother of William the Lion, on his return from the Holy Land. It possessed much wealth, and twenty-two parish churches belonged to it. The buildings were spacious, and the situation was so pleasant that an old topographical writer asserts that "it is thought ~~nothing~~ ~~venomous~~ liveth there." The excited Reformers believed that their duty called them to "purge" the Abbey in the usual fashion. They attacked the place, and, making good their entry, spread havoc around them. The monks fared like others of their brethren : their house "was reformed, their altars overthrown, their idols, vestments of idolatry, and mass-books were burnt in their own presence, and they commanded to cast away their monkish habit." And so Ichabod was written by the hand of Ruin over the portal of that rich abbey, which had boasted of the Inquisitor, Laurence of Lindores,—the prosecutor of Resby and Crawar;—and soon, instead of the monkish chant, the hoot of the owl echoed from the roofless fans, and the night wind moaned through the broken arches.

Fast the tempest-clouds gathered around St Johnstoun. Saturday, the 24th of June, saw the numerous forces of the Congregation environing the walls, which were defended by the 600 Scottish soldiers in French pay. Argyle, Ruthven, Menteith, the Lord James, the Laird of Glenurchy, and other leaders were in the field; and John Knox, in the midst of the host, went about animating every man with a portion of his own indomitable spirit. The Reformers designed attacking the town from opposite quarters. On the west side, Lord Ruthven threw up batteries and planted them with cannon: and the citizens of Dundee, under Provost Haliburton, occupied the east bank of the Tay, and placed their artillery in position to sweep the Bridge. When everything was ready for the opening of a cannonade, a trumpeter was sent to the town with a summons to the captains of the garrison to evacuate the place, "and to leave it to the ancient liberty and just inhabitants of the same; also commanding the Laird of Kinfauns, inset Provost by the Queen, with the captains foresaid, to cast up the ports of the town, and make the same patent to all our Sovereign's lieges," to the effect that true religion might be upheld, and idolatry suppressed, and the old privileges of the town restored; "adding thereto, if they foolishly resisted, and therein happened to commit murder, that they should be entreated as murderers." The answer of the captains was simply "that they would keep and defend that town, according to their promise made to the Queen Regent." Nothing more was to be said. The attack was now about to begin, when three envoys from the Regent—being the Earl of Huntly, Lord Erskine, and Bellenden, the Justice Clerk—arrived at the besiegers' camp. Their object was to procure some delay. Argyle, Ruthven, and the Lord James met them, but finding that no definite terms were offered, they closed the conference with the declaration "that they would not delay their purpose an hour; and therefore willed them to certify the captains in the town, that if by pride and foolishness they would keep the town, and in so doing slay any

of their brethren, that they every one should die as murderers." Huntly and his two friends, much displeased, then departed. Another summons was sent to the town, and the answer was in the former terms, —the Queen's soldiers being obviously determined to try the chances of battle, and brave the deadly threats of their enemies. The long Midsummer day had now been wasted. The sun had gone down behind the Grampians : yet as the balmy gloaming, with its purple haze and its fanning breeze, gathered over the Fair City and the green valley of the Tay, and as the clock of St John's solemnly tolled ten, the batteries of the besiegers opened, enveloping the scene in wreaths of smoke. Lord Ruthven's artillery fired first, and the crag of Kinnoull had scarcely ceased to reverberate the booming thunders, when the Dundee cannon followed in chorus. The garrison replied from their battlements, killing one of the Dundee men, and wounding two others. But before another round was discharged from either side, a flag of truce came out from the town, with a message from the captains desiring that hostilities should be suspended till noon next day, on a pledge from them "that if ere that hour there came no relief unto them from the Queen Regent, that they would render the town, providing that they should be suffered to depart the town with ensigns displayed." The besiegers consented to the proposal, and the Sabbath dawned in peace. Hour after hour of the quiet Sabbath morning wore away. St John's struck twelve, and the meridian sun shone on no succours advancing over the western hills. So the Queen's soldiers threw wide the ports, and, marching out with colours flying, left the city at the will of the Congregation. Lord Ruthven was forthwith reinstalled in his office of Provost.

This success being achieved, and with so little bloodshed, the Reformers next turned their attention to the Abbey and Palace of Scone, which were held by the Bishop of Moray, with a band of armed retainers, whose presence threatened fresh trouble to the city. Patrick Hepburn, Bishop of Moray, was third son of



Patrik, first Earl of Bothwell, and had the gift of the Abbey of Soone in perpetual commendam. He was in evil odour with the Congregation, being a man of disreputable morals, and having been a prime mover in the martyrdom of Walter Mill. Knowing that he resided in the Abbey, the Lords of the Congregation wrote a letter to him, on the Monday (as appears), stating "that unless he would come and assist them, they neither would spare nor save his place." To which he wrote back "that he would come and do as they thought expedient; and that he would assist them with all his force, and would vote with them against the rest of the clergy in Parliament." The Bishop was wonderfully compliant! But grievous mischances occurred to spoil his compliance. "Because," says Knox, "his answer was slow in coming, the town of Dundee, partly offended for the slaughter of their man, and specially bearing no good favour to the said Bishop," marched upon the Abbey. "To stay them was first sent the Provost of Dundee, and his brother, Alexander Haliburton, captain, who little prevailing, was sent unto them John Knox; but before his coming they were entered to the pulling down of the idols and dortour [*dormitorium*, or sleeping chamber]. And albeit the said Mr James Haliburton, Alexander his brother, and the said John, did what in them lay to have stayed the fury of the multitude; yet were they not able to put order universally; and therefore they sent for the Lords, Earl of Argyle and Lord James, who coming with all diligence, laboured to have saved the place and the kirk. But because the multitude had found, buried in the kirk, a great number of idols hid of purpose to have preserved them to a better day,—as the Papists spake,—the towns of Dundee and St Johnstoun could not be satisfied, till that the whole reparation and ornaments of the kirk—as they termed it—were destroyed. And yet did the Lords so travail, that they saved the Bishop's palace, with the church and place, for that night; for the two Lords did not depart till they brought with them the whole number

of those that most sought the Bishop's displeasure." This is Knox's own description of what he saw: and he goes on to tell how "the Bishop's servants that same night began to fortify the place again, and began to do violence to some that were carrying away such baggage as they could come by. The Bishop's gernel [granary] was kept the first night by the labours of John Knox, who by exhortation removed such as would violently have made eruption." That same evening, likewise, intelligence reached Perth that the Queen Regent intended to seize Stirling and the passes of the Forth. Immediately the Lords resolved to anticipate her by a night-march. For this end, an expeditionary force was selected, and of the number 300 citizens of Perth volunteered themselves. To testify their resolution to prosecute their cause to the death, each of these worthy burgesses wound a rope about his neck, "that whoever deserted the colours should certainly be hanged by these ropes." And so Argyle and Lord James led the way to Stirling.

Morning brought blacker disasters to Scone. "Some of the poor," says Knox, "in hope of spoil, and some of Dundee, to consider what was done, passed up to the said Abbey of Soone; whereat the Bishop's servants offended, began to threaten and speak proudly: and, as it was constantly affirmed, one of the Bishop's sons stoggit [stabbed] through with a rapier one of Dundee, for because he was looking in at the gernel door." Knox, it will be observed, was not an eye-witness of this fact, as he had probably gone back to Perth in the morning to seek some repose after his night's thankless vigil. "The bruit" of the bloodshed "noised abroad,—the town of Dundee was more enraged than before, who, putting themselves in armour, sent word to the inhabitants of St Johnstoun, 'that unless they should support them to avenge that injury, that they should never after that day concur with them in any action.' The multitude, easily inflamed, gave the alarm, and so was that abbey and place appointed to sackage; in doing whereof they took no long delibera-

tion, but committed the whole to the merciment of fire, wherat no small number of us," continues Knox, "were so offended, that patiently we could not speak to any that were of Dundee or St Johnstoun:" and he adds that "assuredly, if the labours or travails of any man could have saved that place, it had not been at that time destroyed; for, men of great estimation laboured with all diligence for the safety of it." In the midst of the destruction of buildings so famous in the Scottish annals, an aged woman, who dwelt in the little township of Scone, stood by, and, viewing the spread of the flames, raised her voice, and exclaimed that now she saw and understood that God's judgments were just, and that where He would punish, no man was able to save. If all men knew as much as she did, of the iniquities which had been practised within that abbey, none would be offended, but all would rejoice in this fiery ruin. Her speech encouraged the reckless mob in their work: every effort to stay them was in vain: and thus perished the venerable Abbey and Palace of Scone.

The band of Reformers under Argyle and Lord James Stuart made what speed they could to Stirling. They were received by the inhabitants with great joy: and presently the "purging" of that town from idolatry was commenced, and carried through with the most zealous spirit. The Queen Regent, hearing how she had been forestalled in the possession of Stirling, retreated towards Dunbar: and the Reformers marched by Linlithgow to Edinburgh, which they entered on Thursday, the 29th June.

The circumstance of the 300 men of Perth putting ropes about their necks, originated a popular phrase, which has descended to our day,—the ropes being called "*St Johnstoun's Ribbons*," a name by which halters came to be distinguished in common parlance. The incident is mentioned by Pitscottie the Chronicler, who says that the brave 300 "avowed to fight there to death in God's cause rather than be punished by Frenchmen, who was strangers to them; and in sign

and token, the most part of them put six quarters of ane tow about his neck, that if he fled, he should be hanged therewith; and if they overcame their enemies, the Frenchmen, they should hang them therewith." But we should say that the threat of hanging the Frenchmen with the "ribbons" is a pure exaggeration, —no French soldiers having been put to death in cold blood by the Congregation anywhere. Another reference to the ropes is found in a satiric poem on the armorial bearings of the Clan Macgregor, written in the seventeenth century, and printed in the *Black Book of Taymouth*. The arms, it is said, would look better

If with St Johnstoun's ribbons they were knit.  
But the fullest version of the story is given by Henry Adamson, the poet, in his *Muses Threnodie*, where old George Ruthven says that he saw the 300 volunteers leave the town on their expedition.

For I did see these men, being then of age  
Some twelve or thirteen years, a pretty page;  
which would place the date of his birth in 1546 or 1547.  
It is Gall, however, who relates how the citizen-heroes went forth to conquer or die:—

What shall I more say? If you more would have,  
I'll speak of these three hundred soldiers brave,  
Like these renown'd Lacedemonians,  
Courageous Thebans, valiant Thespians,  
Resolv'd to die, led by Leonidas,  
Stopt Xerxes' army at Thermopylas,  
Such were these men, who for religion's sake,  
A cord of hemp about their necks did take,  
Solemnly sworn, to yield their lives thereby,  
Or they the Gospel's verity deny:  
Quitting their houses, goods, and pleasures all,  
Resolv'd for any hazard might befall,  
Did pass forth of the town in arms to fight,  
And die, or they their liberty and light  
Should lose, and whosoever should presume  
To turn away, that cord should be his doom.

Hence of Saint Johnstoun's ribband came the word  
In such a frequent use, when with a cord  
They threaten rogues; though now all in contempt  
They speak, yet brave and resolute attempt,  
And full of courage, worthy imitation,  
Deserving of all ages' commendation,  
Made these men put it on, symbol to be  
They ready were for Christ to do or die.

For they were Martyrs all in their affection,  
 And like to David's worthies in their action;  
 Therefore this cord should have been made a badge  
 And sign of honour to the after age.  
 Even as we see things in themselves despised,  
 By such rare accidents are highly prized,  
 And in brave scutcheons honourably borne,  
 With mottoes rare these symbols to adorn.

The narrator then enumerates various strange and uncouth objects which have been adopted as heraldic emblems by nations and families, and holds that amongst armorial cognizances the ribbons of St Johnstoun,—memorials of devotion to the Protestant faith,—might well take a prominent and honourable place.

Thus some have vermin, and such loathsome swarms,  
 Yet honourably borne are in their arms;  
 And some have mice, some frogs, some filthy rats,  
 And some have wolves and foxes, some have cats;  
 Yet honourable respect in all is had,  
 Though in themselves they loathsome be and bad.  
 Thus Millaine glories in the baneful viper,  
 As none more honour, mystery no deeper;  
 The ancient Gauls in toads, in lilies now  
 Metamorphos'd: the Phrygians in their sow.  
 Athens their owl with th' eagle will not barter,  
 And *Honi soit* who thinks ill of the garter.  
 What shall be said then of this rope or cord,  
 Although of all men it be now abhorr'd,  
 And spoke of in disdain? Their ignorance  
 Hath made them so to speak, yet may it chance  
 When they shall know the truth they will speak better,  
 And think of it as of a greater matter,  
 And truly it esteem an hundred fold  
 Of much more honour than a chain of gold.

Adamson's annotator mentions, in 1774, that "a picture" of the march of the 300 "out of Perth, painted in the Town-Clerk's Office, is to be seen at this day, with ropes about their necks;" but this painting has long disappeared.

Here, then, we conclude the story of "St Johnstoun's Ribbons." Perhaps in the telling of it we have seemed prolix, occupying inordinate space; but there was a necessity to trace out clearly the chain of causes which led to this act of heroism on the part of the men of Perth, most of whom had doubtless witnessed the last moments of the martyrs of the Spey Tower. "St Johnstoun's Ribbons" were the natural outcome of the

tyrannical regime which prevailed under the Romish domination; and the incident of the night-march claims to be recorded among the more notable events in the annals of Perth. The story, moreover, when told with its antecedents, sets forth the share which the inhabitants of the Fair City took in the religious movement which culminated in the establishment of the Reformation: and it may be said with truth that when the crisis—the time for decided action—came, no other town in Scotland was more prepared and anxious to cast off the yoke of Rome. The Protestant seed had been early sown among the people of Perth; who saw before them every day, in the various monastic communities settled about their walls, the inherent corruptions of the Papal system; and we may judge of their experiences by the sudden fury with which they rose and destroyed the religious houses, thereby setting an example which was followed all over the country with wonderful enthusiasm and celerity. The like spirit displayed by the three hundred animated the general body of the Congregation, and enabled them steadily to persevere in their arduous struggle until they had utterly prostrated the power of Rome. The three hundred bore part in the seizure of Edinburgh, and probably some of them joined in the after-contest with the Queen-Regent and her French auxiliaries, though the part they bore finds no record on the page of history. The cause of the Reformation experienced the vicissitudes of good and bad fortune; but in the end the intervention of Queen Elizabeth against the French influence turned the scale, and the departure of the French troops from Scotland left the Congregation triumphant.\*

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\* *Memoirs of Sir James Melvil of Halkill*, p. 64; Knox's *History*, Book 2d; Calderwood's *History*, vol. i., pp. 468-474; Bishop Keith's *History*, Book 1st, caps. 8 and 9; Christophorus Irvinus' *Historiæ Scoticæ Nomenclatura*, p. 128; *The Muses Threnodie*; Pitscottie's *Cronicles of Scotland*, vol. ii., p. 533.

**EARL PATRICK OF ATHOLE AND  
THE BYSETS.**

The Tournament of Tottenham have we in mind ;  
It were harm such hardiness were holden behind,

In story as we read

Of Hawkyn, of Harry,  
Of Tomkyn, of Terry,  
Of them that were doughty  
And stalwart in deed.

*Percy's "Reliques."*

THE great Earldom of Athole was originally erected, nearly eight centuries ago, for a branch of the royal house of Scotland : and, indeed, as has been observed by Mr Skene, there is "strong presumption that the family which gave a long line of kings to Scotland, from the eleventh to the fourteenth century, took their origin from this district, to which they can be traced before the marriage of their ancestor with the daughter of Malcolm the Second raised them to the throne." According to history, it was King Edgar, who reigned from 1098 to 1107, that created this earldom (comprehending the country of Athole, with the exception of Breadalbane), and bestowed it upon his cousin, Madach, son of Donald Bane (the brother of Malcolm Canmore), who twice usurped the Scottish crown. On Earl Madach's death, without an heir, his lands and honours went to Malcolm, son of Duncan, the eldest son of Malcolm Canmore, but which line, though lawfully entitled to the throne, was excluded from it in favour of the younger branches : and the Athole earldom was thus transferred, remarks Mr Skene, "either because the exclusion of that family from the throne could not deprive them of the original property of the family, to which they were entitled to succeed, or as a compensation for the loss of the crown." Malcolm was succeeded by his son of the same name, who was a liberal-handed benefactor to the Church, as testified by his grants to the Abbeys of Scoon and

Dunfermline and the Priory of St Andrews. He left a son, Henry, who succeeded, and whose son died in his father's lifetime, leaving three daughters—the eldest of whom (whose name is unknown) married Alan de Lundin, *Ostiarus Roges*: the second, Isabel, became the wife of Thomas de Gallovidia, brother of Alan, Lord of Galloway; and the youngest, Fernelith, married David de Hastings, a Norman knight, the descendant of the Conqueror's steward. When Henry deceased, Alan de Lundin obtained the Athole earldom in right of his wife; and she dying without issue, the next Earl was Thomas, the husband of Isabel. Earl Thomas died in 1231, leaving a son, Patrick, who succeeded his father as the seventh Earl of Athole. It is with the untimely fate of Earl Patrick that we shall now concern our attention, as his death involved the sudden ruin of another powerful house, and the outbreak of war between Scotland and England.

Contemporary with the later Earls of Athole was that other powerful house, which possessed lands in the north and south of Scotland. This family was Anglo-Norman: its surname was Byset or Bisset: and it is said to have become established in Scotland about the time of William the Lion, obtaining broad lands in Moray and in the shire of Berwick. The main stem of the Bysets was settled in Moray, on domains which in great part were those which ultimately became the country of the Lovat Frasers; while it was a branch that took root on the southern confines of the Scottish kingdom. The Norman Conquest of England had caused a host of Saxon fugitives to seek refuge in Scotland, and these, in process of time, were followed by numbers of discontented Norman knights and adventurers. All such immigrants found ready welcome on the northern side of the Tweed. The Saxons spread over the lowlands. The Normans, distinguished by polished manners and bold deeds, especially won the good graces of the Scottish sovereigns, who gave many of them lands to attach them to the country of their adoption. Most of the sons of the conquerors, says Thierry, the



historian of the Conquest, "were good and tried soldiers; and the Scottish kings took them into their service, rejoiced at having Norman knights to oppose in the field to the Normans of the other side of the Tweed. They admitted these bold warriors to their intimacy; intrusted them with high commands; and, to make their Court more agreeable to these new guests, even studied to introduce into the Teutonic language there spoken, a great many Norman words and idioms." But our story relates to the year 1242, when Alexander II. bore rule over Scotland. The head of the northern Bysets was Sir John, "lord of Lovat and Beaufort, in the Aird of Altyre in Moray, of Redcastle and Ardmanoch in the Black Isle." The Bysets had given bountifully of their wealth to pious and charitable uses. The foundation of the Priory of the Order of *Vallis Caulium* at Beaulieu or Beaully, dating from about 1230, was chiefly due to their munificence. One of their Norman ancestors, Sewer to King Stephen of England, marking how prevalent was that loathsome disease the leprosy (which apparently had been introduced into Britain through the intercourse with the East consequent on the Crusades, and was fostered by the ways of living of the people) established an Hospital or House of Refuge for Lepers at Maiden Bradley in Wiltshire. John Byset of Lovat, with this example before him, made a grant, about 1226, of the Church of Kirtarlity to the House of Lepers at Ruthven, in Banffshire. By one deed he granted the patronage of this church to the church of St Peter of Ruthven, for the maintenance of the lepers serving God there; and besides he had given to the House so much of his means that the members had promised, and by a solemn instrument obliged themselves, to keep a chaplain there, ministering in sacred things, and seven lepers, and one male domestic serving them; while it was also provided that when any of the lepers died, or left the House, another should be presented by Byset or his heirs, until the number was complete. The first charter granting Kirtarlity church being found insufficient, another was granted by the donor, on 19th June, 1226,

appropriating said church to the House of Lepers at Ruthven; and this seems to be the earliest foundation of the kind recorded in Scotland. But now the male line of the house of Lovat had failed; for Sir John de Bysset had three daughters, Mary, Cecilia, and Elizabeth, but no son: and it was evident that his death would cause a division of his possessions amongst the three co-heiresses. In the south, his kinsman, Sir William de Bysset, was the head of the Berwickshire branch, and high in favour at the Scottish Court, holding an office in the household of King Alexander's second queen, Mary of Conci. Both Sir William and his nephew, Sir Walter, however, were known to bear a grudge against Earl Patrik of Athole, and this was afterwards remembered to their ruin.

The age of chivalry was then in its prime. The feudal system had been introduced into England by the Norman Conquest, and subsequently found its way across the Scottish Border, and was engrafted on the national institutions. Feudalism and the knightly order mutually supported each other. The principles of chivalry, which consisted mainly in the upholding of truth and honour, the defence of the right, the protection of the defenceless, commended themselves to every heart, though they did not prevent the ruthless tyranny and spoliation practised by the Conqueror's myrmidons on the Saxon people of England. The crusading spirit still animated Europe, and the war in Palestine continued to rage with varying results. Only in 1240 had the Earl of Cornwall and William Longsword led an English army to the East. Knightly adventure, especially in the struggle with the Saracens, supplied the themes of the lays which were sung by minstrels in baronial halls. The aspiring youth of the time were fired by the ambition of winning the belt and gilded spurs, which were the insignia of knight-hood. The public displays and pastimes of chivalry were peculiarly romantic and attractive. Foremost was the *Tournament*, where gallant champions contested the palm of valour under the eyes of the ladies.

Sometimes these combats were fought at *outrance* (as it was termed) with sharp lances and swords, though the number of blows and thrusts to be given were limited by regulations: on other occasions the mimic war was conducted with blunted weapons: yet frequently, in either case, the sports closed with several of the warriors being left dead in the lists—covered with wounds, trampled to death, or smothered in their heavy armour: and such displays of chivalric skill and bravery, not inaptly recalling the arena and the gladiators of Rome, were graced by the presence of beauty, whose applause was the highest guerdon of the contending knights.

In the year 1242, a grand tournament—called in olden chronicle “a royal tournament, where knights and esquires advanced themselves by valiant prowess to win honour”—was held at the town of Haddington. King Alexander, said by Buchanan to have been on his way to England to visit Henry III., was present at the sports; but his consort, Queen Mary, was then on a progress in the north. Knights from all parts of Scotland flocked to Haddington, and amongst others came Earl Patrick of Athole and the southern Byssets, uncle and nephew. Athole was in the flower of youth, trained in all the manly and chivalric accomplishments of the day, famed for courage and gallantry, and eager to distinguish himself in the lists. The tournament opened with all the stately formalities: the heralds made their proclamations: the challenges were given and answered: courses were run by knights singly and in squadrons against each other—such conflicts as have been depicted in *Ivanhoe*, and long before that in Chaucer's page, which “glorious John” Dryden has paraphrased in vigorous and picturesque measure:—

At this, the challenger with fierce defy  
His trumpet sounds; the challenged makes reply;  
With clangour rings the field, resounds the vaulted sky.  
Their visors closed, their lances in the rest,  
Or at the helmet pointed, or the crest,  
They vanish from the barrier, speed the race,  
And spurring see decrease the middle space.

A cloud of smoke envelopes either host,  
 And all at once the combatants are lost :  
 Darkling they join adverse, and shock unseen,  
 Coursers with coursers jostling, men with men :  
 As labouring in eclipse, a while they stay,  
 Till the next blast of wind restores the day.  
 They look anew : the beauteous form of fight  
 Is changed, and war appears a grisly sight.  
 Two troops in fair array one moment show'd,  
 The next, a field with fallen bodies strew'd :  
 Not half the number in their seats are found ;  
 But men and steeds lie grovelling on the ground.  
 The points of spears are stuck within the shield,  
 The steeds without their riders scour the field.  
 The knights, unhorsed, on foot renew the fight.

In the midst of the warlike sports, Earl Patrick of Athole and Sir Walter de Bysset engaged to run a course together. Both were approved knights, young in arms, and emulous of renown. The signal being given they rushed to the encounter, with levelled lances, and plumes streaming on the wind. They met in the centre of the lists, and Bysset was hurled from his saddle and flung prostrate on the plain. The catastrophe struck deep into his heart. He was the enemy of Athole, and the resounding acclaim which hailed the victor filled the vanquished's soul with the bitterest thoughts; but he dissembled his feelings, and allowed Athole to enjoy his triumph. The tournament passed, and the gay and chivalrous assemblage dispersed : "nevertheless," adds the chronicler, "the end of all that pleasure and pastime ended in sorrow." Sir William de Bysset hastened northwards to attend on Queen Mary. Earl Patrick did not immediately return to his home among the hills of Athole. He had a lodging, or "palace" (as it has been styled), situated at the west end of the High Street of Haddington : and there he abode in lordly state for some days longer. There was no suspicion that foul play was meditated to him; yet a plot of the most desperate character was hatching behind the scenes. One night, after he and his household had retired to rest, some villains secretly insinuated themselves into the mansion—crept to the Earl's couch, and stabbed him to death as he lay buried in profound slumber. So thoroughly was the work done that not a

murmur was heard. As soon as the atrocious deed was consummated, the assassins set fire to the house, trusting that by its destruction, the murder of the Earl would be concealed,—that is to say, that his death would be ascribed to the conflagration. Inflammable materials having been plentifully scattered about the Earl's chamber, the flames soon enveloped the "palace," and startled all Haddington at midnight. The fiery element could not be subdued; and when it had wrought its will, and the "palace" stood a roofless, blackened ruin, the body of the Earl was searched out, but it was found not so much disfigured, but that the dagger-wounds by which he had perished were clearly discernible!

That a dastardly murder had been perpetrated was thus shewn beyond doubt. The whole country rang with a fierce cry for vengeance. Athole's friends and allies—the Earl of March, Sir David de Hastings, and others of noble rank—denounced the Bysets as the authors of the crime; for it was asserted that certain of their retainers had been seen prowling in the vicinity of the "palace" at Haddington shortly before the breaking out of the fire. Although it was Walter who had been overthrown at the tournament, yet his uncle was signalled out as the prime instigator of the deed. This charge was indignantly repelled by Sir William, who appealed to the King and Queen to do him justice. Had he not been with the Queen at Forfar on the very night of the murder? Both King and Queen declared for his innocence—Mary even offering to confirm her royal word by a solemn oath. Sir William procured that the sentence of excommunication against the assassins should be read in every church and chapel throughout Scotland. But his accusers, wholly unsatisfied, and powerful in their numbers, demanded that he should be brought to trial. This demand he met by proclaiming his readiness to meet any of them in single combat,—choosing the ordeal of wager of battle, because, as he said, he could not look for justice in a court of law, which would be overborne by his enemies. No

one accepted his challenge. His trial was forced upon the King, who was equally compelled to preside at the tribunal. Accordingly the Bysets, uncle and nephew, were arraigned and pronounced guilty : sentence of forfeiture and perpetual banishment from Scotland was recorded against them; and furthermore, they were constrained to swear that they would go to the Holy Land, and never return, but there, to the end of their days, pray for the soul of the murdered Earl.

Guilty or not in their own consciences, the Bysets left all behind them, and fled to Ireland—not with any intention of taking the route to Palestine by way of the Green Isle, that they might spend a life of prayer and penance amid the scenes of Holy Writ, but with schemes of vengeance fermenting in their minds. Soon were their schemes developed. Walter crossed to England, and appeared at the court of Henry III., into whose ear he poured the story of his wrongs, appealing to him against the sentence of Alexander, who, as the alleged vassal of the English monarch, “had no right to inflict such punishments on his nobles without the permission of his liege lord.” Thus by artfully working on the old and baseless claim of English paramountcy over Scotland, he enlisted Henry’s favour, and he farther stirred him by representing Alexander as in league with France, and as giving shelter in his kingdom to all the rebels who fled out of England. By such incitements he inflamed Henry to the point of provoking hostilities with Scotland. The King began by despatching a letter to Alexander, complaining that he had violated his duty as a vassal-sovereign, and that he had allied himself with France against England, and was giving protection to “English offenders.” Alexander replied that he owed no homage to England, and would yield none. Both nations, therefore, prepared for war. Henry summoned his forces. The patriotic spirit of the Scottish people was roused by the unwarrantable aggression on their independence, and a powerful army mustered around the standard of their King, who speedily marched to invade Eng-

land. Alexander's army is described by Matthew Paris, an English historian, as being "numerous and brave : he had a thousand horsemen," wearing armour of iron network, and "tolerably mounted, though not indeed on Spanish or Italian horses. His infantry approached to a hundred thousand, all unanimous, all animated by the exhortations of their clergy, and by confession, courageously to fight and resolutely to die in the just defence of their native land." The two armies advanced to a place called Ponteland, in Northumberland. The Scots prepared for battle by making confession to the priests who accompanied them. But Henry seeing so strong and well-appointed an enemy, to whom he was superior only in cavalry, gave his warlike ardour pause. Many of his barons held the Scottish King in high respect, and, justly dreading the result of an engagement, counselled their Sovereign to negotiate. He consented : and through the mediation of the Earl of Cornwall and the Archbishop of York, as envoys, terms of peace were concluded with Alexander. The treaty was signed at Newcastle, on the 13th August, 1244. Nothing was definitely settled about the claim of homage ; but a stipulation was made for the union of the young prince of Scotland and Margaret, the daughter of Henry, which afterwards took place in 1251. And so the armies separated without striking a blow. The Bysets were disappointed in their hopes of humiliating King Alexander; but their patron, King Henry, did not turn his back upon them, although he failed in his expedition against Scotland. He gave Sir William extensive lands in the Irish county of Antrim, and there the family long flourished : and about the beginning of the fifteenth century, Marjory, the heiress of the Bysets, wedded the son of the Lord of the Isles, and became the ancestress of the Macdonalds, Earls of Antrim. Sir Walter, the vanquished at the Haddington Tournament, remembered in his latter days the oath which he had sworn to pass to the Holy Land. Perchance, when years were heavy on his head,

the guilt of Athole's slaughter pressed still heavier on his soul. He donned the pilgrim habit, and sailed for Palestine, never to return.

The story of Earl Patrick and the Bysets (which we have endeavoured to relate as perspicuously as we could out of the various versions, which are all somewhat conflicting in certain of the particulars) cannot be concluded without a parting reference to the house of Lovat. When the assassination befel, suspicion could not fail to attach to the northern head of the Bysets; and Sir John was arrested and thrown into the castle of Inverness; but nothing being found to criminate him, he was released. As already stated, he had three daughters, but no son. On his demise, his great possessions were divided amongst the co-heiresses. "From Mary," the eldest, says Professor Innes, "are descended the Frasers, of the Lovat branch of that name." Cecilia, the second sister, married Sir William Fenton, called of Beaufort: and Elizabeth, the youngest, married Sir Andrew de Bosco—a daughter of this union becoming the ancestress of the Roses of Kilravock. As Earl Patrick of Athole left no child, he was succeeded in his lands and heritages by Sir David de Hastings, in right of Fernelith, his lady.\*

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\* Skene's *History of the Highlanders*, vol. ii., pp. 127, 139; Douglas' *Peerage of Scotland*; Anderson's *Scottish Nation*, vol. i.; Thierry's *History of the Norman Conquest*, book viii.; Innes' *Sketches of Early Scottish History*, p. 438; *The Charters of the Priory of Beaulieu* (Grampian Club); Hollinshed's *Scottish Chronicle*, vol. i., p. 395; Buchanan's *History of Scotland*, book vii., § 57; Tytler's *History of Scotland*, vol. i., p. 1.; Heron's *History of Scotland*, vol. i. p. 322.



*THE HOUSE OF NAIRNE.—Part 1st.*

——— View his princely hall,  
So finely grand on Ordie side,  
Where, in the pomp of feudal pride,  
O'er many a vassal he held sway.  
Between the Grampians and the Tay,  
His beautiful, his fine domain  
Lay widely spread o'er many a plain.

*Anderson's "Nairn: a Poem."*

VARIOUS burns, springing among the hills, and seeking their own devious ways, traverse the parish of Auchtergaven; but nearly all, some after mingling one with another, merge into the Ordie, a stream well known to youthful disciples of Isaak Walton for miles around its banks. The Ordie, which has its source in the small loch of Tullybelton, flows sparkling onwards into the adjacent parish of Redgorton, where at Luncarty, the scene of King Kenneth's victory over the Danes, it receives the Shochie, which has come wandering by itself from the wilds of Glenshee, and the united waters lose themselves at last in the queenly Tay. The reader needs not to be reminded of the weird rhyme, living yet on the tongue of tradition, which makes the Shochie and the Ordie, or the spirits of those rivulets, fall into colloquy (like the Spirits of the Flood and the Fell, whom Lady Branksome overheard), and anticipate the dark and stormy midnight when they should meet at the Cross of Perth, amid the devastation of the Fair City. The Ordie has given its name to the fair Strath through which it chiefly passes in Auchtergaven parish: and Strathord has many associations with the history and the poetry of the district. It was on "sweet Ordie braes" that Robert Nicoll ran, in his early years, "wi' the ither neebor bairns," roaming among the tall, plume-like ferns, and pulling "the hazel's shinin' nuts," feasting on the "bramble-berries brown," and gathering "the glossy slaes on the burnie's side,"—unconsciously, meanwhile, nurtured by the influences of Nature in

poetic fancy and the love of the beautiful. Nicoll's native parish partakes considerably of the Highland aspect,—including within its bounds part of the first range of the Grampians, and otherwise diversified by lesser hills and ridgy uplands, with bleak and windy stretches of moor. Legends of the olden time—of caterans, and cattle-lifting, and conflicts with the Children of the Mist—used to be rife here; and even still the rural patriarchs cheer the long nights of winter with the romantic history of one noble family, who have nothing now but a name in Strathord. Near Loak, which the Ordie greets on its way, stood the House of Nairne, the seat of this family, whose lands were lost through chivalric devotion to a cause on which Fate bent its blackest frown. Of the Nairne race we now proceed to tell the story,—not despising the help of such side-lights as local tradition has thrown upon it.

The Nairnes seem to have come into the Strathurd or Strathord barony in the first quarter of the seventeenth century. Concerning the previous masters of this domain it would be beside our purpose to speak with particularity, and therefore we can only accord them a casual reference. The powerful house of Douglas once held Strathord, as about 1380, William Earl of Douglas and Mar granted a charter to Henry of Swyntoun, for his homage and service, of the whole lands of Mykery, in the granter's barony of Strathurd and shire of Perth, which Sir William of Lyndesay, knight, the Earl's true tenant thereof, resigned to the granter: to be held by the said Henry and his heirs of the granter and his heirs in feu and heritage, for rendering three suits at the three head pleas to be held yearly at the Castle of Strathurd, and for payment to the granter and his heirs, as Lords of the barony of the Castle of Strathurd, of 6s 8d of money in name of annualrent at Martinmas yearly. Next century the Crichtons are found in the lands of Ragortoun or Redgorton, within the barony, as at Edinburgh on 21st July, 1454, confirmation was granted by James II. of an Act or decret of his Parliament held at Edinburgh, on 18th July, narrating

that on the same day an honourable man, James of Creichton, son of Lord George, Earl of Caithness, appeared in Parliament, and, in presence of the King, humbly craved confirmation to be given by the most serene Princess, Mary Queen of Scots [Mary of Gueldres, consort of James], of a gift of certain of the lands of Strathurde, granted by the King to the said James in free barony, called Ragortoun; and also craved that the said Queen would resign her dowry of the said lands, to which request the Queen acceded by confirming the foresaid gift, and personally resigning in the King's hands her dowry of the lands of Ragortoun, in favour of the said James of Creichton, who also requested and received from their Majesties this parliamentary act. The Crichtons extended their possessions, and were long potent in Strathord. On 15th October, 1580, James VI., with the "gude advice" of his Council, nominated Esme, Duke of Lennox, as his Lord High Chamberlain, and thirty Gentlemen of the Chamber, amongst whom were the Laird of Strathurd, the Laird of Moncreif, and Alexander Ruthven, younger brother of the first Earl of Gowrie: and it was provided "that the hail persons elected by his Highness as gentlemen of his chalmer before nominat acknowledge and profess the true and Christian religion publicly preached and by law established within this realm, and that they communicate at the Lord's table at sic times as the same is celebrated in his Majesty's house, they being present, or otherwise where they shall happen to be for the time." At the distance of two-and-twenty years, we come upon a contract, dated in March and registered in June, 1602, between Sir Patrick Creichton of Strathurd, and John, his son, and apparent heir, on the one part, and Sir Michael Balfour of Balgarvie, knight, John Lundy of that Ilk, Andrew Lundy of Condeland, Andrew Aytoun of Dunmore, and Mr John Aytoun of Kynaldie, and Helen Lundy, daughter of the late William Lundy of that Ilk, for the marriage of the said John Crichton and Helen Lundy: the tocher to be 2000 marks; and the witnesses being Lawrence

Mercer of Meikleour, Sir Thomas Steuart of Grandtully, knight, and others. After seventeen years more, we find the Privy Council, at Edinburgh, on 21st April, 1619, ordering John Creighton of Strathurd to be apprehended, his houses to be taken, his servants and family removed, and an inventory of his goods to be made for the Council, because he failed to compare to answer for not fulfilling his contract between himself and Dame Grizell Mercer, Lady Grandtully, and the deceased Sir Thomas Steuart of Grandtully. John Crichton, the last of the Crichton Lairds of Strathord, but otherwise designed of Airleywight, left two daughters, Isobel and Alison, who shared between them all that remained of his lands. Isobel married Sir William Steuart, a younger son of the house of Grandtully, who in her right became Laird of Innernytie : and Alison married David Drummond, Master and afterwards third Lord of Madderty.

About this period the Nairnes appear as barons of Strathord. The family came of an old lineage. Michael de Nairne, who lived in the reign of Robert III., witnessed a charter by the Duke of Albany of the lands of Gallyston, dated 10th February, 1406-7. Michael had two sons, the eldest of whom succeeded him, and was the father of Alexander Nairne, designed of Sandford, who was Controller of the Household to the Second and Third Jameses. He witnessed several royal charters,—one of which we may mention,—a confirmation by James II. to David Murray of Tullybardine, of the lands of Lethendy, dated in 1446, in which Alexander of Nairne is styled Keeper of the Roll. He left two sons—Alexander, who carried on the Sandford line ; and John, who obtained a charter of the lands of Muckersy, in Kinclaven parish, from James IV., in 1511. John left a son, bearing his own name, who married Margaret Oliphant : and in 1541, James V. confirmed the above charter to John and his spouse. They had a son, John, who succeeded, and who got a royal charter of other lands in 1577. He was succeeded by his son, Thomas, who married

Elizabeth Fife. In 1605, a royal charter was granted of the lands of Ochtergaven and mill thereof, to and in favour of Thomas Nairne of Muckersy, and Elizabeth Fife, his spouse, and to their heirs male, whom failing, to the said Thomas, his heirs and assignees whatsoever. Thomas was succeeded by his son, Robert, who was bred to the legal profession, and passed as an advocate before the Supreme Court. He amassed considerable wealth, which he laid out in the purchase of heritage: and in the year 1621, a charter was granted to "Robert Nairn of Muckersy, advocate, of the lands of Roger-toun, Blackhall, a salmon-fishing on Tay, the lands of Pitlands, Balbrogo, Letbem, Hole of Strathurd, Cowfurd, Blacklock, Gourdy's hill," &c., all erected into one free barony, to be called the barony of Strathurd, to him and his heirs and assignees whatsoever. His wife was Margaret, daughter of Sir John Preston of Pennycuik, President of the College of Justice in the reign of James VI., by whom he had four sons—Robert; John, who afterwards got the lands of Muckersy; Alexander; and William: and two daughters—Agnes, who married William Blair of Tarsappie; and Margaret, married to Sir David Falconer of Newton, who, in the reign of Charles II., was made President of the College of Justice. The *Rentall of the County of Perth*, drawn up in 1649, shews the lands then owned by the Baron of Strathurd, with their annual value:—

Lands in Auchtergaven parish,.....	£2430	0	0
Ragortoune and Teinds of Mulzing in Red-			
gorton do.,.....	444	9	0
Lands in Moneydie do.,.....	666	13	4
Muckarsie, in Kinclaven do.,.....	800	0	0
	<hr/>		
	£4341	2	4

Robert Nairne of Strathurd died in 1652. His debts, it is said, amounted to £4167 13s 4d. He had lived through the national convulsions of that era,—the Covenant wars,—and the invasion and conquest of Scotland by Cromwell. Nay, more—the old baron had lived to mourn the fall of one son on the field of battle,

and the captivity of another. His third son, William, was a Captain, and his kinsman of Sandford was a Lieutenant-Colonel, in the Scottish army raised to assert the rights of Charles II. When the King escaped from the Covenanters at Perth, on Friday, 4th October, 1650, Colonel Nairne of Sandford, being sent in pursuit of the royal fugitive, was the first to discover him in the hut at Clova, "lying in a nasty room, on an old bolster above a mat of seggs and rushes, overweared and very fearful." The King was brought back to Perth : and afterwards Captain William Nairne marched to Worcester, where he was slain in the battle. Robert, the heir of Strathord, who was trained to the law like his father, seems to have taken a prominent part in the stormy politics of the day. He was present with the Committee of Estates and several leaders of the General Assembly at the meeting in Alyth, on 28th August, 1651, during General Monk's siege of Dundee. The gathering was surprised by a squadron of cavalry from the Roundhead camp, and among the many prisoners taken on the spot was Robert Nairne. He and his fellow-captives were hurried down to Broughty, whence they were shipped for London. Nairne was nine years confined in the Tower of London, until the Restoration set him free. In the interval, on 22nd November, 1656, his brother, Alexander, was admitted as an Advocate in Edinburgh. Robert, the captive of the Tower, was rewarded for his sufferings in the royal cause. He was knighted by Charles II., and on 1st June, 1661, was appointed one of the Judges of the Court of Session, with the title of Lord Strathurd. On 5th June, his brother, Alexander, was re-admitted advocate, along with others,—all of them "subscribing the oath of allegiance, the acknowledgment of his Majesty's prerogative, and their oath *de fidei*, which they all took upon their knees." Sir Robert and his immediate younger brother, John Nairne of Muckersy, were appointed Commissioners of Supply for Perthshire under the Act of 1661. In the year 1669, Sir Robert got a charter under the Great Seal of the lands of the

barony of Strathord. He married Margaret, daughter of a noted Royalist, Patrick Græme of Inchbrakie. One child only was born of this union—a daughter, Margaret, who eventually was espoused to Lord William Murray, fourth son of John, first Marquis of Athole. But Lord Strathord's promotion went a step higher than his elevation to the judicial bench. By patent, dated the 27th January, 1681, he was created a Peer of Scotland as Lord Nairne,—the honour to himself for life, with remainder to his daughter, Margaret, and her future husband, Lord William Murray, and to the heirs-male of their marriage. Soon afterwards, Margaret was wedded to Lord William. As a Scottish judge, Lord Nairne was constrained to bear some part in the trial of the Earl of Argyle for having taken the famous *Test* oath with a qualification which was declared unlawful. This was in the month of December, 1681. The question of the relevancy of the libel gave rise to long and important debates,—the Earl being ably defended by Sir George Lockhart and Sir John Dalrymple. At these debates, only four of the Lords of Justiciary, with the Lord Justice-General, were present. Lord Nairne was not there. "He," says Wodrow, "was now an old infirm man, so far decayed, that he was not able to take his turn in the Outer-house of the Lords of Session, as Ordinary, for a considerable time;" but circumstances necessitated his being dragged forward. The four Lords in the Court were found equally divided in opinion on the relevancy, and the Justice-General hesitated to incur the responsibility of the casting-vote; "therefore," continues Wodrow, "about the middle of the night, the old infirm gentleman, the Lord Nairn, behoved to be wakened out of his sleep, raised out of bed, and brought into the Court, that numbers might supply the want of law and reason. It was in vain to urge, that he had not been present at much of the debate; his vote was now necessary: and to supply that, when he came in the Clerk was ordered to read over the reasonings, and when this was a doing, his

Lordship fell asleep among their hands. However, he knew how to vote, and his vote with the other two carried the relevancy." The jury brought in a verdict of guilty against Argyle, and sentence followed; but he fortunately escaped from the Castle of Edinburgh, and for the time disappointed his enemies. Lord Nairne survived Argyle's trial nearly two years,—his decease being in 1683. On the 2nd November, that year, his place on the bench was filled by Sir Patrick Lyon, as Lord Carse,

The fall of William Nairne at Worcester, and the long captivity of Lord Nairne in the Tower of London, were as yet the only memorable circumstances which had distinguished the career of the family. But the Revolution was now at hand; and the change of dynasty was to bring about those repeated misfortunes which have invested the history of the Nairnes with a halo of chivalrous honour and romance.

Lord William Murray adopted his lady's surname when the family title devolved upon him by the demise of his aged father-in-law. Lord William served on board the navy for some time. After the Revolution of 1688, however, he could hold no office under the Orange Government, because he refused to fall in with the new order of things by taking the oath of allegiance. As a son of the house of Athole, he was a firm Jacobite; and so much was he swayed by his political principles that he never appeared in his place in the Scottish Parliament after the expulsion of James II. from the throne. Still, there is no mention of his having supported Viscount Dundee in the brief campaign which closed at Killiecrankie. Under the Act of 7th June, 1690, for raising a supply to Government, Commissioners were nominated for the different shires, and Lord Nairne was included among the Commissioners for the county of Perth; but, of course, his appointment was futile, as he declined the oath: and all those in his position were excluded by a subsequent Act on 13th June same year. As to non-attendance in Parliament, an Act was passed on 10th September fol-



lowing, americiating all members who absented themselves, "each nobleman for each diet's absence without leave, £12 Scots;" but we cannot say whether the penalties were enforced, or merely kept hanging *in terrorem* over the heads of absentees. Lord Nairne maintained his attitude uncompromisingly; and thus self-debarred from that share in public affairs to which his rank entitled him, he seems to have turned much of his attention to the improvement of his estate, not forgetting the amenity of his old manorial residence. The old House of Strathord, afterwards known as Nairne House, stood on an eminence a little to the west of the later mansion which was erected on the level grounds adjoining the Ordie. A curious memorial of his Lordship's improvements is furnished by a document duly recorded in what are called "Mackenzie's Deeds," in the General Register-House, Edinburgh. It is an agreement, dated at Nairne, 27th September, 1698, between William, Lord Nairne, and James Mercer, mason in Perth, whereby the said James promises to build a door or gate upon the west end of the northmost wall in the garden of Nairne, after a certain plan, and to finish it by 1st March next, and the said Lord promises to supply all tools before 1st November next, and to pay the said James Mercer £48 Scots : £24 Scots when the work is begun, and £24 when finished : which agreement was registered on 27th September, 1698. Eventually the requirements of the young and numerous family growing up around him caused his Lordship to build an addition to the manor-house ; but this was just completed in 1706, when a fire broke out and destroyed it. A memorandum among the Gask papers—a "Note of several Misfortunes" which befel the Nairne family—states this disastrous event as the first item on the black list :—

In the year 1706, the new part of the old House of Nairne was burnt down just after it was finished, boxt, &c. In which were 13 beds, with all their pertinents, and all the pictures and furniture of the rooms, which were all destroyed by the fire, excepting one looking-glass, which loss may be at least valued at £1000.

Instead of re-edifying the old house, Lord Nairne resolved upon the erection of a new mansion, which should be worthy of his rank and his demesne. But in the midst of his building projects, the strife of politics broke in upon him. An eventual year was 1707; for then the Union was carried through against the loudly-expressed wishes of the majority of the nation. Even at this crisis, Nairne would not qualify himself to serve his party in Parliament: he still declined the oath of allegiance, and therefore could not sit among his brother peers; nevertheless, he was an active partisan out of doors against the Treaty, concurring in every measure for its defeat. The passing of the Act of Union was speedily followed by a plot to restore the Chevalier de St. George through French aid. An agent—Colonel Hooke—accredited by the Pretender and the French Court, came over to Scotland, and received the written adhesion of the principal Jacobite noblemen and gentlemen, among whom was Lord Nairne. A French fleet, with the Chevalier on board, sailed from Dunkirk, on 6th March, 1708, and arrived in the Firth of Forth on the afternoon of the 12th. The utmost alarm prevailed amongst the friends of the Government in Edinburgh, whilst the Jacobites were correspondingly elated. Both hopes and fears were alike disappointed. At the rising of a storm, the French admiral hastily quitted the Firth, without attempting to land any of his forces, and returned to Dunkirk. As soon as the enemy had retired, the Government laid hold of every Jacobite within reach. "Immediately," says Lockhart of Carnwath, "the castles of Stirling and Edinburgh, and all the prisons in Edinburgh, were crammed full of nobility and gentry." Lord Nairne was arrested like the others, and thrown into Edinburgh Castle, whence he was taken to Stirling Castle, and afterwards removed to London, where he was detained in the custody of a messenger. But nothing could be proved against any of the prisoners, and they were all released. According to the Gask memorandum, the loss sustained by Lord

Nairne through his apprehension amounted to £1000. He returned to Scotland and to his building.\*

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\* *Seventh Report of the Royal Commission on Historical Manuscripts*, pp. 707, 718; *Register of the Privy Council of Scotland*, vol. iii., p. 322, and *Registrum Secreti Concilii Decreta*, for 1618-20; Dr Malcolm's *Genealogical Memoirs of the House of Drummond*, p. 100; Douglas' *Peerage of Scotland*; Lord Hailes' *Catalogue of the Lords of Session*; Sir James Balfour's *Annales of Scotland*, vol. ii., p. 113; *Wodrow's History of the Sufferings of the Church of Scotland*, vol. iii., pp. 332-337; *Rentall of the County of Perth*: 1649, pp. 18, 50, 54; Mackenzie's *Register of Deeds*, vol. 85; Oliphant's *Jacobite Lairds of Gask*, p. 60; Lockhart's *Memoirs concerning the Affairs of Scotland*, pp. 321, 353, 382.

*THE HOUSE OF NAIRNE.—Part 2nd.*

But curse on party's hateful strife,  
That led the favoured youth astray,  
The day the rebel clans appeared;  
O had he never seen that day!

Their colours and their sash he wore,  
And in the fatal dress was found;  
And now he must that death endure  
Which gives the brave the keenest wound.

*Shenstone—"Jemmy Dawson."*

INTENT on having a new mansion-house built, Lord Nairne secured the services of the most eminent Scottish architect of the day, Sir William Bruce of Kinross, who had designed several fine edifices, such as the restoration of Holyrood Palace, in 1671-78; Kinross House, in 1685, originally proposed as a residence for the Duke of York (afterward James II.), in the event of his exclusion, as a Roman Catholic, from the throne; Hopetoun House, in Linlithgowshire, in 1702; and also Moncrieffe House, near Bridge of Earn. Nairne House was probably the last work of importance which Sir William undertook, as his death took place in 1710. The structure was erected at Loak, on the banks of the Ordie, not far from the old seat, and being of great elegance, was called by the country folks "the glory of Strathord." It is believed to have been three years in building, and was finished in the year 1709, the total cost being £5000. Tradition tells that sixty masons were employed at the work, and every Saturday night they went to the ale-house at Loak, where they were treated, at Lord Nairne's expense, to a large oaten cake, a salt herring, and a pint of ale each man. At an after time, a drawing of the mansion was made by his Lordship's grandson, James Nairne, who appended a few descriptive remarks to the sketch, which is still extant. "There were," he says, "thirteen large rooms on a floor, besides closets with vents; it stood in the middle of a

very improveable estate, six miles in extent, larger than the Island of Guernsey. The plantation of trees, natural wood, &c., sold at a moderate price, would have been double the purchase money," which was paid for it when it was ultimately brought to sale : and he adds that "the ground floor of the house was all vaulted, where were the cellars, kitchens, pantrys, bakehouse, brewhouse, dairy, and other conveniences, with a large brook or stream of water near it sufficient to turn a mill, which was conveyed to the house in many shapes." Established in his new and spacious manor-house, and surrounded by a numerous and affectionate family, over whose welfare he watched with all a parent's fondness, Lord Nairne spent the next few years of his life in peace and happiness, fulfilling the duties incumbent on his high station, and enjoying the respect and regard of his tenantry and dependants. He had twelve children altogether, namely, four sons,—the eldest being John (who was born about 1691); and eight daughters—Margaret, the eldest, becoming, in 1712, Viscountess Strathallan.

If Jacobite politics had not broken in upon the quiet and even tenor of Nairne's way, he would have escaped much trouble and misfortune. But he was one of the most sincere and steadfast of the Chevalier's friends, and had never compromised his principles by swearing allegiance to King William or Queen Anne. It was far from likely, therefore, that he would acknowledge the Elector of Hanover, whose accession to the throne exasperated the whole Jacobite party and hurried them into rebellion. Nairne still proved true to his colours; and high was his enthusiasm—in which he was warmly joined by his lady—over the Earl of Mar's sudden arrival in the Highlands, in August, 1715, to raise the standard of King James. Two of Nairne's nephews, the Marquis of Tullibardine and Lord Charles Murray, declared for Mar, much to the displeasure of their father, the Duke of Athole, who sided with Government ; and most of the Athole clansmen, drawing the broadswords which had flashed in

victory at Killiecrankie, came out with the two young nobles. Lord Strathallan, the husband of Margaret Nairne, also took the field in the same cause. Nairne and his eldest son, the Master, donned the white cockade, and summoned their vassals to arms. As to the number of men mustered from the Strathord lands, it is difficult to form an estimate. The Rev. Robert Patten, in his *History of the Rebellion*, gives a "List of the most considerable Chiefs in Scotland, and the number of men they can raise," in which he states Lord Nairne's force at 1000 men, "most with their Chief, against the Government and in the Rebellion." At the period in question, the spirit of Jacobitism was widely diffused amongst the population of Strathord; but we consider it doubtful whether the estate could have sent forth anything like 1000 men. At all events, it would appear that a considerable number responded to the call of Lord Nairne, whom Mr Patten (who was himself engaged in the Rebellion, and eventually turned his coat) describes as "a gentleman well beloved in his country, and by all that had the advantage to be acquainted with him. He had formerly been at sea, and gave signal instances of his bravery. He was a mighty stickler against the Union." His Lordship commanded a regiment, which was called by his name; and the Master was appointed Lieutenant-Colonel in the regiment of his cousin, Lord Charles Murray.

It happened, unfortunately, that both Nairne and his son accompanied Brigadier Macintosh's expedition, which crossed the Firth of Forth, in October, 1715, and penetrated into England. Only a part of the Nairne regiment went with his Lordship, whose selection for this service seems to have been made at the last moment, and who kept back almost the whole of his personal followers. The Master was with his cousin's corps, and, according to Mr Patten, "took a good deal of pains to encourage the Highlanders, by his own experience, in their hard marches, and always went with them on foot through the worst and deepest ways, and in High-

land dress." Lord Charles also "could never be prevailed with to ride, but kept at the head of his regiment, on foot, in his Highland dress," and "would scarce accept of a horse to cross the rivers." The entire force under Macintosh never exceeded 1600 men; but it was expected that its appearance on the other side of the Border would encourage the English Jacobites to rise. The result was a grievous disappointment,—only a few of the English declaring themselves. The Brigadier, hoping for the best, pushed on to Preston; but the town was speedily invested by the King's troops, and, after a struggle, the insurgent leaders agreed to surrender at discretion on the 13th of November,—the very day on which the Earl of Mar fought the indecisive Battle of Sheriffmuir. The two Nairnes were among the prisoners, the chief of whom were taken to London, and exposed to much indignity from the mob by the way. Lord Nairne and his son were committed to the Tower, in December; and gloomy must have been their forebodings as they entered the fortress in which their predecessor had lingered out a long captivity. Great was the consternation in Strathord, when the Preston disaster became known. Already had Lady Nairne sustained a sad shock by the capture of her son-in-law, Lord Strathallan, at Sheriffmuir. Now she was overwhelmed with dismay on hearing that her husband and her eldest son were also fallen into the enemy's hands. But she soon regained her energies. Like a true-hearted Scotswoman, inspired with ardent affection, she resolved to go to London, and there leave no stone unturned that she might save the two prisoners' lives. And be it remembered that this journey was to be accomplished in the midst of a winter, the severity of which made it memorable. The whole country lay under such a depth of snow that on the roads the horses sunk to their girths: the cold was extreme: and the heavens were nightly illumined by the *aurora borealis*, which seemed new to that generation, and, therefore, was viewed with awe and dread, as prognosticating the direst national calamities. Undeterred by the toils and dangers of the

way, Lady Nairne made what speed she could to the metropolis, and reached her destination safely. Her first care was to seek access to the beloved ones, to whom her presence would be a precious boon. She made application in the proper quarter that she might be permitted to share their prison with them, and, her petition being granted, she informed her husband of her success, by a letter written on the 28th of December; but as that day was Childermas, and, as she thought, unlucky for her commencing her residence in the Tower, she deferred going thither until the morrow.

Wednesday, 11 a'clock.

Last night at ten a'clock I received the long sought for warrant to be a prisoner with my dearest, which I would this moment make use of; but this being Childermas, I won't begin such a new state of life on such an unlucky day, chiefly for fear of ill influences it may have on you rather than myself; so to-morrow, if it please God, I shall have the happiness to be with my dearest life and my son, who I hope are both well. If either of you can think on any service I can do you, let me know it, and this day shall be employed in it and taking leave of my friends, who perhaps may teagle me so to-morrow as not to let me be so early with you as I would incline. Adieu, my dearest life.

Not many days elapsed ere the inexorable law began to take its course: and not much prospect was there that the Government would shew leniency. Mar was still in arms: the Chevalier had landed from France: and it was shrewdly suspected that King George and his Ministers were determined on making stern examples to break the insurrectionary spirit. On the 9th January, 1716, impeachment was moved in the House of Commons against seven of the rebel Lords taken at Preston, namely, the Earls of Derwentwater, Nithsdale, Carnwath, and Winton; Lords Widdrington and Nairne, and Viscount Kenmure. They were accordingly impeached at the bar of the House of Lords, and the articles brought up. Next day (10th January), the seven nobles were placed at the bar of the Peers by the Deputy-Governor of the Tower, having the axe carried before them by the gentleman-jailor, who stood with it on their left hand, with the edge turned from them.



They were charged with the articles of impeachment, and ordered to put in their answers by the 16th; but the time was afterwards lengthened by three days to all, with the exception of the Earl of Winton, who, for special causes, was allowed to the 23d to prepare his defence. On the 19th, the six Lords appeared, and severally pled guilty. When Lord Nairne was called on to plead, he threw himself upon the King's mercy, and begged the intercession of the House. By the urgent importunities of his friends, he had been induced to assume a far humbler tone than he would otherwise have adopted; and he gave in the following petition :—

*To the Right honourable the Lords Spiritual and Temporal in Parliament assembled.*

The humble Petition of William, Lord Nairn.  
Sheweth,

That your Petitioner was educated, and hath always continued a Protestant, according to the discipline of the Church of England; and though, by reason of some mistaken principles he unwarily imbibed in his tender years, he did not in all respects conform to the late Revolution, lying under the less necessity, for that he had married an heiress, in whom all the right of your Petitioner's estate is invested; and though he never took the Oaths, yet he always peaceably submitted to, and lived quietly under, the Government as by law established, until the breaking out of this Rebellion, in which your Petitioner was inadvertently involved, but not before the Lord Mar and his adherents had for a considerable time made themselves masters of Perth and Dunkeld, and thereby surrounded your Petitioner's whole estate, and came to your Petitioner's house, lying in the middle between those places.

Your Petitioner heartily repents of this rash undertaking, and solemnly declares he knew nothing of any previous consultations or conspiracies in favour of the Pretender, before he actually appeared in arms, nor knew anything about crossing the Forth, until the morning he was sent over under Macintosh's command; and then was so far from approving of that expedition, that though, to avoid the imputation of cowardice he would hazard his own person therein, your petitioner ordered back all his dependants, and was only attended by his son and four servants, who would not leave him in a time of danger, though often desired; nor was your Petitioner privy to any designs of marching into England; for having been bred a seaman, he had no pretensions to knowledge in the land service.

Your Petitioner, being now sensible of his errors, hath pleaded guilty to the articles of impeachment of high

treason exhibited against him by the honourable House of Commons, and thrown himself at his Majesty's feet: humbly beseeching your Lordships, in commiseration of the deplorable circumstances of your Petitioner and his twelve children, to recommend him to his Majesty for that mercy which at the time of his surrender he was made to believe he might reasonably expect.

This will lay your Petitioner and his posterity under the greatest obligations of duty and gratitude to his Majesty, and bind them for ever to bless your Lordships as the merciful instruments of procuring such a gracious deliverance.

And your Petitioner shall ever pray, &c.

NAIRN.

Although Nairne was the only one of the accused who presented a petition, yet the five others all joined in deprecating the part they took in the Rebellion, and soliciting the royal clemency. Again, on the 9th February, the same six prisoners were placed at the bar to hear sentence pronounced by the Lord High Steward. Each was asked if he had anything to say why judgment should not pass upon him: and when this formal question was put to Lord Nairne, he spoke as follows:—

I am very sensible how unfit I am to plead my own cause before your Grace, my Lord High Steward, and this august Assembly; and therefore, though I could say much to extenuate the crime for which I stand impeached, yet I choose rather to lay my whole stress upon the King's mercy, for which he is so renowned, and which I was put in hopes of at the time of my surrender. In consideration whereof, and in compassion to an afflicted wife and twelve children, I still hope, by the mediation of your Grace, my noble Lords, and the honourable House of Commons, I may obtain it, solemnly protesting, that in gratitude for so signal a deliverance, I will, to the end of my life, remain a dutiful and obedient subject to his most gracious and sacred Majesty, King George.

When the prisoners had been severally heard,—and they all spoke in much the same terms,—the Lord High Steward delivered sentence that they should be hanged, beheaded, and quartered as traitors.

Powerful intercession was made for the unfortunate noblemen. Their ladies exerted themselves to the utmost to save from death those near and dear to them. But the King was averse to receiving petitions from any of the fair supplicants personally. The tradition of

Strathord relates that Lady Nairne found great difficulty in procuring an audience of his Majesty, and that she only effected her purpose by a liberal distribution of gold among the guards at the Palace gates. An old man belonging to the parish of Auchtergaven, who died in 1877, used to tell that an ancestor of his was servant to Lady Nairne, and went to London with her. He accompanied her to St James' Palace, carrying a well-filled purse, and when her carriage reached the gates, and the soldiers barred the entrance, he began scattering about his gold pieces right and left, and his mistress was allowed to pass in. This was the old man's story. But we know that the audience (if it might be called so) which Lady Nairne had of King George was when she was in company with the Countess of Nithisdale, who has left an account of the strange scene. "The King's resentment," writes the Countess, "was greatly augmented by the petition which I presented, contrary to his express orders; but my Lord"—her husband—"was very anxious that a petition might be presented, hoping that it would be at least serviceable to me. I was, in my own mind, convinced that it would answer no purpose; but as I wished to please my Lord, I desired him to have it drawn up; and I undertook to make it come to the King's hand, notwithstanding all the precautions he had taken to avoid it. So the first day I heard that the King was to go to the Drawing-Room, I dressed myself in black, as if I had been in mourning, and sent for Mrs Morgan," a faithful friend, "because, as I did not know his Majesty personally, I might have mistaken some other person for him. She staid by me, and told me when he was coming. I had also another lady with me"—this was Lady Nairne; "and we three remained in a room between the King's apartments and the Drawing-Room; so that he was obliged to go through it; and, as there were three windows in it, we sat in the middle one, that I might have time enough to meet him before he could pass. I threw myself at his feet, and told him in French, that I was the unfortunate Countess of Nithis-

dale, that he might not pretend to be ignorant of my person. But, perceiving that he wanted to go off without receiving my petition, I caught hold of the skirt of his coat, that he might stop and hear me. He endeavoured to escape out of my hands; but I kept such strong hold, that he dragged me upon my knees from the middle of the room to the very door of the Drawing-Room. At last, one of the blue ribbons who attended his Majesty took me round the waist, whilst another wrested the coat out of my hands. The petition which I had endeavoured to thrust into his pocket fell down in the soufflé, and I almost fainted away through grief and disappointment."

This unkindly and unmanly rudeness towards an unhappy lady pleading for the life of her husband, produced an impression amongst the public very unfavourable to the King; but when such was the harsh temper of the head of the State,—and it was manifested again on a subsequent occasion when the Countess of Derwentwater was introduced to the royal presence, — scarcely could the prisoners expect that any mercy would be dispensed. Their hopes sank low as the shadow of the scaffold darkened over them. Lord Nairne—some of whose daughters had joined their mother in London—wrote a letter on 21st February to the Duke of Montrose, the Secretary for Scotland, supplicating for banishment, and for a few days' release, that he might give his "last blessing" to his daughters, who had come from Scotland to see him. But there was no response. On the 23rd February, the House of Lords presented an Address to the King, recommending that such of the condemned noblemen might be reprieved as should appear to deserve it. But the Sovereign received the Address ungraciously. This interference offended him, and he returned the vague and haughty reply, "that on this and all other occasions he would do what he thought most consistent with the dignity of his crown and the safety of his people,"—words which seemed to bear the clank of the headsman's axe in them. Lord Nairne, preparing him-

self for death, composed a speech which he intended to deliver when brought out for execution. Of this valedictory production, we select the principal portions:—

My education has not fitted me for speaking in public, and therefore I choose to leave in writing this true account of myself. I was educated and always continued a Protestant of the Church of England. I was honoured with favours by my late gracious Sovereign King James the Seventh; even in his greatest distress, my affections never departed from him. I lived a quiet life. I was happy in the best of wives; and we, with twelve children, and five grandchildren, lived in great ease and satisfaction. I found myself (notwithstanding my peaceable behaviour for above twenty years) hunted by the malice of bloody men in order to be made a close prisoner. Lord Mar appeared, and, though there was no previous concert with me, I joined him, and gave implicit obedience to those he appointed to command me, though I was very quickly sensible of the want of proper officers for such an undertaking as we were put upon.

The first notice I had at Preston of any intention to surrender was that a capitulation was agreed to, by which we were to give up our arms to a most merciful Prince, who, they did not doubt, would pardon us. But after that we were made an unexampled spectacle to the whole city, and been encouraged to plead guilty (to the fact only), we found not that mercy.

I forgive all mankind; and if the delusive hopes of life, and the importunity of my dear friends, have made me say anything before the Lords or in my Petition in the least derogating from my principles, I beg pardon of God and of all good men.

I hope God will support me as he did my grandfather, the Earl of Derby, who fell a sacrifice for the same cause. That neither ambition nor avarice could move me will appear by what was offered me in a former reign, and my circumstances at home were easy and pleasant. God had blessed me with a most tender wife, who is much dearer to me by her virtues than by the estate she brought me. I commend to God my dear children who have been so dutiful to me: and all my noble and kind friends who have with so much warmth appeared for me at this juncture, I pray God for them, and return them my hearty thanks.

But this speech was never spoken. Fate had otherwise willed.\*

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\* *Life and Songs of the Baroness Nairne*, p. 152; *Patten's History of the Rebellion in the Year 1715*; *Olliphant's Jacobite Lairds of Gask*; *Hargrave's Complete Collection of State Trials*, vol. vi., pp. 1-20; *Narrative of Lady Nithisdale*; *Third Report on Historical Manuscripts*, p. 381.

THE HOUSE OF NAIRNE.—Part 3rd.

————Where Almond holds its course,  
And pours, with rapid force, its flood,  
From rock to rock thro' Methven wood,  
A robber dwelt, who, by his sword,  
Of that wide forest lived the lord.

Anderson's "Nairn."

We have said that King George's answer to the Address presented by the House of Lords had somewhat of the clank of the headsman's axe in it; and so the event proved. Before the close of that day on which the ominous answer was given, warrants were issued for executing the Earls of Derwentwater and Nithisdale and Viscount Kenmure on the following morning—the 24th February, 1716; but their three companions under sentence—the Earl of Carnwath and Lords Widdrington and Nairne—were reprieved till the 7th March. Short as was the time allotted for the doomed nobles making ready for death, it sufficed for one of them to cheat the block. That very evening the Countess of Nithisdale effected her husband's escape from the Tower in disguise, and he was never retaken. Next morning the executioner did his work. Derwentwater and Kenmure were beheaded. They died with great fortitude, both regretting that they had pled guilty to the charge of treason, and declaring with their last breath their fealty to King James. It is said by Lord Mahon, in his *History of England*, that Lord Nairne was included in the reprieve by Mr Stanhope (afterwards Earl Stanhope), one of the Cabinet Ministers, because they had been at Eton together; though Mr Kington Oliphant of Gask remarks that he "can hardly believe that lads were sent from Athole to Eton in the days of Charles II." But by what means soever it came about, Nairne's life, and also that of his son, were now saved; and happily, no proceedings were instituted against Lord Strathallan, who was taken at Sheriffmuir.

The two Nairnes were confined for the space of twenty months altogether—namely, from December, 1715, till August, 1717,—when they were liberated under the General Act of Indemnity. But as his Lordship was obliged to appear six months afterwards before the House of Peers to make his recognizances, he did not return to Strathord till July, 1718. In the Gask memorandum already mentioned, Nairne's expenses, while in the Tower of London, are estimated at £4000 : for one room he gave £3 sterling per week, and £1 of weekly wages to warders : and further, during the above space, he paid to lawyers and to others (probably certain Court ladies, favourites of the King), £1500, making £5500 in all of loss. Although his life was spared, Lord Nairne continued forfeited in lands and title by the sentence of treason; but as the Strathord estates were vested in his lady, she claimed the same in the Court of Session, and her claim was sustained. Her eldest son, the Master, likewise fell under forfeiture; but in his case it was partially reversed at a subsequent period.

Lord Nairne's narrow escape from the axe taught him no prudent lesson. Jacobitism still remained uppermost with him, and he was ready to venture his life for it again. Within about a twelvemonth of his return home, he would have joined the Spanish expedition to the west coast of Scotland, had not the small body of troops been so speedily defeated at Glenshiel. Even this disaster did not deter him from receiving, immediately afterwards, a number of blank Jacobite commissions, which he was to distribute amongst staunch friends of the Chevalier in Perthshire. Nairne also had a long epistle from the Earl of Mar, in which a full account was given of the Spanish expedition and the Glenshiel affair. The Master, moreover, had the honour of a letter from Mar, who thus spoke of him :—

Your brave resolution of appearing a true asserter of justice, when a fit opportunity offers for boldly resenting the injuries done yourself, will gain no small respect for him that represents the undaunted virtues of such heroes as you are come off; which makes you set out with

double advantage; the merit of predecessors, added to your own, cannot fail being a real ornament.

But many years went over his head before the Master found an opportunity of openly signalling his devotion to the cause of the white rose.

As already shown, Lord Nairne's family consisted of four sons and eight daughters. Of the sons, *John*, the eldest, married his cousin, the lady Catherine Murray, third daughter of Charles, first Earl of Dunmore; *Robert* married Jean Mercer, the heiress of Aldie; *William* became a Captain in the Swedish East India service; and *James* became an officer in the British army. As to the daughters—*Margaret*, in 1712, became Viscountess of Strathallan; *Amelia* was married to Laurence Oliphant of Gask, on 26th September, 1719; *Catherine* married William Murray, afterwards fourth Earl of Dunmore; *Marjory* became the spouse of Duncan Robertson of Druimachoin, heir-male of the Strowan family; *Charlotte* wedded John Robertson of Lude; *Mary* was never married; *Louisa* married David Græme of Orchil; and *Henrietta* was never married. Of course, it will be understood that only some of the above marriages had taken place by the time which our narrative has now reached.

Between the year 1719 and the date of Lord Nairne's death in 1725, the history of the family, from a general point of view, appears uneventful. In 1725, John, the Master, succeeded his father, whose lady, however, survived till near the end of 1747. Up to the outbreak of the second Jacobite insurrection, little can be said of John, the third Lord, unless we turn to local tradition, which has preserved a stirring tale of adventure, recounting his courage and prowess. "The family of Nairne," it is said, "were long famed for bodily strength and a noble and chivalrous disposition. Situated as they were on the borders of the Highlands, they were often forced to repel the incursions of their warlike neighbours." Nor was the district without plunderers, who sheltered amongst the woods and rocks on the banks of the Almond. The tradition to which we refer was



versified and given to the world, in 1825, in a small brochure of 34 pages, under this title :—

**NAIRN: A Poem, Founded on Fact; with Notes and Anecdotes, illustrative of the manners and customs of the natives of Nairn, or Strathorde, in Perthshire, in the XVIII. century. By James Anderson. Perth: Printed by Crerar and Son. 1825. Price Six-pence.**

The author states in his preface that "he was not in possession of any information but what he derived from the common tradition of the country;" and we have no doubt that he adhered closely to the story as he had heard it related. The poem opens thus :—

Bright Phoebus' last and glimm'ring ray,  
On lofty tower and turret grey,  
To stream and lawn, to hill and dell,  
Had beam'd a short, a sweet farewell.  
With slow but certain pace the night  
Crept onwards, and dispell'd the light;  
While Earn's chiefs, at festive board,  
Sat with Strathallan's noble Lord :  
For many a princely chieftain there,  
That night the baron's feast did share.

Among the guests around Strathallan's festive board was John, Lord Nairne. The conversation at length turned on the wild exploits of a marauder, named Callum Dhu, who habitually lurked in the depths of the wood of Methven. He seems to have had no associates; and being a stout, bold, and crafty knave, full of resources, he had baffled every attempt to capture or slay him; or, as the poet expresses it—

———No champion had been found  
Could make him quit an inch of ground.

By night, and often in broad day, he prowled about the roads on Almond-side, waylaying and robbing travellers. To such as refused to stand and deliver, he offered single combat, in which he invariably proved victorious, —several of his foolhardy antagonists being slain outright : and so the name of Callum Dhu was a terror to all throughout a wide stretch of country. Whilst his misdeeds were being discussed in Strathallan hall, the castle clock struck ten; and on hearing the hour, the company began to break up and to call for their horses. The noble host, knowing that Nairne's homeward road

led through the freebooter's haunts, pressed him to stay over night, and take his journey in the morning. But Nairne would not consent, being resolved, though attended only by a single serving-man, named Clarke, to ride home that night, and risk the chance of encountering the dreaded cateran. "When I meet Callum Dhu," said Nairne, "the villain's career shall close." No persuasion of his brother-in-law could shake his purpose. He and his attendant mounted their horses, and sallied forth. It was a clear and beautiful night, —the round moon shedding a silvery lustre over hill and dale. Scarce a word passed betwixt the two till they were approaching the banks of the Almond, when Nairne enquired how far they might be from the quarter usually traversed by the robber. To this the servant answered, but earnestly counselled his Lord to take another route, and thereby avoid all chance of danger. He was laughed at for his pains. Nairne continued his course, and the Almond was reached :—

The forest now appears in view,  
Where lofty oak, where pine and yew,  
Waft, by the full moon's midnight beam,  
Their darken'd shades across the stream.  
Still is the night, no quivering breeze  
Shakes the dark foliage of the trees.

Watchfully the riders advanced,—their ears strained to catch the first sound of alarm.

And now they can distinctly hear  
The rushing sound of waterfall,  
And soon they reach a rugged wall  
Of hardest rock, whilst fragments grey  
Lie scatter'd 'mongst the foam and spray;  
The wood gives way, and finely spread  
Before them lies a lovely glade,  
And on a cluster'd grove of pines  
The moon with double lustre shines.  
Upon the rock loud footsteps ring,  
And instant, with a sudden spring,  
As lights the raven from the rock,  
The Bandit came——

He came, and in a loud and threatening voice, commanded the horsemen to halt; for none, he said, should pass that way, without buying his permission by the surrender of what money they had in their

purses. Nairne drew bridle, and retorted that he would surrender nothing except at the sword's point. So saying he leaped from his saddle, divested himself of his cloak and flung it on the ground, and drew his trusty blade. Callum, nothing loth to meet a bold opponent, also unsheathed his claymore, and presently the combatants engaged in conflict under the broad beam of the moon.

They fiercely closed ; their weapons' clang  
 O'er rock and thicket loudly rang.  
 As falls the axe upon the oak,  
 The Bandit plied each heavy stroke;  
 But well the guard did Nairne know,  
 To parry every thrust and blow;  
 Yet thrice they closed in contest keen,  
 And thrice Lord Nairne's blood was seen;  
 Nor 'scaped his foe unhurt, for well  
 Did Nairne's sword his prowess tell.  
 Across the Bandit's arm his blade  
 A deep and hideous gash has made :  
 Dark scowled his eye, but word or groan  
 Declared not that his strength was gone,  
 Altho' 'twas plain to Nairne's lord  
 His arm could scarcely wield his sword.

Furious, but with failing energies, Callum strove to sustain the fight ; but his claymore was now struck from his hand. Starting back, he glared around, and then, seizing a broken piece of rock on the side of the path, heaved up "the unwieldy burden" in both hands, —like Ajax, when, in repelling the Trojan attack on the Grecian camp, he raised a "rocky fragment," and crushed the "batter'd crown" of Epicles with it. So did Callum Dhu hurl the stone at Lord Nairne's head. The ponderous missile flew wide, and dashed against the crag beyond. Nairne rushed in on his enemy, and at one blow severed his head from his body. Thus the combat ended; and the victor

——— Cast his chaste'n'd eye  
 On rock, on wood, on moon and sky;  
 For though successful in the strife,  
 His skill had scarcely saved his life.  
 His dauntless soul received a check  
 When light the weapon grazed his neck;  
 Altho' each guard and pass he knew,  
 The Bandit's sword had cleft in two  
 The silver clasp, with which was bound

His collar band. As from the ground  
 His cloak he took, the crimson stream  
 Fast trickling in the moon's pure beam,  
 Between him and the grass he saw :  
 The wound he felt, with heighten'd awe,  
 No simple cut, the weapon's point  
 Had enter'd nigh the shoulder-joint.

The servant now hastened to staunch the flowing blood  
 and bind up the wound with a bandage; which being  
 done, they washed their hands in "a clear glassy fount,"  
 and then mounted their steeds.

Nor did they once their horses rein  
 Until they reached their own domain,  
 When glimmering thro' the trees they spied  
 Their mansion, Perthshire's boast and pride.

Such is the tale which the local poet wove into verse :  
 and his little book, often sought after, has now become  
 exceedingly scarce.\*

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\* Another account is current of the freebooter who  
 haunted Glenalmond and that vicinity. He is said to have  
 been a native of Fortingal parish, and his name was  
 Alister Bane. When a young man, he fought on the rebel  
 side at Sheriffmuir, and lost one of his ears in the battle.  
 At the close of the insurrection he fled to his native hills for  
 refuge, and eventually, like many of his compatriots, took  
 up the profession of a cateran. He made his lair in Glen-  
 almond, where he soon gained unenviable repute as the  
 captain of a band of daring cattle-lifters. His abode was  
 a cave at Corrviarlich, where for a long space he was un-  
 disturbed by any enemy. In front of his retreat grew a  
 solitary oak (still existing), connected with which there  
 was an old prophecy that to break one of its branches, or  
 injure it in any other way, would be fatal to whoever did so.  
 One dark night, Alister returned alone to his cavern, in-  
 tending to roast a fat fowl for supper; but having no spit at  
 hand, and with forgetful rashness, he went out and tore  
 down a bough of the fatal tree to serve his purpose. With  
 like inadvertence he neglected to close up the mouth of the  
 cave behind him, and the gleams of his fire, shooting far  
 into the darkness without, attracted an armed party who  
 had been watching for him. Directed by the ruddy blaze,  
 they stole forward, and, bursting unexpectedly into the  
 cave, overpowered Alister, and made him a prisoner.  
 Very probably he was brought to the bar of the Stewartry  
 Court of Strathearn, and suffered on the "kind gallows of  
 Crieff." Rhymes and snatches of song still commemorate  
 him in the locality : as, for example :—

Black deid befa' you, Alister, Alister,  
 Black deid befa' you, Alister Bane !  
 Mony a braw cow and ewie he's ta'en frae their hame;  
 But the Thief o' Glenalmond will never be ta'en.

Passing now from the pleasant region of romance and legend into that of plain fact, we find that about the year 1734, the Nairne family began taking steps to procure a reversal of the forfeiture pronounced in 1716. After considerable trouble and outlay of money, an Act of Parliament was passed in 1738, whereby Lord Nairne was enabled "to sue or maintain any action or suit, notwithstanding his attainder, and to remove any disability in him by reason of his said attainder, to take or inherit any real or personal estate, that may or shall hereafter descend or come to him." In this way he was rehabilitated, in a great measure, against the forfeiture: and the Gask memorandum states that Lady Nairne spent £1000 "for Acts of Parliament and to lawyers since the 1734 to enable her son to inherit, and empower them both to dispose of land to pay their creditors." Of Nairne's marriage with Lady Catherine Murray came five sons and a daughter,—all of whom, however, except the eldest son, John, died unmarried.

Notwithstanding the favour granted (tardily enough) by the Hanoverian Government, Lord Nairne's sentiments towards the Revolution Settlement and the reigning house underwent no change. Political change was foreign and repugnant to his nature. The only Sovereign to whom he owned allegiance was "the King over the water," whose health and happy restoration were enthusiastically toasted in the baronial hall on Ondie side, when the white rose of June, pallid emblem of an exiled dynasty, was in bloom. Nairne's views and hopes, like those of his party, remained steadfastly bent on the Chevalier. Such men, like the Stuart princes themselves, learning nothing and forgetting nothing, shut their eyes to the gradual march and new phases of progress. Year by year made more and more manifest how vain was the dream of bringing back the days before 1688. Restoration of King James seemed impossible without powerful foreign aid in men and money; and France was never disposed to grant such aid as would be effectual. At last, when Prince Charles Edward embarked on his rash enterprise, he brought with

him to the Scottish coast only seven followers, and not a single experienced military man among them. The news of his arrival broke upon his adherents like a thunder-clap. But most of them, even with misgivings, cast all personal considerations to the winds, and hastened to tender him their support. Lord Nairne was one of the foremost of the Lowland Jacobites who donned the white cockade. He and his brother-in-law, the Laird of Gask, on hearing of the Prince's advance to Blair-Athole at the head of about 2500 men, went up to meet him and kiss his hand. The Marquis of Tullibardine, the exile of the '15, now enfeebled with disease, assumed the part of host in Blair-Castle, and sent to the Lady of Lude, one of Nairne's sisters, to come and do the honours of the house during the Prince's stay. Charles, after remaining a couple of days in Blair, proceeded to Lude, where he slept for a night. He was very cheerful, we are told, and took his share in several dances, such as minuets and Highland reels: the very first reel he called for being "This is no mine ain house." Next day (3d September) he proceeded to Dunkeld. Thence, on the 4th, he passed to the House of Nairne, and dined there. Some of the company took the freedom to observe, "what a thoughtful state his father would now be in, from the consideration of those dangers and difficulties he had to encounter with; and that upon this account he was much to be pitied, because his mind behoved to be much upon the rack." To this the Prince replied that he did not half so much pity his father as his brother, Henry; "for," said he, "the King has been inured to disappointments and distresses, and has learned to bear up easily under the misfortunes of life, but, poor Harry! his young and tender years make him much to be pitied, for few brothers love as we do." The same evening, Charles made his entry into Perth.

Lord Nairne had now thrown himself heartily into the Rebellion, buoyed up with anticipations of the speedy triumph of the Stuart cause. He mustered his men on the bowling-green of the mansion by the Ordie. The

same ardour appeared to animate many of his people as in Mar's year, and about 200 of them responded to the summons. "We were a' rebels here about," remarked an old man long afterwards. At this gathering in arms, what must have been the thoughts of old Lady Nairne, who had seen her husband and son march away with Mar, and who had suffered so much in the disasters that followed! Again, her nearest and dearest were in the field of danger. Several of Lord Nairne's relatives (irrespective of his Athole connections) were with him in the Jacobite camp: his brother, Robert (now sur-named Mercer), the husband of the heiress of Aldie, and his brothers-in-law, Lord Strathallan, Oliphant of Gask, and Robertson of Druimachoin. Strathallan and Gask were subsequently appointed Governor and Deputy-Governor of Perth. Nairne commanded his own regiment as part of the Athole brigade, and, marching with the Prince, to the south, fought at Prestonpans, and joined in the invasion of England. When the army reached Carlisle, Lord George Murray recommended to his brother, Tullibardine, that he should reduce the Atholemen to two battalions—one to be placed under the command of Lord Nairne, and the other under Robert Nairne Mercer; but the proposal was not carried out.\*

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\* Oliphant's *Jacobite Lairds of Gask*; Douglas' *Peerag of Scotland*; *Jacobite Memoirs of the Rebellion of 1746*, pp. 26, 49, 51.

*THE HOUSE OF NAIRNE.—Part 4th.*

O! an' the sun were shinin' now,  
 An' O! an' I were there,  
 Wi' twa three friends o' auld lang syne  
 My wanderin' joy to share!  
 For, though on the hearth o' my bairnhood's hame  
 The flock o' the hills doth graze,  
 Some kind hearts live to love me yet  
 Upon bonnie Ordie braes.

*Robert Nicoll.*

DURING the attack which was made by the loyal mob of Perth upon Gask's rebel guard posted in the Council-House, on the night of King George's Birthday, one of a few Strathord men amongst the besieged, called Littlejohn, is said to have distinguished himself. A townsman, named Gorrie, had rolled a barrel of gunpowder under one of the "pends" of the Council-House, and was in the act of applying a lighted match to it in order to blow up the building, when Littlejohn, observing what he was about, fired a musket at him from a window, and shot him dead. Next morning, Gask sent for a reinforcement of men from the Nairne estate, and they speedily mustered and hastened to his help, as noted in his book of accounts:—

1745.

Oct. 31.	To eight Nairne men and Mr Cochran [one of their officers].....	£0 5 0
	To 3 more N. men and Mr Cochran ...	0 3 6
	To Capt. Reynolds' charges bringing up 78 men from Ld. N.'s estate .....	1 0 0
	Pay to 31 of these men, including a Serjand at double pay.....	0 16 6
Nov. 1.	Pay to 76 Nairne men ye day at 6d....	1 18 0
„ 2.	Pay to 31 Nairne men and Serjands ...	0 16 6

The inhabitants plied these new-comers with plenty of drink, and in fact intoxicated them, intending to renew the riot, but the opportune arrival of the Macintoshes kept the town quiet. A few days after, when the valiant Littlejohn went back to Strathord, Lady Nairne, who had heard of the incident at the "pend," without knowing who was the hero, spoke to him about it, and



declared that she would give a farm rent-free to whoever fired the shot. Hearing this, Littlejohn held up his right hand exultingly, and exclaimed—"There, my Lady, there's the very hand that did it!" Tradition does not add that he got the promised reward. But, indeed, a few short months left Lady Nairne without an acre of land to bestow.

Anxiously, but with hopeful hearts, the family in Nairne House watched, by means of the disjointed intelligence coming northwards through a disturbed country, the progress of the Jacobite army in England. How they must have rejoiced when they heard of the fording of the Esk, and how the Highlanders "danced themselves dry to the pibroch's sound," and of the Prince's entry into Carlisle with a "hundred pipers" before him! Then, for a space, it seemed as though he were making a triumphal procession to London and the throne like his ancestor, the Merry Monarch. But soon the tone of the news changed. The retreat from Derby, —the return to Scotland,—the futile siege of Stirling Castle,—the fight at Falkirk in the wind and rain,—the rapid withdrawal to the north,—the advance of the Duke of Cumberland: these were the events, almost wholly disheartening, of the next few weeks. As the Duke's troops marched on Perth, they sacked every Jacobite mansion in Strathearn which they passed; and when their head-quarters were established in the city, parties were sent out to carry on the same work. The Duchess of Perth and Lady Strathallan (Lord Nairne's sister) were arrested and taken to Edinburgh Castle. But we do not hear that Nairne House underwent military execution. In February, 1746, the Hessian troops having reached Perth and encamped on the North Inch, parties of them were despatched to Dunkeld and various intermediate places. One detachment moved into Strathord, and took station at the farm-house of Balmacollie, near the old burying-ground of Logiebride; but these soldiers conducted themselves with great discretion, committing no outrage whatever upon anybody. It is related that Littlejohn, the sharpshooter of the

Council-House, and another man, were employed to drive a cartload of hay for the Hessians' horses, and, when passing the tents of the encampment, the other man slyly asked his companion—"Whaur's the hand that shot Gorrie now?" Littlejohn trembled in every limb, and besought his comrade to say no more about that, if he did not wish to expose him to certain destruction. But the days grew still blacker. Culloden was fought and lost. Lord Nairne, who was in the battle with several of his near relatives, escaped unwounded from the field; but his brother, Robert, otherwise Colonel Mercer, was slain at the head of his men. Like so many of the Culloden fugitives, Nairne wandered long among the hills and wilds, suffering every privation and surrounded with danger; but at length, through the help of friends, he succeeded in getting on board a vessel which bore him to the Continent. A traditionary story has been told of his escape, which we shall now present in a slightly-abridged form, retaining every feature of interest, but without vouching for any of the incidents:

Early in the summer of 1746, Lord Nairne, who had been skulking in the Highland deserts, ventured down to Strathardle, and one evening approached the farm-house of Dhavan, on the estate of Kindrogan, then tenanted by a young man, named John Peebles, with whom his Lordship had become acquainted in one of his hunting excursions. He was instantly recognised by Peebles, who, taking him aside to a sequestered spot, informed him that there was a party of Royal troops then in the Strath, engaged in searching for Rebels; but that, at some little distance off, there was a cave, nearly unknown and almost inaccessible, "where," he added, "if your Lordship can put up with scanty fare and rough lodgings, for a time, you may remain in comparative safety, till your plans can be matured for your ultimate escape." "Scanty fare and rough lodgings!" exclaimed Lord Nairne, "these are what I have been long accustomed to. Lead on, my good friend, let us not lose a moment." Peebles immediately conducted him to a cave in the hill of Craig-a-chaich, on the right bank of the Arde, from whence he could command a view of the whole Strath up and down to a considerable distance, Glenbrearachan, Glenfernate, and the hills on both sides of Strathardle, and could see if there was any danger of his hiding-place being discovered by the movements of his enemies. The farm of Peebles being at the foot of the hill, from whom he could get timely and correct information, made

it a most desirable place of concealment. On reaching the cave, which was gloomy, damp, and uncomfortable, but which at the same time promised the requisite security, Lord Nairne warmly thanked his friend, and begged he would procure him something to eat, however mean or scanty, as he was almost starving with hunger. Peebles departed on this errand, and, unwilling to trust any person of his family with the secret, all he could lay hold of without their knowledge was a little bear meal or barley flour, which he took to the cave; and, as hunger is the best cook and necessity the mother of invention, Lord Nairne took off his shoe, and in the heel of it put some of his scanty fare, which, with the water which dropped from the sides of his retreat, he made into what is called *crowdy*, which gave rise to this saying of his Lordship, "A little barley crowdy made in the heel of my shoe, was the sweetest morsel I ever tasted."

In this retreat and on nearly the same fare, Lord Nairne remained concealed some time, with no counsellor but Peebles, who visited him every night with provisions and information. His Lordship well knew how anxious his family and friends would be to ascertain whether he had eluded the pursuit of his enemies, and where he was secluded, and he was as anxious to give them this information, that they might take some steps to favour his escape to the Continent. But how this was to be done was a question fraught with danger to all concerned. Many and anxious were the consultations between them as to the safest mode of communicating the secret to Lady Nairne, who then resided in Perth, and who was strictly watched by the agents of the Government, in the hope of intercepting some communication from her husband, who was suspected to be lurking not very far distant, and thus affording a clue which might lead to his capture. Many were the schemes proposed and abandoned. At length, when they were almost in despair, Peebles hit upon a very ingenious plan for accomplishing their object, and in high spirits at the idea, which promised to be perfectly successful, started to his feet, clapping his hands, and exclaiming, "I have found it! I have found it!" He then explained that though now a farmer, he had been bred a shoemaker, and had not altogether forgotten the lessons of his youth. He had a trustworthy old servant, named Kirsty Lamont, but who was usually known by the cognomen of "Muckle Kirsty," who, having a sister married in Perth, could visit her without any suspicion, and as Kirsty was a thorough Jacobite, a better agent could not be found. Writing materials being procured, his Lordship wrote a letter to his lady in Perth, stating his present situation, and urging her to arrange some plan by which he could join his brother-adventurers in France; which letter, Peebles sewed up neatly between the soles of Kirsty's shoes, who being duly instructed, and partly let into the secret, departed on her dangerous errand, leaving them behind her, in not the most enviable state of mind.

Kirsty proceeded on her journey, carrying her shoes and stockings in her hand, till she came near the town. On approaching the gates of the city, toward night-fall, she was stopped by the soldiers on guard, who demanded who she was, where she came from, where she was going, and what her errand. To all which questions, Kirsty gave cool and satisfactory answers, but was ordered into the guard-house, where she was subjected to search by a female agent, but nothing suspicious being discovered, she was allowed to enter the town. She proceeded direct to her sister's house in the Meal Vennel, where she remained till the shades of night had spread their mantle over the "Fair City," when, going out on some trifling errand, she went straight to Lady Nairne's house in the Watergate, and requested an interview with her. She was immediately admitted to the lady's presence, who requested to know her errand, which she declined stating before the servants, who, being ordered to withdraw, Kirsty presented her shoe to Lady Nairne, who, immediately guessing that it was something connected with her absent Lord, proceeded to interrogate Kirsty where she came from, when Kirsty cut short by telling her to examine the shoe. Her Ladyship instantly cut open the shoe, found and read the letter, and as instantly committed it to the flames. After rewarding Kirsty amply, and requesting her to return next day for an answer, Lady Nairne proceeded to consult some of her friends as to the readiest means of relieving her husband from his present state of durance. It happened that a vessel was to sail for Rotterdam in a day or two, and a passage was secured. Kirsty returned safely with the welcome tidings, and the following day his Lordship, as Peebles' servant, and accompanied by him with two carts, arrived in Perth, and after a parting interview with Lady Nairne, who was to follow him the first opportunity, got safely on board of the vessel. After a short passage, he arrived at the Hague, where he was welcomed by several of his old companions-in-arms, and was joined by his lady in a few weeks; when, retiring to France, they lived for some time, looking with joy and regret on the days that were past, and still indulging a hope that the day might soon arrive when, in the mysterious working of Providence, their adored Prince would be admitted to his hereditary rights, and they restored to their native country, and their natural station in society.

We have given the story as we found it. Probably it embodies a considerable amount of fact, though erroneous, *inter alia*, as to the place of Nairne's embarkation, which was not Perth, but some other port on the north-eastern coast of Scotland. The authentic account is that Lord Nairne and his younger son, Henry, with the two Oliphants of Gask; Strathallan's brother, William; Robert Graham of Garvock, and

other Perthshire Jacobites, sailed from Scotland, on the 5th November, 1746, in a vessel bound for Sweden, and landed at Maisterland, an island on the Swedish coast, on the 10th, whence they leisurely made their way to France.

The Chevalier had raised Nairne to the dignity of an *Earl*; but what could an empty title avail the exile? At home he was again attainted, and his lands forfeited. But amongst the legal claims on the Strathord estate, those of his three unmarried sisters, Mary, Louisa, and Henrietta, for their portions, were respected by the Government. In fact, from original documents which we have seen, it appears that for some time both before and after the Rebellion, a moiety of the rents was drawn by those ladies in name of interest on their said portions. A small, smoke-dried MS. entitled the "Rent Book of Loak," was shewn to us by the late Miss Helen Wylie of Airleywight, a few months before her death in April, 1879, and who also kindly interested herself in procuring for us other local information concerning the Nairne family. The book consisted only of a few leaves, and had been kept by Peter Gibson, a tenant of Loak, in the manner of a pass-book, a receipt being written therein at each payment. A descendant of the tenant, an old man in Auchtergaven, bearing the same surname, had given the book to Miss Wylie. The first entry is this:—

September 8th, 1743.

Recive from Peter Gibson in Loak Twenty pund Scots, his rent for Jajty & forty three, whereof I discharge him.

MARY NAIRNE.

Following the above are six similar receipts by the same lady, up to June, 1747, the last being as under:—

June 11th, 1747, Nairne. Received from Peter Gibson in Loak, twenty pund Scots for Jvvy and forty seven, which compleats that year's Rent and is Discharged by

MARY NAIRNE.

On a separate slip of paper is the following:—

Lohoick, June 30th, 1749.

£20.

Received by me, James Bisset, Commisar of Dunkeld, from Patrick Gibson in Lohoick, Twenty pounds Scots,

being his rent payable Midsum<sup>r</sup> last for his possession in Lohok, allocat for payment of the annualrent of the Young Ladies of Nairn's portions, of which year's rent, I as factor for Miss Mary, Louisa, and Henrietta Nairns, hereby discharge him, being for Cropt Jaivy and fourty nine forehand Duty.

JAMES BISSET.

The book itself contains other sixteen receipts by different parties—fifteen to Peter Gibson from 1751 to 1766, and one to Anne Boyd in 1767. The rent in November, 1754, becomes £39 2s 4d, being for "his possession in Millhill and his Smithy land," and continues so till 1758. In 1759, the rent is £3 5s 2d *sterling*, at which sum it is stated to the end of the book. As to the "portions" of the young ladies, we can give no farther explanation about them; but in the Gask "Note of several Misfortunes" which befel the Nairnes, the last entry is—"And the portions of Eleven younger Children of Wm. Lord Nairne, amount to £6111 2s 2d,"—as though this sum had been paid. The total of the losses (including £700, which "will be lost of rents by negligence of the Lords Factors and for their salaries") is £24,478 15s 6d, which has "contributed," says Oliphant, "to the placing the family of Nairne in its present condition."

This chequered story of honour, bravery, and misfortune must now draw to a close. Old Lady Nairne, who had seen the storm of Jacobite insurrection sweep twice over the land, did not long survive the irremediable ruin which came after Culloden. She died on 14th November, 1747, having spent two-and-twenty years in widowhood. She was interred in the family burial-vault under the south aisle of the old Parish Church of Auchtergaven. This church was taken down in 1811, and the present church was erected on the same site, but not over the vault, which is, therefore, outside the area of the building.

The exiled Lord, with his lady and some of his family, took up his residence at Versailles, living on in the hope of one day returning to Scotland and his rights with the King for whom he had braved, and was

enduring, the darkest adversity. But that day was never to dawn. Lady Nairne died at Versailles, in 1754,—her demise and funeral being thus recorded in the diary of her brother-in-law, the Laird of Gask, then also an exile in France:—

May 9th. At eleven to-night, Lady Katrin Murray, wife to the Earl of Nairne, died at Versailles, and was buried the 12th at Paris in the burial-place for foreign Protestants, near the Port St Martin, at 10 of ye clock at night. Strowan, Mr Maitland [a clergyman], and I were in the same coach with the body, and I acted the chief mourner, carrying her head to the grave.

The cause of her husband's absence from the last ceremony is not stated. Probably he had been ill or at a distance.

In Strathord, the name of Nairne seemed doomed to extinction. The forfeited estate was sold by Government, and bought by the Duke of Athole, who, soon after becoming the purchaser, saw proper to order the demolition of Nairne House. This accordingly took place in 1764. The clock-tower or belfry was presented by His Grace to King James the Sixth's Hospital of Perth, and was placed on that building, which it still adorns. Nairne House was long held in affectionate remembrance by the people of Strathord. "It had 365 windows," they said, "one for every day in the year": and an aged female denizen used to tell that she was "woman muckle" before it was built, and yet she lived to see the whole of it levelled with the ground!

Lord Nairne died in France on 11th July, 1770, aged 79. His eldest son, James, having died unmarried, the second son, John, succeeded as head of the family. He entered the British army, in which he attained the rank of a Lieutenant-Colonel. He married Brabazon, daughter of Richard Wheeler, Esq. of Lyrath, in Ireland, and died leaving two sons, John and William, and a daughter, Clementina. The eldest son, who was also a military officer, dying unmarried, his brother, William Murray Nairne, born in 1757, became the representative of the family. He rose to be a Major-

General in the army, and was appointed Inspector-General of Barracks in Scotland. In June, 1806, he married Carolina Oliphant of Gask, the poetess. His title was restored in 1824, and he then became fifth Lord Nairne. He died in 1830, leaving an only son, William, born in 1808, who succeeded to the title as sixth Lord; but he died in 1837, without heirs, and so the direct line of Nairne terminated.

At the time of the Rebellion of 1745, three of the Nairne sisters, Mary, Louisa, and Henrietta, were unmarried. Subsequently Louisa became the wife of Græme of Orchill, and deceased in 1782. Mary died at Gask, on 2d March, 1774, a short time before her sister, Oliphant's lady. "As I know it was her inclination," wrote Henrietta, "to be buried at Auchtergaven (though on her death-bed she said, where the pig breaks let the shells lie), there she was carried in a hearse, and according to a plan she had drawn some years ago of the aisle there, which she had always in her pocket-book, was she laid beside my father and dear nephew, James Nairne. There was a dinner provided for the company at the 5 mile house. Lady Gask lingered on till the 18th of March:" and "it was never told her of sister Mary's illness or death, but that she had gone somewhere else. If departed spirits can be surprised, sure hers would be to meet in the regions of bliss one she thought was still here in this world of woe." Henrietta lived till 1802, when she also died at Gask, and was interred at Auchtergaven. A relative of the family (as stated by late Rev. Mr Nelson, of Auchtergaven) "returned to this country before the conclusion of the last century, and resided in a plain and private way in Perth, where his tall and venerable appearance, with his cocked hat and high gilt-headed cane, is still [1838] fresh in the recollection of the inhabitants of that city. He was buried in the family burying-place at Auchtergaven." In the month of July, 1869, when a grave was being opened in this burying-ground, which, as the family was extinct, had come to be used by other parties, an oval plate, six inches by four, was dug up, bearing the following inscription:—



Henrietta, youngest daughter of William, Lord Nairne, born the 14th March, 1714, aged 88 years.

On the death of the sixth Lord Nairne (son of the poetess), the title passed to the Baroness Keith, great-grand-daughter of Robert Nairne and Jean Mercer, the heiress of Aldie. Robert fell at Culloden; but his widow held her estates in her own right. Their only son married Margaret Murray, heiress of Pitkeathly, and the eldest daughter of this union, Jean, becoming the spouse of George, Viscount Keith, was mother of the Baroness Keith, whose daughter, the Dowager Marchioness of Lansdowne, holds the title of Baroness Nairne.\*

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\* Oliphant's *Jacobite Lairds of Gask; Life and Songs of the Baroness Nairne*; Sinclair's *Statistical Account of Scotland*, vol. xvii.; *New Statistical Account of Perthshire* (Auchtergaven); Burke's *Peerage and Baronetage*.

*TROCHRIE CASTLE, AND THE LAST  
EARL OF GOWRIE.—Part 1st.*

A heavy lot hath he, most wretched man !  
Who lives the last of all his family.

*Charles Lamb.*

THE CASTLE OF HUNTINGTOWER, otherwise Ruthven, which has weathered the storms of centuries, still stands almost intact, though crumbling in hoary age, and may yet long stand, a massive and stately memorial of the feudal day. But of another Perthshire stronghold, which also pertained to the Ruthven family, only a fragment of a ruin remains, amid the Highland scenery of Strathbraan. What summer visitor to Dunkeld, the "Eden of the North," has not made a pleasant pilgrimage along the romantic banks of the Braan, and admired the ceaseless turmoil of its clear waters as it rushes through its rugged channel, evermore chafing with the grey rocks that strive to impede its headlong race towards the Tay? The falls at the Hermitage first attract the stranger; but with all their wild picturesqueness and the surroundings of crags and thick foliage, they are less imposing than those at the Rumbling Bridge, where the stream, ere it reaches the main fall, pours down in a succession of cataracts, and, after plunging from a height of rock, flows on dark and silent in a deep and dismal chasm, which seems rent as by the force of an earthquake. Some further distance, —about four miles altogether from Dunkeld,—is seen, on the southern bank of the stream, a little way after it has passed the hamlet of Trochrie, a ruined circular tower, at the water's side, which is all that exists of the Castle of Trochrie, once a seat of the Earls of Gowrie in their barony of Strathbraan. When and by whom this Highland keep was built, is unknown. Tradition, usually so retentive and garrulous, has forgotten the age of its erection and the name of its founder. But records shew that, in 1160, Malcolm

IV., called the Maiden, gave to Duncan, sixth Earl of Fife, and Justiciar of Scotland, a charter of lands, as a marriage gift, on the occasion of his wedding Ada, the King's niece; and these lands included *Strathbrannen*, which, as we are told, was "the original name both of the strath and the river Bran, and also of the hill and forest of Birnam." *Strathbrannen* remained in the possession of the same house for nearly two hundred years. The first Earl of Douglas had grants from David II. of the lands of *Strathurd*, *Logy*, and *Strathbran*, and again of the lands of *Strathurd* and forest of *Brenan*. Still, the Fife family retained some right to *Strathbraan*; for, on 22d June, 1389, Isabel, Countess of Fife, only child of the twelfth Earl, resigned the barony of *Strathbraun*, *Strathurde*, and others, into the hands of Robert II. For upwards of a century, the Crown held *Strathbraan*; but, on 1st May, 1499, James IV. gave it to Sir Patrick Hume of *Polwarth*, who, in 1500, resigned the half thereof to William, first Lord *Ruthven*, and a royal charter followed on the said resignation, dated 30th November that year. At *Birnam* were frequently held the justice courts of the *Ruthvens*, as hereditary Sheriffs of *Perthshire*. *Trochrie Castle* and its barony formed part of the great domains of the last Earl of *Gowrie*, who was slain with his brother, *Alexander*, in the sudden and mysterious affray at *Perth* on the 5th August, 1600. Within a few days of his slaughter, the Earl, in the heyday of youth and hope, was at *Trochrie* enjoying the bracing sports of the hills and moors: and this last visit of his is said to have been attended with certain circumstances, which, after his death, enabled his enemies to traduce his memory with calumnies that he had been a dabbler in magic and necromancy for the worst purposes,—so easy was it to work upon the ignorance and the superstitious temper of the age.

But the source of the *Braan* itself had its own tradition, originating in the mythological superstitions of the ancient Celts. The wrathful little torrent, whose whole course is a continuous struggle and tumult of wave and rock, issues from *Loch Freuchie*, a fine sheet of water,

placid as the blue heaven it glasses, lying in the hollow of Glenquaich, overshadowed by the Grampians. In winter and early spring the vale has a bleak and sterile aspect, and is frequently swept by violent storms; but when summer clothes hill and dale with fresh verdure, the prospect, partaking of the pastoral character, becomes grateful to the eye. The loch is about two and a-half miles in length, by perhaps half-a-mile broad, and the River Braan emerges from its south-eastern extremity, near to which, a small island, tufted with birch trees, rests on the quiet bosom of the lake, and is associated with one of the earliest legends of Celtic lore, which in its main features bears a striking resemblance to the classic myth of the Hesperidean garden and its apples of gold. The olden name of the loch appears to have been Mai or Mey, and on its islet grew a rowan tree or mountain ash, the red berries of which were possessed of extraordinary virtues. "Every quarter, every month, it bore its fair, well ripened fruit," and that "fruit than honey sweeter far,—that precious fruit so richly red, did suffice for a man's nine meals," and a year it added to the life of the eater, besides healing all manner of wounds and sores. The mystic and miraculous tree, however, was guarded by a dragon, which entwined its scaly folds around the root, and assailed with deadly fury all who ventured near to pluck the fruit. Frithil or Fraoch, a young chieftain, was induced by Mey, the mother of the lady, Gealcheann, or Fairhead, of whom he was enamoured, to endeavour to procure some of the precious berries for her own recovery from a feigned sickness,—telling him that "her health would ne'er return, unless her fair soft palm was filled with berries from the deep cold lake, gleaned by the hand of none but Fraoch." He swam to the island, and, finding the guardian asleep, bore away "a branch of red-skinned fruit." But Mey was secretly bent on his destruction, because she herself had once owned her affection for him, and he had despised it. She, therefore, begged him to tear up and bring away the tree itself. This feat he also undertook. He reached

the island, and, again favoured by the heavy slumbers of the monster, succeeded in uprooting the ash and bearing it away with him. He was swimming back, dragging the prize with him, when the dragon awoke, and gave pursuit, overtaking him just as he had gained the shore, and there the exhausted youth fell a victim to its fangs. Thenceforth, in memory of the adventurous hero's fate, the lake was called Loch Fraoch, Fraochy, or Frenchie: and we should add that it was the publication, in the *Scots Magazine*, for January, 1756, of an English metrical translation of the old Gaelic poem of "Bas Fhraoich," or the "Death of Fraoch," by Jerome Stone, schoolmaster of Dunkeld, that first called the attention of Scottish literary men to the Ossianic or Bardic poetry then floating about the Highlands; and Macpherson's thin volume of *Fragments*—the precursor of his Ossian—appeared four years afterwards, greatly increasing the interest which Stone's version had awakened.

The earldom of Gowrie—a new creation in the Scottish peerage—was conferred on William, fourth Lord Ruthven, on the 20th October, 1581. Some pecuniary advantages involved in this mark of royal favour stirred the jealousies of his neighbours, the Perthshire barons, in regard to their own rights; for, in a few days after the grant, a protest was lodged against what was feared might be its effects. At a meeting of the Privy Council, when the King was present, "Sir John Murray of Tullybardin, knight, Comptroller to our Sovereign Lord, for himself and in name of the remanent barons and others inhabitants of the Sheriffdom of Perth, protested that the charter and infetment passed by his Highness, with advice of the said Lords, to William, Lord Ruthven, his Majesty's Treasurer, of all and hail the earldom of Gowrie, with the teind penny of all wards, reliefs, and non-entries within the sheriffdom of Perth, should on no wise prejudice the said Sir William Murray and others foresaids in ony their ancient liberties and privileges, nor astrict them to the payment of the said teind penny; wherein he alleged they were

not in use of before." What was the material result of this protest against the casualties going to swell Gowrie's purse does not appear. But he rose still higher in the State. The bold and well-contrived plot of the "Raid of Ruthven" enabled him and his confederates to grasp the whole governing power in Scotland, and for a time they were supreme. But the evil day came when it was least expected. The King escaped from their leading-strings: their adversaries were elevated to fill their places; and ultimately Gowrie died on the scaffold, at Stirling, on 4th May, 1584. His Countess was Dorothea Stewart, daughter of Henry, Lord Methven, by whom he had a large family of sons and daughters: and in the interval between his fall and his arrest, he gave infeftment of his lands to his eldest son, James, with the view of eluding forfeiture. A paper printed in the *Transactions of the Literary and Antiquarian Society of Perth* states the lands and baronies included in the sasine as the following:—

The lands and barony of Ruthven, with the patronage of the chapels of Ruthven and Tibbermuir; the lands of Ballinbreght, Pitcairne, Craingelt, Adanachy, Harehaugh; a third part of the lands of Arlewhat; the town and lands of Cultrony; the lands of Drumgrain; the half of the miln of Ochtergavin, with the half of the multures and miln lands; the whole and entire lands of Monydie, Bamblair, Ragilmy, with the half of the miln, multures, and miln lands; the third part of the half of all the lands of the barony of Ballingernoch, with the castle and fortalice thereof, with the milns, multures, miln lands, and wauk-miln; third part of the lands and barony of Abernyte, with milns, &c., and wauk-miln; a third part of the whole third part of the lands and barony of Forgardenny, with milns, &c., and the patronage of the chapel of Forgardenny, all lying within the County of Perth.

The third part of the lands and barony of Seggie, with milns, multures, &c., in the County of Kinross.

The whole and entire lands and barony of Ballerno and Newtown, with milns, &c.; the town and lands of Cowslan, with the tower and fortalice, &c., within the county of Edinburgh.

The third part of the lands and barony of Dirleton, Brabyrn Park, Highfield, Menseless, and Menseless-muir; the town and lands of Dirleton, and lordship thereof, with Coalieries and Fishings in salt and fresh water, with the patronage of the Provostry of Dirleton, within the County of Edinburgh and Constabulary of Haddington.

The third part of the lands of Boltsun; the third part of

the lands of Hassington and Haliburton, with milns, mul-tures, and the patronage of the Chapel of Haliburton, lying within the County of Berwick.

A noble inheritance was here. But the infestment in it of the young Master of Ruthven proved of none avail. The estates one and all were forfeited: and on 10th May, not a week after her husband's death, the widowed Countess was ordered by the King and Council to surrender "the houses and fortalices of Ruthven, Dirltoun, Cousland, and the lodging in Sanct Johnstoun, which belonged to William, sometime Earl of Gowrie,"—no mention, however, being made of the fortalices of Trochrie. Much hardship she endured, and cruel insults were heaped upon her head; but the tide of persecution took a turn, and the Gowrie lands and titles were restored to the family on 10th December, 1585.

James, the Master of Ruthven, who was but a boy, now became second Earl, and was twice elected Provost of Perth; but his constitution was weak, and he died about the close of the year 1588, during his second Provostship. His immediate younger brother, John, succeeded him in the earldom, at the early age of eleven, and was that third Earl of Gowrie, who, when only two-and-twenty, is said to have conspired with his brother, Alexander, three years younger, to murder the King, or at least to seize his person and hand him over to the keeping of Elizabeth of England, whilst the two adolescent traitors had not a single confederate on the spot to assist them in the perilous enterprise,—their only *supposable* coadjutors being a needy and rough-living Lammermoor laird, who sat carousing deeply by himself in Fast Castle, and his equally debauched serving-man, whom he truthfully described as "ane silly auld gleyed carle," who could neither read nor write, but to whom he wrote treasonable letters all the same. Earl John, like so many of his predecessors, was very popular in the town of Perth, and was elected as Provost in 1592 and 1593. Again, in 1594, he was chosen to that office,—the Town Council having, by a

formal obligation, bound themselves and their successors, to elect him annually to the same chair, during his absence on the Continent, where he was to spend some years in acquiring an education befitting his rank; which obligation was faithfully fulfilled. His sojourn abroad was lengthened out to nearly six years, which were occupied in study, chiefly at the celebrated University of Padua. The Earl evinced many tokens of a superior intellect and great capacity for learning: and he was also trained in all the manly and elegant accomplishments of the time. It has been asserted that while in Italy he betrayed a spirit of restless and soaring ambition,—his aspirations rising even to the future attainment of a throne, on the assumption that he was near in blood to the royal houses both of Scotland and England, as being the grandson of Margaret, daughter of Henry VII. of England, consort and widow of James IV. of Scotland, and mother of James V. Several writers, inimical as well as friendly to Gowrie, have repeated this story,—the former class to support the charge of his conspiring against James VI., and the others to insinuate that the King was moved by fears about the coveted succession to the English crown, to cut him off; but on whichever side the blame of the “conspiracy” lay (and we are not now going to discuss that *questio vexata*, which has exercised the clearest heads without as yet finding solution), the relationship as above set forth had no foundation in fact, as we shall immediately prove.

Gowrie's mother was *Dorothea Stewart*, one of Henry, Lord Methven's daughters, but not by Queen Margaret. After her royal consort's death at Flodden, Margaret married the Earl of Angus, to whom she bore a daughter, who was in due time the mother of Lord Darnley. Margaret, being eventually divorced from Angus, took for her third husband Lord Evandale's son, Henry Stewart, whom James V. thereupon created Lord Methven. She died in 1539, and was interred in the Carthusian Monastery at Perth, beside James I. and Queen Jane, leaving a son of her third marriage,



who was slain at the Battle of Pinkie, 10th September, 1547, and had no child. Lord Methven entered into a second marriage with Lady Janet Stewart, daughter of the Earl of Athole, and widow of the Earl of Sutherland. But it is a singular fact that at Edinburgh, on 16th September, 1551, letters were issued, under the Privy Seal, legitimizing four children of Lord Methven and his Countess Janet, namely, Henry, Janet, Margaret, and *Dorothea* Stewart, who had all been born before the legal nuptials of their parents. On Lord Methven's death, his widow was again married, in or before the year 1557, her third husband being Patrick, third Lord Ruthven, who was present at Rizzio's murder. William, the eldest son of Lord Patrick, by his first marriage with Lady Jean Douglas, daughter of the Earl of Angus, succeeded his father, and was created Earl of Gowrie, and wedded *Dorothea*, the youngest daughter of Lord Methven and Lady Janet Stewart. *Dorothea* was thus mother of the second and third Earls of Gowrie. The point is still farther confirmed by the following abstract of proceedings before the Sheriff Court of Perthshire, in 1567,—William, Lord Ruthven, being Sheriff;—and John Murray, of Clathybeg, his depute :—

4th June, 1567. Removing at the instance of Dame Janet Stewart, Lady Methven, liferentrix of the lands of Bachilton, against George Oliphant, pretended occupier thereof. Objected for the defence, that my Lord Ruthven is not a judge competent, because he married the pursuer's daughter, and therefore is suspect. The Sheriff-Principal declined himself, 7th June, 1567.

*Lady Methven v. George Oliphant.*—The defender propones recusative against John Murray [of Clathybeg] that he may not cognosce in this cause, as judge incompetent; and that because he attains in affinity and consanguinity with my lord Sheriff Principal, who was son to Patrick, Lord Ruthven, whilk Patrick was son to umquhill William, Lord Ruthven, whose sister, Isabel, married to John Murray of Wallaceton, afterwards of Tibbermae, is the said John Murray's mother, and that William, Lord Ruthven, is now married to the Pursuer's dochter; and that my Lord Methven [second Lord Methven, and son of the Pursuer] married the said William, Lord Ruthven's sister [Jean, daughter of Lord Patrick, by his first marriage]. Answered for the Pursuer, that the objection should be repelled, because there is no reckoning made justly, or in

consanguinity or affinity, betwixt Janet Stewart, principal Pursuer, and the said John Murray, depute.

These statements are perfectly conclusive of the point that William Earl of Gowrie's spouse, Dorothea, was the daughter of Lady Janet Stewart. Earl John, therefore, had no claim to descent from Queen Margaret: and it appears most improbable, we submit, that he ever lent himself to any such pretence, seeing it must necessarily have been well enough and widely known who his mother was and what her pedigree. In fact, the erroneous relationship could scarcely have been heard of till after his death, and among those ill acquainted with the family genealogy,—but anxious to unravel the mystery of the "Gowrie Conspiracy" on the one side or the other. Thus, a rhymster of the next reign wrote:—

Queen Margaret's grandson, nigher in degree,  
Was Gowrie's ruin, and King James' plea.

In connection with the Queen Margaret theory, it was also said that the Earl secretly intrigued for the hand of Lady Arabella Stuart, the great-grand-daughter of the same Queen, and the niece of Lord Darnley and cousin of James VI. This lady, who has obtained a melancholy celebrity in history by her misfortunes, was born in 1575, so that she was only three years older than Gowrie. In their ages, therefore, there was no appreciable disparity. Her prospects of succession to the English crown were at one time deemed more hopeful than those of the King of Scots; and we know how, after he had realised his great expectation, his jealous dread that she might displace him or his son, conspired to make her life a weary burden, and at last to consign her to an untimely grave. But not a particle of proof can be adduced that Gowrie ever turned his thoughts matrimonially towards Arabella.

A stupid story in William Sanderson's *History of Queen Mary and King James*, 1656, is repeated in David Scott's *History of Scotland*, 1727, in the following terms:—"While he [the Earl of Gowrie] was at Padua, performing his exercises, he had caused draw in

the Fencing School, for his device, a hand and sword aiming at a Crown,"—plainly indicating, of course, the grand aim of his ambition; although, sooth to tell, there was nothing at all suspicious in the device, which was merely a portion of his paternal coat-armorial! This matter deserves elucidation. The heraldic bearings of the Ruthvens underwent, from first to last, several variations. The three pales in the shield were worn from the earliest period; but on a seal of 1494, the centre pale is charged with a mullet, which was afterwards withdrawn. The supporters were changed oftener than once. On a seal of 1396, the shield with the three pales, couche, has a ram's head as crest, and two supporters in the shape of two trees, growing each from a mount. The trees gave place to two goats, which appear on a seal of Lord William, 1548; but on the seal of Lord Patrick, 1560, which quarters the Ruthven, Haliburton, Gowrie, and Dirleton arms, the supporters are a ram and a goat. When William, the first Earl, was raised to that dignity, he assumed a curious addition to his family arms—a description of which, however, we must reserve for our next chapter.\*

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\* *The Red Book of Grandtully*, vol. i.; *The Dean of Lismore's Book*, p. 54; *Highland Society's Report on Ossian's Poems*: Appendix, p. 105; *Munro's Poems and Translations from the Ancient Celtic Bards*, p. 131; *Register of the Privy Council of Scotland*, vol. iii., pp. 427, 663; *Transactions of the Literary and Antiquarian Society of Perth*, p. 103; *The Chronicle of Perth* (Mr Maidment's "Examination of the alleged descent of John, Earl of Gowrie, from Margaret, Queen of Scotland, widow of James the Fourth"); *Miss Cooper's Life and Letters of Lady Arabella Stuart*, vol. i., p. 35; *David Scott's History of Scotland*, Westminster: 1727, p. 553; *Douglas' Peerage of Scotland*; *Laing's Descriptive Catalogue of Ancient Scottish Seals*, p. 117.

*TROCHRIE CASTLE, AND THE LAST EARL OF  
GOWRIE.—Part 2d.*

He learn'd the art that none may name,  
In Padua, far beyond the sea.

*Lay of the Last Minstrel.*

THE addition which William, Earl of Gowrie, assumed to his family arms is clearly delineated on a sculptured stone, which is believed to have been placed over the gateway, or in some other prominent part of Gowrie House in Perth, or of Ruthven Castle, whence it was removed at some time to the seat of the Ruthvens at Freeland, and is still to be seen there. It is inscribed with the Gowrie coat-armorial, the quarterings of the shield being first and fourth the three pales for Ruthven; second, three bars for Cambrun of Gowrie; and, third, the bend with three lozenges for Haliburton. The supporters are—dexter, a ram; sinister, a goat; and the crest is a goat's head, with the motto "*Deid Shawv.*" Underneath the arms is this inscription:—

1582

WILLIAM EARL OF GOWRIE.

On the dexter side of the arms is the addition in question, being the figure of an armed knight, pointing with his right hand to a Scottish crown aloft, and his left grasping the hilt of the sword by his side, while the skirt of his tabard displays the same quarterings as on the shield, and a scroll issues from his mouth, bearing the words, "*Tibi soli*"—To thee alone; meaning, "To thy defence only I am devoted:" evidently the expression of the Earl's gratitude and loyalty on acquiring his new honours. The design was adopted also by his son, the last Earl. Mr George Crawford, in his *Peerage of Scotland*, states that he had in his hands an "authentic copy of the Earl of Gowrie's arms, richly illuminated, in the year 1597, with his name and titles;" and "on the dexter, is a chevalier, garnished with the Earl's coat-of-arms, pointing with a sword upward to an

imperial crown, with this device, *Tibi soli.*" Earl John probably used the same figure in Italy, although it does not appear on his seal of 1597, which has been faithfully copied on the bronze memorial recently placed in a window of the south wing of the County Buildings, at Perth, fronting Tay Street. To put forward, therefore, an armorial novelty assumed by the first Earl, and call it a proof of the treasonable ambition of his son, betrays not only a gross ignorance, but a mean and malicious desire to calumniate an unfortunate house,—the more especially as the historical scribblers who did so must have been well aware that the device was never alluded to by the King and his partisans when they strove, by raking everything together, to establish the truth of the alleged "Conspiracy."

That Gowrie, while abroad, was actuated by any but the most dutiful feelings towards his Sovereign is a gratuitous supposition, which his whole conduct, so far as known, thoroughly falsifies. The King wrote to him one letter at least after his arrival in Italy, to which the young Earl replied in an epistle overflowing with loyalty, and concluding with these words: "So craving earnestly of that Creator of all things to bless your Majesty with all felicity and satisfaction in health, with an increase of many prosperous days, I kiss most devoutly your Majesty's hands." The Earl spent about five years in Italy, devoting himself to diligent study, "wherein he profited so well," says Calderwood, the Kirk historian, "that for the estimation they had of his learning, besides his virtues and good carriage, that he was made Rector, for a year, of the University of Padua, where his name and arms are yet to be seen." It should be remarked, however, that his scholastic training at Padua seems to have embraced an acquaintance with the occult sciences, or "black art," of which that famous city was renowned as a nursing-mother, and from whose academic halls necromancers were dispersed over Europe. At that period, Judicial Astrology could claim the most eminent philosophers as its votaries: the Rosicrucian phantasies enthralled many

subtle intellects : and Witchcraft was the bugbear of both learning and ignorance. Such things being so, Gowrie was led to pry somewhat closely into a branch of study which was peculiarly fascinating from its mystery and its fancied control of invisible agencies. But certain events in his own family history ought to have taught him caution in dealing with, and boasting of his knowledge in, subjects so dangerous. His father, rightly or wrongly, had been accused, on his trial at Stirling, "that anent the event of his conspiracy and enterprises, he had consulted with one Maclina, a witch:" and his grandfather, Lord Patrick, gave a ring with a pointed diamond in it to Mary Queen of Scots, telling her that it had a virtue to preserve her against poisoning ; though afterwards, perhaps dreading the suspicion of magic, he explained that he said so to disabuse her mind of any impression that the Protestants meant her ill. The imputation of sorcery was what enemies would eagerly grasp at : and it will be seen in the sequel how the idle vaunt of possessing what was deemed unlawful knowledge on Earl John's part, was dragged into undue prominence to blacken his character when his lips were sealed in death.

In the course of 1599, Gowrie prepared to return to Scotland. He had left the banks of Almond and Tay, a raw lad, inexperienced in the world, and he was now a highly-cultivated young man, trained in literature and arms, and with the best hopes of a bright future before him. No misfortune had befallen his family during his sojourn abroad. His mother still lived to welcome him home. All went well with his brothers and sisters. Alexander, the next to him in age, was a Gentleman of the King's Bedchamber, and a favourite at Court. Several of his sisters had obtained high alliances; and the youngest, Beatrix, was a Lady of the Bedchamber to Queen Anne. The Earl, on bidding farewell to Padua, visited Geneva, and stayed a quarter of a year in the house of the famous Theodore Beza, who formed a flattering opinion of his abilities and virtues. From the shores of "clear, placid Leman," Gowrie went to Paris,

and thence proceeded to England, arriving there in the spring of 1600. At London he was received by Queen Elizabeth with great demonstrations of respect and honour, which gave rise to sinister conjectures that he was now won over to the designs of the English Queen against King James, but for which we can perceive no tangible foundation. Gowrie came down to Edinburgh and his entry into the capital, surrounded by troops of friends and greeted with the applause of the citizens, so displeased James, that he is said to have cynically remarked—"There were more with the Earl's father when he was conveyed to the scaffold." The King, be it remembered, had reason to fear that Gowrie, like his father, would become the leader of the Presbyterian party, to whom the royal policy was in direct and irreconcilable antagonism; and he farther suspected, on private rumours, that some understanding, adverse to his interests, had been formed betwixt the Earl and Elizabeth. Still, the wily monarch dissembled towards him, and professed much joy at his return, retaining him a while at Court under a mask of hearty friendship.

Gowrie came to Perth on the 20th of May, arriving late at night,—“at eleven hours at e'en,” says the chronicler, and accompanied “with sundry barons and others.” He took up his residence in that great mansion, situated in the Speygate, which either the first Lord Ruthven, or his grandson, the second Lord, had bought, in 1527, from the heirs of the Countess of Huntly, who died in the preceding year. After the purchase, the mansion was repaired and enlarged. Its east and south ranges were ancient: these were renovated: and additions were made on the west and north sides. It would appear that the chief improvements were begun by William, the first Earl, in the year 1579,—the Burial Register of Perth containing an entry, under date of 21st May that year, recording that “Archibald Wylie was killed by the fall of a stone at my Lord Ruthven's new beginning of his work.” At this time was built the turret from which the King

cried for help at the "Conspiracy." But an old infeftment shews that up to 1545, the east line of the Speygate was not wholly occupied by the house and its walls, though it became so subsequently. In the Protocol Book of Robert Rollock, Notary Public, dating from August, 1541, to May, 1550, kept in the General Register House, is contained part of an infeftment to William, Lord Ruthven, of "the Manor-house and Hospital situated in the town of Perth, in the Speygate of the same, between the water of Tay on the east, and the common way named the Speygate, leading to the place of the Friars Minors, on the west; the land of the Abbot and Convent of Cupar, on the south; and the land of William Ross, on the north. The infeftment proceeds on Precept by Mary Queen of Scots, and James, Earl of Arran, Governor, in consideration of the great services of the grantee: the Precept being dated 12th, and the sasine 19th September, 1545. The House had been decorated at much cost by the first Earl, and was a stately residential seat, the ornament and pride of the Fair City.

As Provost of Perth, hereditary Sheriff of the shire, and lord of extensive domains, Earl John must have found business sufficient to engross his attention. But speedily the political movements of the day called him into another sphere. King James desired parliamentary sanction to levy a tax for the purpose of enabling him to maintain ambassadors at foreign courts, and also to make such military preparations as should be deemed requisite to maintain his pretensions to the English crown on Queen Elizabeth's decease. Parliament was summoned to meet at Edinburgh on the 20th June. Gowrie repaired thither, and on that very day obtained a *Supersedere* against all actions and decreets for particular debts due by his father. The instrument, which ran in the King's name, proceeded upon the narrative that during the time Earl William filled the office of Royal Treasurer, his disbursements had exceeded his receipts by the sum of £48,063 4s 8d Scots, according to his last Account ending the 10th May, 1583, which,



however, included certain "allowances" still to be paid, and which it was not possible for the present Earl to pay until the super-expenses were reimbursed to him: therefore the King ordained that the Earl should not be called upon, by law process, to pay any of his late father's creditors the "allowances" due to them, until the super-expenses were discharged; and that all hornings, poidings, captions, inhibitions, and other letters, should be superseded. On the assembling of Parliament, the King's financial measures were tabled, and received the general acquiescence of the nobles, but were met with determined opposition on the part of the lesser barons and the burghs, who offered, however, £40,000 Scots in place of 40,000 crowns (a crown was valued at 40s), on condition that they should never again be taxed during the present reign. The King flew into a violent passion, and gave vent to idle threats. He was also very indignant that, of all the nobility, Gowrie alone headed the opposition, and spoke boldly and ably against the royal proposals. The Parliament broke up in disorder, without voting any tax, and leaving James in the very worst of humours.

Returning to Perth, the Earl abode there for a few days, engaged in public and private duties: the local *Chronicle* noting, under 28th June, "the execution of David Drummond, for the slaughter of George Ramsay's man: the first Justice Court that ever John, Earl of Gowrie, held after his return" from abroad. About the beginning of July, when the summer was in its prime, the Earl and his brother, Alexander, with several friends, rode from Perth to Trochie Castle, where they might pass a week or two in the sports of Strathbraan. Among the company was a cousin of the Ruthvens, James Wemyss, Laird of Bogie, in Fifeshire, then in his twenty-sixth year, who was the second son of Sir David Wemyss (progenitor of the Earls of Wemyss) and Cecilia, daughter of William, second Lord Ruthven. All the party were young and gay, and found free scope for their exuberant spirits in the romantic excitement of Highland sport and pastime. The long summer days

were spent on the hills; and in the evenings, when the huntsmen had come home with horns blowing, and hounds baying, and all the trophies of the chase, the hall of old Trochrie resounded with festivity, such as it had not known for years. But one day a trivial incident occurred, which ultimately brought grave consequences in its train. Some of the sportsmen having killed an adder, which was gliding across the path, Gowrie, who came up next moment with his cousin, Bogie, saw the dead reptile, and seemed displeased or disappointed that it was destroyed. As he walked away with his companion, he said—"Bogie, if the adder had not been slain, you should have seen a good sport; for I should have caused it to stand still at my command, and it would not have glided away. This I should have done by pronouncing a Hebrew word, which in our Scottish tongue means holiness. Indeed, I have often put the same in practice before."

The word (described in the Greek as *Tetragrammaton*, or of four letters) was the most sacred name of the Deity, and was rarely pronounced by the Jews, they venerated it so much. It was expressed by four Hebrew letters.

"And where got you this word?" inquired Wemyss.

"In the Jewish Cabbala, which has descended by tradition," replied the Earl.

"What does *Cabbala* mean?" asked Bogie.

"The Cabbala," said the Earl, "contains the words which, as the Jews aver, were spoken by God to Adam in Paradise, and which the Jews had by tradition. These words, they hold, are of greater efficacy and force than any words which were uttered since by Prophets and Apostles."

The Cabbala, we may add, is wholly composed of oral patriarchal tradition; said, according to one view, to have been revelations made to Adam in the Garden of Eden, but described by Origen as comprising "some weighty secrets from the hidden depths of the law," communicated by Moses to the seventy Elders, who were ordained to be its repositories and teachers. It

was much studied by the early Christian mystics, as well as by professors of the occult sciences, such as Albertus Magnus, Paracelsus, Cornelius Agrippa, Van Helmont, and others; and its use for magical purposes consisted in letters, words, and numbers, which in peculiar combinations were held to possess mysterious powers. The opinion was inculcated in the Cabbala that every disciple of the Black Art should have something imperfect or diseased about him; but that the practice of magic might be successful, a strong will and a vivid imagination ought always to be possessed by the operator.

“And to make the word efficacious, is there nothing else necessary but the uttering of it?” inquired Bogie

“Yes—a firm faith in God is requisite and necessary,” responded the Earl, who was disposed to be very communicative on the subject. “But, mark you, cousin Bogie: this is no matter of marvel to scholars; for they know all such things to be natural. When in Italy, I was informed of a very learned man and deep theologian, who was a necromancer, and I sought him out, and had conversations with him anent the curiosities of Nature. I remember likewise that in a musical assembly one day I fell in company with a man whom I had never seen before, but who, after staring fixedly in my face, went and spoke to the rest of the party, telling them the fortune which was in store for me—that I would attain to things of which I knew myself unworthy. I reprov'd him for his presumptuous words, and desired him to forbear those speeches. Nothing more passed at that time; but another day I met the same stranger in another musical company, and as soon as his eye caught me, he began with the like language which he had previously used. I resolved to give him a proper check. I went up to him, and said—‘My friend, in case you will not hold your tongue from speaking lies of me, I will make you hold your peace by speaking truth of you:’ and then I told him, in a solemn voice, that within a certain space he should be hanged for such and such a

crime, And what think you, Bogie? It came to pass so!"

"And who told you that?" cried the other, in astonishment.

"Nobody told me," said the Earl, with a laugh. "I spake it by guess, and so it fell out!" He then alluded to deeper mysteries of cabalistic philosophy, declaring it was nothing wonderful to turn herbs into flesh which would dissolve into flies, and so forth.

"I would counsel you," said Bogie, "to beware to whom you communicate such secrets."

"I speak of them to none save to great scholars," returned the Earl; "and I would not have spoken of them to you were you not a friend and kinsman of my house, who will not reveal them again, seeing I know well they would be evil interpreted amongst the common sort."

Some new object attracting attention, the conversation which the dead adder had suggested was dropped, and not again resumed: and there is no account of Gowrie having on any future occasion exhibited his powers over any reptile seen on the moors.\* But what

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\* In the Old Statistical Account of Little Dunkeld (1793), the Rev. John Robertson, minister of the parish, speaks of some reptiles found in Strathbraan:—"A species of serpent abounds near the Hermitage and Little Dunkeld, which is found no where else in the parish. It grows to the length of 20 inches; is of a yellowish colour, and speckled all over with brown spots, which give it the appearance of a beautiful marble. Its bite is not thought poisonous. This reptile is never seen in elevated situations, but always in grounds of a warm exposure. The black snake worm, from 8 to 10 inches in length, a noxious animal, is sometimes met with, but very seldom, in the same tract of ground. A quadruped found in the moors at the eastern extremity of the parish is entitled to notice, as a remarkable variety of the lizard tribe. It is about 9 inches long; the body or trunk is of unusual length in proportion to the tail, which does not taper gradually from the hind feet as in other lizards, but becomes suddenly small like that of a mouse. The back is full of small protuberances, and guarded with a skin almost as hard as a sea-shell. The eyes large, clear, and circular, like those of an ordinary trout; the jaws more than an inch in length, and the teeth so strong as to be heard making a ringing noise upon the iron point of a pole, at the distance of more than ten feet.

he had professed his ability to shew was nothing magical at all : it was simply serpent-charming—an art common in Eastern countries from remote times, and with which the Cabbala had nothing to do. What does an Indian snake-charmer of the present day know of the Cabbala and the Tetragrammaton ? In Italy, after the beginning of the sixteenth century, a class of men went about, calling themselves the descendants of St Paul, and exhibiting with what impunity they could handle all manner of serpents. Though Gowrie *had* charmed an adder, the trick would not have been extraordinary; but nobody except Bogie ever seems to have heard him say that he had done, or could do, such a thing. His other speculations about “the curiosities of nature” were but the vain dreams, the absurd impossibilities, which still deluded many a philosophic and cabalistic sage.\*

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It is believed in that part of the country, that about 50 years ago, the bite of this animal proved fatal to a child two years old. It is never seen but upon very dry ground. When irritated, it expresses its rage by the reddening and glistening of its eyes.”

\* Rev. James Scott's *History of the Life and Death of John, Earl of Gowrie*; Pitcairn's *Criminal Trials*, vol. ii.; Calderwood's *History of the Kirk of Scotland*, vol. vi., pp. 27, 67, 71. Balfour's *Annales of Scotland*, vol. i., p. 378; Bishop Keith's *History of Church and State in Scotland*: Appendix, p. 125; Tytler's *History of Scotland*, vol. iv., Protocol Book of Robert Rollock; *An Abridgement of the Acts of Sederunt—1553 to 1794*. Part 2d, p. 18; *Chronicle of Perth*; Sinclair's *Statistical Account of Scotland*, vol. vi. p. 361 (Little Dunkeld).

**TROCHRIE CASTLE, AND THE LAST  
EARL OF GOWRIE.—Part 3rd.**

If *this* be treason, make the most of it.

*Patrick Henry.*

A FEW days after the Earl of Gowrie and his friends went to Trochrie, King James, attended by a gay and numerous train, repaired to Falkland to hunt the deer in the "polite park under the Lawmound Law." It was about the second week in July when the royal party arrived at the Palace; and they had not been long there, when the King, thinking perhaps that the courtly circle was incomplete without the presence of the young and accomplished Gowrie, sent him an invitation to come to Falkland and join in the chase, the feasting, banqueting, and varied pastimes which consumed the time. The fact of this invitation is asserted by Calderwood, who says that it was renewed again and again to urge the Earl's compliance. "While the Earl was in Strathbraan, fifteen days before" his death, "the King wrote sundry letters to the Earl, desiring him to come and hunt with him in the wood of Falkland." But Gowrie remained in the north, enjoying wilder and more bracing sport on the banks of the Braan than Falkland Park afforded: and it is stated in an old MS. that he was so induced, "because he was afraid of being shot, as it were by accident, when engaged in the chase." Some other reason than this, however, may have moved him to decline the invitation. Negotiations, it is said, were in progress for his espousal to Lady Margaret Douglas, sole child of the Earl of Angus. She was then only twelve years of age, and Gowrie had never seen her; but it was proposed that he should meet the young beauty at Seaton, the house of Lord Winton, in East Lothian, early in August. The Earl spent the month of July at Trochrie: and be it remembered, it must have been during this period that (as we are asked to believe against all rational

probability) he was weaving in the recesses of his own brain the subtle meshes of a plot, such as was to have no parallel in Scottish history : while his chief coadjutor was far away in Fast Castle, and the difficulties of communication betwixt them were vastly increased by the Earl's withdrawal from Perth to the Highlands !

Gowrie returned, with his brother, Alexander, to Perth, on the last day of July, or the 1st or 2nd of August, intending, says Calderwood, "a journey to Lothian, upon the fifth of August, of purpose to entreat his mother," who abode at Dirlerton, "to hold house with him,"—that is to say, to come and keep his mansion in Perth. But the fifth of August sent him on a far longer journey. The events of that fatal Tuesday form a tale familiar to every reader : the sudden visit of the King to Perth, caused, as he declared, by the Master of Ruthven's story of a suspicious-looking stranger with a pot of foreign gold : the apparent surprise of Gowrie on hearing of the royal approach : the late and scantily-provided dinner : the retiring of the King with Alexander Ruthven to the turret chamber, one window of which overlooked the Speygate, and the other the court of Gowrie House : the baseless rumour that rose of the King having taken horse and ridden forth on the road to Falkland : the cry for help from the turret window above the court : the sudden affray, and the slaughter of the two brothers under their own roof : the rage of the populace when they heard that their Provost was slain : and the flight of the King from the town, about eight o'clock at night, under a heavy rain. And over the whole combination of incidents was spread a veil of mystery, which, after a lapse of nearly three centuries, no amount of research has been able to dispel. Superstition, too, had its wonders to relate. Upon the Sabbath-day, after the murder, says Calderwood, "there were seen in the lodging where the fact was committed, men opening and closing the windows with great flapping, coming to the windows, looking over and wringing their hands; and the day following, such mourning heard, that the people about were terrified."

Besides, strange phenomena were seen in the sea : on the Monday, the tide in the Firth of Forth ebbed and flowed three times; the water between Leith and Burntisland was blackish; and "the ships in Leith haven were troubled with the swelling of the water." And James Melvill notes in his *Diary* that "a little before, or hard about the day" of the Conspiracy, "the sea at an instant, about a low water, deborded and ran up aboon the sea-mark, higher than at any stream tide, athort all the coast side of Fife; and at an instant retired again to almost a low water, to the great admiration of all, and skaith done to some." These reputed apparitions and prodigies testify how deep was the impression on the minds of the people caused by the Earl's inexplicable slaughter.

The King solemnly protested that his life had been threatened in revenge for the death of Gowrie's father; but corroboratory evidence was sadly awanting. Three of the Earl's attendants—Mr Thomas Cranstoun, a learned man, and probably acting as Gowrie's secretary; George Craigingelt, an old servitor of the family; and John Macduff, the Baron Officer of Strathbraan,—all of whom took part with their master in the fray,—were tried and condemned for appearing in arms at his side. They were hanged at the Cross of Perth, on Saturday, the 23d of August; but not one of them confessed knowledge of any conspiracy. Macduff had followed the Earl from Trochrie, and on the fatal Tuesday seems to have been the first who announced to him that his brother, Alexander, was slain in the turret chamber. The indictment against the Baron Officer bore that when the Master of Ruthven, mortally wounded, but bearing no weapon in his hand, though at his side he wore a sword rusted in its sheath, was thrust forth of the room by the King's friends, and flung down the Black Turnpike, "albeit ye the said John Baron heard, saw, and knew his Majesty's peril, nowise moved therewith, nor pressing anywise, according to your duty, to make him any relief, but by the contrary pressing to assist the said treasonable attempt against his Majesty,



ran forth to the High Street [it should have been the Watergate], where the said deceased Earl was for the time, and declared to him that his said deceased brother was slain; and thereby incensed the said Earl to draw his swords, and furiously ran with his accomplices to his lodging, where his Majesty was for the time: and treasonably entered therein, and passed up to the door of the chamber, where his Majesty was for the time, and invaded his Majesty's servants, being there for his Majesty's defence, and pursuing them for their slaughter, dang them in divers parts of their bodies; and insisted in the treasonable execution of his conspiracy foresaid, to the very death; whom ye treasonably moved, by your advertisement, to the execution of the said treasonable murder with his own hands: likeas ye followed him in the said treasonable enterprise, and entered within the said lodging; and in the close, at the back-yett, having encouraged all men to assist the said deceased Earl, did what in you lay to stir up all men to fortify the said deceased Earl in his said conspiracy." Calderwood tells us that Macduff and his two companions in misfortune "confessed nothing which might smell of knowledge of any conspiracy;" and that when they were brought out to die, the day was gloomy with thick clouds, but after Cranstoun had "conceived a fervent prayer" on the scaffold, the heavy sky broke overhead, and there "gleamed a sudden brightness to the astonishment of the beholders."

With regard to the alleged "Conspiracy," we have no new facts to adduce, and no new theory to propound. But it may be of interest (although contributing nothing towards the elucidation of the mystery) to quote what appears to have been a popular tradition in the town of Perth, concerning the secret causes of the affair. Amongst the MSS. of that industrious and indefatigable collector, the Rev. Robert Wodrow, is a "Life of Mr John Malcolm, Minister at Perth," which contains the following passage:—

Let me add a verbal account of this matter, which I have from an old minister (my own worthy father—but

this needs not be copied), upon whose part, in the relation, I can fully depend, who was at the old house, where the Earl of Gowrie was killed, a little after the Restoration; and met there with an aged, grave countryman, who had been present on the 5 of August, 1600, being then one of the Earl's servants. He showed my informer the room from which the King knocked down, and Ramsay and another came up, and his master, the Earl, was killed. What passed above he could not tell; but neither he, nor any in the house, observed any disorder about the Earl that day: but he well minded, that the King's coming was a perfect surprize to them all,—a servant of the Earl of Gowrie's being married that day, and the wedding dinner being in the Earl's house. When the King came, the Earl most lovingly welcomed him, and told him, He did not expect to see him that day. The King said, He was come from the hunting, and would take a share of the Bride's dinner; everything passed in the greatest pleasantry, till after dinner, the King desired the Earl to go to an upper room with him, which they did in a most friendly way. The old man told all this with tears trickling down his cheeks, 60 and mo years after, being now near 90, but very firm in his health, judgment, and memory. My informer asked him, what was then said about it. The old man answered, He heard it reported that the King was jealous of his master; and the occasion of jealousy, as reported to him, was this: Sometime after the Earl's return from travel, he went to Court, and the King made very much of him—his master, he said, was one of the handsomest, loveliest men ever he set his eyes upon. Some time after, the King and Queen being together, he asked her whom she thought to be the handsomest man she knew? The Queen replied, His Majesty. Well, said the King, I believe you think so; but next to me, whom think you the properest man in Scotland? The Queen said, she saw none more handsome than the young Earl of Gowrie. After that, the King took up a jealousy.

My informer said, the old man's relation was so simple and natural, and with so much affection, that he could not but give him credit. Upon the whole, I hope the Earl's, and much more the Queen's character, will save them from the imputations of guilt and jealousy, which sometimes rises on very trifling grounds, and is as the rage of a man.

The inaccuracies in the above relation may be chiefly due to defective recollection on the part of Mr Wodrow's father. No wedding took place that day in Gowrie House; but one was held in a tavern in the Watergate, whence a portion of the bride's dinner was brought for the King's table. Farther tradition asserts that the Queen's preference was for the Master of Ruthven rather than for Gowrie: and that such a rumour was

generally spread we learn from a letter sent by Sir Henry Neville to Mr Winwood, dated 15th November, 1600, in which he mentions having heard "there is no good agreement, but rather an open diffidence, between the King of Scots and his wife; and many are of opinion that the discovery of some affection between her and the Earl Gowrie's brother (who was killed with him) was the truest cause and motive of all that tragedy." It should also be noticed that the King's inquiry about the properest or handsomest man in Scotland seems to have been suggested to the popular mind by some old stories and ballads—particularly the ballad of "Young Waters," in which the answer to such a question kindles the flame of jealousy.

It will be conceded on all hands, we daresay, that the slayers of the two Ruthvens were able to offer to the world but a lame vindication of their violence. As soon as King James got back to Falkland Palace, official investigations were instituted respecting the presumed Gowrie treason. Significantly enough, the very first portion of the evidence appended to the "Account" published by authority, which was taken at Falkland, on 8th August, was the deposition of the Laird of Bogie, who disclosed his conversation with Gowrie about the dead adder on the Strathbraan-moor. This curious revelation of *diablerie* served to give the courtly inquisitors the cue to work on the credulity of the age by representing Gowrie as a wizard and enchanter of the blackest dye,—an imputation which it was calculated would lend probability to his alleged treason; and so they set themselves assiduously to the task. King James crossed the Firth of Forth and entered Edinburgh, on the 11th August (the Monday after the "Conspiracy"), and attended a sermon which was preached, at the market cross of the capital, by his chaplain, Mr Patrick Galloway, formerly minister at Perth, who gave a brief account of the affair of the 5th, prefacing it with the vilest abuse of the dead Earl. "As to that man, Gowrie," he cried, "let none think that by this traitorous fact of his our religion has

received ane blot; for ane of our religion was he not, but a deep dissimulat hypocrite ! ane profound Atheist ! ane incarnall devil in the coat of an Angel !—as is maist evident, baith by this traitorous fact, whilk he had attempted, and also, by sundry other things, whilk we have received by his familiars, and the most dear and near of his friends; as the books whilk he used, whilk proves him plainly to have been ane studier of magic, and a conjuror of devils, and to have had sa mony at his command.” The speaker then backed his invective by a tissue of audacious falsehoods, to the effect that Gowrie, when in Italy, had conferences with the Pope, and “made covenant and bands with him;” and had, after his return home, privately laboured to seduce the King to Popery, and offered to promote his reconciliation with the See of Rome ! Fabrications so gross disgusted the public. If the treason of “that man, Gowrie,” was susceptible of plain, legal proof, what, in the name of common sense, did it matter whether he were Wizard, Papist, Atheist, Incarnate Devil, or anything else ? The truth was, the King and his friends had not yet fully concocted their story; and Andrew Henderson was as yet unbribed to personate the armed man in the turret. The accusation of magic being deemed a strong point, it was farther sought to be confirmed by a small paper book scribbled over with necromantic signs and figures, which, as asserted, was found on the Earl’s body when it was searched shortly after his slaughter. Probably a book of the kind was so found; but not a word was said about any of the King’s letters to Gowrie from Følklaud; “which letters,” according to Calderwood, “were found in my lord’s pocket, at his death, as is reported, but were destroyed.” The reader will also observe that on Bogie’s own shewing, the Earl never breathed a syllable to him about a book of spells which he invariably carried with him. Let us now hear how the little book came to light. “His Majesty,” says the official narrative, “caused to search the said Earl of Gowrie’s pockets, in case any letters, that might further the discovery of that Con-

spiracy, might be found therein. But nothing was found in them but a little close parchment bag, full of magical characters, and words of enchantment, wherein it seemed that he had put his confidence, thinking himself never safe without them, and therefore ever carried them about with him: Being also observed, that while they were upon him, his wound, whereof he died, bled not: but, incontinent after the taking of them away, the blood gushed out in great abundance, to the great admiration of all the beholders: an infamy which hath followed and spotted the race of this house for many descents, as is notoriously known to the whole country." The preceding description of the written spells is exceedingly vague; but in May, 1713, the Earl of Cromarty, who had had them in his possession for a long time, though they ultimately went amissing, said "they were found in the Earl of Gowrie's girdle or belt," and "consist of two sheets stitched in a little book, of near five inches long, and three broad; full of magical spells and characters, which none can understand, but those who exercise the art;" but to Cromarty's statement we shall recur in the sequel. The dead body, we are told, bled profusely when it was stirred: and this is explainable from natural causes. As Gowrie was stabbed by a rapier or small sword, "the orifice of the wound," remarks Lord Hailes, "must have been small, and it would seem that he bled inwardly at first, but afterwards more freely. This appears to have been the simple fact, which ignorant and prejudiced spectators have ascribed to magical arts. The power of these enchantments seem preposterous: it could not preserve Gowrie from receiving a mortal wound, but it could prevent his wound from bleeding." Moreover, it never seems to have occurred to the Earl's traducers that the bleeding of his body when disturbed might have been interpreted in accordance with the ancient belief, common in Scotland, that the corpse of a murdered person would bleed when touched by the murderer! As to the magical characters, they may have been merely the

marks and signs of astronomy, chemistry, or the mathematical sciences.

But something else was needed to strengthen the charge of sorcery, and the King's friends proceeded to procure such evidence by foul means. The only man who it was supposed could know anything to the purpose was Mr William Rhynd, the Earl's tutor while abroad, and who now resided in Perth, of which he was a native. He was insidiously drawn into the net. The royal chaplain, Galloway, sounded him, and extracting an admission that the Earl carried some such paper of characters about with him in Italy, duly reported the admission in the proper quarter. It was welcome news. Straightway, Rhynd was taken to Falkland, and on the 20th August was examined; but his declarations not justifying expectation, recourse was had to the instrument of torture called the *Boots* to compel him to tell what was wanted, regarding the Earl's magical practices and his treason. What was wrung out of him was of very little moment: and we find the English Envoy, George Nicholson, writing to Cecil, on the 21st August—"Mr William Rhynd, the pedagogue, hath been *extremely booted*, but confesseth nothing of that matter against the Earl or his brother." Being asked where he first saw the characters, the prisoner deponed that on returning from Venice to Padua, he found them in the Earl's pocket, and thereupon enquired where his Lord had got them; to which the latter answered that "by chance he had copied them himself." The characters in Latin were in Gowrie's handwriting; but the deponer could not say if the Hebrew characters were so. "When my lord would change his clothes, the deponer would take the characters out of my lord's pocket, and would say to my lord, 'Wherefore serves these?' and my lord would answer, 'Can you not let them be? They do you no evil.' And further, the deponer declares, that sometimes my lord would forget them, until he were out of his chamber, and would turn back as he were in an agger, until he found them, and put them in his pocket."

Rhynd was sundry times inclined to burn them, but feared doing so, seeing that when he would purposely leave them out of the Earl's pocket, "my lord would be in such anger with the deponer, that for a certain space he would not speak with him, nor could not find his good countenance." In short Gowrie "would never be content to want the characters off himself, from the first time that the deponer saw them in Padua, to the hour" of his death: and Rhynd being asked to tell the reason why his master kept such things so well, deponed that in his opinion, "it was for no good; because he heard, that in those parts where my lord was, they would give sundry folks *brevves*"—that is, they were capable of throwing powerful spells upon people. Finally Rhynd deponed that Mr Patrick Galloway had shown him the characters found, and they were the very same which Gowrie had in Italy. Such was the pitiable stuff by means of which, in some measure, the murder of the Ruthvens was to be justified, and their treason proved. The royal chaplain deemed it amply sufficient; for in another sermon which he preached before the King, at Glasgow, on the 31st of August, he thus delivered himself:—

If the Earl had bidden still in Scotland, and keptit that education whilk he gat under that worthy man, Mr Robert Rollock, he might perchance not have attempted sic ane treason. But when he gade to Padua, there he studied necromancy: his ain pedagogue, Mr William Rin, testifies that he had these characters aye upon him, whilk he loved sa, that gif he had forgot to put them in his breeks, he wald rin up and down like a madman: and he had them upon him when he was slain: and as they testify that saw it, he could not bleed sa lang as they were upon him. He that this wise casts off all reverence to his God, what reverence can he have to ane earthly king?

But this "lying spirit" did not venture upon a repetition of his monstrous invention about the covenant with the Pope and the attempt to bring over the King to Popery. He was driven to rest his case mainly upon the superstition, which, as a man of education and a minister of the Gospel, he was bound to have discountenanced and condemned. Superstition was courted as a powerful ally. Pretended prophecies

respecting Gowrie's fate—all evidently fabricated after the event by parasites of the Court—were brought into circulation far and widely. Nicolson writes to Cecil, on 12th November—"One Colvil hath sent the King the collection of the fortune to befall Gowrie, upon his nativity, written with the Earl's hand, in French, at Orleans, and there found, containing that he should return, be in great credit, seek for a wife, and et die with his sword in his hand, before he should be married." Sanderson, in his *History* (published in 1656), says that the Earl of Argyle "told the King, that in a house at Orleans, in France, where the Earl of Gowrie had been lodged, he found a prophecy, viz., that he should with too much love fall into melancholy, have great power and rule, and die by the sword." \*

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\* Scott's *Life and Death of Gowrie*; Calderwood's *History*, vol. vi.; *Autobiography and Diary of James Melville*, p. 485; Pitcairn's *Criminal Trials*, vol. ii.; *History of the House of Seytoun*: Notes, p. 96; Earl of Cromarty's *Historical Account of the Conspiracies by the Earls of Gowry*, p. xiii.



**TROCHRIE CASTLE, AND THE LAST EARL OF  
GOWRIE.—Part 4th.**

Inconstant world, fragile and frivolous,  
With feinzelt Fortune, who confides in thee  
Shall find his life careful and cruellus,  
Led in this vale of woeful miserie.

\* \* \* \* \*  
For with the one eye she can lauch and smile,  
And with the other lurk and play the loun;  
Some to promotion, and some to plain exile,  
Like draw-well buckets dowking up and down.  
*Sempill's "Complaint upon Fortoun."*

THE PRIVY COUNCIL, sitting at Falkland, on 7th August, 1600, addressed a mandate to the Bailies of Perth, commanding them "to preserve and keep the corpee and bodies of the saids umquhill Earl and Mr Alexander unburied, ay and till they understand further of his Majesty's will and pleasure thereanent:" the purpose being that the two bodies might be brought to the bar of Parliament, when the Summons of Treason should be called; for such was the barbarous legal formality of the day. The savage usage, which would have suited the Court of the Cannibal Islands, was fully exemplified on the 15th November following, when the corpses, wrapped in the cerements of the grave, were carried into the Parliament House of Edinburgh, and arraigned as though they had been living men. Forfeiture was pronounced: the surname of Ruthven was proscribed: the name of Ruthven Castle was changed to Huntingtower: "and to conlude the last act of all this tragedy," writes Sir James Balfour, "the 19th of this same month the bodies of Gowrie and his brother were dragged through the streets of Edinburgh, to the gallows, and hanged and bowelled, and their heads set on two iron pins on the pinnacles of the common jail of Edinburgh, with this sentence, there to stand till the wind did blow them off." Their quarters were sent to Stirling, Perth, and Dundee, as appears from entries in the books of the Lord High Treasurer:—

Item, for carrying the quarters of the late Earl of Gowrie and his brother, to be affixt on the maist eminent places of Stirling, Perth, and Dundee; and for a creel, hay, and salt, £8 7s.

Item, to ane boy passing with his Majesty's Warrants, to be delivered to the Magistrates of the said burghs, for this effect, £4.

The remaining two sons of the first Earl, William and Patrick, escaped to England, and so saved themselves from death or a lasting confinement; but the story of their subsequent fortunes is beyond the scope of our present narrative.

The "magical characters" which were said to have been taken out of Earl Gowrie's pocket were not produced at the trial, and the public knew nothing more about them until, in 1713, when the Earl of Cromarty published his book on the "Conspiracies by the Earls of Gowrie," he thought proper to append to his preface a letter to the printer, in which his Lordship stated that the documents in question had been long in his keeping; but that he could not then lay his hands upon them. "These papers," he said, "I found in Sir George Erskine of Invertille's cabinet, wrapt in paper, whereon was writ, with Sir George's own hand—'These are the papers which Sir Thomas Erskine, my brother, did take out of the Earl of Gowrie's girdle, after that he was killed in Perth: and which papers were then delivered by my brother, Sir Thomas, to me, to be kept.' These papers I cannot now fall on, tho' I'm certain, I have them by me. But I declare on faith and honour, I did find them in manner foresaid, and have many times shown them to others in above sixty years time." It was peculiarly unfortunate that they eluded (by means, perchance, of their necromantic power) the worthy Earl's search, as undoubtedly a copy of the characters would have been the most interesting and valuable portion of his publication: and they have never been heard of since.

One of the royal attendants who were in Gowrie House, on the memorable 5th of August, was William Steuart, called of Banchrie, the only brother and apparent heir of Sir Thomas Steuart, tenth baron of Grandtully. William was born about the year 1566;

and it would appear that almost from his infancy he had been attached to the Court, as one of the young companions of James VI., who was born in 1566, and crowned in the following year. In due time Stuart became a Page of Honour; and on the 8th February, 1585, the King, "for the gud, true, and thankful service done to us be our well-beloved William Steuart, our page of honour," granted him, under the Privy Seal, a yearly pension for life of 300 merks Scots, to be uplifted by him out of the feu farm, feu mails, teind sheaves, &c., of the bishopric of Ross. A further token of His Majesty's favour was the issue of Letters under the Privy Seal, dated at Holyrood House, on 15th May, 1594, appointing "our loved familiar servitor, William Steuart, called of Garntullie," to the office of Gentleman of his Majesty's Chamber for life, and granting him all the honours, dignities, privileges, fees, and casualties belonging to that office, particularly the sum of 500 merks yearly. As a member of the royal train, Stewart accompanied the King from Falkland to Perth, on the 5th of August, and seems to have distinguished himself in defence of his Sovereign on that occasion, though he was not examined at the trial. When the Ruthvens were forfeited, the King parted their possessions amongst the courtiers who had been present at the fray; and in this distribution, William Steuart was not overlooked. By Letters of Gift, dated at Holyrood House, 16th November, 1600 (the day after the trial of the corpses), James granted him the life-rent of the forty shilling land of Tomnagrew, in Strathbraan, for the yearly payment of £5 Scots: appointed him as Captain and Keeper of his Majesty's House of Troquharie [Trochrie] in Strathbraan, with the orchards and yards; as also Forester and Keeper of the forests, parks, woods, and hanyings of the lands of Strathbraan, namely, Torquhak, Cambrnach, Craignaercullich, and Glenfyndour, with the moss of Tomnagrew, in Strathbraan, and forest of Glenshee: and likewise appointed him as Bailie of the lands of Strathbraan: which house, lands, and office of Bailiary, formerly belanged to John,

sometime Earl of Gowrie, and were then in the King's hands, through his forfeiture. This gift was made to William Stenart, "our trusty and well-beloved servitor," in consideration of his "lang, true, and thankful service heretofore doné to us . . . and for his lang continuing in our service and spending of his time thereintill, and for his late service done, being at the preserving of our person frae the late conspiracy of unquhile John, sometime Earl of Gowrie, and Maister Alexander Ruthven, his brother-german, devised by them within the burgh of Perth, upon the fifth day of August last bypast." Of same date, the King granted to "our daily servitor, William Stewart of Banchrie," a liferent of two chalders of oats out of the lands of Schirrestown, as his fee for discharging his office as Bailie of the lands and barony of Strathbraan. It was soon ascertained, however, that the gift of the forty-shilling land of Tomnagrew was inoperative, because a tack of said property had been given by the first Earl of Gowrie to the deceased Alexander Ruthven of Free-land, for the space of two liferents and nineteen years more. To compensate for this, the King, on 30th July, 1601, granted to William Stewart in liferent, the town and lands of Little Trochrie, then occupied by Katherine Craigingelt (probably a relative of George Craigingelt, who was executed), and her sub-tenants, in the barony of Strathbraan. At this time, as is believed, the most of Strathbraan was wooded,—old inhabitants, of the last generation, stating "that formerly it was all covered with a thick forest of large oaks, which extended from Dunkeld to Loch Kinnaird, on the barony of Grandtully, a distance of about ten miles."

On obtaining these gifts, Stewart built additions to Trochrie Castle, inserted stones sculptured with his armorial bearings in the walls here and there, and made it his chief residence. More favours were bestowed upon him. The King, on 28th November, 1602, granted him a pension for his long, true, and faithful service "since his Highness' coronation," which took place in July, 1567. Previous to the 16th May, 1604, the Keeper

of Trochrie received the honour of knighthood; for of that date, he had another gift in connection with Strathbraan,—the King's letter styling him "our trusty servitor, Sir William Steuart of Banchra, knight." He was then discharged of the feu-mails, kains, customs, and duties of all and hail the lands, lordship, and barony of Strathbraan, of the crop and year 1604. In the Parliament which met at Perth, in July, 1606, King James, with consent of the three Estates, disjoined and separated from his crown and patrimony thereof, the lands and barony of Strathbraan; and then in consideration, *inter alia*, of a certain sum of money, in name of composition, granted to Sir William Steuart a charter of the lands and barony of Strathbraan, which had been let to him in feu farm, and thereby also erected, united, and incorporated them anew into one barony to be called the barony of Strathbraan: which charter is dated 16th July, 1606. The next gift to Sir William brings into notice an old agricultural custom prevailing widely at that time in Scotland, both highland and lowland. On many farms, though let to tacksmen, the stock was the landlord's, being provided by him, and went under the name of "steelbow goods"—that is (according to Erskine) "corns, straw, cattle, or instruments of tillage, delivered by a landlord to the tenant upon his entry, for the like in quantity and quality to be re-delivered to him at the end of the lease": the produce only being the tenant's, out of which he paid a certain proportion as the rent. At Greenwich, on 8th June, 1607, the King granted a letter to his favourite servant conveying a gift of "the steelbow goods and oats belonging to our lands and barony of Strabrande," which, as he understood, "are still extant on the ground, and in the possession of our tenants thereof, and that the same being permitted to continue there untaken away or transported, may both be helpful to the labouring of the ground, and to our servitor, Sir William Steuart, apparent of Grantullie, gentleman of our privy chalmer, feuar of our saids lands and barony of Strabrand; therefore," his Majesty granted, gave, and disposed to

him, "our fenar foresaid, all and hail the same steelbow goods and oats of Strabrand, to be retained still upon the ground thereof, kept, used, and disposed upon by him in time coming, at his pleasure."

The death of Sir Thomas Stewart of Grandtully occurred in 1610; and as he had no child, his brother, Sir William, succeeded him, as eleventh baron, in all his lands and demesnes. On 2d April that year, the King appointed Sir William to attend a meeting of the General Assembly, which was to be held at Glasgow, in June :—

**JAMES R.**

Trusty and well-beloved, we greet you well. Whereas we have appointed a meeting of the Church of that kingdom to be at our city of Glasgow, the vij<sup>th</sup> of June next; in regard of your known affection and love to the weal and peace of that Church, and of the many good proofs we have had of your forwardness in our service, we have thereupon made particular choice of you, whose presence will be very requisite at that meeting : not doubting but that upon this advertisement both you will address yourself thither, and do thereat no less good offices than we expect at your hands : of which we will ever be mindful, and so bids you farewell. From our Court at Whitehall, the 2 of April, 1610.

To our trusty and well-beloved Sir William Steuart of Garnetully.

At this Assembly, the Earl of Dunbar was the Royal Commissioner, and is said to have bribed a majority of the members into compliance with the King's ecclesiastical policy,—hence this is known in Church history as the "Golden Assembly." We know not what part the knight of Grandtully played in the proceedings; but he seems to have had little aptitude for acting in matters of Church and State, and he was not again employed in any such capacity. He retained his office at Court until the death of King James, when it is supposed he retired into private life, being then well advanced in years. In July, 1630, however, Charles I. appointed him as Sheriff-principal of Perthshire for one year,—the following being the letter sent by the Scottish Privy Council :—

After our very heartily commendations—Whereas the King's Majesty has made choice of you to be Sheriff-principal of the Sheriffdom of Perth for the year to come,

these are therefore to request and desire you to make your address here to his Majesty's Council upon the aucht day of September next, to accept the office upon you, and give your oath for faithful administration thereof, whilk looking assuredly you will do, we commit you to God. From Holyroodhouse, the twenty seven day of July, 1630.

Your very good friends,

WINTOUN. MORTON. LINLITHGOW.  
ANNANDALE. MONTEITH. SEAFORT.

To our right trust friend the Laird of Garnetullie.

The same office was again conferred on Sir William by King Charles on 17th September, 1634.

Sir William was married to Agnes Moncreiff, daughter of Sir John Moncreiff of that Ilk, by whom he had five sons and one daughter. He and his eldest son, Thomas, obtained from Charles I. a charter, dated at Holyrood House, 20th July, 1633, whereby Strathbraan was of new erected into a barony: and another charter of the new erection of that barony was granted to Thomas by the King on 31st July, 1638. Sir William Steuart died in 1646, aged 79, and was succeeded by Thomas, as twelfth baron of Grandtully. The latter, by a procuratory dated at Murthly, 23th October, 1662, empowered Sir James Mercer of Aldie, one of the Ushers of his Majesty's Privy Chamber, to resign the barony of Strathbraan into the hands of Charles II.; and accordingly a resignation was made at the Palace of Whitehall, in that room called the Privy Gallery in Whitehall, "where the King's Majesty was present in person," on 1st June 1663: on which resignation a signature was superscribed by King Charles, and docquetted by the Earl of Lauderdale, as Secretary of State, dated 4th of said month; but apparently no charter followed in terms of the signature, as probably it was reckoned unnecessary.

Trochie Castle seems to have gradually lost its importance as a residential seat after its first Steuart Laird succeeded to the barony of Grandtully. In course of time the old Highland keep was neglected and allowed to fall to ruin; and at length, when its dilapidation was far advanced, the country people of the neighbourhood used it as a convenient quarry for stones

to build their cottages, until nothing was left except the mouldering remains of a round tower, which, however, the late Sir William Drummond Steuart took pains to save from farther demolition ; and it still stands by the side of the Braan a solitary memorial of past ages.

Here we might conclude; but before doing so, we shall recur for a moment to the "Gowrie Conspiracy." It is an undoubted fact that the alleged treason obtained scant credence beyond the limits of the Court circle. The King's narrative was almost everywhere disbelieved and derided, both at home and abroad. Francis Osborn, an English writer, says—"No Scotsman you could meet with beyond seas but laughed at" the plot; "and it was said the printed relation of the conspiracy murdered all possibility of credit." Some of the ministers of Edinburgh were loud in their scepticism, and were in consequence sharply dealt with: the most eminent of them, Mr Robert Bruce, being banished from Scotland for refusing to believe the King's word. Ultimately the "Conspiracy" found a curious sequel, which (to say the very least of it) did anything but corroborate, in the public estimation, the official account of the mysterious affair.

In the month of July, 1606, died Robert Logan of Restalrig, who owned Fast Castle, a grim and strong tower, perched on a headland overhanging the German Ocean. This Lammermoor Laird had lived an unthrifty, turbulent, reckless, and somewhat desperate life ; but notwithstanding his wasteful habits, he left behind him some portion of his means and estate ; and his Confirmed Testament, dated 31st January, 1607, included the following debts due to him:—

*Item*, There was awin to the said unquhill Robert Logane of Restalrig, be my Lord of Balmerinoh, the sowme of aucteene thousand markes. *Item*, Be the Erle of Dunbar, the sowme of fyftene thousand markes.

At this time there resided in the adjacent fishing village of Eyemouth, a Notary Public named George Sprott, who had frequently been employed as Logan's law-agent. Sprott had a wife and family, but had



fallen into straitened circumstances through his own misconduct, and had contracted a bad character. "He was a false Notar," says Calderwood, "and could counterfeit so finely men's hand-writes, for which cause he was worthy of death," and indeed he seems to have been threatened with prosecution for his falsifications and forgeries. About the month of April, 1608, he began to drop dark hints to his familiars that he had penetrated the mystery of the Gowrie Conspiracy by the perusal of a few letters belonging to the late Logan of Restalrig. The thing getting wind, he was arrested and examined, when he declared that an old henchman or servant of Logan, called Laird Bower, who could neither read nor write, had shewn him several letters written by Logan, and *one from the Earl of Gowrie to Logan*, touching a plot for the seizure of the King, and his conveyance by sea to Fast Castle, in August, 1600. One of the letters, being from Logan to Gowrie, he (Sprott) had quietly abstracted from the lot and kept to himself, and he gave a verbal summary of its contents. Bower himself was now dead like his master, and could, therefore, tell no tales and produce no documents. Subsequently, Sprott, on being subjected to the torture, retracted his confession *in toto*, and the whole matter was on the point of ending in smoke when the Earl of Dunbar, Logan's debtor, came forward, took a leading hand in the business, and treated the Notary kindly, the effect of which was that Sprott affirmed his confession. He was immediately libelled for "concealment of treason," upon his verbal summary of Logan's letter to Gowrie; but, strange to tell, the letter itself was not produced,—*no document whatsoever was produced*. The trial was held, and the Notary condemned to death, on 12th August, 1608, and he was hanged at the Cross of Edinburgh that same afternoon! Archbishop Spottiswoode, who was present at the execution, says that Sprott's confession carried "small probability:" indeed, "it seemed a very fiction, and to be a mere conceit of the man's own brain; for, *neither did he show the letter, nor could any*

wise man think that Gowrie, who went about that treason so secretly, would have communicated the matter with such a man as this Restalrig was known to be." And Calderwood avers that Sprott was induced to fabricate his confession, "partly because benefit was promised to his wife and children by the Earl of Dunbar," and partly because he would otherwise have been brought to the gibbet "as a false Notar."

A few months passed, and in February, 1609, a summons of treason was raised against Robert Logan, eldest son of the late Restalrig, concluding "for forfeiture of the memory and estates" of his father, whose bones were now dug out of their grave, and carried to the bar of justice. At this trial of the dead, five letters, all ostensibly written by Logan, were produced; but not the slightest explanation was given as to where they came from, or how they had been procured: the public being left to infer that they were those which Sprott had seen in Bower's hands. Three of the letters were addressed to a person unnamed; one was to Bower; and one to the Earl of Gowrie, which, however, differed most materially from Sprott's version. The reason why these had apparently come back to Logan, was that he had laid down the system to his correspondents that each letter, either of his or theirs, should be returned, after perusal, to the writer, that he might see it destroyed;—"When you have read, send this my letter back again with the bearer, that I may see it brunt myself, for so is the fashion in sic errands." But, at the same time, he had been quite careless of his own letters after he got them back, and, instead of committing them to the flames, had left them in Bower's keeping: nay, more, he had been so silly as to write a letter to Bower, who, as he could neither read nor write, must have had it read to him by somebody else! It is to be observed, moreover, that Sprott's blunder in professing to have seen in Bower's hands a letter from Gowrie—which, according to "the fashion in sic errands," ought to have been returned to the sender—was not now repeated, and no such letter was shown or alluded to.

On this evidence, forfeiture was pronounced against the dead man. In the proceedings both against Sprott and Logan, the Earl of Dunbar was exceedingly busy, and his labours were made known to the King by Sir Thomas Hamilton, the Lord-Advocate, in the most fulsome terms. Hearing that sundry persons had "preconceived hard opinions of Restalrig's process," while it was going on, —wrote the Advocate :—

The knowledge thereof, whilk wrought fear and mistrust in the minds of divers your Majesty's well-affected servants, did breed in the Earl of Dunbar such care and fervency to remove these impediments, that bending his wits, in more passionate manner nor he uses to express in common and indifferent matters, he did travel so earnestly with the noblemen and haill remanent Lords of Articles, and solicited some of the most learned and best experimented of your Majesty's Council, to furnish reasons and light, to the clearing of the probation of that most heinous treason; and gave to myself so earnest charge, and furnished so pregnant, judicious, and clear grounds to confirm the summons, and manifest the very circumstances thereof to the world, that he left no travel to me, but the repetition of the substance of his information.

Dunbar had his reward. The King gave him a grant of the 15,000 marks (the balance of 38,000 marks as the price of the lands of Flemington), which he owed to Logan's heir : and this grant, we apprehend, sufficiently reveals the motive-springs of the Sprott-Logan episode in the Gowrie Conspiracy. The Earl's cousin-german, Home of Renton, had also a gift of the teinds of Horden, belonging to the Logans. Lord Balmerino, who likewise had a finger in the pie, would have been rewarded with the wiping off of his debt of 18,000 marks (the price of Restalrig) ; but unluckily, at the very nick of time, he fell into the trouble of the Spanish Blanks.\*

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\* Pitcairn's *Criminal Trials*, vol. ii. ; Balfour's *Annales of Scotland*, vol. i., p. 408 ; Archbishop Spottiswoode's *History of the Church of Scotland*, vol. iii., p. 199 : Notes, p. 273—" Examination of the Postscript to the Gowrie Conspiracy," &c. We must also specially express our obligations to Mr William Fraser's valuable work, *The Red Book of Grandtully*, for most of the facts connected with Trochrie Castle.

**THE DAYS OF SERFDOM IN SCOTLAND.—**  
*Part 1st.*

Our fellow-countrymen in chains !  
Slaves—in a land of light and law !  
Slaves—crouching on the very plains  
Where rolled the storm of Freedom's war !  
*Whittier's "Voices of Freedom."*

“BRITONS never will be slaves !” Long has this refrain been, and ever may it be, the proudest boast of freeborn Britons ! But how many, by whom it is sung, forget that this island of ours has seen times when a numerous class of slaves on its soil were Britons themselves ? Strange as it may sound in Scottish ears, it is nevertheless true that in times distinguished above all other epochs in our history for the stubborn and successful vindication of national liberty and independence, a considerable portion of the labouring population engaged in rural toil were absolutely slaves. M. Thierry, in his *History of the Norman Conquest of England*, leads his readers to an erroneous inference on this point. Speaking of the conquest of Pictavia by the Scots, he says—“The conquered people had no slavery, no political degradation to suffer, the condition of serfs of the soil, the ordinary fruit of foreign conquests in the Middle Ages, was not introduced in Scotland.” So far as the union of the Scots and Picts is concerned, the writer is correct; but if he means that serfs of the soil were unknown in Scotland during the Middle Ages, he is totally mistaken. From early periods, slavery existed both in Scotland and England. It was the sight of some English youths exposed for sale in the Roman market that moved Pope Gregory to send over Augustine to bring within the Christian fold the distant island which had recently passed under the rule of the heathen Saxons. When the Normans came to England they found that the Anglo-Saxons had reduced most of the labouring masses to a condition of serfdom, binding

them to the land, and buying and selling them along with it. This degradation, however, had its degrees,—some better, some worse,—though “Disguise thyself as thou wilt, still, slavery!—still thou art a bitter draught!” The *villeins*, or villagers, were the cultivators of the soil, and had small allotments for their own support: the *bordars*, allowed huts to themselves, had to provide poultry, eggs, &c., for the master’s table: the *cottars* practised handicrafts, to which they had been trained at the master’s expense. These had some slight share of liberty to reconcile them to their lot; but beneath them, and at the very bottom of the social scale, were the common *theows*, *thralls*, or *servi*, who were employed about their masters’ mansions in the meanest capacities. We all remember the Swineherd in *Ivanhoe*, who wore “a brass ring, resembling a dog’s collar, soldered fast round his neck,” and bearing the inscription in Saxon characters—“Gurth, the son of Beowulph, is the born thrall of Cedric of Rotherwood.” It has been conjectured that the thralls were the descendants partly of Roman slaves and partly of the native Britons; and it is a remarkable fact that “they were most numerous in the district, where the British population maintained itself the longest.” At the date of the compilation of Doomsday Book, the numbers of servile labourers are supposed to have stood as follows:—Villeins, 102,704; bordars, 74,823; cottars, 5,947; and thralls, 26,552: the latter, therefore, being about one-seventh of the other three classes put together.

This deplorable state of things was left undisturbed by the Normans, as it suited their convenience equally well as it had suited the Saxons before them. Giraldus Cambrensis asserts that during the reign of Henry II., so many of the thralls were carried to Ireland and sold there that the market became overstocked; and he adds that for a long time after the Conquest, there was hardly a cottage in Scotland which had not an English slave; but probably this was due in a large measure to the capture of prisoners in the incessant hostilities

along the Border. It must also be noticed that those vaunted palladiums of English liberty, the great charters, which the Norman barons wrung from their kings, fully recognised and homologated the servile system which prevailed. In Magna Charta, granted in 1215, the warden of an heir was prohibited from making "destruction or waste of the *men* or goods" upon the land under his guardianship,—the men being thus classed with the ordinary chattels. The same form of words is repeated in the first, second, and third charters of Henry III., granted respectively in 1216, 1217, and 1224–25; and, again, the first charter of Edward I., granted in 1297, contains the clause against "destruction and waste of the *men* or goods." But the barons and freemen were not the only holders of slaves. They were also held by the Church,—that is, by the monasteries and religious houses, which acquired them both by purchase and gift,—chiefly, we should say, by gift, because a donation of land to the Church would usually include the proportion of serfs pertaining to it, but in many cases serfs alone were given. We read of the Abbot of Dunstable, in 1283, buying a serf and all his family; and in 1333, a certain lord granted to a religious house several messuages, together with the bodies of eight natives dwelling there, with all their chattels and offspring. No doubt, however, the condition of the thralls, both socially and morally, was improved when they came under ecclesiastical ownership. It was with the Church that manumission began. At a Council held at Westminster, in 1102, it was declared unlawful for any man to sell slaves openly in the market, which had been the common custom of the country. The clergy often purchased slaves for the express purpose of granting them liberty; and though the progress of emancipation was necessarily slow, yet in the end the spirit of Christianity succeeded in eradicating what had for ages been a black blot on the national character.

Serfdom, we say, was prevalent in Scotland from remote times. The serfs were called by the general term of *nativi* or *nefs*,—probably signifying that they

were of the native or aboriginal race of the country; while the personal names of most of them were decidedly Celtic, as will be seen by subsequent examples. Our old law-books contain various laws and usages in relation to these ancient bondmen: yet, curiously enough, the great feudalist, Sir Thomas Craig, and those eminent institutional writers on Scottish jurisprudence, Lord Stair and Lord Bankton, have denied that there ever was any slave-system in this northern half of the island. "In Scotland," says Stair, "there is no such thing." Of course, serfdom had disappeared even before Craig's day; but that was no proof that it had never existed here. Later down, however, Erskine admitted that "the condition of the *nativi*, or bondmen, was in most respects as hard as that of the Roman *servi*;" but whether he had admitted it or not, the fact remains,—the early authorities, though there were no other evidence, being indisputable. The *nativi* and their families were attached to the soil, and sold along with it. No term of absence from his bondage gave a serf the right to liberty: he could be reclaimed at any time. Even a man, who had not been reduced to slavery, but whose father or grandfather was proved to have been of the servile status, could be rendered a serf, and all his effects went to his master. Serfs might be lent by one master to another. If they ran away, warrants were issued for their pursuit and seizure. There was an exception, however, in respect of a fugitive bondman having dwelt in a burgh for a year and day, without being challenged: in that case he was declared free, except he were the King's bondman; but this exception does not seem to have been always acted on: and it would also appear that a bondman who became an ecclesiastic did not for that reason obtain his liberty, but continued a serf. All this and more can be seen in the old laws of Scotland.

Referring to the *Regiam Majestatem* (by which Peter Peebles swore his highest oath), we are enlightened by the compiler as to the origin of slavery in this world. "Bondage and servitude," quoth he, "took ane begin-

ning fra the drunkenness and ebrietic of Noah; for he pronounced Cham to be servant of servants to his brether:” and so presumably we are to infer that a system thus “nail’t wi’ Scripture” was perfectly just. In fact, one of the compiler’s successors, Erskine, in the middle of last century, was bold enough to express approval of one mode of it. Let us now examine the varied workings of this degrading phase of law and social order, as shewn in the *Regiam* and kindred records. As to the number of *nativi* in ancient Scotland, we are left in ignorance. No computation, so far as we are aware, has ever been made; but the class must have been sufficiently large. There were three “kinds of nativity, or bondage.” First, the born bondman, or descendant of slaves on the land. Second, a stranger, or freeman, who “receives servile land frae ane Lord, and does servile service for that land, and deceases dwelling upon that land,” and his son and grandson likewise live and die upon it, “all his posterity till the fourth degree shall be of servile condition to the lord.” Third, a freeman, who, for the sake of maintainence, shall render himself to be a bondman, in the lord’s court, or king’s court, by the hair of his forehead. If any one of these three kinds of bondmen deserted his lord, he could be reclaimed under a “Brief of Bondage,” and on his servile condition being proved, “the master may take him by the nose, and reduce him to his former slavery, and take fra him all his goods and gear until the value of four pennies.” But, as mentioned before, there was a notable exception to this rule of law, inasmuch as “gif ane bondman of an Earl, or Baron, or of any other man, comes to ane burgh, and buys to himself ane burgage, and dwells in that burgage ane year and ane day, without challenge of his master or his bailie, he shall be ever free, and shall enjoy the liberty of the burgh as ane burges, except he be the King’s bondman.” Further, in the pursuit of fugitive serfs, there was another reservation, as regards burgh fairs or markets, to this effect, that “gif any man in the fair finds his



bondman fugitive fra him, sa lang as the peace of the fair endures, he may not take or apprehend him, nor attach him,"—the object evidently being to prevent disturbance and riot. It was ordained by King William the Lion's statutes that whoever detained a bondman fugitive from his master, should not only restore him, but also pay double the damage and skaith sustained by the master. It needs not be said that a *native* could hold no property of his own : his wife and children were slaves like himself : and he could only obtain manumission by the goodwill of his master, with the King's leave, "otherwise the bondman is not made simpliciter free." In addition to the old laws which we have quoted, the Cartularies of the great religious houses throw much light on the subject. From these records—some of which contain carefully-kept genealogies of serfs, in order that their serfdom might be proved at law if necessary—we shall next select the more interesting illustrations of the system.

Our royal Scottish saint, David I., who reigned from 1124 to 1153, among his other benefactions to the Church, made gifts of *nativi*, who, we might suppose should have been happy in being handed over to the mild and peaceful rule of the ecclesiastical communities. He granted to the Church of the Holy Trinity at Dunfermline, his three thralls or slaves, Ragewein, Gillepatric, and Ulchil. When slaves belonging to the ghostly fraternity ran away from their servitude, the same monarch was ready to issue warrant for their capture. Thus, one of his writs enjoins that "the runaways called Cumberlach," shall be restored to the Church of the Holy Trinity of Dunfermline, together with all the slaves which his father, his mother, and his brothers gave to that church. King David also, in 1144, made a grant to the Abbot of Kelso of the Church of Lesmahagow, with the lands of that name and "their men." From David's time we descend to that of his successor, Malcolm IV., in whose reign (1153 to 1165) we find some farther records concerning Scottish serfdom. He granted a Precept empowering the Prior

of Coldingham to seize fugitive slaves justly belonging to that monastic establishment, wherever he could find them :—

**MALCOLM**, King of the Scots, to all the good men of the whole land: greeting. I command that wherever the Prior of Goldingham or his servants can find fugitive serfs justly belonging to Goldingham, they shall have them justly without disturbance or trouble; and I forbid that any of you detain them unjustly on pain of my prohibition. Witnesses: Walter the Chancellor, Hugh of Moreville. At Berewic.

By another precept, this King empowered the Prior and monks of Coldingham to take their own men from any portion of their lands for the purpose of building houses in the vill or town of Coldingham :—

**MALCOLM**, King of the Scots, to the Prior of Collingham, and to the whole Convent of that place, and to all the good men of his whole land: greeting. Know that I have granted and firmly charged that the Prior and monks of Collingham may, at their own pleasure, bring their proper men, wherever they may dwell in their land, to settle the town of Collingham. And I forbid, on pain of full forfeiture, that any one trouble them in respect of the aforesaid matter. Witnesses: Walter the Chancellor, Herbert the Chamberlain, Richard the Chaplain, Nicholas the Clerk. At Collingham.

In 1170, Waldeve, Earl of Dunbar, by the following brief deed, made over a whole tribe of nativi to the Abbot of Kelso :—“I give and confirm to the Abbot and monks of Kelso, Halden and his brother William, and all their children and all their descendants.” The next illustration which we shall cite relates to our own immediate neighbourhood. King William the Lion (1165 to 1214) gave a Precept to the Abbot of Scone, investing him with the right to recapture fugitive serfs :—

**WILLIAM**, King of the Scots, to all good men of all Scotland: greeting. I command and firmly charge that in the land or in the power of whomsoever of you the Abbot of Scone, or his sergeant, may find Cumlawes and Cumherbes belonging to the lands of the Abbey of Scone, he have them justly and without delay. Let no one therefore detain from him any one of these unjustly, upon pain of my strict interdict and of my forfeiture. Witness: Andrew, Bishop of Catenes, Nicholas the Chancellor, Walter, son of Alan the Steward, Mathew the Archdeacon. At Deinfermlin.

King William, on another occasion, renounced in favour of Simon, Bishop of Moray, all claim on a serf named Aulon MacBele; and his Majesty also granted to the Bishop and Church of Glasgow, a serf called Gillemachoi de Conglad, with his children, and all that ought to belong to him. David, Earl of Huntingdon, surrendered to the Earl of Mar a serf named Gillecriste MacGillekucongall, and the two Gillecristes, Gillenem, and Gillemarten, his four sons, and their issue. The nativi were sometimes allowed to change their masters, with consent. So, in 1222, the Prior and Convent of St Andrews granted license to their born thrall, Gillemor Scolgo de Tarvalent, to abide during their pleasure with James, son of Morgund, Earl of Mar. A contract made about the year 1230 between the Bishop of Moray and Lord Walter Comyn, respecting lands in Badenoch, shews that certain nativi who had become ecclesiastics were still reckoned as slaves. This document stipulated "as to the born thralls, that the Bishop and his successors shall have all the clerical and two lay, namely, Gyllemallonock MacMakuigelle, and Sythach MacMallon; these clerical and lay thralls, the Bishop of Moray and his successors shall have, with all their chattels and possessions, and their children and whole race, and the chattels of their children; but the Lord Walter Comyn shall have all the other born thralls, with their issue and chattels, of the land of Logykenny and Inverdrumyn, and of all the other lands in Badenoch, which at any time belonged to the Bishop of Moray."

As to the price of serfs—their money value in the Scottish market—we find that Richard de Morvil, the constable, who died about 1188, sold to Henry St Clair, Edmund, the son of Bonda, and Gillemichel, his brother, with their sons and daughters, and all their progeny, for the sum of *three marks*; but upon the condition that if they leave St Clair with his consent, they shall pass to the lordship of no other lord, nor to any other lord or land than De Morvil. Further, various documents are still extant regarding the sale of serfs

to the religious house of Coldingham, for the purpose of thereby effecting their manumission. Eustace of Newbigging sold to the Prior of that house, William of Newbigging, and Brunhild his wife, and Walter and Mabil their children, and all their issue, for the sum of fifteen shillings. At another time, the price paid for serfs was *three marks* :—

*To all who may hear or see these letters, Bertram son of Adam of Lesser Riston : greeting. Be it known to you all that I have granted, sold, and for me and my heirs for ever, entirely quit-claimed, to the Prior and Convent of Coldingham, Turkil Hog and his sons and his daughters, for three merks of silver, which, in my great want, they gave me, of the money of the house of Coldingham. Wherefore I will and grant that the foresaid Turkil and his sons and his daughters be free and quit for ever from all reclamation or demand of me and my heirs. And in witness of this thing I have affixed my seal to this writing, before these witnesses, Sir William of Mordington, Walter and Andrew of Paxton, Adam of Riston, John son of Helyas, and Maurice of Ayton, Adam of Prendergest, and many others.*

Again the price of freedom is stated at three marks :—

*HENRY of Prendergeste, to all who shall see or hear these letters; greeting. Be it known to you all, that I have granted, sold, and for ever quit-claimed from me and my heirs, Joseph son of Elwold, and all his issue, to the Prior and Convent of Coldingham, for the price of three marks which he gave to me in my great necessity, of money of the house of Coldingham. Wherefore I will and grant that the foresaid Joseph and all his issue shall be free and quit from all reclamation of me and my heirs. Before these witnesses, Ralf the Archdeacon, and John his son, Elyas of Prendergeste, and Adam his son, Richard Forester and Richard his son, Richard of Riston, William of Lumisdene, Adam of Little Riston, Maurice son of Merlin and Reginald his brother, Adam son of Ilif of Aldengraue, Uetred son of Coleman and Roger his son, and Reginald of Little Riston and William his son, William son of Elgi, Walter of Edenham and Robert of Edenham, Ralph the Provost, and the whole Court of Homelescnol and many others.*

But we come to a sale when the price has risen to *ten marks* :—

*ROBERT of Prendergest, to all who may hear or see these letters; greeting. Be it known to you all that I have granted, sold, and entirely for ever, from me and my heirs, quit-claimed Osulf the red and Walter his son, and all who shall issue from them hereafter, to the Prior and Convent of Coldingham, for the price of ten marks, which*

they gave to me in my great necessity, in goods of the property of the house of Coldingham. Wherefore I will and grant that the foresaid Osulf and Walter, and all their issue, be free and quit from all reclamation and demand of me and my heirs. In presence of these witnesses, Patrick son of Alden, Henry of Prendergest, Alan of Suinton, Helyas of Upper Eyton, Elyas of Prendergest, William of Lumisdene, Adam of Riston, Reginald son of Merlin, Maurice his brother, and many others.

Another "bill of sale" of the same class is of a far more extraordinary character. It shows that a serf had become a merchant of Berwick, and risen to be Provost of that town, though still remaining a serf, and that his freedom had to be purchased for twenty marks,—double the highest price which we have hitherto seen paid :—

I, ADAM, Lord of Prendergeste, make known to all present and to come, who may see or hear these letters, that I, with the will and assent of Henry, my son and heir, have sold to Patrick of Prendergeste, Burgess of Berwick, Reginald the Provost, my neyf (nativum meum), with all his following, and have quit-claimed for ever the said Reginald and all his following, to the said Patrick, from me and my heirs, for twenty marks of sterlings, which the said Patrick gave to me in my great necessity. Wherefore I freely will and grant that the said Reginald, his wife, his children, all the following descending from them, with all their goods, as well moveable as immoveable, freely and peacefully may go, return, and stay wherever they please, like other free men, so that I, Adam, and all my heirs, shall never henceforward against them have demand or claim of their neyfship. And that this my sale may have strength and effect in future, I, Adam, have confirmed the present charter with my seal. Witnesses, Sir Richard, Prior for the time of Coldingham, Sir William of Morwinton, Sheriff of Berwick for the time, Sir Alan of Svynton, Thomas of Nesebite, Robert of Paxton, Robert son of Reginald, Robert son of the Steward, David of Lungesden, Gilbert of Lungesden, Adam son of John, Patrick Scot, Thomas Frank, and many others, done in the year of our Lord, 1247, on Saturday before the feast of St Gregory, in our lord the Prior's full Court of Ayton. Witness the Court.

It must also be observed that Patrick the burgess, who paid the price for the Provost, had himself been a slave, but owed his manumission to the monks of Coldingham.

**THE DAYS OF SERFDOM IN SCOTLAND.—**  
*Part 2nd.*

Ah ! Freedom is a noble thing !  
Freedom makes man to have liking ;  
Freedom all solace to man gives :  
He lives at ease that freely lives !  
A noble heart may have nane ease,  
Nor else nocht that may him please,  
Gif freedom fail : for free liking  
Is yarnit ower all other thing.  
Nor he that aye has lived free,  
May not know well the property,  
The anger, nor the wretched doom,  
That is coupled to foul thirldom.

*Barbour's "Bruce."*

THE ABBEY OF INCHAFFRAY obtained from Malise, Earl of Strathearn, in the year 1258, a gift of serfs. He gave, "in free charity, his slave Gillemory Gillendes, with all his issue : " the donor binding himself and his heirs to guarantee the grant. By another charter, the Earl, " for the weal of his own soul, of his ancestors and successors," grants to the said Abbey, "in free alms, John called Starnes, the son of Thomas, the son of Thor, with all his issue; and gives up, for himself and for his heirs, in favour of the said monks, all right and claim in the said John, or in his children, which he the Earl had or might have, or his heirs might have thereafter." Such gifts were common, as we have seen, both by themselves and in conjunction with lands. The Abbey of Kelso got a grant, in 1280, from a neighbouring baron, of certain lands, together with two crofts, occupied by Adam of the Hog, and William, son of Lethe, "and Adam of the Hog himself, my native, with all his following, with pasture in the mains for forty beasts, with all their followers of one year;" and the granter warrants to the monks "the said lands, meadows, men, and pastures."

It might be thought that the War of Independence in Scotland must have tended to break the bonds of the ancient serfdom; and such, we believe, was the case.

As for the English invaders, they had no wish to change a system which was the same as that prevailing in their own country; but although the legislation of Bruce's reign cannot be said to have done anything to benefit the servile population, yet probably the general condition of that class was ameliorated, in course of time, in consequence of the long struggle and its results. The Church, while still holding slaves, and maintaining right to them at law when necessary, gradually promoted judicious measures for their ultimate emancipation. During Bruce's time, a case occurred in which a man and his children, alleged to be serfs, were declared by the Chamberlain Court to be free:—"By a good and true assize, before the Chamberlain and Justice, it was clearly found that Ada, the son of Adam, was not the King's native bondsman; but might transport himself, his children, and their goods, whithersoever he chose, without question from any one: wherefore the King declared the said Ada, and his sons Bethin, John, Reginald, and Duncan, to be free men, and quit of all yoke and burden of servitude for ever." In the same reign, a very remarkable case, brought by bondsmen belonging to the Abbey of Dunfermline, would shew that these serfs had begun to assert *rights* of one kind or other. They claimed certain privileges, and the questions at issue were formally adjudicated upon by an Inquest sitting in the Chapel of Logy, on the feast of St Peter *ad vincula*, 1320. The record bears that the Abbot of Dunfermline's men of Tweeddale presented their claims:—First, they sought to have a Bailiff, appointed by the Abbot, of their own race, who should repledge them from more oppressive lay courts to the court of the Abbot. To this the assize of inquest made answer, that such Bailiff should be given them, not of fee, but of usage. Second, that if any one of their race should verge to poverty, or fall into helpless old age, he should have support from the monastery. To this the inquest replied that the Abbey was not bound to this as of right, but from affection, because they were its men. Third, that if any of their

race should slay a man, or commit any other crime for which he must seek the immunity of Holy Church, if he come to Dunfermline for that immunity, he shall be sustained as long as he stays there, at the expense of the monastery. In reply to this the jury declared that the Abbey would do so to a stranger, much more to a man of their own, and of the race of the claimants. Lastly, they claimed, that if any of their race commit homicide, and incur a fine therefor, the Abbot and convent should be bound to contribute twelve marks toward payment of the same. It was answered by the inquest, that they never heard such a thing all the days of their lives,—*nunquam tale quid omnibus diebus vite sue audierunt*, as the original has it.

In 1340, an assize was held in Kartyl Churchyard, before David Wemyss, Sheriff of Fife, to determine whether Alan, the son of Constantine, and his two sons, were the property of the Abbot of Dunfermline, or of the Earl of Fife, when it was found that they belonged to the Abbot. About the same time, by a formal charter, Alexander, Abbot of Dunfermline, and his Convent, declare that Marcormi and Edmund and Michael his son and heir, and the brothers and sisters of the said Michael, and Mervyn and Gillemysael and Malmuren and Gyllecriste and Gylmahagu, and all their progeny, are our free men, and are in our peace and the peace of the Church, with all their posterity, whom King David gave to our Church, along with Crebarryn, in perpetual alms; they only paying to us yearly, an ox of two years old, or four shillings. "In such transactions," says Professor Innes, "we perceive the chief opening for escape from villeinage. It is manifest, that the cottar who was able to stipulate regarding the amount of his service, was far advanced towards entire freedom." But twenty-four years later, the deputy of the Sheriff of Banff held proceedings, in open Court, under the old Scottish brieve for recovering fugitive slaves, and adjudged several runaways to be returned to the Bishop of Moray. The deed which embodies the judgment is in the following solemn terms:—



TO ALL CHRISTIANS to whom these present letters shall come, Walter Bysset, Laird of Lessyndrom, and Lieutenant of the Sheriff of Banf, wishes greeting in the Lord. Know ye that on the twenty-sixth day of the month of April, in the Court of the Sheriff holden at Banf, appeared before us a Reverend Father in God, Alexander, by the Grace of God, Lord Bishop of Moray, and produced a brief addressed to us, from the chapel of our lord the King, for the recovery of the Thralls of the said Lord Bishop, and demanding specially that Robert de Curry, Nevyn de Achres, and Donald Rogerson, his Thralls, should be delivered to him; and this demand the said Robert, Nevyn, and Donald not gainsaying, and the due execution of the said brief being certified to us by Thomas de Spens, the Mair of the Sheriffdom of Banf, and the parties personally appearing in judgment, we made an assize of good men and true, who having heard the allegations and defences of the parties, and having sworn the great oath, declared and decreed the foresaid Robert, Nevyn, and Donald, to be the born Thralls and liege men of the said Lord Bishop and the church of Moray. And this we caused to be given as doom by the mouth of Stephen Broky, the Dempster of the said Sheriffdom. In witness of which thing our seal is affixed to these presents. Given at Banf, the twenty-sixth day of April, in the year of our Lord one thousand three hundred and sixty-four.

The servile system continued to exist till the beginning of the next century, when the traces of it become few, and are soon lost altogether. Robert II., in 1372, granted to Marion or Mariota Cardney, and his children by her, the lands of Wiltoun and Watertoun in Aberdeenshire, with the nativi and their issue. Archdeacon Barbour, the Brucian poet, whilst singing the praises of Freedom and Scottish patriotism, was himself a member of a religious brotherhood holding slaves; for, in 1388, his Chapter, under Adam, Bishop of Aberdeen, "set and in tack let the whole barony of Murthil, with its hawkings, huntings, and fishings, with its serfs, bondages, natives, and their issue," to William de Camera for life, in consideration of ten marks yearly. And Gilbert, Bishop of Aberdeen, in 1392, granted to William Lange, one of his canons, for life, the lands of Breness in Buchan, with the huntings, fishings, and the nativi. But when this Bishop Gilbert, in 1402, prolonged his predecessor's assedation of Murthil, in favour of Thomas, the son of William de Camera, the words conveying the bondmen and their issue—

“*cum bondis, bondagijs, nativis, et eorundem sequelis*”—were omitted from the deed, either intentionally or by accident.

Beyond the year 1413, when the baronies of Cowie and Durris, in the shire of Kincardine, were sold and disposed with “the *tenants* and *tenandries*,” we have no further record of the ancient serfdom. The monasteries had been manumitting their thralls, and converting them into tenants of small holdings, for which they paid a rent in money or kind and performed various services. Such rent and services as were fixed by the monks of Kelso, on their Barony of Bolden, may be taken as a fair sample of the arrangements which were made all over Scotland. As Professor Innes tells us :—

The monks had twenty-eight husband-lands there, each of which paid yearly six shillings and eight pence of rent in money, and the following services:—

Four days’ reaping in harvest, the husbandman with his wife and all their family; and a fifth day, the husbandman with two other men;

One day, carting peats from Gordon to the Pullis, and one cart-load (*plaustrum*) yearly, from the Pullis to the Abbey;

The service of a man and horse to and from Berwick once a year; and on this occasion they were to have their food from the monastery. (The husbandmen of Reveden were bound each to give carriage with one horse from Berwick, weekly during summer, and a day’s work on their return—or, if they did not go to Berwick, two days’ tillage.) In these services of carriage, a horse’s load was three bolls of corn, or two bolls of salt, or one and a-half bolls of coals; or somewhat less in winter;

To till an acre and a-half, and to give a day’s harrowing with one horse yearly;

To find a man for the sheep-washing, and one for the sheep-shearing,—these were to be fed from the monastery;

To serve with a waggon one day yearly, for carrying home the harvest;

All were bound to carry the Abbot’s wool from their barony to the Abbey; and to find carriages across the moor to Lesmahagow.

In this way the *nativi*, as such, disappeared from amongst the population of Scotland. Those of them who did not become tenants, earned their livelihood as common labourers in town and country: and it seems probable that a low and degraded class of rural

labourers, long known as *Coddrochs*, were the descendants of the old slaves. We can thus explain how Craig, the feudalist, who lived from 1538 to 1608, asserted the non-existence of serfdom in Scotland,—nothing of the kind being found in his day, or for generations before it.

Professor Innes holds that the servitude of colliers and salters, which was abolished partially in 1775 and finally in 1799, by enactments of the British Parliament, “was not a continuation, scarcely a legitimate descendant, of the primeval villenage:” and it would, therefore, appear that their bondage was due in a great measure to the Act of the Scottish Parliament, 1606, cap. 11, which, he says, “from its phraseology, appears plainly to be the introduction of a new condition, and not the declaration of an old common law custom.” Erskine states that the colliers and salters were “like the *adscriptitii glebæ* of the Roman law, tied down by our former law to perpetual service at the works to which they had once entered:” and as if there were no earlier statute on the subject, he refers to the Act of 1606, which we shall now quote:—

*Anent Coalyiers and Salters.*

Our Sovereign Lord, and Estates of this present Parliament, statutes and ordains that na person within this realm hereafter shall hire or conduce any Salters, Coalyiers, or Coal-bearers, without ane sufficient testimonial of their master whom they last served, subscribed with his hand, or at least sufficient attestation of ane reasonable cause of their removing, made in presence of ane Bailie, or ane Magistrate of the part where they come frae. And in case any receive, fee, hire, supply, or entertain any of the said Coalyiers, Salters, or Coal-bearers, without ane sufficient testimony, as said is, the masters whom frae they came, challenging their servants within year and day, that the party whom frae they are challenged shall deliver them back again with twenty-four hours, under the pain of ane hundred pounds, to be paid to the persons whom frae they passed, and that for ilk person, and ilk time that they or any of them shall happen to be challenged and not delivered, as said is. And the saids Coalyiers, Coal-bearers, and Salters, to be esteemed, repute, and halden as thieves, and punished in their bodies, viz., sa mony of them as shall receive fore-wages and fees. And the said estates of this present Parliament gives power and commission to all masters and owners of Coal-heughs and Pans

to apprehend all vagabonds and sturdy beggars to be put to labour.

This statute rivetted the chains on that portion of the industrious classes to whom it referred. Tyrannically deprived of their natural rights, they remained for nearly a couple of centuries in a state of absolute slavery. How they were habitually regarded by the law of the land, is evident from the fact, that when the Scottish Habeas Corpus Act (as it has been designated) was passed in 1701, declaring in the preamble that "our Sovereign Lord, considering it is the interest of all his good subjects that the liberty of their persons be duly secured," it contained a clause in these words—"And siclike it is hereby provided and declared that this present Act is noways to be extended to colliers and salters," who were reckoned by the Legislature of their native country as beyond the pale of all law, being serfs! Consequently, the first Act of Emancipation, in 1775, acknowledged that "by the statute law of Scotland, as explained by the Judges of the Courts of Law there, many colliers, and coal-bearers, and salters, are in a state of slavery or bondage, bound to the collieries or salt works where they work for life, transferable with the collieries and salt works." Under circumstances so oppressive and degrading, it was but the natural result that the moral and social condition of such bondmen and bondwomen should be of the most wretched cast. "These facts," says Lord Cockburn, "enable us to understand the hereditary blackguardism, which formed the second nature of these fixed underground gipsies, and the mysterious horror with which they were regarded, and which, in a certain degree, attaches to all subterranean labourers." Hugh Miller, describing a collier village near Edinburgh, speaks especially of the facial and mental characteristics of the females, who had been born under servitude, and who worked in the pits within his recollection:—

I regard it as one of the most singular circumstances of my life, that I should have conversed with Scotchmen who had been born slaves. The collier-women of this village—poor overtoiled creatures, who carried up all the coal

from under ground on their backs, by a long turnpike stair inserted in one of the shafts—bore more of the marks of serfdom still about them than even the men. How these poor women did labour, and how thoroughly, even at this time, were they characterised by the slave nature! It has been estimated by a man who knew them—Mr Robert Bald—that one of their ordinary day's work was equal to the carrying of a hundredweight from the level of the sea to the top of Ben Lomond. They were marked by a peculiar type of mouth, from which I learned to distinguish them from all the other females of the country. It was wide, open, thick-lipped, projecting equally above and below, and exactly resembled that which we find in the prints given of savages in their lowest and most degraded state, in such narratives of our modern voyagers, as, for instance, the *Narrative of Captain Fitzroy's Second Voyage of the "Beagle."* During, however, the lapse of the last twenty years, this type of mouth seems to have disappeared in Scotland. It was accompanied with traits of almost infantile weakness. I have seen these collier-women crying like children when toiling under their load along the upper rounds of the wooden stair that traversed the shaft, and then returning, scarce a minute after, with the empty creel, singing with glee.

Somewhat similar reminiscences are noted by Robert Chambers, in his *Domestic Annals*:—

Certainly it is a curious thing to remember, that I have myself seen in early life native inhabitants of Scotland who had been slaves in their youth. The restraints upon the personal freedom of salters and colliers—remains of the villainage of the Middle Ages—were not put an end to till 1775, when a statute (15 George III., 28) extinguished them. I am tempted to relate a trivial anecdote of actual life, which brings the recentness of slavery in Scotland vividly before us.

About the year 1820, Mr Robert Bald of Alloa, mining engineer, being on a visit to Mr Colin Dunlop, at the Clyde Ironworks, near Glasgow, found, among the servants of the house, an old working man, commonly called "Moss Nook," who seemed to be on easy terms with his master. One day, Mr Bald heard the following conversation take place between Mr Dunlop and this veteran:—

"Moss Nook, you don't appear, from your style of speaking, to be of this part of the country. Where did you originally come from?"

"Oh, sir," answered Moss Nook, "do you know that your father brought me here long ago from Mr M'Nair's of the Green [a place some miles off, on the other side of the river]? Your father used to have merry-meetings with Mr M'Nair, and one day, he saw me, and took a liking to me. At the same time, Mr M'Nair had taken a fancy to a very nice pony belonging to your father; so they agreed on the subject, and *I was niffered away for the pony.* That's the way I came here."

The man had, in short, been a slave, and was exchanged for a pony. To Mr Bald's perception, he had not the least idea that there was anything singular or calling for remark in the manner of his leaving the Green.

The Scottish Judges rigidly interpreted the Act of 1606 as against colliers and salters, but do not seem to have encouraged anything tending to countenance slavery in other directions. The year before the Revolution (when strong Popish influences were at work in Scotland) a strolling mountebank, named Reid, visited Edinburgh, and one of the features of his performances consisted in the antics of a young girl, whom the populace called "The Tumbling Lassie." This accomplished maid was wiled away from her lord and master by the Lady of Harden, who probably had taken a liking to her as old Mr Dunlop took for Moss Nook. The poor juggler tried hard, but in vain, to get her back. As a preliminary step to the adoption of proceedings at law for her recovery, he became a pervert to Popery, on 17th January, 1687: at the same time "one of his blackamores," says Lord Fountainhall, "was persuaded to accept of baptism from the Popish priests, and to turn Christian Papist; which was a great trophy: he was called James, after the King and Chancellor, and the Apostle James." This gained Reid the patronage of the Earl of Perth, Chancellor of Scotland, in hopes of whose powerful support, the mountebank raised an action against the Laird of Harden and his wife, the decision in which has been reported by Fountainhall:—

Reid, the mountebank, pursues Scott of Harden and his lady, for stealing away from him a little girl, called the Tumbling Lassie that danced upon his stage: and he claimed damages, and produced a contract, whereby he bought her from her mother for £30 Scots. But we have no slaves in Scotland, and mothers cannot sell their bairns; and physicians attested the employment of tumbling would kill her; and her joints were now grown stiff, and she declined to return; though she was at least a 'prentice, and so could not run away from her master: yet some cited Moses' law, that if a servant shelter himself with thee, against his master's cruelty, thou shalt surely not deliver him up. The Lords, *renitente cancellario*, assoilzied Harden, on the 27th of January [1687].

In the case, however, of four thieves convicted at

Perth, on 5th December, 1701, and therefore amenable to a capital sentence, the Judges commuted their punishment to "perpetual servitude" at home,—one of them being sent to the silver-mining works of Alva: and the metal collar which this man wore in his bondage—inscribed "Alexr Stewart, found guilty of death for theft, at Perth, the 5th of December, 1701, and gifted by the Justiciars as a perpetual servant to Sir John Areskine of Alva"—was long afterwards dredged up in the Firth of Forth, and is now preserved in the Antiquarian Museum, Edinburgh.

As regards negro slaves brought by their masters into Scotland, they were not declared free until 1778—a few years earlier than in England. And so we drop the curtain on Serfs and Serfdom.\*

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\* Wade's *History of the Middle and Working Classes*. Fourth edition, p. 7; Thierry's *Norman Conquest of England*, p. 82; Bede's *Ecclesiastical History*, p. 67; Thomsen's *Historical Essay on Magna Charta*, pp. 67, 107, 120, 133, 147; *Deliciae Literariae: A New Volume of Table Talk*, p. 252—"Slavery in Scotland"; Innes' *Scotland in the Middle Ages*, and *Sketches of Early Scotch History*; Erskine's *Principles of the Law of Scotland*; *National Manuscripts of Scotland*; Glendook's *Acts of the Scottish Parliaments*, p. 387; Tytler's *History of Scotland*, vol. i.; Cockburn's *Memorials of his Time*, p. 76; Chambers's *Domestic Annals of Scotland*, vol. iii., p. 249; Fountainhall's *Decisions*, vol. i., p. 439.

[*THE CARMELITES OF TULLILUM.*—Part 1st.

—————Then gan I to declare  
Where our old monasteries, with churches fair,  
Sometime did stand.  
Toward the north the Blackfriars Church did stand,  
And Carmelites upon the western hand.

*The Muses Threnodie.*

AMONG the "Mountains of the Bible," whether famed for pastoral beauty, romantic wildness, or rugged grandeur, Carmel, which overlooks the sea, and the Bay of Acre, and the great Plain of Esdraelon, holds no mean place in the sacred record. Carmel forms a hilly ridge which stretches about eight miles in length, generally towering a thousand feet above the level of the Plain of Esdraelon at its base, and ending in a bluff headland, the only promontory on the flat and sandy coast of Palestine, projected into the blue Mediterranean, and catching the earliest beams of the orb of day, and basking in his parting smile. Carmel—"the vineyard of God," as the name implies—was once a region abounding with wood and various wild fruits,—the traces of its pristine fertility being discernible to this day. The range is rocky, composed of a whitish stone, but perforated with many caves and grottoes, and broken by deep, rugged ravines, over which impend abrupt precipices: yet, as we say, at one time, it grew much wood, whilst its grassy slopes afforded abundant pasture, and indeed numerous flocks are still to be seen luxuriating there on the rich herbage. We are told, in Holy Writ, that King Uzziah had "vinedressers in the mountains and in Carmel." The pastures are alluded to by the prophet Micah, when he prays—"Feed thy people with thy rod, the flock of thine heritage, which dwell solitarily in the wood, in the midst of Carmel." That the caverns and recesses made Carmel a place of refuge we know from the words of Amos—"Though they hide themselves in the top of Carmel, I will search and take them out thence." And Carmel was classed



with Tabor, the most beautiful of the Hebrew mountains; for thus Jeremiah spake—"As I live, saith the King, whose name is the Lord of hosts, Surely as Tabor is among the mountains, and as Carmel by the sea, so shall he come." The whole scene—the long ridge of hill,—the broad expanse of "deep and dark blue ocean,"—the Bay and fortress of Acre,—and Esdraelon's plain, watered by "that ancient river, the river Kishon,"—is associated with many prominent events in sacred and profane history. But the imperishable glory of Carmel is the memory of the prophet Elijah, who dwelt and served his God there, and slew the priests of Baal at its foot, and sent his servant seven times to descry from its summit the little cloud like a man's hand that rose from the sea, bringing plenteous rain for the parched fields of Palestine: and to this day Elijah's name is venerated at Carmel both by Mussulman and Christian. Around the mountain raged much of the war of the Crusades; and Acre was the last stronghold from which the Christians were driven.

For some time prior to the year 1156, Carmel was a place of great resort to western pilgrims traversing the Holy Land. The fame of Elijah attracted them to that mountain; and so it seems to have occurred to Barthold, Count of Limoges, to collect a number of hermits, who should fix their separate abodes there, and devote their lives to pious duties amidst the vast solitudes. The plan was carried into effect about 1156, and subsequently Almericus, Patriarch of Antioch, conceived the idea of organising the recluses into a regular community or order of monks. Almericus, says Thomas Fuller, "about the year 1160, first instituted the order of Carmelites. Indeed formerly they lived dispersed about the mountain of Carmel: but he gathered them together into one house; because solitariness is a trespass against the nature of man, and God, when he had made all things good, saw it was not good for man to be alone." The order, it is added, "was afterwards perfected in the year 1216, by Albert, Patriarch of Jerusalem, with certain canonical observa-

tions imposed upon them." They called themselves the successors of Elias; and from some superstitious legend concerning the Virgin Mary, or having specially sought her protection, they assumed the title of "The Order of the Blessed Mary of Mount Carmel." Originally they adopted the monastic rule, and lived secluded in their monastery; but afterwards, in 1247, their General, Simon Stoch, changed them into a fraternity of Mendicant Friars. When the Order was founded, the Christian power in Palestine was tending to its final overthrow. Year by year its territories were diminished by the over-encroaching tide of Saracenic aggression. Great hopes, however, were inspired by the first crusade of St Louis, King of France; but his chivalrous enterprise came to nought, and he returned with the remnant of his gallant host in April, 1254. Having seen the Carmelites in Palestine, he was so well pleased with them that he brought several of the friars home with him to France, where they gained favour, and obtained the foundation of monasteries: and thence they spread rapidly over Europe.

They came to Scotland about the year 1260, during the reign of Alexander III.; and in course of time nine or ten houses of their Order were erected throughout the kingdom,—their first establishment being on the lands of Tullilum, a pleasant spot within easy distance westward of the city of Perth. For this seat they were indebted to the benevolence of Richard, Bishop of Dunkeld, who, in 1262, built for them a spacious house or monastery and a stately chapel, on the grounds afterwards known as Dovecotland, lying on the south side of the "Long Causeway," which led westward from the Highgate port of Perth. The dress of the Carmelites was white,—hence they were denominated *White Friars*. "Upon their mantle, towards the end, were several rolls of stuff. But this habit being disagreeable to the people, Pope Honorius IV.," who filled St Peter's chair for only two years, from 1285 to 1287, "ordered them to change their garb: and accordingly they took away their bands or rolls from their mantle, and wore

afterwards a white cloak, above a grey or tawny gown." The Parish Church of Tibbermuir, dedicated to St Servanus, pertained to the episcopate of Dunkeld : and after the Carmelite Monastery was erected, the Bishops found it a more convenient place in which to hold their Synods than the Church of Dunkeld, where the clergy had often suffered from the depredations of the Highland caterans. Accordingly, on due representation, the lands of Tullilum were disjoined from the parish of Perth and annexed to that of Tibbermuir; and the house of the Carmelites was appointed as the stated place of assembly of the Synods of Dunkeld Diocese.

Comparatively few of the charters of this monastery are still extant : the foundation charter has disappeared : and of the documents remaining, which are preserved in the archives of King James the Sixth's Hospital of Perth, the earliest is a royal confirmation, dated at Aberdeen, 7th May, 1361, whereby David II. confirmed to the Carmelite friars within the kingdom of Scotland, all the donations which his predecessors and others had granted to them : the witnesses thereto being William Landel, Bishop of St Andrews : Patrick de Leuchars, Bishop of Brechin, Chancellor; Robert, Steward of Scotland, Earl of Strathearn, our nephew; William, Earl of Douglas; Robert de Brechin, and John de Preston, knights. For want of the charters we are ignorant of the nature and value of the donations alluded to. But the Exchequer Rolls of Scotland shew the annual grants which were made to the religious houses in Perth out of the royal rents of the burgh, as collected by the Provosts. In 1327, five religious houses there received amongst them £78 15s 4d. The Carmelites of Tullilum received in 1328, the sum of 23s 4d; in 1329, 66s 8d; in 1330, 66s 8d and 33s 4d; in 1331, 66s 8d; in 1342, 6s 8d and 10s; and in 1343, 6s 8d. Passing on through these old accounts, we find the same friars receiving an annuity out of the burgh fermes of Perth, as follows :—From 1379 to 1382 the sum was £3 6s 8d in each year; in 1384, £3 6s 8d; in 1386 and 1387, £3 6s 8d each year, in 1388, £5 and £1 13s 4d; from 1389 to

1393, the sum was £3 6s 8d each year; in 1395 and 1396, £3 6s 8d each year; in 1397, £6 13s 4d; in 1398, 1399, and 1400, £3 6s 8d each year; in 1401, £5; in 1402, 1403, and 1404, £3 6s 8d each year; and in 1405, £5. The friars also received at audits of accounts—6s 8d in 1381; 10s in each of 1382 and 1383; and 6s 8d in 1386.

To the fifteenth century belong a variety of donations to the Monastery of Tullilum, the charters granting which are preserved. It would appear that in 1426 the Carmelite brethren were straitened for lack of funds,—their debtors being very backward in their payments. In this extremity, the friars applied to King James I., who responded by issuing a Precept on 15th May, 1426, requiring all indebted to them to make immediate payment; but as to the result of this royal requisition, there is no record. Next, a worthy citizen of Perth, William de Wynd (perhaps a kinsman of the celebrated Hal of the Wynd), granted to the Carmelite friars, on 4th May, 1427, an annualrent of 13s 4d out of his lands at the south end of the Speygate, for the salvation of his own soul, and of the soul of Elizabeth, his wife, on condition that the said Friars annually observed the anniversary of the donors, on the day of their decease, and solemnly on that day celebrated masses, with *Placebo* and *Dirige*. For some reason or other, the Campbells of Lochawe were benefactors of the monastery; for we find that on 20th March, 1430–31, Dougal, natural son to Sir Colin Campbell of Lochow, gave to the White Friars of Perth, during the whole term of his life, an annualrent of 6s 8d, payable on the Festival of John the Baptist, for the salvation of his soul, of the soul of his wife, and of the souls of his parents, predecessors, and successors: and in 1432, Sir Duncan Campbell of Lochow, with the consent of his son and heir, Celestine Campbell, granted to the White Friars of Perth an annualrent of 13s 4d out of his lands in the Earldom of Menteith, and shire of Perth, for the salvation of his soul, of the souls of his wife and children, of his predecessors and successors, and of all the faithful dead. Again, a pious citizen, Andrew Love, goldsmith

and burghess of Perth, granted to the Carmelites, on 16th April, 1434, an annualrent of 5s 4d out of four strips of land of his croft lying near to the Fullers' Mill of the said burgh, for a mass of repose to be sung yearly on the day of his decease, with *Placebo* and *Dirige*. Another burghess of Perth, Gilbert Brown by name, sold and disposed, on 26th February, 1434-35, to Sir Simon Bain, Chaplain, a croft of land, with the pertinents, lying on the west side of the King's road leading to the Hospital of St Leonard, between the ridge of John Donyng on the north, and the Gowk-hall on the south, —out of which croft 3s were to be paid annually to the Carmelite friars of Tullilum.

The notarial copy of a deed, made in 1438, enables us to ascertain the names of the Carmelite Prior and one of his brethren at that date. A charter by Robert Bruce, King of Scots, was granted at Newbotyll, on 21st December, 1317, to William Oliphant, knight, of the lands of Newtyle and Kynprony, in the shire of Forfar, to be held in free barony, with all the liege and native *men* of the said lands, performing the fourth part of a knight's service in the King's army: and a notarial copy of this charter was made at the instance of Sir John Oliphant, knight, Lord of Aberdalgy, on 2nd October, 1438, in the house of the Carmelite Brethren of Tullylum, near Perth, in presence of Brother Laurence Pentland, Prior thereof; John Were, Brother of said house; Sir David Anderson, Chaplain; and Andrew Murray, Esquire.

Hitherto, for many years, the Diocesan Synods of Dunkeld had been held in the Monastery of Tullilum; but, at length, there came a change in 1457. Bishop Thomas Lauder having, after much labour, succeeded in securing the peace and quiet of his province, "held," says Canon Myln, "a Synod in his own church," at Dunkeld, "which used to be held always at Tullilum, in consequence of the depredations made by the Catheran," or marauding Highlanders, "upon the churchmen." He also "instituted a daily mass to be chanted for the repose of souls, in the Convent of Friars

at Tullilum." His immediate successor was Bishop George Brown, a native of Dundee, of which his father had been Town Treasurer : and we shall afterwards hear of this active prelate in connection with the White Friars.

A gift was made to the monastery, on 7th August, 1464, by Christian Thomson, baker, and burges of Perth. He granted the Carmelite friars his whole tenement in the Newrow, out of which they were to pay 3s yearly to the Chaplain of St Ninian's altar in the parish church of Perth, and also 3s 4d yearly to Michael Lockhart, his heirs and assignees. Not long after making this donation, Christian Thomson, who was probably an old man, paid the debt of nature : whereupon the aforesaid Michael Lockhart, who had purchased from David Harrower an annualrent of 3s 8d, payable out of the Newrow tenement, disposed the same to the Carmelites on 10th October, 1465 : the Prior and Convent being bound to cause prayers for the salvation of the donor's soul and the souls of his predecessors, and to observe his anniversary after his death. The surname of Charteris, which was that of the Lairds of Kinfauns, was borne by various reputable citizens of Perth. But in 1471, we come upon a transaction which shews that a Charteris of the good town, having fallen into pecuniary difficulties, made a bargain for his relief with the White Friars. On 6th June that year, Andrew Charteris, burges of Perth, in consideration of "a certain sum of money which the Prior and Convent in his great necessity had paid and delivered to him in well-told money," disposed to them, in fee and heritage for ever, the sum of 50s out of the tenement of the late Laurence Dryden, on the east side of the Kirkgate ; the sum of 13s 4d out of the land of the late Andrew Cowpar, also on the east side of that street ; and 13s 4d out of the ground of the tenement of James Fotheringham, on the east side of the Meal Vennel. On 24th October, 1475, a grant was made by Alexander Bedystoun, with the consent of Marion Bonkle, his spouse, to Friar John Walsh, the

Carmelite Provincial Prior, and the Convent of Tullilum, of an annualrent of five marks out of a tenement belonging to him on the south side of the North (or High) Street, but held by him in feu from the said Convent: and by the same deed, John Glassmount and Michael Lockhart bound and obliged themselves, conjointly and severally, their heirs, executors, and assignees, as securities to the effect that, failing the said Alexander Bedystoun, they should keep the tenement in repair, that it might pay the foresaid sum.

David Tod, burgess of Perth, subscribed an indenture, on 12th October, 1484, with Friar John Walsh, Provincial Prior of the Carmelites, binding himself and his heirs to pay four and a-half marks annually to the Convent of Tullilum, out of a tenement on the south side of the South Street of Perth. Ten years subsequently, —on 9th November, 1494,—John Kinglassy of Unthank granted to the Carmelite friars of Tullilum, for the salvation of his own soul, and of the souls of his wife, children, predecessors, and successors, an annualrent of 13s 4d out of his tenement without the port of the Turret Bridge of Perth, at the west end of the said burgh, between the road leading to the mills of said burgh on the east; his land or house in which the late John King resided on the west; the road to the Convent of the Carmelites on the south; and the tenement of Alexander Lorimer on the north. A few other grants were made before the close of the century. On 16th April, 1495, Elizabeth Haldane, relict of Alexander Kinloch, gave to Robert Dalrymple, Provincial Prior of the Order of Carmelites in the Kingdom of Scotland, and his Convent at Tullilum, an annualrent of 20s, out of her tenement on the east side of the Watergate. On 30th May, 1499, Thomas Duchal, with consent of Thomas, his son and heir, granted to James Graham, Prior of Tullilum, and the Carmelite friars there, his tenement on the east side of the Meal Vennel, in pure and perpetual alms, that they might pray for the salvation of the souls of him and his son, and for the souls of his predecessors and successors. On 4th July, 1499, Robert

Esson, burghess of Perth, resigned to Friar James Robertson, Prior, and the Convent of Friars Carmelites of Tullilum, his tenement without the Turret Bridge of Perth, on the south side of the same, and within the regality of the Abbey of Aberbrothwick, in pure and perpetual alms, for suffrages perpetually to be performed by them after the decease of the said Robert and his wife : and on 26th April, 1500, the said Robert Esson granted the above tenement to the said Prior and Convent, on condition that they should pay annually 5s to the Abbey of Aberbrothwick, and 9s to Robert Watson, his heirs and assignees. On the said 26th April, 1500, John Simpson, burghess of Perth, granted his tenement without the Turret Bridge to the Prior and Convent of Tullilum, upon condition that they should pay 5s annually to the Monastery of Aberbrothwick. Again, on 20th August, 1500, Finlay Reid, burghess of Perth, resigned into the hands of Alexander Tyrie, one of the Bailies of Perth, a tenement on the east side of the Newrow; and thereupon the said Bailie gave sasine and perpetual possession of an annual rent of 8s out of the said tenement to the Prior and Convent of the Carmelites.

And so the fifteenth century came to a close : the house of the White Friars at Tullilum having then stood for 238 years. Looking back over that long space, there is one remarkable fact which strikes our attention, namely, that unless for the periodical meetings of the Diocesan Synod of Dunkeld, the monastery seems to have been the scene of no important historical event, in which respect it bore a broad contrast to the Dominican Monastery on the north side of Perth, which was associated with memorable passages in the Scottish annals. From all that appears, the Tullilum fraternity would seem to have led quiet and unobtrusive lives; for they are never heard of in any squabble with the burghers or with the neighbouring lairds. Their house was the most pleasantly-situated of the four monasteries around the walls of St Johnstoun, and commanded a diversified panorama of hill and dale,—the Fair City



with its steeples and towers, and the far-stretching strath through which the Tay rolled its waters,—a prospect fitted to tranquilise and elevate the minds of the White brethren, and dispose them to those exercises of religion which were the bounden duty of their lives. Nevertheless, the Carmelites were probably neither better nor worse than the rest of their class, and they must have shared in the sloth and corruption which overspread and brought about the downfall of the whole Romish system in Scotland.\*

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\* Fuller's *History of the Holy War*, Book ii., cap. 26; Spottiswoode's "Account of the Religious Houses in Scotland;" *The Exchequer Rolls of Scotland*, vol. i. and iii.; *Fifth Report on Historical Manuscripts*, p. 622; Canon Myln's "Lives of the Bishops of Dunkeld;" Rev. James Scott's Abstracts of the Hospital Charters.

*THE CARMELITES OF TULLILUM.—Part 2d.*

Towers fall to ground, monks flee to hide their heads,  
Nothing avail their rosaries and beads;  
Then all men cried, "Raze! raze! the time is come!"

*The Muses Threnodie.*

A LOCAL historical writer, the late Rev. James Scott, in speaking of the Tullilum monastery, says it was both "richly endowed and superbly built." All that we have seen of the endowments, however, certainly fail to bear out this description of them. Of course, we must keep in view that a number of the charters are amissing; but so they were when Mr Scott wrote, and therefore he had no more light on the subject than we have. As to the fabric of the house itself, it will be presently shewn to have fallen into general dilapidation in the end of the fifteenth century, and to have been partially rebuilt shortly afterwards; but, indeed, partial repairs were necessary up to the time of the Reformation. Very few donations appear to have been given to the house in its latter years: in fact, only two sasines belong to the sixteenth century. But what chiefly tends to discountenance the assertion that the Carmelites were rich, is the fact that their monastery had been suffered to become ruinous, and its re-edification was accomplished, not out of the monastic funds, but by the generous liberality of Bishop George Brown of Dunkeld, who was a great builder in his day, and one of the most energetic and public-spirited of prelates. "He raised from the foundation," says Canon Myln, "the nave of the Church of Carmelite Friars at Tullilum, near Perth. He repaired the west wing of their house there, and also the gables." In 1514, when old, infirm, and gradually sinking under the painful disease which ultimately carried him off, "he during the autumn, as was his custom, paid a visit for a change of air to the convent of the Carmelite Friars at Tullilum, near the burgh of Perth. When there he sent for his executors, and

delivered to them a box containing about a thousand marks in money and in security for debts due him, that is to say, the money and securities amounted in all to a thousand marks. The executors, of whom I was one," continues Myln, "by the wish and desire of the Bishop, lodged the same in charge of the Prior of the Charterhouse. Having put this matter on a proper footing, he returned to Dunkeld." The benevolent prelate passed away from this sublunary scene in January, 1514-15.

From the sasine, obtained by the monastery, of a tenement of land on the north side of the High Street of Perth, dated 14th October, 1509, we learn that James Robertson was then Prior. On the 27th May, 1514, sasine was granted by John Mathison, burgess of Perth, to Richard Liddel, Sub-Prior, and the Carmelite Convent, of an annual rent of 20s out of his tenement on the east side of the Watergate, and also confirming the donation of Elizabeth Haldane, widow of Alexander Kinloch, on 16th April, 1495. The next record is far on in the century, when part of the house stood in urgent need of reparation, and money had to be borrowed for that purpose. On the 19th April, 1551, Alexander Thomson, Prior of the Carmelites, granted an acknowledgment of a loan of £30 obtained from John Gray, burgess of Perth, for the repair of the monastery, and in consideration thereof allocated to Gray and his wife, Elizabeth Rollo, two bolls two firloths of barley, and the same quantity of oatmeal, to be annually delivered to them until the above debt should be repaid. Singular that the latest document extant of a "richly-endowed" monastery should be an acknowledgment of debt!

Alexander Thomson was succeeded by Alexander Young as Prior: and Young saw more troublous and trying times than any of his predecessors. When he was chosen as the head of his Convent, the Reformation was making rapid strides in Scotland, and he lived to witness the utter overthrow of the Romish domination. He was a man holding a fair character before the world, and possessing good natural abilities and a well-cultivated mind. He seems to have diligently and

impartially studied the great religious controversy which was agitating Christendom, and his inquiries resulted in his being fully persuaded of the truth of the new doctrines. But he was prudent, and kept his own counsels, temporising as long as such a course was necessary. The hour of decision soon came. In May, 1559, the long-threatened storm broke. The Perth populace assailed all the religious houses, and the Tullilum monastery was not spared. The White Friars were cast adrift, and their house was despoiled and pulled down. Prior Young now openly avowed himself a convert to the principles of the Reformation. His character and talents were well known in Perth, where he enjoyed general respect: and in accordance with his wish to be engaged as a preacher of the Protestant evangel, he was chosen minister of Tibbermuir, the parish in which his monastery was situated, and of which he was the first reformed incumbent. He renounced his monastic vow of celibacy, and married a wife, by whom he had a son. The Kirk-Session allowed pensions to the expelled monks and friars, for their maintenance, out of the revenues of the religious houses; and from that source, ex-Prior Young was granted £20 Scots per annum, which he received till his death. In the "Book of the Assignation of Stipends," made up in 1574, he is entered as minister of Tibbermuir, Dupplin, Aberdalgie, and Pitcairn, with a stipend of £133 6s 8d Scots and the kirklands: and he had under him three readers: Mr William Gibson, at Tibbermuir, with a salary of £20; Robert Simson *alias* Glook, at Dupplin, £26 13s 4d; and John Moir, at Aberdalgie, £16, and the kirklands. Mr Young officiated in Tibbermuir till about 1581, when Mr Patrick Murray appears as parish minister. John, the ex-Prior's son, was trained for the sacred calling, and became minister or Provost of Methven about the year 1595, having apparently acted as assistant to Provost James Hering for a year or two previous. We may notice here that the first minister of Methven was also named Alexander Young: he filled the charge between

1567 and 1570, and had a stipend of £120, with “£6 of annuals of the White Friars beside St Johnstoun.” Old Prior Young was still alive in 1593; but the date of his death is uncertain.

Nor was he the last Prior of Tullilum. He was succeeded in that office, evidently after the Reformation, by a certain friar called Robert Ritchie, who also professed the Protestant faith, and entered the bonds of matrimony. Prior Ritchie was allowed a small pension out of the monastic funds, but it seems to have been inadequate for his support. On the 5th of December, 1569, he reported to the Master of the Hospital of Perth that the total annual income pertaining to the Carmelite monastery amounted only to £4 15s sterling—a miserable sum for so “richly endowed” an establishment; but doubtless there had been disgraceful malappropriation of the revenues. Prior Ritchie fell into very poor circumstances. On 15th March, 1580–81, he was granted a donation of 10s Scots by the Kirk-Session, to help him under the pressure of some emergency. In April, 1586, the Hospital Masters were directed to “take order anent the Prior of the White Friars:” and in May, the minister of Tibbermuir was to be spoken to on the subject of providing some relief for his indigent successor. The latter was soon beyond the reach of charity. He died before the 8th August, 1587, of which date the Kirk-Session “ordains the Prior of Whitefriars’ wife to have the Martinmas term’s annuals next to come, whilk he uptook induring his lifetime, to relieve her of the debt taken on to support his necessity in time of his sickness:” and on the 29th September, 1589, the Session granted “Bessy Robertson, relict of Sir Robert Ritchie,” a weekly aliment of twelve pence Scots. The poverty-stricken Prior also left a daughter, Catherine Ritchie, whose conduct eventually gave cause of displeasure to the Session. On 5th November, 1590, “the Minister and haill Elders for the time being have found, by trial of famous and credible witnesses sworn and deponed, that Catherine Ritchie, daughter to umquhile Robert Ritchie, has not

behaved herself so christianly as became her, sitting up all night with sundry men :” and “ therefore ordains her in all time coming to keep herself free from this and all such like company, places, and times, certifying her that in respect the Kirk oversees her now in this vehement suspicion, if any such like be found hereafter it shall be holden *pro confesso*, and she shall be punished: to the which she herself has willingly agreed, and promised to keep herself free from all suspicion, and in case she, by the testimony of neighbours, be found to do the like, she shall be punished according to the premises.”

Having seen the last Prior off the stage, a list of all the Friars who held that office, as gleaned from the records, may now be appended, with the dates at which their names appear:—

PRIORS OF TULLILUM.

1438.—Laurence Pentland.

1499.—James Graham.

—.—James Robertson.

1551.—Alexander Thomson.

1559.—Alexander Young.

—.—Robert Ritchie.

SUB-PRIOR.

1514.—Richard Liddel.

The modern suburb of *Dovecotland*, which was the site of the Carmelite monastery and precincts, unquestionably acquired its designation from the circumstance of a dovecot having been once in that neighbourhood. Dovecots were common adjuncts of the religious houses all over the country. We read in the Perth Kirk-Session minutes, on 18th March, 1593, of “ the Doucat Yard sometime pertaining to the Blackfriars, and now to the Hospital of Perth,” Forty years after that date we hear of another Dovecot. On 21st October, 1633, the Kirk-Session resolved that “ forsomeikle as the Dovecot within the precinct of the Charterhouse being ruinous, and not beit nor mended divers years heretofore, and no resort of doves coming to it by occasion of fumarts [pole-cats], whittericks [weasels], and ravens that resort to it: and to the effect that the same be repaired, that no such wild

beasts resort thereto in time coming, and that young doves may be planted therein in due time of year, and well hained : the Session has ordained the Masters of Hospital to set the same Dovecot to Mr John Robertson, Minister at Perth, for yearly payment to the Masters of Hospital of six shillings eight pennies yearly at the Feast and term of Whitsunday: and he to uphold the said Dovecot on his own expenses and charges during the hail space foresaid." Whether this dovecot, described as being "within the precinct of the Charterhouse," was really in the immediate vicinity of that Monastery,—perhaps near the orchard or Pomarium,—or whether it was near Dovecotland, we cannot say : but at all events, the designation of Dovecotland must have arisen from the existence of a dovecot. The setting of the dovecot to one of the ministers of the town is certainly a remarkable and unwonted circumstance,—such a tenancy, undertaken doubtless for the purpose of making merchandise and profit, being scarcely compatible with his sacred vocation. About the year 1740, the grounds of Dovecotland, which had been so called for some time previous, were converted into a garden by Robert Comb, and in the process of levelling, several images and ancient coins were dug out of the rubbish. In Penny's *Traditions of Perth* we are told that "about the year 1778, a plan for building this place on an elegant scale was made out; but the want of water, and other local circumstances, caused the scheme to be abandoned : it was, therefore, feued out to any individuals to build to suit themselves."

A fate similar to that which overwhelmed the Carmelites in Scotland at the Reformation had been experienced by the Order in Palestine at the end of the thirteenth century. The kingdom established by the Crusaders in the Holy Land gradually dwindled away under the ever-recurring shocks of Infidel invasion : and at length the bounds of the Christian dominion were circumscribed to the city of Acre, on the coast of the Mediterranean. This solitary fortress was besieged and taken, after a desperate struggle, by the Mameluke

Tartars of Egypt. These warlike barbarians, nearly 200,000 strong, invested the place in April, 1291, and, despite the most heroic defence, forced their way over the shattered walls, drove out the garrison, and tore down the Christian flag from the battlements. The Carmelites in their Convent on the summit of the Mount of Elijah, watched from their lofty eyrie, the progress of the siege; and when the city fell, their own turn came. The victors expelled them not only from Carmel, but from all Palestine and Egypt, so that in the Mussulman East they had nowhere to rest their feet. But when the fierce passions of the Conquest had subsided, the White Friars returned to their original haunt; and again their Monastery arose on Mount Carmel, where it stands to this day. Some quarter of a century ago, the Convent was visited by Mr Hanmer L. Dupuis, who, in his work entitled *The Holy Places*, published in 1856, gives an interesting account of his sojourn there, the main portions of which we shall take the liberty of quoting :—

Our residence at Jaffa drew to its close, and we prepared to quit its beautiful gardens with reluctance. We arranged to embark on board the Austrian steamer *l'Africa*, which performs the run between Alexandria and Constantinople, touching at the intermediate parts of Palestine, Syria, and Anatolia. Our destination was Caifa, which is seated at the foot of Mount Carmel, on the southern side of the Bay of Acre. . . . . We landed at Caifa on the morning of the following day, and I put up at the convent of Mount Carmel.

Mount Carmel forms part of the Lebanon range, which stretches south as far as the plains of Sharon. The mount itself is remarkably conspicuous out at sea, and forms a good landmark for the mariner, for it rises in a bold relief, being the terminus of this mountain range, and nearly 1200 feet elevation above the level of the sea, and bounding the Plain of Esdraelon on the west. Its top is surmounted with the convent bearing the same name, and belonging to the Carmelite order of monks.

Who can depict the glory of Carmel, or what tongue conjure up the early reminiscences of this mountain of sacred renown, where prophets prophesied, and which conquerors vanquished and despoiled of its splendour, whilst leaving in its stones a memento of the past?

The tempting aspect of the convent and its gardens, added to the salubrious atmosphere of the place, and the allurements of happy associations belonging to an earlier



visit, rendered it natural that I should prefer taking up my quarters among those good fathers for acquaintance sake. . . . This convent, which is built in a regular order upon the site of an older edifice, covers a considerable plot of ground. Many-tongued tradition asserts that it occupies the exact spot where Elijah the prophet destroyed the worship of the 450 prophets of Baal, I. Kings, xviii. The present convent, which is a new structure, was raised by the indefatigable exertions of a monk named Jean Battista, who was canonized after death, and who visited all the Courts of Catholic Christendom, for the sake of procuring funds sufficient to complete this truly beautiful edifice, for it must be admitted that it has no rival in that country, and is far superior to any other convent in the Holy Land. It is divided into two compartments, one appropriated exclusively to the use of the Order, which contains the chapel, refectory, dormitory, library, &c.; the other, appropriated to benevolent purposes, forms an hospice, or resting-place for the wayfarer or the pilgrim, whose treatment does honour to this hospitable community.

Living as they do on another continent, and in a social community whose institutions separate them from a class of knowledge and of reasoning common to Europeans, due allowance must be made for the flow of ideas among these recluses, which would seem contracted at least to visitors from the more western parts of Europe. The Padre Carlo, our worthy host, is an exception to this, and seems to have been selected purposely to do the honours of the convent from his superior intelligence and urbanity. It was his practice to keep us company at meal-time, attending to all our wants as his monks supplied the table; but declining, in true Oriental style of politeness, to be a partaker of his own hospitality with the hungry strangers.

The convent of Mount Carmel is guarded at night by large dogs, apparently similar in race to those of Mount St Bernard. These, although perfectly docile and harmless by day, I would counsel an extreme caution against in going without the convent walls after dark, when their vigilance is completely roused.

One night when I returned very late to the convent, after effecting the ascent, which runs obliquely on the western side of the mount, I was suddenly assailed by one of these fierce animals, which caused my horse to plunge and rear the more as the assailants gathered fury and increased in number, so that it required the most vigorous efforts to stem this tide of opposition, and prevent my being dragged to the earth, which I was exposed to the danger of, and did not escape from without torn garments. My *abayeh* suffered the most, this being parted from piecemeal to save my skin. The arrival of the keeper, aroused at length by the noise, put an end to the contest and my apprehensions together.

The whole of Carmel is overgrown with wild shrubbery of many species, and flowers of every hue, Nature every-

where displaying the gay blossoms of anemones, daffodils, pheasant's eye, red gnaphalium, convolvuli, cyclamen, and many others of a corresponding brilliancy or fragrant odour. On the sides of the mount is a cave where petrifications of a curious nature, such as of the olive, date, &c., as also a petrified human skull, were exhibited to me as great curiosities.

A very fine view is afforded from the convent windows while looking seaward, with the town of Caifa at the base of this mount, and Acre on the opposite horn of the crescent formed by the bay, the distance of which from Caifa is about fourteen miles by land. The same scope of vision takes in a prospect of the Ras-el-Abiad, *Promontorium album* of the Romans, near to the town of Sour, the ancient Tyre, now a place of no sort of importance.

From another source we select the following traditionary stories which have been gravely related by the monks at Carmel :—

On an elevated part of the mountain a small plain is pointed out as having been Elijah's garden. Tradition alleges that this spot was entirely covered with water-melons. Elijah, while on one occasion thirsty, asked the proprietor to give him one, when the man insultingly told him that they were not melons but stones. "May they become stones in reality!" exclaimed the indignant Seer, and stones they instantly became, numbers of them remaining to this day, though it unluckily happens that these petrified melons have no resemblance to any originals.

Another traditionary story of the Prophet is, that a lad belonging to the little town of Kaipha, at the foot of the mountain, once stole something from the church of the monastery. During his sleep the Prophet appeared to him as a person of gigantic stature, with a long beard, and a robe which swept the ground, and, after severely reprimanding him for his sacrilege, gave him a violent blow on the mouth which distorted his face for life. It is not bad policy to maintain the truth of these tales among the ferocious Arab tribes, who would otherwise rob the monks without mercy.

In the year 1452, a female Carmelite Order was formed on the Continent under the name of *Carmeliteses* or *Carmelite Nuns*. It is still existent, and is especially numerous in Italy. But besides giving a name to friars and nuns, Carmel was also associated with a new order of knighthood,—the "Order of Our Lady of Mount Carmel,"—which was instituted in France by Henry IV., and incorporated with the Order of Knights of St Lazarus of Jerusalem. In 1607, Pope Paul V. confirmed the Order by a Bull. According to the constitu-

tions, the Order of Carmel was ordained to consist of 100 French gentlemen,—none being admitted but those who could prove four descents of nobility both by father and mother. Competent incomes were assigned to the knights, whose duty lay in following the King in all his wars. The Great Master was created by the monarch putting about his neck a tawny ribbon, from which a cross of gold was hung, and also giving him the mantle of the Order, with power to raise the 100 knights. This Order, however, claims little renown in the annals of chivalry.\*

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\* Scott's *Lives of the Protestant Reformers in Scotland*, p. 170; Myln's "Lives of the Bishops of Dunkeld," *Miscellany of the Wodrow Society*, p. 357; Perth Kirk-Session Books, and Hospital Charters; Morris' *Provosts of Methven*, pp. 3, 6; Wilson's *Presbytery of Perth*, pp. 144; 277; Cant's edition of *The Muses Threnodie*, vol. i., p. 153, Penny's *Traditions of Perth*, p. 8; Dupuis' *Holy Places*, vol. ii., pp. 77-88; Lawson's *Legends and Traditions illustrative of the Old Testament*, p. 232.

VANORA'S TOMB AT MEIGLE.—Part 1st.

“Yea,” said King Arthur, “I love Guenever, the King’s daughter, Leodegraunce, of the land of Cameliard. . . .

And this damsel is the most gentlest and fairest lady that I know living, or yet that I ever could find.”

*Sir Thomas Malory’s “King Arthur.”*

IN the centre of Strathmore—the great vale of Scotland, famed for its fertility and beauty—lies the small parish of Meigle, its well-cultured level diversified by some gentle uplands and thriving plantations, and the waters of the Isla and the Dean forming part of its boundaries north and north-west. The Dean mingles with the Isla not far from the parochial capital, which also bears the name of Meigle, and is perhaps, the prettiest-looking village in all the strath, while it is dignified by being the seat of a Presbytery. The origin of the place dates back, we are told, to a remote and uncertain epoch, when Scotland held more than one kingdom : and we can only guess at its antiquity from the remarkable monumental stones which have stood so long in its churchyard, and the sculpturings on which, seeming to depict some strange story of wild beasts, natural and chimerical, have been an insolvable mystery to generation after generation of archæologists. The first lords of Meigle parish were a family surnamed after the lands, which they may have acquired from William the Lion, as between the years 1178 and 1188, Simon de Meigle gifted the advocation of the kirk and of an adjacent chapel to the Prior and Canons of St Andrews. Again, in a charter without date, but probably of the reign of Alexander III., the marsh of Meigle was bestowed upon the Abbey of Coupar-Angus by Michael of Migell, who also witnessed another charter to the same Abbey. The last notice of the family is when Rogier de Miggel swore fealty, with so many of the Scots, to Edward I. of England, in 1296.

Other landholders in Meigle parish were the Knights Templars, who before their suppression in Scotland, under Edward I., in 1309, owned large possessions throughout the kingdom. They held lands near Meigle kirk and in its vicinity, still called Temple lands. The present house of "Temple Hall" preserves the memory of the knights: and Templeton is the name of a locality to the south-east of the village. The Lords of Lindsay subsequently obtained lands in the parish. Sir David, first Earl of Crawford, in token of gratitude for his success in a tournament on London Bridge, on the St George's Day of 1398, founded and endowed in the Church of St Mary, Dundee, a chantry of five priests, in honour of Our Lady of Victory and St George the Martyr; and one of his grants to maintain said endowment was twelve marks payable annually out of his lands of Aberbothrie (now called Balmyle), near Meigle. On the 18th of May, 1488, David, fifth Earl of Crawford, was created Duke of Montrose,—“the first instance of the rank of Duke having been conferred upon a Scottish subject not of the Royal Family;” but all his honours and wealth failed to secure peace and happiness to his declining years. His two sons were turbulent and lawless, and brought him heavy sorrow. The elder is said to have perished by his brother's hand. But before this parricide befel, the former, in need of money to support his prodigality, violently uplifted his father's rents in Meigle, and the Duke was forced to invoke the arm of the law. The Lords Auditors denounced young Lindsay, and commanded him, under severe pains and penalties, to make restitution, and to remedy the evils which he had occasioned on “the lands of Meigle and Ruthven.” The Duke, before he died, granted certain lands to Meigle kirk that masses might be sung for the repose of the soul of James III., who had ever favoured him, and to whom, in the midst of trouble and danger, he had ever been loyal.

Apparently about this time another family held considerable domains in the parish,—namely, the Fullartons, designated sometimes of Ardoch or Ardo. In the

beginning of the twelfth century, Fullartons became located in the Ayrshire barony of the same name, whence they probably were so called; but a different derivation of the surname has been suggested,—namely, that it arose from the office of *fowler* to the King. Galfredus Foullertoun, a scion, as is thought, of the Ayrshire stock, obtained lands in Angus by charter from Robert Bruce, together with the hereditary office of King's *Fowler* in that county, and in which office he and his successors were obliged to serve the royal household with wild-fowl when the King arrived at Forfar, where the fowler with a servant and two horses were to be entertained. William Fowlartoune of Ardoch was one of the assize or jury who were all fined for absenting themselves from passing upon the trial of Lady Glamis, for sorcery, on 31st January, 1531–32. Among the "Collectors" appointed on 23d January, 1571–72, to uplift and inbring, out of the Kirk thirds, the money "assigned to the support of the King's Majesty's house," was William Foulartoun, as "Collector of Mearns and Angus." Before the Scottish Privy Council, at Holyrood House on 22nd March, 1584–85, caution was found by William Foullartoun of Ardo in 1000 merks for James Twedy of Drummelzear, and in 300 merks for Andro, *alias* Dand Haswell, in the Kirkland of Drummelzear, that they should keep the peace to James Twedy of Frude, and his tenants of Mosfennane, and other tenants and servants: and David, Earl of Crawford, became bound, on 23d March, to relieve the surety. William Foullartoun of Ardo was one of the jury who tried George Meldrum, younger of Dumbreck, in the Justiciary Court, on 12th January, 1604, for treason, hamesucken, oppression, stouthrief, &c. Towards the close of the reign of James VI., a charter was granted, under the Great Seal, in favour of the Lairds of Fullartoun, erecting the village of Meigle as a free burgh of barony, with the privilege of holding markets there. When the "Rentall of the County of Perth" was made up in 1649, the valuation of Meigle parish was £4661 6s 8d Scots,—"The Laird

of Fullertoune, for the lands of Fullertoune," being rated at £1200. After the Restoration, the Laird, and the inhabitants of Meikle burgh, considered that it would conduce to their interests to have their weekly market changed from Tuesday to Wednesday: and as this could only be effected by authority of the Legislature, a petition to the above effect was presented to Parliament in 1669:—

Unto my Lord Commissioner his Grace, and to the Most honor: the Lords of the Articles, the humble Petition of William Fullartoune of that Ilk, and in name and behalf of the Inhabitants of the burgh of Meikle.

That where umquhill King James the Sixth of ever blessed memory, by his Charter under his Great Seal bearing date the 21st day of July, 1620, for the good and faithful service performed and done by your petitioners' predecessors, hath not only ratified all former Charters granted to your petitioners' predecessors of the said lands of Ardo, containing ane Novodamus thereintill, but also hath erected the village of Meikle ane free burgh of barony, to be called the burgh of Meikle during all time thereafter, with the privilege of buying, selling, and retailing of all wares, except staple commodities, as any other burgh of barony hath within this kingdom, as also with the liberty and privilege of holding ane weekly market thereintill upon Tuesday, as the said Charter, containing many other privileges in favour of your petitioner here present to show to your Grace and Lo: will testify: and seeing that the fore-said market is much prejudged by another market kept the said day within the burgh of Elliot [Alyth], which is only two miles distant from the same, and that it will conduce much both to the good of his Majesty's subjects in that part in general, and to the inhabitants of the said burgh in particular, that the weekly market of the said burgh of Meikle were changed from Tuesday to Wednesday in all time coming.

May it, therefore, please your Grace and Lo: in consideration of the premises, to recommend to the Parliament to pass an Act for changing of the weekly market of the said burgh of Meikle from Tuesday to Wednesday in all time coming: and your petitioner shall ever pray.

This petition being approved by the Lords of the Articles, the change of the market from Tuesday to Thursday was sanctioned by Parliament:—

Edr., 22 December, 1669.

The Lords of the Articles having heard this petition, it is their opinion that the desire thereof ought to be granted.

23 December, 1669.

The Estates of Parliament changes to the Laird of Fullerton his weekly market from Tuesday to Thursday.

ROTHES, Cancell : I.P.D.

It is not our purpose, however, to detail in succession the changes of proprietorships in the parish of Meikle, —though that, we believe, would prove of itself a subject of much interest. We rather wish to confine our attention to the ancient and inexplicable sculptured stones in Meikle Churchyard, connected with which are romantic legends that have obtained place in what was once reckoned as authentic Scottish history.

Those legends tell the old story about Meikle Churchyard being the burial-place of the beautiful Guinever, — or *Vanora*, as she has been termed in Scotland, — the consort of that renowned King Arthur, whose chivalrous exploits and victorious wars fill so brilliant a space in mediæval romance; and her monument is pointed out there, covered with mystic sculptures which have baffled modern learning and research to explain. As described by a topographical writer, “that monument seems to have been composed of many stones artfully joined, and decorated with a variety of hieroglyphical or symbolical characters;” — several being animals of monstrous shapes. “On one stone are three small crosses, with many animals above and below. On another is a cross, adorned with various flowers, and the rude representations of fishes, beasts, and men on horseback. On the third is an open chariot drawn by two horses, and some persons in it; behind is a wild beast devouring an human form lying prostrate on the earth. On the fourth is an animal somewhat resembling an elephant. On another, eight feet long and three feet three inches broad, standing upright in a socket, there is a cross. In the middle are several figures, with the bodies of horses or camels, and the heads of serpents; on each side of which are wild beasts and reptiles considerably impaired. On the reverse is the figure of a woman, attacked on all sides by dogs and other furious animals. Above are several persons on horseback, with hounds, engaged in the



chase. Below is a centaur, and a serpent of a monstrous size fastened on the mouth of a bull. Accurate drawings of these stones are to be found in Pennant's *Tour*. Many other stones, which originally belonged to this monument, have been carried off or broken in pieces by the inhabitants of this place. As several of these which remain have been removed from their proper position, as many of the figures are defaced, and as we are in a great measure unacquainted with the art of decyphering hieroglyphics, the history delineated on various monuments is now irrecoverably lost,"—unless, in the present instance, we shall assume that the history is that which has been related by tradition.

Who was King Arthur? Did he ever live and fill a throne in Britain? Or shall we regard him as a myth of the dark ages—an impossible hero of romance? Old historians who lived near his era ignore him in their pages. Neither Gildas, who wrote in the sixth century, nor the Venerable Bede, ever mention his name; and the passage concerning him in Nennius has been supposed to be a later interpolation. Yet the weight of proof is in favour of his existence; and all those writers who regard him as an actual personage agree that he flourished in the first half of the sixth century—a period far-enough removed to admit of the luxuriant after-growth of fiction that came to be credited as fact. One class of authorities, desirous of retaining him in the Valhalla of essentially English worthies, say that he was King of the British tribe called *Silures*, in the west of England, where others of the Britons gathered around him as the valiant defender of the native nationality. He waged a long and arduous warfare against the Saxons, and won several hotly-contested fields. "It is of this Arthur," says William of Malmesbury, "that the Britons fondly tell so many fables, even to the present day; a man worthy to be celebrated, not by idle fictions, but by authentic history. He long upheld the sinking State, and roused the broken spirits of his countrymen to war." But the Malmesbury monk was not incapable of fondly telling

fables himself; for he adds that "finally, at the siege of Mount Badon, relying on an image of the Virgin, which he [Arthur] had affixed to his armour [on the inside of his shield, that he might kiss it in battle, as Giraldus Cambrensis explains], he engaged nine hundred of the enemy, single-handed, and dispersed them with incredible slaughter." After many triumphs, the hero met his fate through the treason of Modred, his nephew. Modred, aspiring to independent sovereignty, threw off his allegiance, and Arthur, marching to chastise his presumption, met him on the Camlan, in Cornwall, where a desperate battle was fought for the supremacy.

On the waste sand by the waste sea they closed.  
 Nor ever yet had Arthur fought a fight  
 Like this last, dim, weird battle in the west.  
 A death-white mist slept over sand and sea:  
 Whereof the chill, to him who breathed it, drew  
 Down with his blood, till all his heart was cold  
 With formless fear; and ev'n on Arthur fell  
 Confusion, since he saw not whom he fought,  
 For friend and foe were shadows in the mist,  
 And friend slew friend not knowing whom he slew;  
 And some had visions out of golden youth,  
 And some beheld the faces of old ghosts  
 Look in upon the battle; and in the mist  
 Was many a noble deed, many a base.

When the dull day was dying, and the fate of the conflict still undecided in the hazy twilight, Arthur and Modred encountered front to front. The die was now to be cast. They rushed against each other, and both received their death-wounds. The traitor fell and gasped out his life on the spot; but Arthur was carried to Glastonbury, where he gave up the ghost, and was buried. His tomb, it is said, was opened by command of Henry II., and the bones and sword of the hero were found; but William of Malmesbury says "the sepulchre of Arthur is nowhere to be seen, whence ancient ballads fable that he is still to come."

To this version of the Arthurian history is opposed another which places Arthur in Scotland as King of Strathclyde, with Dumbarton Castle as his palatial fortress. The kingdom of Strathclyde is described as having comprehended generally the country lying

between the two Roman walls, namely, the present Liddesdale, Teviotdale, and Galloway, the shires of Dumfries, Ayr, Renfrew, and Lanark, with parts of Dumbarton and Stirling,—stretching northwards from the Solway shore to the Forth and Loch Lomond, and eastwards from the Firth of Clyde to the confines of the Merse and Lothian. But “whether this kingdom were the same with that of Cumbria,” says Professor Cosmo Innes, “or whether Cumbria included with modern Cumberland the whole or part of the south-western peninsula of Scotland, I shall not stop to examine”: nor shall we. The Strathclyde people were of the British or Welsh race, and maintained their ground for ages against Saxons, Picts, and Scots,—constructing, after the lesson of the Roman walls, a defensive work along part of the line of their eastern frontier, in the shape of an immense ditch, known as the *Catrail*, which tradition asserts was dug to divide the Picts from the Britons. It was not until 1034 that Strathclyde became peacefully merged in the realm of Scotland: and we cannot fail to remember how the natives of that western province distinguished themselves by their staunch patriotism through all the struggles for Scottish independence,—the west, the land of Wallace and Bruce, becoming the battle-ground of freedom. In Strathclyde reigned King Arthur, and there he covered himself with renown. “The authority and influence of that uncommon character,” writes the author of *Caledonia*, “extended from A.D. 508, when he was chosen Pendragon, to A.D. 542, when he received his death’s wound in the battle of Camlan.” Dumbarton, or *Dumbretan*, the original form of the term, signifies the fort of the Britons or of Strathclyde: and the Welsh poets assign to Arthur a castled-palace at *Pen-rhyn-Ryoneth*, by which Dumbarton is supposed to be meant. It was styled *Castrum Arthuri*—the Castle of Arthur—before the reign of our David II. An old English chronicler, William of Worcester, says that King Arthur kept his Round Table in the Castle of Stirling, otherwise Snowdon-west Castle. Unless,

indeed, Arthur ruled in Strathclyde, it is difficult to explain on any reasonable hypothesis how his name came to be applied to so many localities up and down in Scotland. How did *Arthur's Seat*, near Edinburgh, acquire its designation? or *Arthur's Oven* on the Carron? Another *Arthur's Seat* is a hill between Loch Lomond and Loch Long. The name of Glenartney in Perthshire is said to signify the "glen of Arthur." To the church of Wedale, now called Stow, Arthur gave (according to tradition) an image of the Virgin, which he had brought with him from Jerusalem, —presumably the same which he wore inside his shield when, single-handed, he discomfited the nine hundred enemies. Fragments of this image, we are assured by a writer of the eleventh century, were "still preserved at Wedale in great veneration." In 1239, a grant by David de Lindsay was made to the Abbey of Newbottle, of the lands of Brothralwyn, in Crawford parish, Lanarkshire; which lands are described as being bounded on the west side, *a fonte Arthuri, usque ad summitatem montis*—"from the fountain of Arthur, even to the summit of the mountain:" perhaps the earliest recorded association of Arthur's name with anything in Scotland. The foregoing, however, are but mere gleanings of examples. "The valorous Arthur of history, or the redoubtable Arthur of romance," says the author of *Caledonia*, "has supplied the topography of Britain with such significant names, as seem to imply, either that the influence of the real Arthur was felt, or the remembrance of the fictitious Arthur was preserved, for many ages after the Pendragon had fallen by the insidious stroke of treachery from the kindred hand of Modred."

We cannot undertake to decide whether Arthur bore kingly sway in the west of England or on the banks of the Clyde: this being a question which still forms matter for interminable disputation amongst antiquarians, and, indeed, is not likely to be very soon settled. But one fact, at least, seems clear and indisputable,—that his heroic struggle with the Saxons was gratefully

remembered by many generations of his countrymen, who, as the ages elapsed, elevated him to the rank of a national demigod, whose name was the most potent of all spells to conjure with. He met a soldier's death; but his people believed that he did not die—that he was spirited away to some unseen land of the brave and true, whence he would return, at some great crisis, to wield once more his sword *Excalibur*, and restore the glories of the olden days. Even so the Portuguese fancied, with the like undying affection for a patriot-king, that Don Sebastian would ultimately come back; and the Scots long clung to the hope that James IV. survived Flodden, and would re-appear to claim his throne and retrieve his defeat.\*

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\* Jervise's *Lands of the Lindsays*, p. 288; *Rental Book of Cupar-Angus Abbey*, vol. i., pp. xviii., 343, 344; Thomson's *History of Dundee*: 1874, p. 196; Anderson's *Scottish Nation*, vol. ii., p. 271; Pitcairn's *Criminal Trials*, vol. i., part 1st, p. 158, vol. ii., p. 430; *Register of the Privy Council of Scotland*, vol. ii., p. 113, vol. iii., p. 731; *Rentall of the County of Perth*: 1649, p. 34; *Acts of the Parliaments of Scotland*, vol. vii., Appendix, p. 114; Playfair's *Description of Scotland*, vol. i., p. 487; Pennant's *Tour in Scotland*, vol. iii., p. 178; William of Malmesbury's *Chronicle of the Kings of England* (Bohn), pp. 11, 315; Chalmers' *Caledonia*, vol. i., p. 245; Knox's *Typography of the Basin of the Tay*, p. 174; Innes' *Scotland in the Middle Ages*, pp. 83, 196, &c.

VANORA'S TOMB AT MEIGLE.—Part 2nd.

Queen Guinevere had fled the court, and sat  
There in the holy house at Almesbury.

\* \* \* \* \*

Then she, for her good deeds and her pure life,  
And for the power of ministration in her,  
And likewise for the high rank she had borne,  
Was chosen Abbess, there an Abbess lived,  
For three brief years, and there, an Abbess past  
To where beyond these voices there is peace.

*Idylls of the King.*

ANOTHER and far more familiar phase of the Arthurian story now invites our attention. We have spoken of the hero, whose existence, somewhere in this island of ours, in the sixth century, as Sovereign of a combination of Britons struggling against the Saxon invaders, seems satisfactorily established as a historical fact: but tradition and romance have brought upon the stage an Arthur of their own, to whom are ascribed achievements transcending those of any other British warrior. Doubtless some weight is due to credible and consistent traditionary reminiscences which may help to supplement the historian's labours: and the question has been put by a modern writer—"Why may not tradition share with history a degree of credit at least proportionate? The recorded page," he says, "is testified but by a single name, while multitudes attest, and nations vouch, for the truth of a knowledge which has descended to them by inheritance;" and he adds that "an opinion may be fairly indulged, that tradition is not to be slighted for its name, and that name esteemed a vapour, in the senseless application of this word, as if even a vapour could exist without the alimentary cause." This is a strong but erroneous mode of pleading the matter; for tradition, as we know well, is much oftener than otherwise an ignorant and delusive guide; and as regards the case in hand, the glare which it throws on the historic page is almost wholly false, having been kindled at

another flame than that of the lamp of truth. As ages rolled away, after the death of King Arthur, a mass of legend gathered around his name,—the creation of romance in its wildest and most exuberant stage. When we reach the ninth century, the fanciful Arthur and his compeers begin to loom upon the view, and as we pass on, the shapes grow more and more distinct. The son of Uther Pendragon fights battles against the Saxons at home, and against the Roman legions abroad. His Round Table is honoured with a circle of the most valiant knights in the annals of chivalry. The beautiful Guenever shares his throne: and at his service is the mystic power of Merlin the Enchanter. But whilst the dauntless King, fired with the spirit of an Alexander, is overturning kingdoms on the Continent, his nephew Modred rebels against him, and, to strengthen his position, takes Guenever to wife. The tidings bring Arthur back; but it is to his grave: he falls in the “last, dim, weird battle of the west.”

The fictitious Arthur found permanent fame in the *Historia Britonum* of Geoffrey of Monmouth, who lived in the twelfth century, and for his literary attainments was made Bishop of St Asaph, in 1152. This worthy churchman, never discriminating between the true and the false, palmed the grossest fables upon the ignorance of his contemporaries. His book reads like a fairy tale, full of the enthralling interest of doughty deeds. It became the authority to which many subsequent scribes had recourse, and in that way may be said to have poisoned the very sources of national history. And what account gave he of Guenever, the Queen, whose tomb is reputed to be at Meigle? Guanhumara, as he calls her, was “descended from a noble family of Romans,” and “was educated under Duke Cadur, and in beauty surpassed all the women of the island.” When Arthur “was on his march towards Rome, and was beginning to pass the Alps,” like another Hannibal, “he had news brought him that his nephew Modred, to whose care he had entrusted Britain, had by tyrannical and treasonable

practices set the crown upon his own head ; and that Queen Guanhumara, in violation of her first marriage, had wickedly married him." But before the fight on the Camlan, the Queen, "despairing of success, fled from York to the City of Legions," where she entered herself "among the nuns in the church of Julius the Martyr." Geoffrey says nothing about her death, which certainly he would have mentioned had he heard that she was torn to pieces by dogs, and buried at Meigle. It was from Geoffrey's work that the early historians of Scotland derived their notions of Arthur and his days. Fordun summarised the specious tale, and so did Wyntoun, in whose metrical chronicle the matchless conquests of Arthur are related with a childish credulity:—

And when this Leo was emperor,  
King of Britain was Arthur,  
That won all France and Lombardy,  
Gulenne, Gaskoyn, and Normandy,  
Burgoyne, Flanders, and Braband,  
Henawnd, Holland, and Gothland,  
Swis, Swethryk, and Norway,  
Denmark, Ireland, and Orkney;  
And all the Isles in the sea,  
Subject were to his powste :  
And all their lands everilkave  
To the Crown of Great Britain  
He eiked hale, and made them free  
But subject till his rywawte.

The poetical Prior knew of the "Round Table" and its knights : and he tells how Arthur was fighting abroad, when "Modred, his sister's son," usurped the throne; but Guenever is omitted from the story.

In the end of the fifteenth century, however, a greater than Geoffrey of Monmouth arose, eclipsing him and all his wonders. It was in the year 1485, when there issued from the press of William Caxton, the Father of English Printing, then located in some spare nook about the Abbey of Westminster, a book which at once challenged popularity and became universally famous, the delight of all who were able to peruse it or heard it read. This was the prose *History of King Arthur*, composed by Sir Thomas Malory,—a Welsh-



man, and probably a priest,—the most captivating of all the old romances of chivalry, and the only one of its class which is still a favourite. Malory had genius. Borrowing from the minstrels and others who had preceded him, he digested his materials, and recast them in a story, told in a style picturesque for its simplicity, full of strange and marvellous adventures, in which Arthur and his knights perform their devoirs, breaking enchantments, slaying dragons, and releasing oppressed damsels. "For in this present volume," said Caxton, in his Prologue, "may be seen noble chivalry, courtesy, humanity, friendliness, hardiness, love, friendship, cowardice, murder, hate, virtue, and sin. Do after the good, and leave the ill, and it shall bring you into good fame and renown." According to Malory, the Round Table had been the institution of Guenever's father, who, when Arthur wedded her, gave it to him with all its knights, as a marriage gift. The revolt of Modred is recounted, but with a difference as regards the beautiful Queen. The traitor having seized the throne, sought next to draw her into nuptials with him: wherefore, "she was passing heavy, but she durst not discover her heart, but speak fair," and professed to give her consent. Then she desired him to allow her "to go to London, for to buy all manner of things that belonged unto the wedding; and, because of her fair speech, Sir Medred trusted her well enough, and gave her leave to go; and when she came to London, suddenly, in all haste possible, she stuffed it with all manner of victuals, and well garnished it with men, and so kept it." Modred, on learning how he had been deceived, was "passing wroth out of measure," and laid siege to the city; but the defence was stout and stubborn, and he could make no progress. He would not listen to the Bishop of Canterbury, when the latter came to the camp and counselled him to change his purpose; but at length the traitor, when he heard of Arthur's advance, was fain to raise the siege, and left Guenever among her loyal citizens. On hearing of Arthur's fall in battle, she retired to Almesbury, and became "a nun in white clothes

and in black, and there she was abbess and ruler as reason would," until she died; and she was buried at Glastonbury, beside her royal consort. This is what most of the romances tell of the Queen's latter days: and no tangible groundwork has been discovered for the singular and suspicious popular legend which we shall presently notice.

Whilst speaking of the Arthurian tales, we should remark, *en passant*, that apparently some of the best of the metrical romances belong to the Scottish Border, partly as original compositions, and partly as translations into the Anglo-Saxon tongue which prevailed in the Scottish Lowlands as it did throughout England. To Sir Thomas of Erceldoune, or Thomas the Rhymer, is attributed the poem of *Sir Tristrem*; and several places on the Border are supposed to have been scenes of exploits by Arthur and his knights. "The Scottish Minstrels," writes Mr George Ellis, "thus surrounded by the memorials of romance, and having easy access to the traditionary tales of Strathclyde and Cumbria, are likely to be considered as the most authentic depositories of these narratives;" and in further confirmation of this opinion, he adds "that while Erceldoun, Kendal, and Hucheon, poets of the North, are celebrated by our early historians; while every ancient ballad bears testimony to the excellence of the minstrels 'from the North country;' and while our MSS. abound with metrical romances written in the northern dialect,—we do not possess one, anterior to the time of Chaucer, which can with certainty be ascribed to a poet of South Britain." The Scottish Border, too, had a Merlin of its own,—Merlin Sylvester, or the Wild,—who, the victim of remorse for crime, roamed through the woods of Tweeddale, as Fordoun records. The grave of this Merlin is at Drummelziar; and prophecies ascribed to him were long current with those of the Rhymer and other seers. All this would tend to support the presumption that King Arthur really had some connection with the Scotland of his time.

When Hector Boece wrote his *Scotorum Historia*,

which was published at Paris, in 1526, he incorporated with his fabulous account of the ancient Scottish kings, a long and romantic narrative of the doughty deeds of King Arthur, for which he was palpably indebted to his own imagination: the authorities on which he pretended to found being supposititious. He asserts that Lothus, King of the Picts, married the sister of Uther Pendragon, the father of Arthur, and had by her two sons, Modred and Gawain. On Uther's death, Lothus claimed the sovereignty of Britain, to the exclusion of Arthur, whom the people crowned. The Pictish King, chafing with disappointment, leagued with the Saxons, and declared war against King Arthur, but was discomfited in a battle fought in Yorkshire. Unable farther to support his pretensions by force of arms, Lothus sued for peace, and concluded a treaty containing the stipulation that the British crown should descend to him or his line when Arthur died. But the Britons speedily "repented them" of this condition, "specially for that they could not in any wise be contented to have any stranger to reign amongst them, and hereupon coming unto Arthur, required of him, sith he himself had no issue to succeed him, that it might please him yet to name one of his own nation to govern them after his decease." He desired them to make the nomination themselves, and accordingly they selected Constantine, the son of Cadur, Duke of Cornwall, and proclaimed him as heir-apparent. This breach of the treaty provoked war. Lothus was dead; but his eldest son, Modred, who reigned in his room, assembled an army of Picts and Scots, and invaded Arthur's territories. On the banks of the Humber, the Britons engaged their enemies in battle, which resulted in the defeat and fall of Arthur. The historian then proceeds:—

The day next after the battle, the camp of the Britons was rifled, and amongst other rich spoils was found Guainore, Arthur's wife, with a great number of other ladies and gentlewomen. The whole spoil of the camp and field being equally divided by lots betwixt them, the Scots had for their part certain fair chariots laden with rich stuff and jewels, also horses and armours, besidesundry noblemen, whom they had to their prisoners. Unto the

Picts fell for their portion Queen Guainore, with the ladies and gentlewomen, and divers other of the noblemen, besides a great quantity of other rich prey and booties. These prisoners, which the Picts had, were conveyed into a castle in Angus called *Dunbarre*, a place of great strength in those days, though at this present there remaineth nothing but the name with the ruins thereof. In which castle they were detained under sure ward, during the residue of their natural lives. In witness whereof there be remaining unto this day, the graves and monuments where many of these captive Britons were buried, in the fields of a town in that country called Meigle, not past ten miles from Dundee: but amongst the residue, that of Guainore is most famous.

Here we have the tradition of Guenever's association with the Meigle district fully told. She was buried at Meigle, and some of the sculptured stones are assigned as her monument or tomb; but Boece does not say what manner of death she died. His words infer that her death was natural, as though he had never heard the local legend that she was torn to pieces by dogs—a story which, if he did know of it, he must have discredited as having been evidently suggested to ignorant minds by part of the sculpturings. The castle which he calls *Dunbarre* was the ancient Caledonian fortification on the summit of Barryhill, in the adjoining parish of Alyth. But as to Lothus and his son, Modred, as Kings of the Picts, no such names appear in the lists of the Pictish Sovereigns.

At the distance of half-a-century after Boece gave a long line of fictitious Kings to Scotland, George Buchanan's history appeared. Buchanan adopted most of his predecessor's fables—in particular all about Lothus and Modred and the defeat of Arthur; but he wholly rejected the story of Guenever's captivity, and her interment at Meigle. Having stated that Modred was slain in the battle on the Humber, that "the hero Arthur received a mortal stroke," and that "an enormous quantity of booty was taken," he adds:—

I am not ignorant that there are many fabulous accounts of the life and actions of Arthur, but they are unworthy of notice, and obscure the splendid actions of that illustrious man, as such falsehoods, so strongly asseverated, render the truth itself doubtful. He was certainly a great man, and uncommonly distinguished by his bravery, his love for

his country, in rescuing it from slavery, and in restoring and reforming the true worship of God. I have dwelt at greater length on his descent, life, and death, than the plan of my undertaking appeared to demand, which does not embrace all the transactions of the Britons, but only proposes to rescue from oblivion, and from idle and malicious fables, the history of our own nation.

Now, the remarkable fact to be observed here is that Buchanan, though he follows Boece in the narrative of Arthur's wars with Lothus and Modred, and though he also refers to Vanora as having been suspected of favouring Modred's attempt on the British crown, yet altogether ignores her captivity and death, and likewise her alleged monument, shewing conclusively that he was satisfied of the utter want of any reliable evidence for the legend. Nor is there a scrap of evidence still. True, the name of Arthur is found associated with localities in Meigle parish, as in various other quarters of the country. A stone pillar, about a couple of miles south-west from the village, on the Coupar-Angus road, is called the *Stone of Arthur*; in the vicinity are the lands of *Arthurstone* and *Arthurbank*; and a farm bore the designation of *Arthur's Fold*. But similar names, as we have said, occur in other places with which no tradition of Vanora was ever connected. And how did the story of Vanora being torn by dogs arise? Pennant, who visited the monument, says "the country people" called it hers; and "the peasants" asserted that she was imprisoned on Barry Hill, where she died, and then was buried at Meigle; while "others again say, that she was torn to pieces by wild beasts, to which this sculpture alludes; if, as Mr Gordon [author of the *Itinerarium Septentrionale*] justly observes, the carvings might not sometimes prove the foundation of the tale:" a suggestion which we need have no hesitation in accepting as correct. Regarding another theory which has been propounded as to the stones and their symbolical sculptures, the writer of the *New Statistical Account* of Alyth has the following passage:—

With respect to these famous tombstones, the legendary account, which connects them with the Vanora of tradition, is certainly more than doubtful. A more satisfactory

account of them has been suggested by Captain T. P. Mitchell, a gentleman distinguished by his research and sagacity in investigations of this nature. He considers them as neither more nor less than the monuments of the Knights Templars, who unquestionably had a burying-ground at Meigle. At the top of the south face of the largest stone, the armorial bearings of the kingdom of Jerusalem may be distinctly traced, and the group of figures, now almost obliterated, which has been supposed to represent Vanora torn in pieces by wild beasts (and on which the popular tradition was very probably founded), may be considered, with great probability, as an allegorical representation of Judea rescued by the Crusaders.

In all likelihood the origin and import of the sculptures will never be fully expiscated; but, at all events, so much is certain that they can bear no relation to Queen Guenever, who never had existence save in fabulous history.

The name of King Arthur was not unknown in the Highlands of Scotland. The author of a genealogy of the Macgregors, contained in the manuscript collection of Gaelic poetry, known as *The Dean of Lismore's Book*, which was compiled in the beginning of the sixteenth century, claims kindred for the clan with the British hero:—

Noble the races mix with thy blood,  
Such as now we cannot number.  
The schools would weary with our tale,  
Numbering the kings from whom thou'rt sprung.  
The blood of Arthur is in thy bosom,  
Precious is that which fills thy veins.

Moreover, Mr J. F. Campbell, in his *Popular Tales of the West Highlands*, points out in detail the numerous coincidences between the story of King Arthur and his knights and that of Fingal and his heroes, which would seem to indicate that Scottish Celtic tradition formed the groundwork of the chief Arthurian romances. "Of all these ancient romances," he says, "the story of 'Morte Arthur' and that of Sir Launcelot most resemble current Highland traditions. The story, when stripped to the bones, is almost identical with the love story of the history of the Feinne. . . . So here are the same traditions worked up into wholly different stories, and differently put upon the stage, according to the manners of the age in which romances

are written, but the people go on telling their own story in their own way. The author of 'Morte Arthur' dressed up his story according to his ideas, and made a connected story; the people of the Highlands tell their story in broken bits." A further step is taken by a learned French writer, Hersart de la Villemarque, in his *Poems des Bardes Britons*, published at Paris, in 1850. He suggests that the Arthur of romance and his knights are but Celtic gods in disguise.

Here we quit our theme,—assured that the labour of tracing out an old Perthshire legend, however baseless, associated with the memory of King Arthur, cannot be labour wholly thrown away: especially when we remember that

The mightiest chiefs of British song  
Scorn'd not such legends to prolong:  
They gleam through Spenser's elfin dream,  
And mix in Milton's heavenly theme;  
And Dryden, in immortal strain,  
Had raised the Table Round again,  
But that a ribald King and Court  
Bade him toil on, to make them sport.

And, seeing, too, that in our own day the Laureate has added new laurels to his wreath of fame by adaptations of the Arthurian tale of Sir Thomas Malory, reviving, in melodious measure, the loves and hatreds and valiant deeds of chivalrous romance.\*

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\* Dupuis' *Holy Places*, vol. i., p. 46; *Six Old English Chronicles* (Geoffrey of Monmouth's British History); Wyntoun's *Chronicle*, vol. ii., p. 11; Malory's *King Arthur*; *Sir Tristram*; Ellis' *Specimens of Early English Metrical Romances* (Bohn), pp. 36, 37; Hollinshed's *Scottish Chronicle*, vol. i., pp. 189-201; Buchanan's *History of Scotland*, Book V.; Pennant's *Tour in Scotland*, vol. iii., p. 178; Sinclair's *Statistical Account of Scotland*, vol. i., p. 503; *New Statistical Account of Perthshire*, pp. 232, 1118; *The Dean of Lismore's Book*, p. 139; Campbell's *Popular Tales of the West Highlands*, vol. iv., pp. 262-266.

*THE THREIPLANDS OF FINGASK.—Part 1st.*

———High upon the hillside, see  
Hemmed round by crag and forest tree,  
Grey Fingask, sturdy still in age.

\* \* \* \* \*

She bears on high a cheerful look,  
As in those days when kings partook  
Her festive cup, and found in need  
Her good knights true in knightly deed  
'Mid adverse ills.

*David Millar—"The Tay."*

FOR more than two hundred years, Fingask Castle, in Kilspindie parish, on the braes of the Carse of Gowrie, has been the seat of the Threiplands,—a family whose name appears prominently in the municipal records of the Fair City during the eventful period between the Restoration and the Revolution. The Castle is said to have been originally a fortalice of the twelfth century: and in such an era of turbulence and strife, the site was well chosen for a place of defence, being at the mouth of a high opening of the Kilspindie hills, and near the brink of a deep ravine, at the bottom of which runs a wandering stream; while southward the eye ranges freely over the level Carse beneath, and the silvery Tay, broadening to an estuary, and the green expanse of Fife, with the distant hills, tinged in the blue of heaven. The environs of Fingask are not without historical and romantic memories. Perchance the old keep reared its head on the hillside in those days when Wallace was a stripling, and struck his first blow against the Southron: when his mother abode at Kilspindie: and he, having slain the son of the Governor of Dundee, hid himself in the rocky recesses of the lone glen of Pitroddie from the pursuit of the avengers of blood. West of Fingask is Evelick Hill, and Evelick's ruined tower, with its tragic story of the Lindsays; and also the deserted spot where once stood the Castle of Kilspindie. Eastward are the mouldering



remains of the feudal strength of Kinnaird : and nearer the river is Megginch Castle, the residence of the Drummonds. The Church of Kilspindie anciently belonged to the Abbey of Scone : so did the Chapel of Rait : and up to the time of the Reformation, the present parochial bounds were divided into two distinct parishes, Kilspindie and Rait; which, however, after that event were conjoined. The date of 1194 is said to be visible on the oldest portion of Fingask Castle; and if such be its age, the storms of winter and war during many centuries must have raged around its walls; and tradition tells that it was sacked and dismantled in the Commonwealth troubles. But the existing building is almost entirely modern, though erected at different times : and the surroundings have been laid out and adorned with much taste; though, indeed, the situation itself is so picturesque in its own natural beauty as to be independent of the aid of art.

It is not known in whose hands the Castle was held in earlier ages; but when we come to the sixteenth century we find the barony of Kilspindie an appanage of the powerful house of Douglas. Fingask, however, was then owned by a family bearing the national surname of Bruce. John Bruce of Fingask was one of the jury who were subjected to a fine for not appearing to take trial of the beautiful Lady Glamis, accused of sorcery, on 31st January, 1532-33. Farther on, James Bruce of Fingask was one of the persons of inquest, along with various neighbouring lairds and others (Andrew Rattray of Kincarrochy, Thomas Blair of Balthayock, David Chalmer of Seggieden, Andrew Scott in Kinfauns, Patrick Kinnaird of that Ilk, James Fife in Dron, John Kinnaird of Inchtute, &c.), who expedite the service of William Ogilvy, as heir of Patrick Ogilvy of Inchmartin, his father, in the Tolbooth of the Burgh of Perth, on 30th March, 1555. Nearly a hundred years afterwards, the Rental Book of Perthshire, drawn up in 1649, shows that William Bruce had then the lands of Fingask, which were valued at £1440 : and William Bruce of Fingask was appointed one of the

Commissioners of Supply for Perthshire, under the Act 14, Charles II., in 1661. The last of the Bruce Lairds of Fingask was Laurence, whose pecuniary involvements necessitated the sale of the estate, for behoof of his creditors, in the year 1671.\*

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\* From the fact of there being other estates called *Fingask*,—one, for example, in the parish of Rhynd, Perthshire,—considerable confusion and difficulty may be experienced in inquiries concerning the Lairds of Fingask in the Carse. In the first half of the fifteenth century, the Laird of Fingask in Rhynd was (as we understand) Alexander Dundas, the son of James Dundas of that Ilk and Christian his wife, the daughter of John, Lord Innermeath and Lorn, a scion of the Royal house of Scotland. Alexander died in 1451, a prisoner in Dumbarton Castle, where he had been immured through the hostility of the Earl of Douglas, and was succeeded by his son, Alexander, who married the daughter of Lord Oliphant, and was slain at Flodden, along with four of his sons; leaving only one, Alexander, the eldest born, who inherited the lands. This second Alexander married Elizabeth, daughter of Sir David Bruce of Clackmannan, and fell at the Battle of Pinkie. He left sons and a daughter, Janet, who married Laurence Mercer of Meikleour. The eldest son, Archibald, succeeded, and left two sons, William and Archibald. William had no children, and his brother became sixth baron of Fingask. In a dispute between the Oliphants and the Murrays regarding teind corns, which came before the Privy Council, on the 12th September, 1579, it was ordained that the teinds of Dunbarnie, Pettie, and Moncrief, for the present year, should be “collectit, led, and stakit upon the expenses of the self in some neutral place,” by Blair of Bathiok and Archibald Dundas of Fingask, appointed to that effect, to remain there until it was decided to whom they should belong. Archibald Dundas was twice married—first, to Jane, daughter of Sir David Carnegie; and, second, to Egidia (or Giles) Mercer, his cousin, daughter of the baron of Meikleour and Janet Dundas, and widow of John Nairn of Muckersie, by whom he had a son, Laurence, who became Professor of Humanity in Edinburgh. The eldest son of the first marriage was John, who was knighted by Charles I. at Dunfermline, during the Royal visit to Scotland in 1633. In the Perthshire “Rentall” of 1649, “the Laird of Fingask,” in Rhynd, had his lands valued at £903. About the close of the same century, the family of Dundas sold Fingask, and settled in Stirlingshire, obtaining a royal charter which erected their lands in that county into a barony under the designation of Fingask. They are now known as the Dundases of Carronhall. Another Fingask is found in Fife. Its laird at the end of the sixteenth century was John Forret, one of the company of Fife

The purchaser of Fingask was Patrick Threipland, Lord-Provost of Perth, who, for a series of years, had been one of the most eminent citizens of the Fair City, of which he was apparently a native, and had borne a leading part in the management of municipal affairs. He first obtained civic office in 1657, while the Cromwellian usurpation was paramount in Scotland, and when Perth was held in subjection by the English garrison of the Citadel on the South Inch, with Colonel William Daniell as Governor. Under the stern but withal beneficial regime of the Roundheads, who crushed beneath the heel of military despotism all those elements of discord and strife which had been the curse and the ruin of Scotland,—no man who harboured political or ecclesiastical views inimical to the Protectorate system of government, had the slightest chance of any public office, unless, of course, he dissembled his opinions, and professed himself for what he was not. The Lord Protector's Council in Scotland had made this plain by their Declaration issued on 24th September, 1655, in which, referring to the election of Magistrates in burghs, they set forth that "the said Council expects due and particular care shall be taken that no person be chosen who is dangerous to the Commonwealth, disaffected to the present Government, or scandalous in life and conversation:" and "provided always, that in the oath of their faithful administration of justice, and in all other cases, where formerly the name and style of King, or Keepers of the liberties of England, has been used, in the exercise of the foresaid government of the said cities, burghs, or towns, the name of his Highness, the Lord Protector of the Commonwealth of England, Scotland, and Ireland, and the dominions thereunto belonging, be inserted and used." Two years after the publication of this ordinance, Patrick Threipland was chosen Town Treasurer at the

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adventurers, to whom James VI. granted the Island of Lewis, in the Hebrides, for the purposes of conquest and cultivation; but which enterprise had to be abandoned after much money was expended and much blood spilt.

Michaelmas elections of 1657—a circumstance which may be accepted as conclusive proof that he was regarded as neither dangerous nor disaffected, and that his life and conversation were entirely free from scandal. A few days previous to the election, the Town Council had settled the fees, or entry monies, of burgess-ship and guild-brotherhood, as follows:—That every person admitted burgess and guild-brother should pay £100 Scots, if he had not served his apprenticeship, or married a burgess' daughter: for being admitted burgess only, the fee should be £40 Scots; and an apprentice should be admitted burgess and guild-brother on payment of £20 Scots.

Treasurer Threipland officiated for only one year; and in 1658 he was out of magisterial office. In October, 1659, he was elected first Bailie; and in October, 1660, he was raised to the chair of Dean of Guild, which was the dignity next to the Provostship. Judging from the subsequent tenor of his public career, we may be assured that he, along with the bulk of his fellow-citizens, hailed with delight the downfall of the Commonwealth and the restoration of Charles II. Such sentiments, be it remembered, were quite in accordance with the principles held by many men who had never been of the Cavalier party, but rather had stigmatised the Royalists as "malignants." The Cromwellian usurpation, which had abrogated the General Assembly and much of the power claimed by the Kirk, was detested by the great mass of the Presbyterians as bitterly as by the Cavaliers themselves; and, therefore, no tergiversation was imputable to the former, who longed for the restoration of the King, because he had already sworn to the Covenant, and would bring, so they hoped, national freedom with him, and restore the days of the Second Reformation. Whatever might have been Patrick Threipland's political creed before the Restoration,—and certainly he could not have held office unless he had bowed to the overruling powers who brooked no opposition in word or deed,—he thenceforth distinguished himself as a

thorough Royalist, to whom his party in the town looked up as to a leader. In 1661, he resumed office as first Bailie, and was re-elected in 1662. The principles of all persons holding places of public authority and trust were brought to the test in 1662 by an Act of the Scottish Parliament, which required a solemn declaration against entering into covenants for resistance to the measures of Government, and particularly against the Covenants, National and Solemn League. The requisite Declaration was formally made by the Magistrates and Town Council of Perth, and is to be seen entered in the minute-book, with the signatures of all the members appended:—

DECLARATION appointed to be signed by all persons in public trust, conform to the Act of Parliament, dated 5th September, 1662.

WE, the Provost, Bailies, Dean of Guild, Treasurer, Council, and Deacons of Crafts of the burgh of Perth, under subscribing, sincerely affirm and declare, that we judge it unlawful in subjects, upon pretence of reformation, or other pretence whatsoever, to enter into leagues and covenants, or to take up arms against the King, or those commissioned by him, and that all these gatherings, convocations, petitions, protestations, and erecting and keeping council-tables, that were used in the beginning, and for carrying on, of the late troubles, were unlawful and seditious, and particularly that those oaths, whereof the one was called the *National Covenant*, as it was sworn and explained in the year 1638 and thereafter, and the other entitled a *Solemn League and Covenant*, were and are in themselves unlawful oaths, and were taken by and imposed upon the subjects of this kingdom, against the fundamental laws and liberties of the same; and that there lieth no obligation upon us, or any of the subjects, from the said oaths, or either of them, to endeavour any change or alteration of the Government either in Church or State, as it is now established by the laws of the kingdom.

The Restoration Government had taken up a position wholly antagonistic to the aims and expectations of the friends of the Covenant; but no difficulty seems to have occurred anywhere throughout the kingdom in affirming the above Declaration.

From some cause or other, Bailie Threipland had no chair in the Magistracy elected at Michaelmas, 1663; but presumably he only withdrew for a short season till he could conveniently attain the chief seat in the

municipal chamber. In October, 1664, the Town Council manifested their sense of his character and abilities by bestowing upon him the Provostship of Perth; and at this election the whole members of the former Magistracy were changed. For eleven years consecutively,—from Michaelmas, 1664, to Michaelmas, 1675,—Provost Threipland was kept in office by the favour of the Council annually expressed. The Provostship brought with it the Parliamentary representation of the burgh. Perth sent one member to the Scottish Parliament, and generally the Provost for the time being was selected. During the Commonwealth, however, Parliamentary Government, both in England and Scotland, proved unworkable in Cromwell's hands, which were far more adapted to hold the reins of despotic power. In 1652, among the Scottish deputies who attended the Conference at Dalkeith regarding the affairs of Scotland, the burgh of Perth was represented by Andrew Butter, who was then Provost. But in Cromwell's second Parliament, of 27th July, 1654, which admitted only thirty members from Scotland,—twenty for the counties and ten for the burghs,—a group of five burghs, Linlithgow, Queensferry, Perth, Culross, and Stirling (the place of election being Stirling), was represented by Colonel John Okey, a military nominee and tool of the Government. The Restoration Parliament met at Edinburgh on 1st January, 1661, and the burgh of Perth sent thither John Paterson, the Provost, who, although out of office at Michaelmas that same year, represented Perth in the Parliaments of 8th May, 1662, and 18th June, 1663. Patrick Threipland, as we have seen, was chosen Provost at Michaelmas, 1664, and he thereupon superseded Paterson as Parliamentary member. At the Conventions which met at Edinburgh, on 2d August, 1665, and 9th January, 1667, Provost Threipland appeared as member for Perth: and in the same capacity he sat in the Parliaments which assembled on 19th October, 1669; 22d July, 1670; and 12th June, 1672.

Provost Threipland seems to have been actuated by

an earnest wish to promote the improvement and general benefit of the town. One feature of interest and usefulness the Fair City lacked,—namely, a Market Cross,—the ancient Cross, which had stood for ages, having been torn down, along with many buildings, by order of the Cromwellian governor, that the materials might be used in the erection of the Citadel on the South Inch. Thus, for about seventeen years, the vista of the quaint old High Street, lined by the wooden-fronted tenements, with their “galleries” or balconies, their crow-stepped gable-ends and projecting eaves, and their low-browed booths and “channels,” looked bare without a stately Cross between the Kirkgate and Skinnergate. The Town Council, in 1668, resolved to supply the desideratum, and accordingly entered into a contract with Robert Milne of Balfargie, the King’s Master Mason, “to build a cross as elegant as any in Scotland,” at the cost of £200 sterling. The Cross was built: and on the 24th May, 1669, the Town Treasurer, George Jackson, was ordered to pay Milne 4000 merks for the work (he being at the expense of the scaffolding and the carriage of stones), and also to give a gratuity of 20 merks to the masons. The inauguration of the new Cross took place on Saturday, the 29th of the same month, being the anniversary of the Restoration, and also the King’s Birthday. Doubtless this was a festive day in the city: the High Street thronged by a shouting multitude, and flags and tapestry displayed from window and balcony, and every door clad with the foliage and flowers of May, and wine flowing plenteously from the mouths of the sculptured heads of lions, &c., which adorned the Cross. Yet, to the disgrace of a subsequent generation, whose cadger-carts and barrows were incommoded by this fine structure, it was not suffered to stand a century out!

The same year which gave Perth the new cross gave it also a new market. Up to this time two weekly and four annual markets were held in the town, being thus enumerated in the Charter of Confirmation by James VI. dated 15th November, 1600: “the weekly markets, one whereof on Wednesday, and the other on Saturday;

together with the four free public fairs, four times in the year, one whereof at Palm-Sunday ; the second thereof at Midsummer, beginning the 24th of June; the third thereof beginning on the day of the Feast of St John the Baptist, or 29th of August; and the fourth thereof beginning on St Andrew's Day, being the penult day of November." Necessity, however, arose for a fifth annual fair to be held in the month of October : and Provost Threipland exerted all his endeavours to obtain from Government a grant to that effect. In the Parliament which met at Edinburgh, on 19th October, 1669, he brought forward the Petition or "Supplication," and had the satisfaction of procuring an Act on the 17th December, empowering the town to hold a fifth market. The following official extract contains the enactment :—

EXTRACT under the hand of Sir Arch. Primrose, Clerk Register, furth of the Records of Parliament, of an Act granting to the Town of Perth the right of holding an additional market upon the ninth of October yearly, dated 17th December, 1669.

Follows the tenor of this Act :

At Edinburgh, the seventeenth day of December, one thousand sex hundreth threescore and nine years, The King's Majesty and Estates of Parliament having heard a Supplication presented unto them in name of the Provost, Bailies, Council, and Community of the burgh of Pearth, mentioning that beside the ordinary fairs holden these many years bygone within that burgh, there is an great expediency for another Public fair or mercat, to be holden yearly within the said burgh upon the 9th day of October, which will be very conduceable and advantageous, not only for the weal of the burgh, but also for his Majesty's whole lieges living near that place of the country, humbly desiring the said yearly fair may be granted unto them, as at length is contained in the said Supplication, which, with the report of the Lords of the Articles, being taken into consideration, The King's Majesty, with advice and consent of his Estates of Parliament, Do hereby give and grant to the saids Provost, Bailies, Council, and Community of the said burgh of Pearth, and their successors, an free yearly fair, to be holden within the said burgh of Pearth upon the ninth day of October yearly besides their ordinary fairs and mercats formerly granted to them, for buying and selling of horse, nolt, sheep, fish, flesh, meal, malt, and all sort of grain, cloth, linen and woollen, and all sort of merchant ware: with power to the saids Provost, Bailies, Council, and Community of the said burgh of Pearth, and their successors, or such as they shall appoint,



to intromit with, collect and uplift the tolls, customs, and other duties belonging to the said yearly fair, and to enjoy all other freedoms, liberties, and immunities thereunto belonging, siclike and as freely, in all respects, as they do in any of the other of their fairs, or as any other burgh Royall within this realm has done or may do in time coming: and recommends to the Lords of his Majesty's Exchequer to pass ane signature hereupon if need be.

Extracted furth of the Records of Parliament be me, Sir Archibald Primerose of Chester, Knight and Baronet, Clerk to His Majesty's Council Registers and Rells.

(signed) A. PRIMEROSE, Cl. Reg.

This new market was called by the name of "*St Dionis' Fair*,"—the 9th of October, the day on which it was to be annually held, being the day entered in the Roman and Scottish Calendars as the Feast of Saints Dionysius, Rusticus, and Eleutherius; and in the French and Spanish Calendars as that of St Denis alone: hence the present name of the market, "Little Dunning," an obvious corruption of the original. At its first institution, it would appear that the attendance at the market fell short of expectation; for, with the view of encouraging proper resort to it, the Town Council, on 7th November, 1670, notified "that all cattle coming to market on St Dion's Day shall be custom free for two years:" and again, on 1st November, 1673, they passed an "Act exempting those bringing cattle to St Dion's Fair from paying custom for the years 1674, '75, and '76, for their better encouragement." Subsequently the market was changed from the 9th to the 20th October, and is now held on the third Friday of the month, being the day for hiring farm-servants, which causes an immense influx of that class from the various rural districts. In former times, great quantities of flax, which was much cultivated in the county, were brought to "Little Dunning:" and it was also at this market that people were in the habit of buying cattle for their "winter marts" of salted beef; whilst numerous flocks of goats from the Highlands found ready sale for the purpose of ham-curing, and the skins being used, at one period, for soldiers' knapsacks, with the hair still attached.\*

\* Pitcairn's *Criminal Trials*, vol. i. Part 1st, p. 158;

*THE THREIPLANDS OF FINGASK.—Part 2nd.*

Doubt not, the commoners, for whom we stand,  
But they, upon their ancient malice, will  
Forget with the least cause, these his new honours.

*Coriolanus.*

A PROVOST in those times generally lived and moved in his public capacity with a great deal more pomp and state, and wielded a much greater authority, than civic magnates of the same rank in our degenerate days can boast of. When the Provost of Perth walked abroad, he was dressed in a cloak, and had "a bend rapier" by his side, and wore gloves "embroidered about the thumb," the gift of the Council; while the Bailies carried "white staves," as tokens of their authority. Six town-sergeants, clad in "red Fleming" cloth, and armed with halberts, acted as the body-guard of the Magistrates, who were also attended on special occasions by a trumpeter. The Provost, as Commissioner to Parliament, went thither in imposing style, on horseback, with lacqueys attired in the town's livery: the Council Books mentioning repair of "the foot mantle and livery for the lacqueys, with the bridle and stirrup leathers, against the Provost going to Parliament." Flags emblazoned with the city arms were provided, to be used at the weaponschaws or military musters, the riding of the marches, and other ceremonials. The Council, on 6th May, 1667, gave order to procure four pairs of colours, red and white, with the lamb in gold in the middle: and in 1678 there is a notification that there were placed "in the

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*Seventh Report of the Royal Commission on Historical Manuscripts*, p. 714; *Register of the Privy Council of Scotland*, vol. iii., p. 216; *Rentall of the County of Perth: 1649*, pp. 12, 16, 110; Cant's edition of *The Muses Threnodie*, vol. ii., pp. 19, 131-151; *Acts of the Parliaments of Scotland*, vols. vi., vii., viii., and ix.; *Burke's History of the Landed Gentry*, vol. i., p. 377; *Penny's Traditions of Perth*, p. 136.

Council-house four pairs of colours, an officer's coat with lace, two suits of livery clothes, with fustian doublets, for lacqueys at Parliament, foot mantle, with other horse furniture (a saddle only excepted), and the town's trumpet." When the Magistrates passed along the streets, they expected due courtesy from the citizens—who should bow and lift their caps and hats to them : on which point of etiquette, we find Provost Threipland and his brethren in office making complaint to the Council when disrespect had been shown them by one of the merchants. This happened in the spring of 1668, when, on the 13th April, Bailie Orme was directed by the Council to speak with Patrick Hay, merchant, "to behave himself in times to come to the present Provost and to the rest of the Magistrates ; that is to say, to lift his cap when he comes by them, or else to go aside to the other side of the street; otherwise the Magistrates will take course therein as they think fit." Moreover, the Provost, as Sheriff of the burgh, held courts for judging various crimes, including *blood-wits*, or cases where blood was spilt or murder committed within the Royalty, and had the powers of life and death in his hands. Altogether, therefore, the Provostship was an object of high ambition to the more substantial and aspiring burgesses, whose contentions for the coveted honour were frequently conducted with great heat.

Irrespective of his position as head of the magistracy, Provost Threipland was undoubtedly one of the foremost citizens of the town, possessed of competent means, and promising to rise to a higher social grade. On the 13th March, 1665, he was married to Euphame or Euphemia, daughter of John Conqueror of the Friarton. The surname of "Conqueror" was for a century known in Perth as that of a family intimately associated with the municipality. Dionysius Conqueror was elected third Bailie four times between 1571 and 1577, and Dean of Guild five times between 1578 and 1585. Next, Andrew Conqueror, perhaps the son of Dionysius, was third Bailie in 1618 and 1619, and second

Bailie in 1623 and 1624. John Conqueror, probably the son of Andrew, was Town Treasurer in 1645; third Bailie in 1646; second Bailie in 1647; first Bailie in 1648; and again second Bailie in 1651 and 1652. The Magistrates were elected on 19th April, 1653, in obedience to a commission from the Cromwellian Government, and John Conqueror was then elected third Bailie. But he died on the 1st of September following, in his 51st year, leaving a widow and three children out of three - and - twenty which she had born to him.\* After the lapse of some time, a certain George Conqueror was chosen Treasurer in 1665; and both in 1667 and 1668 he was third Bailie. But what relationship, if any, existed between these Conquerors and the Friarton family, we have not ascertained. Of the marriage betwixt Provost Threipland and Euphame Conqueror there came six daughters and only one son. This boy was named David. The Baptismal Register of the Parish of Perth records that David Threipland, lawful son of Patrick Threipland, Provost, and Euphame Conqueror, was born on 9th August, 1669, and was baptised the 19th

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\* He was interred in the Greyfriars Burying-ground of Perth, and the gravestone, bearing a curious metrical inscription, which was placed to his memory by his relict, Margaret Jack, still remains in excellent preservation. The epitaph reads thus:—

Here lyes ane worthie man, John Conquerour, who died  
Bailie of Perth the first day of September, 1653.

Ore death a conquerour heire lyes, whose soule,  
Fre'd from the dust, triumphes above the pole.  
One less than tuiyce tuelue children by one wyfe  
He had, of which to everlasting lyfe  
Tuiyce ten he sent before him, and behynd  
He left but three to propagate his kynd.  
He run ten lusters out, when rigid fate  
Rob'd him of lyfe, Pearth of a magistrate.

This Trophie, Margaret Jack, his spouse, did raise  
O'er her dead Husband to her lasting praise,  
Through whose respectful care his Memory  
Shall be deryued to posterity.

Various lineal descendants of Bailie John Conqueror are still living in this neighbourhood and in other parts of the country.

of August by Mr Mungo Law—the godfather at the ceremony being David, Earl of Aboyne. Mr Mungo Law was one of the ministers of Perth, having been admitted on 1st June, 1665, as successor to George Hallyburton, Bishop of Dunkeld, who resigned his Perth charge in October, 1664. A couple of years after the birth of his son, Provost Threipland became a landed proprietor in the Carse of Gowrie. The pecuniary embarrassments of the family of Fingask brought about a sale of their estate, and Provost Threipland became the purchaser thereof in 1671. On the resignation of Laurence Bruce of Fingask, with consent of Elizabeth Campbell, his wife, Patrick Bruce, his brother, and certain other persons, his creditors, a royal charter, of date 22d March, 1672, was granted to Patrick Threipland, containing a new erection of the barony of Fingask in his favour, and it was ratified by the Scottish Parliament of that year, in which he sat as representative for Perth. The property thus acquired was described as all and hail the lands of Nether Fingask, with the manor place, houses, biggings, yards, orchards, &c.; all and hail two oxengate of the lands of Rait called Frierlands; also the lands of Rait called Frontiers and Inshoch; also five oxengate of the town and lands of Rait; and also seventeen oxengate of land on the east side of the town of Rait.

Provost Threipland was a prosperous man, and of high repute. But when was the cup of fortune unmingled with gall? During his lengthened tenure of office, the country was in the throes of an embittered struggle between the Scottish Government and a large section of the Presbyterian party, whose religious scruples were sternly adverse to the restored Episcopacy in the Church. The severities of the Government forced the recusant Covenanters into the miserably-conducted rising, which was repressed by General Dalziel's troops at Pentland, on 28th November, 1666. The meetings for preaching and worship, called Conventicles, were prohibited with the utmost rigour, and all parishes or towns favouring them were liable to

heavy fines. Provost Threipland, who was a zealous and uncompromising Royalist, used every means in his power to prevent such gatherings within the limits of his jurisdiction; and his efforts seemed to prove so successful, that they attracted the notice of the Privy Council of Scotland, who, in 1672, conveyed their special thanks to him, through the Lord Chancellor, for his indefatigable assiduity in repressing those unlawful assemblies. Empty thanks, however, were not his only reward. He attended the Parliament of 1673 as Commissioner for Perth: and in 1674, a high mark of royal favour was conferred on him—King Charles II. creating him a *Knight Bachelor*. This honour might have been supposed to reflect somewhat of its lustre on the Fair City, and to strengthen Sir Patrick's position in the magistracy; but it rather apparently tended to shake his hold of the Provostship, which had already endured rather long. A combination was secretly formed against him for the purpose of preventing his re-election. Evidently his Cavalier policy was repugnant to many of the inhabitants; but this was not the reason eventually put forth by the malcontents for their opposition. They ventured on no quarrel with his principles, as that would have rendered them obnoxious to Government. In a general way, and apart from politics, they professed to object to the Provostship, or other office, being held by any person for more than two years running—an objection which was founded upon old statute law. But several of Provost Threipland's predecessors in office had sat for longer periods than he had done. Thus, Patrick Lord Ruthven, was Provost for eleven years, from Michaelmas, 1554, to Michaelmas, 1567: William, Lord Ruthven, for eighteen years, from Michaelmas, 1567, to Michaelmas, 1585: Sir David Murray, Lord Scone, for eight years from Michaelmas, 1601, to Michaelmas 1609, and again for sixteen years from Michaelmas, 1612, to Michaelmas, 1628—in all twenty-four years! Such precedents, however, had no weight with the advocates for change: and taking their contention upon its own

merits, it was entitled to prevail. Municipal office was never intended to be wholly engrossed from year to year by the same individuals, as though it belonged to them by a sort of hereditary right, to the exclusion of all others equally eligible. It was in this that Provost Threipland erred; for change is necessary to promote healthy municipal life, and prevent stagnation and corruption. The mine was exploded at the Michaelmas election of 1675. The Town Council assembled, on 4th October, and proceeded to choose the Magistracy for the ensuing year, when Provost Threipland was proposed; but now a sudden, though premeditated, tumult arose in the chamber—the opposition clamouring that frequent changes of officials were essential for the public advantage. The Threipland party were overborne in attempting to carry through an election of Magistrates in their own favour. Their noisy and determined opponents threw out the whole of the previous Magistracy, with the single exception of Archibald Christie, second Bailie, whom they elevated to the Provostship. Thereupon, the Threipland party protested, and straightway carried their grievance by appeal before the Privy Council in Edinburgh.

Archibald Christie, the newly-elected Provost, was a merchant-burgess of good standing in the town, and possessed lands in the county. He was the son of Henry Christie of Craigtoun, and was Laird of Chapelhill, in the parish of Scone, and of the lands of Eglis-chinnanch, Ballicrag, and others, united in the barony of Craiglowrie, formerly Craigtoun, and others, in the Stewartry of Menteith. When the Town Council met, on 11th October, six members of the Threipland party (on the merchant side) absented themselves; but the Councillors present adopted resolutions unanimously to the effect that they—

For avoiding the great confusion still threatened, and giving suitable satisfaction to the inhabitants who complain highly upon the long continuance of the Provost, Bailies, and Dean of Guild; and in compliance with the Act of Parliament anent the duration of Magistrates in office, and seconded with a ratification in the Acts of Burghs,

and in imitation of the laudable custom in other Royal Burghs, statute and ordain, that in all time coming, no Provost, Dean of Guild, or Bailie, shall continue any longer in the said offices than for two years together; and for making the same the more effectual, and to remain unalterable, the members of Council present have solemnly sworn never to vote contrary to the nature of this present Act; and they appoint those of the Council not present, and who shall succeed from time, to give their oath to do nothing contrary to the present condescension, so soon as they appear in Council.

Such an oath was scarcely lawful, and shewed that, after all, the triumphant majority were by no means sure of their ground. The resolution went on—

The Council and every person present, after acknowledging the late election of Magistrates and Council to have been orderly gone about; and that notwithstanding of several persons, members of Council, being chosen, yet upon account of some discontent, and disregarding the authority of the Provost citing them to appear this day: do judge the not-appearance of the members of Council not being present to proceed from a downright disrespect to authority, and therefore they appoint the six persons absent to be cited personally to the next Council day, to vote in what affairs shall concern the town, certifying them, if they appear not, to forfeit their rights as burgesses in time coming.

Next meeting was held on the 18th October, when the Council "appointed Bailie Thomas Craigdallie to repair to Edinburgh, and give a true account to the Lords of Privy Council, and other persons of quality, of the form and manner of the last election, that the misrepresentations of Sir Patrick Threipland, late Provost, may not harbour with them as truth." Of course, it was right and proper that the Lords should have both sides of the question at issue stated before them, in order to a just decision being pronounced. But an unexpected fatality soon rendered the municipal confusion prevailing in Perth still worse confounded. Provost Archibald Christie died on the 28th October,—having only exercised his office for the brief space of three weeks!\*

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\* In the Inventory given up after his decease, Provost Christie's moveable property was valued at the sum of £1647 6s 8d. In March and April, 1677, his son, James, was served heir to him in his heritable estate. Henry



In this dilemma, the Dean of Guild, John Wilson, was appointed as Preses of the Council, and steps were taken for choosing another Chief Magistrate. A meeting of Council was held on the 11th November, when seven members (on the merchant side), viz.: Andrew Jackson, John Threipland, James Schioch, David Monteith, James Duncan, Mr John Orme, and John Clunie,—were ordered to be cited to take their places at next meeting, with certification that if they appeared not, their places should be declared vacant and other persons selected to fill them. The recusants were accordingly cited, but paid no attention to the summons, which they affected to hold as proceeding from an illegally-constituted and usurping Council. On the 12th November, the Council met, pursuant to notice, and finding the seven recusants still absent, resolved to fill up their places, and accordingly elected David Murray, apothecary, Patrick Hay, Alexander Blair, William Johnstoun, David Jackson, John M'Ghie, and Alexander Whyte, "in room of the before-mentioned members, who refuse to own their authority." The new men "all subscribed the Declaration and asserted his Majesty's royal title upon oath." The meeting farther agreed to continue Sir Patrick Threipland as a member of the Council. The election of a Provost was the next business. But here it is necessary for us to explain that this whole squabble furnishes an apt illustration of the old system known as the "Beautiful Order." Of the 26 members of

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Christie, younger brother of the Provost, graduated, in 1671, at the University of Glasgow, and having been licensed as a probationer, was in 1679 ordained minister of Culross. By the Privy Council he was, on the 29th August, 1689, deprived of his charge for not reading the Proclamation of the Estates, and not praying for their Majesties, William and Mary, but for the restoration of King James, and "confusion to his enemies." He was consecrated a Bishop of the non-jurant Church at Dundee, 28th April, 1709, and died 5th May, 1718, in his sixty-fourth year. He married Margaret, eldest daughter of George Blair of Glassclune, by whom he had two sons, William and James, and a daughter Mary. See *Genealogical Memoirs of the Scottish House of Christie*. By the Rev. Charles Rogers, L.L.D.—London (Royal Historical Society): 1878; p. 56.

Council, 14 were Merchant Councillors, and 12 were from the Trades. The Provost, Dean of Guild, and three Merchant Bailies had to be chosen from the merchant side. A fourth or Trades Bailie was chosen from the Trades; but when a Treasurer was also taken from that side, the Trade to which he belonged had no Councillor that year. By this arrangement, the merchant portion of the Council had a permanent majority of two: and it was an understanding amongst themselves that upon any question the minority of their side should always yield to the majority. It would thus seem that at the Michaelmas election, Sir Patrick Threipland had seven merchant supporters besides himself; but that six of the minority of that side had broken through the "Beautiful Order," and, going over to the opposition, had thrown him and his friends out. He and his seven backers were now absenting themselves until the Privy Council should give judgment. But the assumed vacancies having been filled up, as already related, the Town Council immediately took in hand to appoint a new Provost. Their nominee was Patrick Hay, merchant—the same person who in 1668 had been guilty of disrespect to the Magistrates by not taking off his cap to them on the street. Probably he was an eager aspirant to office, but had met with disappointments: and now he fancied the ball of fortune was at his foot. But he had a supposed disqualification: he was said to be a freeman of the Hammerman Incorporation, and if so was ineligible for the Provostship. This point needed clearing up; and his friends essayed to do so in the clumsiest manner. The Preses, Dean of Guild Wilson, rose and "enquired of Patrick Hay if he was a freeman of the Incorporation of Hammermen, or anywise incapacitated from sitting as a Merchant Councillor." Common sense might have taught the enquiring Dean that the question ought to have been settled before Hay was foisted into a merchant councillor's place. Hay "declared he had a complement of that nature from the Hammermen"—that is to say, he was a freeman,—"but studied no benefit by it

either for himself or his posterity :” whereupon “ Robert Gairn, for himself, as Deacon of the Hammermen, and in name of that Incorporation, disowned him as a freeman. The Council unanimously made choice of Patrick Hay to be Provost, Sheriff, and Coroner, till next Michaelmas, and the whole Council swore not to vote for the continuance of the Magistrates above two years.” But Provost Hay’s reign at this time was short. The election was speedily annulled. The Privy Council, on 1st March, 1676, gave decree to the effect that there having been a tumult at the Michaelmas election, and they considering and acknowledging Sir Patrick Threipland as having been fairly elected Provost before the tumult began, therefore they ordained the Town Council to proceed to a new election of Dean of Guild, Bailies, and Treasurer. The mandate was duly obeyed, and on the 16th of the same month the Magistrates were settled as follows :—

Sir Patrick Threipland, *Provost.*

Henry Anderson,	} <i>Bailies.</i>
James Schioch,	
David Monteith,	
Patrick Bell, tailor,	
Andrew Jackson,	<i>Dean of Guild.</i>
Robert Swan,	<i>Maltman, Treasurer.</i>

Bailie Anderson and Treasurer Swan had been appointed to the same offices under Provost Christie; and Anderson had been in the magistracy under Provost Threipland. But by a singular coincidence, the same meeting of the Privy Council, on 1st March, 1676, which decided on the election, likewise subjected the town of Perth, to a pecuniary fine for permitting Conventicles—a fault which had probably arisen from the unsettled state of the local government.

Provost Threipland had overcome all opposition. But farther experience of office seemingly opened his eyes to the fact that dislike to his continuous rule was far more general in the town than he had imagined. He took the prudent course, and gave way to the popular feeling. When Michaelmas came round again he retired from the chair, without seeking re-election; and Dean of Guild Jackson was appointed in his room.

Provost Jackson sat for only one year, and was succeeded by the irrepressible Patrick Hay, Merchant and *quasi* Hammerman, whom the Council raised to the summit of his ambition by electing him Provost on 1st October, 1677. He was also re-chosen at Michaelmas, 1678, and in the same year attended the Scottish Parliament as Commissioner for Perth. In 1678, likewise, Sir Patrick Threipland was appointed one of the Perthshire Commissioners of Supply. But it so happened that Provost Hay's second tenure of office came to an abrupt termination. He and two of the Bailies fell under the displeasure of the Privy Council, who on 4th February, 1679, issued a decree incapacitating him and Bailies Monteith and Aiken from bearing office for three years to come. Mr Robert Lundie was then made Provost, and sat for two years. But, on the 29th December, 1679, the Privy Council, reviewing their previous deliverance against Provost Hay and the two Bailies, were pleased to annul it.\*

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\* Perth Town Council Books; *Acts of the Parliaments of Scotland*, vol. viii, pp. 161, 266; Cant's edition of *The Muses Threnodie*, vol. ii, pp. 137, 140; Wodrow's *History of the Sufferings of the Church of Scotland*, vol. ii. p. 323.

**THE THREIPLANDS OF FINGASK.—Part 3rd.**

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And now the case, sir,  
Bears another face, sir;  
Billy had a mind to reign, and Jemmy must give place, sir.  
*Jacobite Song.*

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Come, here's to the knights of the true royal oak,  
Whose hearts still are loyal, and firm as a rock,  
Who will fight to the last for their country and king.  
*Ibid.*

FROM the Michaelmas of 1677, when Sir Patrick Threipland left the Provostship, ten years elapsed, during which he held no civic office in Perth, and seems to have sought none. In that decade the chief chair was filled by four Provosts. Andrew Jackson, Patrick Hay, and Robert Lundie, we have already named. The latter sat from 4th February, 1679, till Michaelmas, 1680, when he was succeeded by John Glass, merchant, who remained for two years, and was member for Perth in the Scottish Parliament of 1681. At Michaelmas, 1682, our old acquaintance, Patrick Hay, came back, and also served two years. He was followed by John Glass in 1684, who was allowed to sit for three years, and represented the burgh in the Parliaments of 1685 and 1686; but was shelved at Michaelmas, 1687.\* But

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\* Provost John Glass kept a miscellaneous sort of shop, such as is found now-a-days in a country village. He sold drapery and grocery goods, tobacco, stationery, &c.; and, curiously enough, a customer of his was the famous John Balfour, portioner of Kinloch in Fife, otherwise known as "Balfour of Burley," who was one of the assassins of Archbishop Sharpe. Two accounts are extant for goods furnished by Glass to Burley, from 1668 to 1670, amounting together to the sum of £41 3s 4d. One of the items is for "2½ ells of great loopen for his muff, £1 4s." The idea of stern Burley with a muff is sufficiently comical; but the article was perhaps his wife's; though, at the period in question, the muff was worn by gentlemen as well as ladies. Burley proved a bad customer, letting his accounts lie over unpaid; and in 1677 he was put to the horn by Glass for non-payment of the sum of £47 3s 4d, contained in a bond

let it not be supposed for a moment that after Provost Threipland was removed from power, the Magistrates took no more heed to Conventicles. Records shew that in general Conventicles were as sharply looked after as before; and various of the inhabitants, men and women, were fined for their contumacy in attending them, and for communing with proscribed ministers. More than this happened. A young female indweller in Perth, Isobel Alison by name, was taken to Edinburgh, and hanged in the Grassmarket, along with a sister-martyr, Marion Harvie, from Bo'ness, on 26th January, 1681. Isobel's crime consisted in her helping to conceal several of Archbishop Sharpe's murderers (including Balfour of Burley), who, after the commission of the deed, came and found hiding about Abernethy, Bridge of Earn, Aberdalgie, and Dupplin. In her Dying Testimony she states that she was apprehended at Perth, in her own chamber, by an order from the Privy Council, and brought to Edinburgh with a strong guard; but she lays no blame on the Perth magistrates, who had therefore no hand in her death. Altogether, in such times, the position of a Magistrate was the reverse of enviable. Now and again the Privy Council ultroneously interfered with the annual elections in Perth. Both in 1686 and 1687, the authority of Government was over-stretched in this way; for James II. was now on the throne, and was advancing claims to personal power which set at nought the Constitution and the laws of the land. On the 20th September, 1686, a letter from the Earl of Perth, Chancellor, came to the Perth Town Council, prohibiting a new election until his Majesty's pleasure was known; which pleasure was not expressed until December, when, on the 3rd of

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granted in 1672. When Provost Glass retired from office in 1682, he became tacksman of the town of Perth's salmon-fishings; for in that year, the Council gave him permission "to take out a great stone in the fishings opposite the Sleepless Inch." He failed to remove it, and it remained there, a constant detriment to the working of the fishings, until it was taken out in 1836, while the deepening operations were in progress on the Tay. Its weight was upwards of four tons.

that month, the Magistracy and Council were all nominated by the royal mandate, and chosen accordingly. The Marquis of Athole attended, by command, and saw the nomination carried into effect, and heard the oath called the "Test" taken by the whole body. Provost Glass was again re-elected at this time. But next year, the King sent down a new nomination, and appointed Lord Kinnaird to superintend the Michaelmas election, which was held on 6th October, 1687. Everything passed as was directed : and Lord Kinnaird had the pleasure of seeing his neighbour, Sir Patrick Threipland, unanimously re-installed in his former office of Provost, after a retirement of ten years ! The new Magistracy stood thus :—

Sir Patrick Threipland,	<i>Provost.</i>	} <i>Bailies.</i>
David Murray,		
John Threipland,		
Henry Deas,		
Charles Melvil, Tailor,		
James Stuart, <i>Dean of Guild.</i>		
Patrick Stuart,	<i>Treasurer.</i>	

Furthermore, King James conferred additional honour on Sir Patrick, by creating him a *Baronet of Nova Scotia*, on 10th November same year.

In all likelihood, Sir Patrick accepted offices solely from a sentiment of obedience to the King's command, and not from any wish of his own to resume duties which had formerly cost him much time and trouble, and at last exposed him to misrepresentation and ill-will. The Magistracy now chosen continued for a year and a half without re-election : for the agitated state of public affairs induced the Government on 24th September, 1688, to send a letter to Perth, suspending elections, and ordering the Council to remain as they were, until they received fresh instructions. The country was beginning to ring with the din of military preparation to resist the threatened invasion by the Prince of Orange : and this month, in pursuance of a royal proclamation calling out the Militia of the different shires, the Perth Council ordered that the drum should go round the town to warn the Guildry and Trades to draw out their men;

and as James Saunders, Captain-Lieutenant of the Perth company, was dead, James Stuart, Dean of Guild, and Bailie Melvil were appointed to command in his room, and to repair next day to Auchterarder, and there deliver up the company to Sir John Drummond of Machany, and in his absence to James Græme of Orchil. But the pusillanimity of the King rendered all military preparations useless. Although a strong army gathered around him, he seemed to have lost every spark of courage. He shrank from fighting his Dutch son-in-law, and, abandoning his throne, fled to France. The Revolution became an accomplished fact in England without a shot being fired: though Scotland and Ireland saw war and bloodshed before the new Government was firmly established.

The Perth Town Council held a meeting on 18th February, 1689, when the proceedings indicated the influences of the Revolution. "Protestation" was entered by Bailie Henry Deas "that all members of this house should purge themselves of Popery, and that none should continue in their station, but such as are true Protestants, conform to the Prince of Orange's *Declaration*, and who give obedience thereto, and who let it appear to God and the world." Upon this being tabled, "Sir Patrick Threipland," we are told, "most frankly gave his oath in face of Council, as he should answer to God, that he is a true Protestant, and that he never was, neither is, nor never shall be Popish." The protestation and the support given to it by the Provost roused the wrath of Dean of Guild Stuart, who had conceived a decided suspicion that he was specially aimed at. "He abused the Provost and Bailie Deas," it is stated, "for desiring him to purge himself of Popery;" and it really appeared that he was right; for Bailie Deas again took speech in hand, and asserted that he had heard the Dean "confess that sixteen years ago he took mass at London, and since that time he has been frequently at the Popish worship, particularly in summer last at Stobhall, and before that time and since at the Abbey of Edinburgh, and in London last summer, when he was



there on pretence of going to the baths, and that he was introduced to the King by Father Peters, and that he brought down with him by sea, in the ship wherein Bailie Threipland and he were passengers, two Popish priests, whom, after he landed, he attended to Edinburgh, and delivered them to the Lord-Chancellor." The accusation was pointed and heavy, and the Councillors generally urged the Dean "that he should either purge himself of being Popish, or demit his office; which he declined, until he saw a special warrant to that effect, and then he would answer to it. But," it is added, "all the members of the house were willing and ready to purge themselves," of Popery, "had it not been for the confusion occasioned by Dean of Guild Stuart." As thus shewn, the Provost, though a zealous Cavalier, had not given way to the Romish policy of King James, but stoutly maintained his Protestant principles.

In the midst of the public excitement, the Scottish Convention of Estates was summoned to sit at Edinburgh, on the 14th March, 1689, having been called by a letter from the Prince of Orange, under his hand and seal. It was, therefore, necessary to choose a Commissioner for the burgh of Perth to attend the meeting, and take part in its deliberations, which were certain to prove of the last importance to the kingdom and its liberties. Sir Patrick Threipland, as Provost, offered himself, according to custom, and with apparently good prospects of success. But a rival was started in opposition—Robert Smith, a burgess of the town: and when the votes were given, they were found so close that both sides claimed the election. The question was brought before the Convention as soon as it assembled, and then referred to a Committee to consider and report thereon. The report was unfavourable to Threipland, and the Convention affirmed it by the following deliverance:—

Edinburgh, 16 March, 1689.

The Meeting of the Estates having heard and considered the report of the Committee for Controverted Elections, bearing that they have called and heard Sir Patrick

Threipland and Robert Smith anent their controverted election to be Commissioner for the burgh of Perth, it is their unanimous opinion that Robert Smith be preferred to Sir Patrick Threipland as being legally chosen by the plurality of the burgesses, the Estates have appoven and do approve the said Report of the Committee, and interpones their authority thereto.

The seat for Perth was, therefore, taken by Sir Patrick's rival, who was also destined to be his immediate successor in the Provostship.

Amongst other business, the Convention of Estates took up the grievances which had been growing to a great height in regard to municipal elections throughout the kingdom : and finding that generally the Royal Burghs "have suffered encroachments on their liberties and privileges by Letters and Recommendations from the King, his Council, and others having power and influence, whereby these several years past many of the burgesses, otherways qualified to elect and be elected, have been debarred : therefore the Estates do hereby give order and warrant for new elections to be made of ordinary Magistrates and Town Councils for the several Royal Burghs, to be chosen by the poll, and that on such times, and at the sight of such persons, as the Estates shall appoint : " the whole burgesses (excluding honorary burgesses, town-servants, pensioners, and beidmen) to have vote in the elections: and the persons so elected to continue till next Michaelmas. In the case of Perth, a new election of Magistrates and Council was ordered for the 1st May, at the sight of Thomas Hay of Balhousie, Sir Colin Campbell of Aberuchil, Patrick Smythe of Methven, Walter Stuart of Kincarrochie, Adam Drummond of Megginch, Mr Robert Ross of Invernethy, or any two of them to be present and see the election made. In compliance with this order, the whole burgesses convened in the East Church, on the day appointed, in presence of Balhousie and Megginch, and chose the Magistrates and Town Council,—Robert Smith, the member of Parliament, being made Provost. All the members accepted office, and took the oath *de fidei*,

with the single exception of Alexander Blair of Corbs (a property in Dunning parish), who, being chosen Dean of Guild,—an office which he had formerly held in 1682, 1683, and 1685,—refused to accept.

And thus Sir Patrick Threipland's last official connection with the Fair City was severed. But, moreover, his part on the stage of life itself was now nearly played out. He retired to his seat in the Carse, where he might meditate on the fickleness of fortune and the revolutionary change which had come over the nations. He had been rejected by the burgh where he was so long supreme, and on which he had endeavoured to confer benefit. The political cause which he had maintained so steadily was trampled in the dust. The Sovereign who had raised him a step higher in knightly rank was an exile. The whole outlook was gloomy, and scarce relieved by one stray gleam of light. Another era had opened, and old things had passed away. Not long was Sir Patrick spared : he died that same year, some few months after his retirement from the busy scene. His decease introduces us to a wider scene and new actors. Hitherto we have followed the narrow and turbid current of local politics : we now leave the atmosphere of Council rooms, and, instead of watching municipal rivalry and squabble, we are invited to a far worthier field of observation. It is as if a curtain were suddenly raised, disclosing a prospect bathed in the hues of romance. Yonder, among the glens of the north, the clansmen gather to the war-note of the pibroch : the standard waves on the braes of Mar : we see the march of armed thousands, "all plaided and plumed in their tartan array : " we list the distant rush of battle, the shock of squadrons, and the wail of defeat. Stirring times are before us : not a Provostship, but the British crown becomes the prize for which brave men struggle to the death. And be it said that in that struggle no house in broad Scotland was more distinguished by steadfast attachment to the line of Scotland's ancient monarchs than was the house of Threipland : and no Scottish Jacobites more freely

perilled life and fortune for a cause which they deemed just than did the knights of Fingask. The story we have to tell is instinct with the spirit of true-hearted loyalty—a mistaken loyalty, as may perchance be argued, but nevertheless cherished with a constancy which bespeaks admiration, because tried and tested in the furnace of adversity, and emerging from the ordeal pure as at first.

Sir David Threipland, Baronet, the only son of the old Provost, was retoured as heir to his father in the lands of Fingask, on 2nd April, 1690. On the 7th June that year he was included among the Commissioners of Supply for Perthshire nominated by Parliament; and he was again appointed in 1704. Shortly before his succession to Fingask, he had married, in 1688, Elizabeth, daughter of Sir James Ramsay of Bamff, by whom he had seven sons and three daughters. This lady dying, he married a second time, in 1707,—the bride being Catherine, daughter of David Smythe of Barnhill, near Perth, who brought him two sons and four daughters. She was niece of Patrick Smythe of Braco, who, having sold his Orkney lands, bought the estate of Methven, in Perthshire. Sir David, inheriting the principles of his father, was one of those inflexible partisans, with whom it savoured of religious duty to maintain what they conceived to be their due allegiance in the face of every fortune : and he soon became one of the most active of the Jacobite party, carrying on secret correspondence with the Court of St Germans, and ready to make good his professions with his sword. By such a man the call to arms in the autumn of 1715 was welcomed with enthusiasm; for now his ardent expectations seemed about to be realised, and he entered with his whole soul into Mar's insurrection, which, had it been better conducted, might have restored the Stuart princes to the throne of their ancestors. Sir David's political predilections were shared to the full by his good lady, who seemed actuated by the spirit of her aunt-in-law, Anne Keith, niece of William, sixth Earl Marischal, and wife of Patrick

Smythe of Methven,—the valiant heroine, who, when a crowd of Covenanters assembled to hold a Conventicle on her husband's lands, in his absence from home, sallied forth, armed and on horseback, at the head of her retainers, and dispersed the gathering. Lady Fingask was ardently attached to the Stuart cause, and proved it—as much of the Fingask loyalty was proved—in the midst of sorrow and trial.

Of Sir David's services during Mar's rebellion there is no particular detail; but he came into prominence after the arrival of the Chevalier de St George in Scotland. James landed at Peterhead, and thence moved leisurely down the east coast,—his ultimate destination being Scone. On Friday, 6th January, 1716, he entered Dundee, where he was warmly received by the populace. He lodged in the mansion of the Steuarts of Grandtully over night, and on Saturday came along the Carse of Gowrie, and stopped at Fingask Castle, where he was to stay until next morning. Need we say that lavish preparations were made for the royal stranger's entertainment at the seat of the Threiplands? The country people of all the district thronged to Fingask on that eventful day, to see "the King" who had at last "come o'er the water." If their loyalty was to be measured by their greeting, it was fervent enough. Their kindly peasant-hearts warmed to him, knowing that he was of their own Scottish stock—the descendant of a long line of native monarchs, with the blood of the Bruce in his veins. They pressed around the tall, pallid stranger with the grave look and the silent lips, and eagerly touched his hand, his dress, or his steed. That night the Castle rang with festivity that recalled the old roystering days of the Cavaliers: and as a local ballad has recounted—

When King James to Fingask Castle cam',  
 To see Sir David and his lady,  
 There was a cod's head weel dressed wi' sauce,  
 Took a hundred pounds to mak' it ready.

On the following day, which was Sunday, the Chevalier passed on to Scone. But short was the interval before

the final collapse of the Rebellion. The Chevalier fled : his diminished forces dispersed to their hills and glens : and ruin stared many a Scottish gentleman in the face. Sir David Threipland was one of a party of about 160 Jacobites of mark who found hiding for some time in the north of Scotland. They then traversed the low country of Morayshire, without interruption, though at much peril, and took boat at Burgh-head, and crossed the Moray Firth to Caithness. From Caithness they found their way to the Orkneys, and soon embarking in some French ships, made their escape to France. Fingask Castle, in which Lady Threipland still abode, was occupied by a detachment of the Government troops : and it was at this time of fear and trembling that the youngest of the lady's sons was born. A member of the family has related that while " some of the soldiers were quartered in the house, the good lady became alarmingly ill : and in the midst of much anxiety and care,—her husband and sons at a distance, uncertain of their fate, and the cause in which they were embarked giving way on every side,—my father was born. It was thought that, under the distressing circumstances of her situation, she could not survive, and a clergyman of the Episcopal Church in Perth was sent for privately, the clergy of that persuasion being marked men at that period, as known adherents of the Jacobite cause. He, having administered the Sacrament, proposed, as so favourable an opportunity might not occur again, to baptise the child. This suggestion, communicated in a whisper to the nurse and others who were in attendance, was at once assented to by them; but the difficulty consisted in knowing by what name the infant should be called, his father having left no directions, and his poor mother being thought much too weak to be consulted on the subject. The good lady, however, had heard a little of what was passing near her bed, and, drawing back the curtain, she called in a faint voice, 'Stuart! Stuart!' This was enough, and by that name accordingly was my father christened before the clergyman left the house." Said we not truly that Dame Catherine's loyalty to the

Stuart cause was proved in the hour of sorrow and trial?\*

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\* *The Edinburgh Magazine* (1817), vol. i., p. 130; *A Cloud of Witnesses*; and *Kirkton's History*; *Cant's Muses Threnodie*, vol. ii., pp. 139-152; *Acts of the Parliaments of Scotland*, vol. ix.; *Chambers' History of the Rebellions under Dundee and Mar*, p. 316.

*THE THREIPLANDS OF FINGASK.—Part 4th.*

Full many a tale  
Is listened yet in upland vale  
Of Charlie's fortunes, and their share  
That Fingask's knights were doomed to bear—  
Their castle spoiled, and how they fled  
Far o'er the seas to save their head,  
Or houseless wandered many a day  
Among the wilds round Linn-ma-Grey.

*David Millar—"The Tay."*

SIR DAVID THREIPLAND was safe in France from the clutches of his enemies; but they took what vengeance lay in their power. He was included among those of the Jacobite party whom the Government forfeited of lands and honours. He was attainted, and his estate was annexed to the Crown, within less than half-a-century after his father, the Provost, had purchased it. Fingask Castle, therefore, ceased to be the home of Dame Catherine and the family. But fortune so ordered that her eldest son came into an estate of his own. The lady, as already said, was daughter of David Smythe of Barnhill, on the side of the Tay opposite to Perth: and the two sons whom she bore to her husband were named James and Stuart. In the year 1718, her father saw meet to convey his Barnhill and Muirhall property to his grandson, James. Barnhill had not been held by David Smythe for any great length of time, as we find that in 1680 it belonged to John Williamson, Sheriff-Clerk of Perthshire. These lands included the large island in the Tay, which subsequently was called "Moncreiffe Island" when the Moncreiffe family acquired it by purchase. On the 26th April, 1718, David Smythe of Barnhill granted a disposition in favour of James Threipland, eldest son of Sir David Threipland of Fingask and Dame Catherine Smythe, his spouse, whom failing to Stuart Threipland, their youngest son, of all and hail the lands of Barnhill and Woodend, and island thereto belonging, with the houses,



biggings, yards, and pertinents, which of old were proper parts and pertinents of the barony of Kinnoull, lying within the parish and barony of Kinnoull and sheriffdom of Perth: as also all and hail the lands of Muirhall, with all and sundry the houses, biggings, yards, and righteous pertinents, lying within the barony of Roscoby and sheriffdom of Perth. On this conveyance followed a charter under the Great Seal in favour of the said James Threipland, dated 26th July, 1718. Young James, however, seems to have died ere three years were over, as on the 10th February, 1721, a retour of the service of Stuart Threipland, brother-german and heir of the said James Threipland of Barnhill, was expedite before the Sheriff of Perthshire; and an Instrument of Sasine followed on the foresaid Crown Charter of 1718, in favour of Stuart, as heir retoured to his brother, dated 16th March, and recorded at Perth, 13th May, 1730. Sir David remained an exile in France until the "home sickness" impelled him to risk all dangers that he might look once more on the banks of Tay and on the loved faces he had left behind. Ever present to his heart, in the land of the stranger, must have been the pathetic sentiment of the Jacobite strain:—

The sun rises bright in France,  
 And fair sets he;  
 But he has tint the blythe blink he had  
 In my ain countrie.  
 It's nae my ain ruin  
 That weets ay my e'e,  
 But the dear Marie I left ahin',  
 Wi' sweet bairnies three.

He crossed the sea, and returned in disguise to the Carse of Gowrie, where his family abode; but being still a proscribed man, liable to instant arrest, he assumed the name of *Mr Hume*, and kept himself as much secluded from observation as possible, frequently seeking concealment in the rocky retreats around Fin-gask. But his precautions were superfluous: the Government was sated with vengeance: no notice was taken of him: and at length he was suffered to reside unmolested on his own paternal acres, which his lady had

leased from the York Building Company, to whom they had been sold after the forfeiture. Thus it came about that he lived as a simple tenant on his own estate.

The thirty years intervening between the two Rebellions brought many changes. The grave closed over several members of the unfortunate house of Fingask. Sir David lost his lady: and of his sons, only two remained in 1745,—David, the only surviving son of the first marriage, and Stuart, the youngest son of the second marriage. Stuart was destined for the medical profession, and pursued his studies with commendable assiduity, evincing talents of no mean order, which ultimately raised him to high distinction as a physician. But the political principles in which the Threiplands, father and sons, had been bred, and which they still retained with a noble honesty of mind, involved them in fresh and apparently irremediable calamities. Sir David, wearing down the vale of years,—for in 1745 he was 76 years of age,—could no longer promise himself to take the field for the Chevalier, as he had done in the prime of his manhood; but both of his sons—although the eldest was in delicate health, and unfit to support much bodily exertion—were ready to hasten to the standard of “the King,” whenever it should be unfurled. We may be assured that Sir David was deep in the counsels of his party, sharing in all their plottings during many years before the '45; but again and again the hopes excited had been doomed to disappointment, until the day when the kingdom was startled by the news that Prince Charles Edward had landed on the west coast of Scotland, and had thrown himself on the honour and sympathies of the Highlanders. How gladly the heart of the grey-headed Jacobite of Fingask must have throbbed when he heard of the muster in Glenfinnan and the march to the Lowlands! Now, at last, it seemed to his kindled imagination that the wishes and dreams long cherished in the cold shade of adversity were about to be gloriously fulfilled. Had he been stout and lithe, as in Mar's year, he would have

set foot in stirrup, and ridden off to kiss the hand of the Young Chevalier, and proffer him his allegiance and his sword. That was not to be. Age and infirmities detained him in his easy-chair; but he sent his sons, with his blessing, to fight for Prince Charlie: and they, fired with a generous enthusiasm that despised the selfish calculations of worldly prudence, eagerly embraced the opportunity of following the same path which was trod by their sire before them.

It is uncertain whether both the brothers Threipland were engaged in the Battle of Prestonpans, which was fought and won by the Prince, on 21st September, 1745. But David, the elder brother, was there, among the small body of Jacobite cavalry. The action was quickly decided. The front line of the Highlanders, rushing on in a furious charge, broke through and scattered General Cope's battalions, without the second line coming into action at all. The victory was "obtained with such rapidity," says the Chevalier Johnstone, "that in the second line where I was always beside the Prince, not having been able to rejoin Lord George, we saw no other enemy upon the field of battle, but those upon the ground killed or wounded, although we were not but fifty paces in arrear of our first line, always using our legs as fast as we could to join them, and sufficiently near to them never to lose sight of them; even being able to distinguish them always before us through the smoke from the discharge of the enemy, the only time we had to see them." Carried away by the ardour of battle, David Threipland, who was attended by two mounted servants, on seeing the dispersed and craven flight of the royal troops, horse and foot, gave hot pursuit to a party of dragoons, who were retreating at full speed. This chase continued for about a couple of miles, till near a place called St Clement's Wells, where the discomfited commander, Sir John Cope, was doing his best to rally portions of his fugitive cavalry as they successively came up in wild confusion. When the party pursued by Threipland approached St Clement's Wells, they took courage

on perceiving so many of their comrades near them, and that they were followed by only one gentleman with his two servants. Instantly wheeling about, they met Threipland in full career, and, surrounding him, struck him from his saddle with a shower of blows from their swords. He fell dead on the field, and his two retainers, who could do nothing effectual to defend him against the assault of odds so heavy, fled back to save their own lives. His temerity was blameable; but the deplorable cowardice which disgraced almost all the royal army, may excuse his rashness. In fact, after the rout began, an instance occurred of a single Highlander making prisoners of ten soldiers all at once! "The panic terror of the English surpasses imagination," says the Chevalier Johnstone. "I saw a young Highlander, about fourteen years of age, and who was not yet formed, whom some one presented to the Prince as a prodigy for having slain fourteen English soldiers. The Prince asked him if that was true. The young man replied 'that he did not know that he had killed them, but he had knocked down fourteen soldiers with a stroke of his sword. I saw another Highlander who brought to the Prince ten English soldiers, whom he had himself alone made prisoners, driving them before him like a flock of sheep. This Highlander, with a boldness without example, having gone after this troop alone to some distance from the field of battle, by the road between the two enclosures, felled to the ground the hindermost of them with a stroke of his sabre, calling out at the same time, 'Down arms.' These affrighted soldiers immediately threw down their arms without looking behind them, and the Highlander, with a pistol in one hand and his sword in the other, made them manœuvre at his pleasure." But David Threipland had not the same good luck; though probably he would have brought the dragoons to surrender had they not been suddenly emboldened on discovering that they were so near to many of their comrades. He was buried on the spot where he fell. "I remember," writes Sir Walter

Scott, "when a child, sitting on his grave, where the grass long grew rank and green, distinguishing it from the rest of the field. A female of the family then residing at Saint Clement's Wells used to tell me the tragedy, of which she had been an eye-witness, and showed me in evidence one of the silver clasps of the unfortunate gentleman's waistcoat." Mr Robert Chambers, the historian of the *Rebellion*, mentions as a fact "not unworthy of notice, that so lately as 1824, in the course of some legal proceedings, a lady, who was cousin-german to Mr Threipland, gave evidence of the fact of his death, stating that she remembered being put into mourning on his account." The same author also relates that "the horse on which Mr Threipland rode," at the battle, "was observed next year in a fair at Perth, by the *grieve* or land-steward of Fingask, having found its way thither in the possession of a horse-dealer, who had probably obtained it from some marauding Highlander. The animal was purchased with a melancholy pleasure by the family, and kept sacred from work till the end of its days." And with this incident we close the notices which we have gleaned of David Threipland's fate. Mournful were the tidings that came to Fingask with those of the victory: yet the aged father was not unmanned by the bereavement. We can picture him, in the depths of his distress, striving, with Roman fortitude, to console himself with the consideration that, though his son had fallen, he had met the death of a gallant soldier, in the service of his rightful Prince; yea, and the self-sacrificing paternal spirit was still willing that the younger and only son should pursue the same line of duty, and share to the end the glories and perils of the war.

Stuart Threipland followed the banner of the Rebellion till it was struck down at Culloden. He escaped unhurt from that fatal moor, and, along with several of the Jacobite chiefs, wandered in danger and privation among the northern wilds. His medical skill proved of incalculable avail to many of his wounded friends,—survivors of the battle who had

eluded capture. For a time he kept with Macpherson of Cluny, Macpherson, younger of Breakachie, the husband of Cluny's sister, and Cameron of Lochiel,—the latter having been wounded at Culloden. One day, in the summer of 1746, when these fugitives were under hiding in Badenoch, word came “that the poor people in Lochaber had been so pillaged and harassed that they had not really necessaries to keep in their lives.” Lochiel contributed as much money as he could spare to relieve their necessities: seeing which, Stuart Threipland also took out his purse, and gave five guineas, saying—“I am sure I have not so much to myself; but then, if I be spared, I know where to get more, whereas these poor people know not where to get the smallest assistance.” Threipland's association with Lochiel and others, whilst they were in concealment, is testified by various items in the Account of Charge and Discharge drawn up by Mr Murray of Broughton, Secretary to the Prince, respecting the money in his possession after the Battle of Culloden. First, Mr Murray enters a sum of £40 in Spanish gold given by him to Cameron of Lochiel, who said “that he had not one farthing left, having given all among his own people;” and Mr Murray having got no voucher, says—“Of this no proof can be brought, unless Sir Stewart Threipland, who was so kind as to attend him, remembers that he had Spanish coin.” Second, To guides, &c., £10 was given, when “Lochiel, Major Kennedy, Sir David Murray, Sir Stewart Threipland, and others, went over to Appin.” Third, To Mr Stewart of Ardshiel, £100 was given, “in the wood above Ballahenlish,” where the last-named persons “were with him for some days.” Fourth, Threipland himself received £150 “in the wood near to Kinlochleven.” Fifth, At the same time and place, and in Threipland's presence, Dr Cameron got £100. Sixth, At the same time and place, and in presence of Cameron and Threipland, the sum of £1525 was given to Lochiel. Seventh, a quantity of specie—“six casks of gold”—having been landed at Borodale, from two

French ships, for the use of the Jacobites, and brought by Dr Cameron to Loch Arkaig, a portion of it was buried in the earth at different places. One of the entries relative thereto, is of a sum of £15,000, "buried near to the head of Locharkirk, opposite to Callich." This money, "15,000 louisdors, 1000 in each bag, counted over exactly, was divided into three parcels, 5000 in each, one parcel put under a rock in a small rivulet, the other two parcels in the ground at a little distance, the holes made and the money deposited by Sir Stewart Threipland, Mr Alexander M'Leod, yor. of Neuck, Major Kennedy, and Doctor Cameron."

After enduring much hardship, and passing through many dangers, Threipland concocted a plan for making his escape to the Continent, which indicated what courage and strength of character he possessed. In addition to the privations and troubles in which his days were spent in the northern deserts, another family sorrow came to press upon his heart. His father, Sir David, died shortly after the Battle of Culloden,—the time of his decease, when the last Jacobite insurrection had been crushed, coinciding strangely with that of the old Provost, who bade adieu to life after the Revolution had driven King James from the throne. Stuart Threipland was now the head of his house; but its fortunes were overwhelmed in ruin. His name was included in the proclamations of rewards for the apprehension of rebels still at large; and his life depended on his speedily crossing the sea. Procuring the sober dress of a Presbyterian minister, he boldly took the road to Edinburgh, and journeyed on without attracting the slightest suspicion. On reaching the city he found good friends anxious to serve him. Laying aside the clerical habit, and donning humbler attire, he next proceeded on the way to London, travelling in company with Mr William Gordon, an eminent Edinburgh bookseller, whose assistant he pretended to be. It was a hazardous venture; but the secret of the disguised Jacobite remained undiscovered; and the twain entered London in safety. There the risk of detection was

greatly diminished, and the bookseller's man had time to make arrangements for a passage across the Channel. He got on shipboard, and landed in France—the refuge of so many of his brave but unfortunate companions. Welcome was he especially to the circle of expatriated Scottish gentlemen, which included Sir James Stewart, Mr Hamiltoun of Bangour, Mr Andrew Lumsden, and the Oliphants of Gask. At home, the Government used its victory harshly, consigning several of the Jacobite leaders to the block, and many prisoners of common rank to the gibbet: and whilst plenty of work was found for axe and rope, and the north of Scotland was barbarously ravaged, attainders and confiscations flew thick, reducing numerous families to penury. All the heritage pertaining to Stuart Threiplaud—being the property that came by his mother—was forfeited, and he was declared landless in the country of his birth. Only his life was secure. But by his practice as a physician he found means to provide amply for his wants, and even to assist others who were destitute of resources.

Notwithstanding the dark aspect of their fate, the Jacobite exiles, one and all, seemed to abate not one jot of heart or hope as concerned the eventual triumph of their cause. New projects of conspiracy and insurrection, based on impossible political combinations, or the chances of foreign aid, were started by men whose desperate fortunes led them to clutch at the airy nothings of their own heated imaginations. At the same time they had thus much to justify them in their hare-brained schemings, that though the embers of the Rebellion were trampled out by Cumberland's soldiery, the Jacobite spirit was not quelled in Britain. It was still active, though in secret, trusting for some favourable juncture, some crisis in the national affairs, to declare itself: and on one occasion, at least, Prince Charles himself ventured over to England, that he might consult with his friends on the feasibility of another rising. His visit to London is vouched by one of his well-known partisans, Dr William King, Principal of St Mary Hall,



Oxford. Under date of September, 1750, the learned Principal writes in the *Anecdotes of his own Time*:—

I received a note from my Lady Primrose, who desired to see me immediately. As soon as I waited on her, she led me into her dressing-room, and presented me to [the Prince]. If I was surprised to find him there, I was still more astonished when he acquainted me with the motives which had induced him to hazard a journey to England at this juncture. The impatience of his friends who were in exile had formed a scheme which was impracticable; but although it had been as feasible as they had represented it to him, yet no preparation had been made, nor was anything ready to carry it into execution. He was soon convinced that he had been deceived, and therefore, after a stay in London of five days only, he returned to the place from whence he came.

Dr King, from his close intercourse with the royal adventurer, was impressed with an unflattering estimate of his character, which he endeavours to analyse fully, reducing it, in short, to a lower level than perhaps was just; but on one point—the Prince's relations to Roman Catholicism—the Doctor's perceptions were not far astray. "As to his religion, he is certainly free from all bigotry and superstition, and would readily conform to the religion of the country. With the Catholics he is a Catholic: with the Protestants he is a Protestant." Remarkably enough, the old Chevalier had already expressed suspicions of his son's religious convictions, in a long letter of remonstrance, addressed to him from Rome, 2d February, 1747. James, a thorough Catholic, was afraid that persons about the Prince were endeavouring to "draw him from his duty to God"—that is, persuading him to change his religion,—and he, therefore, warned him strongly against them and their counsels. But on this topic we shall have more to say at a further stage.\*

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\* Barnhill Charters and Papers; *Memoirs of the Chevalier de Johnstone* (edition of 1870), pp. 24, 26; Notes and Illustrations to *Waverley*; Chambers's *History of the Rebellion of 1745*; Dr King's *Political and Literary Anecdotes of his own Time* (second edition), p. 196; Browne's *History of the Highlands*, vol. iii. (Appendix of Stuart Papers), p. 479.

*THE THREEPLANDS OF FINGASK.—Part 5th.*

O the white rose, the white rose, the white rose o' June,  
O may he that should wear it come back again sune !  
An' oh ! may the true hearts thy perils who share,  
Remember'd wi' tears, and remember'd in prayer,  
Whom misfortune's rude blast has sent far awa',  
Fair breezes bring back sune to cottage and ha'.

*Lady Nairne.*

HOPE deferred—the hope of another rebellion and the restoration of the Stuarts, deferred from one weary year to another—made Jacobite hearts both at home and abroad sick almost unto death. The exiles looked sadly across the sea, and still more distant and vague grew their chance of returning to their native land. The British Government was slow in showing signs of relenting towards the vanquished at Culloden. Even so late as the summer of 1753, when it might have been thought that the time for vengeance was past, a noted Jacobite, Dr Archibald Cameron, having come privately to Scotland, was arrested in the Highlands, and being taken to London, was tried, condemned, and executed for his treason in '45,—and not for fomenting any new plots,—an arbitrary stretch of law which met with general reprobation, as the Hanoverian throne was secure enough without this man's judicial murder, and his detention in prison would have sufficiently served all the ends of justice and good order. But such a tyrannical deed being done, showed the exiles how little forbearance they had to expect, and that, apparently, without a renewal of insurrection, their banishment would be perpetual, which, indeed, it proved to many. And so year after year of disappointment went over their heads—all their plans misgiving; for the British Government kept spies in the Chevalier's court and household, who transmitted to London everything that was whispered even in the innermost corner. Thus every scheme was traversed and baffled. The Jacobite hand of cards was continually overlooked, and every game sold and lost.

In the same year which saw Dr Cameron suffer at Tyburn, Stuart Threipland entered into the bonds of matrimony,—his bride being Janet, eldest daughter of David Sinclair of Southdun. She bore a son, David Sinclair Threipland, and a daughter, Janet, both of whom, however, died without issue. Their mother deceased within a few years after her marriage: and in 1761, her widowed husband contracted second nuptials with Janet, daughter of Richard Murray of Pennyland, who brought him four sons, Patrick Murray (born in November, 1762), Richard, Moncrieffe, and David, and an only daughter.

Another King—George III., who had been born in England, and who “gloried in the name of Briton”—was now on the British throne: and the plant of Jacobitism was visibly in the sere and yellow leaf. Several of its chief votaries had gone to their graves in a foreign soil, and the position of the party generally was most discouraging. If half-promises of assistance were held out to the Chevalier and his son by any of the Continental Courts, nothing whatever came of them: they were either insincere, or incapable of fulfillment in the face of solemn treaties with Britain. The social changes—the march of improvement which had begun in Scotland: the breaking up of the feudal fetters of the heritable jurisdictions, and the impetus given to trade and manufacture: in short, the advancing prosperity of the country, left no room to expect another appeal to arms in the Stuart interest. The Chevalier was in his old age, steeped to the lips in bigotry, surrounded with priests and dull-brained favourites; and the conduct of Prince Charles was not such as to foster confidence amongst his adherents. The chivalry of his character was fast fading out: and, the iron of disappointment and misfortune entering into his soul, he gradually gave way to habits unbecoming the hero of the '45, the assumed heir of the British crown. About this time, too, he seems to have professedly renounced the Romish faith for the Protestantism of the Church of England: at least he took

pains to apprise his friends across the water that he had done so. Shall we say that this important step was prompted by the necessity of endeavouring to obviate the religious feelings and fears which had proved so strong a barrier to his success? A letter was dictated by him to his trusty follower, Oliphant of Gask, probably at the Castle of Bouillon, in August, 1762, which was intended for the eyes of Jacobites in this country. Either the original, or a copy in Oliphant's handwriting, is now among the family papers at Gask, and has been lithographed in Mr Kington Oliphant's book on the *Jacobite Lairds* of that house; but the paper bears no signature or copy of a signature; and, in fact, from what we shall hear Bishop Forbes saying, the Prince does not seem to have adhibited his name to the letter.

1762, Aug: 11th.—Assure my friends in Britain that I am in perfect good health, and that they must not lose hopes, for that I expect all things will go well, that I hope it will come some day like a thunderbolt; and that I shall not neglect to recompense every worthy subject as soon as it shall be in my power, which I hope will be soon. They may be assured I shall live and die in the Religion of the Church of England, which I have embraced, and that no kind thing can be said but what I wish to all my dear friends, for whose good I wish more to be amongst them than for any advantage it would be to myself, as I have no great ambition except for their welfare.

Bishop Forbes copied this singular epistle into his manuscript collection of Jacobite papers, and added the following note in authentication:—

N.B.—The above transcribed from a true copy, taken, upon honour, from the original holograph of that faithful friend, who wrote every word of it at the desire, and from the mouth, of C. P. R. When written, he desired the said friend to read it audibly to him, and then said, *It is very well.* After which he desired to have it in his own hands, in order to peruse it with his own eyes, and then he said, *It is perfectly right. Let it be sent as it is.*

This declaration, which must have been kept from the knowledge of the old Chevalier, produced no tangible result on this side of the Channel; nor, perchance, would it have greatly availed though it had been issued at an earlier period. The fatality that attended the Stuarts seemed irremediable: and nothing now could arrest the decline of Jacobitism. The Chevalier died

on 1st January, 1766, leaving Charles Edward with fainter hopes than ever of gaining a throne.

The Act of Indemnity passed by the British Parliament enabled Stuart Threipland and many of his exiled compatriots to return to Scotland, without any compromise of the principles of loyalty for which they had endured so much misfortune. Threipland settled with his family in Edinburgh, commencing practice as a physician; and his matured talents and skill soon brought him into high reputation even in a city which had long been famed for its eminent medical men. As his second wife had brought him a considerable fortune, his circumstances were affluent, and he made generous use of his wealth in assisting various of the more unfortunate Jacobites,—sometimes not fewer than a score of them depending on his bounty for their support. Moreover, he devoted much of his means to accomplish an object which had been for years uppermost in his mind, and was a leading purpose of his life—namely, the buying back of his family estates. As appears to us, the first portion which he re-acquired was the lands of Barnhill, which had originally come from his maternal grandfather; and this acquisition must have been obtained prior to 1774; for in the list of subscribers to the fund for building the Bridge of Perth, which was finished in the year 1771, we find “Dr Stewart Threipland of Barnhill,” entered for £30; and Mr Cant, in his Notes to the edition of Adamson’s *Muses Threnodie* which he published in 1774, speaks of the improvements effected by Dr Threipland on the Barnhill part of Kinnoull Hill:—

The face of the hill is part of the estate of Kinfauns, now the property of Lord Gray; the back part towards the north belongs to the Earl of Kinnoull and Doctor Threipland of Barnhill, which was anciently a forest of oak timber, which produced the great beams in St John’s Kirk above four hundred years ago. It has been for many years no better than a barren common; but the industry and improvements of Lord Gray towards the east, of the Earl of Kinnoull in the middle, and of Doctor Threipland towards the western part, will soon change this dreary desert into a beautiful plantation of fir, oak, and other useful trees, and good arable land on the skirts. The

planting on Doctor Threipland's part of the hill is in good heart and forwardness, and is a considerable ornament, not only to the estate, but also to the town of Perth, from whence it is seen from the opposite side of the river which separates it from the South Inch.

Dr Threipland's Fingask purchases commenced in 1774, when he bought from Patrick Crawford of Errol, the lands called the Mires of Clashbenny, lying within the barony of Fingask, conform to Instrument of Sasine in his favour, dated the 8th, and recorded at Perth the 9th day of June said year. In 1784—four years before the demise of Prince Charles Edward—the British Parliament passed an Act, restoring to the Jacobites, under certain restrictions, the estates which they had lost by the Rebellion. But two years previous to that act of grace—namely, in 1782—the estate of Fingask came into the market, and it was purchased by Dr Threipland at the sale. He had now got back all the former possessions of his family except the lands of Kinnaird, in the Carse, adjoining to Fingask, which still remained in other hands : and proud must have been his satisfaction that by his own efforts the territorial position of his name was restored in Perthshire.

Shortly afterwards he resolved to execute a Deed of Entail of the Barnhill estate. Accordingly, he, designed as Doctor Stuart Threipland of Fingask, physician in Edinburgh, did, on the 24th August, 1784, with consent of Patrick Murray Threipland, his eldest son, settle and dispoise, heritably and irredeemably, to and in favour of the said Patrick Murray Threipland, eldest lawful son of the marriage with the then deceased Mistress Janet Murray, and the heirs whomsoever of his body; whom failing, to Richard Threipland, second son of said marriage, and his heirs as above; whom failing, to Moncreiffe Threipland, third son, and his heirs as above; whom failing, to David Threipland, fourth and youngest son, and his heirs as above; whom failing, to the nearest lawful heirs whomsoever of Richard Murray, late of Pennyland, father to the said Janet Murray, the eldest heir-female always succeeding,

without division, throughout the whole course of succession above specified, to the exclusion of all heirs portioners; whom all failing, to and in favour of Richard Oswald of Auchincruive, and the heirs of the now deceased Richard Oswald of Scotstown, equally betwixt them and to their respective heirs and assignees, all and whole the lands of Barnhill and Woodend of Kinnoull, lying within the parish and barony of Kinnoull, and sheriffdom of Perth; as also all and whole the lands of Muirhall, lying within the barony of Roscobie, and sheriffdom of Perth: with power to the heir-of-entail for the time "to feu out that part of the lands of Barnhill and others, extending from the march-stripe, by the Kirk of Kinnoull, along the highway until it come to the march with the lands of Woodend of Kinnoull; and from the north-east point of said march eastward by the Goulhill, Outfield, and Goulmires, until it reach the march with the lands presently belonging to the Earl of Kinnoull, provided that each feu does not exceed an acre:" the boundary extending in length, from west to east and north-east, to 53 Scots chains of 74 feet each. This Deed of Entail was registered in the Register of Tailies in Scotland on 8th July, 1785, and in the Register of the Court of Session on 16th February, 1795. To secure the effect of the entail, the said Patrick Murray Threipland did expedite a Crown Charter of the said lands of Barnhill, in favour of himself and the heirs of tailzie and provision, dated 3rd July, 1789, upon which infestment followed on 8th August thereafter.

By the year 1795, however, the Threiplands saw that it would be for their advantage to dispose of the Barnhill lands, and to transfer the entail to the estate of Fingask. The necessary legal steps were taken for these purposes. At this time the yearly rental of Barnhill, &c., was £336, and that of Fingask, £432,—making a total of £768. During the session of 1795, a private Bill was introduced and passed in Parliament, providing for the disentail of the lands of Barnhill, Woodend, and Muirhall, and for the transference of

said entail to the lands of Fingask. The latter estate, which now came under the entail, was thus described in said Act:—

All and whole the following parts and portions of the lands and barony of Fingask, to wit, the mansion-house of Fingask, gardens and orchards thereof, with the grounds adjacent thereto, all as presently in the occupation of the said Patrick Murray Threipland, by tolerance from the said Stuart Threipland; and siclike all and whole the lands and farm of Rait, as presently possessed by Robert Ferguson, tacksman thereof, with the lands of Newmains of Fingask, also possessed by the said Robert Ferguson; and siclike all and whole the lands and farm of Flawcraig, the lands and farm of Wardmill, with that part of the Mires of Clashbenny, purchased by the said Stuart Threipland from Patrick Crawford of Errol, and which three last subjects are presently possessed by James Kelt, Tacksman thereof, and together with the teinds of the said lands, houses, buildings, and whole parts, pendicles, and universal pertinents of the same, all lying in the parishes of Kilsplindie, Kinnaird, and Errol, and Sheriffdom of Perth.

On the 11th July, 1795, the Court of Session, by an Act and Decreet, found that the directions given in the above Act of Parliament for settling the Fingask lands under the Entail in lieu of the Barnhill estate relieved from it, had been complied with according to the intent and meaning of the Act, and therefore interponed its authority thereto. The next step taken was the execution of a Trust Deposition and Assignment by the said Stuart and Patrick Murray Threipland, for their respective interests of liferent and fee of the above lands and estate of Barnhill, in favour of George Oswald of Scotstown; David Smythe of Methven, one of the Senators of the College of Justice; Robert Kerr of Chatto; and John Græme, Writer to the Signet, as Trustees for the said Stuart and Patrick Murray Threipland, dated 7th December, 1795; upon which an Instrument of Sasine followed, in favour of the said Trustees, dated and registered the 15th of the same month. Next year the Trustees brought the lands of Barnhill to sale, when Mr Alexander Moncrieff was the principal purchaser; and a Disposition was executed by the Trustees in his favour of the superiority of the whole of the foresaid lands and the property of the fifth lot thereof, dated the



12th and 13th May, 1796. A Charter under the Union Seal followed in Mr Moncrieff's favour, dated 20th December, 1796.

Dr Threipland's merits as a medical man were so fully appreciated by his brethern of the faculty that towards the end of his eventful and distinguished career, he had the honour of being appointed President of the Royal College of Physicians, Edinburgh. He died on 2d February, 1805. Of his four sons, Patrick Murray succeeded him in Fingask. The three others went to India, where they all deceased. The third son, Moncrieffe, or Stuart Moncrieffe, became Advocate-General at Bombay, and his demise occurred in 1838.

Patrick Murray, the heir of Fingask, was fortunate in having the forfeited honours of his house restored in his person. The visit of George IV. to the Scottish metropolis in 1822 was deemed a favourable opportunity for the existing representatives of attainted Scottish Jacobites petitioning the throne that the titles of their predecessors might be restored. A memorial was drawn up by Sir Walter Scott, and subscribed by the claimants, among whom was the Laird of Fingask. The application was cordially received by the King; and in 1824, a Bill granting the wishes of the petitioners passed both Houses of Parliament, — the royal assent being given on 17th June that year. The baronetcy was thus regained by the Threiplands. Sir Patrick was married to Jessie Murray, daughter of William Scott Kerr of Chatto, by whom he had a son, Patrick Murray, who was born on 26th May, 1800, and three daughters, Jessie Murray, Eliza, and Catharine. Sir Patrick died on 11th January, 1837, and was succeeded by his only son, the present Sir Patrick Murray Threipland. Lady Threipland survived till 19th January, 1855. Two of her three daughters have since deceased: Catharine on 3d February, 1863; and Jessie Murray on 9th May, 1871.

Only a few months after his succession, in 1837, Sir Patrick entered the field of politics in the Conservative interest by contesting the parliamentary representation

of the burgh of Perth against the Whig candidate, the Hon. Arthur Kinnaird. The contest was a keen one, and was decided on 26th July, 1837, when the poll stood thus:—

Hon. Arthur Kinnaird, ... ..	355
Sir P. M. Threipland, ... ..	188

Majority for Mr Kinnaird, ... 167

It is a remarkable circumstance that at the next election for the burgh on 8th July, 1841, the Right Hon. Fox Maule, the successful Whig candidate (who was opposed by Mr William Fechny Black), polled 356, being only one vote more than had been given on the same side in 1837. For some time Sir Patrick Murray Threipland was Major of the old Perthshire Militia, but in 1843 he resigned that appointment. In 1853 he purchased back the estate of Kinnaird, the only remaining portion of the family property which had been in other hands since the forfeiture: and on that occasion the citizens of Perth, who had always held Sir Patrick in the highest esteem, invited him to a congratulatory banquet, which was held in the Royal George Hotel. Among the many distinguished guests of the evening was Mr Robert Chambers, of Edinburgh, who had paid a just and lasting tribute to the house of Fingask by dedicating his *History of the Rebellion of 1745-6* in the following happy terms:—"To Sir Peter Murray Threipland of Fingask, Baronet, representative of a family which can still view with generous regret the cause for which former generations gladly suffered, this work is respectfully and affectionately inscribed."

Did our space permit (which it does not) we might expatiate on the extraordinary collection of Jacobite relics which has been formed in Fingask Castle at much cost and with the most painstaking assiduity and industry on the part of the Threiplands. No such gathering of curiosities relating to the Jacobite Rebellions and their heroes exists anywhere else in this country. Everything connected with the last Stuarts and their enterprises that could be obtained has been brought together and treasured at Fingask. Innumerable

are the memorials of those romantic episodes in Scottish history in which the Threiplands suffered so much for their old loyalty. As Dean Stanley has said—"Who that has ever seen the Castle of Fingask, its inexhaustible collection of Jacobite relics, its Jacobite inmates, and heard its Jacobite songs, has not felt himself transported to an older world, with the full remembrance of a past age, of a lost love, of a dear though vanquished cause?"\*

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\* Sir Bernard Burke's *Peerage and Baronetage*, p. 1155; *Jacobite Lairds of Gask*, (Grampian Club), p. 322; Cant's Notes to *The Muses Threnodie*, vol. i., p. 159; Barnhill Charters and Papers.

**THE DRUMMOND QUEENS OF SCOTLAND.—**  
*Part 1st.*

In Inchemortho the King Davy  
Weddit Dame Mergret off Logy.  
*Wyntoun's "Cronykil."*

PERTSHIRE has the honour of having given two Queens to the Scottish throne--Margaret Logie and Annabella Drummond, both daughters of the same noble house, and who stood to each other in the relation of aunt and niece. Only recently, however, has the parentage of the first-named royal lady been satisfactorily ascertained. Previously much dubiety existed as to her descent. Bower, the continuator of Fordun, called her the daughter of Sir John Logie. By other authorities she was rightly styled as the wife and widow of Sir John Logie of Logie (the lands now known as Logie-almond), the son of the knight of the same name who, along with Sir David de Brechin (nephew of King Robert Bruce), Sir Gilbert de Malherbe, and Richard Brown, an esquire, was beheaded, in 1320, by sentence of the "Black Parliament" of Scone, for being implicated in a conspiracy against Bruce's life; but of Margaret's own parentage or maiden surname not a word was said: she was Margaret Logie, and nothing more. In 1344, John, the traitor's son and the husband of Margaret, was restored, by favour of David II., to a portion of his father's lands which had been forfeited for the treason; but he died about 1356, leaving his widow with an only son, John. The enemies of the family took advantage of Sir John's death to dispossess the son of his patrimony by poisoning the royal ear against him. On the 5th April, 1357, the fickle-minded King David executed a charter which proceeded upon the narrative that he had infest "the deceased John of Logie" in the lands of Strongartnay, in Perthshire, but that being afterwards informed by his Council that his father, Robert the Bruce, had formerly granted these

lands, which had fallen to the Crown "from the forfeiture of the deceased Sir John of Logie, Knight, father of the same deceased John of Logie," to the late Sir John of Meneteth, Knight, and Ellen of Mar, his spouse; he now, therefore, recalled his grant, and restored the said lands to Sir John de Meneteth, son of the last-named parents, from whom the lands, by the suggestion of certain persons, had been previously taken. For about seven years Margaret lived in widowhood; but a great future was in store for her. Though her son was despoiled, the day was coming when she should have lands and honours at her disposal. She was endowed with the dangerous gift of beauty: she was artful and full of ambition: and as she courted not retirement, but shone in the circles befitting her rank, her charms attracted the eye, and captivated the heart of her Sovereign, even during the lifetime of Joanna, his consort. The Queen soon ceased to be a barrier in Margaret's way, as her death took place near London, on the 14th August, 1362, while she was on a visit to the Court of her brother, Edward III. of England. David's grief for his loss was but fleeting. His affections were otherwise enthralled. On the 20th of the following January, his fond regard for the beautiful widow of Logie was evinced by a charter granting an annuity of £5, from the barony of Banchory Devenick, to the Dominican Friars of Aberdeen, for the souls of himself and Margaret Logie. Speedily his love moved him to lead the fair lady to the altar, and thereby raise her to the throne. The nuptials were celebrated in the month of April, 1363, according to Wynthoun—

A thousand three hunder sixty and three  
 Years after the Nativity,  
 In Inchemortho the King Davy  
 Wedded Dame Margaret of Logy  
 In the month of April.

At anyrate, they were not later than within a year of Joanna's decease: and Margaret was Queen of Scotland.\* "That marriage," observes the writer of the

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\* In the Preface to the second volume of *The Exchequer Rolls of Scotland*, the Editor, Mr George Burnett, falls into

*Scalachronica*, "was made solely by the power of love; which conquers all." For a season it conquered David. But his weak heart, swayed by ignoble caprices, peculiarly susceptible of new impressions, and ever unstable—himself an unworthy son of the Bruce, devoid of patriotic feeling, careless of his duties to his country, and with proclivities and aims altogether out of unison with those of his high-spirited people—his inconstant heart, we say, took no long time to cool in the fervour of its love: and he came to hate Margaret exceedingly, "so that the hatred wherewith he hated her was greater than the love wherewith he had loved her:" and the hand which had raised her to the throne thrust her down from it.

Some years ago, in the course of our lucubrations on Perthshire history, we gave an account of "Queen Margaret Logie and her Kindred"—(with the help chiefly of Mr William Fraser's superb work, *The Red Book of Grandtully*, which contains a series of the Logie charters)—the kindred which we traced being, however, wholly on the side of Margaret's husband and son; for, at that time, we wrote under the impression then generally prevailing that the Queen's parentage was unknown, —although, indeed, a Drummond lineage was suspected. A seal of hers in the Record Office in London bears her figure as Queen, with three shields armorial—one dis-

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a strange misapprehension in regard to Margaret Logie's position in January, 1362-63. He holds (p. liii.) that at the time when the annuity of £5 was granted, "her first husband, Sir John Logie, was still alive;" because in the Chamberlain's Account from 1st April, 1363, to 11th December, 1364, there occurs a gift from the King, of £3 6s 8d, to "Johanni de Logy, seniori." But we have seen conclusively that in the charter whereby King David recalled the grant of Strongartnay, Sir John Logie, Margaret's husband, is spoken of as "deceased," at its date of 5th April, 1357. Moreover, for all that appears from the Chamberlain's Roll, which states no special date for the payment of the £3 6s 8d, the gift may have been made *after*, rather than before Margaret's royal marriage, which Wyntoun says took place in April, the very month in which the Chamberlain begins his Account. If Mr Burnett be right, it follows from his own premises that Margaret's first husband was alive at the time of her second marriage!

playing the arms of Scotland; another so defaced as to be undecypherable; and the third charged with the arms of the Drummonds, which discovery led Mr George Burnett (now Lyon King of Arms) to suggest her Drummond connection, in an article which appeared in *Macmillan's Magazine*, for June, 1867. But a good deal more light has been shed upon Margaret's history by authentic documents, which have lately been given to the world for the first time; so that our former labours require to be supplemented respecting her own lineage and much of her career as Queen. For, as has been asked—"What author will undertake to say that he has exhausted a subject?—nay, what author need be deterred from further exertion in any matter-of-fact pursuit?" The new materials enable us to shew that Margaret Logie was indeed a daughter of the house of Drummond, and the aunt of Annabella Drummond, who, at the distance of seven-and-twenty years, was also invested with the crown-matrimonial.

The *Liber Pluscardensis*, or *Book of Pluscarden*, a Chronicle of the fifteenth century, which had long lain in manuscript and neglect, was first printed as a whole, in the admirable series of "The Historians of Scotland," in 1876, being edited by Mr Felix J. H. Skene, who added a translation of the Latin original, in a second volume which was issued about three months ago. The Chronicle is mainly founded on Bower, but contains numerous passages which must have been written by an eye-witness of the incidents which he describes. The author or compiler is conjectured to have been a learned cleric, named Maurice de Buchanan, the second son of Sir Walter de Buchanan, and the grand-nephew, through marriage, of Sir John Stewart of Derneley. Maurice was appointed Treasurer to the Princess Margaret of Scotland, who became Dauphiness of France, and he accompanied her, in 1436, to that country, where he remained with her until her death in 1445. The Chronicle seems to have been compiled by him, in the Cistercian Priory of Pluscarden, in the year 1461. It speaks positively as to Margaret Logie's

parentage. "King David," says the writer, "set about espousing Margaret Logie, *daughter of Sir Malcolm Drummond*, a noble and most beautiful lady, at Inohmurthow; and he raised her to the throne with great magnificence as Queen. He did not, however, stay very long with her before again getting a divorce." Margaret's father, therefore, was Sir Malcolm Drummond, Lord of that ilk, and tenth Thane of Lennox, who died about 1346, and who had three sons, John, Maurice, and Walter.

The new Queen, strong in the influence which her seductive charms and winning arts had acquired over the facile mind of the King, was able to sway him at her will. Nothing was denied her. She was fond of extravagant display, which the Scottish Treasury was ill able to support. She grasped at wealth and power: and her kindred shared fully in her good fortune. The King, says Fordun, "endowed her with many lands and possessions:" and the second volume of *The Exchequer Rolls of Scotland*, issued under the competent editorship of Mr Burnett (already mentioned), show many grants which she obtained for herself and for the aggrandisement of her friends. Her dowry was ample. She received the customs and fermes of the burgh of Aberdeen from May, 1364, and of Inverkeithing from July that year; the fermes of Kinghorn, and the rents of the Constabulary of Kinghorn; and the fermes of Banff, in 1367. Besides, various domains in Perthshire were conveyed to her, namely, the thanage of Kinclaven; the lands of Abirnyt, Ferdyll, Rate, Lethendy, Glasclone, Balcarne, and Cochreske; the abthania of Dull, of which her brother, Sir John Drummond, was Bailie; and the lands of Stobhall, Cargill, and Kinloch. Out of these possessions she made grants to her friends. She gave the abthania of Dull to her son, Sir John Logie: and the lands of Stobhall, Cargill, and Kinloch, to her nephew, Malcolm, the eldest son of her brother, Sir John Drummond: so, as Mr Burnett remarks, "it would thus appear that Stobhall and Cargill, which in the generally accepted accounts of the Drummond



family are said to have come into their possession by marriage with a Montfichet heiress, were in reality obtained by gift from Queen Margaret." Through her influence, other grants came to Sir John Logie. In 1365, he obtained from Robert, Steward of Scotland, and Earl of Stratherne, with consent of Euphemia, his spouse, a charter of the following lands in the Earldom of Stratherne, namely, the manor-place of Foullys; the dominical lands of Foullys, with the pertinents; Gask, Cristkynkell, Buchnyn, Letirbonachty, Lekog, Dromfyne, the tofts Dromy, Fauchalathyn, Pitlandyn, Fornoucht, Creef Easter, mills of Foullys and of Melach, with their pertinents, in the shire of Perth. The Parliament of 1366 reinstated Sir John in the lands of Logie; and the King, on 29th July, 1368, granted him a charter under the Great Seal confirming to him the free Barony and Regality of Logie. Sir John was also for some period in possession of lands in Annandale: and about 1370, Isabella, Countess of Fife, granted a charter in his favour, for his counsel and assistance rendered to her, of her whole lands of Lanyne, in the shire of Edinburgh. At one time, moreover, Queen Margaret laid claim to the disposal of a portion of the temporalities of the Bishopric of Glasgow. She procured a benefice for one favourite, and gifts of ecclesiastical property for another; and at length she declared that the hospital of Polmadie were in her gift by reason of the King's grant to her of the Bishopric in part! But such a grant has nowhere been found.

Murmurs began to arise against Margaret,—chiefly, as would seem, from political motives based on fears of her ultimate designs in the State. She found cause to view with a jealous eye the Steward of Scotland, who, failing issue of King David,—and he had none,—would heir the Scottish crown: and she took pains to form a party around her, adverse to the Steward's interests. But she still indulged her wasteful love of display. Like her predecessor, Joanna, she undertook frequent pilgrimages alone, or in company with the King, to the shrine of St Thomas a Becket at Canterbury; which ex-

peditions added to the inordinate expenditure of the Court, causing dissatisfaction in a poor country, which was already heavily burdened. But amidst her pomp and prodigality, graver thoughts would obtrude themselves, not unmingled with a touch of feminine pride and vanity. In accordance with the taste of the age, she procured from London two tombs of alabaster, for herself and consort, and caused both to be erected in Dunfermline Abbey,—where they were destined to remain empty. The Bailies of Aberdeen paid £10, in 1368, on account of the Queen's tomb brought to Dunfermline, and in 1369 the Chamberlain enters 40s as paid for the carriage of the two tombs. But now Margaret's day of power was about to close in storm. She had at last induced the King to throw the Steward and one of his sons, Alexander (afterwards infamously known as the "Wolf of Badenoch"), into confinement in Lochleven Castle: but even whilst they remained there, dubious of their fate, the King suddenly turned upon Margaret, and reviled her. Perchance her fading charms, and the superior attractions of another and younger fair, conspired to cool his passion. It has been supposed that the new favourite who withdrew David's affections from his consort was Agnes of Dunbar, daughter of the Earl of March, who afterwards wedded Sir James Douglas of Dalkeith; and the conjecture is founded on the grants of money made to her by the King.\* It was Margaret's greatest misfortune that she had no child to David: and it is asserted in the *Book of*

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\* The Chamberlain's Accounts, rendered on 9th January, 1369-70, contain a payment of £25 2s 5½d to Alice of Dunbar; and his Accounts at 15th February, 1370-71, contain £66 13s 4d for her expenses. In the Burgh Accounts of Aberdeen, at 16th January, 1369-70, is an entry of 8s 4d paid for spices delivered to Agnes of Dunbar, in the King's absence. By a Precept, dated 21st January, 1370-71, the King granted to Agnes an annual rent of 300 marks out of the fermes and customs of Aberdeen, which probably continued to be paid till her marriage. The last payment of money to her, being a sum of £69 10s 2d, "de mandato regis," is entered in the Chamberlain's Accounts of 1371, when Robert II. had just come to the throne.

*Pluscarden* that she intended to impose a false child upon him. However this may be, an irreparable rupture broke out betwixt the royal pair; and the King applied to the ecclesiastical courts for a divorce, which was speedily obtained, though upon what specific grounds is unknown, as the documents have never yet been discovered. The first notice of Margaret's disgrace appears in the Chamberlain's Accounts audited on 19th January, 1369-70, in which an entry occurs styling her "Margarete de Logy, quondan regine"—the late Queen; and a subsequent entry in the same Accounts seems to point to the 20th March, 1368-69, as the date of the divorce. Margaret, however, was not inclined to bow to the sentence, which, for ought we can tell, may have been obtained on weak and frivolous allegations, but probably on the assumption that she and the King were related by the ties of consanguinity within the forbidden degrees. Mr Burnett is of opinion that there is "no particular reason for supposing that Margaret was divorced on other than the then usual ground of divorce—consanguinity or affinity within the forbidden degrees:" and he adds—"We do not know enough of the ancestors on all sides of either Drummonds or Logies to be able to explain the relationship; but it is worth noting that in a Charter [of date 12th May, 1365] granted to John of Logie by the Steward, whose maternal relations were the same as those of David, and also in a Precept [of date 22d March, 1390] by Robert, Earl of Fife and Menteith, he is called 'dilectus consanguineus nostro.'" At the same time, there is reason to believe that the main-spring of the matter was a political movement on the part of the Queen's enemies.

As if to reconcile Margaret to her fallen estate, the King settled on her an annuity of £100; but her proud spirit, perhaps smarting under a sense of injustice and oppression, refused to submit to the sentence which took the crown from her head. She determined to appeal at once to the Papal Court. Collecting what money and

jewels she could, she secretly took ship at a port on the Firth of Forth, and sailed for France. On landing in that country, she set her face towards Italy. At Avignon she laid her appeal at the feet of Pope Gregory XI. Through the countenance of Edward III. of England (who naturally supported whatever was likely to breed turmoil in the sister kingdom), Margaret was enabled to borrow 500 marks from three English merchants settled in Avignon, one of whom was named William of Walworth, perhaps the same who afterwards was Lord-Mayor of London, and slew Wat Tyler. The appeal alarmed the Scottish Government, and the defence cost the impoverished exchequer a large amount of money. An able churchman, John of Peebles, the future Bishop of Dunkeld and Chancellor of Scotland, was despatched in haste to Italy to counteract the fair appellant's representations : the sum of £40 being paid him on this service, and again a farther sum of £75 13s. The affair proving too weighty for the shoulders of one man, several envoys were sent in company. In 1370, there was an Embassy from Scotland to the French and Papal Courts, and a sum of £1840 was paid to the Ambassadors. Again, in 1373, another mission to Avignon cost £466 13s 4d. Every resource of legal learning and acumen was brought to bear against Margaret; yet, in the teeth of every opposition, her suit prospered before the Papal tribunal, and Gregory became so prepossessed in her favour that he threatened to lay the realm of Scotland under an Interdict. She "troubled the whole kingdom of Scotland with her suit," says the *Book of Pluscarden*. "For the Queen's case recommended itself so much to the Supreme Pontiff and the Cardinals that, had she lived, the whole kingdom would have been put under an Interdict, and a marriage would have been celebrated betwixt her and the King of England, who had then no wife." Such a marriage could only have come to pass in the event of the decree of divorce being found good in law; but it is believed that the Pope would have quashed the sentence, and restored Margaret to

her marital position and rights, had not death stepped in with his arrest, and closed the process for ever. It was necessary that Margaret should go to Rome, and she took suddenly ill, and died on her journey thither. Where her body was interred is not recorded. But the stately alabaster tomb, which she had provided at Dunfermline, remained an empty memorial of fallen greatness and the vanity of human wishes.

The news of her decease opened the gates of Lochleven Castle, and the Steward and his son came forth free by the grace of the King, who sought reconciliation with them. But the handwriting of doom was already on the wall of the royal palace. Somewhat of remorse for his misspent life seems to have seized on David: he mused on the expiation which he should make; and then he began maundering about taking the cross as a Crusader and fighting in the Holy Land. Whilst this folly occupied his brain, he was struck with a mortal disorder. "Before he had fulfilled his promised undertaking," says the *Book of Pluscarden*, "the Supreme Artificer and Almighty Lord, who directs and orders all things by His nod, made that King pay the debt of nature at the will of his Creator." David died in the Castle of Edinburgh, on the 22nd of February, 1370-71, in the forty-seventh year of his age, and the forty-first of his reign,—for his father's crown had come to him while he was but a child. He was buried—not in the tomb of alabaster under the roof of Dunfermline Abbey, but within the walls of the Abbey of Holyrood. He was succeeded on the throne by his nephew, the High Steward, as Robert II., whom he had not always regarded with favour.\*

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\* *The Red Book of Grandtully*. By William Fraser. Vol. i.; Wyntoun's *Orygynale Cronykil of Scotland*. Edited by David Laing. Vol. ii., p. 506; *The Exchequer Rolls of Scotland*. Edited by George Burnett. Vol. ii.; *The Book of Pluscarden*. Edited by Felix J. H. Skeene. Vol. ii., p. 233; Malcolm's *Genealogical Memoir of the House of Drummond*, p. 21; Tytler's *History of Scotland*, vol. i.; Innes' *Sketches of Early Scotch History*, p. 53.

**THE DRUMMOND QUEENS OF SCOTLAND.—**  
*Part 2nd.*

More glorious now to trace the ancient date,  
When gallant Robert held the reins of State,  
Then Drummond's daughter as his consort shone,  
And added lustre to the Scottish throne;  
From whom, as from the fountain of their race,  
A crowd of Kings their origin may trace.  
*Alves' "Drummond Castle."*

THE HIGH STEWARD, who ascended the throne as Robert II., was twice married—first, to Elizabeth Mure of Rowallan, by whom he had sons and daughters, the eldest son being John, who was created Earl of Carrick, and the third son, Robert, Earl of Fife and Menteith; and, secondly, to Euphemia Ross, Countess of Moray, who bore him two sons and several daughters. Only about seven years after the divorce of Margaret Logie—a matrimonial alliance was contracted betwixt the Earl of Carrick, the heir to the Crown, and a lady of the House of Drummond—a sufficient proof that the ill-feeling of Margaret's time had left no permanent impression upon either of the families. Margaret's father, Sir Malcolm Drummond, had three sons—John, who succeeded him about 1346; Maurice, the founder of the house of Concraig; and Walter, who seems to have left no issue. Sir John Drummond gained the hand of Mary, the eldest of the three daughters and co-heiresses of Sir William Montifex or Montfiohet, Justiciar of Scotland. These heiresses had King David as their guardian, and he gave to Mary, on her marriage, the largest share of her father's lands, including the baronies of Kincardine and Auchterarder; but, as has been shown, the historians of the Drummond family have been in error in alleging that Stobhall and Cargill formed part of Mary's dowry, seeing that these lands were gifted to Sir John by Queen Margaret. Dame Mary bore four sons and four daughters to her husband; the daughters being Annabella; Margaret, who married

Sir Colin Campbell of Lochoy; Jean, who married the Knight of Dowally; and Mary, who married the Lord of the Isles. But Annabella's fortune was the greatest, as her beauty was excelling, rendering her the cynosure of all eyes. Indeed, it seemed that grace and loveliness were hereditary qualities of the ladies of the Drummond name: and Camden, in his time, recorded that "the women of the House of Drummond, for charming beauty and complexion, are beyond all others, insomuch that they have been most delighted in by the Kings." Perchance the fair Annabella had shone as a peerless star in the brilliant galaxy of her royal aunt's court, and so had enslaved the affections of the Steward's heir, before enmity sprung between the Queen and his father, —the ties of love surviving the strain of family jealousies. But tradition has a tale that the Earl was first smitten with Annabella's charms whilst he was hunting, as an unknown knight, in the woods of Strathearn. It matters not, however, when or in what way their attachment arose—whether before Queen Margaret's fall or after: enough that, in 1377, John of Carrick, with the full consent and approbation of his royal father, wedded Annabella, who was thus brought within a single step of the throne from which her aunt had been driven. Doubtless it was with secret misgivings that the bride entered upon a path beset with troubles and perils. But she had none of Margaret's follies. She possessed capacities of mind enabling her to fill worthily the loftiest station, and to prove a true and able helpmate to her husband when he came to rule. Like his father, the Earl of Carrick was a quiet-living man, of indolent disposition, and fond of retirement from the crowd, a lover of peace and virtue, but unadapted from his gentle homely habits, and his weakness of health, for the cares of State in a turbulent age. He and his Countess had a family of four children: two sons, David, born in 1378, and James, born in 1394: and two daughters, Margaret and Mary. The Exchequer Rolls show various payments and annuities which Annabella obtained from her royal father-in-law.

In 1379, she received £6 13s 4d from the customs of Linlithgow, and the like sum from those of Edinburgh, and also £13 6s 8d from the Linlithgow customs in lieu of the ward of Gougar; which latter sum she is entered as receiving, in 1380, from the customs of Edinburgh, and in 1382 and 1384 from the Chamberlain. In 1381, she had a gift of £6 13s 4d from the customs of Dunbar. But we obtain only the scantiest glimpses of Annabella's life while she was Countess of Carrick.

King Robert II., died on the 13th May, 1390, in his castle of Dundonald, in Ayrshire, at the age of 84. For years he had withdrawn himself in a manner from the conduct of affairs, having committed the government to his third son, the Earl of Fife and Menteith, who was consequently named Guardian or Governor of the kingdom. The Earl seemed to concentrate in himself all the energy of which his father and eldest brother were devoid. He was haughty, implacable, the slave of power, greedy of wealth, and not in good favour with the nation, yet his artfulness and audacity, and the circumstances of the time, combined to maintain and strengthen him in his eminent position. It would have been no surprise, nothing out of keeping with his ambitious character, though, on his father's death, he had snatched the crown and set it on his own head. But worldly wisdom withheld him from that treason by opening up an alluring prospect in the future: and the Earl of Carrick succeeded to the crown without a murmur. The dead King lay unburied till Saturday, the 13th of August, being the day preceding that appointed for his son's coronation, when his remains were pompously interred in the Abbey of Scone. Following the fashion of Queen Margaret Logie, and in fact that of the age, Robert II. had taken care, thirteen years before, to order his own tombstone to be prepared. The block was brought down from England, and given to "Magistro Nicholao, cementario,"—Master Nicholas Haen, the King's Mason,—to execute the sculpturings upon it. Payments to Nicholas begin in 1377, when he received £13 6s 8d. The stone seems to have been taken to



Holyrood, where it was wrought by Nicholas, and afterwards decorated by Andrew, the King's painter. It was then conveyed to Leith, and shipped for Perth, where, on being safely landed at the shore, it was deposited in St John's Church until it should be required. The King also employed Nicholas and Andrew to prepare a stone for the graves of his father and mother, Walter the Steward and Marjory Bruce. When his own tombstone was removed from Perth to Scone, the sum of £6 13s 4d was paid for carriage, &c.

On Sunday, the 14th August, John, Earl of Carrick, was crowned King of Scotland under the hallowed roof of Scone Abbey. The new monarch's placidity of nature and honest love of justice and humanity (not to say his cordial appreciation of a practical joke), found curious exemplification on the morrow after the ceremonial. The great concourse of nobles and barons with their followers, and the general multitude from all quarters, that assembled to attend the coronation, had trampled down, eaten up, and destroyed the growing crops around the Abbey, which chiefly belonged to the monkish community, and were about ready for the sickle. The store-keeper of the Abbey, one of the canons, had sought an audience of the King to state the sad grievance and crave redress, but was harshly repulsed by the Chamberlain, the imperious Earl of Fife. But relying on the kindly disposition of his Sovereign, the quick-witted canon collected a mob of farm-servants and labourers, who, carrying aloft a straw image, congregated themselves under the windows of the royal bedchamber, and set up the most hideous shouts and yells, accompanied with the discordant music of crow-rattles and cow-horns. The horrid concert threw the Palace into confusion. The officers ran out, and, seizing the ringleader, dragged him into the King's presence, where he was interrogated as to what he meant by exciting such an uproar. "Please your Majesty," he answered, "what you have just heard are our rural carols in which we indulge at the inbringing of the harvest; and as you and your nobles have spared

us the trouble and expense of cutting down our crops this season, we thought it only grateful to give you a specimen of our harvest jubilee." The King, instead of listening to the nobles, who would have had the sarcastic store-keeper punished, ordered an inquiry into the damage done to the monastery fields, and that it should be fully reimbursed. On the same Monday,—which was the day of the Assumption of the Holy Virgin,—Annabella was solemnly crowned as Queen, under the happiest auspices. She was beloved by the people: her praise was on every lip: and the old Scottish historians exhaust the language of panegyric in her honour. Wyntoun thus writes:—

The Queen Annabel of Scotland,  
A lady good and a pleasand,  
And excellent of beauty,  
By the Bishop of Dunkeld's See,  
John of Peebles called by name,  
A great lord of commended fame,  
Took her Coronation  
In that Feast of the Assumption.

After the nobles and prelates had given their oaths of allegiance, they suggested a change of the King's Christian name of *John*, which seemed ominous of evil, as recalling the memory of John Baliol and the degradation of the kingdom. The King consented, adopting the name of his father and great-grandfather, and was henceforth styled Robert III. The funeral of the late king had been conducted with magnificence, and the outlay was heavy. Three payments were made on that account, amounting to £682 15s 1d; but one of the items, £402 15s 4d, was entered as for the funeral and the coronation together. The sum of £26 also appears for furnishings for the coronation. The Bailies of Perth paid 2s for the carriage of letters at the time; and the Customers of Perth paid £28 6s 8d as expenses in the city after the coronation.

The regal duties devolving on Robert III. failed to stir him to exertion, and for the sake of ease he permitted his brother, the Earl of Fife, still to exercise the office of Guardian of the realm. But the Earl's

power was considerably shared by Queen Annabella, whose chosen counsellor was Walter Trail, Bishop of St Andrews, a wise and patriotic churchman. The King's affection for his consort, and his confidence in her prudence, continued unabated. In the year of the coronation he directed celebrations for her soul to be made in different churches—the Chapel of St Patrick, in the Castle of Dumbarton, and in churches at Arbroath and Dundee. The Parliament which sat in March, 1390–91, granted her an annuity of 2500 marks from the customs of Edinburgh, Perth, Aberdeen, Linlithgow, Dundee, and Montrose. About 1391, the King, by a charter under the Great Seal, dissolved the Parish Church of Kettins from the Convent of the Mathurine, Trinity, or Red Friars at Berwick, and annexed it to the newly-founded convent and hospital of the same order in Dundee,—the grant being thus expressed:—“And we, for the honour of God omnipotent and the Holy Trinity, in augmenting and enlarging the alms for the health of the soul of Annabella, Queen of Scotland, our wife, give and by these presents grant to the said hospital and house of God, the church of Kettins, of old annexed to the Maisondieu of Berwick.” Well worthy was Annabella of her husband's regard. She maintained her exalted position with suave dignity and an earnest desire for the welfare of the kingdom. In room of her consort, whose frail health precluded his appearing on special state occasions as well as his taking an active part in the government, she received Ambassadors with generous hospitality and noble display befitting the Scottish Court. Now and then the King's ailments find notice in the Exchequer Rolls: as in 1392, when the Bailies of Dundee paid 3s 4d for vinegar in leathern bottles to be sent to him: and in 1397, when he was attended by “Willelmi, medico, de Glasgu”—William, a physician of Glasgow,—who was paid 54s 4d for his pains by the Chamberlain. A double task was thus imposed on the Queen, who had to watch over and soothe a sickly husband, and also devote much of her attention to public duties

and national affairs. Supported by the Bishop of St Andrews and the Earl of Douglas, she tempered the policy and measures of the Guardian, strove to compose the quarrels and feuds of the barons, and won golden opinions from all classes. Still, with a divided government, Scotland was frequently the scene of violence and bloodshed. The King's brother, the "Wolf of Badenoch," though invested with the character of a royal deputy in the north, sometimes set aside all law at the dictates of his own ungovernable passions, and perpetrated furious misdeeds. From some long-standing feud, most of the Highland clans broke into open war with each other, and peace was only restored after a desperate combat of sixty chosen warriors had been fought out on the North Inch of Perth. The Prince of Scotland, Annabella's eldest son, gave himself over to reckless follies, disappointing the high hopes and deeply wounding the hearts of his parents. Honours were lavished on him. At the Parliament held in Perth, on 28th April, 1398, he was created Duke of Rothesay—the first introduction of the ducal title in Scotland: and his uncle, the Earl of Fife, was also made Duke of Albany. Further, in the following January, Albany was deprived of his office as Governor, and the same high powers, with the title of "King's Lieutenant," were conferred on Rothesay. But neither honours nor expostulations had weight with the Prince in restraining a profligate career which darkened with sorrow his mother's latter days. Destitute of all self-respect, he forsook the daughter of the Earl of March, to whom he was betrothed, and for the sake of a richer dowry wedded the daughter of the Earl of Douglas, whom he presently treated with disgraceful neglect. The incensed March fled to England, and incited Henry IV. (who had newly deposed Richard II. and ascended his throne) to invade the Scottish Borders.

As the fourteenth century was closing, the Court of Scotland gave shelter to a stranger concerning whom there has existed a mystery as impenetrable as that which surrounds the "Man with the Iron Mask."

The stranger had landed on the West-Highland coast, where, as was said, he was recognised as King Richard II. of England, who had been deposed from his throne, and was believed to have been murdered in a dungeon of Pontefract Castle. A body, with the face half-uncovered, had been publicly exhibited in London as that of Richard, who was stated to have died of natural disease; but it was now asserted that he had escaped captivity and death, and made his way to Scotland. He found friendly welcome and safe refuge at the Court of King Robert: and it may easily be understood that the presence of this man gave the Scottish Government the great advantage, in dealing with England, of being able to threaten Henry IV. with war on his frontier and rebellion at home in favour of his predecessor. The refugee lived in Scotland for the long space of twenty years: he avoided observation, and was seen but by few: religion seemed to have little influence over him, for he was seldom known to go to mass: and his demeanour was such, at times, that folks thought him crazed: at least, this is how Wyntoun spoke of him, and we quote the passage:

Whether he had been King, or nane,  
There was but few, that wist certain.  
Of devotion nane he was,  
And seldom will had to hear mass:  
As he bare him, like was he  
Oft half wod or wild to be.

Under the year 1419, Fordun records his death:—"In this year died Richard, King of England, on the Feast of St Luke, in the Castle of Stirling." But whether this was the real Richard, or an artful impostor, remains to this day a secret. One fact, however, is worth adding. It was said that Richard was brained with a battleaxe; but when his reputed tomb at Westminster was opened, a number of years ago, and the body therein examined, there was no fracture whatever visible on the skull.

The first year of the fifteenth century saw the pestilence raging in Scotland. A comet also appeared in the night-heavens—"a fair bright star and a clear,"

as Wyntoun calls it, the coming of which, he says, foreboded the spread of plague and the death of princes. The augury of this fiery messenger was fulfilled. The Angel of Death passed through the royal household, and struck down the Queen. In the autumn of 1401, Annabella sickened and died—not, however, of the Plague, though it was then prevalent. Wyntoun, in mentioning the sad event, again lauds her many estimable qualities :—

In harvest of this ilk year,  
 Our good Lady was laid on bier,  
 Dame Annabel, Queen of Scotland,  
 Fair, honourable, and pleasand,  
 Cunning, courteous in her affairs,  
 Loving, and large to strangers;  
 They she treated honourably,  
 And them rewarded largely.  
 With Jesus Christ her soul mot be.

The Chamberlain's Account for 1402 contains an entry of £44 0s 8d, as expenses before her death, in the town of Perth, and at her funeral, and also 24s 8d for veils. Not long after her demise, the Bishop of St Andrews and the Earl of Douglas, her fast friends, both went the way of all living : and it was then said commonly through the land, as Fordun tells us, that the glory and the honesty of Scotland were buried with these three noble persons. "For," says Buchanan, "as the military splendour of the country was supported by Douglas, the ecclesiastical authority and some shadow of ancient discipline maintained by Trail, so the Queen preserved unstained the dignity of the Court, as was evident by what followed upon her death."

Lamentable was the loss of Annabella in its immediate consequences to her husband and family,—letting loose elements of hatred, discord, and fell ambition, which she alone had repressed. Her death imposed no check on Rothesay's wild courses. When he had dissipated his lady's fortune in mad profligacy and found his means straitened, he made no scruple of replenishing his purse by forcing Collectors of the Customs to pay over to him what money he needed. By such means, in 1401 or 1402, he wrung £10 from the Customers of

Edinburgh; £44 8s 11d from those of St Andrews; and £81 9s 9d from those of Aberdeen; while he threw one of the Customers of Montrose into confinement until he gave £24, which had been previously paid to the Chamberlain. The heedless youth was busily paving the way for his own miserable fate. His uncle, Albany, bitterly resenting his displacement from the Guardianship, meditated a guilty scheme which should bring him back supreme power, and, perchance, give the crown to his own line. While the Queen lived, her wanton son was safe; but now the toils of murder were weaving about him. Albany formed an insidious plot, and drew into it the Earl of Douglas, brother of the Prince's spouse; Sir William Lindsay, whose family the Prince had dishonoured; Sir John Ramorny, a consummate desperado; and two obscure villains, John Wright and John Selkirk. Through the persuasions of Albany and Douglas, the King, in the spring of 1402, signed an order for the forcible detention of the Prince, in hopes that this would lead to a reformation of his manners. Rothesay was forthwith arrested near St Andrews, and brought "by force," says the *Book of Pluscarden*, to the "tower of Falkland, upon a small packhorse, and clad in a grey jerkin, after the manner of a varlet, so that he might not be noticed on the way; and he was put under the charge of John Wright and John Selkirk, who kept him shut up in a little vault in the said tower to the end of his life." How the end came is a familiar story. A short imprisonment—and the Prince was found dead in his dungeon, on the 7th April, of a dysentery, as was given out, but really of absolute starvation. "In the previous autumn," adds the *Book of Pluscarden*, "there appeared in the west a star which is called a comet, and which portends the death of a prince, as the astronomers tell us. It shot out large and long rays stretching northwards. The Prince himself deemed that the death of a Prince was at hand." And so it was: nay, more, the comet, according to the superstition of the time, had betokened the death of Queen

Annabella as well. Rothesay's corpse was hurriedly buried at the Abbey of Lindores, and the expense, being only £2 1s 4d, was defrayed out of the customs of Perth by John Gill and Robert Brown, the Customers, as entered in their accounts rendered on 6th July, 1402. "John Wright of Falkland" seems to have got £108 2s 3d as his solatium for the murder: he was Customer of Kinghorn from 1411 to 1420, and in the Account for 1412, Albany, then Regent, allowed him the above sum without any explanation.\*

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\* *The Exchequer Rolls of Scotland*, vols. ii. and iii.; Wyntoun's *Cronykill of Scotland*, vol. ii., pp. 54, 76, 81; Tytler's *History of Scotland*; Thomson's *History of Dundee*, p. 238; Buchanan's *History of Scotland*; *The Book of Pluscarden*, pp. 257-259.



**THE DRUMMOND QUEENS OF SCOTLAND.—**  
*Part 3rd.*

O beauteous witch !  
Hadst thou been less alluring, or had I  
Forgot to love, thou hadst not met this fate.  
*Hull's "Henry II."*

It was to no purpose that the Prince's murderers declared that his death was due to natural disease. Throughout the country the story was received with angry derision, and every finger was pointed at Albany as the chief contriver of a foul deed. For a time he affected to despise the popular clamour of accusation ; but eventually he was fain to ask Parliament to investigate the circumstances of Rothesay's death. The Parliament met at Holyrood on 16th May, 1402, and a perfunctory inquiry was instituted, resulting in Albany's public exculpation. King Robert, whose sorrow for his wife was still fresh when he was overwhelmed by the mysterious fate of his son, became a passive tool in Albany's hands, allowing him to resume his former post of Governor ; though we cannot doubt that the royal mind was haunted by a vague but terrible suspicion which it feared to entertain.

But the crime in Falkland tower was not the only atrocity which stained the annals of the year 1402. Another murder was perpetrated by a member of the Royal Family, who was more open in his villainies than Albany, but not more base at heart. To this story we now address ourselves. Queen Annabella's eldest brother was Sir Malcolm Drummond, who had succeeded his father, Sir John, in his lands and honours, about the year 1373. A brave knight he was, and of the highest fame—"a manful knight baith wise and ware," as Wyntoun calls him : and from King David he received the office of Heritable Coroner of the shire of Perth. Sir Malcolm fought at Otterburn, where he assisted in taking prisoner Sir Ralph Percy,

brother of Hotspur, who was also forced to surrender on the field which a dead Douglas had won. For this service, Sir Malcolm was granted, in 1393, an annuity of £40 out of the customs of Aberdeen. He married the widowed Countess of Mar, Isabella Douglas, only daughter of William, first Earl of Douglas—an alliance which greatly augmented his wealth and influence. But his good fortune in this respect rendered him an object of envy and hatred to the Wolf of Badenoch, whose covetous eye was resting on the domains which Drummond had acquired with his wife. Not a fiercer ruffian than this brother of the King breathed in Scotland. He and his sons (all of them natural children) kept the north in turmoil with their rapine and ravage. The Wolf, having now marked Sir Malcolm for his victim, despatched a band of armed retainers to attack him in his "castle" (as the histories describe it), which was probably the house of Stobhall, the residence of the Drummonds, on the banks of the Tay. The miscreants came by stealth, and, assaulting the place by surprise, forced their entrance. They overpowered Sir Malcolm's resistance, and threw him into a dungeon, where he languished a few days, and then died. As Wyntoun relates—

This foresaid year he was with sleight  
Surprised and taken : baith day and night  
Kept into strait tenawns,  
Till he died in hard penawns.

Everybody instinctively judged that the Wolf's hand was red with the murder : and he soon justified the suspicion by attacking the Castle of Kildrummie, where the widow of Sir Malcolm abode. The Castle was taken, and the Countess seized. Straightway her captor forced her into a marriage with himself ! A cry for justice arose from every quarter of the realm, and Albany began to threaten vengeance for the outrage. But the Wolf's desperate resources were not yet exhausted : he could circumvent the law, and disarm the wrath of his brother, the Guardian. Having gathered together the Mar vassals at Kildrummie, and brought the Bishop of Ross thither by invitation, on a

certain day, he and his bride came to the gate, and there, in presence of the Bishop and the concourse, he placed the keys of the Castle in the lady's hands, telling her that she could dispose of them at her pleasure : whereupon she, seemingly reconciled to her degradation, declared that she had freely, of her own will, and without any compulsion, accepted of him as her husband. And with that the farce ended. Justice was befooled and silenced; and the Wolf, in right of his wife, assumed the title of Earl of Mar.

To the last of his days King Robert is found remembering affectionately his dead wife and son. In 1405, he granted £14 17s 9d to the altar of St Michael, in the Abbey of Deer, for the souls of Robert II. and Elizabeth Mure, and Annabella, Queen of Scotland, and David, Duke of Rothesay : and he also gave £10 14s 8d out of the fermes of Perth to the upholding of the Bridge of Tay, in free and perpetual alms for the memory of the above royal persons. Next spring, the King was living in the Castle of Rothesay, when one evening, as he had just sat down to supper, news came that his young son, James, who had embarked for France, was taken at sea by the English. This new calamity smote the aged monarch to the dust. He withdrew to his chamber,—spoke no more,—refused all food. Death came on the 4th of April, and Albany was left master of Scotland.

We now pass over three reigns. James I. returned from his captivity in England : let loose unsparing vengeance upon the house of Albany : strove to enforce law and order throughout the kingdom : and in the midst of his reforming career was assassinated. The days of James II. were cut short by the bursting of a cannon at the siege of Roxburgh. James III. died, like his grandfather, by the steel of the assassin, in his flight from the field of Sauchieburn. James IV. succeeded : and it is in his time that we raise the curtain on the acting of another tragedy, which was apparently caused by the probability that the house of Drummond would give a third queen to the throne of Scotland.

The head of the Drummonds, in the reign of James IV., was Sir John, first Lord Drummond, a noble of eminent abilities, holding high office in the State, and a favourite at Court. He was the builder of Drummond Castle in Strathearn, which became the seat of the family, instead of Stobhall. His lady was Elizabeth Lindsay, daughter of David, Earl of Crawford, by whom he had three sons and five daughters. The eldest daughter was Margaret, upon whose strangely-tangled fortunes our story turns. With her Drummond blood she inherited no ordinary share of the personal beauty of face and form which had hitherto generally distinguished the ladies of her lineage; and she was trained in all the feminine accomplishments of the age. The unknown bard who sang of "Tayis Bank" lauds her as the loveliest lady, with the most graceful figure, that ever he beheld.

This mild, meek, mensuet Margaret,  
 This pearl polish'd most white,  
 Dame Nature's dear dochter discreet,  
 The diamond of delight;  
 Never formed was to found on feit  
 Ane figure more perfyte,  
 Nor none on mold that did her meet  
 Might mend her worth a mite.

A blythe blink of her eye, he says, would banish all bale: and thus she walked "in maiden meditation" under the green shades of Stobschaw, while the Tay ran down with its clear streams, on a bright morning of May. It was the fair creature's destiny to attract a royal lover. King James was smitten with her charms, and became so enamoured with her that he is said to have designed making her his Queen. Various alliances were recommended to him: he was urged especially to wed the Princess Margaret of England; but for several years he would give no decision. It must here be noted, however, that Mr Tytler, and other writers following in his wake, have mistakenly antedated the period at which the King's attachment to Margaret Drummond seems to have begun. Mr Tytler says it began about 1488,—in the very opening of James' reign, and when

he was only a lad of sixteen: and this is supposed to be proved by entries in the Lord High Treasurer's Accounts for that year, shewing payments for dresses to "my Lady Margaret," who is assumed to have been Margaret Drummond. But this assumption meets with thorough refutation in the first volume of *The Accounts of the Lord High Treasurer of Scotland*, published in 1877, under the editorship of Mr Thomas Dickson, of the General Register House, Edinburgh, who has prefixed an admirable and exhaustive Preface, full of illustrative and most interesting information—a very model of work of the kind. From this record we find that "the Lady Margaret," whom Mr Tytler takes to have been Margaret Drummond, was Lady Margaret Stewart, the second daughter of James II., and aunt of James IV. Her name appears frequently in the Treasurer's books, always as "The Lady Margaret," while Margaret Drummond is entered by her name and surname, and only twice as *Lady Margaret Drummond*. A daughter born by the King's aunt to Lord Crichton is mentioned as "Lady Margaret's dochter": and about Martinmas, 1489, the lady herself withdrew to the Nunnery of Elcho, with an annuity of 100 marks, and abode there till 1503, when she removed to Hamilton, after which her name disappears from the records. Her age was then about fifty.

The misapprehension about "Lady Margaret" being thus cleared away, the first notice of Margaret Drummond occurs in the month of June, 1496, when she went, by the King's desire, to reside in Stirling Castle, under the care of Lady Lundy, the wife of the Governor, Sir John Lundy of that ilk. About this time, Don Pedro de Ayala, the Ambassador from Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain, visited Scotland; and he wrote to his Sovereigns a graphic sketch of what he saw and heard at the Scottish Court. He says—"When I arrived, he [King James] was keeping a lady with great state in a castle. He visited her from time to time. Afterwards he sent her to the house of her father, who is a knight, and married her." The marriage, if there was a mar-

riage at all, is said to have been a private one; but the proof altogether of such ceremony having taken place is by no means explicit. When Drummond of Hawthornden was writing his *History of the Five Jameses*, he could only say that Margaret "had been contracted to the King:" and Lord Strathallan, in his *History of the House of Drummond*, which was compiled in 1681, goes no farther than to say that the King had made an "engagement" of marriage with her: while Dr Malcolm, whose Memoir of the same noble house was published in 1808, speaks of a "promise of marriage." Now, this contract, engagement, or promise, or whatever it was, must have taken place in 1496, according to all reasonable conjecture, shortly before Margaret went to Stirling. The King was there, along with her, in the beginning of June, when we find him "playing at the cards," and at "the cach" (the game of tennis); a boy got 2s for balls to the King: "the fellow that fand the hurd" (found the hoard, or buried treasure), got 24s by the King's command, "to buy him a cow:" and "the boy that brought the tows [ropes] to climb the hawk nest in the Abbot's Crag," got 2s. For Margaret Drummond's expenses, during her abode in Stirling Castle, various sums were paid by the Treasurer:—

1496

June 9.	Item that same day given to the Lady Margaret of Drummond, £20. —. 12d.
June 26.	Item, given to the Laird of Lundy for the Lady Margaret Drummond's costs, £20.
August 1.	Item, to the Laird of Lundy for the Lady's costs, j marks.
Sept. 10.	Item, the x day of September, given to the Lady of Lundy, for Margaret Drummond's costs, £40.
Oct. 28.	Item, to the Lady of Lundy, for Margaret Drummond's costs, £13. 6s. 8d.

Margaret resided in the Castle till the 30th October that year; but the above payments did not meet all her expenses. On the 30th she went to Linlithgow, under care of Sir David Kinghorn, and remained with him till the end of March, 1497, when she went back to Stirling, and thence passed to her father's castle. From

30th October, the following sums were paid on her account:—

1496

October 30. Item, given to Sir David Kinghorn, to furnish Margaret Drummond's costs in Linlithgow, £22 4s. 6d.

Novr. 19. Item, given to Thomas Lech, to give to Sir David Kinghorn, to Margaret Drummond's costs, 20 marks.

Decr. 6. Item, the sext day of December, given to Margaret Drummond, at the King's command, £10. 0s. 9d.

————— Item, the same day, given to Sir David Kinghorn, for Margaret Drummond's expense, £40.

„ 12. Item, given for clothes to Margaret Drummond, by the King's command, £91. 13s.

————— Item, for a horse to turs it [to carry the package of clothes] to Linlithgow, 6s.

1496-97

January 9. Item, the ix day of January, given to the Laird of Lundy, for Margaret Drummond's costs, of the taxed silver of Fife, £5.

„ 13. Item, given to Sir David Kinghorn, for Margaret Drummond's expense, £40.

„ 19. Item, given to the Laird of Lundy, of the rest [the balance] of the hail payment for Margaret Drummond's costs, £28. 13s. 4d.

February 3. Item, the third day of February, given to Sir David Kinghorn, to furnish M. D. expense in Linlithgow, £20.

March 2. Item, the second day of March, given to Sir David Kinghorn, for to furnish M. D. expense, on John of Linlithgow's stair, £18.

„ 12. Item, that same day, given to Sir David Kinghorn, for part of payment of M. D. expense in Linlithgow, £6.

1497

March 30. Given to the Lady of Lundy for M. D. expense, xi days she was in Stirling, when she passed hame, £10.

Sometime in 1497, Margaret Drummond bore a daughter to the King, and the child was christened by its mother's name. In the month of May, 1498, the Treasurer's Account contains the following entries:—

Item, given for ix ell of purpur wellus [purple velvet] to M.D., for ilk ell 45s, summa £20 5s.

Item, for vij ell of black wellus [black velvet] to her; for ilk ell 36s, summa £12 12s.

Item, for vj ell of tanne damas [tawny or reddish brown damask] to her, to be ane kirtill [kirtle, a close-fitting garment covering the whole person, over which the gown was worn], for ilk ell 15s; summa £4 10s.

Item, for iij ell and ane half of French black to her; for ilk ell 28s; summa £4 18s.

Item, for xxiiij ell of kyrsp [fine lawn] to her; for ilk ell 3s 4d; summa £4.

Item, for xij ell of Holland cloth to her sarks; for ilk ell 5s; summa £3.

Item, for viij ell of chamlot to her; for ilk ell 6s; summa 48s.

Let us now pass over three years, and then we shall come to the startling climax of Margaret Drummond's destiny—an atrocious crime which seemed to indicate that the dark and insidious arts of Italian poisoners, of the Borgias themselves, had been transferred, for the nonce, to Scotland.

King James was still more pressingly counselled in favour of a matrimonial alliance with the English Princess. She was quite young—not having yet reached the age of twelve, while he was approaching thirty; but her nonage was no obstacle to the arrangement of a contract of marriage. All the political advantages which this union would confer on the kingdom of Scotland were pointed out to him with wearisome iteration. He listened to the tale, but with a careless ear, and gave no sign that he was impressed. Indeed, he continued to evade every match proposed for him: and this reluctance, for which his engagement with Margaret Drummond would appear to have been the only reason, confirmed the apprehensions of that body of the nobles who were adverse to such an aggrandisement of the Drummond family as would arise through Margaret's elevation to the throne. The King, says Lord Strathallan, "was so much touched in conscience for the engagement he had made to the young lady, that, notwithstanding the weakness of the Royal Family, he rejected all propositions of marriage so long as she lived." Every means were put in motion to thwart and foil his implied intentions. The clergy were instigated to declare that there was a bar to such a marriage from the consanguinity of the parties



within the forbidden degrees, though the affinity was rather remote. Some writers state that the King applied for and obtained a dispensation from the Pope. In Moreri's *Dictionary* it is said that "the dispensation having arrived, the King determined to celebrate his nuptials publicly; but the jealousy of some of the nobles against the house of Drummond suggested to them the cruel project of taking off Margaret by poison." No such dispensation has ever been found, and there is no evidence that it ever arrived in Scotland, nor did the King make any public avowal of his determination to marry Margaret; but that he was strongly suspected, and probably upon good grounds, of the wish to do so, seems to have been the true motive of the guilty deed which followed. "She was greatly beloved by King James IV., who was contracted to her, and would have married her," says Sir Robert Douglas, "had not his counsellors, and the great men of the State, interposed, and taken her away, to make room for a daughter of England." One morning, in Drummond Castle, the new seat of her father, Margaret sat down to table with two of her sisters—Euphemia, wife of Lord Fleming, and Sybilla, the youngest, who was still unwed. Breakfast was served, and the sisters partook of the meal. But within short space after they rose, they were all seized with sudden and strange illness, the symptoms of which abundantly testified that poison had been administered to them,—though by whose hand the fatal drag had been mixed in the food was never known. In the bosom of their own household, surrounded by their own servants, secure as they might deem from the very shadow of peril, they were ruthlessly sacrificed. Despite whatskill could accomplish, they all died that day. Such was the tragedy of the Drummond sisters. It was a deed worthy of the Borgias. The three ladies were interred, side by side, in the Cathedral of Dunblane, the Dean of which was their paternal uncle. Their burial-place was a vault covered with three "fair blue marble stones joined closely together, about the middle of the choir of the Cathedral Church of Dunblane," says Lord Strath-

allan : "for about this time the burial-place for the family of Drummond at Innerpeffray was not yet built." The three marble slabs still remain within the ancient walls, but were removed from their original position about the year 1817, in consequence of some alterations on the cathedral.

The fate of fair Margaret allayed all the apprehensions of her enemies that a third Drummond Queen would ascend the throne in their time. The King—we know not how cruelly his heart was torn; but he never ceased to cherish her memory. Submitting to the inevitable, he consented to the conclusion of a treaty of marriage with the English Princess, which was signed at Norwich on 24th January, 1502-3: the affianced girl to be sent to Scotland next September, when she should have completed her twelfth year, and the nuptials to take place within fifteen days after her arrival. This was contracted in January: and the King, in February, ordered soul masses to be sung for Margaret Drummond in Edinburgh and Dunblane, as the Treasurer's books bear witness:—

1502-3

February 1. Item to the priests of Edinburgh for to do dirge and soul mass for Margaret Drummond, £5.

February 10. Item, to the priests that sing in Dunblane for Margaret Drummond, their quarter's fee, £5.

The masses were sung as long as the King lived. And long has Margaret's only requiem been the hollow sigh of the night-wind along the wooded banks of the Allan, and the brawl of the river as it passes the place of her sepulture.

Margaret's little daughter was affectionately cared for by her royal father. He had her removed from Drummond Castle to the Palace of Stirling—the Treasurer, on 18th June, 1503, thus noting :—"Item to the nurse that broocht the King's dochter from Drummyne to Stirling, £3 10s." The little lady lived to be thrice married : first, to John, Lord Gordon, eldest son of the Earl of Huntly; secondly, to the Duke of Albany, who was Regent during the minority of James V.; and

thirdly, to her cousin, Sir John Drummond of Innerpeffray.\*

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\* Tytler's *History of Scotland*; Wyntoun's *Cronykil of Scotland*, vol. iii., p. 87; Malcolm's *House of Drummond*, p. 72; *The Exchequer Rolls of Scotland*, vol. iii.; *Accounts of the Lord High Treasurer of Scotland*. Edited by Thomas Dickson. Vol. i.; Drummond of Hawthornden's *History of the Five Jameses*; Viscount Strathallan's *House of Drummond*; Douglas' *Peerage of Scotland*.

**THE CLAN MACNAB—ITS HISTORY AND  
TRADITIONS.—Part 1st.**

Haughty M'Nab, with his giants behind him.  
*The Queen's Wake.*

A CURIOUS characteristic of various Celtic names and surnames in the Highlands of Scotland, including the patronymics of several Clans, is their ecclesiastical derivation, which serves to throw light on one of the usages common in the ancient Church of the country. A few examples will suffice for illustration. *Gilchrist* is the "Servant of Christ;" *Gillies*, the "Servant of Jesus;" *Gilmichael*, the "Servant of Michael," the archangel; *Gilmory*, the "Servant of Mary;" *Malcolm*, the "Servant of Columba;" *Gilfillan*, the "Servant of Fillan;" *M'Lean*, in its original form, *Mac Gillie Sheathain*, the "Son of the Servant of St John;" *M'Pherson*, the "Son of the Parson;" *M'Vicar*, the "Son of the Vicar;" *M'Nab*, the "Son of the Abbot;" *M'Briar*, the "Son of the Prior;" *Buchanan*, in Gaelic *Mac a Chanonaich*, the "Son of the Canon;" and so on, through more of the familiar Gaelic names. Is it too much to assume from such, that clerical celibacy was not observed as a rule in the early Celtic Church? But we are not left to mere assumption. St Patrick himself, who is believed to have been born in Strathclyde, states in his Confessions that his father, Calphurnius, was a *deacon* in the Church, and his grandfather, Potitus, a *priest*. Farther, we are assured by the Rev. Dr Thomas M'Lauchlan, an eminent Gaelic scholar, that "it is a well-known historical fact, that the celibacy of the clergy was unknown in the Scottish Highlands down to near the period of the Reformation; whence the perfect congruity between the existence of these ecclesiastical names and the usual practice of the Church at the time." This non-celibacy, therefore, was one of the distinctive differences between the Celtic and Romish Churches,

and somewhat enables us to realise the fact, as laid down by another writer, the author of *The Gaelic Kingdom in Scotland*, "that from an early date in the Christian era, onwards until near the time of the Reformation, two Churches, differing from each other in essentials, existed side by side in the two ancient kingdoms of Scotland—the Gaelic and the Pictish. These were the Celtic and the Roman Catholic."

The Macnabs, otherwise *Clan-an-Abu*, are the descendants or "Sons of the Abbot"—that is, of an Abbot of Glendochart, who flourished between 1150 and 1180. That he was an ecclesiastical person, however, is uncertain. Probably he held a secularized ecclesiastical office, and was of the same class with Crinan, Abbot of Dunkeld, and Abthane of Dull, who lived in a previous age, and who married Bethoc, daughter of Malcolm II., and became father of "the gracious Duncan." Crinan was no churchman; but "in reality," as Mr Skene explains, "a great secular chief, occupying a position in power and influence not inferior to that of any of the native Mormaers." Whatever was the character of the Abbot of Glendochart, whether ecclesiastical or lay, we find that King William the Lion associated him with the Earls of Athole and Menteith in the government of the neighbouring parts of Argyleshire. According to Highland genealogy, the Macnabs derive their descent from the Abbot; and their possessions, at the outset of their history, lay at the west end of Loch Tay. Most of the Highland Clans, great and small, were divided into groups claiming some common stock. In this way, the Macnabs were recognised as a branch or section of the *Sìol Alpin*,—"The Race of Alpin,"—which comprehended the Macgregors, Grants, Mackinnons, Macnabs, Macfies, Macquarries, and Macaulays,—all of whom shared the honour of that royal origin which is best known as the especial boast of the Gregalich.\*

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\* In addition to this assumed descent from early Kings, who flit dimly across the stage in the morning twilight of Scottish history, the Chief of Mackinnon, in 1851, William Alexander Mackinnon, Esq., claimed direct

More than one branch of the *Siol Alpain* became landless. Within man's remembrance, the lands of the Macnabs as a Clan have passed from them: and now the place in their own Glendochart that knew them so long knows them no more,—the ancient graveyard of their chiefs being their only remaining memorial.

The wanderer at the head of Loch Tay, admiring the scenery that environs Killin, which Dr M'Culloch described as "the most extraordinary collection of extraordinary scenery in Scotland,—unlike everything else in the country, and perhaps on earth, and a perfect picture-gallery in itself, since you cannot move three yards without meeting a new landscape,"—the wanderer, we say, if he turns towards the vale of the Dochart, will observe that before the little brawling river passes under the bridge at Killin, and rushes on to Loch Tay, it parts in twain around a verdant islet, on which, amid the sombre shade of stately pines, stand the rude walls of an enclosure which seems sepulchral. The grassy, pine-clad islet is *Innis-Buie*, approached by an isthmus lined with trees, and the walled space is the *Kiell Tighearn*, "the burying-place of the Lairds" or Chiefs of Macnab. The time-worn wall, built of rough stones, is about twelve feet high, and surrounds a quadrangular piece of ground measuring twenty-six feet by twelve, within which are (*inter alia*, as the law phrase is) two ancient gravestones lying flat on the sod,—under one of which, bearing sculptured on its face, in low relief, the figure of a warrior with a two-handed sword, all the old chiefs of the Clan-an-Aba repose,—at least, this is what tradition tells. Over this picturesque spot broods a heavy and solemn air,—the dark pines casting a dreamy gloom, and the troubled voice of the Dochart and the rustling of branches the only sounds that break the stillness of the dwelling of

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lineage from Edward I. of England and his Queen, Margaret, daughter of Philip III. of France; as shewn in a pedigree inserted in the second volume of *The Royal Families of England, Scotland, and Wales*, edited by John Burke, Esq., and John Bernard Burke, Esq. See Pedigree 18.

the dead. Well fitted is this spot for sober meditation. The hoary walls, — the old slabs that cover the long-departed, — the tall trees, through whose boughs the broken sunlight falls on the green turf in wavering gleams of glory, — the sense of seclusion from the living and busy world with its selfish aims and impulses, and of the quietude of death and the grave which lay low all human passion, pride, and vanity, — the stirring, romantic memories of the past contrasting with the prosaic and hard realities of the present: all these objects and feelings conspire to impress the mind with humbling and saddening reflections. The Dochart, sparkling in the sunshine, chafed as angrily in its stony bed long ago when Clan-an-Aba bore a name in the Breadalbane country: that heathy vale, stretching in its wild beauty to the west, was the scene of St Fillan's ministry, and was peopled by a bold race, whose descendants have found another home beyond the Atlantic wave: through that historic glen, and over yon lone hills, where the eagle screamed and the deer bounded, strode Chiefs of power, at whose word a whole clan sprang to arms, and rushed forth to foray or battle; and now their very name has passed away, save from the narrow place where they lie in dust and ashes.

The Macnabs emerge into authentic history as a distinct sept during the struggle waged by Bruce for his crown; and they appear, too, on the unpatriotic side in the warfare, — by reason, shall we say, that certain apparent representatives of the Abbots of Glendochart had sworn fealty to King Edward? "In 1296," says Mr Skene, "among the barons holding of the crown who do homage to Edward the First, are Malcolm of Glendochart and Patrick of Glendochart, of the county of Perth, who are obviously simple laymen taking their name from the abbacy." Malcolm and Patrick may or may not have been of the Clan-an-Aba; but the latter, with the Clan Nachtan or Macnaughtons, and other tribes, acted in alliance with the Lord of Lorn, and swelled the force with which he defeated King Robert

at Dalree, in Strathfillan, when the "Brooch of Lorn" became the prize of the battle. Dire was the tempest of vengeance that speedily burst on the heads of the victors of that fatal field. Ravage was let loose like a whirlwind over the country of the Macnabs. All their lands were reft from them, save the barony of Boquhan or Bovain, in Glendochart, and that they seem only to have retained by sufferance until after Bruce's death, when Gilbert, the Chief of Macnab, being received to allegiance, obtained from David II., in 1336, a charter of the barony, under the Great Seal. Gilbert deceased some time in the reign of Robert II., and was succeeded in Boquhan by his son, Finlay,—which name was born by a number of his descendants. Finlay was succeeded by his son Patrick, and he, again, by his son, Finlay, who, upon his father's resignation of the lands of Ardchyle and Wester Duinish, parts of the barony, obtained a charter thereto, under the Great Seal of James III., dated 1st January, 1486. A comparison of dates leads us to infer that this second Finlay, fourth Chief of Macnab, reckoning from Gilbert, was the chief of that name who is said to have been gifted with a poetic genius, and to have composed Gaelic poems and songs in the manner of the olden Bards. The collection of ancient Gaelic poetry known as *The Dean of Lismore's Book* (which was published with a translation, by Dr M'Lauchlan, in 1862), contains several poems by "Finlay, the Red-haired Bard," and one by "Fionnladh Mac-na-Aba"—Finlay Macnab. From the fact that one or two of the former's pieces are devoted to the praise of the Macgregors, the translator thinks that Finlay may have been the family bard of that clan; but, at the same time, he holds that both the Finlays in the book are one and the same person, and adds a suggestion, which had been mentioned to him, that, after all, the same Finlay was probably the Chief of Macnab who lived in the apparent era of the poems. These are questions, however, which we are unable to decide. But a specimen or two of the poetry may be given. The first poem by the



Red Bard is in praise of the Chief of Macgregor's horse, which had borne him in the press of battle :—

In the troop, the hunt, or the conflict,  
That horse a noble horse is,  
That horse is all full of spirit,  
As fame-worthy she follows the banner.  
That wave-like steed, hardy and keen,  
Will win for her rider the praise of men.  
Forth from her stall she takes the lead,  
That gentle, great, and active horse.  
She will triumph in speed and slaughter,  
Till that the day in evening sinks.

The piece by Finlay Macnab is a short satire on the slowness of some of the bards in the composition of their poems. It speaks of "the sluggard's book of poems"—a proof that the bardic class wrote down their effusions, and therefore furnishing a refutation of the oft-repeated argument that there was no old *written* poetry in the Gaelic. Another poem attributed to him of the red hair is an impassioned invective against Allan MacRuari, Chief of Clanranald, for his ravages in the Isles. Allan was at the Battle of the Bloody Bay, which was fought after 1490, and he also aided in the fierce invasion of the countries of Ross and Cromarty in 1491.

Thou art Inche Gall's great curse,  
Her revenue and stronghold spoil'st;  
Thou art the man whose heart is worst  
Of all who followed have thy chief,  
Save one who stands at his left hand,  
And he, Mac Raurie, is thy brother.  
Now thy fight we never hear,  
But from the cross we hear thee cursed;  
The two are good who are about thee,  
Black indeed they are in form.  
At the time thou first mad'st war,  
There was the Abbot's horrid corpse,  
Besides that other lawless raid  
Against Finan in Glengarry.  
Thine own cruel, hateful deeds,  
Have cursed thy bald-head body, Allan,  
Just as crime will always do,  
Revenge itself on who commits it.

Tradition has its own story of the poetic chief of Macnab—whether he was the first, or the second, or any other Finlay. It says that a poem of his was mistaken by Macpherson for one of Ossian's, and included in his

translation ! But Macpherson was no such fool. James IV. gave the second Finlay a charter, under the Great Seal, of the lands of Ewir and Leiragin, in Glendochart, dated 9th January, 1502. At Finlay's death, he was succeeded by his son, of the same name, who appears as a witness to a Charter, under the Great Seal, to Duncan Campbell of Glenurchy, dated 18th September, 1511, and is designated as "Finlaus Macnab, dominus de eodem," or of that ilk. Finlaus outlived James IV., and was succeeded by his son, the fourth Finlay.

About this era, so far as we can guess,—for the date is altogether uncertain,—broke out a great feud, which assumes marked prominence in the traditions of the Clan Macnab. No trace of it can be discovered in authentic record: nevertheless, we see no reason to call in question the substantial accuracy of the traditionary narrative. The time is the only difficulty, being differently stated, ranging from the reign of James IV. to that of James VI. But as the story divides itself into two parts, with a lapse of "many years" intervening, we shall suppose that the first part was enacted during the minority of James V.

Among the tribes who inhabited the country around Loch Earn was a minor sept called *Neish*, whose lands lay probably about the eastern end of the lake. Northwards, the Macnabs were not far off; and they and the Neishes kept bad neighbourhood. An old and bitter grudge existed between them, bringing on, now and again, quarrels, forays, and skirmishes,—until at last matters came to the extremity that both parties resolved to fight out the feud in a pitched battle, that it might be proved, in the face of the sun, which were the better men. Challenges and defiances were exchanged. The war-pipe sounded on Lochearn-side and on the banks of the Dochart: the fiery cross was sped on its mission from hamlet to hamlet, and from shealing to shealing: the ancestral banners were unfurled to the mountain breezes amid the shouts of clansmen eager for the fray. Down marched the Macnabs in full strength,

—“haughty Macnab with his giants behind him,”—and near the mouth of Glen Boultachan, which separates two of the hills rising north of Loch Earn, they came in view of their foes. No time was lost in any preliminaries. Both sides were there to fight to the death; and battle joined with all the fury that cherished rancour and the thirst for blood could inspire in the breasts of savage warriors. But the fortunes of the day went with the Macnabs, who made a heavy slaughter of their adversaries. The Chief of the Neishes, seeing his retreat cut off, disdained to yield. All through the conflict he had displayed a dauntless valour, and now setting his back against an upright boulder, around which lay many of his slain followers, he defended himself with desperate resolution, until, overpowered by numbers, he was struck down, covered with wounds. His enemies rushed in, and despatched him with their dirks. Only a scanty remnant of his men escaped from the slaughter. In miserable dejection they returned home; and, being exposed to the scorn of the country for their defeat, they soon sank into utter obscurity, “as if they had really been annihilated.” But for generations, the people of the district believed that the stone at which the Chief of the Neishes fell, still continued stained with his blood, which all the rains of heaven could not wash out.

The fourth Finlay Macnab of that Ilk is not much heard of in records. In fact, the only reference to him shews that towards the end of his days he was necessitated, by some misfortune or other, to mortgage large portions of his lands to the Laird of Glenurchy. On 24th November, 1552, Finlay Macnab granted a mortgage in favour of Colin Campbell of Glenurchy, his heirs and assignees whomsoever, of all and sundry the lands of Ewir and Leiragin, with their pertinents, also the lands of Boquhan and Ardchyle, &c.; which deed was confirmed in a Crown Charter by Queen Mary, of date 27th June, 1553. About this time, a certain Alistair Macnab is named in the records of the Privy Council of Scotland. In the end of 1552, the Council

issued authority for the raising of a body of Scottish soldiers to be sent to assist the King of France in his wars, and of this array there were to be two regiments of Highland footmen. A number of Perthshire barons and others engaged in the expedition,—the chief men obtaining an Act of Council, on 12th December, securing them against all law process at home during their absence abroad and for forty days after their return; and among those named is "Allaster M'Nab," perhaps a younger brother or son of the Chief. Whether Allister returned from France, we know not. But at Stirling Castle, on 27th August, 1578, Colin Campbell of Airdbaith became caution in 500 marks, to the Privy Council, for Allestar Barryth Maknab, son of Allester M'Nab, that he would appear upon the third day of "the next Justice-air of the sheriffdom of Perth," or sooner elsewhere upon fifteen days' warning, "to underly the law for all crimes that may be imput to him." Sooth to say, a great deal of lawless doings would appear to have become imputable to the Macnabs, as we find that in the Roll of Broken Clans set forth in the Act of Parliament, 1594, "M'Nabbis" are entered in the category of "many broken men" of the surnames given: and they are followed by "M'Nabrichis," who were not, it seems, of the same sept, but were probably Macdonalds of Glencoe, called in Gaelic "Mac Eoinabrichis."

Finlay the mortgager died and was buried, and his son, also Finlay, reigned in his stead. Up to about this time the Lairds of Macnab had intermarried with the Perthshire families of Lord Gray of Kinfauns, Gleneagles, Inchbraco, Robertson of Strowan, and others. The fifth Finlay, to maintain his position, surrounded as it was with powerful Clans, and the Campbells being his next door neighbours, endeavoured to find as many friends and allies as possible. Casting about in his mind, he reflected that the Mackinnons of Skye were of the same descent as the Macnabs: and when he fortuitously chanced to meet the Chief of Mackinnon, one summer day in 1606, he began to reckon kinship

with him, and the twain came to the conclusion that it was proper they should join in a formal bond of friendship. A scribe was hired, and the bond drawn up. It bore that on the 12th July, 1606, Lauchlan Mackinnon of Strathordell (in the Isle of Skye) and Finlay Macnab of Bowaine, having happened "to forgather together, with certain of the said Finlay's friends, in their rooms, in the Laird of Glenurchy's country, and the said Lauchlan and Finlay, being come of ane house, and being of one surname and lineage, notwithstanding the said Lauchlan and Finlay this long time bygone oversaw their ain duties till others, in respect of the long distance betwixt their dwelling-places," agreed, with the consent of their kin and friends, to give all assistance and service to each other, and were "content to subscribe to the same, with their hands led to the pen,"—the use of the goose-quill being strange to hands which had been only accustomed to wield the broadsword. To make the bond firm, Mackinnon would needs subscribe—"Lauchlan, mise, [myself] Mac Fingon,"—that there should be no mistake about it. But next shall be told how Macnab's sons wielded the claymore against certain descendants of those Neishes who had been almost wholly exterminated at the battle on Lochearnside.\*

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\* Dr M'Lauchlan's *Celtic Gleanings*, p. 71; Innes on *Scotch Surnames*; Skene's *Celtic Scotland*, vols. i. and ii.; Stewart's *Gaelic Kingdom in Scotland*, p. 19; Douglas' *Baronage of Scotland*; Macleay's *Highlanders of Scotland*, p. 133; Robertson's *Historical Proofs on the Highlanders*, pp. 267, 306; *The Dean of Lismore's Book*, pp. 112, 114, 125, 143; *New Statistical Account of Perthshire* (Killin), p. 1085; *Register of the Privy Council of Scotland*, vol. i., p. 136, vol. 3, iii., p. 24.

*THE CLAN MACNAB—ITS HISTORY AND  
TRADITIONS.—Part 2d.*

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Haste me to know it; that I, with wings as swift  
As meditation, or the thoughts of love,  
May sweep to my revenge.

*Hamlet.*

THE fifth Finlay Macnab of that Ilk had, according to the traditionary story, a family of twelve sons, all of them stalwart and athletic fellows—of the weakest of whom it was said (what Roy Roy also boasted of one of his sons) that he could “drive a dirk through a two inch board.” But the eldest, whose name was John, surpassed all his brothers in stature, strength, and hardihood, and moreover was so harsh and hirsute in his aspect, and of manners so rough, that he acquired the ironical soubriquet of *Ian mion Mac-an-Aba*—“Smooth John Macnab,” by which he was familiarly called. The twelve brothers had all grown to manhood, and were distinguished for their courage and valour as true Highlanders. Had such heroes lived earlier, they would have won undying laurels at the Battle of Glenboultachan. That decisive victory was one of the most cherished memories of the Clan, inspiring emulation of the achievements which turned the day. Stories of the fight were still common around the winter firesides in Glendochart, and in the hall of Kinnell, animating eager youth to follow in the steps of their fathers. Kinnell was the seat of the chief, and was built on a promontory at the head of Loch Tay; while in the vicinity stood the hoary remains of a Druidical circle, a storm-beaten monument of more rude and barbarous times. Long had the name of Neish ceased in the country around Loch Earn, but eventually rumours arose, which were soon confirmed, that a handful of the Clan, a small band of fierce and desperate miscreants, under the command of an old man, had taken up their quarters, as caterans or freebooters, in

the little round island near the foot or east end of the lake. There are two islands in Loch Earn—one at each end. The eastern islet is undoubtedly of artificial formation, being one of those *crannoges*, or lake-dwellings, which the aboriginal inhabitants of Scotland constructed in several of their lochs, to be used as places of refuge and defence in perilous times. Even in the seventeenth century, the crannoge of Loch-an-Eilean, in Strathspey, is described as “useful to the country in time of troubles or wars, for the people put in their goods and children here, and it is easily defended.” Such insular retreats were known in some parts of Eastern Europe in the days of Herodotus: and they are to be seen in the lakes of Switzerland. Fully two-thirds of the surface of the crannoge in Loch Earn were covered with ruins of ancient buildings, surrounded with trees and dense underwood, mixed with fruit bushes, growing down to the water’s edge. The ruins were perhaps partly those of some sort of stronghold which the early lake-dwellers had erected for their security, but which, in later times, had been turned into a more modern fortalice. It is said that the Lairds of Ardvorlich once held this “easter isle;” but in the end of the fifteenth century it was in the hands of the Drummonds; for, at Linlithgow, on 9th January, 1490, before James IV. and the Lords of Council, John, Lord Drummond, became bound, “within 15 days fra this day forth, to gar cast down the house of the Easter Isle of Loch Earn, and destroy all the strengths of the same, and tak away the boat, and put her to the Wester Isle.” Lord John fulfilled his word: the strength was dismantled: and it was among the grass-grown ruins that the Neishes harboured when they came to the island; but they did what they could to make for themselves a habitable abode: and as they possessed the only boat on the lake, the place seemed inaccessible to an enemy. Sallying out, as occasion served, by day or night, they committed spoliation and ravage wherever they chose, returning with their plunder to the isle, where they feasted in safety, the deep waters barring all pursuit.

The Macnabs heard of all this, but as nothing of theirs was pillaged, they had no cause to complain. At length, however, in an evil hour, the marauders kindled the old feud into a flame.

It happened that Finlay, the Chief, desirous of entertaining a company of friends, in the house of Kinnell, at an approaching Christmas-tide, despatched a servant to Crieff, a few days before the festival, to purchase and bring home a sufficient supply of such provisions, &c., as would be requisite. The man performed his mission, and was on his way back with the goods, when he was intercepted by some of the Neish band, and despoiled of all his stock, which was a windfall of no ordinary kind to the robbers. He remonstrated with them on the utter folly of their conduct, and the risk they ran; but they, grown reckless by the impunity with which they had hitherto carried on their depredations, laughed him to scorn, and, telling him that he ought to bless his stars that his life was spared, they dismissed him on his road, empty-handed, and dubious whether or not his master would rate him for remissness in the mischance. The Neishes made off towards their island; but ere they gained the banks of the loch, they were suddenly met by an aged crone, wild in face and deformed in figure, who dwelt alone in a neighbouring glen, and enjoyed the reputation of being a witch, with the elements and powers of Fate at her command. The caterans had always taken pains to propitiate her favour; for her evil word and her spells were held in general dread: and so they saluted her, and displaying their plunder, and, telling her how it came, offered her a share; when, to their astonishment, she rejected the present with the strongest tokens of repugnance. The thieves asked her why she did so. "Beware, sons of Neish!" she exclaimed, in ominous tones, while she pointed her finger to the boat anchored at the near shore in charge of a boy belonging to the band: "beware of the time when there will be *two* boats en Looch Earn!" And so saying she hurried from the spot, looking once or twice over her shoulder,



and shaking her head. But her warning produced little effect; for the time when there would be two boats on the lake might be far distant. The marauders crossed the water to their islet, and set about preparing or a feast on their spoil.

About the close of day the weary messenger of Macnab arrived at Kinnell, and told what had befallen him. Finlay and his sons were transported with rage on hearing the story,—not so much, perhaps, for what had been lost, as because the robbers were of the detested race of Neish. Yet what could be done? How could they reach the villains in their insular den? The Chief went out to the courtyard to try to compose his wrathful emotions, that he might be able to consider as to what was practicable in the circumstances. His twelve sons seated themselves at the table in the hall, moody and silent, but each striving to frame in his own mind some effective means of vengeance. It was near the time of the evening meal; but the house had run short of victuals, pending the expected supply from Crieff; and the sight of the scanty fare which the servants now spread on the board only served to exasperate the brothers all the more. Evening gathered, and their father who had been perambulating the court, chewing the cud of bitter fancies, strode back into the hall, and with somewhat of a reproachful glance in his fiery eye, as it fell on his stout sons, he said, with a touch of reproach, too, in his tone—“*Bhì'n oidh an oidhch, na'm bu ghillean na gillean,*”—or, in English—“The night is the night, if lads were but lads.” He added no more, but went out with folded arms, leaving the lads of Glendochart to divine what hidden meaning lurked in his oracular utterance. But they were no dullards, and the thirst for revenge sharpened their wits. They looked at each other, passed a few significant words, and simultaneously starting from table, proceeded to arm themselves with their claymores, dirks, and pistols. Fully accoutred, they crossed the courtyard without encountering their father, and hastened down to a creek at the side of

Loch Tay, where a boat lay moored, which was used by the family for pleasure-sailing and fishing on the lake. The lads beached the boat, and hoisted it, along with its oars, upon their brawny shoulders, and thus burdened, marched away in a southerly direction. The night was dark—only now and then a few stars breaking out through the cloudy heavens: but the moon would soon rise and scatter the gloom. On the lads plodded without a pause, for long miles, and after they had threaded the narrow and winding pass that leads to Glentarkin, a mountain stream, rushing on its course, served to lead them to the banks of Loch Earn.

They approached the lower end of the lake in silence. Inconstant gusts of wintry wind stirred the waters, and the plash of breaking waves was heard along the lone shores. The moon was up, but shrouded in drifting masses of vapour, and only diffused a faint, uncertain light, which dimly revealed the gloomy and troubled breast of the loch, and the shadowy hills that girdled it round, and the islet that seemed like a dark rock, with the billows chafing on its sides. The lads set down their boat on the strand, where the withered leaves were blowing about and whirling in fairy dances to the music of their own weird rustle. The craft was quietly launched, and the Macnabs stepped on board, and rowed out softly towards the isle. Entering a small creek, hidden amid a thick growth of bushes, they came upon the robbers' boat, alongside of which they moored their own, and then passed over to the bank. They stole, on tiptoe and with bated breath, to the dilapidated den of the caterans, and observed a dull red glimmer in one of the small window-boles, which was partly stuffed with a wisp of straw. Smooth John peered cautiously through this aperture, and saw a dying fire, the embers of which shed a feeble glow upon the ragged and uncouth figure of an old Highlander, with locks and beard as white as the snow that crowned Ben Vorlich, seated on the ground, fast asleep, with his back at the wall, and his head drooping on his breast. A flagon, a broken bottle, and a wooden quaich or two, scattered about the

floor, shewed that the gang had held deep revelry over their exploit; but now all of them were sunk in drunken slumbers, stupified with gluttony and debauch, stretched here and there on beds of heath and straw. John searched about till he found the door, which proving to be fastened, he knocked at it with the pommel of his drawn claymore. The sound stirred the faculties of the old freebooter: it awoke him, and he lifted his head languidly, rubbed his eyes, and stared confusedly about him, half-thinking that he had been deceived by a dream. Macnab repeated his knock; and the freebooter immediately called out—"Who is that at the door?"

John answered in the genuine Scots fashion, by putting another question—"Co bhù dorra leat a' bhi ann?"—Who would you like *worst* were there?

The robber seemed to lack power to rise from the ground: he trembled violently, and replied in weak and faltering accents—"Ian mion Mac-an-Aba"—Smooth John Macnab.

"Ay," responded John, with a Highland curse: "and if he has hitherto been *smooth*, you'll find him *rough* enough for this one night!"

He instantly struck the door a furious blow with his foot, splintering the frail timbers and bursting the bar. He rushed in, followed by his brothers. While the old savage was struggling to gain his feet, John clutched him by his matted locks, twisted his hand in the hair, and pulling the head towards him, struck it off with one powerful sweep of his broadsword. His brethren raked together the expiring fire, and kindled up a transient flame to light them to their deadly work: then they turned, like ravening wolves, upon the besotted sleepers, and despatched them with cold steel and pistol-shots where they lay huddled. The scene was frightful,—the floor strewed with quivering corpses and running with blood. Still, one of the band—a young boy—escaped the slaughter. More alert than his companions, he had hidden himself beneath a heap of heath, and so contrived to elude the ken of the Macnabs, lying concealed till they departed. Nor did they tarry long. Their ven-

geance being sated to the full, they quitted the house of death, and, unmooring their boat, rowed to the shore. Having landed, they lifted the vessel on their shoulders, and commenced their homeward journey; but the boat became burdensome, and they, eager to reach Kinnell with the news of their triumph as speedily as possible, abandoned the vessel on a hill-side, and went on without it, intending to return and bring it away at another time. It was broad day when they entered the hall of Kinnell, where their father was sitting, in a brown study, spreading his hands to and fro before the cheerful blaze on the hearth. Smooth John drew the ghastly head of old Neish from beneath his plaid, and set it on the table, exclaiming—“*Na biodh fiongh cirbh!*”—“Be in fear for nothing, or Dread nought.” The Chief gazed for a moment on the grim and savage trophy, the writhen features of which were unknown to him, and then he sprang up in a wild ecstasy of joy, ejaculating—“Ay, ay, the night *was* the night, and the lads *are* the lads!” The piper was summoned and blew the note of victory, and soon the whole vale of Glendochart resounded with shouts of exultation.

Thus we have told the traditionary story of the feud of the Neishes and Macnabs, and how it closed. Farther, to perpetuate the memory of the bold attack, the head of old Neish, it is said, was adopted as the crest of Macnab, with the motto *Dread-nought*. The young boy who survived the massacre betook himself to a life of honest industry. He left descendants in Strathearn and Strathallan, who were called by the name of *M'Iduie*—that is “Sons of the black-man,” as their predecessor was dark complexioned. The Macnabs never fetched home the boat which they had left on the hill-side: it was allowed to lie and rot there, and “some of its mouldering ribs” were seen on the spot within the last sixty years.\*

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\* Several versions of the above story have been published at intervals from 1823 to 1860. The first one is in “*A Picture of Strathearn*. By John Brown, Teacher of English, Writing, and Accounts, St Fillans, by Comrie. Crieff: Printed for the Author: 1823.” This narrative is

Smooth John Macnab married a daughter of the Laird of Glenlyon, by whom he had a son, named Alexander, and one daughter : and his career can now be traced in history as a gallant adherent of the royalist cause. The Macnabs had fought against Bruce in Strathfillan; but they soon became staunch and steady supporters of the Crown. At the commencement of Montrose's War in Scotland old Finlay sat still, watching events—a prudent course when the Covenanting Campbells were so near him; but his sympathies were with the "gallant Graham" when the Royal Standard was raised in Athole; and after the Battle of Alford was fought, John, by his father's orders, marshalled his Clan, and threw in his lot heartily with the dauntless Cavalier. At Kilsyth, where the Covenanting power was prostrated for the time, the Macnabs aided in achieving the victory. But Montrose's rash expedition to the Border, with an inferior force, lost him all the supremacy he had gained. Surprised at Philiphaugh, his troops were slaughtered and dispersed, and he himself narrowly escaped capture. He retreated northwards; but the loyal Clans could not be so easily gathered as his exigency required; and new musters of the enemy appeared in the field, threatening to surround and overwhelm him. Still his bearing was that of a lion at bay. The Macnabs and Macgregors stood true to their colours; and in the beginning of 1646, while they were hovering about Balquhiddy, they were suddenly attacked by a body of the Campbells and their allies, 1500 strong, and compelled to retreat to the Castle of Ample, which their pursuers forthwith

repeated verbatim in John Shearer's *Antiquities of Perthshire*, printed at Perth in 1836. In the second volume of *Historical Tales of the Wars of Scotland*, published at Edinburgh, about 1840, the story is given ostensibly from "oral traditions of Strathearn;" but there is no essential variation from Shearer's tract, which is also named, though Brown's little volume is not. Another version, dressed up with imaginative details, is embodied in James Grant's romance of *Mary of Lorraine* (1860), occupying chapters 33 and 34. But we have adhered closely to Brown's version, adding historical notices, and from current local tradition, the incident of the witch.

invested, designing after they should reduce the place to invade and devastate the country of Athole, so as to dry up one of the sources from which Montrose obtained succours. Montrose heard of the onfall, and instantly despatched John Drummond, younger of Balloch, and Black Pate of Inchbreakie, at the head of 700 Atholemen, to the relief of the beleaguered castle. On the advance of this reinforcement, the Campbells hurriedly raised the siege, and retired to Callander, whence they were dislodged by Montrose himself. In their disorderly retreat,—for, as Bishop Guthry states, “they fled all like madmen,”—they lost a great number of men, who perished in attempting to pass over a deep morass.

At this juncture, whilst Fortune's balances were still swaying between the contending parties, and no man could say that Montrose was past retrieving all that he had lost,—the young Lord Napier (Montrose's nephew) threw himself into the Castle of Kincardine, along with his cousin, John Drummond younger of Balloch, and Smooth John Macnab, with a company of the Clan, resolving to defend it to extremity.

Kincardine Castle, in the parish of Blackford, had been the seat of the Grahams of Montrose since about the year 1260, when it was acquired, with its lands and others, by Sir David de Graham of Dundaff, through his union with Annabella, sister of Malise, Earl of Strathearn; and which lands were confirmed to Sir David by Alexander III., in a charter, dated at Selkirk, 28th June, 1271, and again by the same King, in a charter, dated at Scone, 13th November, 1285. The Castle was strong both in its massive construction and its position. The buildings, forming a spacious quadrangle, were perched on a detached height, whence the eye scanned the vale of Strathearn and the range of the Ochills. On one side the pile was inaccessible; for there, sheer down the eminence, yawned the deep and romantic Glen of Kincardine, stretching three miles along the northern base of the Ochills, full of trees, and traversed by the Ruthven stream, a tributary of the

Earn. On three sides a dry fosse encompassed the strength: the walls were lofty and of great thickness: the main gate was defended by fortifications and a drawbridge over the ditch: and in the courtyard was a draw-well sunk far into the earth, and yielding an abundant supply of the purest water: so that if the place were well garrisoned and provisioned, it seemed able to defy attack in those days. Beyond the castle, at a short distance, stood an ancient and majestic yew (*Taxus baccata*), one of the oldest in Scotland, called by the peasantry the *Dule Tree of Kincardine*, and also the *Montrose Justice Tree*,—measuring fifteen feet at least in girth at five feet from the ground. It stood, in its evergreen foliage, contrasting markedly with the bleakness and bareness of the landscape around—a living and umbrageous, though, from its aspect and associations, a sombre and mournful, memorial—not, however, of a rural graveyard, “where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,” which, indeed, would have been congenial to its character as a

Cheerless, unsocial plant! that lov’st to dwell  
 ‘Midst skulls and coffins, epitaphs and worms;

but of the days when the Lords of Graham held their baronial courts under its branches (which, perchance, oft supplied stout bows for the archers of the Castle), dealing justice upon malefactors, and consigning them to pit and gallows; and when Kings, too, sate there in royal state, and sealed charters (so tradition said) of grants to nobles. Many an alternation of weal and woe, many a scene of strife and death, had Kincardine’s Dule-tree witnessed since it was a sapling: and it was destined, in its age, to survive the stronghold of Kincardine itself, over which the storm of war was now gathering.

*THE CLAN MACNAB—ITS HISTORY AND  
TRADITIONS.—Part 3d.*

O'er thy own towers the sunshine falls,  
But cannot chase their silent gloom;  
Those beams that gild thy native walls  
Are sleeping on thy tomb !  
Spring on thy mountains laughs the while,  
Thy green woods wave in vernal air,  
But the loved scenes may vainly smile :  
Not e'en thy dust is there.

*Mrs Hemans—"Dirge of a Highland Chief."*

NOT very long before this period of our narrative, the Montrose family had changed their chief residence from Kincardine Castle to the Castle of Mugdock in Strathblane ; but the former edifice was still intact and in a fair state of defence. The garrison took their post with confidence, having sufficiency of provisions and munitions of war. But their courage was soon brought to the test. The Covenanters, as soon as they heard of Lord Napier's occupation of the Castle, instructed one of their commanders in the field, Major-General Sir John Middleton (afterwards a Cavalier of the highest type), to invest the place with a portion of the troops under his command, then lying near Stirling. He took the route at once, and, procuring out of Stirling Castle what cannon he needed, advanced to Kincardine, and began the siege in form. It was now the beginning of March, 1646. Sir John's summons to surrender being disregarded, his batteries opened upon the Castle, the defenders of which replied as vigorously as they could. Not much damage was done on either side. The attack went on for a whole fortnight without any prospect of the stubborn garrison succumbing, until at length an unexpected accident changed their fortune for the worse. They were supplied with water from the deep well in the courtyard ; but owing to the concussion caused by the continued firing of the cannon, the water subsided entirely, so that the soldiers found themselves exposed to all the horrors of thirst. The Castle



being thus rendered untenable, Lord Napier and his friends, on the 15th of March, resolved to attempt breaking through the enemy's lines at night after the moon was set, which would be about the dead hour of twelve. So the sortie was arranged, and the men longed for the fall of evening. Time moved with laggard pace, but evening came. The moon was in the sky, through which broken clouds were scudding before a gusty wind, and the Ochils were alternately kissed by the silvery radiance and enveloped in gloom. The gale howled and whistled in the glen beneath the Castle. The enemy's artillery had ceased at sundown, and now his outposts were stationed, and his watchfires were kindling under cover of inequalities of the ground. Eagerly was the moon's declining path in the firmament watched by the Royalists: and at last, wrapped about with vapour, the pale orb dipped behind the Ochills, and darkness descended on the scene like a pall. Lord Napier and his cousin Balloch, with a young page, named John Graham, who, alone knowing all the paths of the surrounding locality, was constituted as guide, donned morion, buff-coat, and cuirass, and, mounting on fleet horses, emerged from the Castle by a private postern, and, dashing forward at full speed, broke through Middleton's lines, and, though shots were ringing around them, they escaped without a wound.

Smooth John, and his clansmen at his back, now sallied forth sword in hand to cut their way. But Middleton's troops, though they sprang to arms confusedly, soon formed themselves in order, and the Highlanders, as they went rushing on, were faced by close ranks of musketeers and pikemen. The slogan of Macnab mingled with the enemy's shouts and the hurried trumpet-calls and the rattle of drums. A dropping fire of musketry began, the red flashes lighting up the obscurity; and then came the clash of claymore and pike. But the Covenanting cordon was too strong to be broken even by a furious charge. Again and again did the Macnabs throw themselves desperately upon the serried lines; but still the onset was steadily

repulsed. Smooth John and one of his followers broke into the very midst of the enemy, and laid about them with the courage of lions; but their valour was exerted in vain. They were struck down and taken: and on this disaster, the Macnabs relinquished the struggle, and fell back within the defences of the castle. The night passed away without further hostilities, and the chill grey dawn of the March morning revealed the bloody relics of the midnight conflict,—Saxon and Gael stretched together dead and stiff on the trampled sod. The garrison, nearly 50 strong, felt their inability to hold out the Castle any longer, and therefore displayed the white flag, and surrendered at discretion. General Middleton marched in and took possession, and then selecting twelve of the prisoners, ordered them to be tied to posts and immediately shot, while the rest, 35 in number, with Smooth John and his fellow-captive, he designed to send to Edinburgh, there to be dealt with as his masters should decree. The deadly fusillade over, the Castle was thoroughly sacked, and finally consigned to the flames; and the spoilers beheld with grim delight the progress of the conflagration, which reduced the ancient and stately pile to blackened, reeking ruins.

For many years after the burning, the ruins were gradually diminished by the country people carrying off quantities of the stones for building purposes, until only some meagre fragments of the walls remained to mark the spot and indicate the extent of the edifice. The draw-well in the courtyard is choked up with rubbish; but the tradition goes among the peasantry of the neighbourhood that, if the well were cleared out, the silver plate of the Montrose family, which was thrown in for concealment during the old troubles, would be found at the bottom; and the belief is supported by the fact that occasionally some small gold trinkets have been picked up about the place. Superstition long averred that when calamity was impending over the house of Montrose, a spectral lady, arrayed in "fatal green," appeared, by the wan moonlight, gliding

slowly among the ruins! The *Dule-tree* outlived the destruction of Kincardine, and indeed seemed to be endowed with a charmed life: for, at one time, about a quarter of a century ago, when its doom was to all appearance irrevocably sealed, it survived the fiat of fate. To get it cleared away as a cumberer of the ground, it was sold to the wright of an adjacent hamlet; but when he came to cut it down, he found himself completely baffled; for the edge of his hatchet and the teeth of his saw proved ineffectual upon the iron-hardness of the trunk; and the old *Justice Tree*, which had weathered the storms of centuries, was allowed a further prolongation of its existence.\*

The Kincardine prisoners were conveyed to Edinburgh, and immured in the Tolbooth to await their fate, which probably they expected to be death; for scant mercy was being shown by the predominant party to those followers of Montrose who had the bad luck to fall into their hands. John Macnab was brought to trial for having fought in the Royalist ranks, and was condemned to the scaffold; but on the night before his intended execution, he contrived to break out of prison. He escaped to the Highlands, and obtained refuge there, though the malice of his enemies still pursued him. His house of Eilan-rowan was burned to the ground, and his property ravaged. "His house of Illandin-ran, &c.," says a Macnab manuscript of the time, "with all

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\* What price the tree brought when sold we have not heard. But it may be interesting to notice here that by the ancient Laws of Wales a "consecrated" or church-yard yew was rated higher than any other species of tree, though a common yew was valued much cheaper. This was the Welsh scale of prices, viz.:-

"A consecrated yew, its value is a pound.

An oak, its value is six score pence.

A mistletoe branch, its value is three score pence.

Thirty pence is the value of every principal branch in the oak.

Three score pence is the value of every sweet apple-tree.

Thirty pence is the value of a sour apple-tree.

Fifteen pence is the value of a wood yew tree.

Seven pence halfpenny is the value of a thorn tree.

Four pence is the value of every tree after that."

the writs and evidents, were burned, or carried off; all his tenants, cottars, and followers' houses fared the same, and all their cattle were taken away. His wife and children were dispossessed with his old father, the above-designed Finlay." It was Smooth John's destiny, however, again to fight, and finally to fall, under the royal banner. Charles II. arrived in Scotland, and was crowned at Scone, and armies were summoned to the field to support him on the throne against the English Regicides. The hero of the Island of Loch Earn led his clansmen to the national muster, and accompanied the King's forces in the invasion of England. At Worcester was decided whether Charles or Cromwell should rule: and Smooth John Macnab fell in the battle which proved so disastrous to the royal cause,—leaving in his distant Highland home a widow with a son and a daughter, the boy being only about four years of age. Far from the pine-clad isle of the Dochart reposed the remains of him whose strong hand smote the Neishes.

Misfortune after misfortune befel the house of Macnab. Old Finlay, the Chief, was still alive, though tottering on the brink of the grave; and he had suffered much for his loyalty. His powerful neighbours, the Campbells of Glenurchy, who supported the side of the Covenant, had also suffered in the troubles,—their lands having been harried by Montrose's soldiers: and so, when Sir Robert of Glenurchy found a favourable opportunity, he procured authority to lay hands upon most of the Macnab possessions, by way of compensation for his own losses. This opportunity occurred immediately on the establishment of the Commonwealth. In the Cavalier insurrection, under the Earl of Glencairn, which arose in 1653 among the Highlanders, the Macnabs apparently had no share, and the rising, ill-conducted from the outset, was soon suppressed. By this time, however, old Finlay had paid the debt of nature, and Smooth John's widow and her two children were without a protector. "Glenurchy being in the opposite party," says the manuscript already quoted, "makes application to Monk and the States by petition,

setting forth the losses he had sustained by MacNab, his clan and followers. To indemnify him he got and kept possession of them"—the Macnab lands—"until the Restoration." Meanwhile, the widow, hard pressed by the necessities of her condition, presented a supplication to General Monk, detailing the wrongs which she and her children endured, and craving some provision for their support out of their own property, which was unjustly withheld from them. Monk, finding that the lady had done nothing amiss against his Government, wrote a letter to the officer in command of the Round-head garrison at Finlarig, in the following terms:—

I do hereby declare that it was not intended by my order for repairing the Laird of Glenurchy's losses by the Macnabs out of their estates, that the same should extend to the molesting and intermeddling with the estates of any of the Macnabs who live peaceably; and, forasmuch as I understand that the widow of the Laird of Macnab hath lived peaceably, you are hereby authorised, and I desire, in case any vexation be offered by the outing or dispossessing of the said widow or her children of the said lands, or anything that belongs to them, under colour of the said order, to preserve the rights that to them belong, as if the said order had never been made, and to enter and receive them into their lands: and this favour also is to be extended for Archibald Macnab of Acharne.

Given under my hand and seal at Dalkeith,  
18th January, 1654-55.

GEORGE MONK.

To Captain Gascoigne, Governor of Finlarig.

But this letter is said to have had no substantial effect in favour of the petitioners, and not until the Restoration were the appropriated or sequestered lands restored, on the application of the widow and her son to the Scottish Government. It has been remarked by General Stewart of Garth, in his *Sketches of the Highlanders*, that up to the date of his book (1822), the Clan Macnab had "preserved what remained of their estates since the reign of Robert Bruce, although completely surrounded by the lands of the Campbells of Glenorchy, to whom the Macnab estates would have been a great and tempting acquisition; but the thing was never tried." It was tried and carried out to some extent, however, in the days of the Commonwealth.

Smooth John's son, Alexander, married a daughter of Sir Alexander Menzies of Weem, and had a son and heir, Robert, who succeeded his father as Chief of Macnab. In his time the old grudge between the Macnabs and the Breadalbane Campbells was made up; for he obtained the hand of Anne, sister of the Earl of Breadalbane. Of the children of this marriage, two sons survived—John and Archibald. John, the elder son, chose the military profession, and entered the British service as an officer in the 42d Regiment. He was present in Cope's army at the Battle of Prestonpans, and was taken prisoner by the Rebels, who sent him, along with others, for safe custody to Doune Castle, where he was kept for a considerable time. His brother, Archibald, also got a commission in the same Regiment, and went with his corps to the Continent. But although the Chief of Macnab and his sons were adherents of King George, the majority of their clansmen remained steadfast in their loyalty to the house of Stuart, and went out in the '45, under the command of Alistair Macnab of Innisewan and Archibald Macnab of Dundurn, two cadets of the family, and were conjoined with the Duke of Perth's Regiment, of which another kinsman, Alexander Macnab of Dundurn, was Ensign; while the other part of the Clau joined a body of Breadalbane men under Campbell of Glenlyon. After the Rebellion, and when the Duke of Cumberland's troops were in occupation of the country, Alistair Macnab of Innisewan was lurking as a fugitive among his native hills. One day a party of the Argyle militia, garrisoned in Finlarig, were despatched to destroy the house of Coire Chaorach, near Benmore. They executed their orders by setting fire to the house, which they left enveloped in smoke, and took the way to their quarters. After marching some distance, they looked back, and perceived to their disappointment that the fire had failed to catch on the mansion, and was smouldering out. The officer sent back a man to rekindle the conflagration. But Innisewan, who was looking on from his hiding-place on the other side of the glen, and was armed with

a favourite rifle (four feet long, octagonal in the bore, and with a recess in the stock to hold bullets), divining the soldier's errand, fired at him, and shot him dead. Seeing the fate of their comrade, the whole detachment turned and came running down to the bank of the river; but three shots from Macnab's gun stretched three of them on the ground. He then clambered up the rocks, and, gaining a better vantage-ground, fired other three shots, which proved fatal to as many of the enemy. The rest of the soldiers were panicstruck, and retreated as fast as possible out of the range of so deadly a marksman.\*

To return to the two brothers in the 42nd Regiment:—John's military career seems to have been comparatively short; but not so that of Archibald, who fought under the British colours both in Europe and America. He was on the heights of Abraham, when Wolfe fell in the arms of victory: and he served all through the American War of Independence. At the close of hostilities, he was promoted to be a Lieutenant-General, and he also obtained the Colonelcy of the 41st or Welsh Regiment. He died at Edinburgh in 1791, and was interred in the aisle of the Dochart. His elder brother John, the Chief,

\* The rifle used by Innisewan on this occasion passed subsequently into the hands of the Glenurchy poet, Duncan Ban Macintyre, who refers to it by the name of *Nic-Coisean*, in his fine poem of "Ben-dourain"—the Otter Mount. He has also a poem, "To his Musket;" but this was another gun, which he carried on entering the Edinburgh Town Guard. He says:—

Nic-Coisean I've forsaken quite,  
Altho' she liveth still at ease—  
And allow the crested stags to fight  
And wander wheresoe'er they please.

When needy folks are pinch'd, alas!  
For money in a great degree;  
Ah, George's daughter—generous lass—  
Ne'er lets my pockets empty be.

But "George's daughter," the Guard musket, brought the contented bard only sixpence a-day. The old rifle, in 1843, was in the possession of Mr Sinclair, tenant of Inverchagernie, who also had another relic of Innisewan, being a celebrated bottle of his, "containing nine gallons," called "The Bachelor," and which "was long in use at Kinnell."

was wedded to the sister of Buchanan of Arnprior, and of this marriage came the son and heir, Francis, who, during a long life, rendered himself one of the most notable men of the day, by a peculiar turn of character as "the last relic of the ancient, stern, feudal system—*vere ultimus Gothorum.*" Who has not heard of the humours of the Laird of Macnab? Not that he was consciously humorous: the exact reverse was the fact; but his whole habits and demeanour, stiffened with transcending pride and self-assertion, and his eccentric modes of thought and expression, were highly provocative of genuine fun. In person, Francis was one of the giants of a race famed for great stature, and when clad in the garb of old Gaul, he presented a splendid figure of the Highland Chief of the old school. He died a bachelor at Callander, on 25th May, 1816, in his 82nd year, and was laid with his fathers in Innis-Buie. His full-length portrait in the uniform of the Breadalbane Volunteers is in Taymouth Castle. ~~After his death,~~ graphic sketches of his oddities appeared in the *Literary Gazette*, and latterly in *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*; nor has Dean Ramsay, in the *Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character*, forgotten his name.

Francis was succeeded by his nephew, Archibald, as Chief. But by this time the Macnab estates were overburdened with debt; and Archibald had to bring them to sale for behoof of the creditors. The clansmen, too, were forsaking their old country, where the bones of their fathers lay, and seeking new homes in a distant clime. In the early part of the century a goodly number emigrated to Canada. These were followed, in 1817, by about 300 more: and in 1821, the Chief himself and many others crossed the Atlantic. After a long absence, however, Archibald returned to Europe in 1853, and died in France in 1860, aged 83,—leaving a daughter, Sophia Frances,—so that he was the last Chief of the direct male line.

All that remains of the lands of Macnab is the sepulchral island in the Dochart. Besides the two flat gravestones within the inclosure is an upright stone to

in 200  
 in 200  
 in 200



the memory of Mr Colin Macnab of Suie, who died in April, 1832 : and upon a mural tablet is this inscription :—

In memory of a man, an honour to his name, Lieutenant Allan Macnab, 92d Regiment, who, after serving his country in Holland, Portugal, and Spain, at last, on the field of Almeida, gloriously fell, 5th May, 1811. This stone has been erected by his affectionate cousin, Archibald Macnab.

In 1837, the funeral of Mrs Macnab of Strathearn took place here.

The principal cadets of the house of Macnab were the Macnabs of Dundurn, Acharn, Newton, Cowie, and Innisewan. Of the Dundurn branch came Sir Allan Napier Macnab of Canada. The chieftainship is claimed by the descendants of some of the above branches.

Mr Pennant, in his *Tour* of 1769, mentions that in Glenurchy “dwells M’Nabb, a smith, whose family have lived in that humble station since the year 1440, being always of the same profession. The first of the line was employed by the lady of Sir Duncan Campbell, who built the castle of Kilchurn when her husband was absent. Some of their tombs are in the churchyard of Glenurghie; the oldest has a hammer and other implements of his trade cut on it.” And General Stewart, in his *Sketches* (1822), states that “at Inch Ewan, in Breadalbane, a family of the name of Macnab occupied the same farm, for nearly four centuries, till within these few years, the last occupier resigned.”\*

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\* Bishop Guthry's *Memoirs*, pp. 213-215; Napier's *Life and Times of Montrose*, p. 410; Grant's *Memoirs of Montrose*, pp. 308-312; *New Statistical Account of Perthshire* (Killin), p. 1089; *Perthshire Illustrated: 1844*, p. 117; Pennant's *Tour in Scotland*, vol. i., p. 237; Stewart's *Sketches of the Highlanders of Scotland*, vol. i., p. 80; Anderson's *Scottish Nation*, vol. iii., pp. 51-53.

**GIPSY LIFE AND ADVENTURE IN PERTH-SHIRE.—Part 1st.**

Few things more sweetly vary civil life  
Than a barbarian, savage, Tinkler tale.

*Professor Wilson.*

THE dictum of Christopher North will sufficiently justify our turning to a subject which possesses so many attractions to many readers—namely, that of Gipsy life and adventure. A writer in *Temple Bar* says that “when we read of the Gipsies, with their King and their Queen, and their free and fetterless life, a feeling akin to enthusiasm is kindled in the mind.” This gives us the one side of the picture, painted in glowing colours. But it was under the spell of no such sentimentalism that Robert Heron, the historian, classed the Gipsies “among those savage animals which increasing population and order expel or exterminate.” Here we have romance and reality in juxtaposition, seeming to be diametrically opposed, yet not essentially so when we look beneath the surface of things. We all know that wild romance and deep mystery hang about that strange, roaming, homeless race, whose remote progenitors (as has been imagined, amid a host of suppositions) may have witnessed, if they did not actually assist at, the building of the Pyramids of Egypt, and the erection of the inscrutable Sphinx and Memnon’s vocal head,—and who may have shared the exodus of the Children of Israel, as part of the “mixed multitude” that went up with them out of the land of bondage: a race, we say, who have forgotten their origin and their religion, but though wanderers and vagabonds on the face of all the earth, still remaining a distinct and peculiar people, with language and customs of their own, and actuated by an invincible repugnance to adopt the manners and ways of life of any of the nations amongst whom they dwell as nomades. That the Gipsies came from the far East is certain: and, putting various theories aside,

Hindustan is generally assigned as their native land, where probably they formed a tribe of one of the lowest castes. It is farther conjectured that they were driven from India by the mighty wave of Tartar invasion, in Timour Beg's day, and that they passed into Persia, and thence onwards to Egypt, from which their next stage was Europe. Late in the fourteenth century the dark-eyed swarthy faces appeared in Christendom, cunningly giving themselves out as Egyptian pilgrims—Christians, indeed, who had first been forced by Saracen cruelty to renounce their faith, and then were expelled from their country. Peoples, princes, kings, and even the Head of the Church, in his infallibility, were deceived by the specious tale. Some of the pilgrims went to Rome, and presented themselves before the reigning Pontiff, who, it is said, enjoined them, in expiation of their compulsory renunciation of the Christian religion, the congenial penance of seven years' wanderings over the world, without ever lying in a bed. When this term expired, they found another excuse for their vagrant habits, in a pretended curse similar to that which clung to the Wandering Jew. Their forefathers had refused help and hospitality to Joseph and Mary when they fled into Egypt, with the infant Jesus, to elude the fury of Herod the Great, and for this churlishness the whole tribe, and subsequent generations, were doomed to wander from land to land,—rather a plausible story in that credulous age, as it seemed to accord with Ezekiel's prophecy—"And I will scatter the Egyptians among the nations, and will disperse them through the countries" (Ezekiel, cap. xxix., 12; cap. xxx., 26). The Gipsies became known by different designations. In their own tongue they were *Rommany*—"The husbands." In Spain, they seem to have called themselves *Zincali*,—"The Black Men of Zend, or Ind;" while the Spaniards named them *Gitanos*; and in Italy they were *Zingari*; in Germany, *Zigeuner*; in France, *Bohemians*; and amongst ourselves, *Egyptians* or *Gipsies*. A mysterious and mystery-loving people,—without any apparent religious impressions or knowledge of a Daity,

—they dealt in “destiny’s dark counsels,” telling fortunes by palmistry and other modes; but not by astrology, as they knew nothing of astral and planetary science. It is believed that Europe is indebted to them for the introduction of cards and card-playing. Competent authorities hold that cards were of Oriental origin, and came with the Gipsies, instead of being invented to divert the lunacy of a French king; but those brought by the Gipsies from afar were what are called *Tarots*, which, from the figures and symbols they bore being wholly diverse from the present style, were well adapted for purposes of divination as well as for mere amusement. To their other accomplishments, the Gipsies added the knowledge of compounding love and hate philtres, and also poisons. They subsisted chiefly on plunder: they cherished fierce and revengeful passions: they cared for no law: and thus, living like Ishmaelites, they were soon treated as such in almost every civilized clime.

After spreading themselves over the Continent, the dreamy-eyed, swarthy faces, with their divinations, and their stories of Egypt, and their predatory habits and savage life, were seen in England towards the end of the fifteenth century. Once there, glances were cast northward, and speedily a roving band, ragged and outlandish, crossed the Border. The King of Scots, James IV., and his people, were struck with wonder, not unmixed with awe, at the sight of the strangers, and, probably ill-informed of their desperate character and misdeeds in foreign countries, treated them with high respect and generous kindness. On the 14th July, 1492, the Lord High Treasurer entered in his Accounts a sum of 4s as paid to Peter Ker, a messenger, to pass to the King, who was at the Hunthall of Glenfinlas or Glenartney (where he was wont to resort, for the chase, at that season of the year), to get Letters subscribed to “the King of Rowmais”—probably Letters of protection or safe-conduct to enable the Gipsies to traverse the kingdom. Five days afterwards—on 19th July—a sum of £20 was paid “to the King of Rowmais’

messenger, at the King's command." In 1502, there are entries relative to the "King of Greece," and a "Knight of Greece;" but those personages may not have been Gipsies. But the next notice has no dubiety about it. On 22nd April, 1505, the Treasurer paid £7 "to the Egyptians, by the King's command." The goodwill and favour of James was still further manifested. In 1506, a considerable band of the crafty strangers arrived in the country, under a leader calling himself Anthony Gavino, Earl of Little Egypt; and for some months they sojourned quietly, keeping up their assumed character of distressed Christian exiles and pilgrims. Eventually, as they professed themselves desirous of passing from Scotland across the North Sea to Denmark, King James directed a letter to be written in his name to his maternal uncle, the King of Denmark, recommending the wanderers to his protection, when they should set foot on his shores. The epistle was in Latin, but reads thus in the translation :—

*Most Illustrious Prince:*—Anthony Gavino, Earl of Little Egypt, along with his company, an afflicted and miserable race of men, in the progress of his peregrination round the Christian world, undertaken, as he affirms, by order of the Pope, hath at length reached the borders of our kingdom, and entreated that, out of our royal humanity, he might be permitted, with his goods, chattels, and company, to travel through our territories, where he may find some refuge for his helpless fortunes and miserable subjects. You may believe that a request of this kind, proceeding from the unfortunate, could not be refused; and accordingly, after having lived here for several months, comporting himself, as I am informed, after a conscientious and Catholic fashion, he is now preparing, my excellent King and uncle, to pass over to Denmark. Before crossing the sea, however, he hath requested our letters, by which your Highness might not only be informed of the truth of these particulars, but might, also, be moved to extend your kindness and munificence towards relieving the calamities of this people. Yet, as the kingdom of your Highness is nearer to Egypt than our dominions, and as there must, consequently, be a greater resort of these people within your territories, than to these our realms, it follows that the fate, manners, and extraction of these Egyptian wanderers must be more familiar to your Highness than to ourselves. Farewell, most illustrious Prince.

In all likelihood, the wily Earl and his company em-

barked on their northern voyage, laughing in their sleeves, we may suppose, at the success of their imposture. Nothing more is heard of the race in Scotland for almost a quarter of a century, until the year 1530, when James V. was on the throne. On 25th May, the Lord Treasurer gave 40s "to the Egyptians that danced before the King in Holyroodhouse." Other entries may perhaps refer to the same fraternity. On 23d August, same year, £50 was paid to the servant of "King Cristall:" and on 16th July, 1532, "the King of Cipir"—evidently Cyprus—got the sum of £100. It seems most remarkable that at this period the Gipsies should still retain favour in Scotland, seeing that in 1530 the English Parliament passed an Act for the expulsion from the kingdom of the "outlandish people calling themselves Egyptians," who had gone about cozening on pretence of telling fortunes by palmistry, and had also committed "many and heinous felonies and robberies." They must have been behaving better in Scotland; or perhaps the Scots now overlooked what faults they had, out of a feeling of antagonism to the English. Doubtless many of the proscribed race flocked across the Border; and James V., like his father, treated the refugees with marked consideration, which would show that hitherto the Gipsy bands had not grossly outraged law and order in Scotland. In 1540 their leader here was "John Faw, Lord and Earl of Little Egypt;" and to him King James granted a precept or letter, dated 26th May, empowering all the Magistrates of the realm "to assist to him in execution of justice upon his company and folks, conform to the laws of Egypt, and in punishing of all them that rebels against him"—that is to say, all offences committed by the Gipsies amongst themselves were to be cognizable by their own Lord, and not by any Scottish Judge. This writ, however, did not prevent the rise of mutiny in the Gipsy camp. "Sebastian Lalow, Egyptian, one of the said John's company," and eleven confederates, suddenly absconded, purloining and taking with them money, jewels, and goods not their own property; wherefore King James,

at Falkland, on the 15th February, 1540-41, granted another letter, under the Privy Seal, directing all magistrates, as before, to assist the said John in pursuing and helping him to punish the fugitives. But Sebastian and his companions had much to say in their own defence, and both parties carried their recriminations before the King, whose eyes the dispute served to clear of the Gipsy "glamour," so that he was able to see what mischief resulted from harbouring a pack of inveterate rogues. The Lords of Council took the whole matter in hand, and dealt with it. They, on 6th June, 1541, considering the complaints given in to the King by John Faw and Sebastian Lowlaw against each other; "and that it is agreed among them to pass hame, and to have the same decided before the Duke of Egypt:" and, further, "understanding perfectly the great thefts and scathes done by the said Egyptians upon our Sovereign Lord's lieges, wherever they come or resort:" therefore, the Provosts and Bailies of Edinburgh, St Johnstoun, Dundee, and other burghs, and the Sheriffs of shires, were ordained to make proclamations at the market-crosses, commanding and charging all Egyptians "to depart furth of this realm, with their wives, bairns, and companies, within thirty days after they be charged thereto, under the pain of death." Such was the first Scottish proclamation against the Gipsies, eleven years after they were formally expelled from the sister kingdom. Did the tribe obey the order, and seek another land of pilgrimage? Not they, indeed. They saw around them heaths and moors, hills and glens, thick forests, and wide stretches of thinly-inhabited country, to which they could resort, holding proclamations cheap, and overawing everybody. Subsistence they obtained, partly by the strong hand, and partly by petty working in metals. They generally kept themselves as a terror to the rural districts; but ever evincing this one good quality in their nature, that, while they rarely forgave an injury, they never forgot a benefit done to them, and would repay it, when occasion offered, though after the lapse of long years. As

the old ballad of "The Brave English Gypsy" expresses it—

We bear this honest mind  
 To love all friends are kind:  
 Our foes we can requite  
 With hatred and despight;  
 For we can plague our mortal foe,  
 Yet he the actors never know.

In the year 1553, the Gipsies, still roving about in Scotland, were under a "Captain," named Andrew Faw, who, with his three sons and other Egyptians, was guilty of the slaughter of Ninian Smaill, servant to John Lard, smith. The crime was committed in the town of Linton; but as it was done "upon suddenty,"—in a chance and sudden brawl,—all the parties implicated obtained a respite from any action or charge thereanent for the space of nineteen years to come.

The troubled state of Scotland during the Reformation epoch diverted the attention of successive Governments from the Gipsies, whose numbers steadily increased, and they were joined by many vagrants and felons of the country, who had been leading similar lives. But in 1573, shortly after the reins of power were grasped by the firm hand of the Regent Morton, measures were adopted to free the country of this pest. The Regent and Privy Council on 30th April, denounced the "vagabond, idle, and counterfeit people of divers nations falsely named Egyptians, living in stowth and other unlawful means," and ordered them to quit the realm betwixt and the first day of May ensuing; after which term, all who should be found were to be imprisoned for eight days, and then scourged through the town or parish, "and so to be imprisoned and scourged fra parish to parish till they be utterly removed furth of this realm." The edict seems to have had no effect; for it was renewed in 1576, and to as little purpose. An Act of Parliament in 1579 condemned the Egyptians for deceiving the people by pretending to "tell their wierds, deaths, and fortunes:" and they were included in other statutes passed in 1592, 1597, and 1600. Sometimes the Gipsies were



accused of crimes more heinous than fortune-telling, theft, and robbery. It was said that they made merchandise of the slow-poisoning art. Lady Fowlis was charged at her trial, in 1590, with having sent a messenger "to the Egyptians, to have knowledge of them how to poison the young Laird of Fowlis and the young Lady Balnagowan." When we come to the seventeenth century we find the Executive, fortified by additional law and proclamations, still waging war against the wanderers. To "follow the Egyptians" was a punishable offence. In 1610, an Edinburgh girl, named Elizabeth Warrok, was tried by the Justiciary for stealing a silver mazer, or drinking cup, and for being "ane common vagabond and follower of the Gipsies, and taking part with them in all their thefts and juggleries thir ten year bygane, contrair the Acts of Parliament:" and she was scourged and banished. This was but a light sentence compared with the doom which was occasionally decreed against the Gipsies themselves. Take the following deliverance of the Privy Council as a sample of how justice was dispensed upon such as fell within legal clutches:—

At Edinburgh, 10th November, 1636.—Forsameikle as Sir Arthur Douglas of Whittinghame having lately tane and apprehended some of the vagabond and counterfeit thieves and limmers, called Egyptians, he presented and delivered them to the Sheriff-principal of the sheriffdom of Edinburgh, within the constabulary of Haddington, where they have remained this month, or thereby: and whereas, the keeping of them longer within the said Tolbooth is troublesome and burdenable to the town of Haddington, and fosters the said thieves in ane opinion of impunity, to the encouraging of the rest of that infamous byke of lawless limmers to continue in their thievish trade: therefore the Lords of Secret Council ordains the Sheriff of Haddington or his deutes to pronounce doem and sentence of death against so many counterfeit thieves as are men, and against so many of the women as wants children, ordaining the men to be hanged, and the women to be drowned: and that such of the women as has children to be scourged through the burgh of Haddington, and brunt in the cheek: and ordains and commands the Provost and Bailies of Haddington to cause this doom be execute upon the aid persons accordingly.

How utter the contrast betwixt this callously-cruel mandate and the letter of James IV. recommending

**Anthony Gavino to the King of Denmark!** But even so does "the whirlgig of Time" bring round many startling changes.

An episode, the most romantic in the traditional story of the Scottish Gipsies, seems to have occurred a few years before the middle of the seventeenth century. We refer to the singular incident of the elopement of a Countess of Cassilis with John Faa, the Gipsy leader, on which a favourite old ballad has been founded:—

The Gipsies cam to our gude lord's yett,  
 And O but they sang sweetly;  
 They sang sae sweet and sae very complete,  
 That doon cam our fair lady.

And she cam tripping doon the stair,  
 And all her maids before her;  
 As sune as they saw her weel-faured face,  
 They cuist their glamour ower her.

The Gipsy captain was attended by a party of fourteen of his followers; and the lady, in the absence of her husband, and seemingly under the influence of "glamour might," fled from her stately home, escorted by the band. But her lord came home shortly after her flight, He pursued and overtook the wild company at a ford on the Doon, since called the "Gipsies' Steps," and taking all of them prisoners, brought them back to Cassilis Castle. The fifteen Gipsies were hung upon the *Dule Tree*—a majestic plane growing upon a mound in front of the gateway. The Countess was forced to be a witness of the execution, and was afterwards doomed to confinement for life in a room of the House of Cassilis near Maybole, where she is said to have amused her tedious days by embroidering on a piece of tapestry a representation of her flight in the midst of a gallant cavalcade very unlike that of Gipsies. By another version of the tradition, the lady's lover was not of the Rommany race, but was Sir John Fall of Dunbar, disguised in gipsy attire, and supported by some of the tribe. Take the tale, however, in any shape,—no historical confirmation of it has ever been pointed out.

All the world over, and in every age, the professed

occupations of the Gipsy men have been horse-dealing and tinkering, just as fortune-telling was practised by the dusky females of the race. The cheats of the Tinkers were known long ago, and in many countries. The *Liber Vagatorum*,—the Book of Vagabonds and Beggars,—to which Martin Luther wrote a preface in 1527, speaks of the Tinkers who travelled in Germany:—“They have women who go before them and sing and play; some go about full of mischief, and if thou givest them nothing, one of them mayhap will break a hole in thy kettle with a stick or a knife to give work to a multitude of others.” The same complaint was general in England; for Thomas Harman, in his *Caveat or Warning for Cursetors*, says of the Tinker that if he find three or four holes in a pan given him to mend, “he will make as many more for speedy gain:” and, not satisfied with doing that, “if he see any old kettle, chafer, or pewter dish abroad in the yard where he worketh, he quickly snappeth the same up, and into the budget it goeth round.” But a notable occasion presents itself when a Perthshire tinker displayed his valour on the battlefield. We cannot tell whether he was of the Gipsy blood or not; but his name was Stewart, and he lived in Athole. One day, Montrose’s bold lieutenant, Alister MacColkeitach, and a small party of his men, were attacked by a superior number of the Covenanting troops, who pent them up in a fold, and were like to overcome them. At the crisis of the unequal fight, a powerful swordsman—nobody perceiving whence he came—threw himself upon the Covenanters with such fury as inspirited Alister’s Highlanders to redoubled exertions, which were soon crowned with victory. The enemy being driven off, MacColkeitach called his unknown ally before him, and asked him who and what he was. The stranger answered by giving his name, and adding, with downcast looks, that he was but a tinker, and hardly deserved to be named among them, far less among such brave men as he saw around him. Alister, turning round to his followers, exclaimed—“*Truadh nach bu chaird gu leir sibh an diu!*”—“’Tis

pity you were not all Tinkers this day !” The expression passed into a proverb in the Highlands.\*

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\* *Temple Bar*, vol. v., p. 556; Heron's *Journey through the Western Counties of Scotland*, vol. ii., p. 257; Borrow's *Gypsies of Spain*; Taylor's *History of Playing Cards*; Pitcairn's *Criminal Trials*, vol. i., Part 1st, pp. 273, 274, 277, 310; Part 2d, p. 196; vol. iii., pp. 99, 590-595; *Register of the Privy Council of Scotland*, vol. ii., pp. 210, 555; *Book of Roxburghe Ballads*, p. 183; Chambers' *Scottish Ballads*, p. 127; Macintosh's *Collection of Gaelic Proverbs*, p. 214.

**GIPSY LIFE AND ADVENTURE IN PERTH-SHIRE.—Part 2d.**

My bonny lass, I work in brass,  
A tinkler is my station :  
I've travell'd round all Christian ground  
In this my occupation :  
I've ta'en the gold, an' been enrolled  
In many a noble squadron :  
But vain they search'd, when off I march'd  
To go and clout the caudron.

*Burns—"The Jolly Beggars."*

For a considerable part of last century, Gipsies, and sturdy beggars and other vagrants, were so numerous in Scotland as to be really formidable. The Gipsies overran and overawed the country districts, living almost at free quarters like detachments of an invading army. Of course, they professed to deal in horses, and practised handicrafts as braziers, tinsmiths, and horners, or makers of horn spoons; but under cover of their industrial pursuits they carried on those predatory habits to which they seemed addicted by the very instincts of their nature. They divided themselves into distinct gangs or bands, each taking a separate locality for its range. One band selected the Border, with Kirk Yetholm as head-quarters; another Linlithgowshire; a third Clydesdale, and so on; but the gang with which our story is connected was called "The Lochgelly Band," which traversed the shires of Fife, Stirling, and Perth. The males and females of these bands attended all the fairs in town and country within their respective beats, —the men generally as horse-cowpers, and the women as vendors of tin-wares and horn-spoons; but their main object was fraud and theft. They made away with horses and cattle, and picked pockets with the utmost dexterity. When the thieving business proved slack, a common feint of the men was to raise a pretended quarrel and fight amongst themselves, which speedily collecting a crowd, the females busied themselves in securing purses, and so adroitly did they pass the booty from one

to another, in the confusion, that although the delinquent was occasionally detected, the stolen purse, or anything else, was rarely found upon her person. When the band went home to their rendezvous, the whole plunder was thrown together, and then divided according to regulations of their own. The young Gipsy boys were trained, like Fagan the Jew's apprentices, to the nefarious trade, and brought their plunder to the camp, that it might be apportioned in due shares. The Gipsies were highway robbers as well, making travelling after dark on many a lonely road extremely unsafe. So thorough was their organisation that they gave tokens to parties whom they favoured, whereby the latter were allowed to pass scot-free through every ambush, no matter what amount of money they might be supposed to carry; and frequently the Captain of a band has been known to make full restitution of stolen property to an individual for whom he had a friendly regard, and who had been inadvertently robbed by some of the gang. Let it not be supposed, moreover, that all these wandering rogues went about in tattered habiliments, dirty and wretched looking. Many of the men were dressed in the first fashion of the day. The colour which they preferred for their coats was green. They wore gold rings on their fingers, gold and silver pins and brooches in their shirt-ruffles, and silver buckles in their shoes. The principal women were also arrayed in gay attire, the prevailing colour of which was green.

Law and authority seemed altogether incapable of grappling effectually with an evil of such magnitude as the incubus of Gipsydom, which harrassed and oppressed the country. Examples of legal vengeance might be made; but they were not one whit deterrent in their influence. Gipsy crime still flourished, though scarcely ever rising above robbery (including the stealing of children, of which they were accused); but we may say that only one or two instances are known of murder being committed by Gipsies upon anybody outside their own fraternity. Not that they never shed blood, and took life; but this was done among them-

selves. They were accustomed, as we have said, to get up sham fights at fairs and gatherings; but now and then, at other times, in their camps and howffs, they fall into violent quarrels, and engaged in furious battles, like wild beasts,—all the members of a band present, male and female, young and old, taking sides in the contest, and knives and dirks being used with deadly effect. The nearest relations would fight together, and spill one another's lives. Some of these conflicts were not without incidents of a ghastly-comic character. A story is told that when a gang, camping out somewhere in Forfarshire, had a fierce scuffle, two of the females, muscular, stout-limbed viragos, flew at each other with dirks in their hands, and one of them, by a downward sweep of her weapon, shred off the nasal organ of her opponent! The latter, whose name was Lizzie Brown, full of the delirium of battle, was unconscious of the mutilation, but the blood gushing over her lips and chin caused her to put up her hand and draw it across her visage, when, feeling the wonted prominence gone, she exclaimed in wonderment—"But, in the middle o' the meantime, whaur's my nose?" Murder done under such circumstances was never heard of by the "Gentile" world until investigation would have been fruitless. Frequently Gipsies were apprehended for various lesser misdeeds; but only a tithe of them could be ultimately brought to the bar of justice; for the public executive had to contend with a peculiar difficulty. Few of the jails in Scotland were able to keep a resolute prisoner in durance, especially if he were a Gipsy. His friends contrived to afford him means of escape, either by supplying him with instruments to break the prison, or by bribing the jailor: and so, some fine morning, it was discovered that the bird had flown. The historian of Hawick, speaking of the jail of that town, accurately describes the unreliability of many a tolbooth during last century:—"There is one quality, rather of a redeeming kind, attached to this place of cunfinement, namely, that it does not require either great strength or ingenuity in a culprit to make an escape." That

was a general and apparently incurable complaint. The *Perth Magazine* of 3d July, 1772, mentions in its local news that "Charles Stewart, horner or tinker; John Melvil, also horner or tinker; Mary Wilson, wife of the said Charles Stewart, present prisoners in the tolbooth of Perth; and Ann Burnett, wife of the said John Melvil," were awaiting their trial at the ensuing Circuit Court in October; but a note is added, that "Charles Stewart since he was apprehended has broke the prison and escaped." A good many of the Gipsy men laid under arrest were, if young and able-bodied, sent from the dook to the army and navy, during the foreign wars in which Great Britain was engaged. "They make excellent soldiers," wrote Heron, of the Gipsies, "whenever the habits of military discipline can be sufficiently impressed upon them." But the mischief lay in their giving no time for the impression of such habits: they deserted on the first opportunity, or resorted to malingering or mutilation to procure discharge. We read in the *Perth Magazine* of 24th July, 1772, that "Donald Sutherland, who lately broke the tolbooth of Forfar, was upon the 22d curt. apprehended on the streets and committed prisoner to the tolbooth: the same person, about six months ago, after a long confinement, was delivered over to a recruiting officer for the East India service, but made an elopement at Newburgh, on his way to Dundee to be ship'd for London: he also about two years ago knocked down the gaoler of this place, and made his escape in company with another."

"Set a thief to catch a thief." This maxim was publicly acted upon in various districts of Scotland, shortly after the opening of the American War of Independence, in 1775. The Gipsies were rogues and vagabonds; but there were hundreds of other rogues and vagabonds preying like locusts upon the country: and the bright idea struck some wisacres among the authorities that it would be a capital stroke of policy to convert the Gipsy Chiefs into "country-keepers,"—that is to say, Constables and Peace-officers,—to put down all



theft and vagrancy in rural districts. The project was tried, and the necessary appointments were duly made in several counties. The new "keepers," vain of a commission which had never entered into their imaginations, went about their duties with seeming zeal and great parade. The *Fifeshire Herald* of 18th June, 1829, in some reminiscences of this subject, showed how one of these officials comported himself:—"A Gipsy chief, of the name of Pat. Gillespie, was keeper for the county of Fife. He rode on horseback, armed with a sword and pistols, attended by four men, on foot, carrying staves and batons. He appears to have been a sort of travelling Justice of the Peace. The practice seems to have been general." But at length the cure proved far worse than the disease, and had to be abandoned; for the keepers took advantage of their position to give facilities for robbery and housebreaking, in the profits of which they shared.

At the head of the horde of Gipsies called the "Lochgelly Band" was Charles Graham, familiarly known as "Gley'd Graham," from a sinister cast in his eye. He was a tall, sinewy, well-formed man, but a thorough-paced knave. His sister, Ann, married a notorious Aberdeenshire Tinkler, nicknamed "Caird Young," and had two sons, John and Peter. The latter, before he was well out of his teens, became "by far the most accomplished in his profession" as a thief and prison-breaker, in all the north country. Charlie succeeded to the command of the gang about a year or two after the middle of the century. His wife was Ann Brown, who had, at least, two sons, Hugh and Charles, and two daughters, Margaret and Jenny. The father was often in the clutches of the law—often imprisoned and banished from town and shire, but still incorrigible, and defying all sentences. Being brought to Perth in custody, one day, an acquaintance in the crowd of onlookers asked him—"What was the matter now?"—to which the prisoner answered, with a sly smile—"Ou, the auld thing, and nae proof." In the long run, however, proof was found strong enough to

procure his being banished the kingdom; and he never came back. Young Charlie stepped, by general consent, into his father's shoes, as Captain of the band. He was a shapely fellow, standing six feet high, and possessing great strength,—his wrist being double the ordinary thickness. He was the life and soul of his comrades—artful, adventurous, daring, and with a strong spice of rough generosity in his disposition. By trade he was a Horner or Spoonmaker, and was much about the town of Perth, in the vicinity of which he played off most of his pranks. His cousin, Peter Young, too, occasionally came down to Perthshire to see his relations, and committed many depredations. If Peter was caught and caged in the tolbooth he speedily broke loose, and in fact his short career was that of a Scottish Jack Shepherd. "He and some associates," we are told, "entered the church of Aberdalgie, stripped the pulpit of its green velvet cloth, and Lord Kinnoull's loft of the purple velvet chair-covers; and also took with them the baptism basin, which, being of clear pewter, looked very like silver. Of the pulpit cloth, Young made to himself a handsome jacket, which he trimmed with the fringes; and having made a vest of the purple velvet chair-covers, he tied the rest of the fringes about his body, by way of a belt. This dress he wore in the city, concealing it by a greatcoat; but on one occasion he created a sensation among the people collected at a market, by appearing publicly, dressed in this strange garb." In one of the proclamations issued at Aberdeen, about 1786, for his apprehension, Peter was described as "a stout young man, pockpitted, aged about twenty-two, with a remarkably sharp eye; about five feet ten inches high, thin made, has an arch, sneering look:" and his dress was "a tartan short jacket of large squares or lozens, trousers of the same stuff, and a bonnet, so that he is rather a remarkable figure." He came to the gibbet at last, in Edinburgh, in July, 1788, when his age was only twenty-four. His brother, John, killed his cousin, Hugh Graham, brother to young Charlie, in a scuffle

which took place betwixt them in Aberdeenshire. Graham, it appears, was inclined to be overbearing towards John, and threatening him with his knife, a fight was the result, and Hugh received a stab which proved mortal. So much for Charlie's connections. Let us now return to himself. He married, and perhaps the wedding was conducted in the style of a Gipsy wedding noticed by a Perthshire writer, the Rev. William Thomson, author of *Hall's Travels in Scotland*, published in 1803 :—

As I was riding slowly along near Kilspindie, I met a number of what may be termed begging Gipsies. They were all merry, a wedding having been lately among them, which it seems was performed by an aged man among them, who indeed had a respectable appearance. This Gipsy parson, if I may use that expression, desiring them to join hands, and having broken a wine-glass in a thousand pieces, by dashing it against a stone, declared, that as it was impossible for the art of man to put the parts of that glass together, exactly as it was before, so it was impossible for the art of man to separate that man and woman, which ended the ceremony.\*

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\* But what if the glass had not broken when dashed against the stone? If old stories can be trusted, such an unexpected circumstance has sometimes happened,—though not at Gipsy marriages. Classic authors speak of a Roman worker in glass who came to the Emperor one day with a crystal cup of exquisite beauty, and, having shewn it to him, dashed it violently on the ground. Cæsar took up the vessel unbroken and uncracked, but observed that it was a little dented on one side by the shock. The artist immediately repaired the dint by hammering it out as though the cup were of metal, and having done so, anticipated some great reward for his skilfulness. Cæsar then asked him if any one besides himself knew how to make glass malleable, and on his answering in the negative, ordered his head to be struck off; because if this art should become known, gold and silver would be valueless. (Dion Cassius, &c.) A story is told of Mary, Lady Honynwood, who died in Essex, in 1620, that being suffering from religious melancholy, she once exclaimed, in a paroxysm of her malady, "I shall be lost, as surely as that glass is broken!" and she violently flung thrice a glass, which she chanced to have in her hand, on a marble slab by which she was standing. But the glass rebounded each time, and did not break: and the circumstance wrought a complete cure in her mind. A portrait was painted of her in the act of flinging the glass. It is further stated that at her death this lady had not fewer than 367 lawful descendants then living—16

Although Gipsies were generally married according to some sort of ceremonial of their own, yet not unfrequently they made application to parish ministers to have their infants baptized, notwithstanding that all their race were well known to be indifferent to, or rather ignorant of, any religion; but they seemed to have a superstitious fancy about the virtues of the rite of baptism; and their requests in this particular were usually complied with by clergymen. Moreover, as the Gipsies had their own marriage customs, so had they their own forms for pronouncing divorce, which indicated the Indian origin of their race. Somewhat later than the end of last century, their divorce ceremonial was attended with what might be termed the sacrifice of the horse—an ancient rite which they had preserved through all their wanderings, though its meaning had faded into forgetfulness. When a married couple desired to be separated for life, a horse was slain, and the parties, standing with the carcass betwixt them, joined hands over it, and repeated a set form of words: then they quitted hold, and both walking contrariwise round the animal, broke off in opposite directions, and the divorce was thus completed. An Excise officer, who died in 1819, used to tell that he saw a Gipsy man, named M'Donald, and his wife, "separated over the body of a dead horse, on a moor, at Shieldhill, near Falkirk, either in the year 1758 or 1760, he was uncer-

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children, 114 grand-children, 228 great-grand-children, and 9 great-great-grandchildren. She was in her 93rd year when she died, and in the 43rd year of her widowhood. (*Burke's Romance of the Aristocracy*, vol. I., p. 238.) In April, 1689, when the Magistrates of Jedburgh assembled at the market-cross of their burgh to proclaim William and Mary, and drink the healths of the Sovereigns, a known Jacobite passing by was asked by one of the Bailies if he would join in the toast, to which he answered, he was ready to drink a glass of wine. A little round glass full of wine being given him, he exclaimed—"As surely as this glass will break, I drink confusion to him, and the restoration of our Sovereign and his heir!" and throwing away the glass, it alighted on the tolbooth stair, and rolled down to the bottom unbroken. This wonderful glass was afterwards sent to King William. (*Chambers's Domestic Annals of Scotland*, vol. iii., p. 7.)

tain which. The horse was lying stretched out on the heath. The parties took hold of each other by the hand, and, commencing at the head of the dead animal, walked—the husband on the one side, and the wife on the other—till they came to the tail, when, without speaking a word to each other, they parted, in opposite directions, as if proceeding on a journey.” The two forms described are almost the same, but the first was the one generally practised ; and lots were previously cast among the gang to select the man who should kill the horse. The sacrifice of the horse was a rite with several ancient nations. The Jewish Kings, in their idolatry, dedicated horses to the sun. So did the Persians. The Tartar chiefs ratified covenants by sacrificing horses, and drinking of a running stream. The Hindoos had their great sacrificial festival of *Aswamedha* (*Aswa*, a horse; and *Medha*, a sacrifice) at the winter solstice; “and this worship and sacrifice of the horse has been handed down to the Rajpoot of the present day.” It is easy to divine why the Gipsies practised the rite : they had brought it from India with them.

Charlie Graham was a sore thorn in the sides of the constituted authorities in Perth,—not to speak of those in other places. Now and then apprehended for petty offences, he was imprisoned, or banished from the town ; but all to no avail. If he thought proper, he cut short his imprisonment by breaking the old tolbooth ; and sentence of banishment never deterred him from coming back at his convenience. No crime of a very serious complexion had as yet been brought home to him. Raising quarrels and commotions in fairs, for the sake of theft, was one of the many tricks which he and his band performed to perfection. One Midsummer Market in Perth, the weaver lads of the town, then a numerous class, came to loggerheads with the ploughmen, and a terrible melee in the crowded High Street was the consequence, both parties fighting tooth and nail. Charlie and a gang of about fifty sturdy Tinklers, being in the market that day, joined

their forces to those of the knights of the loom, and threw into the conflict a new element of fury. The most dreadful confusion raged along the street. The stands or stalls of chapmen and confectionary vendors were everywhere overturned and smashed, their materials being transformed into cudgels for the combatants, and their wares trampled under foot. Never had such a scene been seen in Perth, surpassing all the battles sung by Homer and Ossian! The Magistrates and their red-coated halberdiers, powerless to quell the strife as to stem the Tay when at its highest flood, were put to ignominious flight. As a last resource, the military were called out: the Riot Act was read: and the soldiers were about to fire a volley, when the combatants, seeing that matters had come to extremity, had the sense to give way, and so peace, in a manner, was restored. The street was strewed with the debris of the stalls; but the more valuable portion of their wares had disappeared, and it was discovered that a great many pockets had been rifled of their contents. The historian of Dunfermline relates how a similar game was played in that town. At the "Hairst Fair," Charlie and his band attended, and suddenly knocked down the sweetie and cloth-stands in the High Street, and clutched at everything worth within their reach. A great tumult took place, and Charlie, surrounded by the chapmen and town's folk, "was run into the Black-hole;" but he very speedily made his escape. At another time, when perhaps business was slack, Charlie took it into his head to offer himself for enlistment to a sergeant who was beating up, in Perth, for recruits to join a regiment in India. Seeing a tall, young, hardy fellow, the sergeant closed with him at once: and Charlie, getting plenty of drink, remained a few days with the other recruits till orders came for them to march to the south. When the party mustered to take the route, Charlie alone was absent; but on search being made through the town, he was found making merry in a tavern. He laughed at the orders, and positively refused to stir from where he

sat. The men dragged him into the street; but as soon as he got there, he pulled a short bludgeon from beneath his coat, and dealt blows about him like a madman, levelling the whole of his captors on the causeway. This being done, he took to his heels with the speed of a deer; and the party never saw him again, but marched without him.\*

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\* *Exploits of the Scottish Gipsies*. Edin.: 1823; *Simson's History of the Gipsies*; *The Black Kalendar of Aberdeen*; *Hall's Travels in Scotland*, vol. i., p. 271; *Wilson's History of Hawick*, p. 249; *Pococke's India in Greece*, p. 51; *Penny's Traditions of Perth*; *Henderson's Annals of Dunfermline*, p. 538.

**GIPSY LIFE AND ADVENTURE IN PERTH-  
SHIRE.—Part 3rd.**

On Donald Caird the doom was stern,  
Craig to tether, legs to airn.

*Sir Walter Scott.*

AMONG the different modes and schemes by which prisoners in the crazy old Tolbooth of Perth sought to escape from their noisome dens, they occasionally tried to set the place on fire, that they might have a chance of slipping out in the confusion. The *Perth Magazine* of 7th August, 1772, records, in its local intelligence, an occurrence of this kind, but the object of which seems to have been rather dubious :—

Last Wednesday night, betwixt the hours of ten and eleven, one of the prisoners in the tolbooth here, thought to be delirious, set fire to the straw of his bed, and threw two of his fellow-prisoners above the same, by which one of them was terribly scorched in the shoulder, and himself in the face and arm. The fire was happily extinguished before the fire-engine and military came to their assistance. If there was doubt, however, concerning the ulterior aim of the man “thought to be delirious,” none at all existed about the attempt which we have next to relate.

A Gipsy of the most daring and desperate character, Charlie Brown by name, had committed so many misdeeds in the shires of Perth and Fife, that the “hue-and-cry” was raised against him in thorough earnest, and every plan was adopted by the emissaries of the law to lay hands on him. Having gone to Dundee, he was informed upon, and a posse of beagles hurried down from Perth, and secured his apprehension. But as they had good reason to believe that some of his confederates of the “Lochgelly band” would do their utmost to rescue him should he be conveyed by road to the Fair City, it was determined to transport him thither by water. No steamer—no “Lass o’ Gowrie” or “Star of Tay,” then plied on the passage between these two towns—because steamboats had not yet been invented:



but the master of a small craft, then about to proceed up the river with a cargo to Perth, readily agreed to take the officers and their prisoner on board for a "consideration." Somehow Brown had suffered the men to take and handcuff him, without offering the resistance which was expected from such a powerfully-built fellow and dreaded antagonist. Evidently he had judged it his best policy not to show fight then, in the midst of a town, but to reserve himself for the opportunities of escape which would arise during the journey to Perth. But when he found himself led along to Dundee pier for embarkation, his fury burst forth, and though he could not use his hands, which were manacled, his feet were free, and so he kicked with such violence that the officers were compelled to sheer off and give him a wide berth, for fear of broken legs or worse. He had no chance of getting away, however: he was surrounded, and pushed forward, and driven on board; and in due time he was landed at the old shore of Perth, and lodged in the Tolbooth. As he had the reputation of being a skilful and successful prison-breaker, he was immured in what was called the "condemned cell," the strongest in the ancient building: he was also loaded with heavy chains, for better security, and indeed no precaution to prevent his escape seemed to be neglected. But it was soon seen how the utmost precautions nearly failed. Not many nights after his committal, Brown contrived, by some means unknown, to free himself from his fetters, and then, like the supposed lunatic already mentioned, to ignite the dry straw on which he slept. About midnight, when the prison was dark and quiet, and only a few stragglers on the High Street, a smell of burning was felt in the air, and wreaths of smoke were observed ascending from the Tolbooth. The jailor, who, according to his invariable custom, had gone to bed drunk, was aroused with some difficulty, by which time the smoke was filling the prison, and the crackling of fire was distinctly heard. The alarm spread over the town, which was speedily in commotion, numbers of the inhabitants hastening to

the foot of the High Street. The smoke was proceeding from the condemned cell, the thick door of which had apparently caught fire on the inside; but, at first, neither the jailor, nor anybody else, would venture near the place lest the terrible Gipsy should break out and murder all before him. In this quandary, a sergeant of the 42d Regiment in the crowd, a stalwart, broad-shouldered Highlandman, pressed forward, and offered to penetrate to the cell, and prevent the prisoner escaping, provided he got magisterial permission to use his broadsword to the extent of cutting down the Tinkler, if that should be necessary. One or two of the magistrates, who had hurried to the spot, gave the permission craved; and the warrior, with a lantern in one hand and his drawn claymore in the other, and accompanied by the jailor's daughter, who had the keys (for her father was confused with drink and fright) advanced through the stifling atmosphere towards the point of danger, and found the smoke to be issuing from under the cell-door, which seemed to be burning at the bottom inside. The young woman turned a key in the lock, and drew back the bar, where, upon the sergeant kicked the door open, causing a scattering of fiery embers all over the floor. "Who is there?" he demanded, in a tone of thunder. He was answered by a voice harsh as his own—"The devil!" The soldier could not repress a loud laugh of derision. "*Diabhol!*" cried he, "*Mo mhallachd ort!* (My curse upon you!) I am also a devil, and of the *Black Watch*, too!" This speech, and the glimpse which the Tinkler caught of the warlike Celt, with his brandished blade, effectually daunted him. He mumbled something in response, but made no attempt to rush out, and then passively submitted when a crowd of men thronged in to secure him. The fire was extinguished without much damage having been done; and Brown was once more secured in chains. He lay in jail till the next Circuit Court of Justiciary, when he was condemned to death for certain of his robberies; and the sentence was duly carried into effect.

But no sentence and no execution could strike a wholesome terror amongst the nomadic hordes preying upon the country. It was their nature to wander hither and thither, subsisting upon roguery and plunder; and no more could the Ethiopian change his skin or the leopard his spots, than could the true-born Gipsy adapt himself to the ways of civilized life. Charlie Graham had been hunted now and again over the country;—he had been imprisoned and banished;—he had run risks of his life, and had seen one after another of his kinsmen sent to the scaffold;—but still he pursued the same wild courses which could scarcely have any other end. At the same time, some traits of generosity in his character conduced to make him a sort of hero among the humbler orders; for he never wronged them, but was known to give aid to a poor person in distress: and he had friends, in a fashion, among the rural classes, many of whom were afraid to refuse him and his band a night's lodging in their barns or a camping-place in an out-corner of their farms and crofts. Such persons as gave them shelter the Gipsies rarely injured in any way. A poor widow in the country, who had a young family, kept a small public-house, to which a croft of land was attached. Charlie was accustomed to call at the place when passing in that quarter. He went in one day, and the hostess, usually so cheery and with a blythe word to every customer, seemed in heavy trouble of mind. Enquiring the cause, he was told that that being rent-day, the factor was hourly expected, but she was unprepared for him, having only been able to scrape together a moiety of the sum due. The Caird mused a little, and then ascertaining how much she was deficient, dived his hand into a breast-pocket and brought forth a leather-purse, out of which he counted down the balance of the rent, and gave it to the good woman, telling her that she could pay him back at her convenience. Overjoyed, she loaded him with a thousand thanks. Charlie, who was alone, finished his dram, and went his way, but he did not go any farther than a scattered wood near by, which he entered,

and sat down among the bushes, within full view of the tavern. In less than half-an-hour the factor appeared on horseback, skirting the wood, and making straight for the ale-house. He dismounted at the door, and went in; but his stay was short, and he rode back the way he had come. As he was passing, Charlie darted out upon him, pulled him from his saddle, and rifled him of every shilling he possessed. After dark that night, Charlie suddenly entered the tavern, and throwing down her whole rent before the hostess, made off without speaking a word.

An honest farmer went to a market west from Crieff, but had not long mixed with the crowd when he found himself minus his pocket-book containing £40 in bank-notes. The loss was very serious to him, and he spoke about it to some of his neighbours; but what could be done? On reflection, one man remarking that he had seen Charlie Graham and a squad of his comrades in the market, suggested that they might go in quest of him, and try if it was not possible to recover the money, provided that it had been stolen by any of the gang. The proposal, being a reasonable one, was put in practice. Charlie was soon found: he knew the company well, and had been on friendly terms hitherto with most of them. Would he take a dram? Of course he would, and give one, too: and so the whole party adjourned to a public-house, where a plentiful supply of good liquor was called for. After the glass had circulated, one man introduced the subject of the robbery, bemoaning his neighbour's loss, which was the more to be deplored as it would prevent his making up a payment which was due next day, and thereby probably destroy his credit. Charlie heard the story attentively, and declared that he knew nothing of the matter, and that so far as he was aware his comrades had done extremely little *business* in the market as yet. Whilst he was speaking, a big, burly, dark-skinned fellow, dressed as a Highland drover, swaggered in, and sitting down in a corner by himself, ordered drink. He was immediately accosted by Charlie:—"Can you

lend me £40? Here's a pair man been robbit, and the loss is like to mak' him a dyvour (a bankrupt). I'll pay you plack and penny o' it again, afore the week's done." The drover, without the slightest hesitation, answered—"Aweel, I ha'e *just* £40, which I was to pay in the market; but to serve a friend I can defer a day or twa brawly. There's the siller": and he plucked out a bunch of notes, and tossed them carelessly on the board before Charlie, then swallowed his glass, drew his plaid about his shoulders, and left the house. Charlie swept the notes towards the farmer, who counted them, and found the number exact; but he did not tell his friends, until Charlie was also gone, that the notes were the very same of which he had been robbed! Charlie never asked repayment of his pretended loan.

We have spoken of tokens of protection or safe-conduct which the Gipsies were in the habit of giving to special friends, to prevent their being robbed while travelling. A farmer returning late from a market, with a considerable sum of money on his person, met a Gipsy man of his acquaintance, who expressed surprise that he should be on the road at such an hour. "The road will be dangerous the nicht," added he; "and I daresay you've a pickle siller wi' you; for I heard you made a gude market. But—here's my snuff-box—put it in your pouch, and if anybody stop you on your way, tak' it out, and offer them a pinch." The farmer gladly accepted the box, and resumed his journey. As he was jogging along,—not far from a hamlet, the lights of which blinked through the darkening gloaming,—a fellow came suddenly up to him in a threatening manner. But the startled traveller at once recognized Charlie Graham. "Ou, Charlie, lad! and is this you? and how's a' wi' you? I haena seen you this age. Hae, man—tak' a snuff, for auld langsyne:" and he pressed the box into the Caird's hand. Charlie hummed drily, and seemed not a little nonplussed, as he fingered the box; but at length he proposed accompanying the farmer to the adjacent village, where they

could have a glass together. No objection was offered, and they went on, but Charlie still kept the box in his hand. On reaching the place, they were soon seated before the alehouse hearth. Charlie then deliberately scanned the snuff-box all over, alleging that he was struck with its workmanship—it being of brass, with a fanciful design embossed on the lid. He then took one or two hearty pinches, and pushed the box across the table to its apparent owner,—talked of market and country news, and when the stoup was empty, rose to depart. He shook hands with the farmer at the door, and disappeared in the darkness. But the latter knew that now he was quite safe. The brass snuff-box was his talisman, his passport through all danger, and he reached home without further annoyance.

That such doings in our rural districts up to the end of last century, and even some time after, could generally pass with comparative impunity, indicated a social condition which may well surprise us in these days of County Police and repression of vagrant mendicancy; but people were somewhat reconciled to the state of things around them, as they had never known, and probably never expected to see, any better order prevailing. In our time Charlie Graham would be an impossibility in any quarter of the country,—unless, indeed, he were a Land Leaguer in Ireland. But Charlie was brought to stern reckoning at last. He had been repeatedly guilty of horse-stealing, and this, together with other rogueries, raised the final storm about his ears. It was known that he had been in Perth, and had stealthily left it by the Edinburgh Road. Accordingly, a keen pursuit was given, with the assistance of a troop of dragoons from the town; and he was tracked to the Hill of Moncreiffe, where he lay concealed among the whins, and only a little dog with him. The party were beating about in a wide circuit around his lair; but probably, after all, he would have eluded their ken, had not his canine companion betrayed him. The animal, perceiving the strangers in the distance, leaped up angrily, and barked with all its might, attracting

the notice of the enemy, who closed in speedily, and succeeded in seizing Charlie. He did not resist, seeing himself surrounded by such a force, and perhaps thinking that as he had been often in the like predicament before, and had always got off one way or other, his old fortune would again favour him, notwithstanding the black aspect of things. The news of his capture spread like wildfire; and as he was brought along the road to Perth, numbers of people congregated here and there to look at the famous tinkler. This gave him great offence, and at one point where a rising ground was covered with gazers, he became very indignant at being made a public spectacle, and said to the officers—“What’s the fools glowering at? Let me loose for a wee, and gie me a stick three feet lang, and I’ll clear the knowe o’ them.” Very likely so he would, and cleared himself off to the bargain, had he got the chance; but it was denied him. He was taken to Perth, and committed to the Tolbooth, and heavily ironed. The sergeant of the dragoons who took him, declared that “he was the best-made fellow that ever he had seen.”

The crazy old Jail proved strong enough to hold Charlie now. During his imprisonment his demeanour was careless and confident. No proof, he said, could be brought against him. So his father had boasted in his time, and was mistaken. Charlie was mistaken, too. He was indicted before the Circuit Lords for the horse-stealing, and being found guilty, was sentenced to death. He then began to take a more serious view of his position. He was utterly ignorant, being neither able to read nor write; but he seemed to find a sort of consolation in declaring that whatever were his faults, he had never taken a life. Somebody asked him what he thought was the best action he had ever done; and he instanced his relief of the widow, who was deficient of part of her rent. The day before his execution, he sent a message to the Magistrates, desiring that they would allow him to get his beard shaved before he went to the scaffold, as “unless that was done he would not be in a fit state to appear before either God or man!”

The request was complied with. Next morning when the last preparations were making, he became very downcast, with his head resting on his hand as if lost in troubled thought. At length, he started up, crying to those about him in the cell—"Can ony o' ye read, sirs? Will ony o' ye read me a psalm?" The 51st Psalm was then read to him:—

After thy loving kindness, Lord,  
Have mercy upon me:  
For thy compassions great, blot out  
All mine iniquity.

Charlie listened with grave attention, and seemed more resigned to his fate, though his tall frame was somewhat agitated. Four soldiers of the Artillery from the Train Barracks or Gowrie House, attended him to the scaffold, which was erected at the foot of the High Street. As soon as he came in sight of the immense crowd assembled, he began to tremble violently and to look scared; but he soon regained fortitude. Presumably to falsify some prediction that he would die in his shoes, he kicked them off his feet, and then addressed the multitude in the following brief but characteristic speech:—"You see, sirs, I am about to be married this day to the gallows-tree, by suffering in the manner o' mony o' my forefathers and kindred; and I am unco glad to see sic a number o' respectable folk at my wedding." But he must have observed that amongst those "respectable folk" many of his band were present, who had come to see him die, and to render the last sad offices to his corpse. After the execution his body was delivered to them, and they reverently kissing it, carried it away, and during the night held a lyke-wake, with much drinking and dolorous clamour. When they committed the body to the earth, they threw a quantity of quick lime upon it to hasten decomposition; and Charlie's widow, maudlin with sorrow and strong liquor, sat down upon the filled-up grave and remained there for such time as was thought sufficed to prevent the corpse being lifted for the purpose of dissection.

With the end of the story of Charlie Graham (which, however, we could have much lengthened with a series



of anecdotes not unamusing) we must conclude our desultory sketch of Gipsy life and adventure. As the nineteenth century progressed, it evolved many and beneficial changes in the social state of the country; and though the Gipsy companies still traversed the rural districts as of yore when the Gavinos and the Faws, Earls of Little Egypt, led them, yet they were gradually enforced to abstain from that open, daring, and systematic lawlessness in which they had erst indulged when the executive authority was weak. Still, it is somewhat startling to read the following statement in Mr Hill's Report on Scottish Prisons for 1836:—

On my reaching Forfar, and going to the gaol, I found the keeper was from home; and on enquiring where he was, I was told that he had been called upon to join the town-officers to go after a party of about forty Tinkers, who had been deliberately pulling down a gentleman's corn-stack, and carrying away the grain!

Gipsy royalty still exists and bears sway at Kirk Yetholm on the Scottish Border, where about eighteen families of the race reside:—

Esther, who enjoys the title of Queen, combines the royal name of Faa with Blythe, the name of her father. She was crowned at the age of 65, and is now 80. Her palace is a neat white cottage at Yetholm, with the green ivy creeping up the walls. The Queen keeps it tidy inside and out. It is well furnished, and ornamented with pictures of various kinds. Among its treasures is a sword, found on Flodden Field, besides the royal sword of State which was taken from an exciseman during one of the many broils with revenue officers at Yetholm. The Queen is a tidy and temperate woman, and a shrewd observer of character. Tourists of all classes flock to visit her, and she has a splendid collection of rings and jewellery, which have been presented to her by aristocratic ladies. She is a widow and has been the mother of twelve children, eight of whom are yet alive.

Only a few years ago there was a Gipsy Queen on the other side of the Atlantic; and when she died, her funeral was a pompous ceremony.

The funeral of Matilda Stanley, the late Queen of the Gipsies in the United States, took place at Dayton, Ohio, in the presence of 20,000 people. The services in the cemetery did not differ essentially from any Christian burial. The gipsy queen died in Vicksburg, and her body was embalmed in such a manner as still to retain the natural aspect of life. It was placed in a vault in the

cemetery, and every day members of the late queen's family came with fresh flowers to strew over her. The deceased was a plain, hardy-looking old woman, with a touch of Meg Merrilees in her appearance, and a manner indicative of a strong and pronounced character. There are stories told of her wonderful faculty of telling fortunes, when she pleased, and her remarkable powers as a mesmerist. She possessed a singular influence over her people, which has not entirely ceased with her death. The gipsies have several large farms near Dayton. In the winter they pack up for the South to speculate and trade, leaving one or two of the tribe to look after their property at home. They are reverent Church people, and the reigning king, Levi Stanley, and his son and heir, known as Sugar Stanley, are members of the I.O.O.F. in good standing. The grave of the queen, in which the coffin will rest, is a box made of stone slabs, 2ft. deep and 10ft. by 4ft. in dimensions. Over the grave will be raised, in the form of a monument, a boulder, 8ft. in diameter, surmounted by a life-size figure of the queen in white marble.

**A NEW GARLAND OF PERTSHIRE SONGS.—**  
*Part 1st.*

I love old songs ! less for the mirth they bring me  
Than for the memories with each cadence strung.  
Then lay the new ones by, and softly sing me  
Those which in brighter hours we gaily sung.

I love old songs ! but not with childish folly,  
Or sickly yearning for the shadowy past;  
They but recall, with tender melancholy,  
The parted friends with whom we sang them last.  
*Anne Beale.*

THE Songs which we now intend collecting in a Garland are lyrics relating to Perthshire subjects. A year ago we formed our first Garland with similar flowers of poesy: our object then and now being the gathering together of effusions which are *localized* in Perthshire (so to speak), and some of which having originally appeared anonymously in periodicals, or in volumes of verse now rarely met with, seem in danger of becoming "to dumb forgetfulness a prey."

Our first selection shall be a war-song,—“The Gathering of the Hays,”—which was included in a volume entitled *The Bridal of Caolchairn, and other Poems*. By John Hay Allan, Esq. London: 1822. The author and his brother, Charles Stuart Allan, were grandsons of Admiral Carter Allen, who was said to pretend some claim to the Errol earldom; but in time the two brothers dropped their surname, and developed themselves into the John Sobieski and Charles Edward Stuart, who assumed to be the lineal descendants of Prince Charles, the young Chevalier. Some obscure hints of this royal lineage were thrown out in *The Bridal*, and afterwards it was distinctly enough asserted in *Tales of the Century*, published in 1847. But in reference to “The Gathering,” Mr Hay Allan stated that he had copied it “from an odd leaf pasted into an old MS. history of the Hays:” that part of the song was said to be of “considerable antiquity,” and that the

rest was written, in 1715, by a certain Captain James Hay: that the song was composed in imitation of a Highland pibroch, the most correct of which imitate in their measure and cadence the call of the gathering, the trampling of the march, the rush of the charge, the confusion of the battle, and the wailing of the lament:” and that *MacGaradh* was the ancient Gaelic name of the Hays—*Garadh* signifying a dike or barrier, and almost synonymous with the French *haie*, a hedge; whilst the Chief’s patronymic was *Mac Mhic Garadh Mor an Sgithan Dearg*—“The son of the son of Garadh the Great of the Red Shields.” An acute writer in the *Quarterly Review* (vol. 81, p. 84) ridiculed the idea that any part of the song was older than the other poems in Mr Hay Allan’s book, and pointed out “the unnatural association of Gaelic names and phrases with the purely Lowland family of the Hays.”

#### THE GATHERING OF THE HAYS.

##### *Gathering.*

MacGaradh ! MacGaradh ! red race of the Tay,  
Ho ! gather, ho ! gather, like hawks to the prey.  
MacGaradh, MacGaradh, MacGaradh, come fast,  
The flame’s on the beacon, the horn’s on the blast.  
The standard of Errol unfolds its white breast,  
And the falcon of Loncartie stirs in her nest.  
Come away, come away, come to the tryst,  
Come in, MacGaradh, from east and from west.

MacGaradh ! MacGaradh ! MacGaradh, come forth,  
Come from your bowers from south and from north,  
Come in all Gowrie, Kinnoull, and Tweedale,  
Drumelzier and Naughton, come locked in your mail,  
Come Stuart, come Stuart, set up thy white rose,  
Killour and Buckcleugh, bring thy bills and thy bows,  
Come in, MacGaradh, come armed for the fray,  
Wide is the war-cry, and dark is the day.

##### *Quick March.*

The Hay ! the Hay ! the Hay ! the Hay !  
MacGaradh is coming, give way ! give way !  
The Hay ! the Hay ! the Hay ! the Hay !  
MacGaradh is coming, give way.  
MacGaradh is coming, clear the way,  
MacGaradh is coming, hurra ! hurra !  
MacGaradh is coming, clear the way,  
MacGaradh is coming, hurra !

MacGaradh is coming, like beam of war ;  
 The blood-red shields are glinting far ;  
 The Stuart is up, his banner white  
 Is flung to the breeze like flake of light.  
 Dark as the mountain's heather wave,  
 The rose and the thistle are coming brave ;  
 Bright as the sun which gilds its thread,  
 King James' tartan is flashing red.  
 Upon them, MacGaradh, bill and bow !  
 Cry, Hollow, MacGaradh ! hollow ! hollow !

*Charge.*

MacGaradh is coming ! like stream from the hill,  
 MacGaradh is coming ! lance, claymore, and bill !  
 Like thunder's wide rattle  
 Is mingled the battle,  
 With cry of the fallen, and shout of the charge :  
 The lances are flashing,  
 The claymores are clashing,  
 And ringing the arrows on buckler and targe.

*Battle.*

MacGaradh is coming ! the banners are shaking,  
 The war-tide is turning, the phalanx is breaking.  
 The Southrons are flying,  
 "Saint George !" vainly crying,  
 And Brunswick's white horse on the field is borne down !  
 The red cross is shattered,  
 The red roses scattered,  
 And bloody and torn the white plume in its crown !

*Pursuit.*

Far shows the dark field like the streams of Cairn Gorm,  
 Wild, broken, and red in the skirt of the storm !  
 Give the spur to the steed,  
 Give the war-cry its holleu,  
 Cast looe to wild speed,  
 Shake the bridle, and follow.  
 The rout's in the battle,  
 Like blast in the cloud :  
 The flight's mingled rattle  
 Peals thickly and loud.  
 Then holleu ! MacGardh ! holleu, MacGaradh !  
 Holleu ! holleu ! holleu, MacGaradh !

As a companion-piece, here is another gathering song, which was inserted by the Ettrick Shepherd in the second volume of his *Jacobite Relics of Scotland*. He says "it seems to have been taken from an anonymous Jacobite poem of some merit"—part of which he quotes—"evidently written at the very time the clans were rising in 1745." The song is in honour of Lord George

Murray, who played so prominent and gallant a part in the Rebellion.

*THE ATHOLE GATHERING.*

Wha will ride wi' gallant Murray?  
 Wha will ride wi' Geordie's sel?  
 He's the flower o' a' Glenisla,  
 And the darling o' Dunkeld.  
 See the white rose in his bonnet!  
 See his banner o'er the Tay!  
 His gude sword he now has drawn it,  
 And has flung the sheath away.

Every faithful Murray follows;  
 First of heroes! best of men!  
 Every true and trusty Stewart  
 Blythely leaves his native glen.  
 Athole lads are lads of honour,  
 Westland rogues are rebels a':  
 When we come within their border,  
 We may gar the Campbells claw.

Menzies he's our friend and brother;  
 Gask and Strowan are nae slack;  
 Noble Perth has ta'en the field,  
 And a' the Drummonds at his back.  
 Let us ride wi' gallant Murray,  
 Let us fight for Charlie's crown;  
 From the right we'll never sinder,  
 Till we bring the tyrants down.

Mackintosh, the gallant soldier,  
 Wi' the Grahams and Gordons gay,  
 They have ta'en the field of honour,  
 Spite of all their chiefs could say.  
 Bend the musket, point the rapier,  
 Shift the brog for Lowland shoe,  
 Scour the dirk, and face the danger;  
 Mackintosh has all to do.

To keep due order of time and place—or, as we may say, the "unities" of our collection—we give next the address of Lord George to the mustered Clans, as expressed in vigorous verse by David Vedder, one of our national poets, who died in 1854:—

*LORD GEORGE MURRAY TO THE CLANS.*

The British diadem  
 Is the Royal Stuart's right!  
 Let the beacons brightly flame  
 From each tower and rocky height:  
 Let the slogans through our glens loudly swell:  
 For above your father's graves  
 Tread these Hanoverian slaves,  
 And their standard proudly waves  
 On the gale.

Oh ! whet your daggers bright  
 On the tomb of great Montrose;  
 Then quench their radiant light  
 In the bosom of your foes—  
 The foeman of your sovereign and lord.  
 Carve his titles on the pines  
 Where the German's banner shines,  
 Through their mercenary lines,  
 With the sword.

The coward Cope may boast  
 Of his squadrons and his files,  
 But the leader of our host—  
 Heir of all the British Isles—  
 By the lightning of his eye and his brand,  
 These cravens shall be chased,  
 With fiery-footed haste,  
 As the tempest o'er the waste  
 Drives the sand !

Remember great Dundee,  
 And the glories of your sires;  
 When the clansmen, one to three,  
 Amid bayonet-thrust and fires,  
 Hewed their gory path with broadsword and targe.  
 Trophies shall reward your toils  
 From the proud usurper's spoils;  
 Eternal justice smiles—  
 To the charge !

To this fervid hortative, let us add a patriotic strain—  
 not wholly devoid of the Jacobite spirit, by the late  
 Rev. Henry Scott Riddell, the Border poet, in whose  
*Poems, Songs, and Miscellaneous Pieces*. Edinburgh :  
 1847, it was first published :

*AULD ALLAN O' ATHOL.*

Auld Allan o' Athol gaed fast up the hill,  
 And brandished his braid-sword, and sang aye wi' glee,  
 Let them say o' the land o' our birth as they will,  
 Auld Scotland is still th' unconquered and free.  
 He threw off his bonnet, and raised up a stane,—  
 Now some of our foemen lie here, I can see,  
 For we ken aye wha best gar our thistles grow green,  
 And hurrah for auld Scotland, the land o' the free.

Auld Allan sat down on the cliff o' a rock,  
 And his braid-sword, though tried, and as tough as could  
 He shivered at ance, with the pith o' his stroke, [be,  
 While he sang o' auld Scotland, the land o' the free.  
 Yon chief, he exclaimed, that made a' men afeard,  
 Never yet set his foot on o' this side the sea,  
 For, though he took Princes and Popes by the beard,  
 The touch o' our thistle he dared not to dree.

Lang syne there came o'er an imperial horde  
 Frae some land lying nearer the e'elids o' day,  
 But the streams o' auld Scotland they couldna weel ford,  
 And they found that the Tiber was nought to the Tay :  
 Sae doun went their eagles, and off went the gang,  
 For they judg'd it as weel just to let us a-be,  
 And their courage grew laigh as our heather grew lang,  
 And hurrah for auld Scotland, the unconquered and free.

Our neebers south by, too, right often came doun,  
 To cancel our writs, and our hames to destroy,  
 But we gae them a snifter, and roun' aye for roun',  
 Wi' the axe o' King Bruce, and the sword o' Rob Roy :  
 And though our ain Charlie their crown could hae ta'en,  
 He hated a land lying flat as a sea,  
 And sae just returned to our mountains again,  
 And hurrah for auld Scotland, the land o' the free.

O weel, weel befa' a' yon cots in the glen,  
 And bairnies that yonder bound brisk o'er the brae,  
 And a' her fair maidens, her minstrels, and men,  
 For the worth o' auld Scotland shall never decay :  
 And when this auld heart shall lie cauld in the mool,  
 I ken unco weel where the hearts still will be,  
 That will guard our wild land frae a' dauger and dool,  
 Then hurrah for auld Scotland, the land o' the free.

Having heard auld Allan on his hill, we shall wend our way to the banks of the Garry, and listen to a simple lyric in their praise. We found the song in *The Mirror* for 11th September, 1824, as selected from Macpherson's *Melodies from the Gaelic*.

#### THE BANKS OF GARRY.

Tune—"O'er the moor among the heather."

When rosy May embalm'd the air,  
 And verdure fring'd the winding Garry,  
 Upon a dewy morning fair,  
 I met my lovely Highland Mary :  
 On the flowery banks of Garry,  
 By the silver-winding Garry.  
 When rosy May embalm'd the air,  
 I met my lovely Highland Mary.

Softly wav'd the birken tree,  
 The little birds were gay and airy :  
 Sweetly flow'd their melody  
 Upon the gay green banks of Garry :  
 On the flowery banks of Garry,  
 By the silver-winding Garry,  
 Sweetly flow'd their melody  
 Upon the gay green banks of Garry.



But what were morning, wet wi' dew,  
 And all the flowers that fringe the Garry,  
 When first arose upon my view  
 A beam of light, my Highland Mary ?  
 On the flowery banks of Garry,  
 By the crystal-winding Garry,  
 'Twould make a saint forget his creed,  
 To meet her by the winding Garry.

O speed thee, Time ! on swifter wing  
 Around thy ring, nor slowly tarry :  
 Oh ! haste the happy hour to bring  
 That gives me to my Highland Mary !  
 On the flowery banks of Garry,  
 By the silver-winding Garry,  
 Take, Fortune, all the world beside,  
 I ask no more than Highland Mary.

Our next transition shall be from Garry's banks to the city of the hills,—the Eden of the North,—that we may recall the stanzas in which a poet took farewell of Dunkeld. The verses appeared in a volume entitled *Contemplation; with other Poems*. By Alexander Balfour. Edinburgh : 1820. The author was a native of Monikie parish, in Forfarshire, where he was born in 1767. He wrote several novels of considerable merit—the best known being *Campbell; or, The Scottish Probationer*; and he also issued another volume of poems—*Characters omitted in Crabbe's Parish Register*—which was reckoned not much inferior to the model. He died in 1829.

#### ADIEU, DEAR DUNKELD.

Air—"How sweet this lone vale."

Adieu, dear Dunkeld ! all thy beauties are vanished;  
 Amidst thy gay landscapes I wander to mourn;  
 Each dream of delight from my bosom is banished,  
 And Hope has departed, ah ! ne'er to return.  
 Ah ! too faithful memory ! why add to my anguish,  
 Still whispering the treasure that here I possessed ?  
 Dear Mary, condemned in pale sickness to languish;  
 Whom Death, unrelenting, laid cold on my breast.

Adieu, dear Dunkeld ! in the bosom of Nature,  
 By mountains surrounded, their sides clothed in green;  
 Where broad waving woods tower, gigantic in stature,  
 The moss-covered rock frowning proudly between.  
 How oft from yon heights, when the tempest was howling,  
 The song of my Mary would winter beguile !  
 What though all around us the black clouds were scowling,  
 It always was Summer with Mary's dear smile.

Adieu, dear Dunkeld ! through thy woods and green  
vallyes

Though the dark-rolling Tay sweep majestic along,  
Though Summer's rich fragrance breathe round the gay  
palace,

And Nature's soft minstrels wild warble the song.  
Thy tall towering poplars, thy ever-green bowers,  
Thy hermit retreat, and thy cataracts steep,  
Where once with my Mary I twined the sweet flowers,  
There, lately, a mourner, I wandered to weep !

Adieu, dear Dunkeld ! though I droop broken-hearted,  
Still pausing—reluctant—I leave thee behind—  
But alas ! let me go ! for the days are departed  
When Mary was lovely, and Fortune was kind.  
Yet still the gray spire through the green woods is peeping,  
'Twas there the loved Mary vouchsafed to be mine;  
Sweet seraph ! far distant, though cold thou art sleeping,  
I feel my heart panting to mingle with thine.

We now append another "Farewell," which will be our first selection from the original anonymous poetry of the literary periodicals issued in Perth during a number of years after the middle of 1841. The following is from the *Perth Saturday Journal*:—

#### FAREWELL TO GLENALMOND.

As Phœbus had set o'er the Grampian mountains,  
Tranquillity lay on the sweet rural vale:  
Save the sigh of the breeze and voice of the fountains,  
All Nature seemed hush'd over moorland and dale:  
An Emigrant stood by the tomb of great Ossian,  
And gazed with regret on the crags of Dunmore ;  
Alas ! said the youth, in his heartfelt emotion,  
Alas ! I'll return to Glenalmond no more !

Dear Scotland, my country ! when I thy proud story  
Of Science and Valour all fully review,  
How far in the shade is old Greece in her glory !  
And Rome's ancient laurels seem wither'd by you.  
And now, Caledonia, although I must leave thee,  
A stranger to roam in a far distant land,  
To leave thy blue mountains—ah ! how it does grieve me !  
For dear to my bosom is Scotia's strand.

Oft fancy returns to the scenes of my childhood,  
And memory still lingers on pleasures long fled ;  
How loved I to stray by thy streamlets and wild wood,  
Or, musing, recline 'neath the green sylvan shade !  
No more o'er Glenalmond, when evening's dusk gathers,  
Will the calm summer gloaming bring joy unto me:  
'Tis my latest survey of the land of my fathers,  
Ere I voyage afar o'er the wide western sea.

I may launch my canoe on the waves of Lake Erie,  
Or hunt the wild deer the deep forests among;  
But thou, dear Glenalmond, I'll never forget thee,  
While the woodlands resound to Niagara's song.  
Flow on, lovely Almond, thy margins adorning,  
Aurora again will their beauties restore;  
Ever dear be thy stream, as in life's happy morning;  
But, farewell for ever! I'll see thee no more.

A NEW GARLAND OF PERTHSHIRE SONGS.—  
Part 2nd.

I love old songs ! for pleasant recollections  
Of faces painted on my memory yet ;  
They lull us in a dream of retrospections  
That will not let us, if we would, forget.

Then lay the new ones by, and softly sing me  
Some cherished strain that to the past belongs ;  
You cannot know the sad, sweet joy they bring me ;  
I love old songs—I dearly love old songs !

Anne Beale.

A HIGHLAND air, breathing plaintive sweetness, called "Macgregor of Ruara," was once very popular, both north and south. Of the old Gaelic song adapted to it, a translation, or rather paraphrase, not distinguished by poetic merit, was often sung in the Lowlands; and we are glad to see that it finds a place (with the music) in the *Lyric Gems of Scotland*. Mrs Grant of Laggan, in her *Essays on the Superstitions of the Highlanders of Scotland* (vol. ii., pp. 184-221) dwells at some length on the song and its traditionary story. The hero, she says, should strictly be called *Macgregor na Rua Strua*—of the red or sanguine streams; which epithet may have originated from some battle in which he fought, near a mountain stream, whose clear waters were reddened by the carnage. She thinks that he was "a cadet of the Clan Grant, to whom the district of Glenlyon had at one time belonged;" and that his surname was not really Macgregor, which in his case was merely a patronymic:—"Gregor being a frequent surname among the Grants, the son of the expatriated individual of that name was called Macgregor, which became the common appellation of his descendants." But whatever his original surname, whether Grant or Macgregor, he is supposed to have been violently dispossessed of his Glenlyon lands, and thereupon becoming an outlaw, was slain by his enemies. From the addition of *Rua Strua* to his name, Mrs Grant suggests

that he may have been engaged in a conflict which took place, near the Tummel, between two small parties, numbering about fifty men each, of the Macgregors and the Clan Donnachie, at some period unascertained. The former were defeated with much slaughter:—it is said that only one of them escaped by a desperate spring from the bank of the river to a boulder in the middle of the current, and thence leaping to the other side. Our authoress gives a translation of the Gaelic song or lament on Macgregor's fate.

*MACGREGOR NA RUARA,*

My sorrow, deep sorrow, incessant returning,  
Time still, as he flies, adds increase to my mourning,  
While I think on Macgregor, true heir of Glenlyon,  
Where still to sad fancy his banners seem flying :

On Macgregor na Ruara, whose pipes far resounding,  
With their true martial strain set each bosom a-bounding.  
The badge of Strathspey, from yon pine by the fountain,  
Distinguish'd the hero, when climbing the mountain.

The plumes of the eagle gave wings to his arrow,  
And destruction flew wide from the weapon so narrow :  
His shafts, highly polished and bright, were a treasure  
That the son of a king might have boasted with pleasure.

When the brave son of Murdoch so gracefully held them,  
Well pois'd and directed, no weapon excell'd them.  
Now dead to the honour and pride I inherit,  
Not the blow of a vassal could rouse my sad spirit.

Though insult or injury now should oppress me,  
My protector is gone, and nought else can distress me.  
Deaf to my loud sorrows, and blind to my weeping,  
My aid and support in yon chapel lie sleeping.

In that cold, narrow bed they shall slumber for ever ;  
Yet nought from my fancy their image shall sever.  
He that shared the kind breast which my infancy nourish'd,  
Now cold in the earth, leaves no trace where they flourish'd.

No obsequies fitting, his pale corpse adorning,  
No funeral honours to soothe our long mourning,  
No virgins high-born, with their tears to bedew thee,  
To deck thy pale corpse, and with flow'rets to strew thee.

But the other version, to which we have alluded, has been the one popularly known and usually sung in the Lowlands ; and, therefore, we shall now quote it. Apparently it was first published in 1792, at the end of

a 12-paged tract, printed in Perth, and bearing the following title:—

*The Siege of Perth; or, Sir William Wallace. A Martial Entertainment. As it was Performed at the Theatre, Perth. Written by A. Maclaren. To which is added, the Favourite Ballad of MacGregor Aruaro. Printed for the Author. 1792.*

The author is named as one of the *dramatis personæ* in "The Siege of Perth," and may have been manager of the Theatrical Company who performed the piece.

*MACGREGOR ARUARO.*

Written by A. Maclaren,

And sung by Mrs Sutherland.

From the chace in the mountain, as I was returning,  
By the side of a fountain, Malvina sat mourning;  
To the winds that loud whistl'd she told her sad story,  
And the vallies re-echoed "Macgregor Aruaro!"

Macgregor was lofty, of heroes the wonder:  
His voice was in battle like the sound of loud thunder.  
From her mossy-green pillow her head she oft reared,  
While she look'd for Macgregor, who never appeared.

Like a flash of red lightning, o'er the heath came Macara,  
More fleet than the roebuck on the lofty Ben-lara.  
"Oh! where is Macgregor? Say, where does he hover?  
You son of bold Calmar, why tarries my lover?"

Then the voice of soft sorrow from his bosom thus sounded:  
"Low lies your Macgregor, pale, mangled, and wounded.  
O'ercome with deep slumber, to the rock I conveyed him,  
Where the sons of black malice to his foes have betrayed him."

As the blast from the mountain soon nips the fresh  
blossom,

So died the fair bud of fond hope in her bosom.  
"Macgregor! Macgregor!" loud echoes resounded,  
And the hills rung in pity, "Macgregor is wounded!"

Near the brook in the valley, the green turf doth hide her,  
And they laid down Macgregor sound sleeping beside her.  
Secure is their dwelling from foes and black slander;  
Near the loud roaring waters their spirits oft wander.

For contrast to these strains of sorrow, take a humorous sketch of a Highland chief. Recently we recounted the history and traditions of the Clan Macnab; but could not then find space for the following picture of one of the Lairds, in a lively though somewhat lengthy song, which appeared in *Poems and Songs*. By John Imlah.

London : 1841. Imlah is well-known as the author of some simple lyrics, which will live in the minstrelsy of our country. He was a son of the "braif town" of Aberdeen, and died in Jamaica, in 1846.

*THE LAIRD O' M'NAB.*

The Laird o' M'Nab—he is stalwart and stout,  
He's the wonder and wale o' the land round about;  
For a hero a Greek,—for an heiress a grab;  
Have you never heard tell o' the Laird o' M'Nab?  
The big Irish giant was slender and slim,  
Goliath of Gath but a pigmy to him,  
The brawny M'Gregor, the red-headed Rab,  
An infant, in fact, to the Laird o' M'Nab.

His eye would set fire to the Thames or the sea,  
His oily voice wile the wild bird from the tree;  
For the eloquent eye, and the gift o' the gab,  
There ne'er was the like o' the Laird o' M'Nab.  
No chief of Clan Alpine hath ever arrayed  
A figure so fit for the plume and the plaid;  
E'en in waterproof beaver, and doublet of drab—  
Irresistible still is the Laird o' M'Nab!

Wherever he treads there's a groan from the ground;  
When he dances the very stone walls shake around;  
He's a lift for a crane—he's a load for a cab,  
The broad, brawny fellow,—the Laird o' M'Nab.  
For accomplishments, ladies! what more could you wish?  
He can dance like a bear, he can drink like a fish;  
He can smoke, he can snuff, and of pigtail a dab  
Ever soaks in the delicate cheek of M'Nab.

The Laird o' M'Nab, and the Laird o' M'Nish,  
Sat down once to drink like a couple o' fish,  
But flat on the floor fell M'Nish like a swab,  
While sober's a judge sat the Laird o' M'Nab!  
M'Nab before Noah tracks six score of sires,  
Counts kin with dukes, marquises, barons, and squires,  
Let the Border Buccleuch vaunt his doughty dad, Hab,  
There were hundreds like him—in the line o' M'Nab!

Where lie his possessions, so fertile and fair?  
In the Island of *Skye*, and the County of *Ayr*,  
Their heritage, held since the reign of Queen Mab,  
Who granted the same—to the Laird o' M'Nab.  
He's the Mac of all Mac's—that's beyond all dispute,  
From Bullers o' Buchan to Island of Bute,  
From *Ultima Thule* on south to St Abb,  
Broad Scotland exults in the Laird o' M'Nab!

Bidding adieu to the Highlands and their Chiefs, we shall cull a few poetic flowers elsewhere in our fair shire. Auchterarder—the ancient burgh, which witty George Buchanan described as "a toun of fifty draw-

bridges," when some Southron was vaunting of his English cities: Auchterarder, whose famous "Case" set the ecclesiastical and judicial worlds of Scotland by the ears: Auchterarder, though full of prosaic, matter-of-fact, hard-headed folks, shall furnish us with a blythe, homespun lilt in praise of its bonniest lass. The song is from the *Perth Saturday Journal*.

*THE FLOWER O' AUCHTERARDER.*

Air—"Haughs o' Cromdale."

Ither bards hae sung the praise  
O' flowers, that bloom'd on banks an' braes;  
Or village belles ha'e waked their lays,  
Wi' love-inspiring ardour:  
By hill an' dale their verses ring,  
An' touch the heart's elastic spring;  
An' what's to hinder me to sing  
The Flower o' Auchterarder?

A sweeter flower ne'er bloom'd amang  
The flowers o' ancient Scottish sang;  
An' mid' the modern flowery thrang,  
Ye winna find a fairer.  
Her hair sae black, e'en violet blue,  
Her cheek wad shame the rose's hue,  
The lily wadna match the broo  
O' the Flower o' Auchterarder.

O had the Ayrshire Bard but seen  
This flower o' ither flowers the queen,  
Wi' her he ca's his "bonny Jean"  
He never wad compar'd her:  
But eagerly he'd seiz'd his lyre,  
An' blawn the list'ning saul on fire,  
Till a' wad love and a' admire  
The Flower o' Auchterarder.

But Auchterarder's Flower was not to bear off the palm from all the Strath. Farther down the banks of Earn's winding water, another poet struck his lyre, and sang of another fair face which had gladdened his eye. The song is from the *Perth and Dundee Saturday Journal*.

*FREELAND JEAN.*

I've wander'd east, I've wander'd west,  
And mony a bonny lass I've seen;  
But, ah! the bonniest and the best  
Amang them a' is Freeland Jean.  
Her rosy cheeks, her brow like snaw,  
Her bonny, blinking, pawky e'en,  
Hae ta'en my very heart awa':  
Sae lovely is my Freeland Jean!



Oh ! ye may crack o' angels bricht,—  
 Mair bricht than they is she, I ween:  
 Frae nicht till morn, frae morn till nicht,  
 My thochts are aye wi' Freeland Jean !  
 The moon and stars frae heaven will fa',  
 The sun will dance upon the green,  
 The hills and rocks will melt awa',  
 When I forget my Freeland Jean !

Let ithers serve the miser's god,  
 And flitting Fortune follow keen;  
 I hae what's better far than gowd,  
 When I hae bonny Freeland Jean.  
 Then, hard I'll toil, and gather gear,  
 And syne to a' it will be seen  
 How weel I lo'e my bonny dear—  
 How weel I lo'e my Freeland Jean.

The banks of the Teith could also boast of a beauty, whose scornful charms were sung by a Perth poet. In 1848 Francis Buchanan published, in his native city, a volume entitled *The Crusader; with other Poems and Lyrics*,—from which we select one of the songs. The author was for some years an assistant to a late drapery firm in St John Street; but shortly after the publication of his book, he left Perth for Ireland.

#### THE LASS O' TEITH-SIDE.

She's fair an' she's fickle, the lass o' Teithside;  
 An' haith I am thinkin' she kens she's its pride :  
 She curls up her nose, and her haughty blue eye  
 Scorns 'neath its dark fringe, as the callants pass by.  
 I trow she has wrought muckle din in our town,  
 The like ne'er was witness'd in peace-loving Doune ;  
 They squabble and fecht, and ilk ither deride,  
 And a' for the lassie o' bonny Teith-side.

There's Willie the farmer, his sighs are in vain;  
 Though manly and strapping, he's view'd wi' disdain :  
 Puir lad ! he's sae dowie, the gossips are fley'd  
 That the chield has gane wud for the lass o' Teith-side.  
 And Jamie the joiner, sae saving o' gear,  
 I dree he's a' ower wi't—he'll never do mair;  
 He ance thocht to woo her and mak' her his bride,  
 But wae's me ! she's left him, the lass o' Teith-side.

And Harry the rhymster maun alter his tune,  
 An' gang, if he likes, now, and sing to the moon;  
 His muse maun sing dool, and her head she may hide,  
 For her arts canna charm the lass o' Teith-side.  
 Tak' ye a' my advice, and fash na your theoms,  
 An' carena a preen for her glumshes and glooms;  
 Just ne'er look her airth, and you'll bring doon her pride;  
 I'll wad she'll be fain yet,—the lass o' Teith-side.

Our old friend, Charles Spence, stonemason in Rait, and Bard of Gowrie,—who has been gathered to his fathers these eleven years,—claims some remembrance here; and we gladly quote a Carse song of his,—the first of many lyrics which we published for him, in a local periodical, in 1845 and 1846. His poetical pieces were very numerous, and generally of great merit,—including a poem of considerable length illustrating the Fairy superstitions of the Carse; but a strange misfortune befel the MSS. He had carefully copied all his productions in several writing-books, and these he invariably brought with him in a covered basket over his arm, when he came to Perth on a market-day, that he might shew them, with what additions they might contain, to his literary friends. We published selections of his poems both in 1845-6 and in 1861; but about 1865, the MS. books were lent by Spence to one of his warmest admirers in a neighbouring parish, at whose death they could not be found, and we understand they are still amissing: so that, in fact, the greater part of the author's effusions remaining are those which we had the pleasure of introducing to the public. Charles was often urged to issue his best poems in a volume, and every assistance was offered him to carry through the undertaking successfully in a pecuniary point of view: his own family joined heartily in this desire; but he was obdurate and deaf to every such advice,—for what special reason we could never discover,—and yet he was as proud of poetic fame as a bard need be. He readily allowed us to insert, in local publications, as many of his pieces as we chose; but to the last hour we saw him,—shortly before his removal to Manchester, where he died on 14th December, 1869,—he expressed the same old invincible repugnance to the idea of issuing a volume. And after his decease, the disappearance of his MSS. created a new obstacle to the design which his relatives and others would then have accomplished as an enduring tribute to his memory.

## GASTON HILL.

Keen blaws the blast on the high hill o' Gaston,  
 And thiek through the Shan'dry Wood drives the cauld  
 Yon boughs bending heavy wi' bonny green ivy, [snaw,  
 The pitiless tempest is tearing awa':  
 The shepherds, affrighted, their floeks leave benighted,  
 All hungry and heartless they lag on the lea;  
 But caulder the blast shall blaw,  
 Thicker shall drive the snaw,  
 Ere it keep me awa',  
 Nanny, frae thee!

The broad moon arising the eastlands illuming,  
 The west was in soft starry beauty array'd, [ing,  
 When we parted in tears whaur the hawthorn was bloom-  
 And the craik's thrilling note sounded far o'er the mead.  
 My first love was true love, I'll ne'er cherish new love,  
 Though richer and fairer than she I may see;  
 And caulder the blast shall blaw,  
 Thicker shall drive the snaw,  
 Ere it keep me awa',  
 Nanny, frae thee!

By Annat's young wood, whaur the beech-leaf now withers,  
 Beneath the green pines where the wild birds repose,—  
 And round the Raith hill, whaur the snawy wreath gathers,  
 Wi' her I ha'e gather'd the gowan and rose.  
 Daylight is departing, my speed o' foot thwarting,  
 For wrang I may wander, while drift blinds my e'e;  
 But caulder the blast shall blaw,  
 Thicker shall drive the snaw,  
 Ere it keep me awa',  
 Nandie, frae thee!

One more poetic flower to complete our Garland; and it  
 shall be a song (or rather two stanzas of a song) of the  
 Tay by David Vedder.

## MAY MORN ON THE TAY.

Now the beams of May morn  
 On the mountains are streaming,  
 And the dews on the corn  
 Are like diamond-drops gleaming;  
 And the birds from the bowers  
 Are in gladness ascending:  
 And the breath of sweet flowers  
 With the zephyrs is blending.

Then, my Mary, let's stray  
 Where the wild flowers are glowing,  
 By the banks of the Tay  
 In its melody flowing;  
 Thou shalt bathe in May dew,  
 Like a sweet mountain blossom;  
 For 'tis bright like thy brow,  
 And 'tis pure as thy bosom.

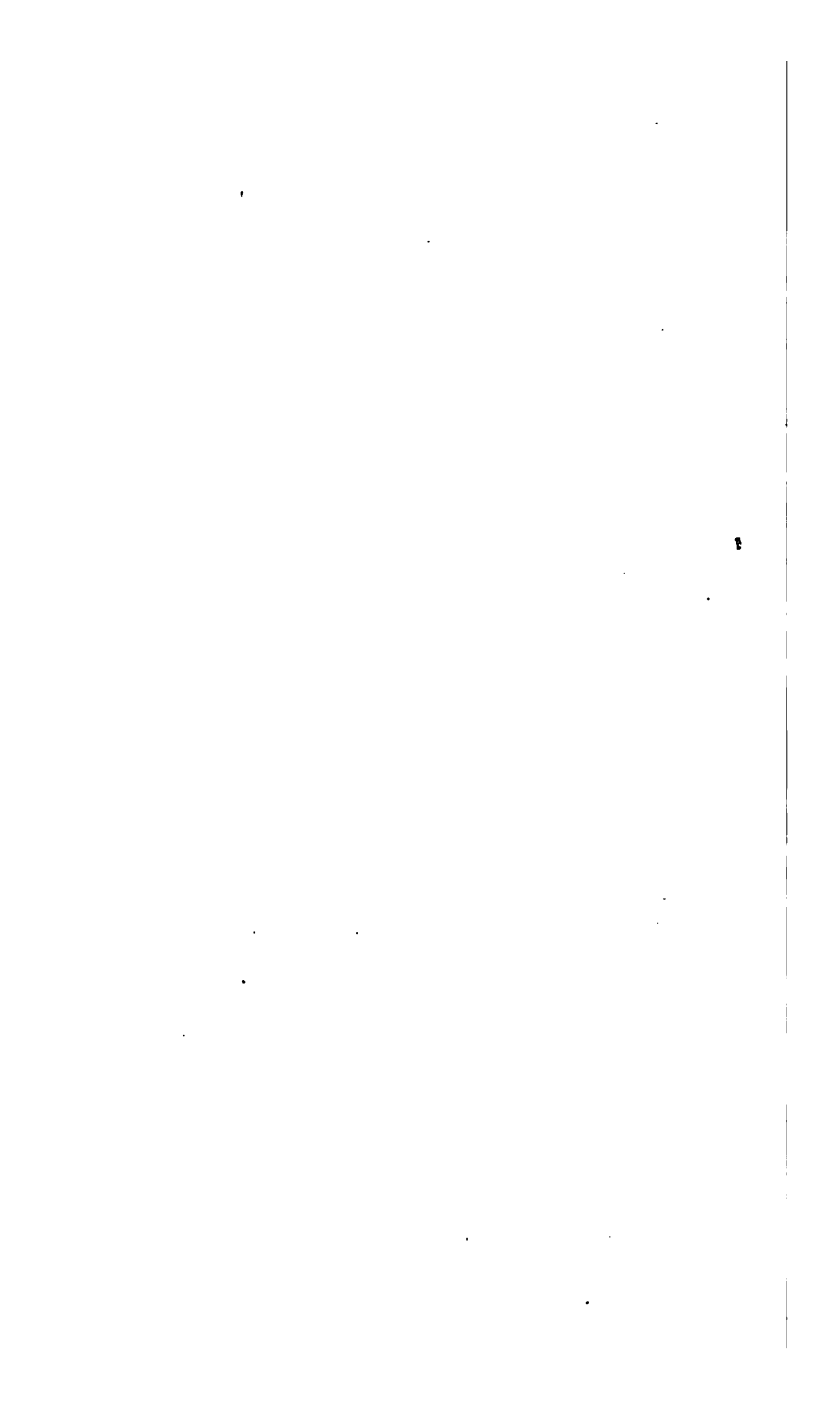
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**APPENDIX.**

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## APPENDIX.

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### “THE THREIPLANDS OF FINGASK.” \*

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THIS work, from the pen of the late Dr Robert Chambers, of Edinburgh, will, we are sure, be received with much pleasure by the reading world generally; but it possesses peculiar and strong claims on the attention of the Perthshire public, inasmuch as it embodies the history of a well-known and highly-esteemed Perthshire family. Dr Chambers was, for many years, on terms of intimate friendship with the present baronet of Fingask, often visiting at Fingask Castle, and fully appreciating the devotion of the elder Threiplands to the cause of the exiled Stuart Princes. It, therefore, occurred to him, so long ago as in 1853, to indite a Memoir of the family, and he accordingly drew up the historical sketch which, after the lapse of more than a quarter of a century, has been issued from the press in the handsome volume now before us. Of the 128 pages to which the book extends, the Memoir only occupies between 60 and 70,—the remainder containing a reprint of two articles by the same author—“Life in a Scottish Country Mansion,” and “Two Days on the Moors of Perthshire,”—both of which relate to the Threiplands, and originally appeared in *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, in 1844 and 1845. As Dr Chambers had full access to the family papers and cognate sources of information, we should have expected that his Memoir would have been a great deal more elaborate than it is; whereas we find it just about the length of the Memoir

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\* *The Threiplands of Fingask: A Family Memoir.* Written in 1853 by Robert Chambers, LL.D. Edinburgh: W. & R. CHAMBERS. 1880.

of "The Threiplands of Fingask," which appeared in weekly chapters in our own columns from 13th September to 11th October last, and the facts in which were drawn from extraneous and independent sources,—the existence of Dr Chambers' work being then unknown to the writer. Nor, indeed, does Dr Chambers, with the advantage of his exclusive facilities, largely supplement the main facts detailed in our Memoir. On the contrary, he is not nearly so full and explicit on certain prominent points of the family history.

The book opens with the conjecture that the Fingask Threiplands came originally from the shire of Peebles,—the name being "a very rare one in Scotland," and "one of those derived from localities." Probably they did so; but their story begins with Patrick Threipland, who rose to municipal office in Perth, in 1657, during the Cromwellian usurpation. The long period of his connection with the magistracy of Perth is skimmed over in three pages,—though the subject is full of local interest; not even a word is said of the rebuilding of the market-cross, or of the institution of Little Dunning Market: and we look in vain for any genealogical account of the Conquerors of Friarton, the family of the Provost's lady: whilst the municipal portion of the Provost's career was treated with much amplitude in our own Memoir. The estate of Fingask was purchased by him, in 1671, from Laurence Bruce, who was deeply involved in debt, and obliged to sell his lands for behoof of creditors; and from our own researches it appears that one, at least, of the mortgages upon the property was allowed to remain for a dozen of years afterwards. On 13th February, 1683, a Renunciation was granted by Laurence Mercer of Melginch, of an annual-rent of £94 8s, out of the barony of Raitt and Fingask, held by him in virtue of a bond by William Bruce, sometime of Fingask, granted to the late John Mercer of Melginch, father of the said Laurence, on 15th February, 1660, for 2360 merks, 12s 8d; but Patrick Threipland having purchased the heritable right of the said lands from Laurence Bruce of Craighall, paid the principal sum to

the said Laurence Mercer, who with advice and consent of Mr James Mercer of Freuchie, now minister at Pennyquick, his tutor in law, granted this Renunciation. In 1674, the estate of Kinnaird was added by purchase to that of Fingask. Towards the close of his life, Sir Patrick "acted as farmer of the Excise of the county of Perth, an office indicating the favour of the Government, but which must also have helped to detract from his popularity." By the month of May, 1689, he was stricken with his last illness; nevertheless, Lord Dundee, while on his way to the north to raise the clans for King James, caused the aged invalid to be "dragged prisoner to Stobhall to him," on the 12th of that month, in order that he might be interrogated as to the Excise money, of which he was the Collector. On the 15th, he was carried prisoner to Stirling, by a party of soldiers, as being suspected of disaffection to the Revolution Government; but he was back in Fingask Castle on the 27th, when he wrote a letter to the Duke of Hamilton, detailing these facts, and stating that it was "simply impossible" for him to appear before the Convention in Edinburgh, unless "a hurl-barrow or some such thing" were employed to carry him. Dr Chambers says:—"It is certain that he [Sir Patrick] died this year, a prisoner in Stirling Castle;" but not a particle of proof is shewn that the old knight did not die under his own roof.

Sir David, the next baronet, seems to have been favourably viewed by the Revolution Government; for he was appointed, both in 1690 and 1704, a Commissioner of Supply for Perthshire, by Act of Parliament—a fact which Dr Chambers omits to notice when he remarks that the Revolution "closed the avenues to the public service against Sir Patrick and his descendants for upwards of a century." But the Jacobite principle was paramount with Sir David, and he joined the rising of 1715, and was attainted. The *History of Scotland*, by David Scott (published at Westminster, in 1727), states that one of Fingask's sons and a party of rebels were taken prisoners during Borlum's passage of the



Firth of Forth. The young man's name was David, and Dr Chambers tells of his subsequent escape :—

Mr Threipland was imprisoned in the Tolbooth of Edinburgh, and his party of a hundred men in the Castle. He himself was afterwards placed in the Castle, when, seeing from the windows of his prison some ladies of his acquaintance walking on the Castlehill, which was then a fashionable promenade, he contrived to signal to them, and the result was that at night they brought some blankets to the bottom of the rock below his windows, to which he was enabled to pull them up by means of a string. He then let himself down the rock, and escaped, along with some of his companions. He and his friends took refuge in a lint-mill in Fife, where, being discovered, they adopted the expedient of throwing a light among the lint, so as to divert the attention of their assailants, and thus they again escaped.

Mr Threipland lived to take part in the affair of the '45, and fell at Prestonpans. When the Fingask estate was seized by Government under the forfeiture, the rental was reported by the Commissioners, in 1717, as £537 19s 2½d sterling, of which only £147 1s 4d was payable in money, and the rest in produce. Lady Threipland, however, continued to reside in the Castle, by favour of Government; and when the estate was sold to the York Buildings Company at £9606 6s 4d, she leased it at the annual rent of £480 6s 3d. In 1745, previous to the outbreak of the Rebellion, a new lease was obtained by the family, for 99 years, at the rent of £461 5s : and it appears that the annual balance remaining, after paying rent and public burdens, was only £201. The ensuing Rebellion brought new sorrow to the Threiplands. Sir David was too old to take the field; but he sent his two sons: and the eldest son, David, lost his life for the cause, as already mentioned. In requital of the services of the family, it was intended by the old Chevalier to bestow on them a Baronage. Writing to his son, in November, 1745, he said—"With regard to Cluny and Threipland, in those gentlemen I have entire confidence, and I design to create them barons, the first Lord Clanchattan, and the last Lord Fingask."

In speaking of the adventures of Sir Stuart Threipland after Culloden, Dr Chambers relates a capital anecdote :—

He subsequently formed one of a remarkable party, including the skulking Prince, which lived for several weeks in an extraordinary habitation called the *Cage* in an inaccessible situation on the mountain of Benalder, near the confines of Perthshire. There the gentlemen, and even the Prince, had often to engage in such simple culinary operations as the circumstances admitted of. Sir Stuart had a curious story to tell of a haggis which he had a hand in making one day when nothing better could be had. Recollecting some peculiar piece of cookery which he had become acquainted with in France, he cut down some apples into small pieces, and introduced these into the mass. Great things were accordingly expected from it; but that "there's many a slip between the cup and the lip," is a proverb that admits of no gainsaying. Just as he was endeavouring to set the haggis in proper form before his fellow-fugitives, it slipped from his hand, escaped from the cage, and commenced a rapid descent down the steep rough hill, at the bottom of which they beheld it dash itself to pieces on a large rock, so as to be utterly lost. The comicality of the incident would have been great had this been a jocund picnic; but in the existing circumstances it was too disappointing to be heartily laughed at.

This anecdote, as told, was obviously new to the writer, as in the sixth edition of his *History of the Rebellion*, published in 1847, he quotes a MS. to show that "all about His Royal Highness, during his abode in Benalder of Badenoch, were Lochiel, Cluny, Loohgarry, Dr Cameron, and Breakachie, one Allan Cameron, a young genteel lad of Calard's family, who was principal servant to Lochiel, and four servants belonging to Cluny." Sir Stuart escaped to France; but the amnesty of 1747 enabled him to return to Scotland. In August, 1783, he had the proud satisfaction of buying back the estates of Fingask and Kinnaird,—the price being £12,207. Barnhill, the other family estate, had remained forfeited—contrary to the understanding of previous writers; but how this came about, Dr Chambers does not explain: he only states that Barnhill was "Lady Threipland's property." Now, the Barnhill titles shew that her father, in 1718, conveyed these lands to her eldest son, James, who dying, his brother, Stuart, was retoured as his heir, in 1721, and obtained a Crown Charter in 1730. The matter, however, is of little moment. We gladly quote the sketch of Sir Stuart at home:—

He was perhaps only too finely strung, for it is remembered that he could not endure even the creaking of a servant's shoes, and hence caused those who waited at his table to wear velvet slippers. This temperament, however, joined to his benevolent dispositions, led him to patronise to the extent of his means many persons engaged in the elegant arts. He was a zealous promoter of an effort which was made in Edinburgh in the early years of George III.'s reign to introduce the English style of speaking and reading. The establishment of a riding-school in Edinburgh under the care of an imported foreigner named Angelo was partly brought about by his means. Nor were the useful arts below his regard. That of stereotyping, which was invented by an Edinburgh goldsmith of Jacobite connections named William Ged, was indebted to some considerable though unknown extent to Sir Stuart, and among the curiosities preserved at Fingask are several plates of the edition of Sallust, which is noted as the first book ever printed in that manner. It may at the same time be remarked that the delicacy of Sir Stuart's nervous system never induced anything like effeminacy in his habits. It is remembered that one day, observing a chambermaid using pains to smooth his bed, he told her to take less trouble about it, adding—"How would you have liked to sleep for months, as I have done, on heather with stones for your pillow?"

Dr Chambers gives a variety of domestic and personal details respecting the Fingask family; but, after all, throws very little additional light on their public transactions either in the two Rebellions or before. The little book, however, furnishes most agreeable reading, being written in the author's clear and pleasant style. It is handsomely got up, and is illustrated with an etching of Sir Stuart Threipland in the Highland dress, and two woodcuts of Fingask and Kinnaird Castles.