











ADVERTISEMENTS
CRATHIE PARISH
CHURCH BAZAAR
BOOK \*\* \*\* \*\*

# INDEX TO ADVERTISEMENTS.

			Page			Page
Aberdeen Lime Company,			44	Coutts, Wm., & Sons, .		. 17
Aberdeen Steam Laundry,			87	Crown Perfumery Co., .		. 3
Abyssinian Gold Jewellery	Co.,	Ltd.	93	Davidson & Kay,		. 104
Aitchison, James,			70	Davidson, W., & Son, .		. 81
Alister, Mrs.,			23	Day & Martin,		. 4
Allan, James, & Son,			25	Decside Hydropathic Establ	ishment	, 73
Allen & Co.,			74	Deutz & Geldermann, .		. 56
Anderson, Alexander,			5	Dewar, John, & Sons, Ltd.,	**	. 13
Annan, T. & R., & Sons,			58	Douglas Hotel, The,		. 6
Barker, John, & Co., Ltd.,			89	Duncan, Flockhart, & Co., .		. 39
Begg, Henry Farquharson,			50	Edward, George, & Sons, .		. 38
Black & Ferguson,			30	Edwards, William,		. 84
Blaikie, John, & Sons,			9	Ewing, James,		. 12
Blondeau et Cie,			11	Fife Arms Hotel,		. 79
Brown, E., & Sons,			52	Florence, James, & Son, .		43
Burroughs, Wellcome, & C	0.,		99	Ford, John, & Co.,		95
Campbells, Limited,			87	Frazer & Green,		. 72
Catto, James,			53	Fry's Pure Concentrated Coc	oa,	. 4
Chivas Bros.,	• • •	3	4-64	Garden, William,		. 70
Clark, John T.,			12	Garrow, Robert,		95
Cocker, James, & Sons,			90	Garvie, James, & Sons, .	8	36-37
Colman's Mustard, &c.,			96	Garvie, Robert G.,		98
Connon, Frederick Louis,			65	"Gentlewoman," The, .		56a
Coutts, Francis,			84	Grand Hotel, The,		. 76

#### ADVERTISEMENTS.

			Page [			Page
Gray, Dunn, & Co.,			19	Melrose, Andw, & Co.,		78
Gray, James, & Son,.			97	Mitchell & Muil, Limited,		24
Hamilton & Inches,			59	Mitchell, Stephen, & Son,		33
Hardy, James, & Co.,			20	Mollison, J. B.,		47
Harris, S. & H.,			66	Morgan, John,		48
Hart & Son,			27	Morgan's Photographic Studio,	•••	71
Hay & Lyall,			71	Mortlocks,		100
Highbury House School,		6	2-63	North British and Mercantile	In-	
Hooper & Co.,			21	surance Co.,		51
Hooper Struve, & Co.,			61	Northern Assurance Co.,		41
Hutcheon, James,			91	Ogston, Alex., & Sons,		60
Imperial Hotel,			57	Palace Hotel, The,		2
Invercauld Arms Hotel,			86	Pegler, George, & Co.,		58
Jamieson, Geo., & Son,			7	Pratt & Keith,		48
Johnston, W. & A. K.,			49	Pullars' Dye-Works,		13
Jopp, Wm. & Keith,			75	Redfern,		1
Keen, Robinson, & Co., L	td.,		32	Reid, Ben., & Co.,	2	8-29
Lamond, George T.,			85	Reid, John W.,		90
Lamont, Jehn,			35	Rhind, D. A., & Co.,		5
Lorimer, James, & Son,			54	Robb, William,		73
Lumsden, James, & Co.,			26	Romanes & Paterson, .		92
Lumsden & Gibson,			80	Roper Frères,		56
Lyall, George, & Co.,			42	Royal Blind Asylum and School		18
M'Hardy, David, & Son,			45	Royal Athenæum Hotel,		67
M'Intosh, James,			14	Saint, James, & Co.,		8
M'Killiam, B. & W.,			48	Schweppe's Waters,		22
M'Leod, John C.,			72	Seivwright, John,		23
M'Vitie & Price,			94	Shirras, Laing, & Co.,		83
Macbeth, James,			102	Simpson & Whyte,		73
Macdonald, A., & Co., Lt	d.,		95	Smith, Geo.,		22
Mackenzie & Moneur,			40	Smiths & Co., Limited,		15
Mackie, J. W., & Sons,			55	Station Hotel and Birnam Hotel,		49
Maple & Co., Ltd.,	•••		16	Stewart, C. & W.,		101
Marr, J., Wood, & Co.,		6	8-69	Stewart, J.,		59
Mearns, Alex., & Co.,	***		85	Sylvan Decoration Co., Ltd., Th	e	77

#### ADVERTISEMENTS.

			Page		F	age
Taggart, James,	• • •		 72	Walker, William, & Sons,		46
Taylor & Henderson,			 103	Watson & Robb,		48
Thom & Strachan,			 91	Whitehead, J., & Sons,	•••	88
Thomson, Marshall,	& Co.,	Ltd.,	 82	Wilson, G. W., & Co., Limited,		23
Thomson, W.,			 31	Wright, James, & Sons,		25
Thornhill,			 10	Wyllie, D., & Son,		24
Walker & Company			99			







LADIES' TAILORS.

The Perfect Productions in

Gowns, Coats, Wraps,

and Millinery,

Exhibited by Messrs. REDFERN in their splendidly appointed Salons at

31 AND 32 PRINCES STREET, EDINBURGH,

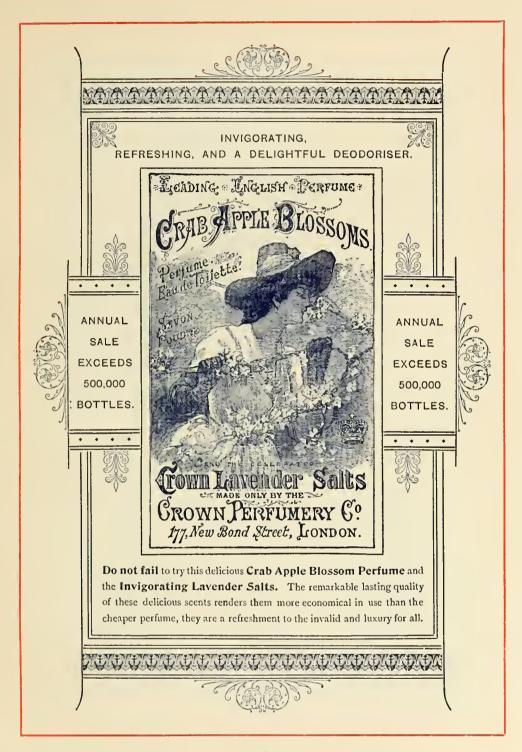
Will be found to combine in a clever way, both Smartness and Utility.



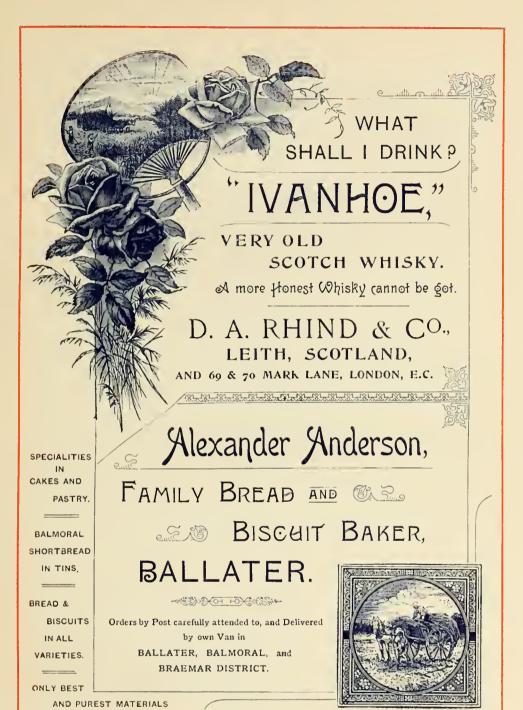
PERFECT CUT AND FIT ASSURED.

I

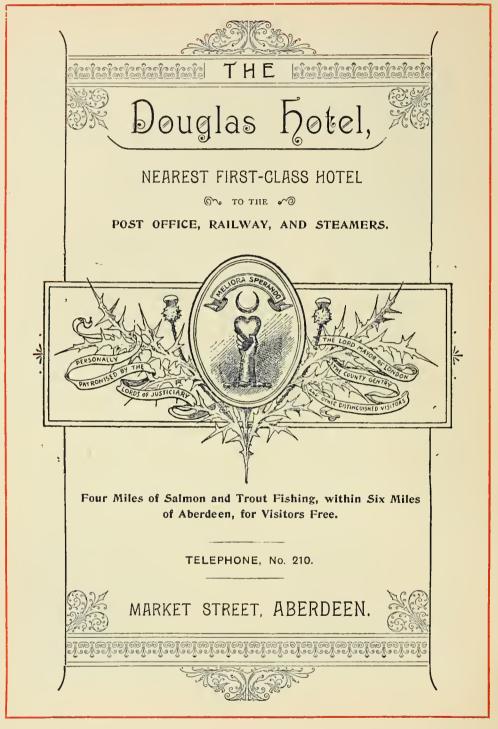








USED.



#### JEWELLERS, WATCH & CLOCK MAKERS.

ESTABLISHED 1733.



# Geo. Jamieson & Son,

By Appointments dated 26th October, 1863, and 16th June, 1884.

DESIGNERS AND MANUFACTURERS OF

SCOTTISH JEWELLERY PO HIGHLAND ORNAMENTS.

CAIRNGORMS AND THE VARIOUS ABERDEEN GRANITES, CUT. POLISHED AND TASTEFULLY MOUNTED.

The First to introduce Greenwich Mean Time in Aberdeen, which is Signalled Daily from Greenwich to their Establishment.

Diamond Merchants and Dealers in Old Plate.

PRACTICAL OPTICIANS.

DESIGNS AND ESTIMATES FURNISHED.

Telegraph Address— JAMIESON, Jewellers, Aberdeen. Telephone No. 97. WILLIAM JAMIESON, 1810 to 1840. GEORGE JAMIESON, 1842 to 1870. GEORGE JAMIESON & SON, 1870.

107 UNION STREET,

ABERDEEN.



ESTABLISHED

NEARLY

HALF A CENTURY.



JAMES SAINT & CO.

SILK MERCERS, Drapers, Hosiers & Outlitters

and words

Costumes, Mantles, Millinery.

SILK AND DRESS MATERIALS.

CHEVIOT & HOMESPUN TWEEDS AND

ABERDEEN WINCEYS.

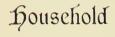
Scotch Tartan Rugs, Shawls, and Cloakings.

LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S OUTFITTING
AND BABY LINEN.

Wedding Mrousseaux.
Indian and Colonial Gutfits.

HOSIERY. GLOVES, RIBBONS. LACES.

⇒ ABERDEEN. \*



Linens

From the

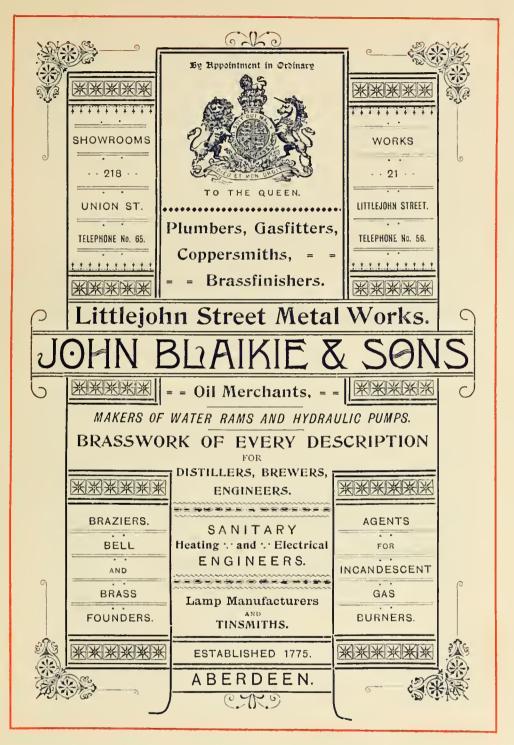
LEAST EXPENSIVE

To the

FINEST DAMASK

MARKED READY FOR USE.





# THORNHILL.

THORNHILL'S IMPROVED PATENT "TRIPLE" PENCIL. As supplied to Her Majesty the Queen.

For Black, Blue, and Red Leads, Enamelled with Black, Blue, and Red Bands to indicate which part must be turned to hring out the corresponding colour of lead.



Pattern 50—Silver, 21/-, 10 carat Gold, 73/6, 16 carat Gold, 94/6. If with Reserve at end for extra leads, or with Thornbill's Patent Detachable Top—Silver, 25/-, 10 carat Gold, 80/-, 16 carat Gold, £5.

#### "SIMPLEX" CARD CASE

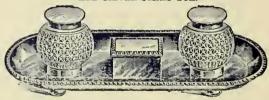
For Gentlemen.

Curved so as to fit close in the Pocket,



Plain Silver, 20/-Fluted or Hammered, 25/-

#### SILVER TRAY WITH TWO CUT GLASS BOTTLES AND SILVER STAMP BOX.

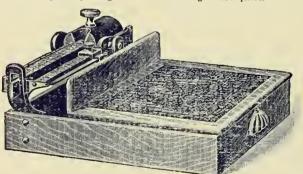


No. 4828-90/. (Tray  $8\frac{3}{4} \times \frac{3}{4}$ .)

# THORNHILL'S NEW REGISTERED PORTABLE PERSONAL WEIGHING MACHINE "THE CHOLMONDELEY"

As designed and manufactured by them for the Most Honourable The Marquis of Cholmondeley. The Smallest, most Compact, and Lightest Machine made.

Ingeniously arranged so that no loose weights are required.



In Polished Oak, with Oarpet covered Platform, £6 10/-(Size of Platform, 14½ × 11½.)

# THORNHILL'S ELECTRIC LIGHT WATCH STAND.

WATCH STAND.

In Polished Oak, containing an Intermittent Battery, and fitted with a small Electric Lamp, which illuminates the Dial when the Button is pressed. The Battery is formed of the new Dry Cells, so that there is no liquid which can be upset when travelling.



No. 70-35/-(Size  $3\frac{3}{4} \times 4\frac{1}{4} \times 6$ .)

NEW ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUES POST FREE TO ANY PART OF THE WORLD

144 NEW BOND STREET, LONDON.

ESTABLISHED 1734.

# VINOLIA SOAP.



PREMIER "VINOLIA" SOAP, 1/- per Box of 3 Tablets.



"VINOLIA" POMADE

Natural to the Hair and Scalp.
In Elogant Porcelain Vase,
3/6.



"VINOLIA" CREAM.

For Sunburns, Face Spots, &c. 1/11/5, 1/9, 3/6, and 6/- per Box.



"VINOLIA" EAU DE COLOGNE.
Delicate and Refreshing.
1/6, 2/6, 3/6, and 6/6 per Bottle.



VESTAL "VINOLIA" SOAP.

7/6 per Box of 3 Tablets.

"LAIT" VINOLIA.
For the Complexion.
In Antique Porcolain Vace,
4/6.



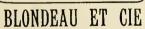
### "VINOLIA" POWDER. Soothing, Soluble, Safe.

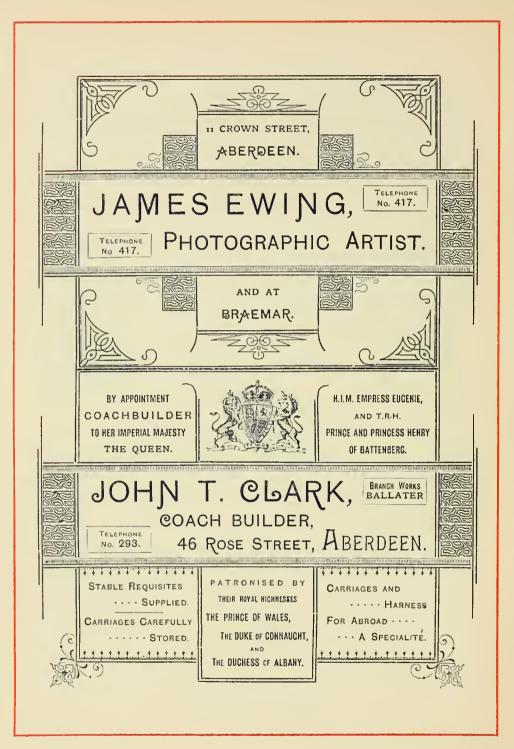
Soothing, Soluble, Safe.
For Redness, Ronghnoss, &c.
1/-, 1/9, 3/6, and 6/- per Box.
In White, Pink, and Cream Tints.

#### RYLAND ROAD N.W.

"VINOLIA" PERFUMES.

1/3, 1/9, 3/-, 5/-, and 9/- per Bottle.
In 19 Kinds.









BY ROYAL WARRANT TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

AWARDED 24 Gold and Prize Medals.

#### DEWAR'S PERTH WHISKY.

Lancet.-" This is a good, pure and wholesome spirit,"

Dr. Stevenson Macadam .- " It is a first-class spirit, thoroughly wholesome and palatable, and of the highest quality."

#### JOHN DEWAR & SONS, LTD., PERTH, N.B., & LONDON.

Distillery, - TULLYMET, Perthshire.

ESTABLISHED OVER SEVENTY YEARS.



BY APPOINTMENT

HER MAJESTY

THE QUEEN. 1852.

### **PULLARS'** DYE=WORKS,

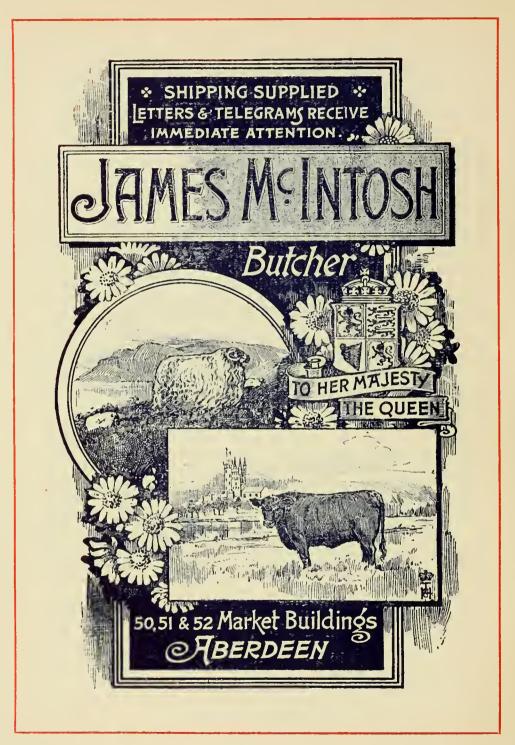
OFFICES & -

PERTH. - AGENCIES

In all Towns and Villages of any size In Great Britain & Ireland.

Goods can also be sent by Parcel Post or Rail direct to

PULLARS' DYE-WORKS, PERTH.





# MAPLE & CO

Limited



UPHOLSTERERS TO HER MAJESTY

THE LARGEST AND MOST CONVENIENT

ESTABLISHED MORE THAN HALF A CENTURY

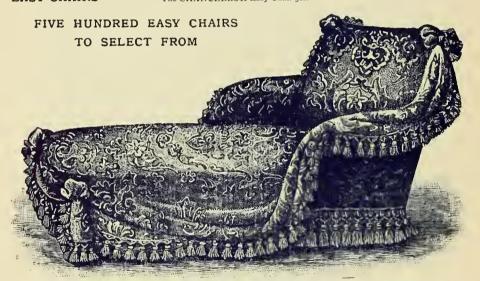
### FURNISHING ESTABLISHMENT

IN THE WORLD.

EASY CHAIRS EASY CHAIRS EASY CHAIRS

MAPLE & CO.'S EASY CHAIRS are famous throughout the civilised world as being really comfortable. Hundreds of Easy Chairs always in stock ready for delivery, or covered in any selected materials in a couple of hours.

The CHANCELLOR Easy Chair 50s. EASY CHAIRS EASY CHAIRS EASY CHAIRS



Example of a luxuriously comfortable Chaise-Lougue, in rich Mohair Rugs, mounted on Velvet and Trimmed with handsome Fringes and Tassels. MAPLE & CO

PERSIAN CARPETS

INDIAN CARPETS

PERSIAN CARPETS

HAVE THE FINEST COLLECTION

INDIAN CARPETS

PERSIAN CARPETS

ORIENTAL CARPETS

INDIAN CARPETS

PERSIAN CARPETS

INDIAN CARPETS

#### TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD LONDON

EUROPE.



# W™ COUTTS & SONS,

BY SPECIAL APPOINTMENT

#### PAINTERS,

Decorators, Glaziers & Paperhangers

HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE QUEEN, H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES,

AND

HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF FIFE, K.T., &c.



— ESTABLISHED OVER —HALF - A - CENTURY.

ARTISTIC PAPERHANGINGS.

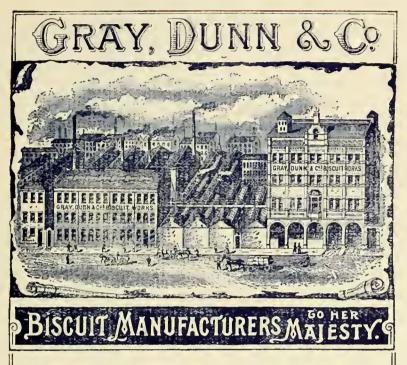
ALL THE NEWEST DESIGNS OF

ANAGLYPTA, LANCRUSTA, WALTON,
Ornamental Dado Rails, Picture Rods, Japanese Papers, &c.

216B. UNION ST. ABERDEEN.

TELEGRAMS-COUTTS, PAINTERS, ABERDEEN.

Gold Medal Condon 1884 orgest, Cheapest, and Best
Stock in the city SPRING MATTRESSES. HAIRS. WOOL, STRAW and GRASS MATTRESSES. FEATHER BEDS, BOLSTERS and PILLOWS BRASS and IRON BEDSTEADS. Bedding purified and remade on the newest & most approved principles CONTROYAL CARCO BLIND ASYLUMAND SCHOOL · 58 Nicolson St EDINBURGH Illustrated Catalogue on application



#### ROYAL BEATRICE BISCUITS

AS SUPPLIED REGULARLY TO HER MAJESTY.

#### FLORADOR FINGER BISCUITS

DELICIOUS FOR AFTERNOON TEA.

### BRAEMAR BISCUITS

UNSWEETENED, SPECIALLY HIGH CLASS.



TELEGRAMS - NARDY, JEWELLERS, ABERDEEN,

## JAMES HARDY & CO.

TELEPHONE EXCHANGE No. 750.

Respectfully invite inspection of their Extensive Show Rooms, which have just undergone extensive alterations and improvements, and contain a magnificent variety of New Goods of the Highest Quality and Pinish, comprising: --

DIAMOND ORNAMENTS, SCOTCH PEARL AND CAIRNGORM JEWELLERY.



53 UNION STREET
OPPOSITE SONG SCHOOL
ABERDEEN



235 BROMPTON ROAD OPPOSITE THE ORATORY LONDON, S.W.



74 PRINCES STREET
OPPOSITE NATIONAL GALLERY
EDINBURGH.

WATCHES, CLOCKS, CHINA, STERLING SILVER, ELECTRO PLATE, &c.

Specialities for Wedding, Birthday, and Complimentary Presents.

HIGH-CLASS REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.

PURCHASERS ARE PLACED IN DIRECT COMMUNICATION WITH THE PRODUCERS' MANUFACTORIES, LONDON.

NOTE

ABERDEEN BRANCH, 53 UNION STREET.

R. H. GIBSON, MANAGER.

CHIND

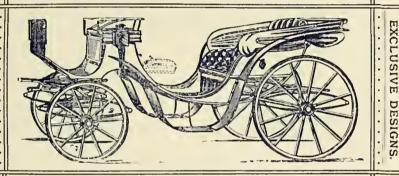


# HOOPER & CO.

Carriage Manufacturers, 107 VICTORIA STREET,

LONDON, S.W.

MATERIALS FINEST



BY APPOINTMENT TO

#### MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY THE

GERMAN EMPEROR.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE Prince of Wales, K.G.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE Queen of the Netherlands. Duke of Saxe-Coburg & Gotha, K.C.

COACHBUILDERS

H.R.H. the DUKE of YORK. H.R.H. the DUKE of CONNAUGHT, K.G. Her Royal Highness the PRINCESS LOUISE.

H.R.H. the DUCHESS of FIFE. H.R.H. the DUCHESS of ALBANY. H.R.H. the DUKE of CAMBRIDGE, K.G. &c. &c.

CARRIAGES OF THE BEST QUALITY.

Highest Workmanship.



## GEORGE SMITH

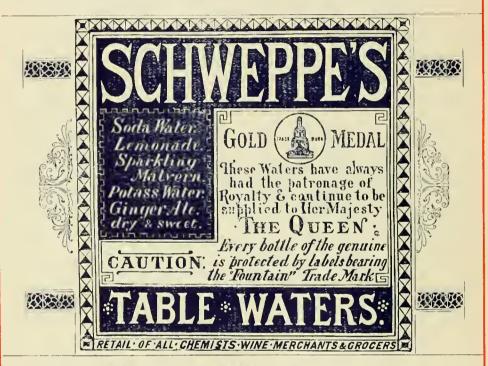


#### Saddler & Harness Maker

To Her Majesty the Queen and H.A.B. The Prince of Wales,

FISHING TACKLE & AMMUNITION,
GOLF CLUBS, BALLS, &c.

BALLATER.



#### WALKER & COMPANY,

19 BRIDGE STREET, ABERDEEN,

CHEAPEST HOUSE IN SCOTLAND FOR

NEW AND SECOND-HAND BOOKS. THIRTY-FIVE LANGUAGES IN STOCK.

LIME-LIGHT LANTERN EXHIBITIONS

By Qualified Operators and Lecturers.

Lanterns and Slides on Hire. Lanterns for Sale. Large Selection.

WALKER & COMPANY, 19 Bridge Street, ABERDEEN.

Telegrams :- WALKERS-COMPANY-BOOKSELLERS-ABERDEEN.

#### MRS. ALISTER, COURT DRESSMAKER, 4 Orchard Street, PORTMAN SQUARE, W.

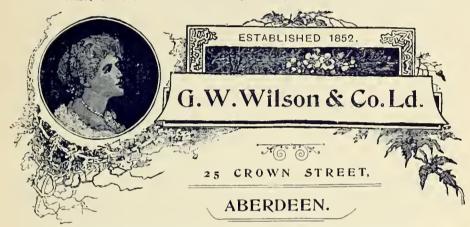
GOOD FIT, STYLE, & MATERIALS. PRICES MODERATE. Specialities-Evening Dresses, Tailor-Made Gowns, and Trousseaux.

#### COUNTRY ORDERS CAREFULLY EXECUTED.

Press Holice.—Mrs. Alister makes churning gowns at extremely reasonable prices, and smart tailor coats and skirts from four guineas upwards, and certainly her dresses are all graceful and original, and, crowning virtue, they fit remarkably well.—see "The Gentlewoman, 'June 3, 1802.

A GOOD DERESSMAKER,—People are always asking me for the address of a good dressmaker—one who will fit you well and make you look smart, and not charge fancy prices. Mrs. Alister assers all these conditions, and her laste is always good.—" Sunday Times, "February, 25, 1894. (Our Special Commissioner.)

#### HER MAJESTY'S PHOTOGRAPHERS IN SCOTLAND.



Publish a Photograph (12 × 7 inches) taken last year of the Ceremony of Laying the Foundation Stone of the New Crathie Church by the Queen. Price—Mounted, 2/6; Unmounted, 2/-. Catalogues of their British, Colonial and Foreign Landscape Photographs and Lantern Slides sent on application. Also lists of their large Aumal Studies for framing (the finest set ever photographed). Photography of every kind undertaken.

#### PATRONISE PROVINCIAL TALENT.

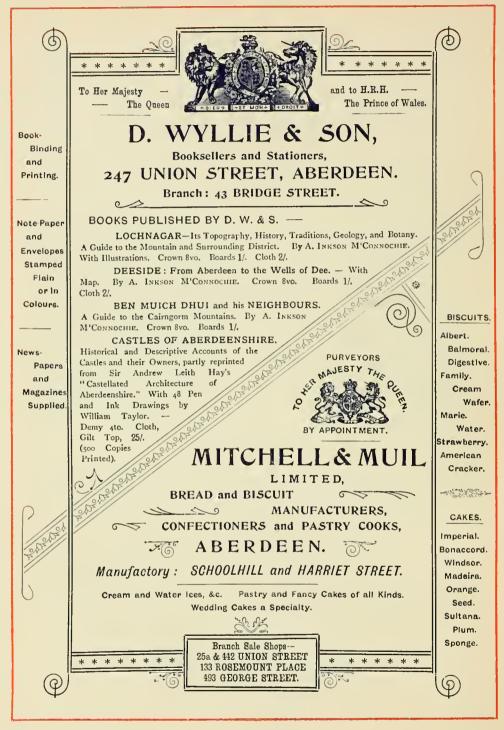
AT THE ART NEEDLEWORK FANCY COODS & FURNISHING WAREHOUSE OF JOHN SEIVWRICHT, ABERDEEN.

GHERE are always splendid pieces of work, and many unique things in finished goods being produced, showing how Provincial Talent can be developed, when properly supported, and congestion of the great centres of population thereby prevented.

Crests, Monograms, and Designs of every kind made and traced for work. Pearsall's Silk, Genuine Scotch Knitting, Yarns, Materials for all kinds of work.

Goods Supplied for Bazaars on Special Terms. A Visit Solicited and Orders by Post Invited.

John Seivwright, 111 UNION STREET, ABERDEEN.



WAYAYAYAYAY

### JAMES ALLAN & SONS,



#### ABERDEEN.



CABINETMAKERS, UPHOLSTERERS, REMOVAL CONTRACTORS.

BAZAAR AND BALLROOM DECORATORS.

LARGE SELECTION OF FURNISHINGS IN THE LOUIS, CHIPPENDALE, AND MODERN STYLE.

CARVED OAK HALL FURNITURE.

INDIAN, PERSIAN, TURKISH, AXMINSTER, AND OTHER CARPETS AND RUGS.

ESTABLISHED 1835.



By Special Appointment to Mer Majesty the Queen.

#### JAMES WRIGHT & SONS,

Quarry Owners & Manufacturers of Polished Granite,

ROYAL GRANITE WORKS, ABERDEEN.

RED, BLUE, and GREY GRANITES for Architectural Construction, Monuments, and General Purposes.

Columns and all Circular Work Done at Specially Low Prices by New Patent Process.

DRAWINGS AND ESTIMATES ON APPLICATION.

不够不够不够不够不

1年,不是不得不得不得不



BY SPECIAL APPOINTMENT TO



H.R.H. THE DUKE OF EDINBURCH.

### HART & SON,

DEALERS IN

#### Cremona and other Enstruments.

MANUFACTURERS OF GUARANTEED ENGLISH-MADE VIOLINS, ARTISTICALLY FINISHED, RICHLY OIL-VARNISHED.



"THE VIOLIN
and its
FAMOUS —

— MAKERS"

By GEORGE HART.

8vo, 12/6. Popular Edition (without plates), 7/6.

"THE VIOLIN and its

MUSIC" —

GEORGE HART.

Quarto, 31/6.

— 8vo, 10/-

TARTINI'S DREAM.

Importers of the Pinest Quality of Italian Strings.

TESTED STRINGS, PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR HART & SON.

GOOD VIOLINS FROM TWO GUINEAS.

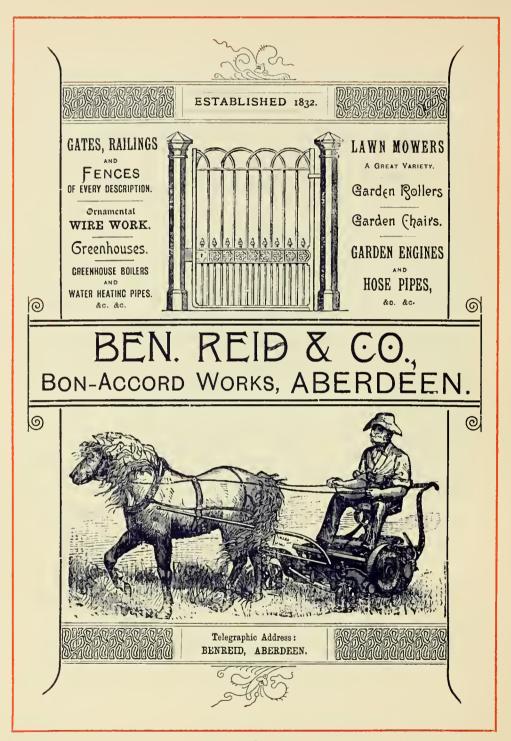
BOWS, CASES, GUITARS, ITALIAN MANDOLINES.

Lists on Application.

Messrs. HART & SON have a unique collection of Violins, Violas, Violoncellos, and Bows by the Old Masters.

VIOLIN, VIOLA, VIOLONCELLO, GUITAR, MANDOLINE, & ZITHER METHODS.

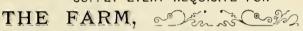
28, WARDOUR STREET, LONDON, W.





#### THE QUEEN'S SEEDSMEN, Nurserymen & Florists, ABERDEEN.

SUPPLY EVERY REQUISITE FOR



THE GARDEN,



BRANCH FLORAL WAREHOUSE-

#### 145 UNION STREET.

Large Stock of FRESH CUT FLOWERS Always on Hand. Bridal, Ballroom, and Opera Bouquets.

BASKETS ARTISTICALLY FILLED WITH CHOICEST FLOWERS AND FERNS. SPRAYS FOR LADIES' HAIR OR DRESS. TUBE AND NAPKIN FLOWERS.

GENT'S BUTTONHOLE FLOWERS. PALMS, FERNS, AND OTHER DECORATIVE PLANTS.

Memorial Wreaths, Crosses, Anchors, Crowns, Stars, And any other Special Design to Order.

ESTABLISHED 1797.

## BLACK & FERCUSON,

ADELPHI, \*\*BERDEEN.

Finest Old Highland Whisky



## BELTED PLAID



UNIQUE FOR ITS MELLOWNESS AND DELICACY OF FLAVOUR.

As Supplied to

FAMILIES, HIGH-CLASS CLUBS, & HOTELS,

SPEIRS & POND'S STORES.

Samples and Prices on Application.

London Office—12 IDOL LANE, E.C.

DO PO DO 2240 E VORDE HOURS HOURS HOURS CO



## THOMSON'S



## "GENUINE" AERATED

WATERS. O.

TWO PRIZE MEDALS AND THREE DIPLOMAS OF MERIT

AWARDED FOR PURITY AND EXCELLENCE OF MANUFACTURE.

Largest and most Completely Equipped Factory in Scotland.

VISITORS CALLING CAN SEE THE MACHINERY IN MOTION. AND HAVE THE PROCESS EXPLAINED.

W. THOMSON,

LEMON STREET,

ABERDEEN.

ESTABLISHED 22 YEARS.



## THE NATIONAL CONDIMENT

Keen's

UNEQUALLED
IN
FLAVOUR

AS
SUPPLIED
TO

Mustard

H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES

NOTHING IS BETTER FOR SUPPER THAN GRUEL MADE FROM

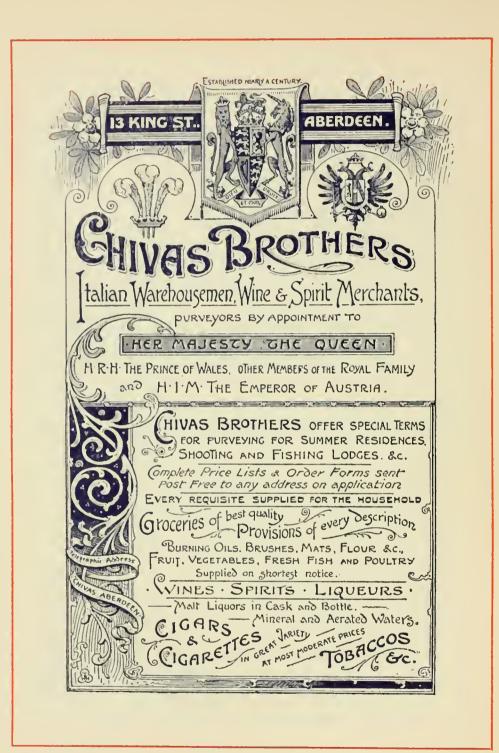
# Robinson's satent Groats

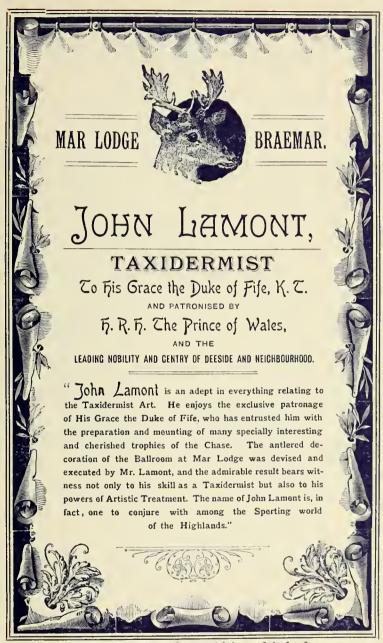
Nutritious, Comforting, and Easy of Digestion

KEEN, ROBINSON & CO. Ld. LONDON

PURVEYORS TO H.M. THE QUEEN



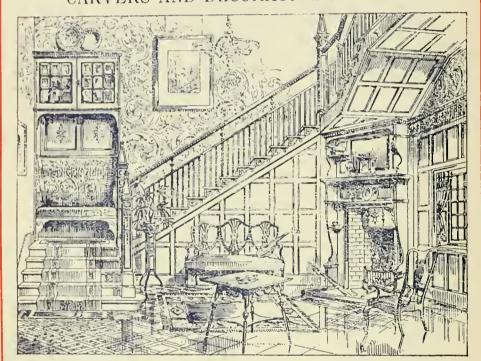




Stags and Roes' Heads and Preserved Skins on Sale, &c., &c.

## JAMES GARVIE & SONS,

BUILDERS AND GENERAL CONTRACTORS,
MAKERS & DESIGNERS OF INTERIOR WOODWORK,
FURNITURE & UPHOLSTERY.
CARVERS AND DECORATIVE ARTISTS.



Sketch of Hall Interior, by Messrs. Garvie's Designer, Edward W. Japp

Special Designs and Estimates given and suggestions made as to best mode of Furnishing and Beautifying the Home.

JOINERY AND CABINET WORKSHOPS—ROSE STREET. FURNITURE SHOWROOMS—425 UNION STREET, ABERDEEN.

CONTRACTORS FOR THE CRATHIE CHURCH.



## JAMES GARVIE & SONS,

HOUSE PAINTERS & DECORATORS,
234 236 UNION STREET,
ABERDEEN.

DEALERS IN

ARTISTIC PAPERHANGINGS
DECORATIVE FABRICS.

ALL THE NEWEST PATTERNS IN LINCRUSTA-WALTON, ANAGLYPTA, CORDELOVA, TYNEGASTLE TAPESTRY,

JAPANESE LEATHER PAPERS.

Plain and Decorative Painting and Gilding.

ECCLESIASTICAL, PLAIN, AND ORNAMENTAL STAINED GLASS IN CATHEDRAL AND ANTIQUE COLOURINGS.

DESIGNS PREPARED FOR CHURCH AND DOMESTIC WORK.

ESTIMATES FURNISHED.

CONTRACTORS FOR THE CRATHIE CHURCH





## Duncan, Flockhart & Co.'s

#### BAUMOL SOAP,

A SUPERFATTED SKIN SOAP, FREE FROM ALL IRRITATING PROPERTIES AND DELICATELY PERFUMED.

From the "EDINBURGH MEDICAL JOURNAL," December, 1891.

"We have submitted DUNCAN, FLOCKHART & CO.'S BAUMOL SOAP to the most careful tests, and have no hesitation in expressing the opinion that it is incomparably the best Soap we have ever used. It can be confidently recommended as unsurpassed for the nursery, for shaving, and general toilet use."

"Excellent for the delicate skins of Infants and young children."— "Weekly Scotsman,"

In Tablets, 6d. each; In Boxes (3 Tablets), 1/6 each.

BAUMOL SHAVING SOAP, in Sticks, 1s. each.

Also BAUMOL SOAP in the following Combinations;-

BAUMOL CARBOLIC SOAP, In COAL TAR SOAP, Tablets

,, TEREBENE SOAP, 6d. Each.

#### DUNCAN, FLOCKHART & CO.,

CHEMISTS TO THE QUEEN, EDINBURGH.

**米**菜菜菜菜菜菜菜

By Special Appointment to B.R.H. the Prince of Wales.



TELEGRAMS—
"HOTHOUSE," EDINBURCH.





EDINBURGH.

#### MACKENZIE & MONCUR,

Hothouse Builders and Heating Engineers.

HEAD OFFICE AND WORKS-UPPER GROVE PLACE, EDINBURGH.

BRANCH-ST. ANDREW'S CROSS, GLASGOW. LONDON OFFICE-50 CAMDEN ROAD, N.W.



HORTICULTURAL BUILDINGS of every description erected, either in Wood or Iron, in any part of the Kingdom.

ALL LATEST IMPROVEMENTS ADOPTED.

TEAK WOOD HOUSES A SPECIALITY.





Pavilions, Summer Houses, Band Stands, Boat Houses, and all kinds of Wooden Buildings.

Our Conservatories have been awarded Five Gold and Silver Mcdals at Exhibitions in London and Edinburgh.





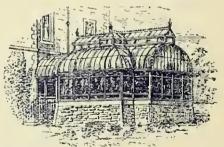
#### HEATING.

Public Buildings, Churches, Schools, Mansion Houses, Warehouses, Coach Houses, Harness Rooms, &c., heated in most efficient manner on the Low or High Pressure Hot Water Systems, or with Steam.









SPLENDID ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE

ESTABLISHED 1836.
INCORPORATED BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT.

## The Northern Assurance Co.

FOR ---

#### FIRE AND LIFE ASSURANCE.

SUBSCRIBED CAPITAL £3,000,000.

HEAD OFFICES:

ACCUMULATED FUNDS

ABERDEEN.

1 UNION TERRACE.

1 MOORGATE STREET.

FIRE DEPARTMENT.—Insurances are granted on Property situate in all parts of Her Majesty's Dominions, and in most Foreign Countries, at rates computed according to the actual risk incurred.

LIFE DEPARTMENT.—The Life husiness of the Company is divided into two distinct branches:—

I. THE NON-PARTICIPATING BRANCH, the Assured in which receive no addition to their Policies.

II. THE PARTICIPATING BRANCH, in which the whole of the Sarplas, as ascertained at each valuation, belongs to the Policy-holders. The Assured thus obtain the Advantages of a Mutual Society, while the necessity felt by Mutual Offices of setting aside a portion of their profits to form a Guarantee Fund is avoided.

PREMIUMS TO ASSURE £100 WITH PROFITS.	
Age.	£ s. D.
20	1 18 4
25	2 2 10
30	2 8 8
35	2 15 10
40	3 4 10
45	3 16 9
50	4 12 4
55	5 13 2
60	7 1 6

The Life Funds are exempted by Act of Parliament from any liability for the Fire Obligations of the Company, while a saving in charges is effected by the combined management of the Fire and Life Departments. The Total Expenses of Management in the Life Department, -- including Agents' Commission-are less than seven and a-half per cent. of the Revenue from Premiums and Interest. Immediate payment is made of claims in full on

proof of death and title

Surrender values of Lapsed Policies are allowed if claimed within Six Years.

In the case of the majority of Policies, all restrictions on Foreign Travel and Foreign Residence are withdrawn.

#### ABERDEEN OFFICE.

#### Board of Directors :-

ALEXANDER DAVIDSON, Esq., Chairman.

FARQUHARSON TAYLOR GARDEN, Esq. JAMES BADENACH NICOLSON, Esq. ANDREW MACPHERSON, Esq. JAMES MATTHEWS, Esq.

ALEXANDER CHARLES PIRIE, Esq.

Resident Manager-Thomas KyD. | Secretary-William P. Sherriff.

General Manager of the Company-JAMES VALENTINE.



AND H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

## GEORGE LYALL & Co.,

Silk Mercers, 97 & 99 UNION STREET, \*BERDEEN.





COSTUMES AND DRESSMAKING. CLOAKS & JACKETS. MILLINERY. UNDERCLOTHING. GENERAL DRAPERY.

#### ABERDEEN WINCEYS.

A SPECIALITY IN THE FINEST WHITE, HAND-LOOM MADE BY FEMALES.

> Patterns and Parcels sent Frce of Charge to any part of the Kingdom.

26 & 28 BRIDGE STREET.



Minutes'

Walk - from -

the Joint

Station.



Illustrated and Priced Catalogue Free — on —

Application.

## JAMES FLORENCE & SON,

Gurnishing and General Eronmongers, BLACKSMITHS NO BELLHANGERS.

#### ABERDEEN,

Bave always on hand a Karge and Varied Assortment of

#### DOMESTIC FURNISHINGS,

- ALSO OF -

SILVER PLATE, CUTLERY, & LAMPS.

INSPECTION INVITED.

ALL GOODS MARKED IN PLAIN FIGURES.

- WORKSHOP-20a DEE STREET. - PHANTEN





#### By Special Appointment

-m to m-

THE QUEED

-mand -m

H-R-H- THE PRINCE OF WALES

DAVID MCHARDY & SON



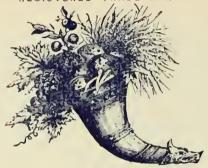
BELL HANGERS AND MANUFACTURERS

GENERAL SMITH WORK.

Netherkirkpate BERDEEN.

ESTABLISHED 1797

REGISTERED TRADE MARK.



Curâ et Industriâ.

THE

## FINEST TEA EUROPE

A Combination of the Rich and Varied Growths of the Gardens of

#### INDIA, CHINA, & CEYLON.

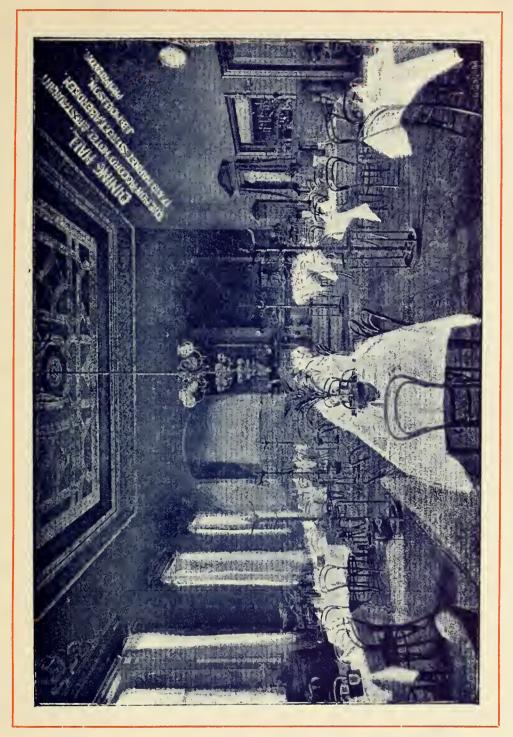
THE best Tea in the cup is the product of a mixture of many sorts; the top leaves of the Tea-plant, when cured, are called Tip, Flowery Pekoe, or Orange Pekoe, the next, Pekoe, Pekoe Souchong, then Congou, and the last, the seventh or coarsest leaf, Bohea; besides these there is marvellous variety in strength, fragrance, and delicacy produced by differences of soil and climate, and the conditions under which the leaves are plucked and prepared in the Spring, Summer, or Autumn.

Certain growths of common Tea give off all their liquor at one infusion, because the leaves are soft, are scarcely rolled together, and open at once, while the leaves of the finest sorts of Tea are crisp, highly dried, and do not readily unroll, hence, when the leaves of the proper sorts of fine Teas are affiliated, they have the power of calling out the properties of each other, and a second or even a third infusion is as good and sometimes better than the first.

Skill in the art of combining the various kinds and qualities of Tea is far from common; long experience in tasting, a knowledge of the character of the water of the district, and the proper facilities for mixing, are not always at the command of the dealer. Sixty years' knowledge of the Trade enables the subscribers to place the best value at the service of their Customers; while the quickness and regularity of supplies, the facilities for delivery by post, road, or rail, combined with their Cash System of business, enable them to deliver the produce of the gardens of the East in all their freshness and fragrance, into the hands of Consumers at prices hitherto unknown.

## WILLIAM WALKER & SONS,

52 Union Street, ABERDEEN.





#### ABERDEEN

POSITIVELY UNSHRINKABLE.

REMITTANCES OR REFERENCE

WITH ORDER.

FOR BRIDESMAIDS, TENNIS AND YACHTING DRESSES OR CHILDREN'S WEAR.

WINCEYS

TRAVELLING RUGS. WRAP SHAWLS.

SHETLAND GOODS. SCOTCH TWEEDS AND CLAN TARTANS.

KEITH, ABERDEEN.  $\mathbb{Z}$ 

ADAM MITCHELL & CO.

#### John Morgan

Granite Worker, BUILDER, CONTRACTOR,

LICENSED VALUATOR,

76 Charlotte Street, ABERDEEN.

By Special Appointment.



1847.

B. & W.

#### McKilliam,

CONFECTIONERS

To Her Majesty the Queen,

14 & 16 Broad Street, ABERDEEN.

#### WATSON & ROBB,

BUILDERS and

Established in 1829. 61.00

HOUSE CARPENTERS, SPRING GARDEN, ABERDEEN.



The Highland Railway Cov.'s

Recently Enlarged and thoroughly Re-decorated. Frequently Patroniscd by the Royal Family. Private Entrance from Station. 'Bus attends the Steamers.

TELEGRAMS: "CESARI, INVERNESS."

EDWARD CESARI, Manager.

#### BIRNAM, PERTHSHIRE.

" Make we our march towards Birnam."-MACBETH.

ONE MINUTE'S WALK FROM DUNKELD STATION.

THIS High-Class Family Hotel stands in its own Grounds, beautifully situated on the banks of the Tay, and is acknowledged to be one of the most comfortable Hotels in the kingdom. Good Salmon and Tront Fishing. Posting. Tariff Moderate. Hotel 'Bus meet Trains and Braemar Coach Free of Charge. Golf Course.

TELEGRAMS: "CESARI, BIRNAM,"

EDWARD CESARI, Proprietor.

#### Dedicated by Special Permission to Her Majesty.

1894 PART EDITION NOW COMPLETE.

Size of Maps—20 by 25 inches. Hf-bd., Royal Folio (20 by 13 inches), in Russia or Morocco, with Gilt Titles and Edges, price £6 6s. Full-Bound, Russia or Morocco, Extra Gilt, with Gilt Edges, price £10 10s. (to order).

#### THE ROYAL ATLAS OF MODERN GEOGRAPHY.

An entirely New Edition, thoroughly Revised to the present time, the Maps giving the very latest information. In a series of 57 entirely Original and Authentic Maps, and 94 inset Maps and Plans, Coloured in Outline. With a Complete Index of Easy Reference to each Map, comprising over 185,000 Places contained in this Atlas.

The Royal Atlas bas been awarded a Medal wherever it has been Exhibited—the latest Award being that at the World's Fair, Chicago, 1893.

#### THE SCOTTISH CLANS AND THEIR TARTANS.

Demy 16mo, 5¼ by 4 inches. Containing Introductory Note, List of Native Dyes, Coloured Map of Scotland in the 16th Century, divided into Clans, 96 Coloured Plates of Tartans (size, 7 by 5 inches each), and Historical Account of each Clan, etc. Price 2/6.

N.B.—This work may be ordered of any Bookseller in the United Kingdom or Abroad. Should there be any difficulty in obtaining a Copy, the Publishers will post one direct to any Address in the United Kingdom, on receipt of a Post or Money Order for 2/6 (no stamps). Prospectus with Names of the 96 Tartans fost free on application.

#### Now Ready.

#### A HISTORY OF THE 1st BATTALION PRINCESS LOUISE'S ARGYLL AND SUTHERLAND HIGHLANDERS.

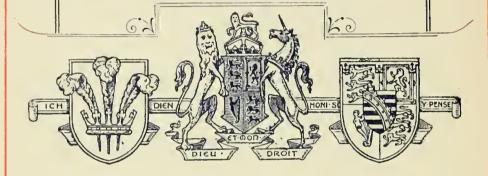
By Lieut. Col. PERCY GROVES.

Size-Royal 8vo, containing 9 Coloured Plates. Full-Bound Cloth, price 7/6.

#### W. & A. K. JOHNSTON,

Geographers to the Queen, Educational & General Publishers, EDINA WORKS, Easter Ruad, & 16 South Saint Andrew Street, EDINBURGH; 5 White Hart Street, Warwick Lane, LONDON, E.C.

## Lochnagar Royal Distillery, BALMORAL.



## HENRY FARQUHARSON BEGG DISTILLER

TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN, H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES,

H.R.H. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.

CHIEF OFFICES-

17 WEIGH-HOUSE SQUARE,

ABERDEEN.

BONDED WAREHOUSES-VIRGINIA STREET.

## MERCANTILE INSURANCE COMPANY.

(Incorporated by Royal Charter and Special Acts of Parliament.)

#### FIRE-LIFE-ANNUITIES.

TOTAL INCOME FOR 1893 -£2,797,101.

#### Extraordinary Directors:

The Right Hon. The EARL OF STRATHMORE.
The Right Hon. The EARL OF ABROGEN,
H.M. Governor-General of Canada.
The Right Hon. The EARL OF ELGIN, G.M.S.I., G.M.I.E., Viceroy and Governor-General of India.

#### ABERDEEN BRANCH OFFICE, 91 Union Street.

#### Local Board of Directors:

G. Collie, Esq., Advocate.

James F. Lumsoen, Esq., Advocate.

A. M. Ogston, Esq. of Advocate.

Thomas Wilsone, Esq., Solicitor.

Local Manager—George W. W. Barclay.

#### LIFE DEPARTMENT.

THE BONUS at last division ranged, according to the age of the policy, from £1 9s. to £2 19s. 2d. per Cent. per Annum on the Original Sum Assured.

ALL BONUSES NOW VEST ON DECLARATION.

#### Claims Paid Immediately on Proof of Death and Title.

#### ANNUITY BRANCH.

Annuities (Immediate, Contingent, or Deferred) are granted on favourable terms.

#### FIRE DEPARTMENT.

Net Fire Premiums 1893. £1,447,390.

Property at Home or Abroad insured at the Lowest Rates corresponding to the Risk.

#### LOSSES PROMPTLY AND LIBERALLY SETTLED.

Prospectuses and every information may be had at the Chief Offices, Branches, or Agencies.

EDINBURGH, - - 64 PRINCES STREET.
LONDON, - - - 61 THREADNEEDLE S Chief Offices: {

61 THREADNEEDLE STREET, E.C. LONDON, -

MANUAL SANGER

き窓が

泛颜

## E. BROWN & SON'S **BOOT PREPARATIONS**



Patent Leather, Glace Kid,

— And Brown Leather, —

LIGHT OR DARK.



#### SOLD EVERYWHERE





#### NONPAREIL DE GUICHE PARISIAN POLISH

(For varnishing Dress and ordinary Calf Boots and Shoes) is more elastic and easier to use than any other.

#### MELTONIAN BLACKING

(As used in the Royal Household) renders the Boots Soft, Durable, and Waterproof.

#### MELTONIAN CREAM

(WHITE OR BLACK) Cannot be equalled for Renovating all kinds of Glacé Kid Boots and Shoes.

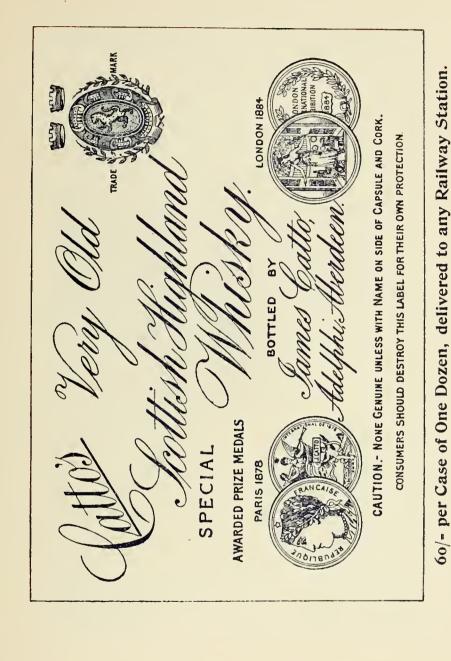
#### ROYAL LUTETIAN CREAM

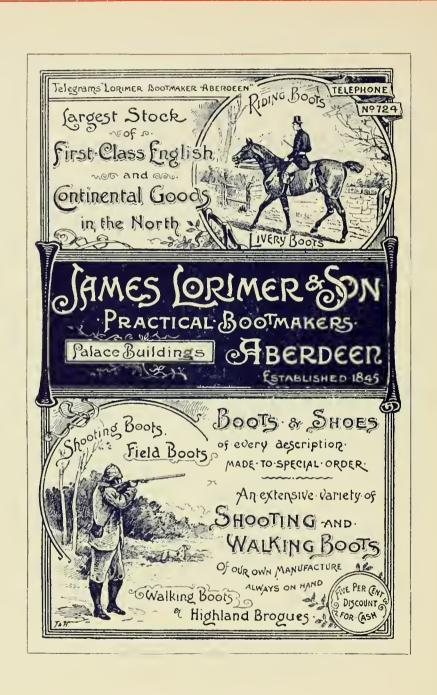
The best for The best for Cleaning and Polishing Rus-sian and Brown Leather Boots, Tennis Shoes, &c.



7 GARRICK STREET, LONDON, W.C., AND AT 26 RUE BERGERE PARIS.













## J. W. MACKIE & SONS,

Bakers, Confectioners, and Biscuit Manufacturers,

PURVEYORS OF RUSKS AND BISCUITS



By Special Appointment to



H.M. The Queen and H.R.H. The Prince of Wales.

108 Princes Street, Edinburgh.

#### MACKIE'S EDINBURGH SHORTBREAD.

"An exquisite National Cake." Sent Post Free in tins containing 2, 3, and 5 Cakes, at 2/9, 4/-, and 6/4 respectively.

#### MACKIE'S SCOTCH OAT CAKES.

In tins I/- each. Postage for 1 tin, 5d.; for 3 tins, 10d.; and for 4 tins, I/-. One dozen tins, Carriage Free.

#### DAINTY CAKES.

For Afternoon Teas, Tennis, and Garden Parties. Cardboard Boxes, containing a variety, sent Post Free at 4/-, 5/6, and 8/- each.

J. W. MACKIE & SONS, 108 Princes Street, EDINBURGH.

ESTABLISHED 1825.

kākākākakakaka

VINTAGE 1889.

TOLDI CONTRACTOR

VINTAGE 188

တ

## DEUTZ & GELDERMANN

GOLD LACK

Extra Quality

Ay-Thampagne

DEUTZ & GELDERMANN'S "GOLD LACK" CHAMPAGNE has, on many occasions, been specially selected for H.R.H. Prince of Wales, H.R.H. Duke of York, H.R.H. Duke of Edinburgh, Duke of Saxe-Coburg, H.R.H. Duke of Connaught, H.R.H. Duke of Cambridge, and other Members of the Royal Family.

BEST VALUE IN MARKET.

#### ROPER — FRÈRES

- & CIE.

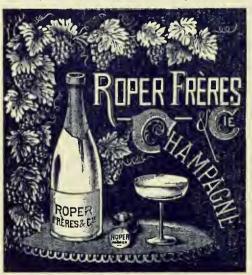
1st QUALITY

CHAMPAGNE

IS

SPECIALLY

RECOMMENDED



PRIZE MEDALS, 1873 & 1874.

FOR —

BALLS,

PIC-NICS,

LUNCHEONS,

YACHTING,

GOLF

MATCHES,

&c., &c.



## EVERY THURSDAY SIXPENCE.

AT EVERY BOOKSTALL AND NEWS AGENT IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

#### TWO OPINIONS:-

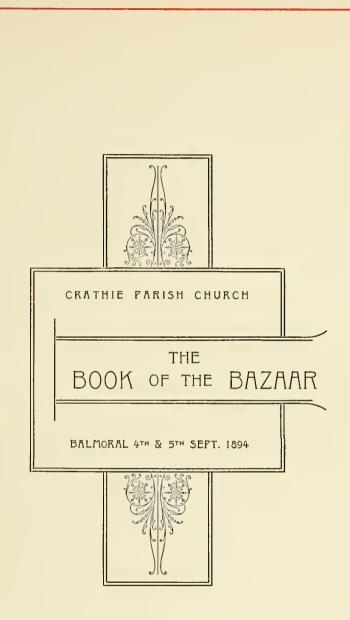
"'The Gentlewoman' is undoubtedly the leading illustrated journal 'de luxe' of refined society, and it is to be found almost universally in the homes of English gentlewomen."

"This wonderful Sixpennyworth of beautiful illustrations and delightful reading is the completest compendium which has ever been produced of all that interests our refined Womankind. Nothing is lacking, even to exciting the competitive abilities of its readers, young and old, as valuable prizes are offered in almost every department of its carefully selected columns, by which The Gentlewoman is rendered not alone a charming companion, but also a profitable friend."

Yearly Subscription, including Christmas Number, £1 9s. 4d.

"The Gentlewoman" Offices—
ARUNDEL STREET, STRAND, LONDON.











Vitarialled.

# UNDER LOCHNAGAR

R. A. PROFEIT, A.M.

ABERDEEN:
TAYLOR AND HENDERSON
LITHOGRAPHERS AND PRINTERS TO HER MAJESTY
MD CCC XCIV

All Rights Reserved

"O sweeter than the marriage-feast, 'Tis sweeter far to me To walk together to the Kirk With a goodly company.

To walk together to the Kirk And all together pray, While each to his great Aather bends, Old men, and babes, and loving friends, And youths and maidens gay."

-Coleridge.

JA 425 F P94





### CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL NOTICE R. A. PROFEIT,
CRATHIE CHURCH Sir Edwin Arnold, 15 THE CHURCHES "UNDER LOCHNAGAR" Rev. Archibald A. Campbell, 20 CRATHIE CHURCH, Lewis Morris 37 THE IDEAL AGE TO LIVE IN ANDREW LANG, 38 ADAM O' FINTRY WILLIAM BLACK, 42 BALMORAL CASTLE R. A. PROFEIT, 44 DESPAIR AND HOPE I. ZANGWILL, 47 BLACK SPIRITS AND WHITE HENRY IRVING, 48 ANCIENT ANNALS OF HIGHLAND MAR Rev. John G. Michie, 56 UIGHLAND MAR Rev. John G. Michie, 56 SIR JOHN COPE Professor Alex. Ogston, 73 SIR JOHN COPE Professor Blackie, 90 MY SPRING REFRAIN (Music) F. Paolo Tosti, 93 A FAREWELL The Duchess of Sutherland, 96 A FAREWELL The Duchess of Sutherland, 96 "UNDER LOCHNAGAR" (August) W. Carnie, 98 "UNDER LOCHNAGAR" (August) W. Carnie, 108 M'STOTTIE'S TOUR Rev. Dr. J. Cameron Lees, 109 ON A PUNCH AND JUDY SHOW JOHN MALCOLM BULLOCH, 120 A THE REEL O' TULLICH Alexander Allardyce, 121
CRATHIE CHURCH Sir EDWIN ARNOLD, 16 THE CHURCHES "UNDER LOCHNAGAR" Rev. Archibald A. Campbell, 20 CRATHIE CHURCH, Lewis Morris 37 THE IDEAL AGE TO LIVE IN ANDREW LANG, 39 ADAM O' FINTRY WILLIAM BLACK, 43 BALMORAL CASTLE R. A. PROFEIT, 44 DESPAIR AND HOPE I. ZANGWILL, 47 BLACK SPIRITS AND WHITE HENRY IRVING, 48 ANCIENT ANNALS OF INGILIAND MAR Rev. John G. Michie, 56 ULD HOPES AND NEW JOHN STRANGE WINTER, 72 THE CAPTURE OF TOSHEEN Professor Alex. OGSTON, 73 SIR JOHN COPE Professor Blackie, 90 MY SPRING REFRAIN (MUSIC) F. PAOLO TOSTI, 93 A FAREWELL THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND, 96 ABERGELDIE CASTLE Rev. JOHN G. MICHIE, 98 "UNDER LOCHNAGAR" (AUGUST) W. CARNIE, 108 M'STOTTIE'S TOUR Rev. Dr. J. CAMERON LEES, 109 ON A PUNCH AND JUDY SHOW JOHN MALCOLM BULLOCH, 120 ALEXANDER ALLARDYCE, 121 ALEXANDER ALLARDYCE, 121
THE CHURCHES "UNDER LOCHNAGAR" CRATHIE CHURCH, LEWIS MORRIS
"UNDER LOCHNAGAR"   Rev. Archibald A. Campbell, 20 CRATHIE CHURCH, Lewis Morris
CRATHIE CHURCH, LEWIS MORRIS
THE IDEAL AGE TO LIVE IN ANDREW LANG,
ADAM O' FINTRY WILLIAM BLACK,
BALMORAL CASTLE R. A. PROFEIT,
BLACK SPIRITS AND WHITE HERRY IRVING,
ANCIENT ANNALS OF HIGHLAND MAR  OLD HOPES AND NEW JOHN STRANGE WINTER, 72  THE CAPTURE OF TOSHEEN Professor Alex. Ogston, 73  SIR JOHN COPE Professor Blackie, 90  MY SPRING REFRAIN (MUSIC) F. PAOLO TOSTI, 93  A FAREWELL THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND, 96  ABERGELDIE CASTLE Rev. JOHN G. MICHIE, 98  "UNDER LOCHNAGAR" (AUGUST) W. CARNIE, 108  M'STOTTIE'S TOUR Rev. Dr. J. CAMERON LEES, 109  ON A PUNCH AND JUDY SHOW JOHN MALCOLM BULLOCH, 120  THE REEL O' TULLICH ALEXANDER ALLARDYCE, 121
IHIGHLAND MAR f Rev. John G. Michie, 50 OLD HOPES AND NEW JOHN STRANGE WINTER, 72 THE CAPTURE OF TOSHEEN Professor Alex. Ogston, 73 SIR JOHN COPE Professor Blackie, 96 MY SPRING REFRAIN (Music) F. Paolo Tosti, 93 A FAREWELL The Duchess of Sutherland, 96 ABERGELDIE CASTLE Rev. John G. Michie, 98 "UNDER LOCHNAGAR" (August) W. Carnie, 108 M'STOTTIE'S TOUR Rev. Dr. J. Cameron Lees, 109 ON A PUNCH AND JUDY SHOW JOHN MALCOLM BULLOCH, 120 THE REEL O' TULLICH ALEXANDER ALLARDYCE, 121
THE CAPTURE OF TOSHEEN Professor ALEX. OGSTON, 73 SIR JOHN COPE Professor BLACKIE, 96 MY SPRING REFRAIN (MUSIC) F. PAOLO TOSTI, 98 A FAREWELL THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND, 96 ABERGELDIE CASTLE Rev. JOHN G. MICHIE, 98 "UNDER LOCHNAGAR" (AUGUST) W. CARNIE, 108 M'STOTTIE'S TOUR Rev. Dr. J. CAMERON LEES, 109 ON A PUNCH AND JUDY SHOW JOHN MALCOLM BULLOCH, 120 THE REEL O' TULLICH ALEXANDER ALLARDYCE, 121
THE CAPTURE OF TOSHEEN Professor ALEX. OGSTON, 73 SIR JOHN COPE Professor BLACKIE, 96 MY SPRING REFRAIN (MUSIC) F. PAOLO TOSTI, 93 A FAREWELL THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND, 96 ABERGELDIE CASTLE Rev. JOHN G. MICHIE, 98 "UNDER LOCHNAGAR" (AUGUST) W. CARNIE, 108 M'STOTTIE'S TOUR Rev. Dr. J. CAMERON LEES, 109 ON A PUNCH AND JUDY SHOW JOHN MALCOLM BULLOCH, 120 THE REEL O' TULLICH ALEXANDER ALLARDYCE, 121
SIR JOHN COPE Professor Blackie, 90 MY SPRING REFRAIN (Music) F. Paolo Tosti, 93 A FAREWELL The Duchess of Sutherland, 96 ABERGELDIE CASTLE Rev. John G. Michie, 98 "UNDER LOCHNAGAR" (August) W. Carnie, 108 M'STOTTIE'S TOUR Rev. Dr. J. Cameron Lees, 109 ON A PUNCH AND JUDY SHOW JOHN MALCOLM BULLOCH, 120 THE REEL O' TULLICH ALEXANDER ALLARDYCE, 121
MY SPRING REFRAIN (Music) F. Paolo Tosti, 93 A FAREWELL THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND, 96 ABERGELDIE CASTLE Rev. John G. Michie, 98 "UNDER LOCHNAGAR" (August) W. Carnie, 108 M'STOTTIE'S TOUR Rev. Dr. J. Cameron Lees, 109 ON A PUNCH AND JUDY SHOW JOHN MALCOLM BULLOCH, 120 THE REEL O' TULLICH ALEXANDER ALLARDYCE, 121
A FAREWELL THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND, 96 ABERGELDIE CASTLE Rev. John G. Michie, 98 "UNDER LOCHNAGAR" (AUGUST) W. CARNIE, 108 M'STOTTIE'S TOUR Rev. Dr. J. CAMERON LEES, 109 ON A PUNCH AND JUDY SHOW JOHN MALCOLM BULLOCH, 120 THE REEL O' TULLICH ALEXANDER ALLARDYCE, 121
ABERGELDIE CASTLE Rev. John G. Michie, 98 "UNDER LOCHNAGAR" (August) W. Carnie, 108 M'STOTTIE'S TOUR Rev. Dr. J. Cameron Lees, 109 ON A PUNCH AND JUDY SHOW JOHN MALCOLM BULLOCH, 120 THE REEL O' TULLICH ALEXANDER ALLARDYCE, 121
"UNDER LOCHNAGAR" (AUGUST) W. CARNIE, 108 M'STOTTIE'S TOUR Rev. Dr. J. CAMERON LEES, 109 ON A PUNCH AND JUDY SHOW JOHN MALCOLM BULLOCH, 120 THE REEL O' TULLICH ALEXANDER ALLARDYCE, 121
M'STOTTIE'S TOUR Rev. Dr. J. CAMERON LEES, 109 ON A PUNCH AND JUDY SHOW JOHN MALCOLM BULLOCH, 120 THE REEL O' TULLICH ALEXANDER ALLARDYCE, 121
ON A PUNCH AND JUDY SHOW JOHN MALCOLM BULLOCH, 120 THE REEL O' TULLICH ALEXANDER ALLARDYCE, 121
THE REEL O' TULLICH ALEXANDER ALLARDYCE, 121
CATHERINE GORDON THE MARQUIS OF HUNTLY 149
Control Control of the American or Housely 142
I TO THE HILLS W. A. MACKENZIE, 148
MENICO AND ISOLINA GIOVANNI PODESTA, 149
SISTERS OF THE POOR CLEMENT SCOTT, 155
KNOCK CASTLE R. A. Profeit, 156
SWEET CAMMAS O' MAY W. CARNIE, 159
I AND MY CONSCIENCE A. EGMONT HAKE, 161
HE TOLD ME SO GEORGE GROSSMITH, 179
LOCHNAGAR LORD BYRON, 180
A LONDON STREET JEROME K. JEROME, 181
ROMANCE RUDYARD KIPLING 183
ANGUS M'INTOSH R. A. PROFEIT, 185
BY ISLAY'S SHORES WILLIAM BLACK, ISS
HIER REMEMBRANCE JOHN STRANGE WINTER, 190
SERENADE WALTER H. POLLOCK 204
IN THE TRAIL OF FATE R. A. PROFEIT, 205
SONNET J. A. Blaikie, 213

### LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN	PHOTOGRAVURE—Frontispiece.	Page
T1TLE	John Mitchell, .:	4
BALMORAL CASTLE	JOHN MITCHELL,	11
BOAT POOL	John Mitchell.,	20
RUINS OF CHAPEL, CRATHIE	JOHN MITCHELL,	27
THE OLD CHURCHES OF CRATHLE	JOHN MITCHELL,	28
NEW PARISH CHURCH (Exterior)	A. M. MACKENZIE, A.R.S.A.,	32
NEW PARISH CHURCH (Interior)	A. M. MACKENZIE, A.R.S.A.,	33
LAYING THE FOUNDATION STONE	JOHN MITCHELL,	34
STUDY OF HEAD OF ANGEL	Sir E. BURNE-JONES, Bart.,	37
H.R.H. PRINCESS BEATRICE	Photogravure,	38
H.R.H. PRINCESS LOUISE	PHOTOGRAVURE,	42
ENTRANCE HALL, BALMORAL CASTLE	FROM A PHOTOGRAPH,	44
THE BALLROOM, BALMORAL CASTLE	FROM A PHOTOGRAPH,	46
	P. R. Morris, A.R.A.,	52
SPRING OLD MAR CASTLE	P. R. Morris, A.R.A., John Mitchell,	56
SIR WILLIAM WALLACE	SIR NOEL PATON, R.S.A.	60
MOUTH OF THE DEE	JOHN MITCHELL,	64
MOUTH OF THE DEE VALLEY OF THE DEE	JOHN MITCHELL,	68
LOCH AVON	Sir George Reid, P.R.S.A.,	72
A CARICATURIST'S DAUGHTER	HARRY FURNISS,	78
PEPITA OF SEVILLE	JOHN LAVERY,	84
	Sir J. D. LINTON, P.R.I.,	92
JULIA MANNERING ABERGELDIE CASTLE, LOCII MUICK	JOHN MITCHELL,	98
LOCH MUICK	JOHN MITCHELL,	102
LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT	Dudley Hardy,	108
DUNNOTTAR CASTLE	W. E. LOCKHART, R.S.A.,	116
ON THE DEE AT CRATHIE	R. A. Profeit,	121
OVER SNOWFIELDS	JOSEPH FARQUHARSON	126
LOCHNAGAR IN SNOW	JOHN MITCHELL,	131
STUDY OF A LADY'S HEAD	Sir F. Leighton, Bart., P.R.A	
A DAUGHTER OF HERA	G. CROSLAND ROBINSON,	148
FLORA'S OFFERING	ROBERT SAUBER,	155
KNOCK CASTLE	JOHN MITCHELL,	156
THE DEE AT ABERDEEN HARBOUR	JOHN MITCHELL,	158
OLD BRIDGE OF DEE, ABERDEEN	IOHN MITCHELL	160
SLATE CARRIERS	JOHN MITCHELL, A. G. SANGUINETTI	164
HEAD OF ORPHEUS	SOLOMON J. SOLOMON	170
LA CIGARETTE	St. Clair Simmons,	179
LOCHNAGAR	JOHN MITCHELL,	
A HASTY DESPATCH	G. OGILVY REID, A.R.S.A.	IS3
ANGUS M'INTOSH	GUSTAVE DORE,	185
MY DAUGHTER	Marchioness of Granby	192
A HALF-HOLIDAY	ARTHUR HACKER, A.R.A.	204
THAT RIGHT IN TUNE?	J. Birkenruth	212
	J	J. 1 40

## Crathie Parish Church Bazaar.

OPENED FIRST DAY BY

H.R.H. The Princess bouise (Marchioness of borne)

SECOND DAY BY

H.B.H. The Princess Beatrice (Princess Henry of Battenberg)

THE BAZAAR, in connection with which this Book is Published, was held at BALMORAL, on the 4th and 5th days of SEPTEMBER, 1894, under the Patronage of

#### HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN,

AND OF

THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES

THE PRINCESS LOUISE (MARCHIONESS OF LORNE)  ${}^{\rm AND}$  THE PRINCESS BEATRICE (PRINCESS HENRY OF BATTENBERG)

THE LADY PATRONESSES BEING

THE DUCHESS DOWAGER OF ATHOLE.
THE DUCHESS DOWAGER OF ROXBURGHE.
THE MARCHIONESS OF HUNTLY.
THE COUNTESS OF ABERDEEN.
LADY CUNLIFFE BROOKS OF GLEN-TANA.
LADY MACKENZIE OF GLENMUICK.
LADY BORTHWICK.
LADY KENNARD.
MRS. FARQUHARSON OF INVERCAULD.
MRS. GORDON OF ABERGELDIE.

MRS. INGE, CORNDAVON.

### CRATHIE PARISH CHURCH BAZAAR.

#### \*\*\* STALLS. #-OX

STALL No. 1.

PRESIDED OVER BY H.R.H. THE PRINCESS BEATRICE.

STALL No. 2.

HELD BY MRS. FARQUHARSON OF INVERCAULD, AND LADY MACKENZIE OF GLENMUICK.

STALL No. 3.

Held by LADY CUNLIFFE BROOKS of Glen-Tana, and LADY KENNARD.

STALL No. 4.

(Local Stall.)

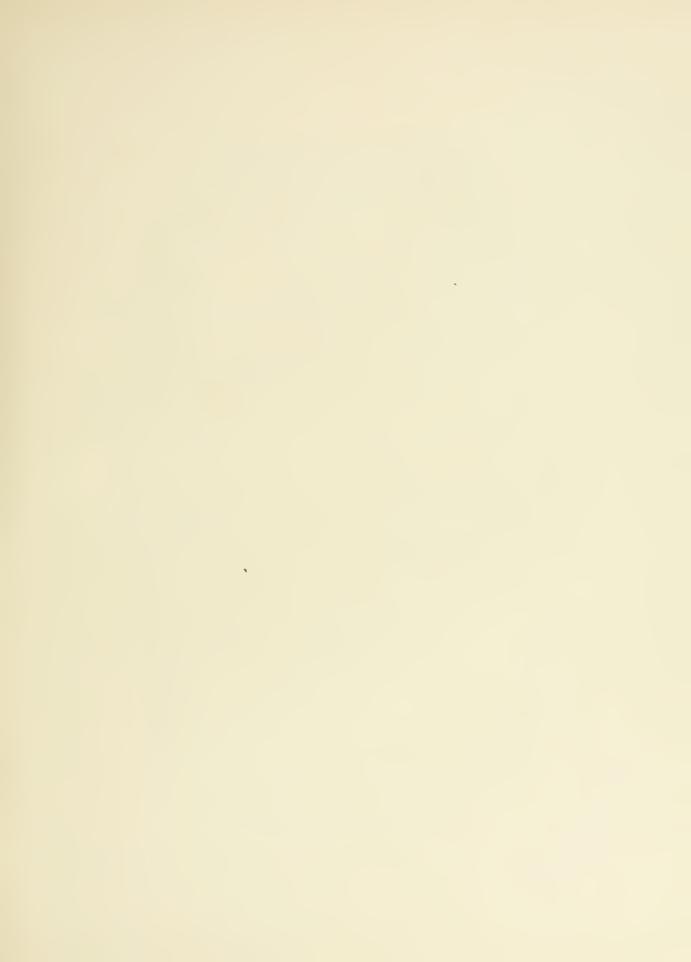
HELD BY MRS. CAMPBELL, MANSE OF CRATHIE.

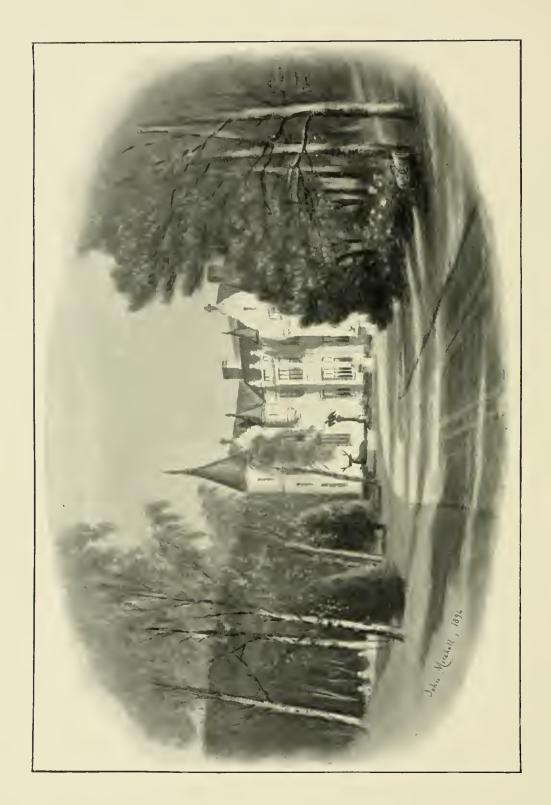
FLOWER STALL.

HELD BY MRS. EVANS OF FORD ABBEY, DORSETSHIRE.

ART STALL.

HELD BY MR. R. A. PROFEIT.







OBJECT of this Bazaar is to aid in completing the Fund for the re-building of the Parish Church of Crathie. Through the generous assistance of Her Majesty the Queen, of the other Heritors of the Parish, and of Members

of the Church of Scotland and others, a large sum has already been subscribed, sufficient, under ordinary circumstances, to meet the cost of the undertaking, as originally contemplated by the promoters. Having regard, however, to the associations attaching to the old Parish Church, and to the unique position which it occupied, it was felt that an edifice should be erected such as would

reflect credit on this Parish, containing, as it does, within its bounds the Highland residence of Her Majesty the Queen, and be worthy of the best traditions of the Church of Scotland.

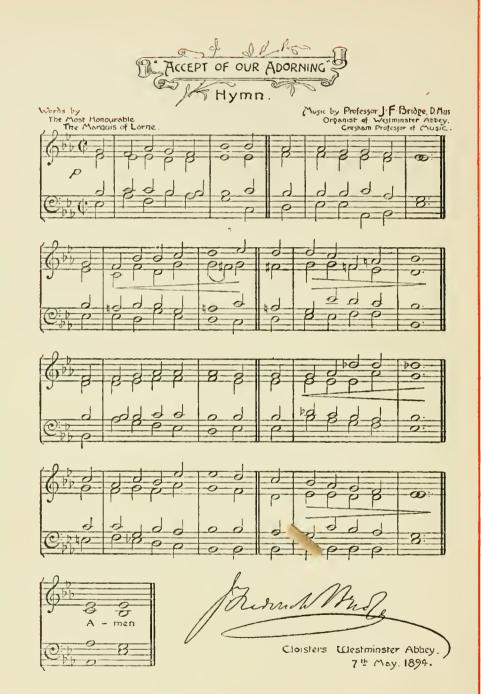
Under these circumstances Her Royal Highness Princess Beatrice, ever deeply interested in all that pertains to the welfare of the Parish, suggested that a Bazaar should be held, and promised to take an active and personal interest in its promotion. This proposal, on being submitted to Her Majesty the Queen, received her cordial countenance and support. Many others, throughout the country, have interested themselves in the project, and, with so much spontaneous and valuable assistance, there is every reason to anticipate that the object at heart will be entirely realised.

The present volume is issued to the public in the hope that the fund arising from the Bazaar proper, may, to some extent, be supplemented by the profits accruing from its sale. Its production has been, for the Editor, a labour of love, rendered, if that were possible, still more so by the hearty co-operation of those who have contributed to its pages. My warmest thanks are, therefore, due to all—artists, authors, and composers—and I take this opportunity of cordially indorsing my indebtedness to them. Especial thanks are due to Mr. John Mitchell, Aberdeen, for his illustrations of local scenery, and to Messrs. Taylor & Henderson, the

printers and publishers, for the care and trouble which they have bestowed upon the production of the volume. I can only hope, in conclusion, that our united efforts may meet with the recognition and support of the public, upon whom, in great measure, the ultimate success of the scheme depends.

R. a. Parfil





### Dedicatory Hymn.

Thy House of Prayer, O Lord;
As Thou at eve and morning
Hast life with beauty stored.

Yet not for outward glory
Do we our offerings bear,

Where poorest are Thy servants
Full oft Thy Church is there!

While stand these walls hereafter

Make holy all their ways,
See here, from floor to rafter,
Day dawn and die in praise.
Raise up the hearts within them
The faith to love and own;
Awake our souls, and win them
Through Christ unto Thy Throne.



#### CRATHIE CHURCH.

AR back in memory's vistas—far! I mind a day when, to Braemar From Ballater, by winding Dec, Two college comrades walked with me. We tramped by bridge, and birk, and cairn; Looked down Glen Muick and wild Glen Gairn; Passed Craigendarroch's hanging glade, Nor at grey Abergeldie stayed; Till, on the right—ere you espy Balmoral's turrets break the sky-There rose, 'mid rowan-trees and birch, The plain front of a parish church, So lowly, featureless, and mean That when one said, "'Tis where the Queen Goes to her prayers," the other cried "This Crathie? on you mountain side Of Lochnagar, purple and blue, A stately shrine should soar to view Fitter for kneeling Majesty! You lassie! Can that really be Our Queen's Church?"

To a Highland maid
So he put question; and she said:
"It's Crathie Kirk! the door's nae steek'd,
Gang in, and when ye weel have keeked
For the Queen's pew—gin ye sall look—
Ye'll see her cushion and her book!"

So those pass in. But I—less bold,
Or more contemplative—withhold
My soiled shoes from that sacred floor,
Waiting beside the open door.
Whereat the lassie, wondering, says:
"Wull you na' see where the Queen prays?"

I called her near and took her hand, And said: "How shall you understand, My little maid! what makes me wait Content, apart, outside the gate? Yet, listen! In the Indian land Where many a splendid mosque doth stand; One, I remember, white as snow, Supremely reared, above, below, With domes which in the blue air rise Like rounded clouds; and rich device Of plinth and frieze; and minarets Piercing the sky; and diamond jets Of fountains; and a sweeping flight Of stairs laid broad with lazulite And jasper slabs, leading the feet To where, beneath the porch, 'tis meet Men put aside their slippers. There, Written upon the marble clear, In Persian letters, you might read Ihtirám,—word for 'take thou heed!'"

"What made them write it?"

I will say:—
'Twas there that Akbar went to pray;
Akbar the Great, in Agra King,

Lord of the East, all conquering.
One day his stately head he bent
Within that marble mosque, intent
The names of Allah to intone,—
Ninety and nine—for each, one stone
Upon his turquoise rosary;
And next, upon his face, to be
Suppliant of heaven for grace and peace
On India, and his Realm's increase;
With happy issue of that war
His Moslem Omrahs waged afar.

Then, while the wise Prince prayed, there came One of his Captains, like a flame Of gold and jewels, from the field Bringing great news. The foe did yield; The mighty forts had fall'n; the towns Opened, with spoil of thrones and crowns; So, loud he cried: "Show me the King! Since goodly tidings do I bring," And tied his Arab's jewelled rein, Fast striding up the steps, amain.

But the blind porter at the gate
Crossed his palm-staff, and murmured: "Wait!
Whate'er thy news! Akbar is met
Inside with Allah! Weightier yet
Than any words of man can be,
Or noise of earthly victory,
Is what the King speaks in this place
For him and us, and what the grace

Of heaven may answer; take not thou
Taint of thy worldly doings now
Into such presence."

So that Lord
Unbuckled shield, and helm, and sword,
And sate, awaiting, meek. And there
Upon the marble—clear and fair
In silver script—they did inlay
"Ihtirám," and that word doth say:
"Here halted, out of modesty,
The herald, e'en of victory."

Her blue eyes opened all their blue: But still, I think, she partly knew Why I, one of those English three, The Church of Crathie did not see.

Edwin Amstel

11th June, 1894.

#### THE CHURCHES "UNDER LOCHNAGAR."

#### AN HISTORICAL SKETCH.

HE Church of Strathdee or Crathie was dedicated to St. Miniar or Manaire, and prior to the Reformation belonged to the Abbey of Cambus Kenneth. Of the Patron Saint nothing more is known than that he was in episcopal orders. He is commemorated by a certain pool in the Dee—Polmanaire—a very deep part of the river close to the grounds surrounding Balmoral Castle. From the "Aberdeen Breviary" we learn that he had his troubles with the wild inhabitants of the district, whom he described as living among "forests, rocks, and deserts," and as using two languages, in both of which he was well versed, though what the languages were we are not informed. The day set apart for his commemoration is the 18th December, and he is said to have died in 824.

Braemar was dedicated by Duncan, Earl of Mar, to the Priory of St. Mary's, Monymusk. The ancient name of the parish was St. Andrew's, but after Malcolm Ceann-Mor, who had a hunting seat there, built a bridge across the Cluny, the name was changed to Ceann-drochet, or Kindrochet (Bridge-end). Little is known of the pre-Reformation history of these parishes. It is not even known when they were united. What is probable is that the union took place about the beginning of the 17th century, the double parish first bearing the name of Crathie and Kindrochet, and afterwards of Crathie and Braemar. An interesting fact mentioned by the late Dr. Joseph Robertson in his history of the Scottish Abbeys is that the second church north of the Grampians, built of stone and lime, was a church in Braemar, called in consequence the "White Kirk," probably because

Note.—Much of the information contained in the first part of this article has been gleaned from Scott's "Fasti Ecc.," "Antiquities Old Spalding Club," &c.



THE BOAT POOL ON THE DEE AT BALMORAL.



the previous churches were mud erections, or at best built of stone, with clay for mortar.

From the time of the Reformation till early in the 17th century there seems to have been no settled minister in the parish, the charge having been filled by readers. The first regular settlement appears to have been that of Alexander Fergusson, who was admitted before 1st November, 1633. It is on record that he suffered severe losses during the civil war, for which he was partly recouped by Parliament. He continued in the charge till 1662. He had a daughter, Agnes, who married James Farquharson of Invereye. In "Deeside Tales" the author attempts to prove, and almost with success (admittedly there is a missing link in the chain of evidence), that Mr. Fergusson was a direct ancestor of Robert Fergusson, "Scotland's third Scottish poet." It is at least certain that the poet's ancestors belonged to Upper Deeside, and that his great grandfather, on the father's side, was a minister of the Church of Scotland.

The next elergyman was William Robertson, who was translated from Laggan, in Inverness-shire, and admitted to Crathie in 1669. He was deposed in 1699 "for gross and supine negligence in preaching, catechising, administering the Lord's Supper, visiting families, &c." He married Isabel Ross, and had three sons and two daughters, of whom little is known, except that Elizabeth married John Gordon, alias Macgregor, who was one of the proscribed clan, and thought to have been a cousin of the celebrated Rob Roy.

Mr. Robertson's successor, Adam Fergusson, of the House of Dunfillandy, in Perthshire, was a man of a very different character. He was inducted to the parish in 1700, having been educated at the University of St. Andrews, and was afterwards translated to Logierait, in 1714. He was father of the celebrated historian and moral philosopher of the same name, who was born in 1723. Mr. Fergusson was a zealous Hanoverian, and much attached to the Invercauld family, through whose influence with the House of Athole he obtained both his livings. He exercised himself greatly to dissuade the celebrated John Farquharson from engaging in the rising of the '15, under the Earl of Mar, but in vain. He seems to have taken much interest in the welfare of the parish, and was the means of inducing the Invercauld family to found a benefaction for the support of a school, and for the education of boys

of the name of Farquharson, Fergusson, or McDonald—a benefaction which still exists.

The vacancy occurring through the translation of Mr. Fergusson was filled by the Rev. John McInnes, who was licensed by the Presbytery of Aberdeen, and ordained to Crathie 10th August, 1715, just as the insurrection of that year was about to break out. While minister of the parish he passed through the two rebellions-of '15 and '45. In consequence of the unsettled state of the country he found his situation a very trying one, and petitioned the General Assembly for an "act of transportability," which, after some delay, was granted, and in 1748 he became minister of Logie-Coldstone, where he died in 1777, in the 88th year of his age and 62nd of his ministry. Whatever the difficulties of his position may have been while at Crathie, he seems to have made the best of it, and to have exerted himself for the good of the community. He made himself conspicuous in saving the lives of some of the rebels after the rising of 1745, and it is said that he undertook a journey to London-no slight undertaking in those daysto plead the cause of Francis Farquharson of Monaltrie with the Duke of Argyle, and was successful in his mission. It was during his incumbency that the minutes of the Kirk-Session began to be regularly kept, and it is interesting to find that in the very first entry in the Session records of Kindrochet or Braemar, made after his appointment, there is reference to the Rebellion which had just then subsided, and to the disturbing effect which it had had on the locality. The minute runs as follows:--

Kindrochet, May 6th, 1716.—"The Session being met and constitute—Sederunt, Minister and Elders—and taking to their serious consideration y<sup>t</sup>, sin y<sup>e</sup> Transportation of Mr. Adam Fergusson, late minister of these united Parishes of Crathy and Kindrochet, they could not have a settled Session in this corner because of y<sup>e</sup> Disorder of y<sup>e</sup> countrey occasioned by y<sup>e</sup> late Rebellion which began at y<sup>e</sup> very first entry of our present minister; but now, y<sup>t</sup> being over, y<sup>e</sup> members of y<sup>e</sup> Session earnestly recommend to each other to give mutuall attendance to y<sup>e</sup> Session's Duty," &c. A resolution is then come to that all those should be summarily dealt with, who during the period of disturbance had rendered themselves liable to ecclesiastical censure; and as in those days procedure against offenders was much more drastic than could now be ventured upon, and as Sabbath-breaking, swearing, and

drinking were included in the list of grave and punishable offences, we may well believe that the worthy minister and clders had a sufficiently onerous and by no means pleasant duty to perform, before the arrears of delinquency referred to in the minute were duly dealt with and disposed of. An interesting circumstance connecting Mr McInnes with the present time is that his name appears upon the Parish Church bell, which has been in use until now, and which bears the inscription—"John Mack-Innes, minister of Crathie, recast Anno. 1736." It may be added that the wife of the late Dr. James Hamilton, the well-known minister of the Scotch Church, Regent Square, London, was a great great granddaughter of Mr. McInnes.

The Rev. Murdoch McLennan, a licentiate of the Presbytery of Alford, was ordained as missionary at Braemar in 1748, and called to the charge of the united parishes in the year following. He was a highly accomplished man, and wellversed in Highland lore. He has been credited with the authorship of the Scottish ballad of "Sheriffmuir," which in its time was so popular, and which is a masterpiece of its kind.

James Wilson, who was translated from Lochs, in the island of Lewis, was admitted minister of the parish in 1784, and died in 1788. His short incumbency was a singularly unhappy one. His stipend being only about £40 a year, he unavoidably got into debt, had his cattle and furniture sold by his creditors shortly before his death, and had only one bed left. In addition to this his arrears to the Ministers' Widows' Fund had accumulated to £132. He married in 1769 Mary Wylie, and had eight children. His wife's bereavement and indigence called forth a large share of public sympathy. It is in record that a contribution towards the support of her and her children was made by the Presbytery of Garioch. A powerful and eloquent appeal in their behalf was also made in a charity-sermon by the Rev. Thomas Hardy to the citizens of Edinburgh, and a subscription opened for their benefit, which was responded to with generous liberality. The widow survived her husband 15 years, and died in 1803.

The Rev. Charles McHardy, who had previously held the charge of Kirkmichael, in Perthshire, became minister in 1789. It was in his time (in the year 1804) that the church recently removed was built. During the greater part of his incumbency he was factor on the Invercauld estate, being thus the holder of offices which are not often found in conjunction.

The Rev. Alexander McFarlane succeeded to the parish in 1822, and died in 1840, in his 72nd year. His wife, Isabella, daughter of Duncan Montgomery, Esq., Inverkeithing, survived till 1863, dying at Bridge of Allan and leaving two sons and three daughters. Both sons held good positions in the Indian Service, one as a chaplain on the Madras establishment, and the other as a medical officer, in which profession he rose to high rank.

On the decease of Mr. McFarlane the Rev. Archibald Anderson, who for nine years previously had supplied the station at Braemar, was appointed minister of the parish in 1840. Being a man of a kindly and social disposition he gained and held the affection of the people, who still cherish his memory. Possessed of a fair knowledge of medicine he could be helpful to the parishioners in time of bodily as well as of spiritual need; and as in those days regular medical practitioners were few and far between in the Highlands, his services must have been all the more valuable and acceptable. These services were always ungrudgingly rendered, the call by night being as readily responded to as the call by day. This readiness to place himself at the disposal of his people at all times, and on all occasions, no doubt largely accounts for the kindly way in which he is still spoken of by the parishioners. He died in 1866, and, along with his wife, who survived till 1887, is buried in Crathie Churchyard. He left a large family, one of his sons, the Rev. Alexander Anderson, being minister of Dun.

Dr. Taylor, now the able and accomplished professor of Divinity and Church History in the University of Edinburgh, and one of Her Majesty's chaplains, succeeded Mr. Anderson in the charge at Crathie, where he remained till 1873, when he was appointed to the parish of Morningside, in Edinburgh. During his short incumbency of seven years at Crathie he did much, by his administrative ability, to further the parochial and ecclesiastical interests of the locality. An excellent article entitled "Braemar in the last century," which appeared in *Good Words* for 1878, is from his pen.

His successor, the Rev. Archibald Campbell, present minister of the parish, who had previously held the appointment of assistant to the late Dr. Norman Macleod, and subsequently that of minister of Lonmay, in East Aberdeenshire, was inducted to the charge in May, 1874—just 20 years ago. During this period some important changes have taken place in local ecclesiastical arrangements. Up to the year

1879, Crathie and Braemar were still united, the latter being a Royal Bounty station, supplied by an ordained missionary. In the year named, Braemar was disjoined from Crathic, and erected into a parish, quoad sacra, the decree of erection and disjunction having been pronounced by the Court of Teinds in March, 1879. parishes, in matters sacred, have reverted to the old position, though, for civil purposes, they still remain one. Coincident with the erection of Braemar into a separate parish, was the improvement of the parish church, which is now a handsome and commodious building. It may be mentioned that a considerable proportion of the funds required for the carrying out of these improvements was procured by means of a Bazaar, held at Braemar in August, 1879, under the patronage of H.R.H. The Princess Beatrice. The Bazaar was eminently successful, the sum cleared by it being over a £1000. It was during the incumbency of the Rev. William Gordon, present parish minister of Braemar, that the disjunction of the parishes took place. therefore, the first minister of the charge as it is now constituted.

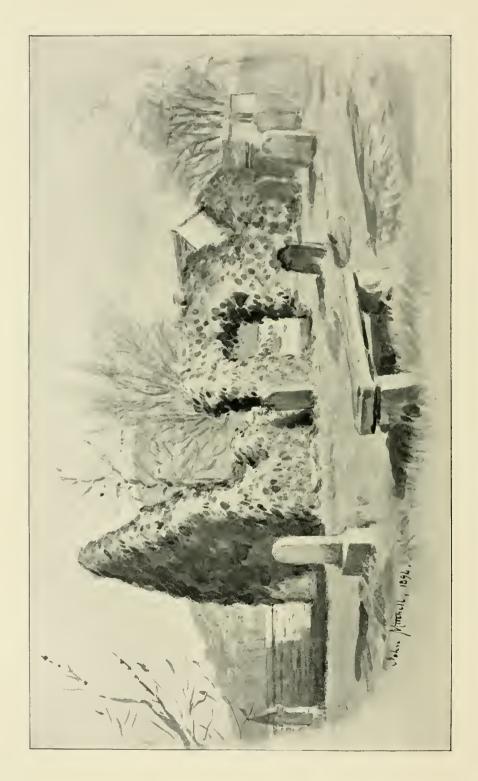
That the locality, as a whole, is now well supplied with churches will at once be conceded when it is stated that, within the bounds of the civil parish, there are no fewer than six places of worship—four at Braemar and two at Crathie. Of the six, two are in connection with the Church of Scotland, two in connection with the Free Church (the one at Braemar being a fine edifice), one Roman Catholic, and one Episcopal. The existing state of matters is thus very different from what prevailed in the olden time, when the parish minister and the priest (for the Roman Catholic Church, even after the Reformation, continued to hold, as it still does, a strong position in the district) shared between them the work of a parish much more populous than it is now, and of an area wider than that of the County of Clackmannan. In those early times it was customary for the parish minister to officiate both at Crathie and Braemar, usually in the proportion of two Sundays at the former place and one at the latter, though sometimes, on account of heavy snow-storms, or swollen rivers (for in those days there were no bridges), or from other causes, the services were irregular. What an advance on all this do modern times show! Let it be hoped that there is a corresponding improvement in the moral and spiritual condition of the people. Whether such improvement there be or not, there can be no doubt that there has been a considerable softening and toning down

of manners and customs within the present century. It would be impossible, for example, to imagine a Kirk Session, now-a-days, exercising itself over such a case as that which engaged the attention of the Kirk Session of Crathie rather less than a century ago. A death had occurred, and both at the "lyke-wake" or "late-wake" held over the body, and at the funeral, the riotousness of certain of the company had been such as to call for the interference of the Session, with the result that the offenders were not only sharply rebuked, but subjected to a pecuniary fine, the imposition of such being then a common way of punishing delinquents, the proceeds of the fine going to the support of the poor. At one of the meetings held over this case it was deponed, among other things, "that several were guilty of disorderly conduct on the day of the funeral, particularly in throwing snow-balls at the rest of the company, and, further, that four bottles of whisky had been taken to the churchyard and drunk after the interment." It may be true that there have gone, with the "good old times," some things whose disappearance we regret; but there can be no doubt that there have also gone with them some things that are better away, and over which it is well that the veil of a kindly oblivion should be drawn.

Of the church buildings which existed in Crathie in far back times only the vaguest traditions and most meagre records have come down to us. The sites of at least three are, however, still pointed out. One is at Micras, about two miles farther down the valley than the present church of Crathie, and on the same side of the river. ancient standing stone, about 3 feet high, marks the spot. observant passer-by may easily notice it on his right hand, as he goes towards Braemar, about 30 yards from the main road, and occupying a rough piece of ground in the middle of a cultivated field. Near Abergeldie, on the south side of the river, is to be found another of the sites referred to. It is situated in the corner of a field near Bal-na-croft, and is easily distinguished, from being walled round and planted with trees. The church which once stood here is said to have been called St. Valentine's. The third site is at Balmore, in Aberarder. A few stones of the building, which occupied the spot, still remain, but there are no records relating to it, nor is it known who was the patron saint. There was also a chapel at "Balmurrell" (Balmoral), but the site cannot now be indentified, nor can it be ascertained to whom it was dedicated.

Coming down to more recent times there are three church buildings





RUINS OF CHAPEL AND CHURCHYARD, CRATHIE

which claim our attention. The first, now a roofless, ivy-covered ruin, stands in the churchyard, near the Manse, and is the most picturesque object in that beautifully situated, and well-kept burying place. The date of its erection cannot be ascertained, but there can be no doubt that it belongs to pre-Reformation times. In its general character, both as regards structure and arrangement, it so exactly corresponds with other buildings which are known to be pre-Reformation, that it may safely be assigned to that period. This church was in use up to the year 1804, and, when the present minister came to the parish, there still survived a few who recollected worshipping within its walls. interior of the building is now used for interment, the eastern portion of it being the burying place of certain branches of the Farquharson family. This old church is now surrounded by beautiful and costly tombstones, almost all of polished granite, and, with few exceptions, erected within the last 40 years. Many of these have been raised by Her Majesty to to the memory of faithful and valued servants, and, so long as they stand, they shall be no less memorial of the Queen's kindness and loyalty of heart, than of the dead who rest so peacefully beneath. Prior to the erection of these more modern stones, the graves, as a rule, were marked simply by rough slabs taken directly from the hill side and laid upon the ground. The initials of the occupants of the graves and the year of their decease formed the only inscription—just enough to direct friends to the spot, and prevent strangers from encroaching upon the family burying place.

The second of the three churches belonging to the more modern period was the church which has just been removed in order to make way for the new edifice. It dated, as has been said, from 1804. A less pretentious erection there could not have been. Its plain, whitewashed walls—not even showing corner stones—rose four square, while the little belfry which surmounted it formed the only break in the monotony of its outline. The interior of the building was in keeping with its exterior. The same white-wash covered the walls and ceiling, while the depth of the galleries, and the narrowness of the pews showed how successful the builders had been in securing the largest amount of accommodation in the least possible space. The only adornment possessed by the building was the windows to right and left of the pulpit, placed there by the Queen to the memory of Dr. Norman Macleod, one whose name is enshrined in every Scottish heart, and to

whom the memorial inscription on one of the windows only pays a fitting tribute when it speaks of him as "a man illustrious in the Church, honoured in the State, and in many lands greatly beloved." \* But, humble and unattractive as the building was in itself, it was one round which many interesting and tender associations had gathered. One sometimes almost forgot the plainness of the walls in the richness of association which seemed to clothe them. Here for 40 long years the Queen and those dear to her worshipped together, joining in the simple service with the humblest of the parishioners, and, on Communion Sundays, partaking with them of the Lord's Supper. One who has often occupied the pulpit of the old church, the well-known minister of St. Giles, in Edinburgh, gives this true and graphic description of what usually took place on the Sundays in the days when the Queen was a frequent worshipper in Crathie Church: "On a fine day in summer it is a pleasant sight to stand on the green sward outside. As the hour of twelve approaches the people come flocking in from all directions—plainly dressed peasants, farmers in their gigs, kilted gillies, devout-looking old women with their Bibles in their hands. group themselves around the building and engage in friendly converse with one another. Mingled with them are strangers who have come there from Ballater and Braemar; for Crathie church in the summertime is a great attraction to the British tourist. Just as the bell begins to ring a whisper runs through the gathering that 'The Queen is coming!' and the people stream into the church, with the exception of a few of the tourists aforesaid, who remain to see her enter. She drives up in the carriage with the well-known white horses, generally accompanied by one of her ladies-in-waiting and some of her family. She enters the west door, ascends the gallery stair, and takes her seat in a plain-looking pew to the left of the pulpit, and similar to those in the front of the gallery tenanted by the proprietors of the district; there is no show or ceremonial of any kind, and the service is conducted in all

<sup>\*</sup> It may be stated that these windows have been carefully preserved. That they can be placed in the new church in their present form is impossible, owing to the altered outline of the window spaces. But it will remain to be considered whether, by modifying their form, it will be possible to have them introduced into the building. If this cannot be done it will be the aim of those who are interesting themselves in the reconstruction of the church to provide some substitute, as it is only fitting that what has been removed should be replaced, and that something should remain to perpetuate the memory of so good a man, in a locality with which he had been so long and so intimately associated.



THE OLD CHURCHES OF CRATHIE.



respects as if none were there but the ordinary parishioners. The minister of the parish or one of her chaplains generally officiates, and occasionally some minister who has been specially invited. Before the benediction the elders carry round the antiquated ladle, and the Oueen puts in her offering with the rest. Then comes the blessing and the immediate dispersal of the congregation. Nothing could possibly be of a simpler character than this service in Crathie kirk. Church and service are, however, very dear to the Queen. Here she has worshipped with those who have been taken from her, and here she has heard the heart-stirring and eloquent words of some of the greatest of Scottish preachers." It cannot be wondered at that a building, hallowed by such associations, should have had a much longer lease of existence than it could have elaimed on mere architectural grounds, and that even at the last there should have been much anxious consideration, and perhaps even hesitation, before the decision was actually come to which doomed it to disappearance. It was felt, however, that the time had arrived when, in obedience to the law of progress, sentimental considerations had to be set aside, and a decided step taken towards improvement. Loyally did all connected with the parish lend their support to the movement when once it was fairly started. But the sacrifice had to be made which attends upon all progress, and it was not without many regretful feelings, and much pulling of heart-strings, that the old and familiar was parted with. The last day on which worship was held in the old church was the 23rd of April, 1893. Never will any one who was present forget the occasion. Its impressiveness did not depend upon the preacher. The hour and the circumstances spoke. It was Communion Sunday. The day was exquisite—one of the loveliest of a season memorably bright and beautiful. From far and near the people came—some from neighbouring parishes desirous of hearing the last word spoken in the old building, and of bidding it a kindly farewell. Old people were present (they had made an effort to come) who had not communicated for years—who will never communicate on earth again. It needed only that the services should be in consonance with the prevailing feeling to make the occasion a singularly solemn and affecting one. It was not the preacher's object to try too severely hearts that were already deeply touched by the very circumstances of the hour; but it was impossible for him to avoid addressing himself to the thought which he knew to be uppermost in the mind of every worshipper before

him. It will not be unfitting that some of the words spoken at the time should be given here, as they will bring the reader more into sympathy with the occasion than any mere description could. Taking for his text the verse: "We are strangers before Thee, and sojourners, as were all our fathers," the preacher said: "We meet together to-day under circumstances of an exceptionally solemn kind. We meet not only to hold our last communion in this place, but to hold our last service. This house, within which has been heard the voice of many a great preacher; within which both you and your's-some here, some departed—have worshipped for many a year; within which the highest in the land and the humblest have sat down together, to listen to the same gospel, to eat of the same bread and drink of the same cup; this house, thus hallowed by so many memories and associations of the most sacred kind, will soon be laid low, and numbered with the things that were. The place which once knew us, and which we once knew, shall know us and be known by us no more. It is impossible for me to let the occasion pass without at least some reference to these circumstances so exceptional, nay, so unprecedented in our history as a congregation, so far at least as that history comes within range of living memory. No doubt, in the time of our forefathers, similar experiences must have been passed through. Once at least, it is certain, must your ancestors have been placed as you are placed to-day, and that was when they last assembled in what is now an ivy-covered ruin, the old church in the churchyard, before occupying, for the first time, the building which we occupy for the last time to-day. So do history and experience repeat themselves; the same sentiments and emotions which fill your breasts to-day having, under like circumstances, filled the breasts of others now long since numbered with the dead. That an occasion like the present should have its element of trial for many of you is only what one might expect, especially for those who have reached that period of life when men live more in the past than in the future. The young easily look forward; they readily transfer their affections from the old to the new. The charm of expectation makes it easy for them to break with the past. But it is otherwise with those who have passed life's meridian, and whose day is hastening towards its close. They cling to the past, feeling that for them it contains what the future never can, so far at least as the present existence is concerned. Even the lesser things of the past have a value for them which the greater things of the future never can

possess. They look less to the intrinsic value of a thing than to the value which circumstances and associations have thrown around it. It is not with eagerness and alacrity that they give it up even for better, but with many a hankering thought and backward look. Well, therefore, may the feelings of many of you be understood and sympathised with if thoughts of regret are present with you, or, at least, if the element of regret mingles with that of anticipation. He would be little to be thought of who could pass away from that around which so much of what is most sacred has gathered, without a thought, without a pang. Where these walls now stand fairer walls will in due time arise, and, as time passes, our interest will doubtless grow in the new; yet, one thing is certain, that for many of us no walls, however fair and stately, will ever be clothed with the same living associations as these are clothed with within which we are now for the last time assembled. It is not in a day that the vy covers the wall, and no more is it in a day that a living interest gathers round the new and the strange. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, even though we may try to look forward with real anticipation (and why should we not?) to the nobler edifice which shall occupy this beautiful spot in our beautiful valley, that we should reluctantly bid farewell to the house where we and ours have so often gathered together for solemn worship, and for the observance of that holy service, our engagement in which, to-day, will form no unfitting close to our connection with the building which has thrown its shelter around us for so many a long day." That these words, and especially those afterwards spoken at the communion table, touched some chords in the hearts of the worshippers was manifest, and the tears which were quietly dropped showed what a real trial it was to many to take the inevitable farewell. As the people dispersed, many looks were cast back at the old building, and no one passed that day more regretfully from its humble portal than did he who for 19 years had ministered within it walls. Early next morning the saw and hammer were at work. Destruction is easy; and, though the strong walls offered a stout resistance to the work of demolition, every stone was soon removed, and the foundations cleared out to make way for the edifice that was to be.

Loyalty to the old need not stand in the way of an active interest in the new, and continuity may remain in face of the most radical change. The old church was not *really* being obliterated. It was no more to pass than the regiment passes when the individual members of

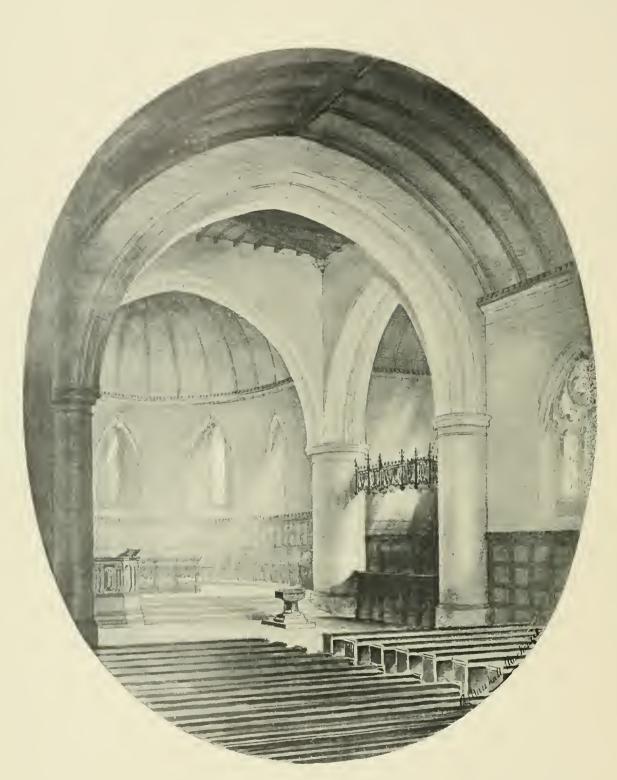
it are changed, or than when a fresh and more becoming uniform takes the place of the faded and worn. Its disappearance in one form was but to give place to reappearance in a form more worthy and more beautiful. Its traditions and associations, which were the best part of it, where still intact, and these were but to be handed on and placed in new keeping. The very site on which it had stood was to be the site of its successor. Its very stones were to be incorporated in the new edifice. Continuity, in change, could not well be more complete, and there was, therefore, no contradiction implied when those who had dropt a tear over the parting with the old, turned with assiduity, and even with interest and pleasure, to the up-rearing of the new. The Queen's sanction to the project had already been given, for though no one was more warmly attached than Her Majesty to the church in which she had so often worshipped, and of whose services she has so touchingly and so sympathetically written, it was yet fully recognised by her that the time had come when steps ought to be taken to secure a more comfortable building, and one more in keeping with modern ideas—ideas be it remembered (and let us feel grateful that it is so) which mean a reverting to the really old, in everything at least that is most worth conserving and perpetuating. The consent of the other heritors of the parish had also been readily granted, and as they, as well as Her Majesty, gave generously in support of the undertaking, those engaged in the prosecution of it soon found themselves in a position to go on hopefully with the work. From many other quarters came liberal assistance; members not only of the Church of Scotland but of various other religious denominations freely adding their gifts. Ere long, indeed, sufficient funds were obtained to complete a handsome edifice; but, as ambition is apt to grow with success, new features were added to the building, and obligations thus incurred which implied an overstepping of the financial limit at first set themselves by the promoters. They feel, however, that they have acted wisely in maintaining a high aim, and are satisfied that, in the end, it will be only matter for congratulation that nothing was sacrificed which was essential to the completeness of the work.

A detailed description of the new building is unnecessary, especially as it is now in actual existence, and visible to every one who passes—and who does not?—along the Deeside road. It may be said, however, that it is of the early Scottish style of architecture, and in many of its



NEW PARISH CHURCH OF CRATHIE. SKETCH OF EXTERIOR FROM THE S.E. SHOWING THE QUEEN'S PORCH.



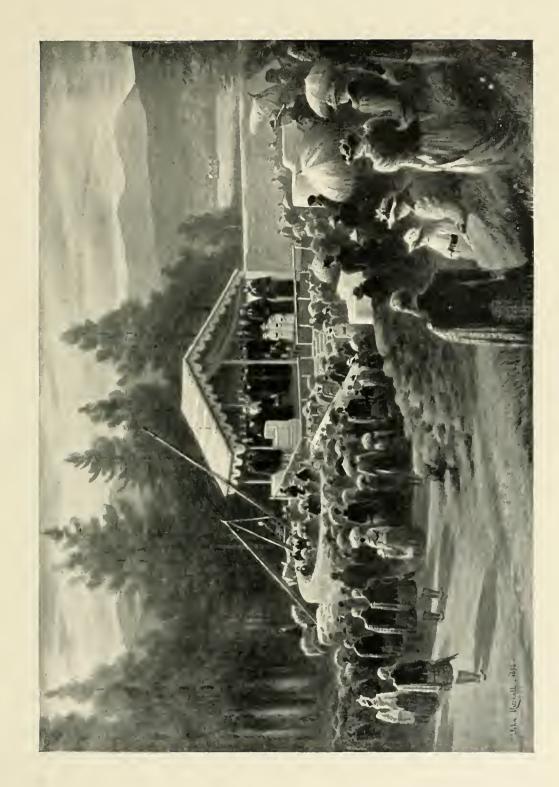


NEW PARISH CHURCH OF CRATHIE. SKETCH OF INTERIOR.

features not unlike the church of St. Monans, in Fife. A square tower rises above the intersection of nave and transepts, and rests upon arches springing from four handsome granite pillars. The main door is in the west gable, and covering it is an open porch in ornamental woodwork. The south transept is set apart for the Oueen and those of the Royal Household, and here will be seen, when the church is complete, some excellent specimens of carving in oak, the five panels in front of the Royal pew (showing the rose, shamrock, and thistle, with the Royal and Imperial monogram in the centre), being the work of learners in the Balmoral School of Art. It cannot fail to add greatly to the interest attaching to the building that many of its adjuncts should have been specially gifted. The bells are the gift of Her Royal Highness the Princess Beatrice; the baptismal font, which is of granite, is the gift of Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Connaught; the pulpit, also of granite, that of the Queen's Household; while the communion table, the lectern, the books, the collecting bags, and three stained glass windows for the apse, have also come as gifts from generous sympathizers with the undertaking. Of prior date, but calling for very special mention here, is Her Majesty's gift of communion plate. The plate, which is of silver, and very chaste and beautiful in design, bears the inscription: "Presented by Her Majesty Queen Victoria to the Church of Crathie, 1871." An excellent representation of it forms the frontispiece to the admirable work on "Scottish Communion Plate" by the Rev. Thomas Burns, of Edinburgh. Another feature of the church to which attention may be directed is the beauty of the stone of which it is built. Much as it owes to the architect, Mr. A. Marshall Mackenzie, A.R.S.A., of Aberdeen, it will at once be recognised, by any one looking at the building, how much his ideas have been assisted by the material placed at his disposal. The stone is a beautiful white granite from Inver quarry, which lies near the public road, about 3 miles from the church, in the direction of Braemar. To this quarry Mr. Farguharson of Invercauld, on whose estate it is situated, most kindly granted free access, thus adding substantially to the very liberal support which he had previously given to the project. It may be added that the nave of the present edifice stands exactly on the spot occupied by the old church, the transepts and apse extending further east on account of the greater length of the building.

No notice of this kind could possibly be complete without a

reference to what will ever be a notable event in the ecclesiastical annals of the parish—the laying of the foundation stone of the new church by the Queen. If anything were wanting to complete the link between past and present, it was supplied by this act. Whatever of true and lasting value had been possessed by the old building-its precious treasures of memory and of association—seemed by this gracious act to be formally transferred to the new, and committed, as a sacred trust, to its keeping. No event could have passed off more happily, or left behind it impressions of a more lively or more pleasing kind. Words can but faintly recall it. That undefinable, indescribable something which "makes" an occasion cannot be reproduced. It is not too much to say that no circumstance seemed to be awanting that could give effect and impressiveness to what was being transacted. The perfect day; the beautiful surroundings; the Queen, with her children and her children's children about her; the multitude hushed into absolute silence; the memories of the past mingling with anticipations of the future; the sense, it is to be hoped, of a Presence none the less real that eye could not behold it, all conspired to give a beauty, a vividness, a dignity, and even a solemnity to the scene, which cannot have failed to stamp itself indelibly upon the recollection of all who were privileged to witness it. The hour appointed for the ceremony was a quarter-past twelve o'clock, but long before its arrival a large crowd had collected. Some, who had been specially invited, were accommodated in the north transept (the walls of the building being now a few feet high), while the multitude found, if possible, a still better vantage ground on the slope of the hill which rises, like a fine natural gallery on the north side of the church. Many holding prominent and representative positions in the district had come. Mr. Farguharson of Invercauld, chief heritor of the parish, was present, while there was a goodly representation of the Presbytery of Kincardine O'Neil. The ground immediately round the building was occupied by the parishioners, for whom it had been specially reserved. The stone was to be laid in the south transept, near the base of the pillar, dividing this transept from the apse. Here was erected a platform for the accommodation of the Queen and of those accompanying Her Majesty, among whom were the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, the Princess Beatrice, the Duke and Duchess of York, and several of the The officiating clergy were the Rev. Dr. Queen's grandchildren. Donald Macleod, of Glasgow, the Rev. Dr. Mitford Mitchell, of



THE QUEEN LAYING THE FOUNDATION STONE OF THE NEW PARISH CHURCH OF CRATHIE, 11th SEPTEMBER., 1893.



Aberdeen, and the Rev. Archibald Campbell, minister of the parish. The singing was conducted by the Crathie choir, who occupied the apse. Immediately on the Queen's arrival, the ceremony was begun by the singing of the closing verses of the 122nd psalm—

Pray that Jerusalem may have Peace and felicity.

The Lord's prayer was said by Dr. Mitchell, who also recited suitable passages of scripture. The address to the Queen was then read by Mr. Campbell, and Her Majesty, in a voice so clear that every word spoken was heard distinctly by the whole assemblage, gave the following reply: "It gives me great pleasure to be present on this occasion and to lay the foundation-stone of the new church at Crathie, which is to be erected on the spot where the old church stood, in which we have worshipped together for so many years. I need scarcely assure you of my warm attachment to the Church of Scotland, which so largely represents the religious feelings of the people of this country. I thank you sincerely for the kind expressions you have used towards me in the loyal address which has been presented to me on the part of my co-heritors and parishioners of Crathie and of others who have shown their interest in this good work." The Duke of Connaught, now advancing, placed the coins of the realm, a copy of the loyal address, which had just been read, and other documents in the cavity prepared for their reception. The stone was lowered into position, and Her Majesty having duly applied the trowel, mallet, and level, declared it to be "Well and truly laid." In pretty procession the Queen's three grandchildren, The Princesses Margaret and Victoria Patricia of Connaught, and Princess Victoria Eugenie of Battenberg then came forward bearing corn, oil, and wine, and poured them upon the stone. Dr. Macleod offered the consecration prayer, and, with the singing of the 2nd paraphrase, the ceremony came to a close. But all was not yet quite over. As the Oucen rose to depart the national anthem was raised by the choir, and the multitude, glad to find so fitting an outlet for their pent-up feelings, joined in the strain with a heartiness and enthusiasm which only such an occasion could inspire. could have been finer than the effect. From the great assemblage the sound seemed to pass on to the everlasting hills—not, we trust, merely to die away in the distance, but to be borne still farther on to where every prayerful aspiration finds its true response. So ended this memorable occasion. As time passes, new chapters will fall to be added to the ecclesiastical history of the parish; but whatever these chapters may contain it is certain that the chronicler of the future will have no more deeply interesting event to record than that which took place "under Lochnagar" on the 11th of September, 1893.

Wiel? a. Campbell







STUDY OF HEAD OF ANGEL.

AT THE ALTAR OF THE SAN GRAEL.

## CRATHIE CHURCH.

N old lands over-sea
The storied minsters rise;
The chanted liturgies
Soar to the skies.

The heavy incensed air
The organ's solemn swell;
The jewelled altars rare;
The still, small bell.

The close-veiled figures bent
By sculptured shrine or tomb,
The kneeling penitent,
The reverend gloom.

These memories crowd on him, Who on our English plain, In some cathedral dim, Worships again.

Loving the sober rite,

The surpliced quires, the psalm
Spent in the fretted height,

The brooding calm.

The stately Use sublime,
The polished scholar-priest,
Prayers consecrate by time,
The sacred feast.

But thro' our Northern air
The clear skies nearer show
Heaven's hidden glories there
Unclouded glow.

Here, where above, around,
A silent Sabbath band,
Echoing the deep hymns sound,
The mountains stand.

And clear Dee hastens down,
By park and castled steep,
To gain the stern grey town—
The wind-vexed deep.

By fervent prayer and long, Keen wrestlings with the Word, And deep and solemn song, Men's hearts are stirred.

No stately minster here
We strive to-day to raise,
But simple, half severe,
For prayer and praise.

Yet welcoming each gift
Of Art, which God has given,
So only that it lift
Our thoughts to Heaven.

Lewis Morres



Beatrics.





"Be aisy, or, if you can't be aisy,
Be as aisy as you can."

—Irish Philosophy.

MONG other riddles which American editors ask people to answer, is this, "In what age would you prefer to have lived?" Miss Repplier, I remember, answered that to have taken part in the Battle of Azincourt was her dream. As this lady would have been on the French side, I have often wondered at her taste. She would have been "stogged," as the Devonshire people say, in a morass, exposed to a hail of English arrows. She would then have been cracked, in her armour, like a lobster, taken out, and had her throat cut. If admitted to terms, she would have been massacred, by an ill-advised order of Henry V.; or, if she escaped, would have been carried prisoner to England, listening, on the way, to moral addresses from the Puritanic monarch who had been the friend of the fat knight, and who profited so little by that illustrious companionship.

There were advantages in being a noble knight. War was, usually, a kind of game to him, less dangerous than football. It was almost impossible to hurt him, through his armour; if taken prisoner he merely raised his rents, and ransomed himself. In a besieged town, he arranged to yield it, if not relieved in a given time. All this, and the general picturesqueness of the period, would have suited me very well, if only I were a better horseman. But to fall off, like La Tremouille, the fat favourite of Charles VII., to fall off, in full armour, must have hurt horribly, not to mention the absurdity of the situation. For this reason, the profession of a Paladin seems to have its drawbacks.

To live in the prime of classic Athens, say under Pericles, sounds well. But Athens, like stony Stratford, was remarkable for insects, "whence is derived the verb to flee." The streets were narrow, muddy, and often occupied, as Plutarch tells us, by droves of infuriated swine, charging down on the citizens. My purity of mind would have been offended, at every corner, by objects of art which a modest pen dares not describe. To run about in the palaestra, with nothing on but a thin coating of oil, would suit neither my figure, nor my disposition, which loves repose. At any moment I might have been called to don shield and helmet, and defend my native city from infuriated Thebans, a few miles away, or Spartans, who had only two days' journey to march. An oracle might have insisted on my being sacrificed at the shortest notice, for some mythological reason. Society would have compelled me to sit out all day, on a stone seat, at representations of Greek plays, a form of pleasure beyond others odious and fatiguing to my taste. Here, at all events, Greek plays are not compulsory. In the political agitations I should have firmly declined to take any part, but for the law of Solon, which insisted that I must. To go to the Eleusinian mysteries, and swim in the sea with a pig, is a function for which I feel no craving. However, at worst, it was better to be an Athenian than a Spartan boy, for no cautiousness and exemplary behaviour could save Spartan boys from being flogged within an inch of their lives—and all for nothing!

Greece can only have been endurable if one adopted the profession of a wandering sophist, lecturing on things at large, and receiving large fees. But, even then, it was well to be orthodox, not like Gifford lecturers. In one state, I forget which, a sophist like Pfleiderer would have been stripped, covered with honey, and set out in the sun, to be bitten to death by flies. Then they were handy with their hendock, even at Athens. The sophist's life was not exempt from danger, for, if you were not "daring," "original," "emancipated," you made no stir, and got no fees, while, if you were, they killed you by slow torture. Rather would I be an Army Crammer, or a College Don.

Mr. James Boswell often bored Dr. Johnson with his praises of the savage life. If the savage life were all bread fruit, blue seas, beautiful girls draped lightly in shells, and idleness, I could agree with Mr. Boswell. In an island populated by Fayaways, life were a thing to dream

upon, fragrant ferns would form our couch, our raiment would grow on every tree, fish, honcycomb, fruits, would supply our wants, and the music of the waterfalls would lull us to repose. But then, beasts of other savages would come in canoes, spear us, or catch us, torture us, I say nothing of the horrors of the religion, knocking out our front teeth, and painting us black by way of a kind of confirmation service; while as for the marriage service,—but I spare the blushes of my readers. The very funerals are of a severity, which should make us cherish, with renewed fondness, the mild benevolence of our own institutions, not that they are ideal, goodness knows. Birth, marriage, life, death, we still make fearful work of them, and were I a Samoan, or a Papuan, I would draw a picture of modern pleasures from which an islander would shrink in horror. Our public dinners, for example, our evening parties,—but why harrow the intelligent by reviving the thoughts which we are most eager to forget? No, not to-day would I choose to live, nor here, but if not here and now, when?

The position of a Mediæval Court Jester, I venture to think, may have been no such bad thing, if a man could stoop to making jokes such as a mediæval court would understand. But then somebody was always ordering a man to be whipped, and poor Wamba had a perilous function. The post was nearly as dangerous as that of a sophist, less dignified, and not so well paid. To be a poet of the age of Augustus had its merits, but, to be fair, I do not think nature made me a rival of Horace and Virgil, though, had I been Ovid, a wilderness of Julias would not have tempted me to risk his enviable situation. To flirt with an Imperial young lady was "more than his place was worth," but to what excesses will vanity not lead the poet? Even Horace was pressed into military service, which did not set his genius, as he frankly admits.

My fancy wavers between two conditions, that of a monk in a prosperous priory, and that of a wit, in the age of Queen Anne. But a monk might be nipped in the Reformation, that disastrous and hasty movement, when you had to shift your faith as an actor does his dress. At best, a monk had to rise at unholy hours, and go to myriads of early chapels. Perhaps one might have got a dispensation, on the score of health, if so, a monk's life for me! Gardening, or looking on while the brethren cultivated cabbages; copying manuscripts (a little), fishing (a good deal) confessing the pious fair,—though that must soon have become a little dull,—loafing on the sunny side of the cathedral wall

(the only warm place in St. Andrews), golfing, not much,—there is a life, blameless, safe, and not exposed to anxiety, which would exactly have fitted me. To be Prior of St. Serf's, in Loch Leven, would have been best of all, the trout were uneducated then; but few could hope for such a stall in this difficult life. No newspapers, no women, no rates and taxes, no chance of being speared, or burned for a warlock,—all the pleasures of the Middle Ages with none of the drawbacks,—that were ideal. And to think that men could not be easy, but must needs read Luther, and raise a fuss, when everything was so harmonious!

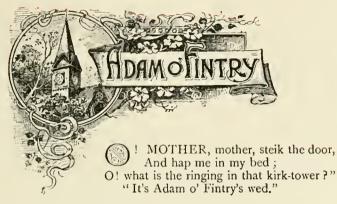
After this life of oysters and beef,—so touchingly witnessed to by Lord Bute's excavations in the Priory,—everything else seems barbaric. It was well to be a wit in Queen Anne's day, and it was not very difficult if we may judge by the success of Tickell. But they might have made one an ambassador, or one might have been a Jacobite, and get disembowelled and quartered. That peril I think I could have avoided. After all, and on a calm survey of savagery, classical times, the Middle Ages, and the rest, I think a monk, not too near the Border, about 1450, had the best of life, that is, if he had a taste for the less passionate pleasures, and for a "windless age." Let others desire to have been Vikings, or condottieri, or otherwise mixed up in the broils of our futile and feverish humanity. But, for the fallentis semita vitae, the monk had such chances as have fallen to few. Yet people are found to malign these holy men, and, in fact, they were ignominiously bundled out of their monasteries, as we have all read in history books. are so restless! A man will go to Samoa, and, instead of enjoying himself, will positively write letters to the Times!





Amish





It's Adam o' Fintry was my love
When the spring was on the lea;
It's Adam o' Fintry was my love
When the leaf fell frae the tree.

Oh! mother, mother, steik the door, And make the window fast; And wrap the sheet around my een Till a' the folk be past.

And smiles he on the bonny bride? And is she jimp and fair? And make they for the castle towers Upon the banks of Ayr?

O! what is this, mother, I hear?— The bell goes slower and slow; And are they making ready now For the dark way I maun go?

You'll lay me out upon the bed, In a fair white linen sheet, With candles burning at my heid, And at my cauld, cauld feet;

But, mother, bid them ring low, low,
Upon the morrow's morn;
For I would'na that Fintry heard the bell,
When to the kirk I'm borne.

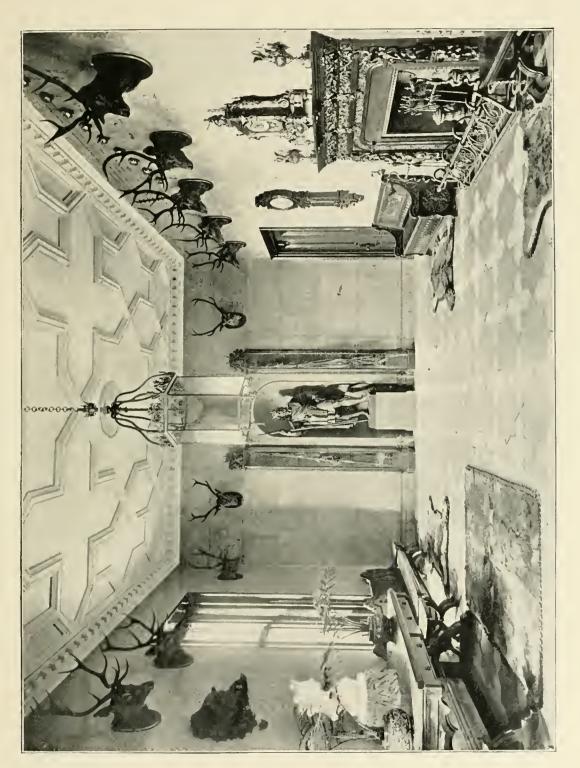
William Black.

## BALMORAL CASTLE.

ALMORAL CASTLE, the Highland residence of Her Majesty the Queen, occupies one of the most beautiful and picturesque situations in Scotland. To the spectator, looking at it from the brow of Craig Ghuie, the Castle forms the centre of an almost perfect picture. Far to the westward the hills of Braemar are visible; high in the middle distance towers the lofty peak of Lochnagar, whose perfect

contour arrests the eye and charms the imagination; while Craig Gowan and Craig Nordie complete the picture, and form an incomparable foreground to the scene. Deep in the valley the Dee rolls on its winding course, making music as it passes over its rough, uneven bed—a silvery streak amidst a vast, interminable stretch of moor and forest, of vale and mountain. A scene of such wild, surpassing beauty; a scene where nature seems to have revelled in producing its most wondrous combinations and effects, may well be regarded as a fitting residence for Her Majesty, where, to some extent released from the cares of the throne, she may find relief and strength in the enjoyment and contemplation of the beautiful in nature.

The Castle itself is in the Scottish baronial style of architecture—an imposing and magnificent structure. Practically, it consists of two blocks connected by wings. At the eastern extremity of the connecting wing rises a massive tower of finely chiselled granite, resting on a rustic basement. The tower, mounting to a height of nearly a hundred feet, is surmounted by three ornamental turrets, and a flag-tower, from which one of the finest  $coup\ d^*wil$  of the surrounding country can be obtained. The western front is perhaps the most beautiful part of the Castle, for, in addition to greater decorative ingenuity on the part of the builders,





the walls are relieved at frequent intervals by bas-reliefs and armorial shields, in strict harmony with the style of architecture. Admirable design and exquisite workmanship characterise the whole building, and this, added to the natural beauty of the stone, which lends itself admirably to the builder's art, conspire to produce a Castle than which Scotland can boast no finer. Simplicity and purity of taste are equally characteristic of the interior. The Entrance Hall leading from the main entrance—a turreted structure of beautifully dressed and moulded stone—is decorated with antiered trophies of the chase, while a statue of Malcolm Caenmore forms the central ornament. From the Entrance Hall you pass directly into the corridor, off which the principal public The corridor contains a superb statue of His Royal Highness the Prince Consort—of which there is a bronze replica in the grounds—and many other busts of the illustrious dead. The various apartments are simply decorated and furnished, giving one the impression that Balmoral is, before everything, a home, in which comfort blends with elegance. The most striking feature is the prominence given to tartan, which meets the eye in every direction, and recalls vividly to the imagination the Highland attachment to the national garb and all that pertains to it. The Ball-room of the Castle is of noble proportions, being lighted by rich massive candelabra, and to which appropriate decoration is furnished by sword and target, plaid, and stag's head.

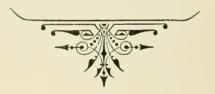
Than the grounds of the Castle nothing could be more in keeping with their surroundings. Here art is so wedded to nature as to become undistinguishable; yet, to the initiated, the hand of a master is visible in everything. There is not a clump or a tree but bears eloquent testimony to the inimitable good taste and artistic sentiment of the Prince Consort, under whose superintendence and direction the grounds were laid out. The eye is everywhere delighted by the green sward, here and there interspersed with birch or pine, skilfully arranged to break the monotonous level, and add variety to the view. Delightfully shaded walks cross and recross each other, leading to interesting memorials or commanding points of view. What could be more entrancing than the route by the banks of the river, flanked on one side by birch and pine, and the ever varying slopes of Craig Gowan, on the other by the majestic sweep of the Dee itself, with a view in front than which there is nothing more wild or beautiful.

How much Balmoral has become endeared to Her Majesty the

Queen may be conceived from the beautiful passage in the "Leaves from the Journal of our life in the Highlands," so full of tenderness and sorrowful remembrance. "Every year my heart becomes more fixed in this dear Paradise, and so much more so now, that all has become my dearest Albert's own creation, own work, own building, own laying out as at Osborne; and his great taste, and the impress of his dear hand have been stamped everywhere." Such a passage as this can be appreciated by all, whose universal wish is that Her Majesty may long derive comfort in the enjoyment of her Scottish home, and strength from its bracing climate to support and sustain the labours of the throne, that—

O polished perturbation! golden care! That keep'st the ports of slumber open wide To many a watchful night!—Shakespeare.

R. A. PROFEIT



THE BALLROOM, BALMORAL CASTLE.



## DESPAIR AND HOPE.

We are unclean beneath the sun.
Foul vapours cling to all that's high,
Notes jar in every harmony.
We tame our flights to lower goals,
Mean deeds defile the purest souls.
Trust nothing—this alone is sure,
We pass, and nothing will endure.

For all men hope, despair of none!
Foul vapours flee, the golden sun
The darkest puddles draws on high
To paint the sky with harmony.
So Love shall lift to higher goals
The lowest lives, the darkest souls.
Rejoice we then, of one thing sure,
We pass, but deeds of love endure.

Bangwill



LITTLE while ago I spent a holiday in Cornwall, at one of the loveliest spots it has been my lot to meet with. It is a quaint little country town, hardly more than a village, lying in the heart of a group of steep hills, opening into a deep cleft in the rock-bound coast. In my youth I had lived in Cornwall, and had been familiar with the widespread belief in pixies, gnomes, fairies, witches, and all the uncanny creatures who have still existence in the minds of all true-born Cornish folk. But I had been living in cities, and I had forgotten the fairies and the witches, and it came upon me somewhat with the shock of a surprise to find that other folk who had gone on living amongst the hills and valleys, with the thunder of the Atlantic in their ears, had gone on remembering also all that I had forgotten. The "black spirits and white, red spirits and grey "-the witches and the warlocks had still as much existence as ever; and the belief of the people, if kept better concealed in deference to the School Boards, was firm as of old. After a week or two something of my old feelings of interest—curiosity, what you will in witches and all uncanny folk came back to me, and it was with scarcely an added tremor that I heard of a definite and concrete wizard who, in the actual flesh, carried on a regular occupation in the country. His business was in the "white witch" line, and he had his regular round of places which he visited at stated intervals, having so many clients that he had to keep a clerk and an office. A wizard with a book-keeper and a private secretary!—here, indeed, was an unexpected change from the good old times. There was something so odd in this purely modern development of witchcraft that I fear that that portion of my amusement which I could not conceal somewhat nettled my informant. His being nettled gave me a new idea, and after a little he admitted, in a half-hearted sort of way, that he himself had a sort of belief in witchcraft. As we followed out the conversation, it became apparent that he had some evidence which would crush my unbelief, and was only waiting for a fit opportunity to spring it on me. Surely enough, in a little while out it came. There was actually living in the district a real witch—no "white" witch this time, but a real "Black Witch," who had done strange and terrible things in her time—aye, who had even "put the figure" upon people. As he spoke of this he looked round fearfully, as though he half expected to see the witch make her appearance astraddle a broomstick. And, indeed, to any one with even a part belief in witchcraft, the idea was one full of fear, for to put "the figure" on any one was the utmost and most deadly of the witches' powers. It was the making of the waxen image stuck full of pins, which was put to melt away before a slow fire, with equal effect on the person whom it imaged.

Weary se'nnight, nine times nine, Shall he dwindle, peak and pine.

This was an opportunity not to be missed, and though my friend would not come with me himself, he told me the name of the witch, and where she lived, giving me, at the same time, authentic instances of her doings, which were manifestly intended to be warnings to me:—

"She do keep frogs and toads—aye, and she have more than once made pigs jump through the roof of the sty high up into the air and landed them far away. Don't I remember when Trevennick's pigs was found a mile away on the road to Bude, the morning after the big storm of '77? I saw myself the broken roof where the pigs had flown out lying on the ground a score yards away. Oh! but she's the fearsome creature, that she is, and the folks of these parts have known it for many a long year?"

I need hardly say that this character was enough for me, and towards the close of the next afternoon I was on my way to seek the "black and midnight hag," and, like Macbeth, to conjure her to "tell me more." When I had traversed what I had guessed to be about the distance I had been advised of, and in the right direction, I met a little maid, whom I asked if she could direct me to the cottage of Mrs. Jinniecott? The real name was almost the same as one of the prophetesses in *Ravenswood*, but I change it for obvious reasons.

"Oh, yes," came the ready reply of the little girl, "I can tell you. I know her. I read to her sometimes." This was another surprise.

"Do you, indeed?" I asked. "And what now do you read to her, my dear?"

"I read The Book. Her house is over there at the top of the hill, to the left, close to the chapel."

My amazement was growing. The Book! the chapel!—funny appointments these, I thought, for a midnight hag. Here, however, sure enough, was the house, just opposite the chapel; a little whitewashed place, with a low, thatched roof. Very tiny it was—very silent—very clean. I knocked at the closed door—no answer. I knocked again, and yet again, a little louder each time; but, as there was no answer, I raised the latch, and, pushing the door a little way open, peeped into what I thought was the empty room. The one window was small, and the sky was cloudy, so that the room was somewhat dark, and it took my eyes a few seconds to get accustomed to the gloom.

And then I became conscious all at once that the room was not empty. From out of the semi-darkness at the back of the room two crooked eyes were fastened on mine, and a crooked form grew into shape.

The witch! No need of anyone to tell me who she was; no need to ask her name. I knew her as quick as instinct can work, or the senses receive an impression. Here she was; and, accustomed as I had been to stage witches, from the Weird Sisters to Meg Merrilies, I found a model that no one whom I had ever seen could compare with. was tall, and bent, and wrinkled; her head was bandaged all askew above her crooked eyes, and she held a crooked stick in her crooked For a moment or two I stood embarrassed, for there was something in the old woman's face which was of no common strength. Her age must have been great, for the wrinkles were many and deepthe years had not passed over her without leaving heavy footprints. But her eyes were terrible—terrible not with hate, but with strange possibilities, and with a hunted look which sent a pang to my heart. No eyes ever had that look without long years of fear and bitter defence -without endless waking from troubled dreams to look out on more dreadful realities. I could not but feel that my conventional greeting was, to say the least of it, a little out of place.

"I beg your pardon, Mrs. Jinniecott; as I was in the neighbour-hood, I thought I'd do myself the pleasure of paying my respects."

"Indeed!"

All my opening speech I got through pretty quickly, for, to tell the truth, I was a little abashed by the imperturbable look of the crooked eyes. The old woman was strongly self-possessed, and I felt in a way the need of companionship in this strange meeting. Somehow I felt that we were not alone, and on looking round, as I did instinctively, I saw a little group of people from the village who had quietly followed me with a curiosity not uncommon, and had come up to take a passive part in the proceedings. They certainly were not too obtrusive, for they stood some eight or ten yards off, and manifested no wish to come into actual touch with the Witch. When I suggested to the latter that perhaps she would allow me to step inside, the look of incredulity on the faces of the rustics was amusing.

The inside of the cottage was scrupulously neat, though the few bits of ricketty furniture were of the very poorest kind. On the hearth by the cheerful fire, complacently licking its paws, sat a pretty tabby cat, with a piece of blue ribbon round its neck. This little bit of finery seemed strangely out of keeping with the general poverty of the place, but hardly more strange than such a harmless specimen of the feline tribe taking the place of the conventional black cat with fiery green eyes, which was of old always the "familiar" of the witch. There were no toads, no frogs, nor "such small deer." "They must be kept out of the house," I thought, for there could be only one other room in the house, that to which the steep ladder in the corner led.

"Will you sit down, sir, and keep your hat on? And please to sit with your back to the window—people are sometimes very rude!" As the Witch spoke, and in a voice that seemed strangely gentle, I looked round, and saw that my diffident friends had ventured closer, and were peeping in through the half-open door.

"Oh, never mind them, Mrs. Jinniecott," I said. "If you'll allow me, I'll shut the door." I did so, and, as I came back to my seat, I thought that the witch was beginning to look more kindly; but her determined, strong aquiline face was still clouded with a constant look of suspicion, or it might be anxiety. I felt that now was my time to make a plunge, so I began—

"Your cat won't mind my little dog, I suppose?"

"Oh no, sir; she's very quiet," and the cat and dog became friends at once, and sat by the fire together.

- "Why, you must be one of the oldest inhabitants of this part of the country?"
  - "I dare say, sir; I am eighty-six."
- "I thought that perhaps you might be able to tell me some interesting stories of these parts!"
  - "What stories?" this with a return of the crooked look.
  - "Well. I have a friend who is making a book on folk-lore."
  - "On what?"
- "Folk-lore—stories of spells and charms, of superstition, and witches." My bolt had sped, and I waited the result.
- "No!" she said, with the same odd look, only intensified. "I know naught of such like! Nothing of spells or charms! Nothing of witches."
- "No! of course not." I felt that my deprecatory laugh was weak. "But you have cures, haven't you—cures for illness, and——"
  - "No! If I had, I should have cured my poor man long ago."
  - "Is he ill?"
  - "He has not left his bed for the last two years."
- "Where is he?" I asked, as I looked round the room, half expecting, I fear, to see him suddenly materialised.
  - "Upstairs, in the room above. Would you like to see him?"
- "No, thank you, not just now," I answered, looking at the steep, ricketty ladder, and wondering how she got up, and wondering whether the poor man would ever get down.
- "He's bad, sir, very bad with rheumatics and bronchitis. I'm a'most afeared he'll never be better."
  - "You live alone with him?"
- "No, sir. There's my daughter, a kind, good daughter she is; she's out milking now, but she'll soon be home. It's near her time." It was near six o'clock.
  - "You have a good, kind daughter?"
- "Yes, sir, God be thanked. Very kind—very, very kind," and here the tears came into her eyes.
- "A kind old witch," I thought to myself; "and so you've lived here all your life?"
- "No, only sixty years—when I first came here." As she spoke I caught sight of a photograph nailed on the chimney wall, with a rough frame of straw stalks round it. "Who is that?" I asked. "What a good-looking young fellow!"



SPRING.



- "That's my sister's grandson. He lives in London."
- "Have you ever been to London?"
- "Aye; I went to see my sister forty-five years ago."
- "Where did she live? I suppose you don't remember?"
- "Well, it was by a hill where there was a many flowers. Not that I seed the flowers, but they called the hill from them."
  - "Primrose Hill, near Hampstead?" I suggested.
  - "Yes, yes, that's so-that was the place. She's dead now."
  - "London is a different place from this," I remarked.
  - "Yes, it is a busy place."
  - "Would you like to live there?"
  - "No! I think 'twould make my head ache."
  - "Your head is bad-I see you have a bandage."
- "Aye, 'tis bad, that's the truth. The doctor tells me to keep it tight and bathe it often," and as she spoke she pressed the wrinkled, twisted hand to the bandage over her head with a patient gesture of pain.
  - "I see you have had your troubles!"
- "Aye, master, and have still. I used to sell coal with my donkey, but when I could go round no more the times got harder."
  - "And your donkey?"
- "He's still alive; he comes round to see me every day. He can't work now, but he costs nothing." I ventured on a digression.
  - "You like your cup of tea?"
- "Aye, sir, that I do; may I make you one?" There was no mistaking her hospitable alacrity as she moved towards the kettle.
- "No, I thank you. I had a cup before I came out; but I hope you will let me give you a pound or two," and I gave her something. The tears came into her eyes again.
  - "Do you live pretty comfortably?"
  - " Pretty well, sir."
- "Now, what did you have for dinner to-day now—a nice piece of meat?" The movement of her face was intended for a smile.
- "Well, sir, we don't have much meat, sir. You see, my poor man and me, we have four shillings a week—my girl she keeps herself; but we can't get much meat upon that."
  - "Four shillings a week! And your rent?"
  - "A shilling a week—I've to provide for that."

"Are they kind to you in the village?"

"Yes. The doctor's wife is very kind; she comes often to see me, and there are a few of the children who come too. They are not afraid of me, and I am very fond of children. And then at Christmas the doctor's wife she brings me a little drop of gin."

"You ought to have some every night at your age."

"It would be nice, sir, for it warms my feet--"

"Well, mother!" I turned at the strange voice. Here was the daughter, a buxon matron, full of health and good spirits.

Then we all had a cup of tea, and became good friends, and, after a while, the daughter asked:

"Would you like to see father, sir?" I nodded, and up we all climbed the ladder staircase to the bedroom in the roof. What a place! We could not stand upright in any part of it. As I came in I said:

"Well, my friend, I've come to have a chat." The poor fellow tried to sit up, but it was a ghastly failure, and he sank back with a helpless groan. Ah me! it was a sorry and wretched sight, that poor, lonely creature lying nearly as helpless as a dead man in a dark corner of the garret, with a misery worse than the chill of death on his face. I sat by the bedside on a ricketty chair, the Witch sitting on the foot of the bed, and the daughter on the other bed, her mother's and her own, at the end of the room by the tiny window, which was set in the gable end of the cottage.

"It is lonely for you being up here, isn't it?"

"Well, it is rather dark, sir; I'm obliged to keep it dark—my eyes is so bad."

"You can't read, I suppose?"

"No sir, I can't read—I never was no scholar!"

"No, nor me nor my daughter neither can't read," put in the Witch. "I'm always sorry for it, but they didn't learn reading to the like of us in my young days. But there is a little maid comes sometimes and reads to us."

"Do you ever have a pipe or anything like that?" I asked of the old man.

"I used to have a pipe, but I've given it up. Ye see, the tobaccy makes me cough, and my back's that bad that the cough racks me dreadful."

"I wish he could smoke sometimes," broke in the Witch. "It

might make him a lot more comfortable, for in the winter he do suffer awful, sir."

It was beginning now to get dark, and I thought that I had better be moving away, when the door opened below stairs, and a sweet little voice, which I thought I recognised, cried up the ladder:

"Oh, Mrs. Jinniecott, a gentleman asked for you on the road this afternoon, and he gave me a shilling. I gave mother half, and there's half of it for you."

As I descended the ladder there was my little friend of the afternoon who had directed me to the house—the wicked Fairy who read to the wicked Witch the Book which tells of the charity of Christ, and of His pity for the poor.

Every word of this little sketch is true; and, when next Christmas comes, I trust that the Black Witch, with her sick husband and her kind daughter, and the dear little Fairy who reads the Book, will have each a corner in their wicked human hearts for me.







HE name, Mar, is only another form of the Gaelic Mor, great. It probably was connected with Mormaer, the most ancient and highest title of nobility known in Scotland, and meant Great Man. There were other Mormaers in ancient Alban when it first became known as Scotia, which was in the reign of Malcolm II., son of Kenneth, about the year 1000, or nearly 900 years ago; but the Mormaer of Mar was the greatest of them as the position he took amongst them and his territorial dignity seem to imply. He it was at least whose name first appeared on the page of authentic history. From the "Annals of Ulster" we learn that the celebrated Brian Boroimhe, Ardh Righ of Ireland, having engaged in war with the Danes, besought his ally, Malcolm II., to assist him with a force from Scotland. "Malcolm sent a large force under Donald, son of Eimin, son of Cainnich, the Mormaer of Marr," the men composing which were in all probability drafted from his own estates on Deeside, for there was no standing army in those days. On their arrival in Ireland Brian immediately marched against the Danes. "A great battle was fought at Cluantarbh (Clontarf), near Dublin, on Good Friday (3rd April), in the year 1014, which ended in the entire defeat of the Danes and their auxiliaries. The slaughter was very great on both sides. On the side of the Irish, Brian himself, then an old man, fell after the victory had been won, and Donald, the Mormaer of Marr, from Alban, was slain in the battle. On the side of the Danes nearly all the leaders were slain." 1

Such in brief is the account that has reached us from almost the



MAR CASTLE, BRAEMAR.



dawn of British history, of a battle that decided for several centuries the fate of the two great races—the Celtic and the Scandinavian—of northern Europe; and it is singular to reflect that our own forefathers in Highland Mar should have played so important a part in it. Such issues being at stake, it is little wonder that the battle became the subject of song—of triumph and glory to the one party and of sadness and sorrow to the other. The latter has gained the greater celebrity in the Icelandic poem, so finely translated by Gray, "The Fatal Sisters."

For the next fifty years, although the kingdom had undergone a great revolution through the usurpation of McBeth, this portion of it had no share in the turmoil and finds no place in the national records. It is only at the final and successful struggle to restore the legitimate line in the person of Malcolm III., surnamed *Ceanmor*, that the scene of events comes for a short space within our district. It was not, however, the Mormaer of Mar, but the Earl, or, as his title then ran, Thane of Fife, that led the Royal army, pursued the usurper northward over the Grampians and across the Dee, at Kincardine O'Neil, to his stronghold in Lumphanan, where he attacked and slew him, and where the remains of his fortress and grey mortuary cairn may still be seen.

The old chroniclers tell us that Malcolm Ceanmor made all the great Mormaers into Earls. There were seven of them; and ROTHRI of Mar, one of the seven, is the first who is in history styled EARL OF MAR—a title which his descendants bear at the present day.

Of McDuff, the conqueror of McBeth, the account we have received is to the effect that, on account of his great military services, he also, though but a Thane, would have been made an Earl, but he chose rather to have the honour for himself and his posterity of placing the King on his throne and the crown on his head on the occasion of his coronation. This privilege they long exercised; and on one ever. memorable occasion—the coronation of the great King Robert Bruce—the ceremony was performed by a lady. The circumstances were so remarkable that, though not directly bearing on our subject, we venture to quote the following passage from Burton's Hist: Aut. Camden:—"It was the office and privilege of the Clan Macduff to place the crown on the Royal head (as well as place the King on the Stone of Destiny). So absolute was this that, when at the coronation of John Baliol (1296,

1 Wyntoun-Chron. Picts and Scots, pp. 65, 78, 369.

nine years before Bruce's coronation), the head of the House of McDuff was a minor, the appointment of a substitute to act for him was an affair of ceremonial difficulty. He had now reached manhood, but there might be many reasons why his attendance could not be obtained on such sudden emergency. His sister was married to the Earl of Buchan (Comyn), a staunch retainer of King Edward. She set off for Scone, and arrived in time enough to perform the mystic functions of the Clan Macduff, when, as it would appear, the ceremony had been completed so far as it could without her aid. The English chroniclers say that she drew largely on her husband's stables, and clattered through the country at the head of a noble cavalcade. There are other surmises and suspicions, but they seem to have no better foundations than the strangeness of the act. The most charitable interpretation that the English chroniclers could give it was that the natural had got the better of the domestic sympathies. But there was some influence more distinct than this that cannot now be traced. understand the full compass of the veneration, superstition, or whatever else it may be called, that, on the one side gave the use of the fatal stone and the services of the Clan Macduff a popular influence over the country, and on the other, prompted the heroic Countess to do the act she did, with all its strangeness and all its perils." To one of the earliest acts of Edward's vengeance leaves a deep stain upon his The Countess was caught, and he devised a special and ingenious punishment for her. He gave orders for the preparation of a cage—"kage," as it is called in the warrant—of spars; it was to be large enough for a proper chamber, and to be attached to one of the towers at Berwick, and so guarded and placed as to prevent her holding converse with any one but her immediate attendants, who must not be natives of Scotland; and in this cage she was imprisoned. We are not told so in the minute instructions for the making of the cage, but the English chroniclers tell us that the cage was so hung that she could be seen by the passers-by; and the object of restraining her in this form seems to have been that she might be a common spectacle, and an example of the fate in store for those who thwarted the will of Edward. Mat. Westm. 2 But to return from this long

<sup>2</sup> The general subject of the creation of Earls by Malcolm Ceanmor is shortly discussed by Sir David Dalrymple in "Annals of Scotland," pp. 26-27, and at more length that of the Earl of Fife in pp. 42-43. The conclusion he comes to is that McDuff did not obtain the dignity of Earl of Fife till to84 i.e., 27 years after the accession of Malcolm III., and of course the same length of time, according to the general belief, after the conversion of the Mormaers into Earls.

digression which may be pardoned on account of the great interests the Duffs now have in Highland Mar, the thanedom having become an earldom in 1084, or by some authorities in 1072, and the earldom, a dukedom in 1889, in the person of the present Duke of Fife.

Although history is silent, tradition and legend have been eloquent over the achievements of Malcolm Ceanmor during his assumed residence, whether in the lake-begirt islands of Loch Kinnord, or in the castle of Kindrochit, whose grass-covered ruins still adorn the rocky banks of the Cluny. Whatever historic value these tales may possess, they are well worth preserving for their primitive character, and for the local connection, with corresponding interest, they give us with a reign that undoubtedly formed one of the greatest epochs in the history of our civilization.

After a long reign of 35 years and 8 months Malcolm fell in battle with the English at Alnwick, the *Chron. Picts and Scots* affirms, through treachery. "Morel of Bamborough slew him, who was his own gossip." This was on the 13th of November, 1093, and the death of his pious and accomplished Queen, the saintly Margaret, followed on the fourth day after.

For 150 years from the death of Malcolm III. no secular event of importance relating to Mar is recorded by our early chroniclers. Scotland had during that long period many Kings—Edgar, Alexander I., David I., Malcolm IV. (surnamed the Maiden), William (surnamed the Lion), and Alexander II.—and many wars, both north and west of us, caused mainly by usurpers and pretenders; and armies had frequently to be led against them; but when any of the Royal Family came to Deeside it was in such a peaceful guise that little or no notice was taken of the visit.

William the Lion (1145-1214), it is true, was specially fond of Aberdeen, and often came north to spend his Christmas there, conferring upon the citizens charters of freedom and privileges that he very seldom bestowed on any other of his burghs; but we have no account of his penetrating into the interior of the country, though, as we have seen, he had a Royal residence in Braemar, built and probably occupied by his great grandfather, Malcolm Ceanmor. William the Lion died 4th December, 1214, in the 72nd year of his age and 49th of his reign.

His son, Alexander II., after reigning nearly 35 years, died 8th July, 1249, leaving his kingdom to his son, Alexander III., then a child scarcely eight years old. Alexander II. also had a partiality for Aberdeen, whence he dated several charters; and it is very probable that he visited Kindrochit (Braemar), as it was on his line of march to the Western Isles, where he had often to go to quell insurrections, and where he met his death, near Oban. <sup>1</sup>

It was at this time that another Earl of Mar comes prominently into notice. His name was William, called so after King William the Lion. As represented to us by the historian Fordun, he was more like a King himself than a subject. We wish his character had been as good as his power was great. But this is what is said of him: in Malis artibus ingeniosus satis, "a portrait which," Dalrymple says, "displays genius in the painter," and which we think it would be a pity to copy into English.

As the King was too young to conduct the government, a Regency had to be formed. The family of the Comyns was at that time at its highest pitch of pride and power. There were four Earls and thirty-two Knights (the second order of nobility) of this name then in Scotland. Associated with William of Mar, the Baliols, and three bishops, the Comyns—always full of guile—seized upon the government, carried off the young King from his mother, and meant to rule the country with a very high hand. They were a bad lot, to use a homely phrase; and perhaps the worst amongst them were John Comyn, Lord of Badenoch, and William, Earl of Mar. One good man there was in the faction, William Comyn, Earl of Monteith, who endeavoured to restrain the others. But he was got rid of, poisoned by his wife, as it was believed, at the instigation of the Lords of Badenoch and Mar. <sup>2</sup>

There was, however, another party—the Queen's party—comprising the Bruces, Stewarts, McDuffs, and Durwards, that in the end got the better of the Comyn faction.

They were guided by the wise counsels of Peter de Ramsay, the good Bishop of Aberdeen—the same who proposed to allot a stipend of 15 merks of silver to each vicarage within his diocese; but whose good intentions were frustrated by the Abbots and Priors, who appealed to the Pope against this allowance as exorbitant, and procured it to be set aside. The allowance would amount to just £10—not a very

t Tytler's Hist.

2 Fordun quoted by Hailes.



SIR WILLIAM WALLACE.

GUARDIAN OF SCOTLAND.



exorbitant stipend for a parish clergyman. Bruce's party contended that it was unnatural and disgraceful to take the young boy away from his mother; and they succeeded in gaining possession of him and restoring him to the Queen. Then the Pope interfered, and a kind of coalition Regency was formed, which did not last long, but in which William, Earl of Mar, acted a leading part.

A document has lately been discovered in the national archives by the learned antiquary and historian, Dr. W. F. Skene, which is of much interest, and which the discoverer thus describes (it is of date 1257):--" A question was raised between Allan Durward and William Earl of Mar, as to the right of the latter to the earldom. A papal rescript, directing an inquest to be held, proceeds on the narrative that our beloved son, Allan, ealled the Doorward, hath signified to us that, whereas the nobleman, William of Mar, of the diocese of Aberdeen, hath withheld the Earldom of Mar, of right belonging to the aforesaid Allan, and that Morgund and Dunean, deceased, to whom the said William asserts his succession in the said earldom, was not begotten in lawful matrimony." That is what Allan Durward said, and he was a very powerful man at that time, having immense estates in Galloway, and also in Aberdeenshire bordering on those of the Earl of Mar. His residence was at Coull, about two miles north of Aboyne, where the ruins of his eastle may still be seen, which rival, if they do not surpass, those of Kindroehit. They are of the same age and character. Durward did not succeed in his law-suit; and William continued in possession of the earldom of Mar till his death in 1274. He had for wife Elizabeth Comyn daughter of the late, and sister of the then, Earl of Buchan—hence his vigorous support of that faction. Dying in 1274, he was succeeded by his son, Gratney, styled by Lord Crawford Gratney or Gartney II., Eleventh Earl of Mar.2

We have now arrived at a period in our narrative when events of a most momentous character for Scotland were about to take place—the chivalrous but unsuccessful struggle of Wallace, and the heroic and entirely successful efforts of Bruce to recover the independence of their country. The natives of Mar, including Deeside, naturally desire to know what share, if any, their ancestors had in these glorious and patriotic enterprises. In so far as Wallace is concerned little or no information as to where he gathered his forces is obtained from the

old chroniclers of our histories. All we know is that, immediately prior to the battle of Stirling, he had been in Aberdeen and Dunnottar collecting an army, which he took with him to Dundee, and thence to battle at Stirling Bridge. When we connect this with the other fact that the Comyns were even then on his side, as they afterwards were more prominently, it is quite likely that some portion of his forces were collected in Buchan and Mar.

We have more light, however, in regard to Bruce's connection with Highland Mar. It has been only indirectly noticed by Barbour, but there is much charter evidence to show that it was most intimate and even personal. This part of the great King's biography has not received from our historians the attention it deserves. To understand it aright it is necessary to place before the reader the family relationship which subsisted between Bruce and Gartney, Earl of Mar.

Bruce had a sister named *Christian or Christiana*, and Gartney had a sister named *Isabella*. Bruce married Isabella and Gartney married Christian. Thus the families were doubly connected—a fact not always carefully noted by our historians, and much confusion has thence arisen in tracing the lives of the two Royal ladies.

Gratney, the brother of Queen Isabella, died in 1305, leaving a son, *Donald*, a boy about eight years of age, the heir to the largest and richest inheritance in Scotland, namely, the earldom of Mar, through his father, and the earldom of Garioch through his mother.

Edward I. of England, who at this time (1305) was Master of the whole of Scotland, had two years before taken up his residence for a time at Kildrummy, and kept a sharp eye on these noble possessions and Bruce's connection with them. On receiving information of Bruce's designs on the kingdom, and that he had been actually crowned at Scone, he immediately seized his nephew, this Donald, the young Earl of Mar, and carried him captive to England, thinking thus to put a check on Bruce's plans. But the very means he adopted to bridle the Scottish King turned out in the end for his advantage. Donald being now a minor and a captive, the management of his estates legally devolved on his nearest male relation, and this was the King, who, as we have seen, was his uncle by a double tie. Bruce was virtually Earl of Mar so long as his nephew was of non-age, or remained a prisoner in England. This position gave him the sole right to the allegiance

and military service of all the vassals and tenants of the two greatest earldoms in the north. He was not slow to avail himself of this advantage. When he was defeated at Methven in his first encounter with the English, he fled, says Barbour, into Athole; but it is evident that it was only through Athole into Mar, where he had arranged to meet his Queen and other relatives. The meeting took place at Aberdeen, far enough from Athole, but close on the borders of Mar and the Garioch.

For months he was hunted about in the Highlands of Aberdeenshire by the soldiers and partisans of King Edward, and by none with such rancour and perseverance as by William Comyn, Earl of Buchan, the husband of the lady who had placed the crown upon his head.

All the while his noble hearted Queen and their tender daughter, Marjory, shared his hardships and perils with a devotion and heroism as touching as any to be found in the pages of romance.

At last he had drawn around him a brave band of followers, that put his enemies for a time at defiance. Thinking them free from danger, he placed (Burton says "housed") his Queen and daughter with other wives and families of his relatives and friends in the castle of Kildrummy, under charge of his brother Nigel—a youth famed for his personal beauty and military accomplishments. He then mustered his Highlanders and set out with them to establish his claims to the crown in other parts of his kingdom. It was with these same Highlanders, aided by a body of mail-clad soldiers from the Lowlands, that he encountered his mortal foc, John McDougall of Lorne, in the Pass of Brander. The incidents and results of that encounter are well known to history, as are also Bruce's wanderings, till the spring of the following year.

Meantime a sad fate had overtaken the gallant band and their precious charge left behind in the castle of Kildrummy, of which, however, he was fortunately ignorant.

Edward had kept a watchful eye on Bruce's movements. He was aware from personal knowledge of the capabilities of resistance presented by this northern fortress. It had always been a leading object with him to crush with one fell blow the whole family of Bruce; and here was a chance not to be missed. He sent a strong force to besiege Kildrummy; and Nigel, apprehensive of the danger that threatened him, organised a brave band of his followers, whom he entrusted with the task of safeguarding the Royal ladies and their

train to the far away shrine of St. Duthae, in Ross. His garrison was weakened by the detachment of this body, and was now little able to resist the great force of the English besiegers. What happened was this: The garrison in Kildrummy was starved out; Nigel had to surrender; Edward showed them no mercy; he executed them all with fearful tortures, except John, Earl of Athole, who had a blood relationship with himself, and to whom he granted the great favour of being hanged simpliciter, and not tortured before execution. <sup>2</sup>

Was Edward's thirst for vengeance satisfied? No; he despatched a strong party with instructions to take the Queen of Scotland, her little daughter, Marjory, her aunt (the King's sister) Christian, Countess of Mar, and other ladies now located in St. Duthac. This they effected, carrying the ladies and the officers of the guard captive into England, where the latter were hanged without reserve, and the former kept close prisoners for seven years after. This was the last act of Edward's vengeance, as he died the same year (1307). <sup>3</sup>

Except the utter defeat of the Earl of Buchan, nothing of local or national importance occurred in the north till the muster for the great battle of Bannockburn took place. As we have noticed, the tenants and vassals of Mar were bound to follow the King to battle, and there is no doubt that those in that position in Aberdeenshire obeyed his summons. Indeed, we know from contemporary history that they, along with his other vassals in Carrick and Annandale, formed the reserved force which the King himself commanded in the battle. Some historians have, however, alleged that those northern tribes were amongst the 15,000 retainers who formed the body stationed behind the brow of the Gillies' hill, and who, without engaging in the battle, contributed so much to the victory. The only reason they assign for this conjecture is that it cannot be supposed that followers from so remote and uncivilised a district could have been supplied with arms sufficient to warrant them being employed in such an important duty as guarding the King's person. But as we have seen in the affair of John of Lorne, they were both well trained and well armed. It is needless to refer to this great conflict, the result of which was that Scotland throughout obtained a measure of peace for many years.

The Earl of Hereford and other English nobles who had been taken prisoners were exchanged for the Queen, her daughter, Marjory,

1 Tytler's Hist. 2 Burton's Hist. 3 Burton's Hist.



MOUTH OF THE DEE, ABERDEEN.



her aunt, Christian Bruce, and the young Earl of Mar. The last named, however, seldom visited his possessions in the north. After the death of the great King Robert in 1329, his nephew, Randolph, was made Regent, the young King David II. being then only six years of age. David was not, however, the son of Isabella of Mar, Bruce's first Queen, she having died in 1321, but of Elizabeth, daughter of Aymer de Burgh, Earl of Ulster, his second wife. David II. was in no way connected with the Mar family except through his half-sister, Marjory, whose mother, as we have seen, was a daughter of the House of Mar, and she herself the mother of King Robert II., the first of the Stewart line of sovereigns, now represented by Her Most Gracious Majesty, our beloved Queen.

On the death of Randolph in 1332, Donald, Earl of Mar, succeeded to the Regency, as being the late King's nephew by the double tie already mentioned. He allowed himself to be surprised at Dupplin while at the head of a large army, and suffered an ignominious defeat, losing his life in the battle. Christian Bruce, Countess of Mar, after the death of her husband, Gratney, had married Sir Andrew Murray, who, after the death of Donald, Earl of Mar, at Dupplin, had become Regent of Scotland. She and her family usually resided at Kildrummy, while he was in various parts of the country settling affairs of State.

It so happened that David Comyn, Earl of Athole, had raised an army of 3000 men for the purpose of securing the crown for himself; and as a first step towards that object, marched northward to seize the Royal party in Kildrummy Castle. As the battle of Culblean, which ensued, was the last fought in the cause of independence, and the only one of much magnitude fought within the bounds of Mar, the events that led to it cannot be better told than by paraphrasing, for the sake of modern readers, the narrative of the ancient chronicler, Wyntoun, whose account is so exact and minute that he must have had his information from an eye-witness:—

When Sir Andrew Murray heard how rudely Earl Davy (Athole) and his men conducted themselves, he was very angry, and prepared to raise the siege therewith. He therefore collected all the armed men he could obtain to the south of the Scottish Sea (Firth of Forth). The Earl Patrick (Dunbar) joined him, and with him eame Ramsay and Preston, and other gentlemen of great renown. William Douglass was

also there with his good men and worthy, besides other gentlemen, making in all 800 fighting men; for the flower of that portion of Scotland were then at his Court. So quick were their movements that they passed the Mounth (Grampians) without stopping.

The Earl Davy now received full information of their approach, and so took his departure from the Castle (of Kildrummy). made straight for Culblean, and there lodged his great army, right in the highway at the east end; and right opposite to where they lay, at the Ha' of Logie Ruthven, Sir Andrew had taken up his quarters. That evening there came to him from Kildrummy 300 'wicht' and hardy men; and this raised the spirits of his own men greatly, and he himself was very glad of their coming. Well, there was in his army one John of the Craig (John Craig), who had been taken prisoner by Earl Davy, and who would have to pay his ransom next day. This man said privately to the (Scottish) Lords that if they would take his advice, he would lead them by a short cut through the wood in which their foes lay, and bring them close up to them behind before they would be aware of their approach; and he fulfilled all that he undertook; for between midnight and daybreak he led them where they found the short cut, which they followed for more than a mile. Skirting the wood there were two paths; the Earl Davy lay in the lower of these, while the Scots took the higher way, and then struck across to the other. Here every man left his horse, and marched against the foe on foot. These had no knowledge of their approach till well on in the dawn, when they caught sight of them. And then with all the haste they could they warned Earl Davy. He immediately caused the trumpet to be sounded to warn his soldiers, who in a very short time assembled round him in a small path that was there. Right in the centre of this path stood Earl Davy, and to a great stone that stood beside it

> He sayed—'By Goddis face we twa, The flight on us sall samen ta.'

> (By thee I stand, and take my oath, The flight together we take both.)

or,

Come one, come all, this rock shall fly From its firm base as soon as I.—Scott.

William Douglas, who then led the vanguard with the stoutest

r Wyntoun.

men that were in the company, when he saw Earl Davy stand so arrayed with his men, took his spear in his hands, and, holding it across, said—'Stay, my Lords, a moment.' They that were in his company secretly grumbled at this. When Earl Davy saw that they hesitated, he stepped forward and cried—'They are already nearly discomfited; upon them with might and main.' After this they withdrew a short distance to a ford, which, when Douglas saw, he cried—'Now is our time.'

Soon after they couched their spears and charged into the ford. Robert Brady, a hardy knight, was there slain. A hand-to-hand encounter then took place; and just at that moment Sir Andrew Moray, with his company, came in stoutly on the flank. The moment he appeared the enemy fled; not a single soldier remained to combat. There by an oak was Earl Davy slain, and several of his followers; Sir William Comyn was also slain; and Sir Thomas Brown was taken prisoner; and afterwards heavily ironed, for it seems they bore him no Sir Robert Menzies went to his castle of Kinnord, where he had never been till then; but he escaped there, and in the great fort, or peel, he found good protection to himself and his men; and then on the following day he capitulated, and pledged his fidelity to the Scottish cause. There were not many slain in battle, for the wood covered them from their pursuers, and they fled so quickly that the greater part got safely away. The battle took place on St. Andrew's Day (30th November, 1335, or, as I reckon, on the previous night and morning). 2

Wyntoun gives us to understand that the battle of Culblean had been the subject of poetry or prophecy, for he adds:—"Of this battle spake Thomas of Erclydown (Thomas the Rhymer), when he truly said—'In Culblean they'll meet, stalwart, stark, and stern.'"

He said it in his prophecy, But how he knew it was fairly.

No new Earl of Mar was much connected with his northern estates till 1377, when the line ended in a female, Isabella, the niece of Thomas, the then Earl of Mar, and sister to the famous Earl of Douglas, who fell in the battle of Otterburn, regarding which the well-known ballad of Chevy Chase gives a graphic, though not historic,

ı Wyntoun.

2 Wyntoun.

account. She married, first, Sir Malcolm Drummond, brother to the late Queen of Scotland, who assumed the title of Earl of Mar in right of his wife. "When resident in his own castle this baron was attacked by a band of armed ruffians, overpowered, and cast into a dungeon, where the barbarous treatment he experienced ended in his speedy death. The suspicion of this lawless act rested on Alexander Stewart, a natural son of the Earl of Buchan, brother to the King, who emulated the ferocity of his father, the notorious "Wolfe of Badenoch." This Alexander Stewart had cast a longing eye on the immense possessions of the heiress of Mar, and determined to become master of them. He mostly resided with his father at Lochindorb, but held sway over Braemar as well as Badenoch. His uncle, King Robert II., had frequently resided in Kindrochit Castle, as several charters granted by him, and dated 1382, from that fortress sufficiently show. When absent, the castle was generally occupied by this bastard nephew.<sup>2</sup>

After the death of her husband, Isabella of Mar fled to the north and sought safety in her castle of Kildrummy, but before many months had passed she was subjected to a species of rough wooing. Collecting a band of Caterans in the wilds of Badenoch and Braemar, he followed her thither, stormed the castle, and whether by persuasion or violence obtained the widowed Countess in marriage. "To murder the husband, to marry the widow, and carry off the inheritance from her children, were deeds which, even under the misgovernment of Albany, who was his natural uncle, could not be quite overlooked; but before any action could be taken, an extraordinary scene was enacted at Kildrummy. 3 Stewart presented himself at the outer gate of the castle, and there, in presence of the Bishop of Ross and the assembled tenantry and vassals of Mar, was met by the Countess; upon which, with much feudal pomp and solemnity, he surrendered the keys of the castle into her hands, declaring that he did so freely and with a good heart, to be disposed of as she pleased. The lady then, who seems to have forgotten the rugged nature of the courtship, holding the keys in her hands, declared that she freely chose Alexander Stewart for her lord and husband, and that she conferred on him the Earldom of Mar, the castle of Kildrummy, and all other lands which she inherited. 4 The whole proceedings were closed by solemn instruments or charters being taken on the spot; and this remarkable transaction

VALLEY OF THE DEE AT BALMORAL.



was legalised and confirmed by a charter of the King, which ratified the concession and permitted Stewart to assume the titles of Earl of Mar and Lord of the Garioch. This personage afterwards became the most celebrated in Scottish history of all who have ever borne that proud title. His wife, Countess Isabella, died before, 10th February, 1408, when a new chapter of the Earl's life began. 1 He went abroad for a short space, and signalised himself greatly as a soldier of fortune in the French wars. While in France he married again a lady whom one account calls Isabell, Countess of Holland; another, Mary-de Hornes, Lady of Duffle, in Brabant, of whom it is facetiously observed that through her he got many lands, which he had subsequently much difficulty in getting possession of, and a wife little less difficult to retain, who had been notorious for her changes of husband.2 Returning home in 1409, we find him in the following year holding high state at Kildrummy, and granting charters by his new title of Lord of Duffle as well as Earl of Mar and Lord of Garioch, his short second marriage probably not then dissolved. Seven months later, in July, 1411, he commanded the Royal army at the famous battle of Harlaw, a sanguinary engagement that determined the fate of Scotland as between a Celtic and a Saxon kingdom. The defeat here inflicted upon Donald of the Isles was achieved within the bounds of the Earldom of the Garioch, and is minutely and exhaustively treated of in Dr. Davidson's History. Mar was at that time Sheriff of Aberdeenshire, and soon after became Lord High Admiral of Scotland. The embers of Donald's insurrection still smouldered in the Highlands till the return of James I. (the Poet King) in 1424.3

Of all the new King's near kindred he was the only one who was spared; and not only was his life spared, but he rose to be one of the most favoured and influential of his supporters. He was entrusted by James with the suppression of the continued revolts in the Highlands, and it is of him that the many stories of adventure and hair-breadth escapes are so frequently told. Many memorials of a humble character regarding him in his frequent journeyings between Kildrummy and Kindrochit still retain his name, such as "The Earl's Well," "Mar's Stone," "Mar's Hillock," and "Mar's Resting Place." But he is best known as "The Hero of Harlaw." He died in 1434 much lamented by his loving and beloved sovereign, James I. of Scotland.

Tytler. 2 Burton.

<sup>3</sup> Davidson's History of the Earldom of the Garioch.

The district of Mar does not again appear in the ancient annals or histories till the enactment of a terrible tragedy, namely, the murder of King James I., 1437. It requires to be noticed here only as the scene of the capture of the principal perpetrator. The murder, as is well known, took place in Perth: and Sir Robert Graham, by whose bloody hand the King was despatched, immediately fled to the most remote Highlands, seeking safety in the wilds of Braemar; but a speedy vengeance followed him even thither. An offer of reward was made by the Government to the Highland chief who should apprehend him and bring him to justice. He and his band were traced to their concealments in Glen Dee, and seized by two Highland chieftains, John Stewart Gorm, and Robert Duncanson, the ancestor of the ancient family of Robertson of Struan, who at that time had considerable connections in Braemar. The fate of Sir Robert Graham does not belong to our subject; but from that date the family of Robertson, or Donachaidh, rose into great importance, the name Robertson, by which they were known in the low country, taking its origin from this Robert, the captor of Sir Robert Graham, the regicide.

On the death (1434) of Alexander Stewart, who had acquired the Earldom of Mar as described, the honours of that ancient family were assumed to have devolved upon the Crown, to the exclusion of the heirs of line. These were the Erskines, who were deprived of their rightful inheritance till restored to them by Queen Mary in 1565. The Lord Erskine, who thus became Earl of Mar, was for some time Regent of Scotland in room of King James VI., and lived mostly at the seat of government in Edinburgh and Stirling, in which latter town there is a striking monument of his magnificence in the building which still goes by the name of "Mar's Work." He generally came to his seat in Braemar during the autumn, and it is of him, or rather of his son, who followed the same practice, and not of the Earl of the 1715, as guide books and others have erroneously supposed, that the "Water Poet," John Taylor, gives that graphic and amusing account of his visit to Braemar. It is at this date, namely, the beginning of the 17th century, that it is proposed to consider the "Ancient Annals of Highland Mar" as having come to a close. There are tales and legends in abundance to be narrated for a century afterwards, many of which no doubt are true,

though highly coloured, but to which the name of ancient annals cannot be properly applied.

Readers who desire to obtain a true and graphic picture of the condition of Braemar in the days of the early Stewarts are referred to Sir Thomas Dick Lauder's "Historical Romance," where they will find vivid descriptions of scenery, as well as faithful delineations of Highland character, both gentle and simple.

In stating that one of the last of the acts of King Robert the III. was to bestow a small estate in the valley of the Dee upon the veteran MacErchar, whither he retired to spend a comfortable and respectable old age, and, having married, became the head of a powerful family, he traces the origin of the Farquharsons back to this worthy ancestor, although it is generally believed that Finla Mor, slain in the battle of Pinkie (1547), was the common ancestor from whom all branches of the clan have sprung. <sup>1</sup>

1 "Wolf of Badenoch.

John & Michie



## OLD HOPES AND NEW.

Which are the dearer? Ah! how can I say?

Sweet were the old, although they drooped and faded,

Tender and frail, to die upon life's way.

And for the new hopes, beacons towards the future,

Are they as dear to us as those of yore?

How can I tell when they are linked together?

Old hopes and new, for ever, evermore!

If, looking forward, hope were taken from us,
Life would be blank, and Death all dark and drear!
If, looking back, no memories came crowding
To bid us hope anew for joys as dear . . . .
As the old hopes, which made our youth all golden,
Then would our hearts be desolate and sore!
Yet in God's mercy they are linked together,
Old hopes and new, for ever, evermore!

John Shance Wonter.







## THE CAPTURE OF TOSHEEN.

T was about six o'clock in the evening that Quartermaster MacMerry was seated on a packing box in front of the tents, facing a rude supper-table, near a low wall of earth, beyond which the shifting sands of the Egyptian desert were rapidly darkening, as the short twilight waned, and the orange gleam in the western sky, over the saw-toothed hills, faded into the violet of the tropical night. He had prudently placed himself at a distance from the solitary candle, stuck in a bottle mouth, that lit up the broad form of his friend, Faucitt, who, seated close to it, with his back towards the desert, formed an admirable mark for the Remington rifle of any out-lying sharp-shooter of the enemy.

Faucitt was an old warrior, whose brown visage and case-hardened frame had seen the hottest of service—not so long ago—in the gorges of Afghanistan.

MacMerry was new to this sort of work. He had served the whole of his time in pleasant quarters in England, and was already well on in life, when he became enslaved by a fair and wealthy widow in Gosport, and was stirred out of the placid existence with which he had hitherto been so well content, as hardly to have had a thought or desire for change. Amongst other alterations in his views that supervened on this event, was a desire to acquire a tinge of glory in the way of active service, of which he had seen none all his days. The ambition to stand well in the opinion of his inamorata had opened his eyes to his own shortcomings, and he was not long in perceiving that her regards distinguished those among his rivals who had returned from abroad wearing on their breasts the badges that tell of dangers met and overcome in the field, and compared with whom he now remarked that the left-hand bosom of his own tunic looked so bare and untenanted. When, therefore, he was offered the appointment of Quartermaster to the ——th Corkshire Regiment, his bosom swelled with a satisfaction so great that it could hardly have been supposed capable of finding space in his already well-filled form, and he hastened to transfer himself to his new post amid the scenes of active service in the Eastern Soudan. For "Mac," as his comrades called him, had a spherical face and an obese figure, and, as he sat there that sultry evening, wiping his steaming brow, the former resembled in colour a purple peony, and the outline of the latter bore eloquent testimony to the care with which Britannia nourishes the courage of her professional gladiators.

During the supper of Irish stew or soup, seasoned with sand, and speckled with myriads of house-flies, which they had just discussed, Mac had confided to his companion his intention of accompanying his regiment in the "reconnaissance" that had been announced in general orders for the following day, and while they were enjoying a meditative whiff and modest sip of grog, Faucitt had been ruminating over the Faucitt was a man who never wasted words, and announcement. always meant what he said. When, therefore, he broke the silence by remarking—"Some of us will not come back to-morrow, Quartermaster, and, as it is no part of your duty, I wouldn't go out with the expedition if I were in your place," Mac was rather staggered, and wavered in the warlike resolutions he had brought with him from home, and which had not yet had time to cool down entirely. It is true that a nearer view of the circumstances of a campaign had somewhat damped his ardour, for during the last four or five nights there had been continued raids upon various parts of the camp by the Arabs, and sleep had been disturbed by alarming spells of rifle-firing that were slow to die away, while at the headquarters of the Commissariat and Transport Departments, where duty had that morning called him to requisition stores for his men, camels for the morrow, and horses to mount two of the subaltern officers, he had seen one man lying dead, and another with his skull badly chopped in pieces by the heavy Arab swords, part of the work of some of the "fuzzies" who had crept within the lines the night before. And, as he pondered upon these things, and the darkness increased around him, rendered more striking by the green-tinted crescent moon that topped the serrations of the inland mountains, he remembered with disquiet that their tents were pitched that very night at one of the most outlying corners of the camp, and that their lean wiry enemies might be pouring over the ditch and breastwork, and slashing and stabbing among the tents, ere the sentinels could summon the wearied men whose duty it was to defend it, from the spot where they were lying in the sand, each wrapped in his greatcoat, with his rifle at his side.

Little more passed, for Faucitt shortly went his rounds to see that everything was right for the evening, and at length Mac also arose, turned into his tent, and stretched himself on the top of his couch of packing boxes, with a kit-bag as a pillow under his head.

It was not only the thought of what Faucitt had said of the morrow that rendered his sleep that night no sound one. As he was dropping off towards ten o'clock, a horse's hoofs came tearing up from the plain, there was a cry of "Guard, turn out!" a scuffle and a rattle of arms, a challenge of "Halt, who goes there?" and a breath of relief from all as the English answer, "A friend," came back through the darkness. After a short conference, the musical sound of "Pass, friend, and all's well," was followed by the clatter of the horseman's hoofs dying away in the distance, and again all was quiet. Some time after there was an alarm in a distant part of the camp, and shots rang out, as some outpost fired at suspicious black shadows on the plain, and then Mac dozed a little. About two in the morning he was disturbed by a rustle near his tent door, and peeping out saw Faucitt shaking himself like a mastiff, and looking over the camp to where the Southern Cross was visible above the horizon, but he was reassured when he recognised his friend, for he knew that Faucitt was always vigilant, and his eyes seemed to be open and he himself to be around everywhere by night as well as by day. Mac was glad, however, when, at four in the morning, the "reveille" sounded, and he crept out in the dark and fog, to see the camp-fires already burning, and the warm breakfast being prepared. The Quartermaster was famous for attending, like few others, to those under his charge, and soon the regiment was fortified by a comforting meal of coffee and bread, fallen in, and marched to the place of rendezvous in the plain, beyond the camp.

As the light spread over the land from the East, the sight he beheld stirred the whole heart of the Quartermaster, and removed the doubts he had last night seriously commenced to entertain as to the desirability of accompanying the expedition. Five thousand men in line, in the drab-coloured "Khakee" uniform, varied here and there by a red tunic or the dark blue of a naval volunteer, flanked by the Artillery and Marines with field-pieces and Gatling-guns, and preceded by the Engineers, Lancers, and Sikhs as mounted scouts, were formed up and advanced westwards towards the mountains. Behind came the camels and baggage; groups of friendly natives, distinguished by

their red shoulder tippet, a shield in the left and a couple of spears in the right hand, passed to the front, or moved about on the right and left wings of the advancing force; while behind all came the Bearer Companies and the trotting Hindoos, with their tent-shaped dhoolies, each suspended by a stout bamboo pole from the shoulders of four men. And overhead, as the sun rose in the sky, soared kites and buzzards in long, sweeping circles, as if eager to anticipate the bearers of the litters in the possession of those who were to fall. In front fluttered the sand-grouse, and the spotted gazelles fled through the thickets as the dusty line strode onwards. And as the night chills yielded to the warmth of day, the martial blood stirred more lively in the Quartermaster's veins, till he almost pictured himself doing deeds of heroism that day. Mayhap he even dreamed of gaining the Victoria Cross by the gallant rescue of some fallen comrade. We will not quite venture to assert this, but it is certain that his absorption in such dreams, and perhaps the confusion caused by the dust of the advance among the thorny brakes and intervening lanes of sand, had caused him to fall somewhat into the left rear, when by the shoulder of a low hillock he came upon two natives in deep conference together. withered, grizzled, old Arab, round whose shoulders hung the red tippet, and whose grey hairs were dressed in a thousand slender greasy ringlets, forming fringes on the sides and back, and a bunch on the top of his head, was conversing with a young black with close-cropped hair covered by a pork-pie brimless hat of plaited straw, his lithe but powerful form enveloped in what looked like a long, sleeveless flannel shirt, girded at the waist by a red cloth sash, and bordered down the front and at shoulders and neck by a row of diamond-shaped pieces of red and black cloth. As the Quartermaster appeared they glanced round with a start, and hastily parted with a sign and a nod; the redcloaked "friendly" slinking into the rear of the advancing force, and the straw-capped one retreating behind the hillock.

While he hesitated what course to follow, Mac was relieved to see Faucitt on his horse coming through the bushes behind him. "You'll get lost, Quartermaster, if you don't mind. Keep further to the north," was his greeting. But his face became quite grave as Mac recounted what he had seen. "By all that is alarming! that must have been a Mahdi's man," burst from him, and spurring back among the bushes he shouted, "Bevergeil, send a couple of your horsemen behind that

hillock, there are some of the enemy tampering with our native allies." Bevergeil gave some directions in Hindustani to two of his Sikh troopers, tall, lancer-like fellows in grey blouses, with sharp steel rings like quoits entwined in their turbans, and as they obeyed his directions and rode round the hillock, one on each side, Faucitt, MacMerry, and Bevergeil mounted to the top to observe them. They watched the spearmen scout among the bushes round the base of the eminence until they were almost meeting at an open glade of sand beyond it, in the centre of which lay a round object like a football. "What on earth is that black ball upon the sand?" queried MacMerry. "Arab's head," replied Bevergeil, with a grin, and as he spoke the ball moved and began to rise from the ground, and out of the sand, which fell from him as he rose, upreared itself the form of a hostile Arab in plaited cap, diamond-edged gown, shield, and spear, just as the Quartermaster had seen him a short time before in conference with the "friendly." With a shout and lances in rest the Sikhs charged towards him, but turning with a defiant wave of his spear he plunged into the bushes, coursing in his paper sandals with incredible swiftness over the soft earth, where the feet of the pursuing horses sank deep, and with his robe flying behind him wound among the mimosa tufts, avoiding their tenacious spiny branches as by a miracle, while the clothing and trappings of the Sikhs and their steeds were caught and held, so that thus impeded they were soon ont-distanced by the swift dervish, who disappeared from sight after a chase of some sixty yards. "Choose a safer place, and don't straggle if you want to return in a whole skin, the Arabs are all in league together, I believe," called out Bevergeil, as he dashed away with his men. As the advice seemed good, the two friends rode back into the rear of the advance and thought no more of the occurrence, although they were fated to see more of that flannel shirt and its owner ere the day was at an end.

As they now moved on together they could perceive that the plain, across which they had so far come, some six miles, was commencing to be diversified by numerous gentle knolls and undulations, and that a couple of miles further on it broke up into tongues, still covered with mimosa brush, which ran between low, treeless foothills and became ever narrower, until they ended in rocky gorges that, ascending, pierced the dry and rugged mountains beyond. Increased activity soon became visible among the mounted scouts preceding and flanking the line, and





ever and anon some of these horsemen would mount a little hill and signal back intelligence by energetic wavings of their flags to the authorities in command of the main body. The larger hills, too, were now frequently topped with huts of grass and bushes, which seemed to have formed outlook stations for the enemy's pickets, and were being left untenanted as the forces drew on.

"I suspect we shall have warm work before us," remarked Faucitt, as these tokens of contact with the enemy became more and more frequent. The remark tended to reawaken the qualms of the preceding evening, which the quiet aspect of affairs hitherto had helped to lull to rest in the Quartermaster's breast, but, putting a bold face on matters, and in a tone designed to reassure himself, he now enquired of his friend if he knew what was the exact design of the expedition.

"Well," said Faucitt, "I had a word with Clavers at Headquarters last night, and though of course things were being kept quiet, lest they should leak out, as somehow they always seem to do here, I gathered from him that we were to cross to the hills and occupy and burn the Arab village that should lie up that gorge, or somewhere in that quarter."

"That can scarcely prove a very dangerous piece of work," returned the Quartermaster.

"Hum! They say that the Mahdi has sent over from Omdurman some of his dervishes to oppose us, and that there is a strong force of the Hadenowah tribe lying at Tosheen, as the village and wells are called, but we shall soon see now," was the rejoinder.

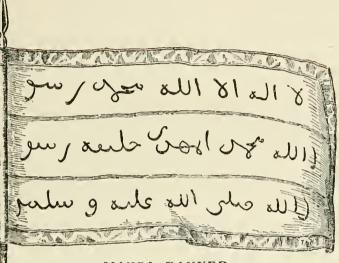
"I can hardly think they will offer serious opposition to so strong a body as we are," said MacMerry.

"They are as warlike a tribe as any in the Soudan, and their enthusiasm has been roused by the capture of Khartoum. Besides, we shall hardly miss the chance of smelling powder if General Clavers is still as fond of fighting as he was in the Crimea, where he led a storming party against the Russian forts until only himself and the scaling ladder were left effective; and they say," added Faucit, "he would have gone on alone with the ladder but that it was too heavy for him, and he was ordered back."

This speech was not re-assuring to Faucitt's friend, but at that moment the bugles sounded the "Halt," and he and Faucitt had to hurry off and fall into their places.

The troops were now divided into two bodies, each forming a square, with baggage and supernumeraries in its centre. That in which MacMerry found himself next commenced to move slowly forward towards the mountains, and everyone seemed to experience a tightness in his breath, and there was an intense silence of expectation as to what was next to come. Some black and white figures became visible on the summit of a steep hill in the direction whither the square was moving, and a company of marines were sent to skirmish up it and dislodge its occupants. The Quartermaster watched their light brown dresses creep up and up in a thin open line until they had scaled a peak near to the top, but separated from it by a deep hollow, and then he watched no more:—

For such a storm broke loose over the silent desert as made his heart give one great jump, and then seem to stand still. From the hill-top burst the harsh continuous rattle of the enemy's Remingtons, emerging from clouds of white smoke, and the puffs of reply from the carbines of the marines, and men began to drop in the square where he stood, and bullets to pelt upon the ground, and on the bamboos and woodwork of the carts, litters, and ambulance waggons. minutes of this Pandemonium the Arabs were routed, and the roar from the hill ceased; but now from the side of the square behind him, which he could not see, rolled out the tumult of the attack, the volleys of the rifle-firing, and the rasping jar of the Gatling guns, the latter soon ceasing to swell the chorus, as the sand jammed their machinery; and round the sides towards him swept the Lancers, chased from the field, and into the back of the square by fleet-footed agile black figures, with waving gowns, who, darting between and around the dense mimosa bushes with a speed surpassing that of the swiftest rider, drove all before them like smoke before the wind, hacking and stabbing at horses and men, who, unable to act among the brush, sought safety in rapid flight into the square; and not an instant had the din of the musketry behind him ceased in its turn, telling that the attack had there, too, been repelled, when MacMerry beheld, from the innocent-looking bushes not a hundred yards before him on the plain, the up-rising and out-pouring of a torrent of black figures, camels, horses, and men, like bees swarming from an overturned hive, that rushed with the swiftness of thought towards the guardsmen, only two deep, just behind whom he was standing. He discerned amidst the stream that now swept down upon the



## MAHDI BANNER

square the gleam of shields and arms, a few white waving banners, and, leading them on, the form of a youth on a white camel, the very individual he had that day seen talking to the "friendly" native.

And behind him rose a rustle, as when the dried leaves of the forest are swept over by the wind, and where before there had stood a crowd of supernumeraries, Indians, and others, his gaze now met nothing save an army of slipper soles and turbaned heads in the dust, packed thick as paving-stones behind every shrub, and in every hollow of the ground, where the frightened beings had crouched for shelter, as if in devotion, on the sand.

Much was the Quartermaster tempted to follow their example, when he saw the bullets flicking up the dust everywhere, and heard the angry hiss of those that sang past him through the air. But the drop of fighting blood that existed somewhere in his veins, the shame of seeking such a refuge, and in no small degree the rounded stoutness of his frame, that rendered stooping almost apoplectically uncomfortable to him, preserved him from so demeaning himself. So he was content to

bob his head at every whizz that rang alarmingly near. But he needed not to fear.

The double line of the square stood firm; its soldiers opened fire promptly, pouring their lead upon the black torrent that was nearing them; and the officers rode quietly up and down behind them in a business-like way, as if nothing unusual were going on; and he saw the mass as it approached grow smaller and thinner as some fell and others dodged aside into the scrub, till by the time it had come within twenty vards of the square the crowd wavered, then turned, and finally melted away, leaving the plain dotted with black forms, mostly lying still and lifeless, where the line of their charge had passed. His friend of the morning was the last of them he saw, still seated on his white camel, forcing his way over the bush-covered hillocks around, seemingly untouched by the few shots instinctively fired after him by the men, ere the officers had enforced the call of the bugle to "cease firing." Mac drew a long breath, slowly took out his pocket handkerchief, and wiped his face, as he sat down upon the pole of a litter that lay near him.

"What, Quartermaster, looking white?" said Faucitt, who now came to seek him, "it's all over for the present, and we must have something to eat," and he seated himself on the ground, uncorked his felt-covered water bottle, drew some bread and slices of tinned beef from his haversack, and Mac followed his example.

"Aren't we going back now?" enquired he, when they had dispatched their food and lit their pipes.

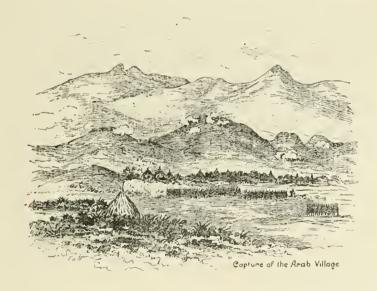
"Half an hour's rest, and then on to burn the village," was the reply.

But this time was not allowed, or indeed allowable, for though the heights around the squares had now been occupied by our artillery and sharp-shooters, who kept popping away at the stray groups of the enemy that showed in the plain below, and sending a more sustained shower of projectiles into the denser retreating masses, yet many a bullet from outlying Arab rifles still fell into the square. The wounded were collected and sent back over the plain under an escort, and the Quartermaster sighed as he saw them depart, for he had had quite enough of it, and would have been well pleased to accompany them. But this could not be.

Immediately the bugles again sounded the advance, and the

closely dressed square pressed onwards through the bushes, trampling them down rather than break their formation, for now every precaution was needed against a possible furious "rush." The bushes here, however, were lower and less dense, and interspersed with softer shrubs like raspberries, with yellow, rose-shaped flowers. Small white snakes glided away or were trampled down by the men, and the vicinity of water was denoted by the white slugs that encrusted, like lumps of mortar, the stems of everything that grew.

Presently shouts were heard in front, and the firing from the square recommenced. The Quartermaster had remounted his horse on the advance, and to protect himself against the mid-day heat, which was very great, unfurled the white umbrella, lined with green, which, by the advice of his friends, he had brought with him from England, along with a useless collection of mosquito veils and green spectacles, supposed to be indispensable to resist the climate and plagues of Egypt. From his saddle he could see numbers of the blacks retreating before the van of the advancing troops, fighting and firing as they went, but never for a moment checking its resistless progress, and presently he found himself halted in what he would hardly have supposed to be an Arab village, had not his eyes borne testimony to



that effect that could not well be resisted. But the squares were now being broken up into companies of soldiers, who were advancing in line to expel the enemy from the "city," and he had time to look around him and study the species of habitations among which he found himself. A low, thin fence of prickly bushes, through which he had ridden almost without observing it, formed an enclosure round the village of about a yard in height, like so many pease-stakes in an English garden, and here and there around him were low beehive huts of grass and straw intermixed with, and barely distinguishable from, the withered herbage and bushes, ranged irregularly round a cleared area of sand, in whose centre was burning a small fire of branches, and which was bestrewn with skulls and bones of cattle and goats. Except in these points, however, it was exactly like any other part of the plain they had crossed.

By the time he had taken in these appearances, and realized that he was actually in Tosheen, MacMerry perceived that some of the supernumeraries were beginning to loot the huts. From one a man in European clothing was emerging, with a little book he was examining, an Arab work of devotion, remarkably like a pack of dirty cards; and from a second another was coming out with an earthenware bottle and a wooden head-rest, shaped like a small stool; and others were similarly employed elsewhere. The instinct of rapine seized on him, and he vielded to the baser impulses of his nature. Glancing around him, and perceiving that his regiment was advancing out of sight, he furled his umbrella, dismounted from his horse, and proceeded towards a couple of huts near the fence that he saw had not yet been visited by the plunderers. They stood by themselves, enclosed in a separate yard, fenced off from the others by the same low stakes of thorny bushes he had noticed elsewhere, and, as he entered the enclosure, he was rewarded by picking up an Egyptian yataghan-shaped sword bayonet, that had been thrown away in his hasty flight by its Arab possessor, and which was doubtless a relic of the ill-fated expedition of Baker Pasha, formerly annihilated at Tokar, near Tosheen. Sticking it through his belt, the Quartermaster stooped and looked into the door of the nearest hut, but, after his eyes had penetrated its darkness, sprang back with a loud yell. For, crouched in its recesses, his gaze had fallen upon the identical dervish whom he had seen that morning with the "friendly," and afterwards on the white camel, during the attack on the square.



PEPITA OF SEVILLE.



There was no time to do more ere the Arab, perceiving himself discovered, with a guttural shout of "Bism Allah," charged out on MacMerry ere he could turn and run. Alas! for poor Mac. revolver was securely buttoned into its leathern case in his belt, and he had no time to draw even his sword. But it has already been hinted that he had somewhere in his composition a drop of the fighting Ulster blood, and never was there an Ulsterman yet who could not make a fight in some fashion when driven to it. Grasping his trusty white umbrella in his right hand, and shouting for assistance, the Quartermaster effected an "advance to the rear" between the two huts, parrying with that weapon the rapid thrusts of the Arab's spear that were darted at him with the velocity of lightning-flashes. Mac had learned single stick in his youth, and his proficiency now stood him in good stead, but all would have been in vain had it not been that his opponent had been wounded in the leg during the former action, and was impeded in his activity by his bleeding, rag-bound member, while in addition the dense smoke from a neighbouring hut that, like the others, was now being burnt by the troops, blew across the combatants, and hindered in some degree their view of one another. Backing into the smoke, Mac parried and shouted, his stout body panting with fatigue, and his round face dripping with perspiration from the unwonted exercise, when-

Cr-r-r-k-k-k! blazed a volley of discharges from the burning hut whose smoke had proved so friendly to our warrior. The Arabs had concealed their stores of Remington cartridges in the thatch of their huts, and these, being now ignited by the flames, were going off in all directions. The dervish stopped and turned round, and Mac, also glancing in the same direction, saw, to his relief, Faucitt with a few of his men burst through the hedge and hasten to his rescue. Like a flash the Arab made for the entrance of the enclosure, but dropped, rolling heels over head, as Faucitt's revolver spoke out and sent an ounce bullet through the fleshy part of both his thighs. In a trice he was captured, disarmed, and secured in the grasp of two stalwart soldiers, at whose hands he seemed to expect nothing less that instant death. He exhibited no signs of fear or pain, but showed some surprise when he had his wounds dressed, and was carried off on a stretcher that had been hailed from an Ambulance Company near at hand.

Led off by Faucitt, Mac required more than one consolatory

application to his flask ere he recovered from the exhaustion of body and disturbance of mind caused by his unexpected duel with the "Mahdi's man." Seating himself on the ground, he was an almost unconscious spectator of the preparations that were now going on for the return of the troops to the eamp they had quitted in the morning. As he slowly regained his breath and presence of mind, and his thoughts began to flow on what had occurred, he experienced a profound sensation of thankfulness that he had escaped with his life from the danger in which he had found himself. This, however, was immediately followed by the annoying consciousness that he had not quite played the part of a hero. His behaviour, he felt, did not come up to the ideas he had been wont to form of military dash and glory; but he soon comforted himself with the reflection that Faucitt, who was known to be the most taciturn of men regarding any dangers and adventures in which he himself had a share, was sure to say little about it. If only the men could be kept from blabbing about the umbrella! or if these reporter fellows got wind of it there might perhaps be a sketch sent home to the Illustrated London ——! but here the subject becomes too painful for us to pursue it further.

Faucitt watched the Quartermaster coming to himself, and then, without a word, but with an amused twinkle in his eye, turned away to attend to his other duties.

A redoubt had meantime been erected upon a hill commanding the wells and village, and garrisoned with a select body of men, and after they had been well supplied with ammunition, water, and provisions, orders were given to prepare for the return. Girths were drawn tighter, a last drain taken from the water-tanks on the camels, the men were fallen in, formed into square as before, and the march home began. It was not undisturbed, however, for the enemy, perceiving the retrograde movement, and, concealed by the bushes, clustered like flies on the sides and rear of the square, and opened upon it a desultory, though destructive, fire. Faucitt was posted on the rear face, and now and then, when the crowd of assailants became too numerous, and a rush was threatened, he had to face his men about and endeavour by volleys to disperse them. The portion of the square beside him became gradually empty, as those within it, along with the mounted troops and baggage camels, crowded to the foremost end, out of the fire, and threatened there to bulge and break the formation. None remained

save a few squads and officers of the Bearer Companies, whose hands were full of work. The idea of being in retreat, and the want of support were not without their effect in causing a certain unsteadiness of his men, which was further increased by the rattling, continuous fusilade that rang from the redoubt they had left behind, and which could still be seen enveloped in smoke, and ringed in by the dark masses of the enemy. Faucitt had hardly time to notice that MacMerry had dismounted from his horse, placed himself on its offside, so that its body formed a shelter between him and the direction whence the firing came hottest, and was making, like others, for the safer front of the square, when the attack became so menacing that he deemed it his duty to send word to the General in command. Upon this the square was halted, and by volley firing into the dense bush around, the most persistent of the assailants were dispersed, while a gun or two was unlimbered by the artillery, and shells directed wherever any groups had assembled on the rising grounds to watch their opportunity of attacking the square. In this way the Arabs were gradually shaken off, their firing slackened, and eventually ceased, and the square pursued its homeward course unmolested.

As they neared the base, much of their order was lost, indeed it was impossible to retain it among the denser thickets, and a great deal of straggling was permitted, or at all events took place. Faucitt and a few of his men, separated from the others, were proceeding down a deep water-course, now a dry ditch of sand fringed with trees and bushes, when he observed a covered ambulance waggon with its red cross, behind which one of the Bearer Company, to which it belonged, was dealing out some delicious iced water from the galvanised tank with which it was provided. Approaching it to obtain a drink for himself and his thirsty men, whose water-bottles had long been empty, curiosity led him to glance within it. Comfortably installed on one of the stretchers on its floor lay the burly form of the Quartermaster and his white umbrella, and on the other stretcher, separated from him by a low partition, the Mahdist prisoner with whom he had so recently beheld him engaged in combat. An anxious enquiry at the assistantsurgeon in charge as to whether Mac was perchance among the wounded elicited a shake of the head and a significant wink that gave him to understand that his complaint was of the nature of a moral rather than a physical disorganisation. With a responsive closure of right eyelid, he withdrew unobserved, and shortly afterwards, as darkness fell, the force regained the camp.

The fatigues and perils of the day had so exhausted MacMerry that, during the latter part of the march home, when all the fighting had ceased, and he chanced to discover that there was an unoccupied stretcher in an ambulance waggon (for the surgeons had placed all their own wounded in the other waggons or in dhoolies away from the black man), he had handed over his charger to some straggling pedestrian, who was only too pleased to get a mount homewards, and crept into the vacant bed, trusting to be transported home safely and unobserved.

That night the Quartermaster lingered long over his tinful of grog and his favourite briar root pipe ere he sought the shelter of his canvas abode. And as he meditated over the occurrences of the day, his ideas of warfare and of war and military glory were no longer those that had buoyed him up on the preceding night. He now realised that Faucitt's advice to him to remain behind had been good, and he resolved within himself that no temptation should induce him to accompany any more expeditions, least of all such as were led by one who made so little of opposing odds as General Sir Harold Clavers. And to this resolution he inflexibly adhered throughout the remainder of that short campaign.

It was with some trepidation that he presented himself next day at the mess-table, for he feared the chaff of his comrades about his combat with the white umbrella. He soon discovered that it had to some extent got wind, but that that good fellow Faucitt had, when interrogated, contrived to throw discredit upon that phase of his adventure; and, by preserving a judicious reticence, MacMerry soon found himself rather enhanced than diminished in the esteem of his fellow-officers by the complexion Faucitt had seen fit to give of his fight with the dervish.

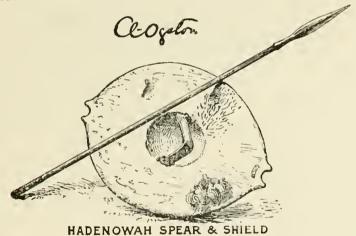
Some days later the Quartermaster visited the hospital to which his antagonist had been consigned, and found him recovering favourably from his injuries. He likewise discovered that Faucitt had already made interest at headquarters that the wounded black should be given over to his friends in the native town as soon as he could safely be removed. And this was eventually done, and nothing more was seen or heard of him.

A few months subsequently the forces were withdrawn from that part of the Soudan, and MacMerry returned with his regiment to

England. Nine years have elapsed since that day, and he is now a Benedict, and has retired from the service on half-pay, with the brevet rank of Captain. He still flourishes in his beloved Gosport, and possesses two treasures that, of all the inanimate objects belonging to him, he holds most precious.

A white umbrella, lined with green, is one of these, but it is never produced or alluded to before others. Even the wife of his bosom does not know the history of that umbrella, nor the part it played in the career of her husband. It stands in a locked cupboard in his parlour, and never makes its appearance save sometimes when he smokes his last evening pipe alone; and although he often spins his yarn to his friends about his adventures at the capture of the Arab village, the tale has now become so modified by time that it bears little likeness to the veracious account we have given of it, and it is rather to be feared that our friend substitutes something more dignified and heroic for the whalebone and gingham article with which he there played his part.

His second treasure, on the other hand, is openly produced upon high occasions. Every twenty-fourth of May he dons his regimentals and appears in public with his spouse. On a level with the third button of his tunic, on its left breast, is affixed a striped ribbon with a silver ornament, at which Captain and Mrs. MacMerry often steal a glance of pride and gratification, as it testifies to all whom it may concern of his prowess in the deserts of Egypt, and at the capture and burning of Tosheen.





## A HISTORICAL BALLAD.

[The following lines, intended to give a historical completeness to the well-known ballad of "Johnnie Cope," were composed by me one summer, when under the inspiration of the grand Bens and rushing torrents of Kingussie. Of course the style and rhythm of the original ballad by Adam Skirving, the Lothian farmer are preserved.]

Cope marched full stoutly to the North,
At Stirling brig' he crossed the Forth,
And soon he found what his rank was worth,
When he rose from his bed in the morning.

Hey! Johnnie Cope, keep your eyes awake! There's something stirring in the brake; I fear you'll make a small mistake

If you meet claymores in the morning.

From East and West lowered dark mishap, The plume fell drooping from his cap; He felt just like a mouse in a trap, Mid the bare brown hills in the morning!

At Dalwhinnie he held a council of war, "These bare-legged loons do plainly mar My plan," he said, "we've gone too far, "Twere wise to think of returning!"

His Captains said 'twas all quite right (For a council of war never counsels fight), So we'll march from the hills this very night, And none will blame our returning.

Then off they went with winged feet, Adown the Spey in brave retreat, And at Inverness it looked very neat To meet Sir John in the morning.

From Inverness they marched right on To the town which lies twixt Dee and Don, Where ships were waiting for Sir John, To make quite sure his returning.

He sailed, and landed at Dunbar, And wrote to Charlie—" if you daur, Come meet me, and the art of war, I'll teach you betimes in the morning."

The first lines Charlie read, quoth he, While flashed his full blue eye with glee, "Come my brave lads, and follow me, We'll teach them to rise in the morning!"

Then from the sheath his sword he drew, And, like a storm, which the mountains brew, He pounced on them before they knew, At Prestonpans in the morning!

Their guns did stand in goodly row,
The dragoons did make a splendid show;
But the mouse was afraid of the cat, and so
They took to their heels that morning!

And while they fled as swift as hind,
Some left their arms and their legs behind,
And some their noses could not find
At Prestonpans in the morning!

Sir John he fled, not last I wot,
On a smoking steed, at a rattling trot,
Like a startled hare, or a fish that's got
A hook in its jaw in the morning!

The women they looked out in his face,
And they soothed his heart with a word of grace—
"You've lost the field but you've won the race,
Sir John, with your legs in the morning!

Sir John, he rode back to Dunbar, Nor looked behind till he was far; And he learned a trick in the art of war From our brave lads that morning!

Tolu . Amart - Blackie

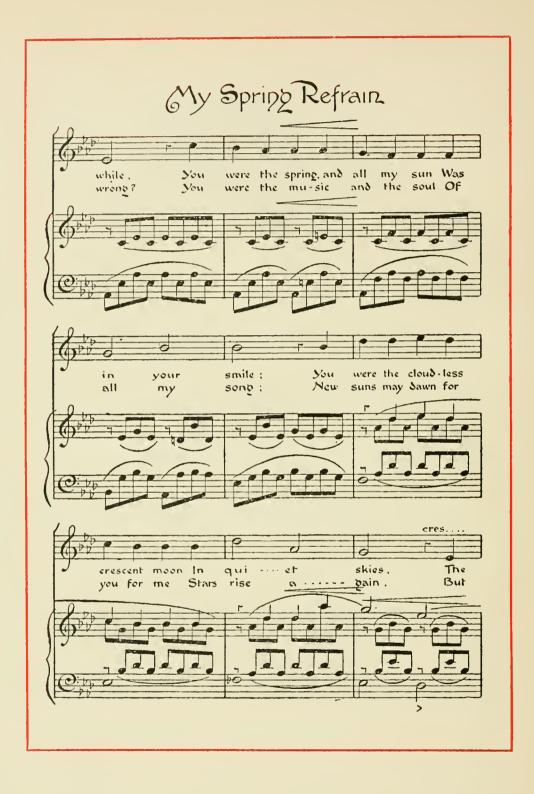


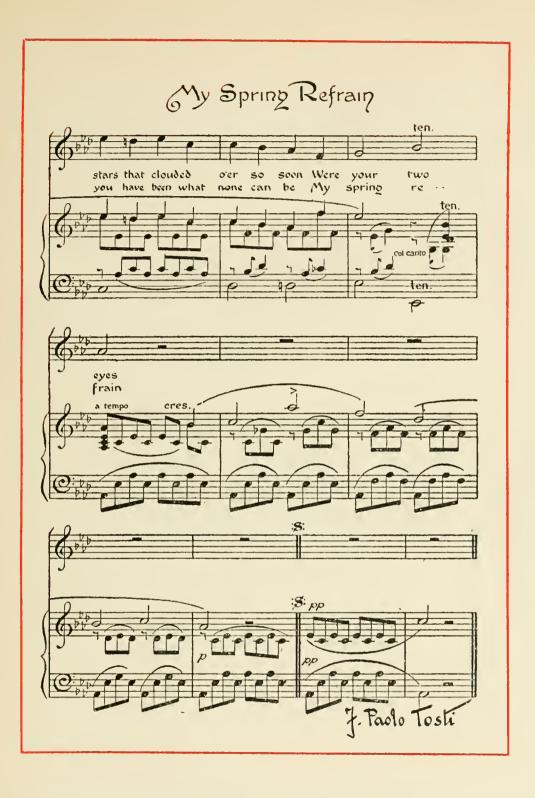


JULIA MANNERING.









# A FAREWELL.

OOD-NIGHT, dear heart! What! dost thou surely deem That Time will check his mocking eerie dance
To dry thy tears? When, ever it would seem,
That the great sobbing world unheeded takes her chance.

In empty jest, thy life was cast on mine,
Love touched our lips, hope sweetened joy to bliss;
Weak things grew perfect, perfect things Divine,
Conjured by all the wondering mastery of thy kiss.

Why should'st thou weep, if now, in jest as then,
Our souls sail out upon a different sea?
Mine the Eternal, beyond human ken,
Thine for a while—no more—Time's plaything still to be.

The children, tiring in the noonday sun,
Ask for—" a story, grandam "—and behold,
With mumbling words, life's history is begun,
Experience, in a picture book, the E writ bold.

Sudden—between each nerveless finger-tip,
The colors fade, the tale is past recall,
Pain, Pleasure, Passion, they that once had grip
On Truth, but half-effaced impressions, after all!

Time's played his merry tricks! This, tinged with red,
Meant blood and broken hearts, one day long gone.
That sheen of blue was joy—but joy is dead,
And this white mark—a grave, with roses wreathed in thorn.

So would it be with us. Take courage, dear,
What is, is ever best. In strong relief
One page has memory left, and printed clear.
No youthful phantasy, light love that dies in grief,

But Peace—strange Peace—it came at eventide,
When men half-wearied of their wilfulness
Creep home, ashamed, to sleep, while all beside
Is hushed, save for the nightingale, glad chaunteress.

In meadows dark, the grass, long, lush, and green, Grows elbow high—the starry cuckoo-flower Swings with the dusky moth—wholly serene, Night robs the golden treasury of sunset hour.

The silver moon above the willow-tree,
In one broad path of Glory, woos the lake,
And marvelling at such calm, I knelt by thee,
·Hand clasped in hand, most fearful lest the spell should break

It seemed as if Time stumbled, so a space
There fell a wondrous lull—and in the cease
Of his wild struggling whirl, we saw a Face
Unveiled, that knew not Mirth or Sorrow—only Peace.

Dost understand? I want that dream above
All clse again, eternally God-blest.

Come closer, Sweet! I thank thee for thy love,
Death claims it now—let go—there cometh better—Rest.

Milicent Juther land

## ABERGELDIE CASTLE.

EW people are aware of the great age of the square tower that constitutes the distinguishing feature of the Mansion of Abergeldie; and, yet, there is not in Highland Mar, or indeed in the whole of Deeside, with the single exception of the tower of Drum, an inhabited or habitable residence that in point of antiquity can compare with it. Some small portion of Crathes Castle comes nearest to it. There is not even a ruin that raises its head much above a grassy mound that can boast an origin so remote as it can. We read and hear so much about Mar Castle, often confounded with the Castle of Kindrochit, we look upon the picturesque and hoary ruins of Knock Castle, and are apt to think that they must be of greater antiquity, and yet they are several centuries more modern than the Tower of ABERGELDIE. Its situation is at once beautiful, and was defensible, much resembling that of Aboyne Castle. Placed in the centre of a broad expanse of the Dee Valley, it was defended on the north side by the impetuous river, and, on the other three sides, by a moat, fed by the Geldie Burn, which has long since given place to the garden and lawn. To add to this external strength its walls were made 8 feet thick on the ground floor and 5½ in the upper stories, and rise to the height of 72 feet on the sides. If there ever were vaults below they have long since been filled up. Indeed, the castle has, from time to time, undergone such extensive internal re-arrangements that but little of the original construction now remains; but there it stands externally very nearly as it came from the hands of the original builder, with only a few more windows cut into its shell, and some ornamentation added to its summit.

There is neither date nor tradition to indicate when the building took place, or by whom it was effected.

#### HISTORY.

THE Mowats were a most powerful family in Aberdeenshire from a very early date; and there is no doubt a good deal of historic fact in

ABERGELDIE CASTLE ON THE DEE.



the persistent tradition that a branch of that house was at one time lairds of Abergeldie, as vassals under the Earls of Mar, who, from the dawn of history, were the lords superior of the whole region from which they derived their name and title. These Mowats were great builders and fortifiers of castles, so that it is not unlikely that to them we owe the Castle of Abergeldie.

The story of their feud with the Camerons—if Camerons they were—of Brux, has a good foundation in fact; but it has been so overlaid with legend and fiction that it is difficult to arrive at the real truth. This much, however, is known that the quarrel and consequent bloodshed at length reached such a height that the King found it necessary to interfere, and put an end to the strife. This was towards the close of Robert the Bruce's reign, A.D. 1322-9. The legend would require that the era of the feud should be placed half a century later. But that cannot be the date, for in 1330 Donald, Earl of Mar, who was a boy when the Battle of Bannockburn was fought, disposed of his lands, including Abergeldie, to the Crown under restitution, and received a new charter constituting his son, Thomas, his heir under it.

In 1359 this Thomas, now Earl of Mar, his father having been slain in battle (1332), granted a charter of the lands of Abergeldie and others in Strathdee to "Duncan, son of Roger," who, as the Earl's vassal, was bound to give suit at the three head courts held yearly "Apud lapidem de Migveth"—a stone at the Earl's manor of Migvie, in Cromar. Duncan's surname is not given in the charter, but he appears to have been of the house of Forbes, and to have died in 1364, for in that year this same Thomas, Earl of Mar, granted another charter of Abergeldie to "John Forbes of that Ilk."

In 1378, Abergeldie is mentioned as one of the Deeside Castles "of most respect." The others of equal rank are Drum and Leys (Crathes). It is a whole century before we again find in the old records any further mention of Abergeldie or its Castle, namely, in the year 1478, when we come upon a name, Alexander Gordon of Migmar (Midmar), the owner of which was soon to be also owner of Abergeldie. The charter is dated 25th August, 1478. This Alexander Gordon of Midmar was the second son of the first Earl of Huntly, who had bestowed upon him the extensive and fertile barony above named. He soon after received from the King, James III., the honour of knighthood, and became the first laird of Abergeldie of the name of Gordon.

What happened at Abergeldie from 1378 to 1478 we can only conjecture.

Alexander Gordon, first Earl of Huntly, had, in the reign of James I., risen into great power in the north, and, having married Elizabeth, daughter of the great Chancellor, William Crichton, was entrusted with the administration and settlement of estates in that part of the kingdom.

Abergeldie was then (1437) a Crown property, and continued so till the death of Huntly in 1470. His second son, Sir Alexander Gordon, had, as we have seen, during his father's lifetime, received a gift of the valuable barony of Midmar.

George, second Earl of Huntly, having been appointed Chancellor and Lord-Lieutenant of the North, wishing to make a re-arrangement of the family estates, got his brother, Sir Alexander, to grant a deed of resignation of the barony of Midmar, and received instead the estate and Castle of Abergeldie.

IST.

Thus it was that Abergeldie came into possession of the Gordons, the first laird being this Sir Alexander Gordon, second son of the first Earl of Huntly, and his wife, Elizabeth Crichton. The gift was afterwards confirmed by a charter granted by James the third. This charter is dated 26th December, 1482. He married Beatrice Hay, daughter of the Earl of Errol, and had by her two sons and four daughters. Dying in the year 1504, his widow raised an action for an allowance off the estate, and was found entitled to her terce of certain lands and a jointure of the Daugh of Abergeldie.

#### 2ND.

George Gordon succeeded his father as second laird. He was a wise and peaceful man, often employed in settling disputes among his neighbours. In his time (1507) the Crown, as coming in place of the old Earls of Mar, laid claim to Abergeldie, but the Privy Council found that these lands were "distinct landes fra the Erledom of Marr." He married Grizel Stuart, the Earl of Buchan's daughter, by whom he had one son and three daughters. Dying c. 1530, he was succeeded by his son,

3RD.

James Gordon, who was of a different temper, and, as it would appear, of somewhat expensive habits. He sold the lands of Craibstone,

in the vicinity of Aberdeen, to Mr. Cheyne, a wealthy burgess of the city, under redemption—a transaction which gave rise to a feud between the hurgh authorities and the Forbeses of Strathgirnock, who, it would appear, had some claim over the property. The Town Council denounced these Forbeses, and, with the assistance of Abergeldie, had them bound over to keep the peace. The Forbeses probably felt sore that they had been deprived of certain privileges they considered belonged to them on the estate of Abergeldie, and were by no means satisfied that a powerful family, such as the Gordons were, should take up their residence in their immediate neighbourhood. James Gordon of Abergeldie was slain in the battle of Pinkie, 1547, where Finla Mor of Invercauld, chief and founder of the Farquharsons, also fell, bearing, as it is believed, the Royal Banner.

#### 4TH.

ALEXANDER GORDON succeeded his father. He married Miss Irvine, the laird of Drum's daughter, and had by her six sons and six daughters. He was the Earl of Huntly's baillie over his Highland estates, and a man of almost unlimited power on Deeside, where he was known under the sobriquet of "Black Alister." In all the troubles of Queen Mary's reign he was the Earl of Huntly's right-hand man, and raised an army of his vassals in the Highlands for the restoration of that unfortunate sovereign. Though of so great power, and surrounded by relatives of the most daring and reckless character, among whom were his own brother and the celebrated "Edom o' Gordon," yet he was guiltless of any of the deeds of infamy and bloodshed that have left such a stain on their memories. We give an extract from the Burgh Records of Aberdeen to show what sort of man his brother was:- "Gilbert Knowis, elder, burgis of Aberdeen, was slayne be James Gordon, bruder to the Laird of Abergeldy, at the Calsayend, gayndand to the Crowis, the fyrst day Dissember, 1574 yeris. Gilbert Knowis his sone also was slayne be the said James, haifand company with him William Davidson, burgis of Aberdeen, the said day above wrytin."

The well-known ballad on the burning of Towie or Corgarff Castle only too terribly portrays the character of "Edom o' Gordon."

It was this laird—"Black Alister"—who acquired the lands of Knock, Stering (Birkhall), and others in Glenmuick. The latter estate

(Birkhall) he settled on his second son, William, and the former (Knock) on his fourth son, George, who was slain in the battle of Glenlivet, 1594. His second daughter married Thomas Menzies, Lord Provost of Aberdeen, and the sixth, a natural daughter, married James Farquharson, first of Invereye. Their father died peacefully at home, c. 1596.

#### 5TH.

ALEXANDER, his eldest son, succeeded him. He appears to have been a peaceful man and much respected. He had hardly been in possession above a year when he was called upon to exercise the powers conferred upon him, as a baron-baillie, in his judicial capacity.

### The Witch Trial.

In the year 1597 a certain Ionet Guissich, residing in the parish of Crathie, had been delated to the Commissioners appointed by the Privy Council for the "tryal" of witches, as a "notour witch." At a meeting of the Commissioners held at Aberdeen it was resolved that the trial of the said Ionet be entrusted to the laird of Abergeldie, with such "sponsible persons" as he may take into council with him.

It is not by any means unlikely that this is the sole foundation for the legend of the witch that was, according to it, confined in the dark hole below the staircase in the castle, where the ring that bound her chain to the wall may still be seen. Of course the witch of the legend, Kettie Rankie, bears a different name, but names do not count for much in legends, and witches were given to have many *aliases*. As to the laird's proceedings in this case history is silent, but tradition has a long story to tell.

Dying without issue, c. 1600, he was succeeded by his brother,

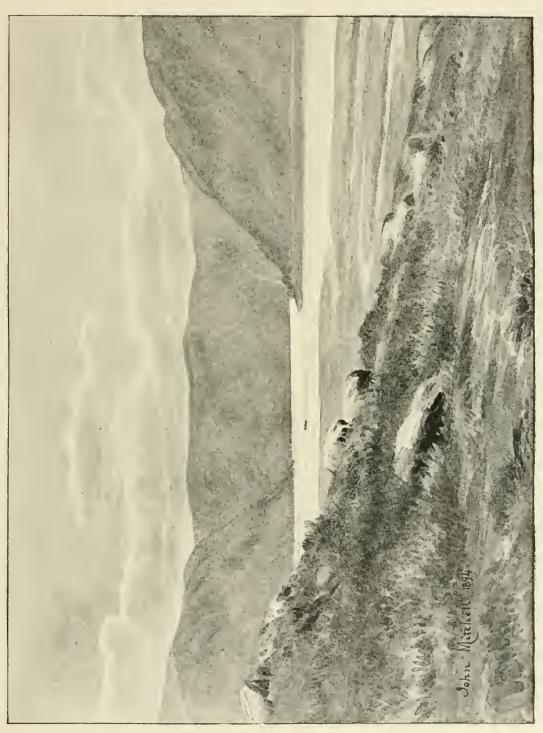
#### 6тн.

William, of Birkhall, and thus the two estates were united. He married Miss Seton, of Pithbroth, and had five sons and two daughters. His eldest daughter married Donald Farquharson of Monaltrie, known as "Donald Oig," or young Donald, of whose lamented slaughter in Aberdeen Spalding gives so pathetic an account, and on whose character he passes so high a eulogium. The other daughter married Gray of Shivas. "Their father died in the house of Abergeldie, 1630."

### 7TH.

ALEXANDER, his eldest son, succeeded as seventh laird. He was

LOCH MUICK.





a man of some mark, and on good terms with the citizens of Aberdeen, a circumstance somewhat unusual at that time. We read in their records:-"Item, paysit to Thomas Paip, deburst be him at command of the magistrates for a brakfast to Abergeldie, Captain James Gordon and wther sojours, 1639." He took an active part in the civil war against the Covenanters, and was present with the "barons," as Spalding calls them, at the famous "Trot of Turriff," 15th May, 1639, where the first blood was spilt. He was also with his brother-in-law, Donald Oig, Huntly's baillie, in Aberdeen when the latter was slain "as said is." He afterwards raised a body of Highlanders about Crathie, and, uniting them with the main body of Huntly's followers, raised by Donald Farquharson of Tilliegarmont, the new baillie, made a great raid on the lands of Earl Marshal, in Strachan, and proceeded towards Stonehaven. The Earl Marshal, who was then a Covenanter, came out from Dunnottar against them with two small field-pieces, at the very first discharge of which the Highlanders turned and fled incontinently. He is not mentioned again as under arms in the strife, but was frequently present at the meeting of the barons. Evil days were soon upon him. In 1644 the Earl of Argyle invaded Aberdeenshire and let loose, upon the lands of the Anti-Covenanters, his hordes of Argylemen. The tenants of Abergeldie suffered severely for about two months, May and June, of the above year. It was lamentable to see these brave lands so "spulzied."

This same year the very Castle of Abergeldie narrowly escaped destruction. The laird must have fled the country, which was now at the mercy of Argyle. "Upon the 9th of August proclamation was made at the cross of Aberdeen by sound of trumpet declaring (among others) the Castle of Abergeldie ordained by the parliament to be casten down to the ground x x x x x yet it pleased God that the houses were not casten down but stand still."

Montrose having now turned against the Covenanters, Abergeldie and Tilliegarmont sought his protection, and the Argylemen speedily quitted the country "to its great relief," as Spalding says. Some few made a raid, as was usual in the end of the harvest, but beyond taking away some cattle and grain, the country suffered little damage. This laird married Miss Rose, of the house of Kilravock, and is supposed to have died c. 1655, leaving as his successor,

STH.

JOHN, of whom little is recorded. It was in his time that the

valuation of the county, known as the Poll Book, was made, by means of which we have a very full account of the value and tenantry of the estate. He died without issue, c. 1701, the succession thereupon devolving on his sister,

9TH

RACHEL, of whom there was wont to be a fine portrait in the entrance hall of Abergeldie. "She married Captain Charles Gordon, son of Peter Gordon of Minmore, by Janet, daughter of Sir Alexander Gordon of Clunie, by whom he had a son and successor."

Captain Gordon took no active part in the rising of 1715, though he seems to have survived it some time.

Lady Abergeldie was succeeded by her son,

#### TOTH.

Peter, who married, first, Margaret Strachan, and, secondly, Elizabeth, daughter of Lord Gray, by whom he had a daughter married to Hunter of Burnside. This laird married, thirdly, Margaret, daughter of Sir George Foulis of Tunipace, and sister of Sir Archibald Foulis, who was executed at Carlisle in 1745. He was succeeded by his son,

#### IITH.

Charles, who married the daughter of Hunter of Burnside. To him there is this memorial tablet in the churchyard of Glenmuick:—
"To the memory of Charles Gordon, Esquire of Abergeldie, who died March, 1796, and of Alison Hunter, his spouse, of the family of Burnside, who died March, 1800. They lived together nearly half a century on this part of Deeside, the best of parents, giving good example in every way, and serving to the utmost of their powers all who stood in need." Of this laird it has to be recorded that by him the principal alterations and improvements on the mansion of Abergeldie in modern times were affected, and a modern building added to the old square tower. He was succeeded by his son,

#### 12TH.

Peter, a Captain in the 81st Highland Regiment, who married, first, Mary, daughter of John Foulis of Blackford, by whom he had a daughter, who died in 1802; and, secondly, Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. Leith of Freefield, and sister to Sir Alexander Leith of Freefield and Glenkindie, a notable warrior and county gentleman, who very frequently made the parties at Abergeldie bright and cheerful. The generation has

but just passed away, the oldest members of which were fond of reciting their experiences with the "Knicht of Glenkindie" in hunting and salmon fishing expeditions. These reminiscences would form an interesting chapter, illustrative of the life led in gentlemen's houses on Deeside in the first quarter of the present century.

To him this tablet is inscribed in the churchyard of Glenmuick:—"Here lies interred the remains of the late Peter Gordon, Esquire of Abergeldie, and eldest son of Charles Gordon, Esquire. He succeeded his father in 1796, and died the 6th of December, 1819, aged sixty-eight."

This laird, dying without heirs, was succeeded by his brother,

## 13TH.

DAVID, in whose time there arose a complication of interests between the estates of Abergeldie and Birkhall, which was finally settled in the Courts of Law, in an action by the present proprietor and H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. David, dying in the year 1831, was succeeded by his son,

#### IATH.

MICHAEL FRANCIS GORDON, who added considerably to the accommodation and amenities of Abergeldie as a gentleman's residence; but, falling into pecuniary difficulties, the estate was placed under trustees and suffered some deterioration. He died in 1860 and was succeeded by his brother,

### 15TH.

ADMIRAL ROBERT GORDON, who, dying unmarried, the estate came into possession of his nephew,

# 16тн.

HUGH MACKAY GORDON, Esq., the present representative of the family.

The share taken by the lairds of Abergeldie in the wars of Montrose has already been glanced at. That heroic General, although he often quartered his armies in Cromar and lower Deeside, and on one memorable occasion passed them from Dinnet by Glentana over the Firmunth (1645) never himself penetrated higher up the valley. It was in the insurrection by Viscount Dundee ("Bonnie Dundee") that

Braemar and Crathie became almost the principal centre of operations. John, the eighth of the Gordon lairds of Abergeldie, was a favourer of Dundee, but was not a strong man. He was considered an easy-going person, with a faculty for keeping out of trouble. Personally, therefore, he had little to do with the insurrection; but his property and castle were much involved in it. In the old expressive phrase, "he beheld and kept quiet." What took place was this :- About the middle of April, 1689. Dundee was hatching his rebellion vigorously at Dunnipace, in Forfarshire. The Government were informed of it, and sent General Mackay to apprehend him. This was easier said than done-Dundee escaped, went to Glen Oglivie (Clova) where he was almost surprised and caught by General Mackay's scouts, for Mackay was an able general. However, Dundee did escape, and got to Braemar, where he was safe under the protection of Colonel John Farquharson ("The Black Colonel") of Invereye. Invereye was a small house, though the laird's influence was very great on Deeside. So Dundee took in Abergeldie, as a noble mansion, as mansions then went, and from this, by letters and messengers to the chiefs of the clans in the north and the west, he organised his insurrection.

Mackay did not give him much rest, nor did he seek much. After a good deal of marching and counter marching of the two forces—Mackay's and Dundee's—the former established its headquarters near Huntly, and the latter in Braemar or Strathdon. For nearly two months there were almost daily rencounters between the two parties; one of these took place in the Pass of Ballater, where Invereye, i.e., Dundee's party, had rather the worst of it, Invereye only escaping through the super-equine efforts of his "black mare" in climbing a ravine where no horse ever since or before scaled its heights.

Mackay was apprised that the whole scheme of the insurrection was being concocted in Braemar under the protection of the "Black Colonel." The Colonel had not a wise head, but he had a willing hand, and was an excellent tool in the hands of Dundee. Mackay, who was informed of what was going on in Braemar, sent what he considered a sufficient detachment to surprise the leaders. The enterprise is thus recorded in Brown's "History of the Highlands":—"On his way to the south, Mackay despatched fifty horse, as many of Berkeley's dragoons, and sixty foot, to take possession of the house of Braemar, into which he intended to place a garrison to keep the Braemar men in

check, and to cover the County of Aberdeen; and he ordered the captain of dragoons, after putting twenty of his men into the house, to march forward, without halting, before break of day, to the house of Invereye, about three miles further off, for the purpose of seizing Invereye and some other gentlemen who had lately been with Dundee. But, fortunately for Invereye and his guests, the officer trifled off his time in Braemar house, refreshing his horses, till the dawn of the morning, and the approach of him and his party being perceived, Invereye and his friends escaped in their shirts to a neighbouring wood. Disappointed of their prey, the party returned to the house of Braemar, where, after setting their horses loose to graze, they laid themselves down to repose; but they were soon wakened from their slumbers by some firing from a party on a rock above, which had so alarmed the horses that they were found galloping to and fro in the adjoining fields. As soon as the dragoons had caught their horses, which they had some difficulty in doing, they galloped down the country. The party on the rock was headed by Invereye, who had collected a number of his tenantry for the purpose of expelling the dragoons from his bounds, and who, on their retreat, set fire to Braemar house, which was consumed. The party of foot, which, having charge of a convoy of provisions and ammunition for the intended garrison had not yet arrived, on hearing of the retreat, shut themselves up in a gentleman's house, to secure themselves from attack, and the commanding officer sent an express after Mackay, who was then on his way to the south, acquainting him of the failure of the enterprise. On receiving this intelligence, Maekay, although he had not a day's bread on hand, and was in great haste to reach Edinburgh, to put life in the design of Inverlochy, turned off his course and crossed the hills towards Braemar, with his foot, after giving directions to Berkeley's dragoons to march up Deeside. Finding Braemar house destroyed, and the vaults of it incapable of holding a garrison, Mackay, after burning Invereye's house and laying waste all his lands, descended the river to Abergeldie, where he left a detachment of seventy-two men as a check upon the Farquharsons. And, having placed the other troops which he had brought from the north in quarters further down the Dee, he posted off to Edinburgh."

There is a tradition that, in reducing the Castle of Abergeldie, Mackay planted his cannon on a height on the opposite side of the river, from which they played on the tower, and the indentations of the shot in the walls were long visible. The Invereye Farquharsons never ceased to harass the peaceable inhabitants during the occupation of Mackay's garrison of Abergeldie, which lasted less than two months, 26th May to 18th July, 1689. During their stay the ministers of Crathie and Glenmuick conducted worship on alternate Sabbaths in the castle. The country was in a most unsettled state till the battle of Killiecrankie, by the death of Dundee, broke up the insurrection.

In the subsequent risings of the '15 and '45 Abergeldie took little part, and gradually sank into the peaceful modes of life of modern times.

JOHN G. MICHIE.

# "UNDER LOCHNAGAR." (August.)

OULD fairer, grander scene have stayed Mount Pisgah's seer?

Earth eloquent in beauty, voiceful far and near!

Look, wanderer, round: see from this towering height, The peaceful vale; lake, river, silver bright:
Glad fertile fields, in autumn's plenty drest;
The auld Kirk-yard, where generations rest;
Great solemn hills, grave sentinels of the plain;
Deep forest gloom; the distant surging main:
The cottar's bield; the castle of our Queen,—
Did eye ere gaze on more enrapturing scene?

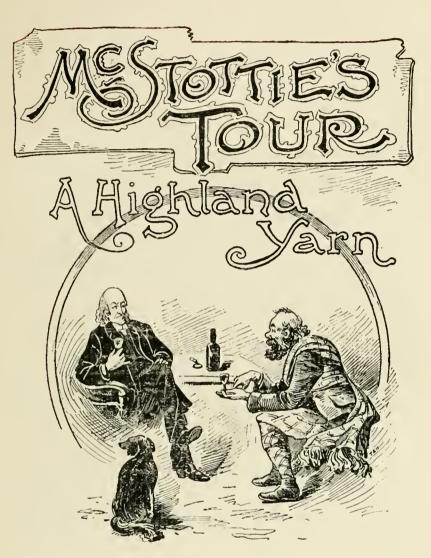
Glory be unto Him, from whom all good gifts are—A heritage for aye: Under dark Lochnagar.

W. CARNIE.



LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT





"You must wet the other eye before you take the Road."

The Manse Tobersnory, 1st April 1880.

My Dear Sir,

You will mind, perhaps, meeting me in the "Clandsman" long ago, when I took a ferry favourable opinion of you. This is my apology for troubling you at this time with the accompanying leetrary production. I am ferry anscious to get a call from here, where the steepends are but meeserable; and hearing that you are to have a pasaar, it occurred to me you might bring my abeelities under the nobility and shentry, as well as clergy, who will be sure to be there, and other eminent men of learning and piety. Perhaps this may help me to a church in Edinburgh, which has long been my ambition.

Hoping you will excuse my troubling you at the present time,

Peleve me,

Ferry faithful yours,

ROD. M'RORY.

To my good friend the Minister of Crathie.

P.S.—Could you lend me £20, which I will pay you whenever I can?

Have you any interest with the Home Mission? I want an Assistant ferry much at Clachgugarry. You'll mind meeting Mr. M'Sporran when he was an elder at the Shenral Assy.

# M'STOTTIE'S TOUR.

HE other day Mr. M'Sporran of Clachgugarry was over seeing me in the evening. He is a ferry decent man, indeed, and his father pefore him, and one of my elders. So we were sitting in a ferry comfortable manner, and says I—

"Mr. M'Sporran, you must wet the other eye before you take the road this night," says I, "or you may have considerable difficulty in finding the right path. It is ferry strange indeed, that the trustees do not keep the roads in petter repair." For you see the temperance movement and those excellent institutions of sobriety have not yet come our length yet, though I give them every support when I am at the Assembly, and Doctor M'——R too, though he is somewhat rampageous at times, and when he opens his mouth ferry frequently he puts his foot in it; put he is a ferry fine man whatever, and his father pefore him, who was from the Highlands, though I am told he has not the Gaelic himself, which is a pecty, seeing he is descended from Fin Mac Greul, one of the heroes of Ossian.

"Well," says Mr. M'Sporran, "maybe I will do what you desire, Minister, but, at the same time," says he, "I must remember what happened to M'Stottie on a seemelar occasion."

"What was that?" says I.

"Tid you never hear it?" says he.

"Never!" says I.

"Well, you know," says he, "M'Stottie's was of the family of the M'Raes of Drissaig."

"How that?" says I.

"Well," says he, "it was a daughter of Duncan M'Rae—Long Duncan, you know, that married Macmaster of Hawn, and Macmaster's grandson married Miss Macneil of Tostary—the beautiful Miss Macneil, you know, and Tostary's oldest son was married upon M'Stottie's cousin at Darvaig, his uncle had the farm at Dalnacabaig, you know, and a ferry decent man he was."

"He was that," says I.

- "Well, you see, M'Stottie was one night sitting py the fire, just as we are at present, and he was perusing a letter from John M'Nabb—that's Neil's son, you know."
  - "Well that," says I.
- "He is at present pody servant to the Lord over the hull, and it's he that's the grand man, just like a shentleman, and was in many's the place with his Lordship in distant lands, and in the habitations of cruelty. He was a ferry elever lad, and got good education, and he writes M'Stottie about Rooshia, and France, and Shermany; and he was all round every place, and was cast upon an uninhabited island, and not a shilling in his pocket."
  - "Most terrible!" says I.
- "It was that," says he, "and M'Stottie read his letters with great delight indeed, and him sitting by the fire."
  - "He might pe in a worse place," says I.
- "Ferry true," says he, "and when M'Stottie read the letter, says he to himself, I would like to see those parts of the earth, and as the clipping is past, and there is not much toing at the present time, I think I might venture to go as far as Paris whatever."

Do you tell me," says I, "M'Stottie was in Paris?" says I.

- "Well," says he, "just wait till you hear. It is pad to hurry no man's cattle," says he.
  - "Ferry true," says I.
- "Well," says he, "M'Stottie goes to Black, the banker, and he takes out of the pank the money he got for his slack ewes from Black John of Rannochan."
  - "Yes," says I, "it was a big price forty-two pounds the clad score."
- "Not a bit too dear," says he, "when you consider what the Calgary wedders got, and them wintered on Stronbuy."
  - "Maype you're right," says I.
- "So off he sets by the *Clandsman*, and in course of time he arrives in Glasgow, where he stayed for a day or two with his cousin—that's Mrs. M'Lachlan, you know; her husband keeps an hotel in the Hope Street, where he has ferry good stuff indeed."
- "He has that," says I "and an elder in St. Columba, too, and a decent man, and his father pefore him."
- "That's true," said he, "they're telling me there's a ferry fine man in the St. Columba at the present time."

He's coming on," says I, "and I am told he is ferry sound, but the old Doctor was the boy!"

- "He was that," says he.
- "Did you ever hear," says I, "about him and Angus Sinclair, the elder?"
  - "I did not," says he.
- "Well, you know, when the Doctor put up St. Columba he hadn't money to put up a clock, so he just painted the letters on the face of the dial, and Angus was terribly distressed about it. 'It's a lie, Doctor,' says he, 'on the face of the church.'"
- "I am sorry you think so, Angus," says the Doctor, "put what have you got on your head?" says he.
  - "Och, just my wig, what then?" says Angus.
- "Oh then, Angus, it's a peety," says the Doctor, "you should carry a lie on the top of your head."
  - "He was a ferry clever man the Doctor, indeed," says he.
  - "Ay," says I, "he had the goot Gaelic."
  - "Nothing like the Old Kirk yet," \* says he.
  - "God bless her," says I.
  - "Amen," says he.
- "Well, after a time," says he, "M'Stottie takes the train to London, and that's the big place, he says, and you could walk so far as from here to the moil, and houses on both sides of the road."
  - "That's the case," says I.
- "Do you tell me so?" says he. "It was there that he got into the disagreance with the big Englishman."
  - "How that?" says I.
- "He was walking along one day, and a very respectable man asks him if he would take a drop of something on the cold day."
  - "Ferry sensible," says I.
- "Well, M'Stottie thinks this ferry friendly, and he goes with him, and they were ferry comfortable, when in comes another man, and says he was left a legacy by his uncle, and he takes out a fifty pound note, and he asks M'Stottie to schange it. So M'Stottie out with fifty gold sovereigns, and puts them down on the table, and the man takes them up, and says he will go out and order a bottle of Shampane, when all at onest M'Stottie sees he was done, and he puts his pack to the door."
- \* Mr. M'Sporran went out at the Disruption, but he found the tolls too heavy on the new road he set out on, so he came hack after a while. He is a ferry fine man.—R. M'R.

"And a ferry prod pack M'Stottie hes," says I.

"It did him a very good turn this time," says he; "for after a great fight he got back his money, but he was for ten days he could not go out, with a piece of beef-steak on his eye, which was as plack as the grate."

"It's wonderful the wickedness is in the world," says I.

"That's what keeps the ministers alive," says he.

"Ay, and the lawyers, too," says I. "You see M'Sporran's son is the Fiscal at Tomindoun, and a ferry clever man at the law, though he is a great Radical."

"Well," says he, "when M'Stottie got well enough to venture out he started for Paris, but he had to cross the sea first, and he tells me it is worse nor the moil."

"It's not possible," says I.

"That's what he said, whatever," says he; "and you would see the Frenchmen lying on the prod of their pack, just like sheep that's got the



staggers; but when he got to the land a man comes on poard, and lays hold of M'Stottie's carpet bag. 'Put that doun,' says he. 'I am Dooann,' says the other. 'You may pe Two Ann Two Kate, says M'Stottie, 'but you let go that pag.' But the fellow persevered. He was a ferry small man, and M'Stottie gripped him same way as he was a wedder that he was going to clip. You see they live on frogs, these French, and that can give but poor nourishment."

"Ay, they are indeed in darkness," says I. "Well, and so was M'Stottie for a time," says he; "fer up came men with baglets, and they took hold of M'Stottie, and he was in a black-hole, which made him call to mind the martyrs for the covenant in the days of old."

"Ay, they were the real stuff them," says I. "None of your Broad Church supple-jacks," says I.

"Yes," says he; "there's too many of that kind, Minister."

"Yes," says I. "And there is Saint Geels, where there's terrible goings on."

"Och," says he. "No fear. The Doctor is a Highlander, and has the Gaelic."

"Well, I know," says I, "there was a woman from Croag—little Kirsty, you know—was hearing him, and she told me there was a lass with a head like a tappit hen stood up and skirled like a young skart. 'What's that?' says she to one of the elders. 'What's that?' says she. 'Is the girl taken ill?' says she. 'It's the Aanthum,' says he. 'You know,' says he, 'that's what David sang pefore Saul, to make him put away the bad spirits he was so fond of.' 'I don't wonder, then,' says she, 'he threw the shavelin at his hed," says she.

"But go on apout M'Stottie," says I.

"Well, next morning he got out, and came to Paris by the train; and he says Paris is a fine place, and palaces, and pictures, and churches, all gold and silver and precious stones."

"The heritors there will be leebral," says I. "Not screws like MacRaken and the rest of them here, just a set of flints," says I.

"They are that," says he. "But I'm thinking they're a wee in the Ewe-Pea \* way over there; for there's strange goings on, with singing, and music, and priests, and no drunk people, and everypody going about quite happy, even on the Sabbath."

"That's awful," says I.

"That's true," says he. "Great room for improvement there."

"That's what the voluntaries want here," says I.

"Well, M'Stottie said that it agreed with him fine in some ways, but he felt awfully like a tub that was standing a long time in the sun without water, for the drink of that country did not suit with him. There were two things that he said that he noticed; the first was the wine."

"What kind of wine?" says I.

<sup>\*</sup> Probably Mr. M'S. refers to the United Presbyterian Church.

- "It is called vine-to-pay," says he.
- "That'll be because it's so dear," says I.
- "No," says he. "You can get a bottle for twopence," says he.
- "What a fine country," says I. "There is hope of them yet," says I.
- "And the second thing he noticed was that the very children spoke French quite well."
  - "That's most remarkable!" says I.
- "Well," says he, "M'Stottie remained there a considerable time, though he had no whisky, and no kirk to go to on Sabbath, and he used to go instead to a quiet wood called the Bodiebelong."
- "Ay," says I; "I always thought he had the root of the matter in him, poor fellow," says I.
  - "He got good pringing up under yourself, Mr. Rory," says he.
  - "I did my pest," says I, "whatever."
  - "Well, then, he remained in Paris till the time of the shooting."
  - "Do they keep the Twelth there?" says I.
- "No," says he; "but they take periodically a craze to shoot one another, and they call it a Revolushon."
- "They told me when I bought the faggot," says I, that that's what Gledstane wants to have here when he's pulled down the Kirk."
  - "You'd hear that at 22 Queen Street," \* says he.
- "And a ferry good place," says I. "For you see M'Sporran is a Leeberal. An excellent place," says I, "Mr. M'Sporran. A place where there's honest men; and when the salt of the earth meet together to deleeberate, there goeth forth a sound like the rams' horns before Sherico, when the walls thereof fell down."
  - "I meant no offence, Minister," says he, quite subdued like.
  - "Go on, sir," says I, "but do not insinuate."
- "Well, M'Stottie said you'd hear the guns popping off in every street, just like ginger-beer bottles on a warm day."
  - "A poor drink," says I.
- "And one evening when he was walking near a church—I forget the name of it, but it had not a good sound."
- "Notter Dam," says I, "that's where they have a grand organ; it's a wicked place indeed, and rightly named."
  - "Well, he saw a man deleeberately aim at him with a gun, and

<sup>\*</sup> The offices of the Church of Scotland.

DUNNOTTAR CASTLE, STONEHAVEN.



there was a fuff, and a bullet whizzed past his head, with a sound like the cry of a plover, so he showed as clean a pair of heels as any stag on Benmore, and he didn't remain long in town after that."

"Where did he go?" says I.

"Where but to Switserland," says he, "where there's a big hull called Mont Blank."

"That will be where they make the blank cartridges," says I.

"Maybe," says he, "but he took a notion he would go to the top, he is ferry fond of going upon a hull, M'Stottie."

"I know that," says I, " and his worthy father before him."

"Well, then, the man who kept the hotel, when he heard him say he was going up, as he was getting his flask refilled, told him he must take a guide, and men with ropes, et cetra."

"Did you ever know," says M'Stottie, ferry angry, "a highlandman that needed a guide to any place in this world, or anywhere else. What's your Blank to Ben More, or Ben Nevis, or Crogan, and did you ever see Sguir na Bennachie in Skye; and did you ever hear Rob Douns' song on Ben Doran, and with that he began 'Tha feidh air Ben Doran,' working his arm like a bagpipe, and marching up and down in front of the house."

"It's a fine song in the Gaelic," says I; "nothing like it; there's a hundred verses."

"Well," says he, "when the keeper of the hotel heard it coming pouring out like a river in the spate, he said he would go to the church and pray for him."

"Poor jabbering body," says I, "who could understand him."

"So M'Stottie," says he, "took the hull quite bold, but he fand it hard enough work, and the first night he slept at a place they call the Mullites." \*

"He would be glad to be there, as it's from Mull he comes himself," says I.

"Well," says he, "it's no great things of a place, just some black rocks peeping out of the snow with their noses; but there's a bit bothic there, like what they used to smuggle in the olden time."

"These were the days," says I, "that are no more."

"The more's the pity," says he. "So he crept into the place; but he found nothing to eat, but a blanket, and he row'd himself up in it, and waited for the morning; but it was that cold he could not sleep."

<sup>\*</sup> Les grands Mulets,

- "Most awful," said I.
- "Well, when the morning came he took to the hull, which was one mass of snow, and for every step he took up, he slipped one back. He made very slow progress indeed."
  - "Ay," says I, "he would at that rate whatever."
- "You'll mind the marriage of Miss Kate Maclachy," says he, "Ardslignish's granddaughter, you know," says he.
  - "Well that," says I.
- "And do you remember the cake was on the table, all covered with white sugar, that came from Glasgow?" "I do that," says I. "It was a great work of art," says I.
- "Well, the top part of Mont Blank is just like that, but M'Stottie put a stout heart to the brae, as the old saying is, and about the middle of the day he reached a place where he had a splendid view."
- "Do you think," says I, "it would be petter nor the view from Ballochry in the clear weather?"
- "He says he never saw the like of it," says he; "he saw Madagascar and Jerusalem, and he was not sure but he thought he could make out the point of Rhumdunan in Skye, and the Calton Hill and St. Giles at Edinburgh."
  - "Most wonderful," says I.
- "It was that," says he; "but he was a good way off still from the top, and he came after a while to a crevat between him and it."
  - "That would keep him warm," says I.
- "No," says he, "it's a big hole in the snow, and if you fall in it will be a long time before you get to the bottom; 'deed he told me it goes down to the other side of the world."
  - "It would be a quick way to get to New Zealand," say I.
- "Well," says he, "M'Stottie reached the side of the crevat, and he did not know what to do to get over it, and he thought he was going to be beat entirely, when what did he see but a goat."
  - " A goat!" says I.
- "Yes," says he; "with a beard like Dugald M'Callum, the porter at Oban, and he catched hold of him by the tail, and whipit him with his stick, and the peast gave one shump and landed on the other side of the crevat and M'Stottie with him."
  - "What if the tail had proke?," says I.
  - "Ay it would have been worse nor the preaking of the City Bank,"

says lie; "but he was soon at the top after that, where he remained a considerable time admiring the scenery."

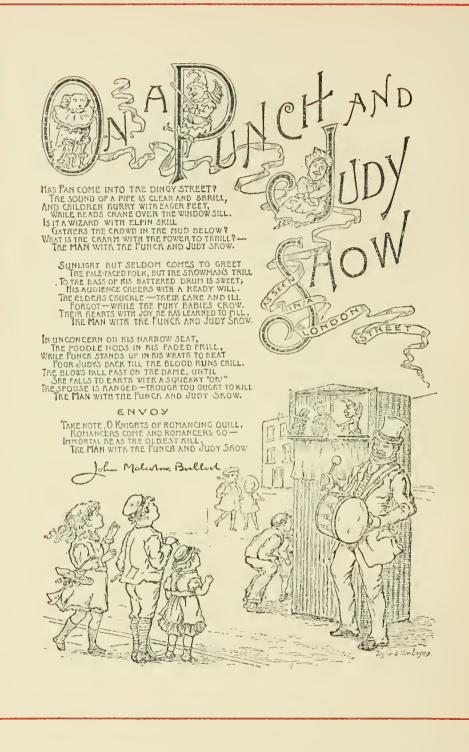
- "It must have been grand," says I.
- "But," says he, "while he was glowering about all around the top of the sugar loaf, the snow began to fall, and covered him all over in a moment, till he thought he would soon be turned into a pillar like Lot's wife."
  - "Ah, poor foolish woman," says I.
- "And the cold came in upon him," says he, "till he felt it reaching his ferry heart. 'I'm feared,' thinks he to himself, 'it will be a long time afore I see Clachgugarry again. I wonder what price John Shaader will get for the stirks at the Falkirk, and if the factor at Stronbuy will mend the bridge that was carried away at the last flood.' It's wonderful the things that come into people's minds at times."
  - "What happened then?" says I.
  - " Happened," says he.
  - "Yes?" says I.
- "Shust this," says he. "He awoke, and found himself before the fire-place in his own house, and the fire plack out, and the letter from John M'Nabb lying on the floor, where it had dropt from his hand, and the daylight was coming in through the window, and he could see Tiree quite clear and Coll too."
  - "Do you tell me it was a dream?" says I.
  - "It was that," says he, "and it came of wetting the other eye."
  - "There's wonderful things in the world, indeed," says I.
  - "It's time I was taking the road," says he.
  - "Have doch an dorus," says I.
  - 'Not another drop," says he.
  - "Good night," says I.
  - "Good night," says he.

A true account,

RODERICK MACRORY, Min. of Tobersnory, Presb. of Dull.

Don. MacSporran, Elder, Witnes. Tomas M'Lucas, Elder, Witns.

Hameronkees





ON THE DEE AT CRATHIE.



HE snow had lain deep in the Strath since Hallowday, and it was Old Yule before ever a thaw came. But for the dark windings of the Dee, and the black scaurs and bare wind-swept crests of the mountains, the landscape was lost in snow. The scattered cottages with snow wreaths piled against the walls, and heavy masses of snow on the thatched roofs, were scarcely distinguishable in the white expanse. The loaded pine woods with their trunks and branches incased in icicles hardly relieved the dazzling uniformity. The Strath was snowed up, and life seemed to have come to a standstill. Only now and again was a man to be seen painfully beating his path from one house to another; but from the glens the deer had come down. Snowed out of their lairs, and venturing, in their extremity, into the vicinity of man, they were hovering about in vain search for food. The grouse and black cocks, too, laid aside their timidity, and hung about the steadings in quest of something to eat. It was a "muckle storm," and only the old men could find a parallel to it in their experiences by going back to their young days in the last century.

But, with the first day of Old Yule, a sudden change set in. The south-wind blowing wildly down Glenmuick, and over the hill of Pananich, brought a thaw with it that unbound the springs, and melted the snow on the slopes of Culblean, and on the rocky face of Craigendarroch. Then came "a black fresh," as the Tullich folks called it: a fierce deluge of rain, which quickly bared the hill sides, and

swept the snow down the flooded waters of the Dee. By Old New Year's Day only in the depths of the glens, and in the hollows and corries of the mountains, where the snow still lay packed in hard dense masses, were traces left of the great storm; and the little clachan of Tullich woke up to life again, with the joyous feeling that spring was approaching with the turn of the year and the lengthening of the day.

New Year's Day had been duly celebrated by the Tullich folks in feasting and social conviviality. There was the usual shooting-match on the haugh below the fine stone bridge that was built over Dee after the great flood of 'ninety-nine; and the marksmen had now come back to Tullich, with their champion and a piper at their head. There was to be a great dance in the big barn over against the mill, in which half-adozen young women were now engaged in sweeping out the floor, and in placing tables and settles alongside the walls in preparation. There were no attempts at decoration unless the long sheets of winnowing canvas, hung up at one end to conceal a pile of corn sheaves, or the ample whisky barrel, whose origin was known only to the initiated, could be considered as an effort at ornament by concealment.

"Here come the lads," said one of the girls, as she straightened herself up from her work to listen to the sound of the pipes, which was now close at hand. "They'll be wanting in for a dram and a dance, I'm thinkin'."

"Let them in, Mary, for jist ae dance," pleaded one of the girls; "we have plenty o' time to clear the barn again."

"Never a step," returned Mary; "they'll dance a' the heartier when the ball begins. But, stop!" she cricd, through the door, "if ye'll gang awa' up to the hoose like good lads, I'll gie ye a dram the piece through the window."

This proposal was received with enthusiasm; and Mary filling a large jug with whisky, and taking a glass in her hand, opened the wooden shutter of a little narrow aperture in the wall, and handed a glass to each man in his turn, as they gathered round with much joking and banter. Mary Macintosh was not oppressed with shyness, and her ready tongue gave her as much superiority among the young men as her good looks and fine figure did among her own sex. "Just put your lips to the glass, Mary, if ye'll no gie me a kiss, for kitchie till't."

"Dod, gin ye are sae dainty gie the glass tae the neist ane. I never heard o' you castin' oot wi' whisky afore, lips or nae lips."

"Ye're to dance wi' me the nicht, Mary; the Reel o' Tullich, ye mind; it is an auld promise." "And wi' me, Mary!" "And wi' me!" cried several others.

"Never fear, I'll dance wi' a' o' ye that is able to stand up by that time, and winna be sair oppressed wi' pairtners, I'm thinkin'."

"Mary's promises are like the snaw on the tap o' Culblean, here the day and awa' the morn," retorted a young fellow; "your good health, Mary, and a good man to you."

"Then I'll no get you, Willie Brown, for a' the goodness that ever ye aught has been doon Dee mony a day syne."

"Well, well, let us go, lads. Mary will be in better tune when the dancin' begins, and when deil a pairtner seeks to offer her a sleeve."

"See that ye come back sober, then," Mary called after them, "and no haud the lasses proppin' ye up, and draggin' ye aboot as gin ye were as mony saicks o' meal."

No one knew better than Mary how idle were the jocular threats about neglecting her. It was not for nothing that she was the acknowledged beauty of Tullich, the bonniest lass between the Muir of Dinnet and Micras; that more eyes were turned to her father's seat, in the new church of Ballater, than towards the minister in the pulpit; and that more heads had been broken on her account in the markets and public houses round about than for any other lass in the upper end of the Strath. Her father, moreover, was passing rich, for, besides his thriving croft, he was a grazier in a small way, and conveyed cattle, as well as more hazardous merchandise, across the Munth to the markets and towns of the south; and it was pretty well known that the man who was lucky enough to get Mary Macintosh would get also a comfortable tocher along with her. But Mary seemed in no hurry to make her choice. The young men of the Strath had spoiled her by their courtship and flattery, and she could attract and repel, flirt, and hold her own with any of them. More than one had thought himself sure of her love, only to waken up from his dream with a sore heart and an angry mind against the scornful beauty. But Mary's good humour and high spirits, her "daftness," as the neighbours called it, overcame the most resentful feelings, and she could still count on her discarded lovers as her servants and vassals.

She was closing the window when she heard a warning cough, and a low voice call "Mary! Mary!"

Coming close to the window so that her head and shoulders might cut off the view from the girls inside, she looked cautiously round the corner of the wall. It was already gloaming, and the dark barn was now lit up by a few torches of flaming fir; but there still came a gleaming of daylight from over the brow of Craig Cailach, enough to show the beautiful face looking forth from the rude stone framework.

"Is that you, Malcolm?" she asked, almost in a whisper.

"It is me, Mary," and a tall young man, with a shepherd's grey plaid swung loosely about his shoulders, stole softly up to the window. "I've won the prize at the shooting match. See, a silver brooch, with a grand cairngorm. I was nearer the mark by half-an-inch nor the best deer stalker aboon the Pass o' Ballater. It is yours, and ye'll wear it for my sake the nicht, Mary, winna ye?"

"But, are ye no' comin' yersel', Malcolm?" she asked doubtfully, as she held the trinket, a plain silver, oval pin, with a big cairngorm flaring in the centre, "there wad be no notice ta'en on a nicht like this."

"No, your father has positively forbidden me to set foot within door o' his, and that I shall never do until he comes to me and says himsel', 'ye'll be welcome, Malcolm Mouatt.'"

The girl sighed. "Weel, I suppose ye ken best, Malcolm. But I shall be lonely-like amo' a' the folk without you to dance the Reel o' Tullich wi' me; and, when I think o' you sittin' there yer leeful lane in the quate hoose at Cambus o' May."

"I'm ga'en up to the public," said Malcolm, "as I hae won the prize, it is fittin' that I suld gie some entertainment to the lads. But culd ye no slip oot a minute or twa atween dances, and gie me a word o' love to carry me down the road?"

"Come to the auld kiln," whispered Mary, hurriedly. "Some o' them are sure to dance Ghillie Callum, to gie the lassies a rest. Ye will hear the pipes up at the public, and when they begin I'll try to get awa' to ye."

"That's a lass," replied Malcolm, joyfully, "and, Mary, jist ae word. Yer twa Morven lads are here the nicht. Francie Coutts was shooting at the target, and John Forbes, frae Deskryside, has come a' the road to dance wi' you, he says. They're baith up at the public, like to fecht aboot ye. But ye'll be true to me, Mary, however hard they press ye?"

"That I will, Malcolm," she murmured, "but ye maun go noo. Here, tak' this dram frac me for yer braw brooch;" and she touched the glass significantly with her lips, as she handed it to him.

"Wasna that young Malcolm o' Cambus?" asked one of the lassies as Mary closed the window and rejoined them, where, their work now finished, they were standing in a group, at the further end of the barn.

"It was just one o' the shooters," said Mary, indifferently, as she carelessly placed the brooch in the green tartan shawl which she wore round her shoulders, "and, if ye want to ken mair, ye can gae aifter him an' speir, Jennie."

"See what it is to be weel liket," retorted Jennie, casting an envious glance at the brooch. "Then it was Malcolm Mouatt, and he has won the prize, for he is just the best shot atween Aboyne and the Castletown. The say the Yearl wanted tae mak' him a gamekeeper. But I sair doot ye'll gie puir Malcolm the glaiks, as ye hae gien a' the lave, Mary, my bonnie woman."

"That is as it may be, Jennie," said Mary, with a slight east of her head, "but I allow that it is a bonnie brooch."

H.



HE night had set in, and the ball down in the big barn was in full flow of mirth and festivity. Malcolm could hear the fiddles as he sat in the public house, a little higher up the brae; and, when the barn door was opened to let some new-comer in, or to allow those to pass out who wished to seek the coolness of the mild night air, or enjoy a little quiet love-making, Malcolm could see the broad gleam of lights from the fir torches, and the confused forms of the dancers, as they whirled around in the reel. No wonder

Malcolm was sick at heart, even though he had been the champion of the day's shooting. He alone of all the young men of the place was not at the ball, and his only companions were a

few grey-haired elders, whose dancing days were done long ago, and who had more relish for a quiet talk over their hot toddy round the great peat fire, in the public house, than for the wild revels of the younger people. All these knew the untoward causes which had given them Malcolm's society that evening, and they felt more or less sympathy for the lad who was being left an "outling." Malcolm's father had failed in one of the hard years, and John Macintosh had been his heaviest and most merciless creditor; but, though Malcolm, by his steadiness and industry, had paid off every penny of his father's debts, Macintosh still kept up ill-feeling towards the Mouatts, and, when Malcolm began to come about Mary, the old man had sternly ordered him to the door. John Macintosh's heart was set not less on his daughter than on his money, and he had determined that no one should have Mary who could not pay down pound about for the tocher he was to give with her—a sum quite beyond the range of poor Malcolm's possibilities.

It was intolerable. The far-away old world tales of the elders, the fumes of the ever recurrent brews of toddy, the hot blaze of the great fire, and the sound of the music coming up on the air made Malcolm impatient and restless. He slipped out of the company and stood at the door of the public-house looking out into the night. There was scarcely a breath of air astir. A half moon was high up above the summit of Connach-craig, but behind great white clouds were rising above Lochnagar and spreading to the right and left over the tops of the surrounding hills. There was scarcely a star to be seen in the western part of the sky, and down in the Strath the night was thick and oppressive. Malcolm, with a shepherd's eye, marked these weather warnings. "If the wind rises," he said to himself, "some o' them will ken o' it before they mak' hame the nicht"; but he showed no inclination to profit by his own prognostications. He strolled slowly down through the dark houses, whose inmates had mostly deserted them for the dancing, until he stood above the old kirk of St. Nathalan, whose ruins had a weird and haunted look in the gloom. Malcolm was too true a Highlandman to linger long at that hour in the vicinity of the churchyard, and involuntarily he turned his steps towards John Macintosh's house. He was ever listening for the welcome sound of the pipes, but it was too early yet to expect Mary to come out. There were not a few lads and lasses sauntering about, and Maleolm



OVER SNOWFIELDS WASTE AND PATHLESS



kept himself well concealed in the gloom in a spot whence he could see the door of the barn, waiting and watching while his heart beat with impatience, and smarting bitterly at the injustice which excluded him alone of the young men of the place from any share in the gaiety that was going on.

There were several comples about in his close vicinity, and as one of these was heard coming his way through the darkness, Malcolm fell back and screened himself behind a bush of elder hard by the gable of John Macintosh's house. One of the voices made him start and withdraw closer into his concealment. Yes, it was Mary Macintosh who was speaking, and that slim, short figure beside her was Francis Coutts, from Easter Morven, one of the rivals whom Malcolm had most reason to dread.

"Just say the word and I'll speak to your father this verra nicht." Coutts was speaking in low, earnest tones. "A'thing is ready for ye to sit down to at Easter Morven, and we can mak' a bridal o' it at Candlemas."

"What's the haste"? returned Mary, impatiently. "Ye'll no gie a body time to ken their ain mind. I just hate to think o' bein' married."

"Is it no' raither that ye hate to think o' marryin' me? Ye have keepit me aff and on for twa year, Mary, and ilka time I have tried to speak to ye in earnest, ye have aye fa'en upon some excuse for puttin' it aff."

"What is the maitter wi' ye the nicht, Francie Coutts"? retorted Mary, in a pettish voice. "Is it about the brooch that puir Malcolm Mouatt gied me that ye are makin' a' this din for"? Malcolm could see the brooch glistening on her throat from where he was concealed. "I dinna ken wha wad better become it, but gin ye had won the prize, ye wad dootless hae wiled oot a bonnier lassie to wear it, Francie," she added, with a toss of her head.

"It is nae that wye ye ken, Mary," pleaded Coutts. "If I had been the lucky shot it wad hae been yours a' the same, although had it been sae, ye michtna hac been sae fain to wear it. Ye ken yersel' that ye encourage Malcolm Mouatt. And a'body says that ye are jist a doonricht jilt and will play me the same plisky as ye hac played ither lads afore me."

"A'body says"! re-echoed Mary, indignantly; "and ye say wi' them.

You aboon a'body, Francie Coutts, to join wi' the fowk in misca'in' me."

"No, no, Mary, I never said sae," returned Coutts, passionately. "I never believed that ye wad trifle wi' a true-hearted love like mine. For God's sake, Mary, only tell me that ye love me in a' honesty, and I'll be content"; and he took her in his arms and looked anxiously into her face in the wan moonlight.

"Francic," she murmured, but though the voice was little more than a whisper, it pierced Malcolm's ears as he stood with bitten lips and clenched hands behind the elder bush.

"And ye'll lat me speak to your father the nicht"? urged Coutts.

"Na, na, that ye maunna do on ony account. He is fair ta'en up wi' seein' that the dancers get meat and drink, and I maun gae and gie him help," and she drew herself from Coutts's embrace and turned towards the barn.

"Na, na," Malcolm heard her say over her shoulder, "ye maunna speak to my father till I gie ye leave. I ken best the set o' him mysel'."

The pair disappeared in the darkness, leaving Malcolm in an agony of jealousy and anger. What did it mean? Was Mary really as fickle a coquette as folks said she was? Was it Coutts or himself she was befooling? He had never before doubted her love for himself. She had all but given him her troth, which until her father's feelings against himself were somewhat appeased, he could not fairly ask for. But had she not braved her father's wrath in encouraging his visits to Tullich? Had she not met him on the Sunday evenings among the birches, and stolen out late many a night when all the house was quiet to keep tryste with him? Yes, it must be Coutts she was making a fool of. Had he not heard her laughing often over Coutts's pursuit of herself, and listened to her mockery of his tender protestations? No, she was certainly playing with Coutts, and so far Malcolm was prepared to enjoy the joke.

The wind was now beginning to whistle and howl up among the hills, and clouds came scurrying down athwart the moon. As Malcolm turned away with a shiver, a thought rapidly shot across his mind of how Coutts would feel when his eyes were opened and he knew that Mary had only been making game of him. How had he, Malcolm Mouatt, felt but a minute before when he had seen Mary in Coutts's

arms? It was a pity that Mary should be so light and thoughtless, and this was the most severe censure that Malcolm could bring his mind to pass upon her; but still, when he thought of the wanton pain that was being inflicted on his rival, Malcolm felt nearer being angry with Mary Macintosh than ever he had been before.

Meanwhile, inside the barn the dancing was fast and furious. In the red light from the fir torches, lads and lasses were whirling about wildly in the reel, leaping and snapping their thumbs, with arms raised high above their shoulders. It was the Reel of Tullich, the most lightsome, voluptuous, and maddening of Highland dances; and the tune was first improvised by a profane musician for the revels of a godless company in the old church of St. Nathalan in the time of the Troubles, and therefore came of diabolical inspiration. Round and round each other, and round the floor swung the dancers in delirious enjoyment of the swift undulations of the music, which was played in ever quickening time, until the whole scene was a giddy bewilderment: and until the onlookers, intoxicated by the rapid flood of music, could restrain themselves no longer from falling into the step, as they stood about the corners of the long barn; and finally in their excitement, as the time became swift even to frenzy, they precipitated themselves headlong into the dance. It was just at this point of confusion that John Forbes, who was dancing with Mary, with a strong swing as they were passing the door, now thrown wide open to relieve the heated place, landed the girl outside before anyone could note their dis-

"Just ae minute, Mary, to draw our breaths and hae a crack," said Forbes, putting his arm round her panting waist, as he drew her closely to him and led her away into the darkness. "Gude faith! but ye did dance the nicht. There wasna a lass in the barn could haud a candle to your dancin' ony mair than to your bonuie face."

"And was it to tell me sic piper's news that ye hae brocht me oot here in the cauld"? asked the other, with a saucy toss of her head.

"No, it was to mak' ye gie me a dounricht answer to this question: Are ye ga'en to marry me or are you no', Mary Macintosh? I like ye weel, and there is no' a lass either on Don or Dee that I have ever cared for as I care for you, and there is no' anither lass in the wide warld that I wad hae stude sae muckle het and cauld, sae muckle shilly-shallyin', as I hae had frae yer ain sel'"; and Forbes strained

the girl fiercely to his side as he looked down into her face with a glance of stern enquiry which made Mary shrink back.

"Ye are hurtin' me." She tried to draw herself away, but Forbes kept a firm hold on her. "What can I tell ye here amid a' the steer an' uproar o' a nicht like this. Come back again some orra time, an' then I'll tell ye onything ye like to speir."

"No; an orra time will no' do wi' me. I hae spoken to your father, and he is weel content gin ye be pleased. Sae ye maun e'en speak oot your mind, Mary, for gin ye binna in earnest I am. There is no woman born sall mak' a fule o' me."

"The deil is i' the folk," said Mary to herself; "they are a' in ae pirr the nicht." But the strong, masterful hold and firm tones of the man had their effect upon her, and she answered him meekly enough. "How can ye say that I ever socht to mak' a fule o' ye, you John Forbes, aboon a' men. Hae I no' favoured you mair nor onybody else? And ye ken it yersel'. And noo ye turn roon and misca' me for a' my kindness to ye jist as gin I was a common jilt"; and a successful semblance of a sob seemed to choke her complaining.

"No, I'm nae misca'in' ye," said Forbes doubtfully. "But I'm tired o' a' this. Ye hae o'er mony lads hangin' aboot ye, and ye gie them o'er muckle encouragement. Sae speak your mind aince and for a', Mary, and gin it binna favourable I'se never trouble ye again."

Mary was thoughtfully silent for a minute. She was used to pleading, to sighing, to pressing, but not to such firm and overbearing speech as Forbes was now making to her. She did not want to let Forbes go this way. It flattered her pride to have a man so substantial and so well thought of in her train of suitors. Besides, in the fact that Forbes and Coutts were her recognised lovers, she could the better keep Malcolm Mouatt's attachment in the background. She would not let Forbes go, but she would punish him in her own way and at her own time for his persistence.

The wind was now sweeping fiercely down the glen, bringing with it broad flakes of snow, which, falling upon Mary's bare head and neck, gave her an excuse for pressing closer to Forbes, who tenderly took her in his arms, and placed himself between her and the blast.

"Speak oot, Mary," he said again, "it is for you to say the word. Say no, and ye'se never see me on this side o' Culblean again."

"Oh, John!" she faltered, turning a pleading face and moist eyes



LOCHNAGAR IN SNOW FROM CORNDAVON ROAD.

up to him. "What need is there for me to speak? Ye ken yersel' what I wad say, and dinna be sae stern wi' me, John, I canna bear it frae you—frae you. I wadna mind it frae ony body else."

The strong man stooped his head and kissed her, while he pressed her passionately to his breast.

"It is a bargain, then Mary; is it no? And ye'll no carry on mair wi' Francie Coutts, or ony o' the lave o' them?"

"Francie Coutts!" laughed Mary, "dae ye think that I wad tak' up my head wi' the likes o' him?"

"And there is that Malcolm Mouatt o' Cambus. Ye ken yersel' that ye hae turned his head clean roon aboot. That is the brooch he won the day at the match, on your neck. Gie it to me, Mary, and let me hand it back to him. Then I'll believe that ye are in earnest wi' me."

"Puir Malcolm," sighed Mary, "he had nae ither body to gie it to. He is no here the nicht."

"Hand it to me," said Forbes, fiercely, "I'll soon find him, and gie him back his brooch, and tell him as weel that ye want nae mair o' him nor his presents. If ye dinna do that I'll think that ye are playin' false to me again."

Without a word, Mary unbuckled the pin, and gave the brooch to Forbes. "I can easily persuade Malcolm that Forbes took it frae me against my will, and that I had to let him go wi' it to keep his tongue quiet," she said to herself. "Puir Malcolm, I hope he is no' onywhere aboot to see me here."

It would have been difficult for anyone, unless at their elbow, to have seen them by this time, for now the snow was falling thickly about; but, as a cross gust of wind swept aside the flakes for a moment, Malcolm, coming round a corner, caught a glimpse of Forbes holding Mary in his arms, pressing his lips to hers, and leading her back, his arm still round her waist. He watched them both as they shook the snow from their clothes on the threshold, and saw them together enter the barn, from which the light now cast a rosy glow upon the new fallen snow. They were still together when he lost them behind the dancers. It was the Reel o' Tullich that was being played again; and, with the wild notes mixed with the howls of the storm coming down from Lochnagar, Malcolm, beside himself with jealousy and despair, rushed down the road to Cambus o' May, with all the furies of the elements following hard behind him.

When Mary Macintosh stole out by herself to keep her tryste in the old kiln, there was no appearance of Malcolm. She peered anxiously through the darkness, and called his name softly, but there was no response. Standing at the door, in the face of the blustering storm, she again cried "Malcolm!" as loudly as she dared. But there was no reply, save the whistling of the wind, and she went back to the company of the dancers, with the foreboding in her heart that something was wrong.





HE dance did not break up until well through the small hours. As there came lulls in the snow-storm, people seized the opportunity of making their way to their homes, where it would soon be time to begin the ordinary business of another day; and at last there was none of the guests left except Coutts and Forbes. Each was determined to out-stay the other, so that his rival should not be able to steal a march on him with Mary. But Mary had dis-

appeared, and was found to have gone to bed; and, as old John Macintosh, between fatigue and whisky, was beginning to doze on his settle, it was time also for them to move. Their way lay together up the gloomy glen of Tullich, into whose deep recesses, even in the height of summer, the sun is scarcely able to penetrate; but, so keen was the jealous animosity between the two, that they had no desire to travel in company, though the road was difficult and even dangerous in a snow storm.

Coutts was the first to give in, and, taking his gun, and bidding goodbye to Macintosh, he started for the hill about an hour before sun-rise. Forbes remained behind to press his suit with the old man, and assure him of Mary's willingness to marry, until the other had time enough to be well out of his way. Some watery gleams of daylight were beginning to show over the hill of Pananich as Forbes plodded his way into the dark gorge, down which runs the burn of Tullich. Some of the Tullich folk, who were already astir, watched his dark figure against the snow until it was lost in the dim morning light, and looked in the direction of Lochnagar, over the white summits of which fresh storm clouds were gathering, with an ominous shake of the head. "A blin' day o' drift" was the general augury. "Thae lads will catch it afore they mak' Morven."

It is a rough road through the glen of Tullich even in the fair summer weather, when the braes are ablaze with the yellow flowers of the broom, and the purple heather bells; but, for a winter day's ramble, it is a tract that no one would choose except from necessity. Hardly had Forbes entered the glen when the snow began to fall around him thick, fast, and unceasing, darkening the limited expanse of sky above, and blotting out all marks by which a man could guide his way. Then the wind, confined in the hollow gorge, gathered in fiercer intensity, and sweeping now down, now up the glen, made the drift spin in whirling clouds about the sides of Culblean. Forbes was blinded and half-choked, as he endeavoured to battle his way through it. The drift was everywhere about him, above him, below him, for it seemed to come reeking up from the snow-clad ground. The wind had a cold icy nip, gripping both bone and marrow, and numbing instead of quickening the activities. Every few minutes Forbes was compelled to halt and turn his back to the wind to draw free breath, when he would anxiously peer about him in a vain endeavour to descry any known mark that would tell him how far he was already on his way. But the ascent had been toilsome and uncertain, and time spent did not mean progress made. Sometimes he found himself in the bottom of the ravine, walking in the half-hidden water; sometimes he was sprawling along the steep sides of the banks, or losing his footing upon the ice-faced old snow, and floundering down to the bottom of the dell again. He could not have made much way yet, but the whole day was before him; he could not go wrong as long as he was in the glen; and he would have the strength, at all events, to reach Easter Morven, which, safely gained, he would trust himself no farther that night, or until the storm was over. And, in spite of the ever increasing tempest, he continued to toil on with a stout heart.

The glen down which the burn of Tullich runs is not a long one, and at its upper end the hills recede on both sides until a long wide

moor is reached, stretching towards the foot of Morven. By the time Forbes had got thus far he was thoroughly beaten out, and his senses were so stupified by the drift that he had but little idea of where he was. He had sat down for a short time under the shelter of a rocky bank, and, exhausted as he was by beating through the storm, and from having had no rest for four-and-twenty hours, he had searcely sat down when he unconsciously fell asleep. How long he had remained there he knew not, but he awoke with a start, dazed and numbed; and with a shudder at the thought that he might never have wakened again, he staggered to his feet and resumed his journey, not a whit refreshed by his rest. How long time he had lost he did not know. Still less did he know where he was, but he began to think that he must be leaving the glen and coming out upon the moor, and he plodded along slowly through the long heather, now covered by loose snow, and through treacherous bogs, which he could not see until he plunged into them.

After he had wandered on for a considerable time the drift became thinner, as the wind lulled for a space, and Forbes once or twice thought that he was catching glimpses of something black before him. He tried to shout as he pressed forward, but his voice was drowned in the roar of the tempest. But as he still advanced, he saw that it was his rival Coutts, leaning upon his gun in a state of even greater exhaustion than his own. Forbes halted, and a torrent of passion boiled up within him. Here was the man who, by perversely seeking to come between him and the woman he loved, by whose obstinacy in attempting to outstay him in Tullich-but for him he might have been safe in his house at Deskryside, instead of in danger of being lost in the hill and of perishing amid the snow. Coutts might even probably escape and console Mary Macintosh, when he, Forbes, had come to an untimely end in the tempest. Forbes's first thought was to hold on his way and take no notice of the other; but as Coutts, with a visible effort, had straightened himself up and was nervously handling his gun, Forbes disdained to turn away, and went straight up to him.

For a few seconds each looked grimly at the other, but neither spoke. There was deadly hate in both hearts, and their common distress only served to make them the more reckless. With the drift again circling wildly about them, each could do little more than discern the glances of wrath and defiance which the other was casting at him. Cut off in this wilderness of hill and snow from all the softening

influences of humanity, cut off almost from earth and sky, what wonder though their passions raged in unison with the storm, and that the blast whistled "murder"! in the ears of each.

Forbes was the first to speak:—"Ye are there, are ye, Francie Coutts, wi' yer gun? It has been but little use to ye seemingly, for ye eudna win the brooch for Mary Macintosh wi' it."

"A better marksman nor you or me either was there, and sae lang as Mary has the brooch it maitters not to you."

"Ye're a fule, Francie Coutts. If ye had had the sma'est glimmer o' sense, ye wad hae seen lang syne that Mary was merely makin' sport o' ye. Do ye see this, man"? and Forbes mockingly held up the brooch, the prize of the shooting match.

A gleam of fury sparkled in Coutts's eye, and his face became deadly white as he clutched his gun and threw it over his arm. "I'll tak' nae taunts frae you, Forbes; anither word and ane or the ither o' us doesna leave this place alive."

"Aye, man, ye are bauld wi' your gun. No' that I care for it," jeered Forbes. "But if ye had had only your ain twa hands, ye wadna hae spoken sae big, I'm thinkin'."

Coutts's only answer was to hurl the gun from him as far as he was able, and to rush furiously at the other. But Forbes caught him in a grip of iron, and held him aloof at arm's length in spite of his desperate struggles to break in upon him.

"Ye never were a match for me, Francie Coutts, and ye ken it. Man! I could brak' yer back as easily as I could snap a pipe stalk; but ye hae thrown awa' your only advantage, and I'll never make use o' my strength on unequal terms. Sac haud back, I say, and keep your hands aff," and giving Coutts a thrust that sent him staggering backwards among the snow drifts, Forbes turned on his heel and went away, taking little heed where he was going.

But before he had advanced many steps his heart smote him, and he looked back. Through the drift he could see Coutts standing motionless where he had left him, in a dazed and bewildered attitude. He must be "fey," the thought occurred to Forbes, and his conscience, in spite of his anger, would not allow him to leave Coutts thus, perhaps to perish in the storm.

"Francie"! he cried, "will ye no' come along and mak' for hame? Ye may be smoor't in this wild drift."

"Gang ye your ain ways in God's name and I'll gang mine"; the voice had a hollow sound that made Forbes shudder as he again turned to face the storm.

The already darkening afternoon still found Forbes beating wildly about among the snow, worn out and stupified and almost losing heart. Never since he had parted with his rival had the drift ceased long enough to enable him to form any idea of where he was. Even the direction of the storm itself now failed to give any guidance, for it was blowing now from one quarter, now from another, and veering about all the points of the compass. He might be within a stone's throw of some shelter, or he might be wandering still in the middle of the moor, far from any human habitation. How could he tell? Meanwhile all he could do was to keep moving in the hope of getting out of this great white Nowhere. At times he stopped to shout as loudly as he was able, but the only answer was the sound of his own cries brought back to him on the blast. Strong man as he was, he was losing hope that he could survive such a night upon the hills, and the thought of how impotent and unavailing were the hardest exertions that he could put forth was maddening. But all he could do was to press blindly forward. Onward and still onward he must go.

When hope was almost at an end he lighted upon a stream. His spirits rose again, for this must lead to Somewhere, if he only had the strength to follow it out. But it was slow and difficult work to trace the course, for every now and then its turnings and windings were lost in the snow. Forbes clung to its track as to his salvation, although it sometimes seemed to be running up hill instead of down, so changed does the aspect of everything become in a drift storm, and so deadened the perception in fighting through it. At last the windings of the burn appeared to be narrowed, and Forbes found himself entering a ravine. At last he knew where he was! He was back again at the head of the glen from which he had emerged hours before; but with the storm still meeting him face to face. Now that he knew his road if he could make his way back to Tullich all would be well; yet his strength was already almost spent, and darkness was close at hand. He longed for a rest to recruit his energies, but to sit down he dared not, for numbed and worn out as he was he might drop into a sleep from which there would be no awakening. As he paused once or twice to take breath and look before him in the course of his rough descent, he thought he heard a cry of pain; and as he advanced farther the sound of groans became distinctly audible. With all his stout heart Forbes's hair began to stand on end as he looked timorously around him and up at the gathering darkness. Had Coutts already perished on the moor? he thought, and could this be his "wraith" warning him of his own fate? Again the groan came up on the wind, this time accompanied by a cry of pain so distinctly human that Forbes, mastering his superstitious feelings, went forward. There, at the bottom of a bare, black scaur, too precipitous for the snow to cling to, lay Coutts huddled up against the bank, his body nearly covered with snow, and his bare head and face turned with a despairing look upwards to where the sky should have been. All feelings, except those of compassion, vanished from Forbes's heart as he hastened to the side of the prostrate man.

"What is wrang wi' ye, Francie? Are ye hurtit"? he asked, as he took Coutts in his arms and endeavoured to lift him into a more comfortable position.

"My leg is broken," the other groaned. "I steppit o'er the bank in the thick drift, and fell, wi' my leg broken aneath the knee. Leave me and mak' for shelter yoursel'; as for me, I'll never leave this spot in life."

"Na, na, ye maunna speak that way. Keep up heart, man. I'll see if I can carry ye wi' me back to Tullich," said John Forbes, forgetting his own exhausted state, and only thinking that the man must die if left there. He raised Coutts and made him clasp his arms round his neck, carrying him as tenderly as he could, while he staggered with his burden down the uneven glen, Coutts all the while with difficulty suppressing the pain from which he suffered. Forbes soon found that he had miscalculated his strength, overspent and beaten as it was, and he tottered rather than walked with his load, stumbling over the rough road, sometimes floundering into the hidden burn.

"Set me down," said Coutts, "ye'll never manage to get me oot o' this. Save yoursel', John, as lang as ye are yet able."

"No," replied Forbes, laying the other gently down against a sheltering bank. "I'll no' leave ye to perish here by yoursel'. I'll rest awhile, and carry ye again. We'll mak' oor way back to Tullich, bit by bit, in time."

Coutts shook his head. "It'll only lose twa lives instead o' ane. It is kind o' ye, John; but ye maun save yoursel' for Mary's sake."

"I'm sorry I let you see that brooch, Francie," said Forbes, penitently; "if we hadna separated on the muir this wadna hae happened to ye."

Coutts heaved a deep sigh, and was silent for a minute or two. "This is hers," he said at length, putting his hand into his breast, and pulling out a little packet of paper, in which was carefully folded a tress of dark brown hair. "I got this frae her yesterday,"

"And she gae me the brooch," returned Forbes, as he again looked at the trinket. "God forgie her, for I believe she has been false to us baith."

And, with the tokens of their misplaced loves in their hands, the two men sat in silence, and in numbed listlessness, while the snow closed more densely around them, and darkness fell upon the glen.

IV.



OR two whole days the storm had raged without intermission, and again the Strath lay shrouded under a deep covering of snow. People kept in-doors, and only ventured out to look after their cattle, or fetch fire and water, and, round the fire-side, tales were told of the great storms of earlier days; how suddenly they had come on, what people had been lost in them, and how they had lasted until the five-and-twentieth day of March (old style), when, by the laws of nature, all snow storms come to

an end, frost or fresh.

About noon, on the third day, two men were seen painfully making their way through the deep snow down the hill-side above Tullich, and the sight drew the folks to their doors in eager expectation of some piece of news to break the monotony of their isolated existence. There were anxious looks upon their faces, for they had a feeling that some mishap had occurred—that somebody was missing.

And so it was, for, when the new-comers reached the smithy, where the people had gathered to learn their errand, they made enquiries about Coutts, who had never reached his home at Easter Morven, and whom his friends had come to seek, if by good hap he had been storm-stayed at Tullich. There were grave looks, and a dead silence for some time, until some one said they must set out and search the hills.

In a very short time all the men about the place were moving up the glen, examining every hollow and corry on their way for traces of the missing man. Among the rest was Malcolm Mouatt, who had come along towards Tullich that morning. Perhaps he had thought he might see Mary Macintosh; that perhaps she would be able to give him some explanation that would allay the anger which he felt against her. There was Coutts, too, perhaps out of the way for ever; but Malcolm could not bear to think of that at that moment.

Many an anxious look to the white glen did the people of Tullich cast during the day, watching for the return of the searchers from the hill. Among the rest, Mary Macintosh found it impossible to settle down to her work inside. A vague feeling of guilt had taken possession of her. It was for her sake that Coutts had come to Tullich, for her sake that he had not left in time to escape the storm, and it would be for her sake that he had perished on the hill. She tried to banish the thoughts which haunted her; but there was a vague dread at her heart of some great evil about to befall her, and the question was always coming to her—" Malcolm? What will Malcolm think?"

It was towards the end of the short day when a boy came down the hill as quickly as he could make his way through the snow, and, even before he could reach the houses, the little black body of men came slowly out of the glen. It was young Donald Mouatt, Malcolm's brother, who had been sent in advance with the news.

"They hae found them—baith o' them," he panted. "John Forbes and Francie Coutts. They were mair than a foot aneath the snaw, but Malcolm saw Forbes' bonnet that had blawn awa', and syne he found the bodies."

A groan went round the little company. There were two then lost; and, as they looked upwards, they could see that the little procession carried two shapeless burdens, rolled up in plaids. Horror and grief were depicted in each face, as they stood waiting in silence for the arrival.

It was Malcolm who had found the bodies, as the boy had said. He had seen Forbes's bonnet lying half covered over on a snow wreath, and, sounding the snow carefully with his staff, he came upon the two corpses. Kneeling down and scooping the snow off them with his arms, Malcolm had leaped to his feet with a cry of astonishment when he recognised in the stiff hand of Forbes the brooch which he himself had given to Mary Macintosh. When he uncovered Coutts' body next, he needed no one to tell him whose was the tress of dark brown hair clenched so firmly in the dead fingers. Sick at heart, Malcolm turned away his head, and a great wave of wrath came over him. Could he ever really have loved this woman, who played with the hearts and with the lives of men? The calm dead, up-turned faces seemed to be appealing, out of the depths of that white glen, for justice against Mary Macintosh. A woman so false and cruel should never have a place in his heart again. Gently and reverently he disengaged the love token from the hand of each, and put them in his pocket; and, running up the bank, raised his voice and called the others to the spot.

"Donald," said Malcolm, taking his young brother apart as they were returning down the glen, "give this to Mary Macintosh when ye get to Tullich. Just tell her they were found in the dead men's hands. She'll ken hersel'."

Mary was standing alone on a little knoll above her father's house when the boy came to her with his message. She had heard that Forbes was also dead, and she felt as though she was moving in an evil dream. She saw the bodies borne down towards the hamlet, but it was not at them she was looking with such intent gaze. Malcolm Mouatt had left the others at the mouth of the glen, and was now striding by himself through the deep snow across the skirt of Culblean. Mechanically she took the brooch and the lock of hair from the boy, and, as she looked at them, she felt as though she had been stabbed to the heart. "Malcolm," she cried, running forward and beckoning with her hand. He heard her, and looked round for an instant, and then he held on his way, with longer and quicker steps. Again she called his name, but he never turned, and Mary went back to the house, knowing that she had lost not two but three lovers, and the best loved the last.

This simple story explains why the name of Mary Macintosh remains unchanged on her grey headstone in the old churchyard of

Tullich, under the shelter of the ruined kirk. Malcolm never came again, and Mary Macintosh spent a lonely and conscience-stricken life very different from that of the light coquette who had once been the beauty of Tullich.

Alexande Allos Az ce



## CATHERINE GORDON.

The White Rose of Scotland.

ANY romantic tales have come down to us connected with the "fair maids" of Deeside, Donside, and Speyside, but few are more full of tragic and historic interest than is the career of Catherine Gordon, daughter of George, second Earl of Huntly. Four hundred years ago, this beautiful lady, "the White Rose of Scotland," was the admiration of the Court of James IV., King of Scotland; she is described by historians as "one of the most lovely and accomplished ladies of the age." Her father had married the Princess Annabella, daughter of James I., and through his services to the Stuart cause, and in the administration of his commission as Lieutenant of the North, Huntly's power and influence in the kingdom was unrivalled, and culminated in his appointment as High Chancellor of Scotland reared in "the Hielans" of the North, among her kindred and her father's vassals, it is needless to say that Catherine inspired them with feelings of love and devotion. At this time there appeared at the Court of James, in Edinburgh, a gentleman called Perkin Warbeck, claiming to be Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York (second son of Edward IV. of England), who was supposed to have escaped from the Tower after the death of his elder brother. He was admitted to the King's presence, and in a public speech recapitulated the vicissitudes of fortune he had undergone, and implored the King's friendship and assistance. James was only too pleased to take up any claim against Henry VII., and received the Pretender to the English throne with great hospitality; he was "knight-errant enough to espouse the cause of a prince in distress, without any other motive than that or glory"; but at the same time, it must be remembered, that Perkin was backed by Margaret, Duchess of Burgundy, the Archduke Phillip, and by the French King, Charles VIII., and the story as to his parentage, and right to the crown, was very generally believed throughout England, Ireland, and Scotland.



Thury on Ind From



James was so taken with Perkin's address, that he offered to bestow upon him in marriage one of his kinswomen, and the King's choice fell on Lady Catherine Gordon. Perkin had been well brought up and educated at the Court of Flanders by the Duchess of Burgundy, and from the following letter which he addressed to his future wife in 1495, it is evident that he was not deficient in the arts of flattery which the fair sex is supposed to approve of.

"Most noble lady, it is not without reason that all turn their eyes to you; that all admire, love, and obey you. For they see your twofold virtues by which you are so much distinguished above all other mortals; whilst on the one hand they admire your riches and immutable prosperity, which secure to you the nobility of your lineage and the loftiness of your rank, they are, on the other hand, struck by your rather divine than human beauty, and believe that you are not born in our days, but descended from Heaven. All look at your face so bright and serene that it gives splendour to the cloudy sky; all look at your eyes as brilliant as stars which make all pain to be forgotten, and turn despair into delight; all look at your neck which outshines pearls; all look at your fine forehead, your purple light of youth, your fair hair; in one word at the splendid perfection of your person;—and looking at they cannot choose but admire you; admiring they cannot choose but love you; loving they cannot choose but obey you. I shall, perhaps, be the happiest of all your admirers, and the happiest man on earth, since I have reason to hope you will think me worthy of your love. If I represent to my mind all your perfections, I am not only compelled to love, to adore, and to worship you, but love makes me your slavewhether waking or sleeping I cannot find rest or happiness except in your affection—all my hopes rest in you, and in you alone. Most noble lady, my soul, look mercifully down upon me your slave, who has ever been devoted to you from the first hour he saw you. Love is not an earthly thing, it is heaven born. Do not think it below yourself to obey love's dictates. Not only kings, but also gods, and goddesses have bent their necks before the yoke.

"I beseech you most noble lady to accept for ever one who in all things will cheerfully do your will as long as his days shall last. Farewell, my soul and consolation—you the brightest ornament in Scotland—farewell, farewell!"

Whether by high flown compliments such as these, or through his comely appearance and winning manners (which even his enemies admitted) Perkin secured the hand of the daughter of the House of Huntly.

It is said that for politic reasons James IV. made the match, as the young Pretender had been strongly recommended to his protection by the Emperor Maximilian of Germany, and by Charles VIII. of France, whose interest it was to embroil the King of England at home, and prevent him from joining a league of the Italian Princes and States, who were curbing the designs of the French King upon Naples.

Even if love had not dictated her answer to Warbcck, Catherine could hardly have disobeyed the Royal commands. Ladies in that age were not supposed to have wills of their own; their destinies were decided for them. It must have been a thrilling moment for Catherine when she crossed over "the Mounth," took a last look at the bonny hills, and passed under Lochnagar, with the vision before her of the splendour of the English Court, and the prospect of sharing a throne! She was married at Edinburgh as Duchess of York with all the pomp and ceremony befitting the occasion; the Scots king undertook to place her husband on the throne of England, raised a large army, invaded Northumberland, and secured an immense booty; but on the advance of the English army he retired to his own dominions. In the following year, 1497, James again entered England, and invested the Castle of Norham, which was relieved by the Earl of Surrey; negociations followed, and led to the peace of Ayton-a preliminary to which was that James should dismiss Perkin Warbeck. The Scots King was at this time anxious to marry Margaret Tudor, the daughter of Henry VII., and he, therefore, suggested to Perkin that, "as the English had refused to espouse his cause, he could not expect that the Scots would, without their concurrence, be able to establish him on the throne of England. He, therefore, advised him to form some more feasible plan, and choose some other country for his place of residence; at the same time he assured him that he would punctually fulfil his promise; that he should not repent of having put himself into his hands, for he should be honourably accommodated with ships and necessaries for his voyage."

Perkin saw that he had no alternative but to acquiesce, and bore his misfortune with a good grace, thanked the King and desired that he and his wife might be conveyed to Ireland. They were landed at Cork, where Perkin had many adherents. Cornwall was in rebellion at this time, and the insurgents sent over a deputation to the Pretender, inviting him to come and lead them. Perkin landed at Whitsand Bay in September, 1497, was joined by three thousand men, and proceeded to Exeter, which place he besieged but failed to capture. This so discouraged his followers that they abandoned him, and he sought refuge in the sanctuary of Beaulieu, in the New Forest, where he was eventually compelled to surrender on October 15, 1497, and to submit to the mercy of the King. Henry VII. then sent a detachment of cavalry to St. Michael's Mount to secure the Lady Catherine Gordon, "foreseeing that if she was pregnant, the rebellion might be continued to another generation."

"When the lady was brought into the King's presence, he was so struck with her beauty and modest deportment that he consoled her in very affectionate terms, with promise of protection." On the 16th October the King writes to his trusty Thomas Stokes-"We wol and charge you for the diete of Katerine daughter to therl of Huntlye from Bodman unto our dearest wife the queene whereever she bee, ye deliver to our trusty servant Thomas Englishe sergeant of our pultere the sum of twenty pounds sterling upon a prest and rekenyng by him to be declared." Henry took the greatest interest in his beautiful prisoner, whom he dubbed "The White Rose," and bestowed upon her a considerable pension. Numerous warrants in the wardrobe accounts appear in her favour for various articles of dress, i.e., black and crimson velvet for gowns; tanny chamlet for "kyrtells"; crimson and black velvet for "frontlets"; sarcenet for "tippets"; a piece of syprus for "nekkerchiefs"; black kersey for hose, and as much money as "will make the stuff."

Perkin Warbeek was closely confined in the Tower, along with Edward, Earl of Warwick, the son of George, Duke of Clarence, and encouraged by spies, they endeavoured to escape. The King's emissaries revealed the plot, and both were brought to the block in the end of the year 1499. We read that—"The deplorable end of this innocent nobleman, Warwick, the last male branch of the Plantagenets, and the fate of Perkin Warbeek, who, notwithstanding all that appeared against him, was by the unprejudiced part of the nation deemed the real son of King Edward, filled the whole kingdom with horror and aversion to the Government of Henry."

Lady Catherine seems to have resided at Court under favour of the sovereign, and in 1510 she had letters of denization, and in the following year, a grant of the Manor of Philbertis and Eton in Berks, with the proviso that she should not go from England to Scotland or other foreign country without licence. About this time she married James Strangways, "gentleman usher of the chamber," for there is among the Patent Rolls a grant to him and "Lady Catherine Gordon, his wife," of the aforenamed manors forfeited by the attainder of John, Earl of Lincoln. She was left a widow in 1515, and on 23rd June, 1517, she had a grant from Henry VIII. of the Manors of Frylsham and Garford in Berks provided she does not quit England for Scotland. In the same year she married Sir Mathew Cradock, and had a licence to dwell in Wales, notwithstanding the above patents.

The date of Sir Mathew's death is uncertain, but Lady Catherine survived him, and married, fourthly, Christopher Ashton of Fyfield in Berks. She died childless in 1537,—probably in the 61st year of her age,—and was buried in Fyfield Church, where the monument erected to her memory by Christopher Ashton was destroyed by a fire last year (1893). Doubtless the conditions so rigorously imposed on Lady Catherine not to return to Scotland were dictated partly from the strained relations existing between the kingdoms, and partly from fear of a revival of the claims of the House of York to the English throne.

That the "White Rose" retained her connections both of family and country in fond remembrance is proved in several directions; she founded a charity in the church of St. Mary Ovary, Southwark, with a priest therein daily to sing mass for the souls of her second husband, James Strangways, and of the Earl and Countess of Huntly; and this leads us to the examination of the curious error hitherto made as to her parentage; she has generally been recorded as the daughter of George, second Earl of Huntly by the Princess Annabella, sister of James II. of Scotland. The Princess was married in 1459, and divorced on the 24th July, 1471, having had four sons and four daughters, the latter named Isabel, Elizabeth, Janet, and Margaret. It is extremely improbable that a ninth child could have been born to her; if Catherine had been her daughter she would have been twenty-four years of age at the date of her betrothal to Perkin Warbeck, and this is not to be reconciled with the contemporary accounts of the lady's youth. One may suppose that because it was known the Earl of Huntly's wife had been a sister of James II., the

later historians jumped to the conclusion that James IV. chose his cousin as wife to Perkin. There is, however, strong evidence in support of the Lady Catherine's true pedigree. In Swansea Church exists to this day a beautiful tomb erected to the memory of her third husband, Sir Mathew Cradock, with recumbent effigies of both knight and lady above, and on panels round it are impaled the arms of Cradock, Gordon, and Hay. It, therefore, appears to be conclusive that she was the eldest of Huntly's three children (daughters) by his third wife, Elizabeth Hay, sister of Nicolas, Earl of Errol, who was married to Huntly (after the Princess Annabella's death) on the 12th May, 1476. Catherine was thus in her nineteenth year when married to the so-called Duke of York.

Even in those troublous times it would be difficult to find a life spent with so many changes of fortune. Toasted as the beauty of the North, with all the clansmen of the great Gordon Chief at her feet, what a flood of ambition must have surrounded Catherine when she wedded the man designated as rightful King of England! During two years recognised at the Scottish Court as Duchess of York, the first break to her happiness came, when she followed her husband's fortunes on his expedition to Ireland, and thence to Cornwall. Soon a prisoner, at the mercy of the English King, she must anxiously have waited for her fate; she would know that at the first excuse Henry would not spare Perkin Warbeek's life, and might not hers be taken also? (Queen of Henry VII.) appears to have befriended her, and, except for the rigorous injunction that she was not to quit England, she was given her freedom, and married a gentleman attached to the Court. At his death she was wooed and won by Sir Mathew Cradock, a man of high lineage and repute, whose daughter and heir by a previous marriage, became the wife of William Herbert, created Earl of Pembroke, and brought to him all the Cradock estates. She had to obtain special permission from the King to enable her to live in Wales, and one can imagine the delight with which she made her new home in a district reminding her so much of the land of her youth! The fates again decreed a change, and after the death of Sir Mathew she became the wife of a Berkshire squire, and ended her days amid the far stretching green uplands and dales of the Royal County!

Hanly.

## I TO THE HILLS.

Furthermore, Elihu answered and said, . . . let us know among ourselves what is good.

And hug one, sometimes, for a day;
I send my soul on nimble beads
To gods of paper, gods of clay;

I tune my throat to servile song,
And load their shrines with lily and rose:
Yet Dagon tumbles—once so strong—
And Baal to his hunting goes.

Then turn I to that god of old Who mocked not any of my ills, But gave my hungry hands to hold The large religion of the hills,

And set me in a pleasance rare
Of moor and wood and waters cool,
As Lebanon divinely fair,
As purple Tirzah beautiful.

There, in that wondrous Day-and-Night,
When Youth alone was amplest Faith,
I walked, with Hope for acolyte,
And Love for Thus-the-Preacher-saith.

And there again, in that lone hour,
When base is base and high is high,
I'll walk and taste with every flower
The sacrament of open sky,

And learn, at last, the tender thing
The fairy winds, among the reeds,
In summer to the heather sing—
A faith uncharnel'd in the creeds.

warmackenzie.



A DAUGHTER OF HERA.



HE district of Cerendero, on the borders of Liguria, forms one of the most fantastic and bizzarre pictures conceivable, in which the bare, barren hills and the delightful green of the underlying meadows produce strange and varied effects awakening pleasant and often unrehearsed sensations. Upon the rugged flanks of the mountains there may here and there be seen a stray cow, making music with the jingle of the bell suspended around her neek. In the plains the peasantry, whose dress adds vividness to the picturesque scene, are usually busy among the vineyards and cornfields. To-day, however, work has been thrown aside and all are hurrying towards the courtyard

of Menico's father, eager to enjoy themselves, and to add their congratulations on the event to be celebrated. The robust and vigorous physique of the men is set off to great advantage by their elegant and brilliant dress. Some wear bright cloaks carelessly draped about their shoulders; others arrayed in velvet jackets, ornamented with large mother-of-pearl buttons, seem to pride themselves on the magnificence of their sashes. The girls, fine examples of the Lombard type of beauty, of purest complexion, with dark, penetrating eyes, are dispersed in groups, singing and joking with one another. Their dresses are bright in colour, of strange but withal happy combination. Here may be seen one in brilliant scarlet relieved by something less striking in hue; there, another seems to unite every shade of colour in its texture. All are in the best of spirits, eagerly anticipating the dance which takes place in the afternoon.

In the corner of the yard, seated upon a low table, are Pimpin and his inseparable companion Pianseretto—the strolling musicians of the district. 'Tis true the orchestra is not of formidable dimensions, or distinguished for the refinement of its music, but so much is it appreciated that a stranger, who ventured to trespass upon their territory narrowly escaped with his life at the hands of the outraged peasants. Pimpin, wrapt up in the manifest preference of his hearers is blowing louder and more shrilly than usual, and to judge by the rubicund colour of his face, his efforts are of a most exhausting nature. In his moments of respite he recounts, for the hundred-and-fiftieth time, his experience in Genoa, where he had met with a perfect ovation, but whether due to his music or his ridiculous gestures and behaviour, tradition says nothing.

"The betrothed! The betrothed!" suddenly bursts from a group of children, and puts an end to the talking and banter. From the lower end of the courtyard a procession, escorted by the principal guests advances, amidst a waving of caps and handkerchiefs, and a rapturous and continued hurrahing.

"Long life to the betrothed! Long life to the betrothed!"

Contentment and mutual admiration are reflected upon the faces of Menico and Isolina, the hero and heroine of this warm and enthusiastic reception; and not without reason. This day was to be for them the happiest of their life—the day on which they were to publicly plight that troth, which they had so long cherished in secret.

In the rear follow Isolina's mother and the parents of Menico. The former, old and worn though she is, betrays much of that beauty now reflected upon the face of her daughter, her only remaining consolation, upon whose future happiness her only joy in life depends. On her left Menico's father draws himself with difficulty along, worn out and prematurely aged, having devoted the best years of his life to the service of his country, and shed his life-blood in her defence. His wife lends him what aid she can, but her mind seems so much taken up with the heartiness of their reception, and with thanking her friends, that she has to all appearance no time to devote to anything else. To the tin-ni-aio, tin-ni-aio of Pimpin's pipe the procession advances to the upper end of the courtyard, where refreshments have been provided, so that all may join in drinking the healths of the betrothed. Young girls take round the glasses, and fill them with the best wine which the district can produce. This done, old Menico filling his glass thanked them all for their presence on that happy and auspicious occasion, clouded only by the thought that Menico was soon to leave, to seek his fortune in America and then return to wed Isolina-the delight and pride of the village, whom to receive as a daughter-in-law was for him and his wife an inexpressible pleasure. He concluded by asking them all to drink to his safe return, and to their future happiness. This little speech was received with shouts of applause and clinking of glasses; all liked Menico, and from their hearts they wished him success, and a happy return.

Was it natural modesty, or a presentiment of coming events that paled the cheek of Isolina? or was it the change that had come over the sky? The day had broken clear and fine, without a cloud, a perfect Italian sky. But for some time the sky had gradually become overcast, and thunder could be faintly heard in the distance. Almost as old Menico finished speaking, a roar of thunder burst upon the ears of the revellers, and rain began to fall in torrents. All was then bustle and excitement; everyone rushed to seek shelter from the deluging downpour. The old women, making the sign of the cross, and murmuring Paternosters, hastened their faltering, failing footsteps, assisted by the younger members. Everything conspired to rob the gathering of its festive character, and damp the spirits of the revellers. High above all could be heard the strident voice of Margaitin.

"Did I not tell you that something would happen? And now it is certain, for rain always brings bad luck to the betrothed."

"Can't you stop your wailings for once," broke in one of the young men, "why should you always be a screech-owl?"

Menico overhearing the remarks passed on all sides, and distracted by the thought of their tendency, seemingly for a moment stunned and senseless to what was passing around, turned suddenly to Isolina.

"Pledge me, Isolina, that you will be faithful to me, and love me ever, as my love will be undying and my thoughts sacred to you alone?"

"For ever" murmured Isolina through her tears.



OUR years after the time at which our story opens, a weary foot-sore traveller was wending his way laboriously along a sun-baked road leading towards Cerendero. manner led one to believe that he was again revisiting a country that had once known him well, and of which he was to all appearance an offspring. Ever and anon he directed his gaze towards some point that attracted attention and awoke old memories of bygone days -memories of the time when he had worked in the vineyards, or brought home the kine at evensong. Giving full play to his imagination,

our traveller swept rapidly along, forgetting his fatigue in the pleasant converse of his mind. As eventide drew nigh the well-known form of

the village church, wherein he had so often worshipped and joined in the Ave Maria, appeared in the distance. This view, with all its sweet and happy associations, spurred him on to still greater exertions, eager to reach the paternal roof ere the sun had gone down. His mind dwelt upon the happy days of his childhood, spent under the care of his beloved mother, on the happiness of his manhood, and on the hopes of the future, dedicated to his beloved Isolina. Isolina! what of her? Not a single message from her had reached him in his solitude over seas. What right had he to hope that she would await his returning with the old love and mutual trust? Yes, had she not sworn to be true, and truth itself was reflected in her eyes. No, carelessness or forgetfulness did not account for his receiving no tidings of home; the means of communication between the Pampas and Italy were precarious and uncertain, and letters oftener miscarried than reached their destination.

The narrow street that led from the village inn was rapidly traversed, and no one seemed to recognise the traveller. Eagerly he scanned the faces of the villagers, that here and there were to be seen sitting at the gateways of their little gardens; yet not a sign did he give that could have led them to recognise their old friend Menico. With what joy did he turn in at the garden gate of his father's house, upon which there was no change. Passing rapidly along the footpath, he quietly opened the door, and discovered his mother busily engaged in preparing the evening meal.

" Mother!"

- "Menico!" and the old woman threw herself into her son's arms. There, locked in each others embrace they shed their tears, in which they found relief, rather than in words.
  - "Where is father?"
- "There in heaven, praying for us," murmured the mother. "His last words were of you."

A silence, which neither seemed disposed to break, supervened—a silence that seemed to Menico an eternity. He had scarce hoped to see his father alive, and had left him with this thought so that the shock was not unexpected, and fell less heavily on his mind.

- "And Isolina?"
- "Isolina! Iso— Isolina," and the voice seemed to die away on her lips, "is married."

"Married! My God," and Menico fell senseless to the ground.

That night the comrades of his youth, the friends of his manhood were singing round Menico's bier the "Rosario" for the dead.

Giverny Godesta







FLORA'S OFFERINGS.

## SISTERS OF THE POOR!

WEETLY pleading, door to door,
As a saint is able;
Begging scraps for London poor
From the rich man's table.

Never food enough, alas!
For their lost and lowly;
Take your hats off, as you pass,
Women pure and holy!

Underneath the Light they stand,
By the open door—
Sisters all of Nazareth,
Mothers of the poor!

Full of mercy, they can wait, Watch their patient features; Never yet they've closed the gate On God's starving creatures.

Empty handed, they can pray, Charity will soften; Give them succour, day by day, Never once—but often.

Underneath the Light they stand,
By the open door—
Mothers all of Nazareth,
Sisters of the poor!

ClimentSell

## KNOCK CASTLE.

HE old Castle of Knock, or the Knoll, occupies one of the finest sites imaginable for the purpose for which it existed, namely, that of a fortalice or watch tower. Situated on the spur of Ardmeanoch, midway between the valleys of Dee and Muick, it commands an extensive and uninterrupted view in every direction except towards the west, so that it would be difficult to over-estimate its strategic importance in the times of feud and foray, when law and order could only be maintained by strong and drastic measures on the part of the King's representatives. From the very remotest times the position of the Castle seems to have been appreciated. Tradition points to a building having existed here at the times of Wallace and Bruce, and relates that its owners, the Durwards, had constructed an underground passage connecting it with their Castle at Abergairn. This story however can scarcely be deemed worthy of credence, as the work hereby entailed would have done credit to the best engineers of the present century, entailing, as it did, the construction of a tunnel three miles in length on an inclined plane passing, in its course, beneath the bed of the river Dee. However this may be, it is certain that a Castle was built here about the reign of James I, being held in commission from the King, with the object of checking the depredatory and plundering instincts, then characteristic of the clans. The surrounding lands were given for the purpose of maintaining the garrison, whose actual master was changed from time to time according to the King's pleasure. During the reign of James IV, the Gordons had risen to such power that they possessed the overlordship of the North of Scotland, and Alexander, the third Earl of Huntly, in his capacity of Lord Lieutenant, appointed one of his sons to the Command of Knock. This Earl, who fell among the flower of the Scottish nobility in defence of the King at Flodden, was succeeded by his son, George, one of whose acts, as Lord Chancellor of Scotland was to confer the Lands and Castle of Knock upon a brother of Gordon of Abergeldie, a relation of his own. The Castle long continued to be a favourite seat





of the Abergeldie family until allowed to lapse into ruin about the beginning of the present century. In 1848 it became the property of the Prince of Wales, by whom it was sold to Her Majesty the Queen in 1884.

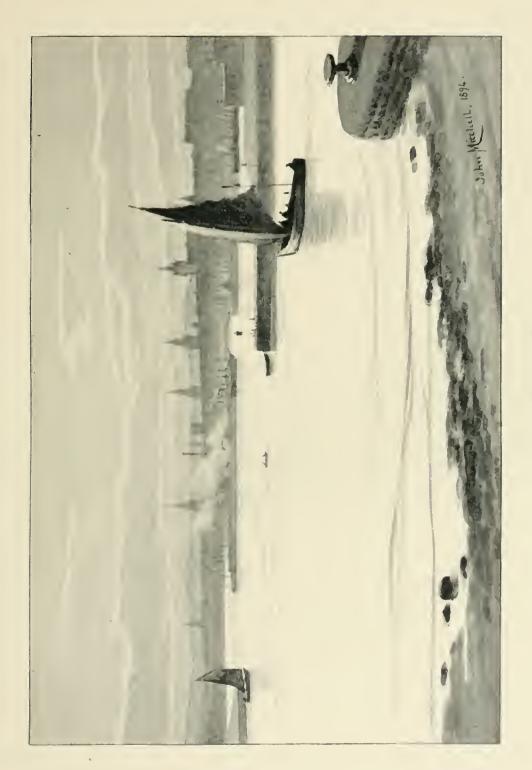
Knock Castle may not of itself have played an important part in history, but its owners were intimately connected with some of the notable movements which go to make the early History of Scotland. The rivalry between the Earl of Huntly and the Regent Murray drew the overlord of Knock into the network of their quarrels, and paved the way for the tragic end and extinction of the family proper. Murray, on the attainment of supreme power, was determined to destroy the influence of Huntly, and to that end dispatched several expeditions into Huntly's country. Huntly on his part exerted himself to the uttermost to improve his position in the North, by putting all his fortresses and strongholds in a state of repair, and establishing strong garrisons to defend them. At Knock, also, great preparations were made to uphold the Standard of the Gordons. The combat's issue eventually decided the relative superiority of the contestants, for at Corrichie on the Hill of Fare the Gordons suffered a disastrous defeat at the hands of Murray -a defeat due in great measure, as the Gordons maintained—to the treacherous conduct of the Forbeses who, nominally under the Gordon Standard, deserted at the commencement of the engagement. Such conduct naturally provoked the resentment of the Gordons, and led to many and bitter feuds.

The families of Henry Gordon of Knock and Forbes of Strathgirnoc shared in full measure this family feud, and there was much bad blood in consequence. No opportunity passed without its betrayal, and, being almost neighbours, rapine and bloodshed were ordinary occurrences. Matters soon reached a climax, and a general rising of the Gordons and Forbeses took place. The rival Clans engaged first at Tillyangus, and afterwards at Crabestane, and in both battles the Gordons were victorious. At Crabestane Forbes of Strathgirnoc was taken prisoner, and carried to the Castle of Sir Adam Gordon at Auchindoun, where he was detained for some considerable time. During his imprisonment efforts had been made by the neighbouring lairds to have his lands confiscated, but without result, and on his liberation Forbes again returned to Strathgirnoc to nurse his enmity against his successful rivals, and wait for an opportunity of revenge.

Nor was the occasion wanting. Shortly afterwards he surprised the seven sons of Knock while engaged casting peats in the moss, and having slain them, stuck their heads upon their "flaughter" spades—a gory and revolting spectacle. Tradition says that, on the tidings being conveyed to their father, he fell down and breathed his last—the last of his race in the direct line. Forbes of Strathgirnoc met with a just and speedy death at the hands of Gordon of Abergeldie, who then exercised the criminal jurisdiction of the Deeside Highlands. The lands of Knock, in default of a direct heir, and the forfeited lands of Strathgirnoc, were merged in the property of Abergeldie, the latter still forming a component part of the Abergeldie estate.

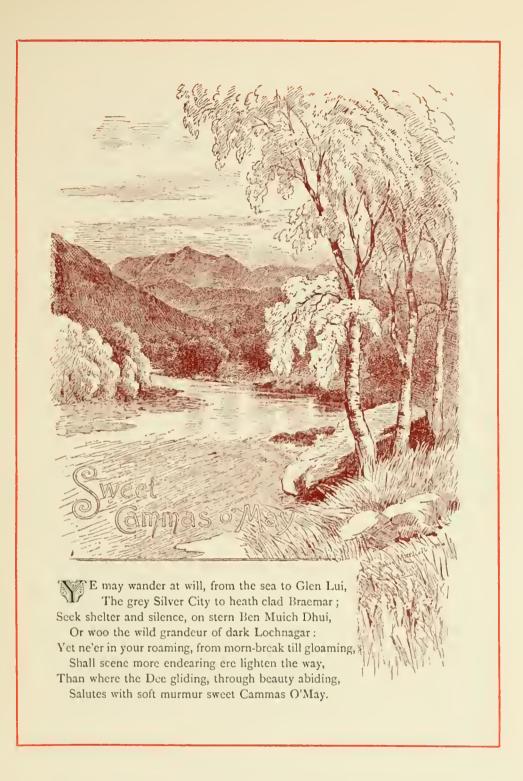
The picturesque ruins of the old Castle are still objects of much interest, and from their prominent position, never fail to attract attention. Little of the building itself, which, from traces still remaining, must have been extensive, now remains, but the solidity of its walls, the low and narrow openings which served for windows, the unique view opening from its main turret, bear eloquent testimony to the constructive skill and appreciation of local circumstances, betrayed by its builders. It would not be too much to say that the site of the Castle is the finest on Deeside, unsurpassed, either as a point from which to obtain a panoramic view of the valley of the Dee, or as a coign of vantage from which to observe the movements of any hostile clan, to which latter circumstance it doubtless owed its origin.

R. A. PROFEIT.



THE DEE AT ABERDEEN HARBOUR.





Here, far on a foreign shore, lonely, day-dreaming,
My heart hides a weariness words cannot tell;
The sky calm and restful, with golden hues gleaming,
In all its strange glory for me hath no spell:
Fond visions returning of life's early morning,
Anew bring the joys of a dear distant day,—
The cloud-crested mountain, the clear welling fountain—
I am home, once again, to loved Cammas O'May.

The breezes blow round me from steep Cragendarra';
The owrecome o' sangs I hae gladsomely sung;
I hear the loud pibroch, nae music can marrow
Save the soul-warming thrill o' my auld mither tongue:
I hae rowed o'er the ferry, for hazel and berry,
Sailed aften sinsyne across ocean and bay;
But thocht ne'er would sever from Dee, childhood's river,
And hours I hae spent at sweet Cammas O'May.

Sweet Cammas O'May! mang your brakens and heather I've lingered till night died away in the west;
Hae played in the Pass, courting fair or foul weather,
And rambled for miles seeking wild-flower and nest:
Now, sad in my longing, dim shadows come thronging
Of faces and forms all too fleeting to stay;
I wake from day-dreaming, 'twas fancy's vain seeming
O'er bliss past redeeming,—and Cammas O'May.\*

\* Local doric for "Cambus of May," the little picturesque station between Dinnet Moor and Ballater on the Deeside Railway.



THE OLD BRIDGE OF DEE. ABERDEEN.



## I AND MY CONSCIENCE.

[ PRIL 1.—My mother was always of opinion that I should die young, because I was too good for this world. She believed that I possessed all the daring, the astuteness, and the power of combination and intrigue requisite to the leader of men. But, at the same time, she told everybody what a prodigy her son was in the matter of straightforwardness, justice, and self-sacrifice. It seems I had the dove nature of Tom Pinch, combined with the serpent nature of all the Machiavellis and the Talleyrands rolled into one. I believed her, and it made me intensely satisfied with my double nature, because one phase of it would safeguard my soul, while the other would secure my worldly promotion. But it evidently became a most important question to establish a nice balance between two such opposed promptings. When I look back on the past, I do believe that my noble nature has acquired undue ascendency to the great detriment of my worldly success. This must be looked into. If I cannot establish a better balance, my career may be jeopardized. The failure to attain to riches, political distinction and power would not trouble a philosopher like myself. But wasted powers, neglected opportunities, and unfulfilled missions would grieve my better nature. And that must never Henceforth, I will be a practical man. We live in a world of compromise, and to become a useful politician, I must subdue some of my nobler instincts, and get into harmony with my surroundings. By studying the life of modern statesmen, I rejoice to find that, in order to secure the suffrage of those who can lift you into power, there is no need to abandon sincerity. On the contrary, the more sincerity you put into the advocacy of a cause, the better you succeed. The whole thing is as simple as A B C. Instead of saying what you believe, you believe what you say.

I acted up to this resolution yesterday, and enormously enhanced

my popularity by pronouncing the following speech at a great temperance meeting. This is what I said, feeling my faith in my own reasoning becoming stronger and stronger as I went on:—

"Our duties as Englishmen and as Christians, in face of the great temperance question, are unmistakeable. A scourge has overtaken our nation, which is as ruinous to the physical and moral well-being of the people, as it is to the resources of the country—a scourge which fills our prisons, our poorhouses, and lunatic asylums, which pollutes the sanctity of the home, paralyzes the hand and dulls the brain, which claims more victims than either pestilence or war, and which undermines the very foundations of our national existence. The Demon of Drink has invaded us, and threatened to transfer merry England into a pandemonium of debauch. And should we remain passive, and grant the dread enemy a triumphant march over the prostrate bodies of our fellow-citizens? Never! But there is hope: the people are roused. Half-a-century ago the banner of revolt against the Drink Tyrant was raised by a few working men (the originators of the Temperance Movement), and already our ranks have swelled into millions. The struggle has been severe enough to compel the enemy to unmask his batteries, and to reveal his position. The Drink Interest stands before us, arrayed in its full power. As yet, that power is one of the strongest in the United Kingdom. It is a cause of humiliation to us Britishers to know that our elections are strongly influenced by the Drink Trade. Millions upon millions, wheedled out of the people, are used to strengthen the power of the Drink Tyrants. Every device is used to attract the working man into the gin palace, in order to intercept his hard-earned wages before they are applied to the requirements of his home. Should a husband escape the net of the publican, it is spread for the wife, who is induced to rob her very children of the necessaries of life, that she may enrich the publican. But the wasted money is the smallest evil that results to the working-classes from this nefarious traffic. health, the neglect of duty, the destruction of self-respect, and the abandonment of hope in this and the world to come, are consequences which ought to stir every conscientious human being to battle against the Drink Interest.

"Unfortunately the Drink Traffic and its results are of long standing and, from being accustomed to them, we are but little impressed by these horrors. If it were proposed to sanction and encourage a new evil with but the tenth part of the disastrous consequences of the Drink Traffic, the country would oppose it to a man. What renders so many of our countrymen indifferent, or even hostile, to the Temperance Movement, is the fact that while they hear and read about the poverty, degradation, and crime which the drinking-dens spread broad-cast over the country, they do not actually see with their own eyes the results of their own indifference. This explains why the Temperance Movement arose and has gained its best support from among the working-classes. They know that it is out of their ruined happiness, their destroyed homes, so to say out of their life-blood, that the brewers and distillers build up colossal fortunes and the publicans draw their resources for a besotted, unholy, but luxurious life. And, mind you, it is not one of the smallest evils of the Drink Traffic that, in this God-fearing, philanthropic England, hundreds of thousands of men, not to say families, should be tempted (in order to benefit themselves) to inflict such disproportionate horrors on their fellow-men. And what are the arguments on which our opponents rely? The old, worn-out argument of the laisser faire principle. They are audacious enough to defend the Drink Traffic in the name of individual liberty. But what is the only way in which it has been possible to reconcile law and order with liberty? It is through government by majority. And what do we, the supporters of local option demand? Not that the decision of a simple majority should be able to uproot an evil nefarious to all, but we modestly demand that a majority of two-thirds should have this power. We thus actually uphold the principle for which our opponents draw their arguments, and the Drink Tyrants and their slaves claim the power for one-third to undermine the well-being of all. As long as the power of the Drink Traffic remains unbroken it is absurd to speak of liberty for England. A time might come when it might be superfluous to restrain the wicked and to protect the weak, and the Temperance Movement is the only possible means for preparing the way to such a new golden age. For, we must remember that as long as we remain weak-minded tools in the hands of the publican, we deprive our nation of every chance of acquiring self-restraint and strength of mind. The drinking of the father and the mother foster in the children an increasing craving for alcohol, and the best basis on which to found a national sobricty in the future is to free by a law one or two generations from the taint of alcoholism."

The rest of my speech I do not remember. I was so carried away by my subject that the stream of argument welled forth automatically with scarce any exertion on the part of my brain. I know I wound up with a call to arms in the name of God and Humanity, and that I produced a tremendous effect. When I sat down the hall shook with plaudits and cheers. The sea of beaming faces and glittering eyes told me that the audience felt as intoxicated as I felt myself. A host of people came up to shake hands with me. Many men both old and young and a great number of women signed the pledge there and then.

My own feelings were somewhat extraordinary. I kept congratulating myself on having found the true way to popularity. I was proud of having convinced so many of my fellow-beings, but what most astonished me was that I had convinced myself. Only the night before I had regarded the whole Teetotal movement as a gigantic mistake, but when I left that hall last night I felt thoroughly convinced that only in Teetotalism, Prohibition, or at least Local Option, could the country find its salvation. I rejoiced at the thought because I knew that so long as this was the case, I should hold the flattering position of one of its saviours. Any small alarm I may have felt as to the suddenness of my conversion I suppressed by the reflection that after all Vox Populi is Vox Dei, and that the true test of a strong faith is to believe, despite pettifogging logical objections. I kept saying to myself, "At last I have found it. I have found the marvellous power which makes a man great in politics, namely, the power to believe what you say."

I don't know whether the revulsion of feeling and thought I underwent during the night took its origin from an awkward incident connected with the supper that followed my oration. I was the host, and several shining lights of the Temperance Party were my guests. After my long speech, after so much nerve-tension and excitement, I felt a strong longing for a glass of good wine. Forgetting for the moment the doctrines of my guests, I proceeded to order of the butler of my club some Chablis, to be followed by some Haut-Brion—a favourite claret of mine—and was requesting him to place some Perrier-Jouet, '80, in ice, when I was struck by a peculiar expression on the face of Mr. Hiram Huggins. It suddenly dawned upon me that wine for supper was out of the question. We, therefore, had lemonade with the oysters, milk with the meat, and soda water with the cheese. If I had felt a hero on the platform, I certainly now felt a martyr at my own table.





That night in vain I courted refreshing sleep. I could not detach my mind from my speech, and I began to question whether my newborn faith had any foundation in honest conviction. I fancied I heard a voice close to my pillow urging me to re-consider my wonderful oration. I knew the voice; I had heard it before under very different circumstances, and I then called it Conscience.

"You are wrong this time, Conscience," said I. "What so many people consider right cannot be wrong, and even if in the abstract individual freedom were desirable, surely the special circumstances which now prevail in this country render exceptional measures excusable."

But it was all in vain. That still small voice kept heaping argument upon argument, and at the same time urging me to retract. In order to obtain at least some hours of sleep, I had recourse to a stratagem. I would retract there and then in the stillness of the night, but on paper only, and decide in the morning what to do with my retraction.

I got out of bed and, under the lash of that small voice, I wrote as follows:—

"As Englishmen and Christians it is our duty to do what is in our power to morally raise the fallen and strengthen the weak. methods of the Temperance Party would lead to the contrary. Though drink and misery go together, it is wrong to say that the misery is entirely produced by intemperance; it is wrong to say that intemperance consists in consuming beer, wines, and spirits; it is wrong to say that the ample retailing of such drinks lead to their excessive consumption; it is, therefore, wrong to say that the removal of public-houses would mean the removal of misery, vice, and crime. The diagrams that Hiram Huggins always carries in his pocket are mendacious and misleading. The big black column, which is supposed to represent the money sacrificed to the vice of intemperance, really represents a great deal more. In it is included the enormous amount of taxes which government imposes on the consumption of all alcohol; representing about 4-5ths of the value of spirits, it also includes the value of all unmethylated spirits used for industrial purposes, for cooking, for the manufacture of essences, sweets, preserved fruits; it includes all spirits used in medicines, all alcoholic drinks taken under medical advice, or consumed by entirely sober people; it includes the expensive wines consumed by the wealthy classes, as well as the cheap wines consumed by the million of sober foreigners who live among us. When all this is deducted from the black column it assumes very modest dimensions indeed. If we leave the heavy British taxes on alcohol out of account, and compare the actual commercial value of wine, beer, and spirits consumed in England with the value of similar articles consumed, for example, in France—one of the most sober countries in the world—we find that the Drink Bill of France is considerably larger than the Drink Bill of England, and that this was especially the case when the wine crop of France was abundant, when wine was drunk in place of water, and when France was considerably more sober than she is now. For it is the scarcity of wine, the taxes levied upon it, and the government interference with the sale of it, which in France has sown the seed of intemperance. How little the easy access to drink has to do with intemperance is proved, among other facts, by the effect on French regiments when changing garrison north or south. The regiments from the north where drink and especially wines, are not easily accessible, are generally more given to intoxication when they first arrive in the southern wine districts, drink heavily for a week or two, but gradually become quite sober. The sober regiment from the south, on the other hand, when moved to the north, remains sober for a week or two but gradually assume the more intemperate habits of their predecessors. Other comparisons lead to the same conclusions. The general belief is that the cause of sobriety is furthered by making the price of spirits prohibitory, and yet an enquiring clergyman found that in a continental town where good spirits can be had at a fourth part of the English price, five women were convicted for drunkenness during the year, while the number of convicted female drunkards in Liverpool amounted to nearly six hundred times as manypopulation for population. The cry that drink is the great cause of poverty and squalor, must be fallacious, because to any man who has made himself acquainted with the condition of the working-classes, it is patent that the very contrary is the fact, namely—that poverty and squalor are the chief causes of intemperance. The comparative sobriety of the prosperous classes point to the same fact. When a case of habitual drunkenness appears among this class, it can, as a rule, be traced to some special trouble arising from business, love, or disappointed ambition. Whether they confess it or not, most educated men, like myself, know that the modern belief in the possibility or making people sober by Act of Parliament is utterly fallacious. And it is a blessing to humanity that it is so: for, if this modern belief were as sound as it is hollow, it would be our duty to try to establish the most absolute despotism, and to reduce the bulk of the population to will-less, helpless, irresponsible slaves. Sociology, as well as universal experience, compels us to admit that the first step towards elevating any class, or any race, is to render them free and responsible for their own conduct. What we aim at is not a lessening of the consumption of some kind of drink, but at rendering our nation truly sober. This is not possible, except by rendering them strong-minded. And what is more apt to deprive a human being of both strength of mind and self-respect than enslavement, compulsion, constant supervision, and the artificial removal of temptations. Before it became necessary for the politician to flatter the prejudices of the masses, it was a generally accepted and hitherto undisputed truth that to legally forbid a rational and innocent action to create, so to speak, artificial crimes—was to pave the way for vice and corruption. In this eternal truth we find the explanation of the utter failure of all attempts to render people sober by compulsion.

"By closing permitted public-houses we should certainly foster secret dens—and not respectable well-conducted establishments—where the cancer of vice would, unheaded, extend its ravages. Our public-houses are not yet shut; they have simply had their numbers and their hours limited, and yet we have already a greater evil revealing itself in working-men's political clubs. Similar evils must and will develop in the same ratio as we interfere with liberty.

"With the exception of a few cases, the Drink curse in our country is not only a craving for a certain kind of drink; it is a moral recklessness, a weakness in character, a craving for excitement, a desire to forget, and an absence of hope—all effects of causes plainly discernible, and the bulk of which must be placed under the heading of government interference with liberty. There can, therefore, be little doubt that more compulsion and more coercion would not only increase the vice of intemperance, but foster vice in more dangerous forms.

"But, even if our temperance fiends did succeed in preventing by legislation the comsumption of alcohol in Great Britain, would they thereby have raised the moral standard of the masses, or would they not rather have degraded them and made them unfit to cope with other nations? The precious argument about hereditary dipsomania loses all its force

when shutting our public-houses leads, not to sobriety but to secret tippling, and when it brings about more weak-mindedness and destruction of self-respect."

Here I ceased writing. The pleasant drowsiness which precedes sound sleep was upon me. I retired to bed and awoke late this morning considerably refreshed. When I compared my written recantation with my speech I was completely puzzled as to my further attitude towards the Drink Question. Finally, I heroically resolved to abandon the broad and smooth way to popularity which the Temperance Movement affords, and to fall back on less troublesome questions. I think I may fairly hope that the great personal sacrifice that such a decision involves will satisfy my exacting Conscience, and prevent it from urging me into an active opposition to the Temperance Movement which would be simply ruinous to my public career. Here again I shall profit by and derive encouragement from the example of great statesmen: I shall keep an open mind on the Drink Question.

15th April.—An excellent opportunity presented itself some days ago by which I see my way to enhance my popularity with what I may call my constituency. A large batch of Russian Jews has settled in the neighbourhood and, according to the Rev. Cyril Spalding, this first instalment of destitute aliens is sure to be followed by others until the original inhabitants are fairly swamped. He says that, though there is no actual animosity among the working-classes against these foreigners, an opinion is however becoming rife that the prevailing depression and the much-hated sweating system are due to the pauper immigration from Russia and other countries. According to him and a great many other people there could be no more popular agitation than that in favour of the prohibition of the settlement of destitute foreigners in England.

Here is an opportunity not to be missed. I have not been slow in using it. We have called a meeting for to-morrow—a Bishop will take the chair—and, among other influential people on the platform, we shall have all the Labour leaders. I am to be the principal speaker, and I have a strong presentiment that I shall have a great success. It is true that I have never looked at the question from Spalding's point of view, but, on closer investigation, I am convinced that the great number of arguments that could be found in favour of State interference with immigration would all be of that kind which would be sure of a popular hearing from an audience consisting for the most part of working men.

This time I hope to be allowed to exercise my diplomatic powers without any trouble from that pragmatical Conscience of mine, as I have just learned that one or two wealthy Jewish gentlemen are in favour of prohibition. Surely my Conscience could hardly expect me to be more Jewish than the Jews.

16th April.—The meeting is over. As writing seems conducive to sleep with me, I will just jot down the main events of the evening. My speech was an enormous success. I need not recapitulate it as it will appear in the papers to-morrow, and what is more it has appeared in the papers many a time before. I may as well confess that I made it up out of previously reported speeches and newspaper leaders. I think a politician should be self-sacrificing enough to resist the temptation of bringing out new and striking arguments when it is a well-known fact that old familiar ones produce a much better effect. Somebody before me has observed that mere reiteration has more influence over average audiences than elaborate arguments.

I think I handled my subject cleverly. I dwelt largely on the danger of admitting unlimited numbers of destitute people into a country that is already over-crowded with poverty-stricken families. 1 showed how our British working men were doubly injured by these foreigners, firstly, by having their work taken from them, or their own wages considerably reduced; secondly, by the extension of the Sweating System which resulted from this greedy and cheap-living people rapidly taking up the position of employers. I made it clear that, in face of over-production and over-stocked markets, it was simply folly to admit into this country a race which of all races in the world consumes the least and produces the most - a remark which was greeted with thundering applause. I warned British workers that the wages, that all the capital that these foreigners intercept, was so much money taken from England where we certainly have not too much of it. All Jews had extensive family connections, and were naturally the most clanish people in the world. In nine cases out of ten the money which they come to sweep up in England would not stay and benefit English traders. It would be sent out to other Jews abroad, there to be invested in industries competing with ours, and the Jews staying here would devote themselves to the importation of foreign goods as soon as they had enough capital for the purpose.

I appealed to the audience whether it was fair to expect that a

British working man with a family should live on the miserable pittance by way of wages, which satsified these starving new arrivals. The thing was impossible. A British Constitution could not live on such food; British minds could not bear such surroundings. This unfair competition filled our work-houses and our prisons, and would either drive the working-classes to desperation, or else exterminate them. This was greeted with frantic applause. When I sat down I had the whole audience with me to a man, or to speak accurately, with the exception of As soon as the cheering and applause subsided this cantankerous fellow stood up and insisted upon being heard. He saidthat, as the speaker had started upon an utterly wrong supposition, he should be allowed to consider the question from the opposite point of view. The Bishop could not make him sit down, and when this protestor appealed to the meeting and asked whether they were satisfied at hearing only one side of the question, the Bishop got the better of him by a clever stratagem. He promised the man that, when others on the platform had had their turn, he should be allowed to have his say. When, however, the platform speakers finished, the chairman proposed a vote of thanks to me and smartly wound up the proceedings. My troublesome opponent was then nonplussed, and I was thus saved the trouble of replying to a lot of intricate questions. The meeting was a huge success. As I noticed the reporters to be very busy, I am looking forward to splendid reports in the papers to-morrow. Having had no sodawater, no milk and no lemonade, I expect a good night's sleep and to awake to-morrow and find myself famous.

17th April.—Is my Conscience more tender than that of other politicians, or is there something wrong with my brain? If not, why should I always suffer from a horrible night-mare whenever I deliver a public speech? Thanks to an extra glass of Haut-Brion—which, by the way, I now regard as a teetotal drink—I dozed off directly I was in bed. Not to rest, however, but to be tormented by a most horrible dream. I fancied I awoke and found somebody sitting on my chest, whose features I at once recognised as those of my opponent in the meeting. I made desperate efforts to shake him off, but only to find all my limbs rivetted to the bed. I soon perceived the cause of this. An old, patriarchallooking man, with a flowing beard, a leather-coloured emaciated face, and a huge, long nose, had clasped his bony fingers round my forehead. Each of my hands was held as in a vice by ragged, famished-



515

 $\mathcal{F}_{\mathbf{x}}$  and  $\mathcal{F}_{\mathbf{x}}$ 



looking, octogenarian hags, who conjured up visions of the Witch of Endor. My legs were buried under a heap of Jewish children clad in outlandish rags, through which their limbs—all skin and bone—protruded. The man on my chest recited, with an ironical smile, paragraph after paragraph of my speech, and my Conscience was of course there, supplying him with the most damning arguments for his merciless criticism of everything I had said. I knew it was a night-mare, but finding it impossible to shake it off, had to listen to every word the demon uttered; and, as in the abstract, I perfectly agree with him. I remember the substance of his remarks well enough to commit them to paper.

"How could you," he cried, "give utterance to such an abominable fallacy that the people in a community who produce much but consume and retain for themselves but little wealth, are a disadvantage to the others? According to your speech, the people who consume much and produce nothing should be welcomed by a nation as its benefactors. Such benefactors could easily be had. So long as wealth and capital can come into existence only through work and abstemiousness, and so long as the wages of all workers depend on the available capita employed in the work, those people who work hard and consume little must be the benefactors of the others. The appearances and the popular notion are contrary to this fact, but where did you ever find a scientific fact not diametrically opposed to the popular notion it replaces? To realise how hopelessly wrong you are with regard to the hard-working Iews, you have only to consider the relation in which machinery stands to the well-being of the working-classes. The unthinking working man has often struck against the introduction of machinery under the impression that it would rob him of his work; and yet it is an indisputable fact that the enormous development of British trade, the comparatively high wages enjoyed by British workers during the last 40 years, the short hours in workshops, the cheap clothing, improved housing, and a host of other advantages—that the British workingclasses possess over other countries—have been made largely possible through good machinery. You know very well why the working man dreads the introduction of machinery into his trade: he perceives the momentary danger of losing his employment, but he does not perceive the impulse the new machine gives to trade and industry, by virtue of which he soon gets more lucrative employment and his chances of

success in life become far larger. The Jews stand to the workingclasses in the same relation as machinery. If it be wise to prohibit the arrival, or to decree the expulsion, of these industrious and cheap workers it would be absolute folly not to destroy all the machinery in the kingdom and to prohibit the construction of new machines.

You surely know too much of English business not to be aware that many of the foreign Jews have brought with them specialities in industries which before were not known in this country, and that they have thereby swelled our trade, especially our export, and that the mass of trades and professions connected with shipping have thereby been benefited.

A large trade is carried on in England, and especially in the east of London, in manufactured goods which has come into existence entirely through cheap labour. You were dishonest enough to hint that the necessity of working cheaply was the result of the presence of cheap workers, and especially of Jewish immigrants. The real fact of the case is very different. The presence of industries and cheap workers, and especially of the foreign Jews, has enabled industries to arise where otherwise they would have been impossible, and has caused sometimes high, sometimes middling, sometimes low wages to be paid, where otherwise absolute destitution would have prevailed.

Is it not a fact that most of the articles in the production of which most of the Jews are engaged are a joint result of a number of trades? If a coat is produced for the South American, or Australian, markets, or even for the ready-made clothing trade of England, the sale of that coat depends on the price that can be accepted for it. If it be too dear, it remains unsold. Now in that coat the Jewish cheap labourer may be represented in the actual sewing. The stuff, the lining, the sewing-cotton, the buttons, are the products of different trades in different parts of the country. As, now, the price obtained for the coat has to be divided between the Jewish tailor and all other trades who have contributed to its production, it stands to reason that the less the Jewish tailor will take for his work the more will remain to the others.

If you succeeded in banishing from our shores all the cheap workers, you would destroy a very large part of the export of manufactured goods, and the result would be stagnation and extremely low wages in a large number of British trades, and an additional host of packing-case makers, porters, shipping and insurance clerks, carters, and sailors would be thrown out of employment. How dare you, then,

attempt to mislead the working-classes of England, and rouse an animosity against a poor and persecuted race that is striving to earn a pittance for themselves, while they yield up to the English nation the lion's share of their earnings? You have brain enough to understand the real causes of scarcity of work and low wages. Why, then, attribute them to wrong causes, and tempt British voters to make the worst possible use of their newly-gained political power?"

In this vein the demon on my chest went on for some time. I suddenly recalled my experience of a fortnight before when I obtained sleep and rest only by a formal recantation. There and then, I made a vow to carefully note down as much as I could remember of this demon's words, and, hardly had I done so, than I awoke exhausted and bewildered.

I am now at a loss what to do. If I again advocate legislation against alien paupers, I feel sure my Conscience will trot out newer and stronger arguments, of which already I have an inkling. It is hard to have to give up such an easy road to popularity which others use largely and persistently without the slightest inconvenience. There is but one thing to be done: keep an open mind on the Pauper Immigration Ouestion.

24th July.—When to-day I re-read the last entry in my diary, I can appreciate how right my medical adviser was when he declared my liver to be out of order. Otherwise, I should surely not have jeopardized my political future by over-scrupulousness, and I should not have allowed my actions to be influenced by a night-mare. The doctor ordered me abroad, and after three months of delightful touring in Europe, I am back, if with my Conscience, at anyrate with a sound liver, and ready to fight for that position of usefulness for which I think my talents and my abilities amply qualify me. I was called back by Croker, my far-sighted political agent, who said he sniffed dissolution in the air.

I had a highly satisfactory interview with Croker to-day. He knows the constituency thoroughly, and has given me some valuable hints. The first thing I told him was, that I meant to keep an open mind on the Drink Question and Pauper Immigration. He said it was a pity, but after all, it didn't matter, as I had made my mark on these, and as the election in my division would be fought on the Eight Hours' Question. I was extremely pleased to hear this, as, though

economic truths have a way of flashing themselves upon me suddenly—unfortunately nearly always after my committal to corresponding heresies—I had never committed myself one way or the other with regard to the Eight Hours' Movement. Considering the excessive sensitivity of my Conscience, I made up my mind not to give special attention to the subject beforehand. I shall simply endorse the views of Croker, who is a faithful reflection of the opinions of the constituency. In this way I shall have no responsibility should my Conscience get the better of my liver. Have I not that teaching of a great statesman to go by, which says that a party leader should not lead, but be led by his party, for only thus can he avoid trouble, and keep permanently in a position of usefuless? Eight Hours will therefore be my topic in all my speeches during the campaign.

26th July.—To day I received a large deputation of working men who came to learn my opinion on the Eight Hours' Question. Croker had told me beforehand that they were all strongly in favour of a legal restriction of the working day to eight hours, except one man, a Scotchman of the name of MacTarvish. He was a working shoemaker doing piece-work in his own home, and though he was too prudent to speak his mind unhesitatingly, there could be no doubt about his opinions. The spokesman of the deputation, a kind of local agitator, first asked me whether I thought that with modern machinery and methods eight hours were not sufficient for a working man to earn a comfortable living. I replied that it had been established beyond doubt that, under a perfect organisation, even five or six hours were sufficient, and added that there were plenty of professional men who worked only eight hours, or less, and made plenty of money. The next question was whether I was in favour of Eight Hours for miners and all men employed in government workshops? I said, I was.

Here MacTarvish, with a sly look, asked whether such a measure would not render coals dearer and taxes heavier. This challenge rather put me on my mettle. "No," I said, "the contrary is more likely to be the case, because, in working shorter hours, a man can work more energetically, need not so often interrupt his work, and besides, as the want of machinery would be more strongly felt, more and better mechanical appliances would come into use. The experiment in Mather & Platt's works in Salford has established beyond doubt that the shortening of the hours increases the efficiency of the work and does not diminish the

profits of the employers." This statement was greeted with a murmur of lively approbation.

After saying that I was in favour of restricting hours in factories in general, MacTarvish asked if I did not advocate short hours among people who work in their homes, or how else I would prevent them from competing unfairly with the workshops?

In reply, I dwelt on the greater prosperity which the Eight Hours' Day would produce, and said that it was extremely likely that the home-workers would soon understand the advantage of the eight hours' system, and would adopt it as a matter of course without any coercion, but that compulsion might be applied in cases of flagrant treason to the good cause; still that exceptions might be allowed in special cases.

"You must of course remember," I added, "that when the working hours are restricted to eight, even for those who now work fourteen to sixteen hours in their homes there will be a far greater demand for workers. The employers will have to find more workers. The effect of this will be that all the unemployed will be employed, and will no longer be a cause of reduction of wages all round. When all unemployed are employed there will be a general rise in wages. All the people being thus employed at good wages the consuming power will be considerably increased and trade will be brisk. If we knew the exact number of the unemployed now, as well as the exact number of hours of over-time, it would be easy to demonstrate, by means of algebraic signs, how much wages would rise through the general application of the Eight Hours' System. I consider the shortening of the hours an absolutely necessary sequel to the extended use of machinery. Only by curtailing the hours in the same proportion as work is facilitated by machinery can mechanical inventions become beneficial to the working-classes; and, depend upon it, the object of machinery is to render work easier for the people and not heavier."

Here the whole deputation burst into applause, with the exception of MacTarvish, whose light blue eyes gazed with a strong stare at vacancy while he cautiously scratched his nose. When the applause subsided, he remarked: "But how about foreign competition? Would not that prevent both prices and wages from rising?"

"It would to begin with," I said. "But it would be less and less felt, and this for two reasons. The greater export from foreign countries

to England would soon produce a greater demand for labourers in those countries, and consequently higher wages. This would influence the price of foreign goods, and also of English goods, as these would be consumed to a large extent abroad. Besides, the good effect of the reform in England would soon induce all civilised countries to follow our lead, and a better time would be in store for the workers all over the world."

The spokesman of the deputation said he was more than satisfied, and declared that, with those principles, I was sure to be elected. After some whispering among them, he said they all agreed that they never until now had completely understood the Eight Hours' Question. Then, giving me three cheers, the deputation retired, MacTarvish leaving the room last with a painfully puzzled look, and violently scratching his head.

I am glad the ordeal is over, and feel rather amused at the way in which I confounded MacTarvish, and not a little elated at finding how easily a man with intellectual resources can influence the masses.

27th July.—Just before I went to bed last night Croker, who is sometimes over-officious, rushed into my room to tell me that he had managed to be present last night at an Anarchist Club where the report in the evening paper of my deputation was criticised. He told me that I was held up to scorn for advocating more government interference, and interfering with the liberty of working men, and that I ought to be made an example of, and all this Croker told me with an air of triumph, and even congratulated me. When I asked him what he meant, he said that opposition among the Anarchists was a sure sign of coming triumph, because the Anarchists were only a small body of men diametrically opposed to the mass of voters.

I tried to look as cheerful as I could and dismissed Croker. To have to listen to such things after pork cutlets for supper is not conducive to happy dreams. I could not therefore blame my Conscience for dreaming that I was walking down Piccadilly in my night-gown when I met a band of Anarchists armed with machine guns. "Here is the man with the tailor-made shot-proof cuirass" they cried. Whereupon they riddled me with bullets for eight mortal working hours.

I rose in the morning with my head in a state of confusion which alarmed me considerably, as the big meeting was announced for the evening. I kept revolving the Eight Hours' Question in my head the

whole day, and in order to steady myself for my great speech that evening I may, perhaps, have indulged in a little too much Haut-Brion. I began to feel better, but kept humming to myself: "In Wein ist Wahrheit nur allein."

When I stepped on to the platform something happened which I cannot explain to myself. Of course Croker was the cause of it. He must needs point out to me that the group of swarthy mechanics at the door were the Anarchists he had heard at the meeting the night before last. Then my dream, or perhaps the Haut-Brion, or perhaps my Conscience, or perhaps all three together, made me pronounce a speech which sealed my fate as a politician. Instead of recommending an Eight Hours' Bill, I pointed out that nations, like individuals, become poorer the less they work, that all arguments in favour of an Eight Hours' Bill start from a wrong supposition, namely, that the work to be done is a stable factor, which of course it is not, being entirely dependent on the conditions under which it is accomplished. I told them there was a limit to man's exertions, and that this limit was already reached in modern piece-work; that machines could not be made to apply themselves harder than they do now; and that two hours less in a day would make exactly 20 per cent. higher cost in the production. Short hours would, therefore, render British goods dearer, increase enormously the ranks of the unemployed, and lower wages. If trade, I asked, improves in proportion to the reduction of hours why not reduce them to two hours or stop working altogether? I was mad enough to hold up to ridicule my opinion of yesterday, and chaffed the newspapers mercilessly for not noticing that I first took for granted that shorter hours would increase production, and afterwards the contrary, namely, that short hours would so much lessen production as to compel the employment of all the unemployed, and create a frantic demand for labourers. I chuckled over the fact that no one had taken objection to my sophistry in connection with foreign competition taking, for granted, as I did, that prosperity in England would result from the Eight Hours' Reform because foreigners would not compete with us on equal terms, and this, in consequence of having themselves adopted the Eight Hours principle, induced to do so by the prosperity in England. "To believe what I said to the deputation," I continued "would require a total inability to distinguish between cause and effect, and, depend upon it, my friends, it is because you do not distinguish between these two things that you are led by the nose by ambitious schemers. I have said that I am in favour of eight hours, and so I am; but, since I have resolved to throw hypocrisy and diplomacy to the winds, I must tell you that I am not in favour of a compulsory Eight Hours' Day. I shall never vote for a policeman walking into an Englishman's home in order to interrupt his work at four in the afternoon, while his wife and family are in want of all the necessaries of life. To vote for a compulsory Eight Hours' Day is to prevent the Eight Hours' Day. A short working day is perfectly possible, but can only come as a result of Sound Economy and consequent prosperity. To hamper and to ruin our industry is not the way to arrive at this. Remember this, that effects do not produce their own causes. Prosperity will lead to a short working day for those who need it and want it, but short working days will not lead to prosperity, but to poverty. I know that I have offended this constituency by speaking the truth, and you had better find a candidate who will flatter your prejudices. I have not the heart to do it, knowing the results."

To my great surprise, there arose tremendous shouts of "No, No," "Stay," and "We don't want anyone else." The chairman and the whole platform tried to protest, but their voices were drowned by tremendous cheers from every section of the hall, including that of the Anarchists. My last recollection of the meeting was one of wild confusion, in the middle of which MacTarvish danced a frantic Scotch reel. And, then, oblivion!

I had fainted from excitement, and when I came back to my senses, I was lying in a bed at an hotel, and Croker was trying to administer a glass of Haut-Brion. After that I had a sound night's sleep, and I have just made up my mind to sever my connection with all political parties and to stand as an independent member. My Conscience has got the better of me.

A. Egmont Hake





"LA CIGARETTE."

## HE TOLD ME SO.

AN UP-TO-DATE LOVE SONG.

NE'ER my Donald shall see again—
He told me so.

My Donald was a beauteous swain—
He told me so.

And when he offered his love so pure,
He said he once had a wife demure;
He thought she lived—but he wasn't sure—
He told me so.

He loved me with a bursting heart—
He told me so.
And said from me he ne'er would part!
He told me so.
But when I said—it ne'er could be—
He rushed with blinding tears from me
And drowned himself in the cruel sea—
He told me so.

George Grossmith

## LOCHNAGAR.

WAY, ye gay landscapes, ye gardens of roses!

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

Ah! there my young footsteps in infancy wander'd:
My cap was the bonnet, my cloak was the plaid;
On chieftains long perish'd my memory ponder'd,
As daily I strode through the pine-cover'd glade.
I sought not my home till the day's dying glory
Gave place to the rays of the bright polar star;
For fancy was cheer'd by traditional story
Disclosed by the natives of dark Lochnagar.

"Shades of the dead! have I not heard your voices Rise on the night-rolling breath of the gale?"

Surely the soul of the hero rejoices,
And rides on the wind, o'er his own Highland vale.

Round Lochnagar while the stormy mist gathers,
Winter presides in his cold icy car:

Clouds there encircle the forms of my fathers;
They dwell in the tempests of dark Lochnagar.

"Ill-starr'd, though brave, did no visions foreboding Tell you that fate had forsaken your cause?"

Ah! were you destined to die at Culloden,
Victory crown'd not your fall with applause:

Still were you happy in death's earthy slumber,
You rest with your clan in the caves of Braemar;

The pibroch resounds, to the piper's loud number,
Your deeds on the echoes of dark Lochnagar.

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

Byron





## A LONDON STREET.

### A SKETCH.

T is a dingy street. The further end is lost in mist. A tattered woman struggles slowly along by the curb, droning out a sentimental ballad in a cracked, wheezy voice. The two drab walls, stamped with a dull pattern of doors and windows, draw nearer to each other, as though they would crush the passer between with the dead weight of their monotony. The stuccoed sills and doorsteps merge into long unbroken lines, suggesting dreary mathematical problems, having no solution.

The abounding sameness soaks through the flimsy brickwork. In each ground floor window stand three or four sickly flowers in pots upon a ricketty table, the whole enshrouded by a pair of dirty white curtains; across the lower half of the upper windows a muslin blind; in the centre of each fanlight, a plaster cast of Dickens, or Gladstone. The very cats are alike, a rusty black, smirched with pink about the nose.

In the daytime, save for an occasional coster's batrow, or coal wagon dragged slowly by a knock-kneed horse, and accompanied by a grimy proprietor, crying in plaintive tones, as though the price were breaking his heart, "Coals—any coals—three-and-sixpence a sack, coals", the street is heavy with a haunting emptiness, but towards twilight the rank soil yields forth a teeming life. Bareheaded women, suckling old-faced babies, gossip shrilly from doorstep to doorstep, silent men, smoking short pipes, lean idly from open windows. The roadway swarms with children and becomes to the stranger a place of peril and dismay.

Tip-cats whirl about his head; peg-tops are dashed down within an inch of his feet; skipping ropes twine themselves around his knees; soap-box loads of stolid infants are dragged remorselessly against his legs; hard wooden wheels, supposed to be under the control of a small boy and a big stick, but in practice prone to waywardness, charge down upon

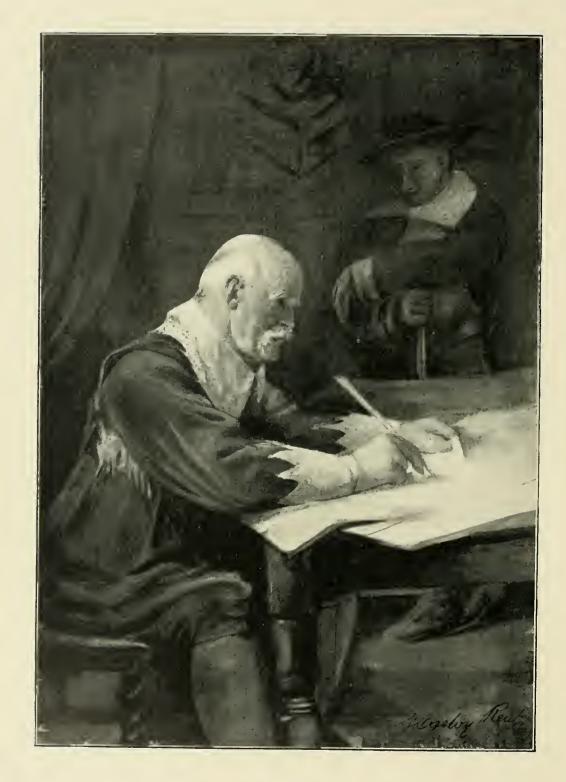
his shins. The hop-scotch player presses heavily upon him; the kite-flyer tramples him heedlessly under foot; the whip-top spinner lashes him light-heartedly. It would seem as though sport in this street were attractive chiefly in proportion to its danger to the spectator. Foot-ball, played with an empty meat can and no goal in particular; and cricket, in which trouble between the bowler and the person bowled, is regarded by the batsman as a golden opportunity to pile up runs, are in season all the year round; while "Bobbies and Thieves", a ferocious game in which the nearest person unconcerned is generally selected as a rallying point, is of perennial popularity.

One house, the first in the street, the one oasis of individuality amid the surrounding desert of uniformity, stands back from its followers behind, a waste of gravel and weeds. There, at such times, tatter-demaliondom gathers densest. Thin children find strange satisfaction in painfully squeezing themselves between the rusty iron railings, though the unhinged gate stands ever open, while others, too stout, or too tender to enjoy this pastime, sit in rows upon the broken coping and play at being scolded and slapped with realistic effects. The house, larger than its neighbours, has been divided into several tenements; nearly every window frames a grimy head, watching listlessly the hot riot below, and there is much competition for its doorstep, much rivalry for the right to scream upon its rotten stairway.

But as the evening wears the tide of silence creeps back into the street, clearing first the roadway of its human litter, washing next the lingerers from the doorsteps and quenching the lower windows, until, rising swifter and swifter between the brickwork-banks, it reaches and extinguishes the last light, and rolls on towards the West.

Monney growne





A HASTY DESPATCH.

# ROMANCE.

"AREWELL, Romance," the Cave-man said.
"With bone well-carved he went away.
Flint arms the ignoble arrow-head
And jasper tips the spear to-day—
Changed are the Gods of Hunt and Dance,
And he with these. Farewell, Romance!"

"Farewell, Romance," the Lake-folk sighed,
"We face the weight of flatling years.
The caverns of the mountain side
Hold him who scorns our hutted piers.
Lost hills wherein we dare not dwell,
Guard ye his rest. Romance, farewell!"

"Farewell, Romance," the Soldier spoke.

"By sleight of sword we may not win,
But scuffle 'mid uncleanly smoke
Of musketoon and culverin.
Honour is naught and none shall tell
Who paid good blows. Romance, farewell!"

"Farewell, Romance," the Traders cried.
"Our keels have talked with every sea;
And sure-returning wind and tide
Heave up the port where we would be.
The known and noted breezes swell
Our drudging sail. Romance, Farewell!"

"Good-bye, Romance," the Skipper said,

"He vanished with the coal we burn.

Our dial marks 'full steam ahead'—

Our speed is timed to half a turn.

Sure as the tidal trains we ply
'Twixt wharf and wharf. Romance, good-bye!"

"Romance!" the Season Tickets mourn.

"He never ran to catch his train,
But passed with coach and guard and horn,
And we're the Local—late again!
Romance is dead." . . . And all unseen
Romance brought up the nine-fifteen!

Rud sur Reply.







begin 1 to F

# ANGUS M'INTOSH.

HE annexed portrait of Angus McIntosh—better known to the world of Upper Deeside as "Old Angus"—was drawn by the late distinguished French artist, Gustav Doré, when on a fishing expedition in company with Angus, as "ghillie." Angus seems to think that the time occupied in making the drawing—short as it was—would have been better spent in luring the quarry, for, though showing little appreciation for the "bit sketchie," he is keenly alive to the necessity of thrashing the water—

"When the salmon are lying laughing and winking at you." - Outram.

Many years have passed, indeed, since this sketch was made, yet no one acquainted, even in the most cursory manner, with Angus, will fail to recognise the hale and hearty Highlander in this drawing, so delicate in its tracery, yet so powerful in its characterisation.

Born in 1810, Angus, fourteen years later, entered the service of the Invercauld family, and continued to serve them faithfully and honourably for the long period of sixty years. In 1875 he retired on a pension, granted to him by the late Col. James Farquharson, who never ceased to take a keen and protecting interest in his old servitor—an interest which remains indelibly impressed on his memory, and often referred to.

A life, spent without interruption in the Braemar Highlands—save for one memorable visit to London to give evidence on the delimitation of a deer-forest—may be taken to mirror to a large extent the history of its native vale, for, in his time, there has been no event of importance with which Angus has not in some way been associated. Endowed with an extraordinary memory, a keen sense of humour, and a ready wit, he is at all times the best and most interesting of companions, being, as it were, the "brief chronicler" of his time. Intimately acquainted with every nook and crannie of the Grampian range that bounds his mother

strath, Angus was for long the favourite guide, and many and varied are his reminiscences of the expeditions made by distinguished visitors to Lochnagar and other celebrated mountains. No event of this nature, however, is more often dwelt upon, or more happily recounted than the expedition of Her Majesty the Queen to Ben-na-Bhourd, with Angus in the capacity of guide. Since that event, too, Her Majesty never omits to enquire for the old stalker who, by his Highland courtesy, accurate information, and quaint answers, contributed not a little to make the excursion interesting and successful. As an instance of his strength of memory, he remembers that time when thrones trembled and statesmen paled at the thought of what might be the next despatch—a time which happily culminated at Waterloo in the overthrow of Napoleon, and the destruction of his unbridled and insatiable ambition.

President of the Braemar Highland Society, of which he had been a member for sixty years, Angus has been intimately associated with its organisation, and, it is not too much to say, that it owes much of its success and usefulness to his guidance. The Society claims to uphold the traditions of the ancient Highland games, instituted in the locality by Malcolm Caenmore, as a means of encouraging manly exercises among his followers, with the more immediate object of training footrunners for the establishment of a rude yet efficacious means of intercommunication. In the instance specially referred to in history, the King offered a heavy purse of gold, with a full suit of dress and arms, to the runner who should first reach the top of Craig Chionaisith, i.e., Kenneth's Craig-a race won by the youngest of three brothers, sons of Macgregor of Balloch-bhuie. The present Society dates back to 1826, and was at its initiation, like many others, a secret society. It was deprived of this character, and made a mutual benefit society by the legislation which supervened after nine murders had been traced to the "Cotton Spinners" in Glasgow. Save for this change in character, the Society's history has been one of unbroken success, doing much to maintain a worthy spirit of athletic rivalry among the clans, and to relieve its aged and infirm members. The Annual Games held under the auspices of the Society have become almost world-famous, and no figure is more conspicuous on these occasions than that of the grizzled yet stalwart President, Angus McIntosh.

To conclude, Angus may be regarded as the one—and let us hope for many a day—indissoluble link, binding the past with the present

history of the Braemar Highlands. Like the solitary rugged pine of the mountain top that has withstood the blasts of ages, and seen its compeers torn and rent asunder beneath the whirlwinds of time, Angus preserves unbending and, seemingly, but little affected by the ravages of age, a vigorous and hardy personality. His indomitable strength of will, his old-world courtesy, and thorough straightforwardness of character render him an object of interest to one and all who visit him in the lonely keep in which he has elected to take up his abode, a true son of the

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

R. A. PROFEIT.





Y Islay's shores she sate and sang:
"O! winds come blowing o'er the sea
And bring me back my love again
That went to fight in Germanie!"

And all the live-long day she sang,
And nursed the bairn upon her knee:
"Balou, Balou, my bonnie bairn,
Thy father's far in Germanie.

But ere the summer days are gane,
And winter blackens bush and tree,
Thy father will be welcome hame
Frae the red wars in Germanie."

O! dark the night fell, dark and mirk;
A wraith stood by her icily:

"Dear wife, I'll never more win hame, For I am slain in Germanie.

"On Minden's field I'm lying stark,
And heaven is now my far countrie;
Farewell, dear wife, farewell, farewell,
I'll ne'er win hame frae Germanie."

And all the year she came and went,
And wandered wild frae sea to sea:
"Oh! neighbours, is he ne'er come back,
My love that went to Germanie?"

## BY ISLAY'S SHORES.

Port Ellen saw her many a time;
Round by Port Askaig wandered she:
"Where is the ship that's sailing in
With my dear love frae Germanie?"

But when the darkened winter fell:

"It's cold for baith my bairn and me;
Let me lie down and rest awhile;

My love's away frae Germanie.

"O! far away, and away, he dwells,
High heaven is now his fair countrie,
And there he stands—with arms outsretched—
To welcome hame my bairn and me!"

WILLIAM BLACK.



## HER REMEMBRANCE.

By JOHN STRANGE WINTER.

Author of "Bootles' Baby," "Beautiful Jim," "Only Human," "A Seventh Child," &c.

"That's for remembrance . . ."

"OU'VE heard the news, of course?" said Chichester to a brother-officer whom he found in the ante-room.

"The news?" repeated Greville. "No, what news do you mean?"

"Poor old Gerard has taken a bad turn, and there is practically not the very smallest hope for him."

"You don't say so! Poor old Gerard, I am sorry. And what about the child?"

"The child . . . Ah, that's more than I can say. She's there still, poor little soul, watching as if she could make things different, and looking—oh, well, you know what a twelve-year old child can look like when everything she most cares about is slipping away from her."

"Then you've been in to see him?" said Greville, in a tone of surprise.

"Not exactly that; but he asked for me, and Jervoise thought it would do him less harm to let him see me than it would do to thwart him, and, of course, he knew that I have no fear of typhoid whatever. All the same, it didn't do much good, for when I got there, the poor dear old fellow had gone off again, and didn't know me from Adam; so what he wanted me for I have not the ghost of a notion."

"Poor chap, I'm tremendously sorry," said Greville. "And I daresay he worries himself a good deal about Pussy. He hates all his own people like poison . . . they took it out of his wife so fearfully, you know. Poor little Pussy."

"Gerard made his will yesterday," said Chichester; "the Colonel told me so, though he had not the least idea of its contents. As far as that goes, Pussy will be well enough off, not rich, but with enough and to spare. Lucky thing there were not half a dozen of them."

"Yes, that's true . . . Hollo, Jervoise, what's up?" asked Greville, as the senior regimental surgeon came bustling in.

"Chichester, my dear fellow, can you come at once?" he replied, addressing him and taking no more notice of Greville than by a wave of the hand. "Gerard is asking for you most anxiously, and is quite himself again."

"Of course, I'll come," returned Chichester.

Together the two men passed under the veranda of the mess-rooms, past the front of the officers' quarters, and out by a little side wicket into a quiet road leading to a pleasant village, from which the barracks took their name. In this road were three or four detached houses which were invariably occupied by married officers quartered at Blankhampton, and the two men turned in at the gate of the one which stood nearest to the barracks and entered the house.

All was hushed and quiet. They went softly up the stairs, and the older man turned in at the first door to which they came, followed closely by Chichester. As the doctor bent down over the bed, the dying man asked in a far-away yet very eager voice . . . "Has he come?"

"Yes, my dear fellow, he is here," the doctor replied, then stood aside that Chichester might take his place beside the bed.

Chichester took the dying man's feeble hand. "Gerard, dear old fellow, I'm awfully sorry to find you like this," he began, when the sick man interrupted him.

"All up with me, Chichester, all up with me. I did my best to fight through, for the sake of Pussy here, but it's no good. I'm booked for my last billet, no mistake about it."

"Oh, not so bad as that surely," said Chichester, with the mistaken idea that the dying do not know when their time is come.

"Oh, yes, I've got my route, I know it. Still, what I want to see you for is about Pussy here . . . Chichester, I don't know what you'll say for I've taken a most unwarrantable liberty with you . . ."

"My dear old chap," cried Chichester, "don't say that; anything that I can do to ease your mind, I will do with pleasure. You know that, surely, without my saying it in plain words. Why, I owe you far more than I can ever repay. But for you, Major, I should have gone to the devil long ago, and nobody knows it better than I do."

"I doubt it," returned the sick man, who was aimlessly moving his

hands to and fro. "Still, if ever I did anything for you, I am going to ask you to do much more for me . . . Jervoise . . . can't you give me . . . some . . . thing . . . ? My head's going . . . again."

"Drink this," replied the doctor, slipping his arm under the Major's head and holding a glass to his lips. "There, that is better?"

"Thanks. Yes, that helps me. Well, Chichester, to be brief, I have left you sole guardian and trustee to Pussy," and then he stopped short, trying with his fast dimming eyes to see the effect that his words would have upon his junior.

Chichester started visibly. "You've left Pussy to me, Major," he repeated.

"You'll not refuse to act, you'll not let me go feeling uncertain about her?" cried the sick man imploringly.

"Certainly not, sir, of course not. Only, do you think your choice is a wise one . . . I mean for Pussy's own sake? Ought you not to have chosen a married man . . . I mean do you think that I shall be able to do as you would wish by her?"

"Chichester, I have done this thing with my eyes wide open," Major Gerard replied, in quite a firm voice. "I am sure that you will do your best and that you will bring my girl up as I would have done if it had pleased God to spare me, and that is as a soldier's child. I don't expect you, of course, to burden yourself with her all the year round . . . she will have to go to school, and perhaps you will be able to arrange with some suitable lady where she may spend her holidays . . . My poor little girl, it will be very different for you . . ."

The child, who was cowering by the bed, gave a strangled cry and hid her face against her father's arm, and Chichester hastened to take his hand. "So help me God, Major, Pussy shall not miss you more than I can help," he cried earnestly. "She shall have her holidays, and I'll take care she gets as good a time as she can do without you, if the worst should happen which, please Heaven, it may not do."

"Thank you, dear lad, thank you," said the Major, with a tender smile overspreading his worn features. "But there's something else I must say . . . and I'm so tired, so tired. Just this, you will remember that my own people behaved vilely to my darling wife, my Pussy's mother, that I have never allowed any communication between



MY DAUGHTER.



them, and that my last wish was that she should have naught to do with them at all. Not out of spite . . . I'm too near Heaven for that . . . but because I want to guard my little girl from troubles that can be avoided."

"Major," said Chichester, in a choking voice. "Heaven help me, I will take care of Pussy as if she were my own. Pussy and I have always been the best of friends; and we won't be worse friends now that we shall have to work together than we have been, will we, Pussy?"

But Pussy did not, could not reply, and the sick man laid his hand upon her head with a tenderness which brought a white mist in front of Chichester's eyes, and which made him echo and register the good resolve anew deep down in his own heart.

And a few hours later, in those quiet watches of the night when so many wandering souls go home at the turn of the tide, Philip Gerard died, leaving his little Pussy alone, quite alone in the world.

#### CHAPTER II.

In the little world which was called the 10th Dragoons, the news that Major Gerard had left his little motherless daughter to the sole guardianship of an unmarried man, fell like a bomb-shell. Among the several married ladies of the regiment there was much discussion and not a little back-biting. The first lady of them was exceedingly indignant and expressed herself on the matter in no measured terms.

"I regard it as a direct and personal insult to myself," she remarked to her husband. "Yes, John, I do really. I do think Major Gerard might, at least, have paid me the *compliment* of enquiring whether I should be willing to undertake the responsibility or not."

"But you neither could nor would have taken the child," said the Colonel, who if the truth be told was devoutly thankful that his wife and he had not been chosen as Pussy's guardians. "You know, Agnes, if poor Gerard had happened to ask us, it would have been very awkward to refuse him, on his death-bed as he was. I think you ought to be most grateful to him for not wanting you to do it. And really, you would not have liked it if he had passed you by and had gone and picked out one of the other ladies—you would have had a right to be upset in that case."

"But an unmarried man—and Captain Chichester not much over thirty," Mrs. Wilcox objected.

"Oh, well, poor Gerard did what he thought was for the best, and, after all, it was his business, not our's. Best to say as little as possible about it."

Mrs. Wilcox, however, although she preserved a discreet silence to her lord and master, discussed the matter freely with the others, though as it was one which could not be altered, they might have employed their time better.

And all the time that the various grades in the 10th were talking the whole affair over, while the dead man was still lying in the little villa just outside the barracks, Barry Chichester was followed morning, noon, and night by the awful overwhelming sense of his new responsibilities. For hours and hours he sat in his quarters wondering what in the world he should do with his little ward. Whether he soldiered or walked, or rode or drove, this new feeling was always with him, like a nightmare or an indigestion.—What in the wide world was he to do with a girl-child of twelve years old, heartsick and wretched for the loss of a beloved father, and practically without kith and kin?

As a matter of fact, Chichester himself was but very poorly off for feminine relatives. His mother had long been dead, and though he had two sisters, both charming young women under thirty years old, he might at this juncture as well have been without them, for both were married, and not only married but to Service men, and both happened to be out in India, and were likely to be there for some time to come. True, he did possess a maiden aunt somewhere in the West country; but as he had feeling recollections of that same lady connected with the days of his own youth, when his parents had been in India also, he did not contemplate for a moment the possibility of enlisting her help in the matter of making the best arrangements for Major Gerard's child. No. look at it as he would, it was clear that to properly carry out the poor Major's trust, he would have to depend upon himself and upon himself alone, and, therefore, arduous and responsible as his position undoubtedly was, there was no choice for him but to, as he put it, buckle to and get to understand everything that a girl of twelve years old ought to have provided for her.

It was with this idea firmly fixed in his mind that the day after the Major's death, he went to the closely shut house and asked to see

Pussy's governess. She came to him immediately, a pleasant, lady-like woman of about his own age. "You would like to see Pussy?" she said at once.

"In a minute or two," he replied. "The fact is, Miss Donne, I came to see you. You perhaps know that I am left sole guardian and trustee to Pussy, and between ourselves, I can only say that I hope the poor Major has done right in choosing me. I'll do my best, but I know simply nothing of a child's needs or what is best for her to do."

"It is simple enough," said Miss Donne quietly.

"Yes, for anyone who understands," he broke in eagerly. "But to me it is more complex and complicated than I can express. Now, for one thing, she will have to have mourning."

"Well, I have ordered that already," said Miss Donne. "Yes, I know that I had no authority, but the poor child must have mourning, and I knew that her guardian would not object to its being ordered."

"That's a relief," exclaimed Chichester fervently.

He sat still for a few minutes and then he burst out with a new idea. "Look here, Miss Donne," he said eagerly, "there's no particular hurry, is there? Could not things go on for a few weeks as they are, until I get a bit used to it all? You can stay with her here, and as this house is actually in occupation, you and she may as well stop here as be elsewhere."

"For a while," Miss Donne replied. "On the whole I don't know if that would not help to break her in to the idea of living without her father. Of course, poor darling, she feels her loss terribly, and already she looks forward with the utmost dread to the life which lies before her, without her father and without any of the associations which have up to the present time been her whole existence."

"Then we can leave everything as it is for the present," said Chichester, with a great sigh of relief. "By the bye, would she like to see me, do you think? Poor little Pussy, we have always been such friends."

"Yes, I think she would like to see you," said the governess, "She has seen Mrs. Wilcox this morning, but she upset her altogether, and I promised her I would not allow her to see her again. If you will excuse me, I will fetch her."

"Don't let her come unless she feels like seeing me herself," was Chichester's last injunction, as the governess left the room.

Pussy, however, came to him almost immediately, and at the sight of him, began crying piteously in a way which made him feel as if he had personally done something to hurt her. Man-like, he took refuge in tenderness. "My poor little woman, my poor little Pussy-cat," he murmured, putting his kind arm round her and holding her closely to him. He had been used to call her Pussy-cat in the old happy days ere this dark pall of sorrow and bereavement had fallen over her, and he called her by the old tender name now, with a sort of instinct which made him feel, somehow, that anything which would make her feel less alone would be a help to her, in this the most grievous trouble of her young life.

And Pussy rested her aching head against his shoulder and sobbed her very heart out, and so the two sat on the sofa together until the child was calmer and quiet, if the truth be told worn out by the violence of her grief. At last she spoke again. "You don't know what it is," she said, looking up at him with a pair of wistful blue eyes, dark and heavy with unshed tears. "You can't understand. But to be all alone for ever and ever . . . with nothing to look forward to, to have to go away from everyone that I know and to go to strangers . . . oh, it is too dreadful. And I want dear Father so badly, I've been wanting him all the morning. Yet he was here only yesterday, and if I want him so badly after one day, what shall I feel like when years have gone by and he has never come back?"

"My dear child," said Chichester, still keeping her fast within the shelter of his arm. "Believe me, that I too know just what it is to feel as you are feeling now. I was two years younger than you when my people went to India, and I never saw my mother again. I remember, as if it had been but yesterday, how I wanted my mother always, for days and days and months and months; and then they came and told me that she was dead, and that I should never see her again, and I had no one to go to, except the school matron, who was an ignorant woman and no notion of comforting me except by giving me things to eat. I did not care a hang what I had to eat, but I did want my mother—you understand, Pussy, just as you are wanting the Major now."

The child had drawn herself a little away from him and was looking hard at him with her wonderful pathetic eyes; then, by that curious woman's instinct which is so firmly implanted in the feminine breast, no matter how young the little creature may be, she protectingly took hold

of his hand and held it between her own, as if she would like to keep him from feeling that kind of pain again for ever. "And afterwards?" she asked, scarcely above a whisper.

"My dear Pussy," said Chichester, in his kindest tones, "I got used to it. Everyday I felt the pain less and less, though I never loved my mother less. Nobody goes on feeling just the same grief, it would not be natural, it would not be right. In time, you will get to miss the Major less . . . and, you know, he would wish you to do so. Nothing would be so likely to make him unhappy where he is, as to know that you were grieving and repining always for him. Though, just at first, it is natural and is better for you than silence."

"But I shall have to go to school," she cried. "And Father hated schools; he used to say that he would never let me go to a school, for they were horrid and detestable. So I shall have to go to a quite different life to what he always intended. I dread it, Captain Chichester, oh, you do not know how much."

For a moment Chichester was possessed of a wild wish that he was married, that his sisters were living in England, that even his maiden aunt was a bright and genial woman who could be trusted with this terrible yet precious responsibility of his. "Pussy, my dear little woman," he said awkwardly, "there is no need to hurry. You are very fond of Miss Donne—she seems a nice kind sort of a soul."

"Miss Donne is a dear—I love her," cried Pussy with enthusiasm.

"And dear Father thought her quite charming. He always said that she reminded him of my mother." Her eyes filled again with tears, and Chichester broke in so as to avert the storm of grief which he saw was coming.

"Well, my child, since Miss Donne was your father's choice, we shall certainly be doing all right if we let things rest as they are for the present. So don't fret about going to the school yet awhile; I will talk the whole business over with Miss Donne, and, meanwhile, we will see how we get on."

"We shall always get on," declared Pussy with conviction. "And Captain Chichester, indeed, I won't be any more trouble to you than I can help."

"What put it into your head that you would be a trouble to me at all, Pussy?" asked Chichester, his brows drawing themselves together in a very decided frown.

"Well, it was Mary," confessed Pussy. "I heard her saying to Fox this morning that she should think you were finely put out that Father had made you my guardian, and then she said that it wasn't likely a young unmarried man would want to be troubled with the charge of a mere child like me."

"And Mary is ----?" Chichester began.

"Mary is the housemaid," answered Pussy.

"Oh, I see. Well, Pussy, my dear little woman, I won't say that I would not rather you had had some nice kind aunt to whom you could have been left safely; but, as it is, we have just got to make the best of it—you and I. And I think we shall be able to manage our affairs without Mary's valuable help. So don't let her wise remarks stay in your head for a moment."

## CHAPTER III.

By the time the day of the funeral arrived, Chichester had fully made up his mind as to the best course for him to follow for the immediate present. And when the dead man's will had been read, and the mourners, consisting chiefly of the officers of the 10th, had gone away, he asked Miss Donne to call the servants of the establishment together, that he might speak to them. She therefore called them all into the dining-room, when Chichester stood up at the head of the table, and told them that, as they probably knew, he had been left Miss Gerard's guardian and sole trustee, and that for the present he did not propose to disturb the existing arrangements of the establishment. "I wish you," he ended, "to take your orders entirely from Miss Donne. If you please her, you will please me."

So, with a somewhat reduced staff (for the Major's soldier servants were, of course, neither wanted nor available, and Chichester's first request to Miss Donne had been that she should give the redoubtable Mary notice to leave), the little household went on as usual. The plan, in spite of many hints and inuendoes from Mrs. Wilcox and some others of the married ladies, seemed to work admirably, and Pussy found her new life not so very different from the old one in which she had been so unspeakably happy. Chichester looked in once or twice a week to see for himself that his ward was thriving and happy, he paid the bills regularly and took note of every item, he remembered Pussy's birthdays

and all the other domestic festivities, and saw that she and her governess had a proper and suitable amount of amusement. And when the regiment was moved from Blankhampton to Danford, he went over and found a suitable house for them on the outskirts of the town, and, moreover, when they were settled in it, he took care that some of the pleasantest ladies in the place called on them and so kept them from feeling dull and shut out from the usual kind of society which comes to all people who follow the drum.

And, oddly enough, no breath or hint of scandal came near any one of the three. For one thing no very especial friendlinesss grew up between Chichester and Miss Donne. He did not particularly admire her, as several of the officers did. He thought her a kind, bright and charming woman, and beyond that he never troubled his head about her one way or another. Sometimes, not very often, he took Pussy out with him, and these occasions were always red-letter days in the child's calendar. Otherwise, he was very much the guardian and, on his part, he showed not the slightest desire to break the fact down or to alter the situation.

"Well to a certain extent the child is a grave responsibility to me." he said one day, in answer to the curious enquiries of a certain great lady in the neighbourhood of Danford. "But the Major was oddly and awkwardly placed and he had a special reason for choosing me to look after Pussy. His idea was that she would have to go to school but when I came to look into things, I found that Miss Donne was a quite admirable woman, and one to whom the child was devoted, and as the Major detested girls' schools and wished his child to be brought up in touch with the Service, I came to the conclusion that the best thing I could do was to let things go on as much as possible as if the Major had never died. I am sure it is what he would have liked best himself."

"Miss Donne is very handsome, too," remarked the great lady.

"Yes, she is good-looking," replied Chichester, in a perfectly unmoved tone, such as told his hearer that the lady's looks were a matter of complete indifference to him. "In fact Miss Donne is a most cultivated and admirable woman in every way, and I think Pussy is very fortunate to have the advantage of her companionship."

They passed on to other subjects then and presently Chichester moved away to speak to someone else. "Nothing in it, my dear," said

the great lady to a friend sitting near. "He says she is quite admir able in every way. Nothing in it."

That there was nothing in it, so far as Chichester and Miss Donne were concerned, was made very evident after a time. When Major Gerard had been dead more than two years, there came a new Major to the 10th, in place of Major Gerard's successor who had been promoted to the command of some other regiment. This man, Major Forrester, was a widower without children, and the very first thing he did after joining the 10th was to fall in love with Pussy Gerard's governess and, moreover, he insisted on being married without the delay of an unnecessary moment.

There was never the smallest question as to what was to become of the child, now nearly fifteen. Pussy herself went as white as death when Miss Donne told her the news and half asked a question. Miss Donne, however, divined it and answered it before she had time to put it into words. "Darling child, I don't think it will make the least difference to us," she said, putting her arm round the girl's shoulder. "I shall want you to be with me always, just the same, and Major Forrester wishes the same—indeed, he spoke of it first. And Captain Chichester is so kind and considerate that I am sure he will let you be with me instead of having a house of your own and someone else to live with you."

"I can't go away from you," eried Pussy, holding the other tightly with both her delicate hands.

"No, no, we will talk to him about it," said Miss Donne soothingly. And to their mutual relief, when they came to tell Chichester the news, he at once exclaimed—"Oh, surely, you'll be able to take Pussy with you. Do you think Major Forrester would object to it very much?"

So everything was easily settled and in due time, the two were wed. While they were on their honeymoon, Pussy paid several visits to people in the neighbourhood, and on their return she took up her abode with them and felt that she had come home again.

Some four years went by. Pussy never had another governess but until she was nearly eighteen, all the best masters that were to be had were requisitioned to put the finishing touches to her education, and when her eighteenth birthday had gone by, one of Chichester's sisters, now returned from India and living in London, undertook to give her a London season and to present her at Court; thus, when during that summer, Chichester went up to Town on a fortnight's leave, with the

Derby, Ascot, and some other festivities dear to his heart in prospect, he found his ward transformed into a season beauty.

"On my word, Pussy," he remarked, during the first evening, when having gone with his sister and her charge to a huge evening party, he had become enlightened as to the importance of the young lady he was escorting—"I had no idea you would bloom out into such a society young lady as this. I shall have to give up ealling you 'Pussy.' It does not sound dignified enough for you."

Miss Gerard glanced up at him. She was a good deal flushed, the delicate rose-pink of her cheeks had deepened into a more brilliant tint and her lovely eyes were shining like blue sapphires. "If it please you to call me Miss Gerard you may," she said, with a radiant smile. "Only, don't you think as I have been just 'Pussy' all these years, that—Oh, Major Chichester, take me to have an ice or something. Here is that dreadful young man coming. I can see all sorts of inanities in his prospective eye." She put her hand under his arm and drew him away almost before he realised that the dreadful young man was evidently one of his ward's most ardent admirers.

"Who is he?" he asked, as they reached the comparatively safe haven of the refreshment room.

"He— Who?" she asked; she had already forgotten the cause of their flight from the larger rooms.

"The dreadful young man," said Chiehester, smiling at the thought of her vehemence.

"Oh, Lord Venner—Well, I daresay he is very amiable and everything that is desirable, but he does bore me so fearfully, you don't know. Oh, here he is."

At this moment the dreadful young man came up to them and began to talk to her. Pussy made but short work of him and, after only a word or two, plainly hinted to him that she did not want to talk to him just then. But Lord Venner wanted to talk to Miss Gerard and the presence of the 'fellow he didn't know, don't you know,' only served to make him less observant of her hints. At last, when he had wandered over four or five general topics and had favoured Major Chichester with as many hard-eyed stares of disgust, all of which that imperturbable soldier bore with the utmost good temper and inward amusement, Miss Gerard's patience exhausted itself and she spoke out plainly, very plainly.

"I cannot stay talking to you any longer," she said in an undertone, "because this is my guardian and I have something I specially want to say to him."

"But I want to know your guardian, really I do, don't you know," said the young gentleman, thinking that he had now a most favourable opportunity of making way with Miss Gerard's people, and regarding Major Chichester with a wholly different air.

"No, No, No!" returned Pussy vigorously. "I must have my chat with him, before I introduce him to a single soul. You evidently don't know what a terrible being a guardian is. Why," in a whisper, "for the next three years he might shut me up in a convent if he liked, and I should be perfectly powerless to do anything or to say a single word. Go away and talk to someone else and leave me to manage my guardian in my own way."

"You have only to command and I obey," whispered the young man, with a rapturous look. "And you've only to say the word and I'll take him outside and kill him."

It must be confessed that at this point, Chichester, who had heard every word, went off into a fit of smothered laughter. Pussy, who was perfectly conscious of the fact, hastened to hurry her adorer away and turned round to her guardian, her lovely eyes filled with laughter and her lips parted with a smile.

"Isn't he an idiot?" she remarked, in quite an everyday kind of voice. "He believed every word of it. He thinks you are a sort of jailor to me."

It was on the tip of Major's Chichester's tongue to say that he wished he were so in very truth, but the knowledge that there was a gulf of nearly twenty years between their ages made him bite the words off short, and suggest instead that they should find some secluded corner where he could hear her something special without interruption. The two, therefore, looked about and presently found a small nook half hidden by tall palms and great flowering plants, where they could sit and talk in peace. "And now, what is it that you have to say?" he asked. "I suppose you have been spending too much money. Eh, is that it?"

"I have not, indeed; I have nothing to say," said she, smiling up at him. "I only wanted to have a nice little quiet chat, free from him," with a gesture to the room where they had last seen Lord Venner.

Chichester sat down beside her. "Then you don't mean to marry this youngster?" he said, in a voice which he tried hard to make a cool and indifferent one.

- "I am not going to marry anyone," replied Miss Gerard shortly.
- "Ah, that is what most girls say . . . and then Mr. Right comes along and they change their minds.
- "Shall I tell you something?" she asked, looking away from him, and toying with the feathers which edged her fan.
- "What is it?" He spoke almost harshly, as if he knew what was coming.
- "Mr. Right . . has . . come . . along." Her voice sank to a whisper, and the colour in her cheeks paled a little. Chichester gave a great start, and he caught hold of her arm. "Pussy!" he said, in a sharp tone of surprise.

She turned and looked at him. His face was as white as her own silken gown, and she saw that his under lip was trembling a little. But these signs of emotion in no wise disturbed Miss Gerard, and a slow charming smile dawned and broke over her face.

- "Who is he?" he asked.
- "I don't think I ought to tell you," she replied.
- "Why?"
- "Because I am not sure, at least, not quite sure that he cares for me."
- "Has it been going on long? No, it cannot have been—You have been in Town such a short time," he said, keeping his eyes steadily upon her.

Miss Gerard blushed. "I have fancied it for some time—ever since the day that Mr. Berkeley—"

"Ever since Berkeley spoke to me about you!" he cried.

The girl nodded and then bent her head, with its coronet of hright hair, down low, as she toyed with a little gold bangle on the arm which was nearest to him. Chichester's eyes followed the movement. "Why, Pussy, I thought you had lost that little golden cat with the green eyes ever so long ago. It was—"

- "The first thing that you ever gave me; it was on my first birthday after dear Father died," she ended.
  - "And you are wearing it to-night?"

Then she looked up at him again. "Oh," she said simply "that's for remembrance."

"For remembrance—of what?" he cried. "Oh, Pussy, Pussy, do you understand—do you realise—Pussy, is it possible? I have tried so hard to keep myself from saying anything—how did you find out? Do you know that I am seven and thirty and that you—" but then a slender gloved hand stopped the rest of the sentence.

"I only began to think so that day that you spoke to me about Mr. Berkeley," she said. "But if you had not been quite blind, you would have known—"

"When should I have known?" he demanded, taking hand and owner into his possession.

John Shange wonter

"Always," said Pussy.

# SERENADE.

EAK are words, and song is weak, Heart to heart can silent speak; If I miss that promised token Then my breaking heart is broken.

Near as glove to falconer's finger I would have you by me linger, True as falconer's hand to glove Hap what may will be my love.

Lutter Hemes Pollock



A HALF-HOLIDAY





and sped with the wind to seek refuge still deeper amid the recesses of the mountains. Low murmurings, as of distant thunder, were borne upon the breeze, still further intensifying the weirdness of the scene. The hills were but faintly perceptible; the rough rugged outline of Craigendarroch stood out like a great giant guarding the entrance to the one bright spot in the heavens—the summit of Lochnagar, dark at its base, and flanked with thick, impenetrable mist. The peak itself loomed out in strong relief, bathed in intense ruddy colour, strengthened by contrast with the sky, murky in all its extent — save here, red as of

blood, portending something—some awful development in the war of the elements. The Dee appeared to roll on with ever-increasing force, and its deep hoarse murmur grew stronger and stronger as it was borne down the valley—sure sign of impending storm. Ever and anon the wind's blast whirled along in its fury frequent and heavy raindrops, which threatened soon to develop into a continuous downpour. Truly the elements had marshalled their strength to strive and wrestle for dominion, like the wild passion, kindled in the hearts of the Highlanders, soon to find outlet and annihilation on the bloody field of the North.

Seemingly indifferent to all that was passing around, save for an unnatural silence, in strong contrast to the rage of nature, a band of Highlanders, led by a Chief, was wending its way by a rough uneven track that led to Culbleen. Clad in dark green tartan, with bonnet surmounted by a sprig of fir, with musket and targe slung over their shoulders, and pistols at their belts, they presented a picturesque and formidable appearance. The fine clear-cut features of the Chief, his brilliant and piercing eye, clouded for the moment by a look of indecision and doubt, his grey hair and long flowing beard, united with his tall commanding person and graceful movement, proclaimed him no unworthy descendant of his forefathers. What could these men have to do in this wild waste, the sanctuary of the deer and the moor-cock, where the elements alone held sway?

"Are we on the right track, Donald?" asked the Chief, of his henchman. "If we lose our way, there's little chance of our making the Vat to-night."

"Dinna fear, Chief! Hae ye ever seen Donald lose her way in the hills?"

"That's all right, but you cannot often have been so low down as this."

"As an old man, no! but when a youth, I roved at will all over these glens, and a Highlander never forgets her track. But, Chief, I'm afeard oor errand is no lucky."

"How lucky?"

"The nicht bodes us no good! I never remember tae hae seen sae fearsome a sky sin the nicht the Cateran o'er-ran and harried Braemar."

"To the winds with your forebodings! Leave them to those we

mean to visit. Are you sure that the piles have been set on the hills of Glen Dee and tower?"

"Aye, Chief; but am thinkin' it wid be well for ye an' us a' gin they were never fired."

"Are you a craven son of your clan?"

"No man dare to say that. Where his Chief has led, Donald has followed, an' will follow tae the last—an' it winna daur."

"Nonsense! When the fiery cross again goes round, when the beacon fires gleam from the mountain tops, there's not a man but will throw aside his craven heart, gird himself with his sword and targe, and join in the struggle for Prince and Freedom—for the Right which must prevail."

"What need then to consult the warlock?"

The Chief answered not. Deep down in the inmost recesses of his heart, lurking presentiments of coming ill, of uncertainty as to the justice of the cause, with which he now longed to identify himself, had hitherto kept him in a condition wavering between a determination to plunge wildly into the rebellion, let the issue be what it might, and a more prudent, if less chivalrous, course of waiting for the march of events. Accused of cowardice by his own conscience—an accusation, rebutted by his former deeds in arms, but which he felt was supported by inaction—of want of loyalty to the traditions of his clan by his followers, he had resolved, secretly, to cast his fate into the hands of the Warlock of The Vat, who enjoyed a wide celebrity as a foreteller of events to come.

Men of the present cannot properly appreciate the reasons which would lead a man to such a course of conduct, but if the great of the past consulted their oracles, and drew their omens from the flight of birds, some excuse may well be found for an ignorant Highlander, imbued with all the traditions and superstitions of the glens. Darker and darker grew the night as the light faded and went out on Lochnagar, the thunder rolled on louder and louder, the rain poured down in torrents, and the heavens were lit by an almost continuous flashing of lightning—a gruesome night, indeed, for such an expedition! No need to consult the book of the future; the omens were significant!

Donald broke in upon the heart-searchings of the Chief with the cry, "The Vat! The Vat!" Thus interrupted, the Chief called to Donald, and spoke to him for some time in whispers. What may have

been the particular subject, or the reasons which led to their decision is inconsequent, but the men were at once ordered to wait their return under the convenient shelter of some rough boulders that were lying scattered about. Wrapt in their plaids, these sons of the glen, ever accustomed to obey the behests of their Chief, prepared to make the best of the situation, while the Chief and his henchman continued their march along the course of the burn. A short walk brought them to a glen, ever narrowing as they advanced, until seemingly lost in the solid wall of the mountain's side. The lightning's flash, however, revealed a narrow rift, through which the streamlet ran, barricaded, except in one narrow passage, by huge blocks of granite severed from the solid walls above. Passing through this fissure—sufficient only to allow of the passage of one at a time—they found themselves in a great cauldron, as it were, closed in upon all sides, open only to the sky. Some great cracking of the earth's surface, and consequent rending asunder, could alone have produced such a place, weird and awful in the darkness, momentarily illumined by the lightning, echoing and re-echoing the splash of the water, and the reverberations of the ceaseless thunder. Pausing beneath an overhanging mass of rock, the companions were startled by the sudden appearance of a bright mass—hitherto invisible wonderful and awe-inspiring by reason of the brilliancy and variety of its The Highlanders quailed for a moment, and held back, filled with sudden recollections of will-o'-the-wisps and bogle stories; but courage came to their aid, and they advanced cautiously towards the curious light. A nearer approach showed that the phenomenon was produced by the effect of fire-light, passing through water, as it fell over a cave's mouth, within which they could distinguish a blaze of pine logs, whose light called forth all the colours of the spectrum and their wondrous combinations. Report, forsooth, had told them of a cave in which the old woman lived; report had perhaps never seen it under such conditions. They saw that a passage must be made through this seemingly impenetrable wall of water ere the object of their journey could be reached, and prepared to make a dash through it-a feat which they found could be effected in a comparatively dry condition through a slight parting of the waters, due to a projecting piece of rock.

No sooner had they passed within, than they were greeted by the words, "What brings ye here, men of the Upper Glen?" Startled by the shrill tones, the Chief advanced into the full light of the big

blaze. Here he perceived a creature awful in her ugliness, upon whom the weight of centuries seemed to hang, whose figure was bent and decrepit, and whose only sign of life seemed to be the eyeballs blazing forth upon the intruders of her loneliness.

"What seek ye here on such a night?"

"I come," said the Chief, "to crave your opinion on the strife that rages in the land and rends it asunder."

"Ah! craven, think ye that because I tell ye whether success or failure attend one side or the other, that your wavering and cowardice will not meet with their reward? Was there not something grand and ennobling in the fearless devotion of the clans that went out and bled for their Prince without thought of consequence? But ye, ere ye plunge, must needs know the temper of the waters! I tell you, as the watch-fire flickered on Maroon and went out, when the Clans took the field in 'Fifteen,' so will this rising, spent in its resources, smoulder and die. Aye, and as for you, yours is the fate of the craven—yours his doom, death! death!"

Fired with a frenzy that seemed to have taken possession of his very soul and overmastered his reason, the Chief rushed at the old hag, and raising her aloft threw her screaming into the flames.

"There find relief for your accursed ravings."

Horrible, harrowing scene! The old woman, bathed in flames, strove in her infirmity to escape from the rage of the fire: strength had forsaken her limbs, and, overcome, she fell back into the flames, writhing with pain, shrieking and screaming. "Coward! coward! as I die ye will die, haunted by the fires of your own conscience . . . and I . . . will be a . . . fury to . . . mock . . . you."

Rushing wildly from the cave, with those awful words ringing in his ears, the Chief, followed closely by Donald, hurried down the glen to the place where his men were waiting. Like a man dazed by some sudden shock he seemed to move intuitively, unconscious of what he was doing, so much so that Donald, though himself in scarce better plight, endeavoured to make him realise his position, apprehensive lest their Chief's conduct should excite the curiosity of the men and lead them to think that something was amiss.

"March," was all the Chief uttered as he put himself at the head of the little band. Scarce had the word passed from his lips ere a

bright tongue of flame shot skywards from the summit of Lochnagar; the lightning's flash had fired the beacon-fire—the signal to assemble—whose gleam would long be remembered by the widows and children of the husbands and parents who went forth to bleed and die for "Bonnie Prince Charlie" on the fateful field of Culloden.

FIVE days had elapsed since the battle had been fought and lost. It was night as a band of haggard, hunger-stricken, haunted men was wending its way slowly and painfully by the shores of Loch Bulig. Silence reigned among them, for their thoughts were with the fugitive Prince for whose hopeless cause they had combated, fearful lest he might fall into the ruthless hands of his dogged pursuers, or they were with the dead left on the field, never again to rally at the sound of the slogan, and for whom they dare not raise the mournful notes of the pibroch's wail. Their grief, too, was accentuated by the consciousness that their Chief was dying as they bore him tenderly on a rude stretcher towards the glen which he had quitted so full of life and vigour. Wounded at the first charge, he had given orders to carry him forward into the thickest of the fight, so that he might at least die at the head of his men; but death, sought for and courted, was not then to be. His few surviving followers, with the devotion of Highlanders, and regardless of their own personal safety, placed in imminent risk by their impeded movement, had borne him, dying, from the scene of disaster and defeat, with only one wish, that he might live to see his native Strath and Lochnagar, under whose shadow he had lived, and from whose summit he had so often watched the rising sun. Slowly but surely the flickering light of life was ebbing away, and frequent were the lapses into unconsciousness, from which it seemed doubtful if he would ever awake. Inarticulate murmurings gave expression to the thoughts that pervaded his brain, and at times the name of some friend or wellloved spot could be clearly distinguished. Donald, the ever-faithful servitor, who had come out scathless from the conflict, walked by the side of the Chief, and ministered to his wants, bathing his brow and moistening his parched lips.

"Where are we now, Donald?" murmured the Chief in a weak hollow voice, "where are we now?"

<sup>&</sup>quot;We have just passed Loch Bulig."

"Ah, then I am home once more on the beloved heath, where I have chased the wild roe, have hunted the deer, and bagged ere the sun was yet many hours old, grouse and ptarmigan without number. Alas, no more shall I handle the unerring gun, or toy with the fly in the dark, dead depths of Polmanaire, and land the silvery salmon and the dainty trout. But why should I murmur? Fortunate am I that my days are numbered, and that I shall never see the harrowing scenes that shall follow Culloden's issue, or hear the wail and anguish rising amid the vales and dales of the Highlands. We fought and we failed; but our honour will remain untarnished and future generations will admire and sing of the chivalrous conduct and self-sacrifice of the Highlanders, unsupported by the craven-hearted adherents of the South. I would die happy, could I but hear that our Prince had escaped—escaped to a land, that will offer home and hospitality to the homeless and fugitive heir of the Stuarts! My moments are but few, Donald. I cannot live to watch and care for my poor, poor followers, who will be subjected to the insults and persecutions of the haughtier conquerors. Bid them bear them without reprisal for my sake, for the sake of the cause we have died for, that it may go down to posterity unsullied, an example in time of oppression and danger."

"Courage, Chief, courage! Your end is not yet awhile."

"Yes, Donald, yes! The mist grows thicker and thicker before my eyes. But are we not yet in sight of the valley?"

"A mile or so will bring us well on towards Alteraichie."

"Thank, God! I may yet see the winding Dee."

For a short time the Chief relapsed into silence, but whether he was conscious or not Donald could not from the darkness determine. He endeavoured to quicken the pace of the wearied bearers so that they might reach a spot from which the murmur of the river could be heard, imagining that it would comfort and buoy up the drooping spirits of the Chief. And they had not proceeded far, ere the dull hoarse sound of the river was borne towards them. The ear of the Chief, sharpened, perhaps, by the near approach of death, and the wish of his heart, caught the sound almost as quickly as Donald.

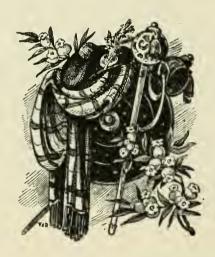
- "Donald! what's that I hear? Is it not the rush of the Dee."
- "True, Chief, and if you'll only be brave you'll see the Strath again."
- "No, I have but a few moments to live. Set me down, and tell all to come near me, that I may bid them good-bye."

Slowly and carefully they laid the stretcher on the soft heather and held aloof, no one, as it were trusting himself to approach. One by one, however, those rough, yet loyal Highlanders advanced towards their Chief, and kissed for a last time the living hand of him for whom they would have sacrificed their life's-blood. To all the Chief spoke some word of comfort or farewell, counselled them to be true to themselves, and to bear and suffer meekly whatever might be their lot in the future. Nothing could have been more touching or solemn than this spectacle, out upon the wild heath, under the open vault of heaven, with naught to mar its impressiveness but the shrill note of some night bird.

The Chief, overcome by this effort, seemed to wander in his mind and grow gradually senseless. Suddenly, however, he sat bolt upright, with a fearful, awful expression on his dying countenance. His features seemed to be distorted with agony, and his eyes livid with terror.

"Donald! what's this that comes back to me? Oh, I am haunted by the face of that woman, and her harrowing words. Did she not swear that she would see me die—be a fury to mock me! Oh, God spare me! Is there no escape from passion's crime, from the hand's action, for which the mind was unaccountable. Donald, I hear the thunder's roar; my God does everything conspire to repeat that night? See, see the lightning's flash, and beyond, that face, glaring at me—laughing at my horror. Mercy! mercy!"

R. A. PROFEIT.





THAT RIGHT IN TUNE?



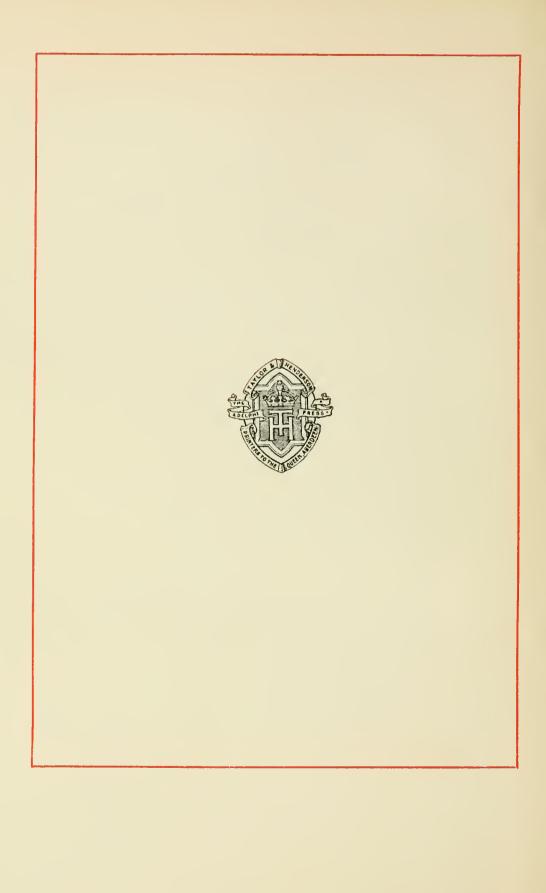
### SONNET.

My mystic Moon, my fair, enchanting Star—
These twain command allegiance, near and far,
And nought of complement nor counterpart,
In spell, or splendour, or mysterious art,
In either lies, since both sun-central are;
And thus midway I sail, no mists to mar
My course, no pilot needing and no chart.

Afar, they sway me with divided action,
An equi-potent influence them endears;
But should they plot, by some unfair compaction
To rule as one, blending their diverse spheres;
For me that union were a fell distraction,
Yet leave Delphine serene and Rose no tears.

J. a. Mairie

4th July, 1894.



Gentlemen are boarded during the Fishing season. Nearest First Class Hotel To the RAILWAY STATION THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH THE DUKE OF CONHAUGHT THE LATE DUKE OF ALBAHY PRINCESS BEATRICE - PRINCE & PRINCESS CHRISTIAN THE KING OF THE BELGIANS PRINCE FREDERICKS CHARLES OF PRUSSIA . & OTHER DISTINGUISHED VISITORS

THE MPERIALD TO WITHIN EASY ACCESS
OF THE FISHINGS ON THE RIVERS DEE & DON.







北北北北北北北北北北北北北北北北北北北北北北北

# Hooper Struve & Co.'s ROYAL GERMAN SPA

Brighton Seltzer Water,

As Supplied to
H. I. M.
The Queen-Empress
Victoria.



As Supplied to
His Late Majesty
King
William IV.

PREPARED WITH THE

Water of the world-renowned Brighton Spa.

CARRIAGE PAID ON SIX DOZEN, IN BIN CASES.

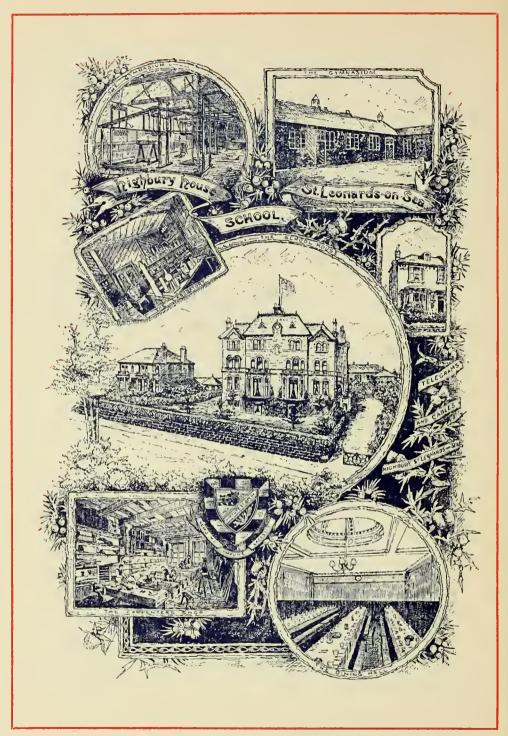
Of all Chemists & Mine Merchants throughout the Country.

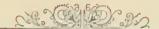
Offices: PALL MALL EAST, LONDON, S.W.,

THE ROYAL GERMAN SPA, BRIGHTON.

The Waters of the Royal German Spa have been supplied to Royalty from His Late Majesty King William IV. to H.I.M. Queen Empress Victoria.

**张苏光光光光光光光光光光光光光光光光光光光光光光光** 





# Highbury House School, St. beonards-on-Sea.

-- ESTABLISHED 1865. 4-

Head Master: GEO. TURNER, M.A., CANTAB.
(Late Scholar St. Catherine's College; Classical Honours),

Assisted in the UPPER DEPARTMENTS by Nine Resident, besides Visiting Masters.

The Preparatory School, in every respect distinct from the above, is under the care of Four Experienced Governesses.

The Premises are always open to inspection. They will be found to be complete in all modern requirements.

Diet and personal comfort of the boys unsurpassed.

Sanitary Arrangements Perfect,

Climate and Situation unrivalled in the kingdom.

Dining Hall, Gymnasium, Laboratory, Workshop, and Private Sanatorium (on the other side).

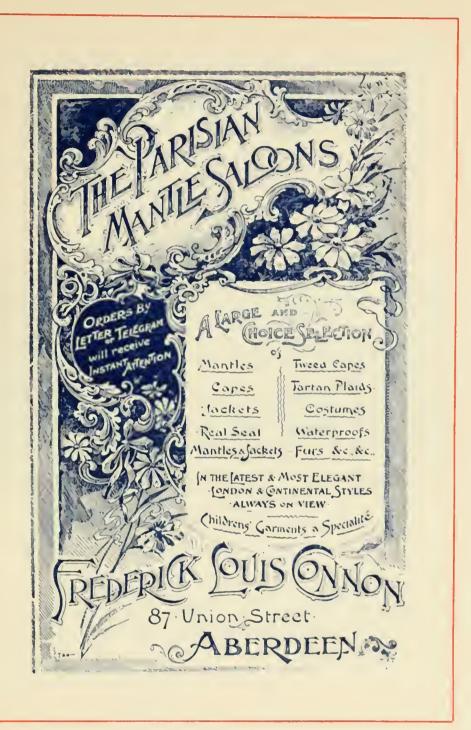
School Library; School Magazine (19th year).

Applications for Prospectus, School Magazine, References, and Examination Successes, &c., should be addressed to the Principal:

J. C. DUFF. XOV









## S. & F. HARRIS'

WORLD RENOWNED

DOMESTIC REQUISITES.



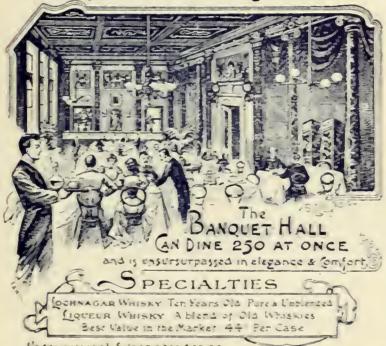
FURNITURE POLISH, PLATE POWDER, POLISHING PASTE,

### HARNESS COMPOSITION.

TELEGRAMS-"BLACKING, LONDON."



Rich-Selection of Wines (igars &c



Under personal Superintendence

· CLAMES · HAYDE

· Purveyor to Her Majesty & His Grace the Duke of Fife



# J. MARR, WOOD & CO.,



PIANOFORTE MAKERS

H.M. THE QUEEN

SH.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.



	≪ PRICE LIST. ▷		
	I.—"EXCELSIOR" Model. Iron Frame, Check Action, Full Trichord, Brass Pin Plate. Height, 4 feet 1 inch,	36	Guineas.
	II.—"VICTORIA" Model. Iron Frame, Full Trichord, Check Action, Brass Pin Plate, Marqueterie Panel. Height, 4 ft. 1 in.		11
	III.—"MOZART" Model. Iron Frame, Wrest Piu Plate, Full Trichord, Check Action, Gilt Panel Front. Height, 4 feet,	42	11
, 1	IV.—"PRINCESS" Model. Iron Frame, Wrest Pin Plate, Full Trichord, Check Action, Marqueteric Panels. Height, 4 ft.		
.,	2 in. V.—"QUEEN's" Model. Upright Iron Grand, late improved,	45	11
	Acoustic Iron Frame, Front Escapement, Check Action, Full Trichord, and all latest improvements. Marqueterie Panels.		
	Height, 4 st. 2 in.	50	**

These Pianofortes of our own make have been supplied to and approved of by

#### HER MAJEST

SOLE AGENTS FOR

### WINKELMAN'S CELEBRATED PIANOS.

Rubenstein says:—"Their tone and touch is superb."
Wagner says:—"They fulfil all that is required of the finest Pianos, both as regards their singing tone and excellent touch."
Liszt says:—"They are beautiful in every respect, and worthy of the best traditions of your old established house."

ILLUSTRATED PRICE LISTS FREE ON APPLICATION.

SOLE AGENTS FOR

### HARDMAN'S CELEBRATED PIANOS.

PIANOS, ORGANS, and HARMONIUMS, by all the best makers, for Sale, Hire, or Hire System Purchase. The most Liberal Discount-Cash.

ROYAL MUSIC SALOONS, THE 138 UNION STREET, ABERDEEN.





ESTABLISHED IN PARIS, 1780.

LICENSED BY KING LOUIS XVI., 1785.

ESTABLISHED IN LONDON, 1792.

GOLD MEDALS, PARIS, 1819, 1823, 1827, 1834, 1839, 1844, 1851, 1855, 1878, ETC.

Two Medals, Sydney, 1879.

Three Medals, Melbourne, 1880.

GOLD MEDAL, KIMBERLEY, 1892.

PIANOFORTE AND HARP MAKERS

HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA.

II.R.II. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

II.M. THE QUEEN OF SPAIN.

H.M. QUEEN OF THE BELGIANS, ETC.

THE -

### ERARD PIANOFORTE

IS THE ONLY PIANO USED BY THE

#### WORLD'S GREATEST PIANISTS.

A GOLD MEDAL (KIMBERLEY, 1892) HAS ALREADY BEEN AWARDED TO THE NEW PARISIAN MODELS.

S. & P. ERARD, Royal Pianoforte 18 Gt. Marlboro' Street, LONDON., W.

THE NEW MODELS AT UNIFORM DISCOUNTS FOR CASH.

SOLE AGENTS FOR ABERDEEN:-

J. MARR, WOOD & CO.,

PIANO MAKERS to H.M. The Queen and H.R.H. The Prince of Wales.



Starten Control of the control of th

BY SPECIAL APPOINTMENT

To Ber Majesty the Queen and B.R.B. The Prince of Wales.

REVIVED AND MODIFIED PRODUCTIONS OF CELTIC, BYZANTINE, AND SCANDINAVIAN GOLDSMITHS' ART.

### JAMES AITCHISON,

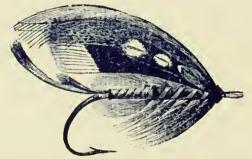
SCOTTISH NATIONAL JEWELLER.

Manufacturer of the Lochiet Historical Vase and the Cluny Macpherson Golden Tuesding Gift.

### 80 PRINCES STREET, EDINBURGH.

Highland Ornaments, Claymores, Dirks, Skene Dhus, Sporrans, Waist Belts, Shoulder Brooches,

SALMON FLIES AND GUT CASTING LINES SPECIALITÉ.



WILLIAM GARDEN,

GUN & FISHING TACKLE MAKER.

122 1/2 Union Street, ABERDEEN.



Carvers & Gilders.

Fine Arts of Every Variety.

Picture – Restorers.

Artists' Materials of Every Description



### HAY & LYALL

73 UNION STREET,

ABERDEEN.

By Special Appointment
To Her Majesty The Queen-

ESTABLISHED 1811.

Opticians.

Field, Opera, and Marine Glasses and Telescopes.

Spectacles of all Kinds.

Optical Goods of Every Description

#### DECORATORS.

Ceilings, Friezes, and all Kinds of Interior Decoration Artistically Executed, In Carton Pierre, and Fibrous Plaster, to any Design.

DRAWINGS AND ESTIMATES ON APPLICATION.

Tolegraphic Address-HAY LYALL, ABERDEEN.

Works-19 GUESTROW.

# MORGAN'S HIGH-CLASS

PHOTOGRAPHIC

BRIDGE PLACE, CORNER OF BRIDGE STREET. STUDIO

\*BERDEEN.

APPOINTMENTS

FROM 10 TILL 4.





CHEMISTS TO THE QUEEN. GLASGOW.

ALL THE LEADING

### NOVELTIES

JOHN C. MCLEOD,

IN THE TRADE.



### 46 Union Street, ABERDEEN.

Silk Hats, Livery Hats, Bands and Cockades, Drab, Sheil, and Opera Hats, Felt Hats (Soft, Flexible, and Stiffened), Newsst Shapes and Colours.

Tweed Caps (Duke of York), and other Fashionable Shapes.

Tam o' Shantera, Glengarrys, Prince Charlies, and the real Lonach Bonnets.

Crieket, Tennis, and Gymnastie Outfita.

Summer Helmets and Hats, Straw Hats, Fancy Bands and Guards, and Puggarees. Umbrellas, Travelling Bags, Rugs, &c.

ABERDEEN GRANITE MONUMENTS



FROM £3.

DESIGNS AND PRICES ON APPLICATION.



→ JAMES TAGGART, ←



GRANITE WORKS, 92 GREAT WESTERN ROAD, --- ABERDEEN.

Red & Grey Granite Monuments carefully packed & forwarded to all parts of the World.







### WILLIAM ROBB,

JEWELLER, &c.,

(FOR 23 YEARS WITH THE LATE FIRM OF M. RETTIE & SONS, ABERDEEN,)

### KINCARDINE O'NEIL.

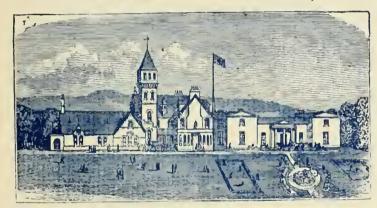
#### WITCH OR FAIRY HEART BROOCHES

IN GOLD AND SILVER. SELECTIONS ON APPROVAL.
ANTIQUE JEWELLERY REPRODUCED.

HERALDIC SILVERSMITH WORK, CREST BROOCHES, &c., &c., MADE TO OROER.

### DEESIDE

### HYDROPATHIC ESTABLISHMENT, HEATHCOT, Near ABERDEEN.



#### TERMS.

From 1st May to 31st Oct., £2 10s. per week. For two occupying the same room, £2 5s. each per week. From 1st November to 30th April, £1 15s. For two in one room, £1 13s. 9d. each.

THE Climate of Deeside is the most Healthy and Bracing in Great Britain. Patients and Visitors have the privilege of Preserved Salmon and Trout Fishing in the River Dee, as it runs through the Estates of Healthcot and Murtle—Distance Two Miles. Turkish and other Baths are Constructed with the Latest Improvements. Healthcot is within easy reach of Balmoral Castle, Her Majesty's Summer Residence.

Resident Superintendent-Dr. STEWART.

BY SPECIAL



- APPOINTMENT.

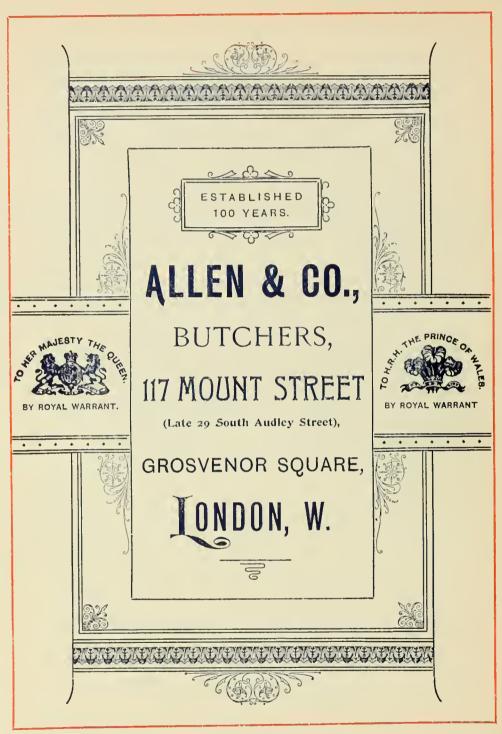
### SIMPSON & WHYTE,

CLOTHIERS TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN, 21 Union Buildings, ABERDEEN.

GENTLEMEN'S DRESS FURNISHED ACCORDING TO THE NEWEST FASHION.

N.B.-A Garment sent will answer instead of a Measure.

6" TA THE CONTROL OF THE CONTROL OF THE







### THE GRAND HOTEL,

Union Terrace Gardens, Aberdeen.

### CHARLES MANN, PROPRIETOR AND MANAGER.

THIS magnificent Hotel, which has recently been creeted from designs by Mr. MARSHALL MACKENZIE, A.R.S.A., occupies the finest central situation in the city, and is sufficiently removed from Street and Railway Traffic to secure complete quiet.

In convenience of arrangement, perfect appointments, luxury, and real comfort, it ranks with the first establishments in the Kingdom. The Cuisine is of the most refined description. WINES and CIGARS of the Finest Vintages and Brands are specially imported.

Electric Lighting Throughout.

Passenger Elevator.

POSTAL AND TELEGRAPH OFFICE IN HOTEL.

Omnibus and Porters attend all Trains.

CHARGES MODERATE.

200 YARDS FROM RAILWAY TERMINUS.

Excellent Salmon and Trout Fishings on the Rivers Dee and Don provided for Visitors, and within easy access.

CORRESPONDENCE INVITED

**米米米米米米米米** 

BY ROYAL LETTERS

PATENT. -

**※※※※※※※**※※

### The Sylvan Decoration Co. (Limited),

MANUFACTURERS OF

PATENT PARCHMENTIZED WOOD PANELS

- FOR -

WALL DECORATIONS.



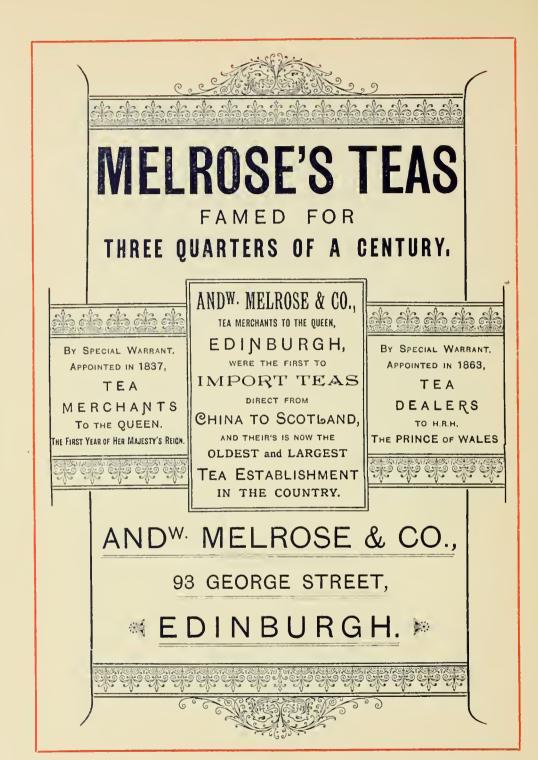
ESTIMATES GIVEN FREE - FOR -

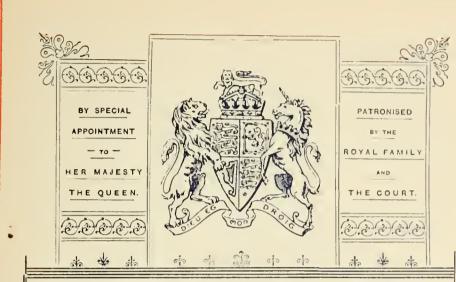
PANELLED DADOS & CEILINGS.

In Oak, Walnut, Mahogany, Bird's Hye Maple, Rosewood, &c., &c.

SPRING GARDEN WORKS, \*BERDEEN.

TELEGRAMS-"SYLVAN OOY., SPRING GARDEN, APERDEEN."





### FIFE ARMS HOTEL,

BRAEMAR.

COACHES DURING THE SEASON

BETWEEN BRAEMAR AND BALLATER,

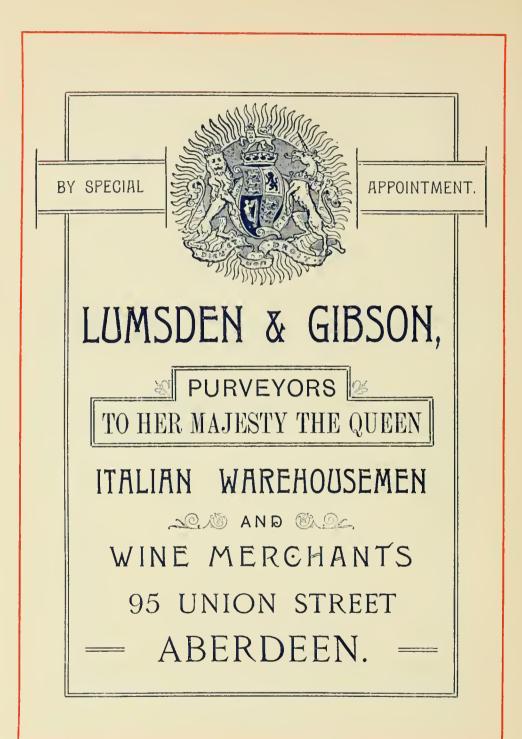
AND

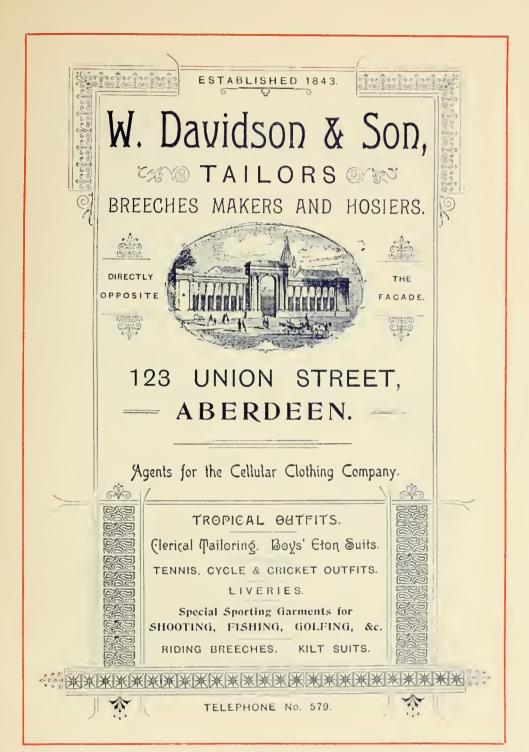
BRAEMAR, BLAIRGOWRIE, AND DUNKELD.

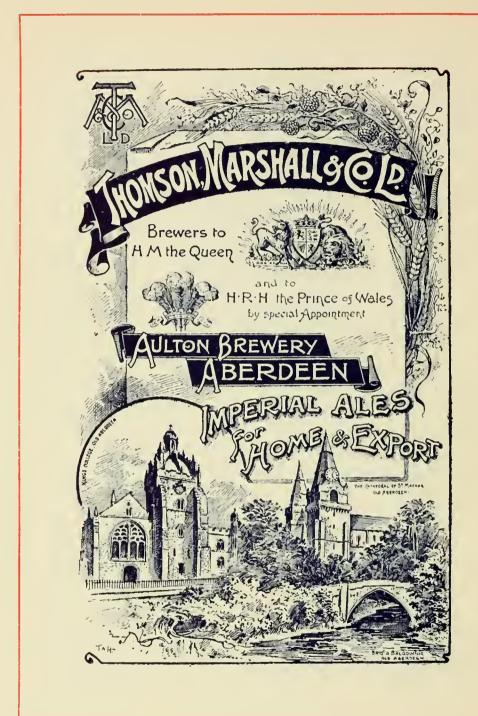


Mrs. M'Nab has leased from the Duke of Flfe, K.T., seven miles of His Grace's Private Salmon Fishings, which gentlemen staying at Hotel can have.

POSTING IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.











### BALLATER.

# FRANCIS COUTTS, MERCHANT,

POST HORSE MASTER,

Opposite the Mailway Station,

Supplies Comfortable Conveyances of Every Description, with Careful, Obliging Coachmen, at very Reasonable Terms.

HORSES WITH OR WITHOUT CARRIAGES CAN BE HAD BY THE MONTH.

Telegrams-"COUTTS, BALLATER."

ESTABLISHED 1878.

# WILLIAM EDWARDS, NELSON GRANITE WORKS KING STREET, ABERDEEN.

MONUMENTS in RED, GREY, & BLUE GRANITES.

Circular Work done by the Latest Improved Machinery.

DESIGNS AND PRICES ON APPLICATION.

GOODS SENT TO ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD. WORKMANSHIP GUARANTEED.

### BALLATER.

### LOIRSTON HOUSE.

Having been Enlarged, Redecorated, and Refurnished, will be found a most Comfortable and Home-like Residence for

TOURISTS, VISITORS, AND FAMILIES.

BOARD AND TARIFF MODERATE.

Posting in all its Branches in Connection.

Excellent Golf Course near. Trout Fishing Free.

GEORGE T. LAMOND, Proprietor.

TELEGRAMS -" LAMOND, BALLATER."

### ROBERT GARROW,

### Fish, Game, &



### Poultry Dealer

To Ber Majesty the Queen

& N.R.H. the Prince of Wales.

TOWN AND COUNTRY ORDERS EXECUTED WITH PROMPTNESS AND DESPATCH.

Fotels, Yachts, &c., Supplied.

All Kinds of Fish in Season.

ROUGH AND BLOCK ICE.

### 26 Hadden Street, ABERDEEN.

ESTABLISHED



HALF-A-CENTURY

### ALEXANDER MEARNS & CO.

SADDLERS AND HARNESS MAKERS TO HER MAJESTY.

Have always in Stock a Large Selection of Saddlery and Harness of every Description for Home and Abroad,

PORTMANTEAUS, DRESS BASKETS, GVERLAND TRUNKS, FITTED DRESSING BAGS, DRESSING CASES, GLADSTONE BAGS. &c.

5 and 7 Back Wynd (Union Street), ABERDEEN.

INSPECTION RESPECTFULLY INVITED.





BY SPECIAL APPOINTMENT

POSTING MASTER

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN,

BRAEMAR.

### INVERCAULD ARMS HOTEL

(in connection with the invercauld Arms Hotel, Balleter).

THE FINEST HOTEL SITUATION IN SCOTLAND,

Recently Re-erected after Plans by J. T. WIMPERIS, Esq., Sackville St., London.

LARGE DINING-HALL, ELEGANT LADIES' DRAWING-ROOM, BILLIARD-ROOM, SMOKING-ROOM, AND NUMEROUS SUITES OF APARTMENTS.

POSTING IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

COACHES DURING THE SEASON TO BLAIRGOWRIE, DUNKELD, AND BALLATER.

LETTERS AND TELEGRAMS PUNCTUALLY ATTENDED TO.

ALEX. McGREGOR.

BALLATER.

A CONTROL OF THE CONT

### INVERCAULD ARMS HOTEL

(in connection with the invercauld Arms Hotel, Braemar).

THIS FIRST-CLASS HOTEL has now been extensively added to and refurnished in a superior style, making it one of the

BEST HOTELS IN THE HIGHLANDS.

Parties Boarded by the Week on Special Terms, excepting from 15th July to 15th September.

Excellent Salmon Fishing on the Dee, and Free to Visitors during JULY and AUGUST.

By Special Appointment Posting Master to Her Majesty the Queen.

Posting in all its Departments and at Moderate Rates.

Letters and Telegrams punctually attended to.

ALEX. McGREGOR.

DURING

THE

BLAIRGOWRIE. AND DUNKELD.







# CAMPBELLS, LIMITED,

Post Horse Masters to Her Majesty, Omnibus, carriage & cab proprietors, Livery Stable Keepers.

FUNERAL UNDERTAKING IN ALL ITS DEPARTMENTS.
COACH BUILDING IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

Head Office and Stables, - - - S BON ACCORD STREET.
Funeral Office, - - - 4 BON ACCORD STREET.
Coach Works, - - 8 BON ACCORD STREET.

Branches :-

ALFORD PLACE, 100 ROSEMOUNT PLACE, 93 MOUNTHOOLY & JOINT STATION.

JOHN McFARLANE, Manager.







## THE ABERDEEN STEAM LAUNDRY

CLAREMONT STREET.



LAUNDRY WORK OF EYERY DESCRIPTION FROM TOWN & COUNTY EXECUTED PROMPTLY, & IN THE BEST MANNER.

Carpets Beaten and Cleansed thoroughly.

Address-THE MANAGERESS.

Claremont Street, ABERDEEN.

TELEPHONE No. 190.



Estimates given for Every Description of Polished and Dressed Work for Monumental and Architectural Purposes.

TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS-BARKER, KENSINGTON

TELEPHONE No. 8540

# JOHN BARKER & CO., LD., KENSINGTON HIGH STREET, LONDON, W.

SIR OR MADAM,

We take this opportunity to inform you that our Departments are stocked with Fashionable Articles of Attire for Ladies, Gentlemen, and Children, and Fabrics of the Newest Kind; also with Household Goods of the Best Description. Patterns and Samples of the various articles together with Fashion Sheets can be had per return of post.

The Summer Edition of our General Price List is now ready, and we shall be pleased to send it without charge, and post free on application. It contains more than 1500 pages well illustrated, also valuable information as regards Postal, Household, Medical, and other matters which make it a useful book of reference, when practicable goods are sent on approval.

Yours obediently,

JOHN BARKER & CO., LD.

### DEPARTMENTS.

Black and Colourad Sitka. Dress Materials. Dreasmaking. Tallor-made Gowns. Costumes, Ball & Evening Dresses Millinery. Mantles and Jackets. Linens, Tapestry and Curtains. Drapery. Washing Fabrics. Mourning & Funeral Furnishing. Ladies' Outfitting & Baby Linen. Ladies' and Children'a Gloves. Ladies' and Children's Helsery. Lace. Flowers and Feathers. Ribbons. Mantle and Orass Trimmings. Haberdashary. Art Embroidery. Umbrellas and Sunshadas.

Gentlemen's Outfitting. Gentlemen's and Youths' Shirts. Boots and Shoes. Hats and Capa. Talloring. Juvenile Clothing. Waterproof & Indiarubber Goods. Portmanteaus, Bags & Trunks. Foreign and Fancy Articles. Entertainments. Stationery, Toys and Games. Out-door Sports. Horse Clothing. Optica & Photographic Apparatus Oriental Articles. Grocery and Italian Goods. Fruit and Vegetables. Provisiona. Natural Flowers and Plants. Flah and Poultry.

Bread and Confectionery. Wines, Spirita and Beer, Cigars, Tobacco and Pipes. Building and Decorating. Sanitary Engineering. Electric Lighting. Estate Agents and Insurance. Auctioneers and Appraisers. Removals and Warehousing. Furniture, Bedsteads & Bedding. Carpets and Floor Cloth. Ironmongery and Turnery. Silver, Electro-Plate & Cutlery China and Glass. Stable Requisites Coal and Forage. Dyeing and Cleaning. Tent, Marquee, Ball & Rout. Furnishing & Hire. Patent Medicines and Drugs. Country Orders and Export.

Cooked Meat and Catering.



### COCKER'S ABERDEEN ROSES

### HERBACEOUS PLANTS

Are the hardiest obtainable.

FINEST AND LARGEST COLLECTIONS IN SCOTLAND.

Visitors to Aberdeen and neighbourhood are respectfully invited to call and see these growing at our Morningfield Nursery.

CATALOGUES FREE ON APPLICATION.

### JAMES COCKER & SONS,

130 Union Street, ABERDEEN.

# JOHN W. REID,

AUCTIONEER & VALUATOR,

5 CROWN STREET.

18 ST. PAUL STREET,

ABERDEEN.



TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS-"AUCTION." TELEPHONE No. 609.



# THOM & STRACHAN,

REGISTERED PLUMBERS,
ELECTRIC BELL FITTERS, WATER SUPPLY CONTRACTORS,
AND SANITARY SURVEYORS.

### ABERDEEN & BANCHORY.

Aberdeen Addresses-

CENTRAL SHOP-62 WINDMILL BRAE. WEST END SHOP-474 UNION STREET.

Deeside Address—BRIDGE STREET, BANCHORY.

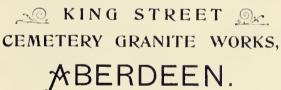
Jobbing Work Promptly and Skilfnlly Executed by First-Class Tradesmen.

14

15

K

# JAMES HUTCHEON,





*ĸĸĸĸĸĸĸĸĸĸĸĸĸĸĸĸĸĸĸĸĸ*ĸĸĸĸĸ



# Romanes & Paterson,

THE ROYAL CLAN TARTAN WAREHOUSE.

62 PRINCES STREET, EDINBURGH.

C. C. S. S.

Homespun Tweeds,

Rugs,

Shawls,

Plaids,

Ulsters,

Fishing Capes.

College



252

Ladies

Costumes.

Perfect fit guaranteed from

pattern bodice.

Select Designs in

Scotch Tweeds
Specially

Manufactured.

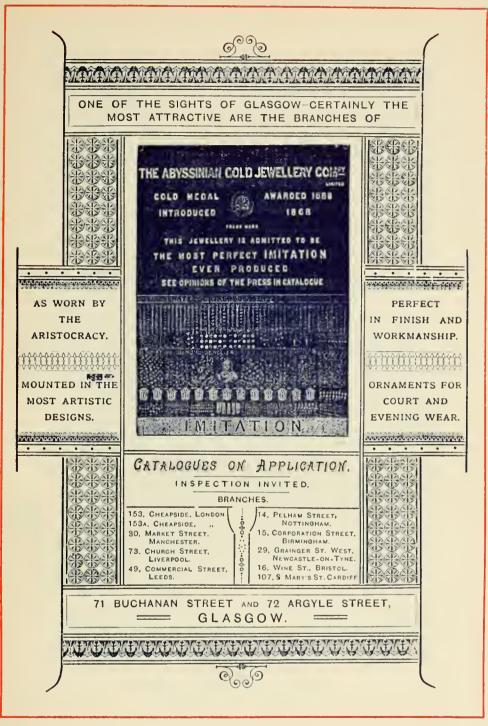
CHINO

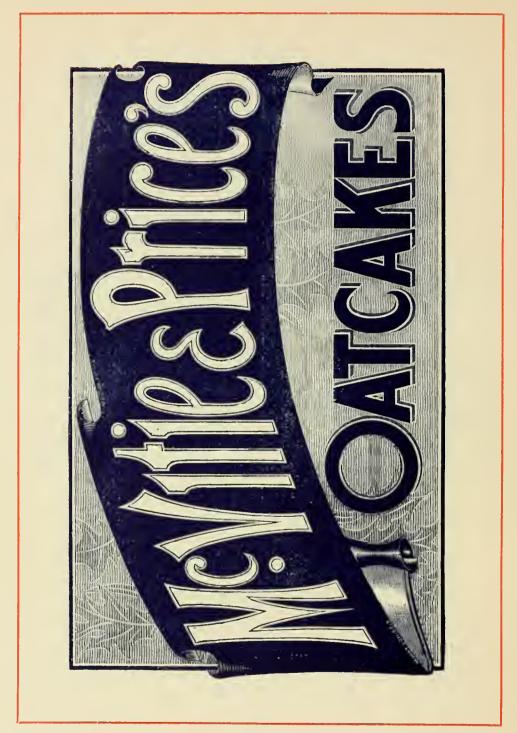
Specialite—THE HIGHLAND COSTUME.

THE "GLENCOE CAPE."

Large Assortment kept in Stock, in Homespun and Reversible Tweeds.

PATTERNS & SKETCHES SENT WHEN REQUESTED.







# ALEX. MACDONALD & CO., LD.,

Quarry Massers & Morkers in Granise
TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

### ABERDEEN GRANITE WORKS,

ABERDEEN,

AND AT 373 EUSTON ROAD, LONDON, N.W.

MONUMENTAL & ARCHITECTURAL WORK IN ALL THE VARIOUS HOME & FOREIGN GRANITES.



GLASS AND CHINA.

# JOHN FORD & COY.

GLASS MANUFACTURERS AND
GLASS & CHINA PURVEYORS
By Monal Marrants to M. At. The Queen,

136, 138, & 399 UNION STREET,

### ABERDEEN.

Sole Agents for
ROYAL WORCESTER PORCELAIN COY.
ROYAL CROWN DERBY.
JOSIAH WEDGWOOD & SONS.
COALPORT CHINA COY.
MINTONS, LIMITED &c.



Patronised By H.R.H. The Prince of Wales.

ESTABLISHED AS GLASS MANUFACTURERS SINCE 1760.





Telegraphic Address
"GRATES, EDINBURGH."



TELEPHONE No. 2018.

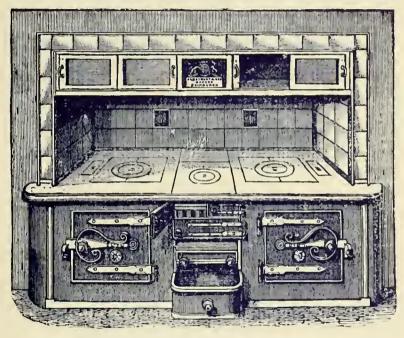
# JAMES GRAY & SON,

FURNISHING IRONMONGERS,
STOVE AND GRATE MANUFACTURERS

To The Queen,

KITCHEN RANGE MAKERS BY APPOINTMENT TO THE EDINBURGH SCHOOL OF COOKERY & DOMESTIC ECONOMY, LIMITED,

85 GEORGE STREET, EDINBURGH.



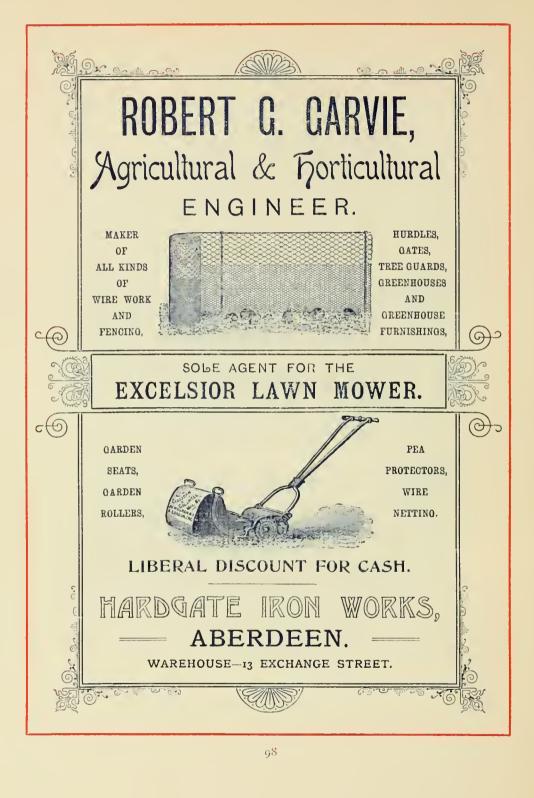
Inspection invited of our Improved Close and Open FIRE RANGE, which is a speciality constructed on the

Best Principles for Heating and Economy in Fuel.

THOROUGH ACTION GUARANTEED IN EVERY CASE.

Also, the New Edinburgh and the "Al" Simplex Range, in Stock or to Order, for every class of residence.

— Drawings and Estimates Free on Application. —



# "TABLOIDS" COMPRESSED TE Secure Economy, Purity, & Uniformity.

Made from
PURE TEA
By a
SPECIAL
PROCESS;
They
PREVENT
WASTE,
and are most
CONVENIENT,
PORTABLE,
and
RELIABLE.



TRAVELLERS,
EXPEDITIONS,
SCHOOLS,
FACTORIES,
and
PICNICS,
as well as for
GENERAL
HOUSEHOLD
USE.

A uniformly good cup of Tea is always produced with TEA "TABLOIDS."
"TEA TABLOIDS" enable the consumption in the household to be easily regulated.

### BURROUCHS, WELLCOME & CO., SNOW HILL BUILDINGS, E.C.

"LANOLINE," prepared from the Purified Fat of Lambs' Wool, is similar to the Fat of the Human Skin and Hair. It is their Natural Nutriment.

TOILET
"LANOLINE,"
6d. & 1s.

A Soothing Emollient for Health & Beauty of the Skin.

"LANOLINE"
POMADE,
is. 6d.

Nourishes, Invigorates, and Beautifies the Hair.



"LANOLINE"
TOILET SOAP,

6d. & IS.

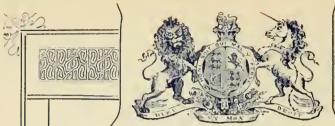
Renders the most sensitive Skin Healthy, Clear, & Elastic.

"LANOLINE"
COLD CREAM,

rs. 6d.

For the Complexion.
Prevents
Wrinkles.

WHOLESALE DEPOT-67 HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON, E.C.





# MORTLOCKS

POTTERY GALLERIES

FOUNDED A.D. 1746.

ARTISTS AND DESIGNERS
PORCELAIN & GLASS

BY SPECIAL APPOINTMENTS TO

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN

T.R.H. THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES AND THE COURTS OF EUROPE.

Specimens of the Numerous Services made by MORTLOCK

ROYAL RESIDENCES

ON VIEW.

GENERAL CATALOGUES-(ILLUSTRATED)-FREE.

466, 468, & 470 OXFORD ST. 31 & 32 ORCHARD ST.

LONDON W.





## RARE OLD HIGHLAND WHISKY

G. & W. STEWART

WINE MERCHANTS

**ABERDEEN** 

( & W. Stewart invite attention to their large Stock of

### OLD HIGHLAND WHISKIES

selected from the best Distilleries in the North of Scotland, and which they have supplied to many of H.M. Ships of War, as well as Messes in India and the Colonies.

PRICES ON APPLICATION.

TELEPHONE No. 692

"ADELPHI
ABERDEEN,"

TELEGRAMS







## JAMES MACBETH,

181 UNION STREET, ABERDEEN.

INTENDING PURCHASERS OF

### Pianofortes, Barmoniums, and American Organs,

Should not fail to inspect JAMES MACBETH'S Magnificent Stock of Instruments—the Finest in the North of Scotland.

In J. M.'s Spacious Saloons may be compared side by side, the Splendid GRANDS of STEINWAY, BECHSTEIN, BROADWOOD, COLLARD, KIRKMAN, and CHAPPELL & CO.

The choice of COTTAGE PIANOS by the above Celebrated Makers, in addition to those by all the Best-English and Continental Manufacturers of eminence is immense, and Purchasers secure great advantages by selecting from such a Superin Stock.

J. M. possesses unlimited facilities for the Display of AMERICAN ORGANS and HARMONIUMS by Mason & Hamlin, Clough & Warren, Smith, Karn, Sterling, Needham Company, and other well-known Makers.

### THE "NEEDHAM" AMERICAN ORGANS.

The name of "Needham" stands foremost among the reputable Organ Manufacturers of this Country, and its reputation is being daily extended.

ALL INSTRUMENTS SOLD AT LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES FOR CASH.

### SPECIAL LINE!! The Cheapest Organ in the World.

In Handsome Solid Walnut Case. Five Feet High, with Elegant Music Rack, Seven Stops, Two Knee Swells, Two Octave Couplers. Pure Full Round Organ Tone. Excellent Finish.

STOPS-Diafason, Dolce, Melodie, Flute D'Amour, Bass Coupler, Treble Coupler, Vox Humana, Two Knee Swells.

#### PRICE £8 CASH. May be had on Three Years' System.

\*. To be obtained only from JAMES MACBETH, 181 Union Street, Aberdeen.

ANY INSTRUMENT MAY BE HAD ON

THE THREE YEARS' SYSTEM.

SPECIALTY.

SPECIALTY.

### HARMONIUMS AND AMERICAN ORGANS

FOR CHURCH USE.

LOWEST QUOTATIONS TO MUSICAL COMMITTEES.







ESTABLISHED 1834



# DAVIDSON & KAY CHEMISTS

TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN

**ABERDEEN** 

UB 534410





