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GLIMPSES

OF

CHURCH AND SOCIAL LIFE IN THE HIGHLANDS  
IN OLDEN TIMES

“ Tradition’s lore and Celtic lay  
May well beguile the longest day  
While we pursue our Highland way,  
Or sad delight  
Recall the straths of rapid Spey  
When far from sight.”





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GLIMPSSES  
OF  
CHURCH AND SOCIAL LIFE IN THE  
HIGHLANDS IN OLDEN TIMES

*AND OTHER PAPERS*

BY  
ALEXANDER MACPHERSON, F.S.A. Scot.

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS  
EDINBURGH AND LONDON  
MDCCCXCIII

“ But lead me, O Malvina ! to the sound of my woods ; to the roar of my mountain streams. Let the chase be heard on Cona ; let me think on the days of other years. And bring me the harp, O maid ! that I may touch it, when the light of my soul shall arise. Be thou near, to learn the song ; future times shall hear of me ! The sons of the feeble hereafter will lift the voice on Cona ; and looking up to the rocks, say, ‘ Here Ossian dwelt ! ’ They shall admire the Chiefs of old, the race that are no more ! while we ride on our clouds, Malvina ! on the wings of the roaring winds. Our voices shall be heard at times in the desert ; we shall sing on the breeze of the rock.”—OSSIAN.

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Dedicated to the Memory of

EWEN MACPHERSON OF CLUNY MACPHERSON,

CHIEF OF CLAN CHATTAN, C.B.

“THE GENUINE TYPE OF THE OLD SCOTTISH CHIEF:  
THE CHIEF WHO LOVED HIS PEOPLE AND SPOKE THE LANGUAGE  
OF THE PEOPLE, AND LIVED ON HIS PROPERTY,  
AND DELIGHTED IN OLD TRADITIONS, IN OLD SERVANTS,  
IN OLD SERVICES, AND OLD KINDLY  
USAGES OF ALL KINDS.”



## PREFATORY NOTE.

---

PORTIONS of the following papers have from time to time within the last few years appeared in various magazines, and are now, with considerable additions, presented to the public in a collected form. The volume makes no claim to learned or original research, and professes, as its title indicates, to be little more than a compilation or *omnium gatherum* of old folk-lore, and odds and ends gleaned from reliable sources, connected chiefly with the lordship of Badenoch in the central Highlands—that wide and extensive district so appropriately described by the late Principal Shairp of St Andrews as “the grand old country of the Chattan Clan.”

Originally intended solely for natives of Badenoch, the author ventures to express the hope that the book may prove of more than local interest, as illustrating to some extent the Church and social life prevailing north of the Grampians, and the condition and characteristics of the Highland people in olden times. The portraits of famous personages connected with the district in bygone days, and the other illustrations, will, it is hoped, tend to enhance the interest of some of the “Glimpses” given in the volume. The Appendix, embracing as it does so many historical

documents relating to the Clan Chattan, Prince Charlie, and the famous Cluny of the "'45" (some of which are now published for the first time), will, it is believed, prove specially interesting to members of the clan and natives of Badenoch generally. In the Cluny charter-chest are preserved a large number of original letters of historical importance, addressed to the Cluny chiefs of the time by Viscount Dundee, the Duke of Gordon, the Earls of Dunfermline, Mar, Marischall, Perth, and Rothes, the Master of Stair, Simon Lord Lovat, and others, from 1689 to 1756 in connection with the various Risings in the Highlands in favour of "the hapless Stuart line," which, it is hoped, may yet be published in some permanent form.

The author desires gratefully to acknowledge his obligations to the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, and to his Grace's Commissioner, Mr Wedderspoon, for an inspection of the original document at Gordon Castle containing the rental, in 1603, of the lordship of Badenoch—a transcript of which is given in the Appendix; to Cluny Macpherson for access to the Cluny charter-chest and to the Cluny library; to Mr Macpherson of Corrimony, for the use of the MSS. of his grandfather ("Old Biallid"); to the Rev. William Bruce of Glenrinnis, the Clerk of the Synod of Moray, the Rev. James Anderson of Alvie, and the Rev. D. S. Maclennan of Laggan, for access to the old records of the Synod of Moray, the records of the Kirk-session of Alvie, and the records of the Kirk-session of Laggan respectively; and to Mr Brewster Macpherson of Belleville, Professor Blackie, the Rev. Dr Cameron Lees of St Giles, the Rev. Neil Dewar of the Free Church, Kingussie, the Rev. Thomas Sinton of Dores, Mr Fraser-Mackintosh of Drummond, Dr Joseph Anderson of the Society of Antiquaries, Mr David M'Gibbon, architect, Edinburgh, Mr William Mackay, solicitor, Inverness, Mr Alexander MacBain



of Rainings School, Inverness, Mr Hew Morrison of the Public Library, Edinburgh, Mr Roderick Maclennan of the Public School, Kingussie, Mr Donald Campbell, merchant, Kingussie, and his brother, Mr Paul Campbell, for valuable aid and suggestions in the preparation of the work.

The cordial acknowledgments of the author are also due to the large and influential number of subscribers whose hearty encouragement led to the publication of the volume. He specially desires to record his warmest obligations in this respect to Mr W. J. M<sup>c</sup>Pherson of Rochester, New York—one of the most devoted and patriotic members of the clan now living—through whose unwearied efforts upwards of fifty Macpherson subscribers were secured in America and Canada. So many Macphersons have not, it is believed, been brought together, so to speak, since the clan with their distinguished chief, and the famous green banner at their head, so devotedly followed Prince Charlie in his gallant but ill-fated attempt to regain the crown of his ancestors.

The author may be permitted to add that any profits to be derived from the sale of the work are intended to be devoted to a fund for keeping in good order and repair the venerable churchyard of St Columba in Kingussie, where the mortal remains of so many generations of Macphersons so peacefully rest with their kindred dust.

A. M.



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ERRATA.

Page 169, line 13, *for* "February" *read* "January."

" 359, " 11, *for* "Ben Nevis" *read* "Invernevis."

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GLIMPSES

OF

CHURCH AND SOCIAL LIFE IN THE HIGHLANDS  
IN OLDEN TIMES


“To call up our ancestors before us, with all their peculiarities of language, manners, and garb,—to show us over their houses, to seat us at their tables, to rummage their old-fashioned wardrobes, to explain the use of their ponderous furniture;—these parts of the duty, which properly belongs to the historian, have become appropriated by the historical novelist.”—LORD MACAULAY.

# GLIMPSSES OF CHURCH AND SOCIAL LIFE IN THE HIGHLANDS IN OLDEN TIMES.

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## CHAPTER I.

### INTRODUCTORY.

“O the southern inhabitants of Scotland the state of the mountains and of the islands is equally unknown with that of Borneo or Sumatra; of both they have only heard a little and guess the rest. They are strangers to the manners, the advantages, and the wants of the people whose life they would model and whose evils they would remedy.” So wrote Dr Johnson, the famous lexicographer and pioneer of Hebridean travellers, fully a century ago; but in view of the Reports of Royal Commissions, and of the innumerable magazine and newspaper articles which have appeared of recent years, on the state of the Highlands—religious as well as social and political—any appropriateness which may have previously attached to the great southern Don’s hyperbolic estimate of Lowland ignorance of our mountaineers and islanders is surely in a fair way of being altogether removed. We have it in Sacred Writ that “in the multitude of counsellors there is safety,” and their counsels—varied as they are—will, let us hope, lead to a remedy being provided for the many evils still rampant among us, and to our beginning to mend ecclesiastically and otherwise.

Mistier, it has well been said, than our Highland mountains is our early Highland history. So speedily and almost entirely overcast was the dawn of the religious day in the Highlands in 1563, that even in the mainland of Ross-shire it is difficult to fix the Reformation era earlier than the re-establishment of Presbytery after the days of the tulchan bishops of James VI. For fully a century later than 1563 the darkness apparently lingered. In 1656 the Presbytery of Dingwall reported that the people of Applecross, "among their abominable and heathen practices, were accustomed to sacrifice bulls at a certain time upon the 25th of August, which day is dedicate, as they conceive, to S. Maurie, as they call him." In 1678 certain parties in Eilean Mourie, or St Ruffus, in Loch Ewe, were summoned "for sacrificing in ane heathenish mannar for recovering the health of Cirstane Mackenzie." Such, says Shaw, the historian of Moray, was the prevailing ignorance, that it "was attended with much superstition and credulity. Heathenish and Romish customs were much practised. Pilgrimages to wells and chapels were frequent. Apparitions were everywhere talked of and believed. Particular families were said to be haunted by certain demons, the good or bad geniuses of these families—such as: On Speyside, the family of Rothiemurchus, by *Bodach an Dùin*—*i.e.*, 'the ghost of the Dune';<sup>1</sup> the Baron of Kincardine's family, by *Red Hand*, or 'a ghost, one of whose hands was blood-red'; Gartinbeg, by *Bodach-Gartin*; Glenlochie, by *Brownie*; Tullochgorum, by *Maag Moulach*—*i.e.*, 'One with the left hand all over hairy.' I find in the Synod Records of Moray frequent orders to the Presbyteries of Aberlaure and Abernethie to inquire into

<sup>1</sup> When the Shaws were dispossessed of their family estate the Bodach sang these lines of lamentation :—

" Ho ro ! theid sinn 's a' chiomachas,  
Theid sinn a fonn 's a odhaichean  
'S ged thug iad uainn ar dùthchas  
Bidh ar dùil ri cathair na firinn ;"

which have been freely translated :—

" Ho ! Ro ! as exiles we go,  
From our lands and strongholds, away, away ;  
But we trust, though out-thrust  
By an earthly foe,  
To reach the City that lasts for aye,  
The City of Peace—for aye, for aye."

According to the family legend, the Bodach continues to guard the graves and protect the memorial-stones at Rothiemurchus of the old barons.—*Vide* Roger's Social Life in Scotland, 1886, iii. 342.



the truth of *Maag Moulach's* appearing; but they could make no discovery, only that one or two men declared they once saw, in the evening, a young girl whose left hand was all hairy, and who instantly disappeared. Almost every large common was said to have a circle of fairies belonging to it. Separate hillocks upon plains were called *Sitheanan*—*i.e.*, 'fairy hills.' Scarce a shepherd but had seen apparitions and ghosts. Charms, casting nativities, curing diseases by enchantments, fortune-telling, were commonly practised, and firmly believed. As Dr Garth well describes the goddess Fortune—

' In this still labyrinth around her lye,  
Spells, philters, globes, and schemes of palmistry;  
A sigil, in this hand, the gipsy bears,  
In t'other a prophetic sieve and shears.'

Witches were said to hold their nocturnal meetings in churches, churchyards, or in lonely places; and to be often transformed into hares, mares, cats; to ride through the regions of the air, and to travel into distant countries; to inflict diseases, raise storms and tempests: and for such incredible feats many were tried, tortured, and burnt. If any one was afflicted with hysterics, hypochondria, rheumatisms, or the like acute diseases, it was called witchcraft; and it was sufficient to suspect a woman for witchcraft if she was poor, old, ignorant, and ugly. These effects of ignorance were so frequent within my memory, that I have often seen all persons above twelve years of age solemnly sworn four times in the year that they would practise no witchcraft, charms, spells, &c. It was likewise believed that ghosts, or departed souls, often returned to this world, to warn their friends of approaching danger, to discover murders, to find lost goods, &c. That children dying unbaptised (called Tarans) wandered in woods and solitudes, lamenting their hard fate, and were often seen."<sup>1</sup>

In his remarkable volume, 'The Days of the Fathers in Ross-shire,' the late well-known Dr Kennedy of Dingwall condenses into two or three sentences the religious state of the Highlands and Islands prior to the Reformation: "Papacy claimed the whole region as its own, although its dogmas were not generally known or its rites universally practised. Fearing no competing religion, the priesthood had been content to rule the people without attempting to teach them. His ignorance and super-

<sup>1</sup> History of the Province of Moray, 306, 307.

stitution made the rude Highlander all the more manageable in the hands of the clergy, and they therefore carefully kept him a heathen. . . . Savage heathen could everywhere be found, trained Papists in very few places, when the light of the Gospel first shone on the north. There was even then quite as much of what was peculiar to Druidism in the religious opinions and worship of the people as of any peculiar practices derived from Popery."

The following extraordinary incident is taken from the MS. of the late Rev. Lewis Rose, for many years minister of Tain, and the date assigned to it is about the year 1730: "At that time there was a certain house in the Parish of Farr, in the north of Sutherland, in which religious meetings were held. The moderator there was one whom they did not see, but whose presence might be gathered from his influence. The principal *Man* at these meetings at length rose to such a pitch of pious delusion that he imagined himself to be GOD THE FATHER, and another *Man* gave himself out for GOD THE SON, and a *Woman* took the honour of being the HOLY GHOST. A third *Man*, who had an only son, a child, was dubbed Abraham, the Father of the Faithful. This man was commanded to sacrifice his Isaac, and he was ready to do so at once. The mother of the child, however, as was natural, felt her bowels yearn over her Isaac, and went in haste to gather people to rescue him; but when they came they found the door barred. Forthwith they unroofed the house in order to save the life of the child, and at this unlooked-for interruption to the inhuman orgies the whole delusion evaporated, and the meeting dissolved."<sup>1</sup>

Almost no less remarkable is the "dying testimony" of an Alexander Campbell, a native of the parish of Kilchattan, in Argyllshire, born in 1751, whose death occurred so late as in 1829. Campbell is said to have been "the greatest and most renowned of all 'the men' in the district in which he lived," and it would appear that many of the people regarded his sayings as dictated by positive inspiration. The "testimony" extended to forty-five closely printed pages, and it is stated that some portions of it were too indelicate to be printed. The following extracts are given in the worthy man's own grammar and according to his own system of orthography:—

"I, as a dying man, leave my testimony against those who tolerate all heretical

<sup>1</sup> Blackie's *Altavona*, third edition, 1883, 335.

sects. I also bear testimony against the Church of England for using their prayer-book, their worship being idolitrous. I bear testimony against the Popish Erastian patronising ministers of the Church of Scotland. This is a day of gloominess and of thick darkness. They are blindfolded by toleration of popery, sectarianism, idolitry, will-worship, &c. I, as a dying man, leave my testimony from first to last against the reformed Presbytery; they are false hypocrites, in principles of adherence to the modern party, who accept of indulgencies, inasmuch as that they are allowed to apply to unjust judges. It is evident they are not reformed, when they will not run any hazard to a constitution according to Christ. I leave my dying testimony against my brother Duncan Campbell, by the flesh, and his wife Mary Omev, on account of a quarrel between their daughter and my housekeeper, having summoned her before a justice of the peace, who having heard the case, did not take any steps against her; I therefore testify against them for not dropping the matter. There is no agreement between the children of the flesh and spirit, as Paul said. I leave my testimony as a dying man against Duncan Clark, in saying that my brother's cow was not pushing mine; he was not present and therefore could not maintain it before judges. And my brother took his son, who was not come to the years, and got him to declare along with them. They would not allow my housekeeper to have the same authority in neighbourhood with them, as she was not married, and that is contrary to the word, Better to be as I am, as Paul said. I, as a dying man, leave my testimony against the letter-learned men, that are not taught in the college of Sina and Zion, but in the college of Babylon, 2 Cor. iii. 6, Rom. vii. 6. They wanted to interrupt me by their letter-learning, and would have me from the holy covenant, Luke i. 72, and from the everlasting covenant, Isa. xxiv. 5. I, as a dying man, leave my testimony against King George the third, for tolerating all denominations in the three kingdoms of Scotland, England, and Ireland, to uncleanness of popery, and as he himself reigned as a pope in all these three kingdoms. I, as a dying man, leave my testimony against paying unlawful tributes and stipend, either in civil or ecclesiastical courts, not according to the word of God, Confession of Faith, second reformation covenants, &c., if otherwise they shall receive the mark of the beast, Rev. xiii. 17, in buying and selling. I leave my testimony against covetous heritors, who oppress the poor tenants by augmenting the rents, as John M'Andrew that was in Ardmuddy, that he fell over a rock, and judgment came upon him and he died, and Robertson and M'Lachlan, surveyors, that caused lord Bredalbin to augment the land, and oppress the poor, and grind the face of the poor tenants. I, as a dying man, leave my testimony against them that lift the dead, Isa. lvii. 2, and not to lay to resurrection. I leave, as a dying man, my testimony against playactors and pictures, Numb. xxxiii. 52, Deut. xviii. 10-14, Gal. iv. 10. I, as a dying man, leave my testimony against men and women being conformed to the world, and women having habits and veils, headsails, as umbrellas. I, as a dying man, leave my testimony against dancing-schools, as it is

the works of the flesh. I, as a dying man, leave my testimony against the low country, as they are not kind to strangers. Some unawares have entertained angels (Heb. xii. 12). I, as a dying man, leave my testimony against women that wear Babylonish garments, that are rigged out with stretched-out necks, tinkling as they go (Isa. iii. 16-24, &c.) I, as a dying man, leave my testimony against gentlemen; they altogether break the bonds of the relation of the words of God (Jer. v. 5). I leave, as a dying man, my testimony against covetous heritors that oppress the poor, augment the rents, and grind the face of the poor. That is the very way of poor tenants now, by proprietors and factors, and laws of the fat lawyers, as the Jews said, we have a law (John xix. 7). *N.B.*—As I could not pay that excessive rent that was laid on the place I had, I petitioned Lord Bredalbane, and there was a deliverance given me of a cow's grass and a house, the factor Craignour, John Campbell, lawyer at Inverary, would not give it, taken as an excuse that the hand of Lord Bredalbane was not in the deliverance, tho' it was the same when the clerk did it. That I was obliged to petition him a second time, that his factor, John Campbell, would not give me what he ordered, as it was not in his own handwriting, but his clerk's. That his lordship again gave it under his own handwriting, to give me the fourth of the place I was in. But John Campbell would not give it me unless I would get the certificate of the ministers and elders, as he knew that I would not ask that, as I came out of the church. I, as a dying man, leave my testimony against John Campbell, factor, for his unrighteousness, to put me off. I went to a friend, Mr Peter M'Dougall, to see if he would certify me as a neighbour to the factor. As my housekeeper was of the same principle of religion of myself, she assisted me not only in the rent but in other necessary things. I, as a dying man, leave my testimony against Peter M'Dougall, farmer, Luing, in saying in his letter that I was insisting on him; that I never did, neither did the elders give me a certificate, as I would not accept from them as elders. I, as a dying man, leave my testimony against George the third, that assisted the pope and popish kings, blindfolded by roguery. I, as a dying man, leave my testimony against the volunteers of Banff, for bragging that they stood and learned their exercise in spite of weather; was not that blasphemous, presumptuous, as well as to speak in spite of God. And also the ships that keep their course in spite of weather, that presumptuous sin (Psalm xix. 13). When God might do as he did to Cora and Abiram, that the ground was opened and swallowed them in a pit. I, as a dying man, leave my testimony against men of war, that they stood their courses against the weather. I, as a dying man, leave my testimony against men and women to be conformed to the world in having dresses, parasols, vain head-sails, as vain children having plaiding on the top of sticks to the wind, that women should become bairns. So that men have whiskers like ruffian soldiers, as wild as Ishmael, not like Christians as Jacob, smooth. I, as a dying man, leave my testimony against Quakers, Tabernacle-folk, Haldians, Independents, Anabaptists, Antiburghers, Burghers, Chappels

of Ease, Relief, Roman Catholics, Socenians, Prelacy, Armenians, Deists, Atheists, Universalists, New Jerusalemites, Unitarians, Methodists, Bareans, Glassites, and all sectarians, &c., &c.

ALEXANDER CAMPBELL.

*Secred.*

“It is a marvellous head-stone in the eyes of the builders, the Lord’s doing (Ps. cxviii. 22, 23). Also it is marvellous to the most that I digged my grave before I died, as Jacob (Gen. i. 5), and Joseph of Arimathea (Matt. xxvii. 57-60). Israel could not bury evil men with good men (Chron. xxi. 18-20, Jer. xxii. 17-19). King Isaiah said, Move not the bones of the men of God (2 Kings xxiii. 17, 18). It is a bed of rest to the righteous (Isa. lvii. 2), and not rest for the wicked (Isa. xlviii. 22), but a prison. And I protest that none go in my grave after me, if not have the earnest of this spirit to be a child of God as I am, of election sure (Rom. viii. 15, 16, 2 Peter i. 10), of the same principle of pure presbyterian religion, the covenanted cause of Christ and Church government: adhering to the Confession of Faith, second Reformation, purity and power of covenants, and a noble cloud of witnesses, testify that Jesus Christ is the head king and governor of the Church, and not mortal man, as the king now is.

*Monumental.*

“Here lies the corpse of Alexander Campbell, that lived in Achanadder, and died in the year . . . . Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was, and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it (Eccl. xii. 7). The earth is the Lord’s, and not popish earth, nor popish prelates, nor popish Erastians either, this burial-place. I testify that the earth is the Lord’s (1 Cor. x. 26, Ps. xxiv. 1). Also I testify against the heneous sin of doctors and men for lifting the dead out of their graves before the resurrection (Isa. lvii. 2). Some men’s sins go to judgment before them, and some after them (1 Tim. v. 24). O God, hasten the time when popish monuments be destroyed (Deut. vii. 5), and hasten the time when the Covenants be renewed (Gen. xxxv. 2). Away with strange Gods and garments.”<sup>1</sup>

In these times of unceasing ecclesiastical and political controversies, giving rise to such unrest in our everyday life, one not unfrequently hears long-drawn sighs for the “good old times,” to which no particular epoch has yet been positively assigned. Amid the microscopical distinctions so unhappily prevailing in our Presbyterian Churches, and the wranglings and strife of rival factions, “the spirit of love and of a sound mind”—to use the words of the large-hearted Christian leader taken

<sup>1</sup> The Church and her Accusers in the far North, 1850.

from us a few years ago—"is often drowned in the uproar of ecclesiastical passion." It would, I believe, be productive of the most beneficial results in our religious as well as in our political life if, combined with the "sweet reasonableness" and large tolerance of spirit which characterised Principal Tulloch, we had more of such plain honest speaking as that of the great reformer, John Knox, who learned, as he himself says, "to call wickedness by its own terms—a fig a fig, a spade a spade." But the so-called "march of civilisation" has changed the whole current of our social and religious life, and affected the spirit of the age to such an extent that it may be reasonably doubted whether the most orthodox and constitutional Presbyterian in the Highlands would now submit to the administration of discipline to which in days gone by, without respect of persons, the kirk-sessions of Badenoch in the Central Highlands so rigorously subjected the wandering sheep of their flocks.

Knox's system of Church discipline has been described as a theocracy of such an almost perfect character, that under it the kirk-sessions of the Church looked after the life and conduct of their parishioners so carefully that in 1650 Kirkton the historian was able to say, "No scandalous person could live, no scandal could be concealed in all Scotland, so strict a correspondence was there between the ministers and their congregations." The old church annals of Badenoch contain in this respect abundant evidence of the extent to which the ministers and elders of bygone times in the Highlands acted as ecclesiastical detectives in the way of discovering and discouraging "the works of darkness," and the gleanings which follow give some indication of the remarkable powers exercised for such a long period by the courts of the Church. These gleanings have been extracted mainly from the old kirk-session records of the parishes of Kingussie, Alvie, and Laggan, comprising the whole of the extensive district distinguished by the general appellation of Badenoch—so long held and despotically ruled by the once powerful family of the Comyns—extending from Corryarrick on the west to Craigellachie, near Aviemore, on the east—a distance of about forty-five miles.

As descriptive of the journey of "the iron horse" northwards from Perth, and of the changes of Time in "the old Highlands," let me quote the graphic lines of the late Principal Shairp of St Andrews, composed after travelling to Inverness for the first time on the newly

opened Highland Railway in 1864, under the title of “A Cry from Craigellachie” :—

I.

“Land of bens and glens and corries,  
Headlong rivers, ocean floods !  
Have we lived to see this outrage  
On your haughty solitudes ?

Yea ! there burst invaders stronger  
On the mountain-barriered land  
Than the Ironsides of Cromwell,  
Or the bloody Cumberland.

Spanning Tay, and curbing Tummel,  
Hewing with rude mattocks down  
Killiecrankie’s birchen chasm ;  
What reck they of old renown ?

Cherished names ! how disenchanted !  
Hark the railway porter roar—  
‘Ho ! Blair Athole ! Dalna-spidal !  
Ho ! Dalwhinnie ! Aviemore !’

Garry, cribbed with mound and rampart,  
Up his chafing bed we sweep ;  
Scare from his lone lochan-cradle  
The charmed immemorial sleep.

Grisly, storm-resounding Badenoch,  
With grey boulders scattered o’er,  
And cairns of forgotten battles,  
Is a wilderness no more.

Ha ! we start the ancient stillness,  
Swinging down the long incline  
Over Spey, by Rothiemurchus’  
Forests of primeval pine.

‘Boar of Badenoch,’ ‘Sow of Athole,’<sup>1</sup>  
Hill by hill behind me cast,  
Rock and craig and moorland reeling,  
Scarce Craig-Ellachie stands fast.

Dark Glen More and cloven Glen Feshie,  
Loud along these desolate tracts  
Hear the shrieking whistle louder  
Than their headlong cataracts.

On, still on—let drear Culloden  
For clan-slogans hear the scream—  
Shake, ye woods by Beaully river ;  
Start, thou beauty-haunted Dhruim.

Northward still the iron horses !  
Naught may stay their destined path  
Till they snort by Pentland surges,  
Stun the cliffs of far Cape Wrath.

II.

Must then pass, quite disappearing  
From their glens, the ancient Gael ?  
In and in must Saxon wriggle,  
Southern, cockney, more prevail ?

Clans long gone, and pibrochs going,  
Shall the patriarchal tongue  
From the mountains fade for ever,  
With its names and memories hung ?

Ah ! you say, it little recketh ;  
Let the ancient manners go :  
Heaven will work, through their destroying,  
Some end greater than you know.

Be it so, but will Invention,  
With her smooth mechanic arts,  
Bid arise the old Highland warriors,  
Beat again warm Highland hearts ?

Nay ! whate’er of good they herald,  
Whereso’ comes that hideous roar,  
The old charm is disenchanted,  
The old Highlands are no more.

III.

Yet, I know there lie all lonely,  
Still to feed thought’s loftiest mood,  
Countless glens undesecrated,  
Many an awful solitude.

<sup>1</sup> Two neighbouring mountains so named.

Many a burn, in unknown corries,  
 Down dark rocks the white foam flings,  
 Fringed with ruddy-berried rowans,  
 Fed from everlasting springs.

Still there sleep unnumbered lochans  
 Far away 'mid deserts dumb,  
 Where no human roar yet travels,  
 Never tourist's foot hath come.

Many a scour, like bald sea-eagle,  
 Scalped all white with boulder piles,  
 Stands against the sunset eyeing  
 Ocean and the outmost Isles.

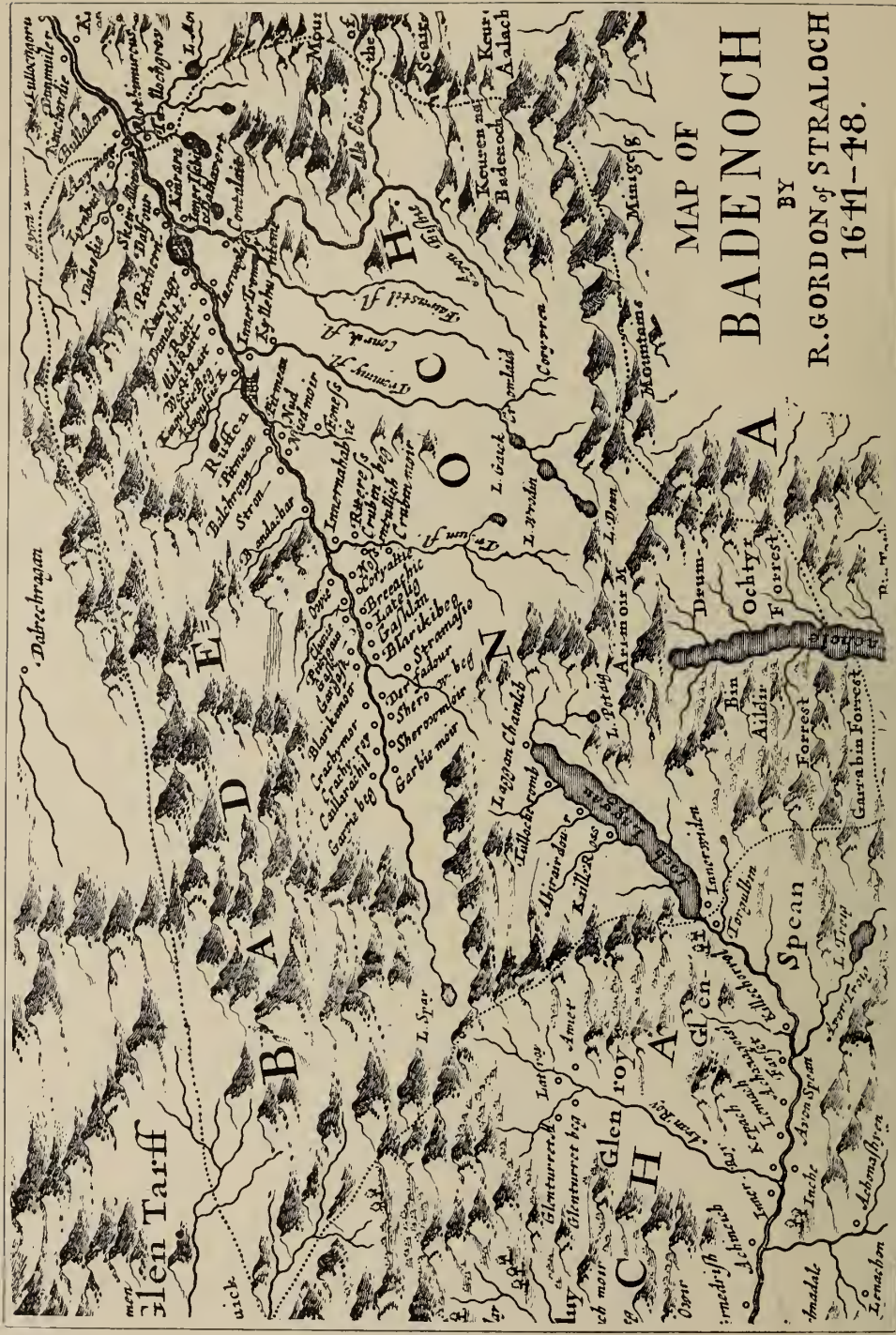
If e'en these should fail, I'll get me  
 To some rock roared round by seas :  
 There to drink calm Nature's freedom  
 Till they bridge the Hebrides."<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> Shairp's *Glen Dessaray and other Poems*, 1888, 114-118.







MAP OF

**BADENACH**

BY

R. GORDON of STRALOCH

1641-48.

## CHAPTER II.

THE OLD LORDSHIP OF BADENOCH—THE PARISH OF KINGUSSIE—  
MEMORABILIA OF THE PARISH.

IN the 'New Statistical Account' of the parish of Kingussie, published in 1842, it is related that the whole district of Badenoch, of which Kingussie is the central parish (or capital), was originally the property of the Comyns, who were at an early period of Scottish history one of the most wealthy and influential families in the kingdom. It is matter of doubt at what time and in what manner this family, who came from England during the time of David I., acquired possession of it, but we find John Comyn first noticed as Lord of Badenoch as early as the reign of Alexander III. This nobleman, who was related to some of the former kings, laid claim to the crown upon the death of Margaret in 1291, but soon after withdrew his pretensions. Being the superior Lord of Scotland, he was summoned by Edward I. to serve in his wars in Gascony. He was succeeded in his title and estates by his son John, a brave and patriotic nobleman, who was chosen one of the Guardians of Scotland about the year 1299. From this period down to the year 1305 we meet with incidental notices of this heroic character in his relation to Badenoch, but the principal scenes of his life lay in the south. In 1302, with the assistance of another warrior, he successfully repelled the English forces near Roslin. Two years thereafter he made a last fruitless struggle for Scottish independence at Stirling, but was obliged to yield along with his country to the overwhelming power of Edward I. In the succeeding year he fell a victim to the relentless fury of Bruce, afterwards king, for having discovered to Edward the designs of the former upon the crown of Scotland. For about nine years after Comyn's death, we find no mention of a successor

to his lands or title. According to Fordun, soon after Bruce ascended the throne in 1306 he so weakened the influence and reduced the numbers of the family of Comyn, that the name became almost extinct in the kingdom. In all probability Badenoch, upon the murder of its original owner, was taken possession of by Bruce, as we find it noticed among the lands belonging to him in Moray, which he erected into an earldom about the year 1314, and bestowed upon his nephew, Thomas Randolph, under the title of Earl of Moray. In the hands of this nobleman and his successors it seems to have continued till the year 1371 or thereabouts, when it became the property of the family of Stewart, which was nearly allied to that of Bruce. Robert II., the grandson of Robert Bruce, and the first of the Stewarts who ascended the Scottish throne, constituted his fourth son, Alexander, his lieutenant from the southern boundaries of Moray to the Pentland Firth, in whom the title of Lord of Badenoch appears to have been first revived after Comyn's death. The ferocity of disposition and predatory character of Alexander soon gained for him the appellation of the Wolf of Badenoch. He resided for the most part at his castle of Ruthven, reared by the Comyns on a green conical mound on the southern bank of the Spey, about half a mile from Kingussie—a situation chosen, no doubt, on account of its beauty and security, as well as for the extensive and delightful view which it commanded of the valley of the Spey. Here the Wolf, considering himself secure, and presuming upon his connection with the Crown, exercised a despotic sway over the inhabitants of his own immediate district, and spread terror and devastation everywhere around. His life was characterised throughout by the most cruel and savage conduct. It was he who in 1390 and the following year, from some personal resentment against the Bishop of Moray, set fire to the towns of Forres and Elgin, which, with the magnificent cathedral, canons' houses, and several other buildings connected with the latter, he burnt to ashes, carrying off at the same time all that was valuable in the sacred edifice. For this sacrilegious deed the Wolf suffered excommunication, the effects of which he soon felt even in his den; and having made what reparation he could to the See of Moray, he was subsequently absolved. The Wolf died not long after, in 1394, and was buried in the Cathedral Church of Dunkeld, where the following Latin inscription was placed upon his tomb:—

*“Hic jacet Alexander Senescallus filius Roberti regis Scotorum et Elizabethæ  
More Dominus de Buchan et Badenoch qui obiit A.D. 1394.”*

By the death of *Alastair Mòr Mac an Rìgh*—a name sometimes applied to the Wolf—his possessions fell to his natural son, Duncan, who seems to have inherited the vices as well as the property of his father. Duncan was the last of the Stewarts connected with Badenoch of whom there is any account, written or traditional. The district some time after this period passed into the hands of the first Earl of Huntly, who received part of it in 1452 for his valuable services to James II. in defeating the Earl of Crawford at Brechin. The lands adjacent to the Castle of Ruthven were given to him at an earlier period, and the principal part of the lordship continued in the hands of the Gordon family until the third decade of the present century.<sup>1</sup>

So early as 1597 a deputation was appointed by the General Assembly to visit the northern Highlands, and in a report subsequently presented by the deputation to the Assembly, James Melvin (one of their number) states as the results of his own observations in the wild and then almost inaccessible district of Badenoch: “*Indeid, I have ever sensyne regrated the esteat of our Hiellands, and am sure gif Chryst war pretched amang them they wald scham monie Lawland professors*”—a prediction which, if any fearless, independent member of the “Highland Host” would venture, after the manner of the old Covenanting, trumpet-tongued lady friend of Norman Macleod, simply to ask certain “Lawland” *Principals* as well as “Professours” to *gang ower the fundamentals*, might probably be held to be verified even in the present day.

In 1229 or thereabouts Badenoch “appears as Badenach in the Registrum of Moray Diocese, and this is its usual form there; in 1289, Badenagh, Badenoughe, and in King Edward’s Journal, Badnasshe; in 1366 we have Baydenach, which is the first indication of the length of the vowel in *Bad-*; a fourteenth-century map gives Baunagd; in 1467, Badyenach; in 1539, Baidyenoeh; in 1603 (Huntly rental), Badzenoeh; and now in Gaelic it is *Bàideanach*. The favourite derivation, first given by Lachlan Shaw, the historian of Moray (1775), refers it to *badan*, a bush or thicket; and the Muses have sanctioned it in Calum Dubh’s expressive line in his poem on the Loss of Gaick (1800)—

‘S bidh mùirn ann an Dùthaich nam Badan.’

(And joy shall be in the Land of Wood-clumps.)

But there are two fatal objections to this derivation: the *a* of Badenoch

<sup>1</sup> New Statistical Account, 1842, 66-68.

is long, and that of *badan* is short; the *d* of Badenoch is vowel-flanked by 'small' vowels, while that of *badan* is flanked by 'broad' vowels and is hard, the one being pronounced approximately for English, as *bah-janach*, and the other as *baddanach*. The root that suggests itself as contained in the word is that of *bàth* or *bàdh* (drown, submerge), which, with an adjectival termination in *de*, would give *báide*, 'submerged, marshy,' and this might pass into *báidean* and *bàideanach*, 'marsh or lake land.' That this meaning suits the long, central meadow-land of Badenoch, which once could have been nothing else than a long morass, is evident. There are several places in Ireland containing the root *bádh* (drown), as Joyce points out. For instance, Bauttagh, west of Loughrea in Galway, a marshy place; Mullanbattog, near Monaghan, hill summit of the morass; the river Bauteoge, in Queen's County, flowing through swampy ground; and Currawatia, in Galway, means the inundated *curragh* or morass. The neighbouring district of Lochaber is called by Adamnan *Stagnum Aporicum*, and the latter term is likely the Irish *abar* (a marsh), rather than the Pictish *aber* (a confluence); so that both districts may be looked upon as named from their marshes."<sup>1</sup>

*Ccann-a ghuibhsaich*, the Celtic name for Kingussie, appears to have been adopted as the name of the parish from its being so descriptive of the site of the parish church. It signifies the termination or head of the fir-wood. When the name was given the church stood upon a plain at the eastern extremity of a clump of wood, forming part of an immense forest of fir which then covered the face of the country. Including hill and dale, the parish extends from north to south a distance of nearly twenty miles, and from east to west about fifteen. The area is 181 square miles, or 116,182 acres. The parish of Kingussie is situated in the lordship of Badenoch, and ranks among the most elevated and most inland parishes in Scotland. The bed of the Spey at Kingussie is about 740 feet above the level of the sea. The Spey, which is said to be the *Tuessis* of Ptolemy, rises at Corryarrick, within twenty-six miles from Kingussie, is the most rapid river in Scotland, has a total run of nearly 100 miles, and drains about 1300 square miles of country. "For three centuries," says Skene, "it formed the boundary between Scotia, or Scotland proper, and Moravia, or the great province of Moray."<sup>2</sup> From the large extent and high-lying character of its sources, as well as of its

<sup>1</sup> Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness, xvi. 173, 174.

<sup>2</sup> Celtic Scotland, i. 13.

principal tributaries, it is subject to very sudden and heavy floods. The greatest flood on record is the memorable one of August 1829, of which Sir Thomas Dick Lauder gives such a graphic description in his 'Account of the Moray Floods,' published at Edinburgh in 1830. "The Spey and its tributaries above Kingussie," says Sir Thomas, "were but little affected by the flood of the 3d and 4th of August. The western boundary of the fall of rain seems to have been about the line of the river Calder, which enters the Spey from the left bank, a little to the westward of the village. The deluge was tremendous, accompanied by a violent north-east wind, and frequent flashes of lightning, without thunder. . . . About Belleville, and on the Invereshie estate, the meadows *were covered to the extent of five miles long by one mile broad.* . . . The river Feshie, a tributary from the right bank, immediately below Invereshie, was subjected to the full influence of the deluge. It swept vast stones and heavy trees along with it, roaring tremendously. . . . John Grant, the saw-miller's house, at Feshieside, was surrounded by four feet of water, about eight o'clock in the morning of the 4th. The people on the top of a neighbouring hill fortunately observed the critical situation of the family; and some men, in defiance of the tremendous rush of the water, then 200 yards in breadth, gallantly entered, as Highlanders are wont to do in trying circumstances, shoulder to shoulder, and rescued the inmates of the house, one by one, from a peril proved to be sufficiently imminent by the sudden disappearance of a large portion of the saw-mill. But, great as was the danger in this case, the lonely and deserted situation of Donald Macpherson, shepherd in Glenfeshie, with his wife and six little children, was still more frightful, and required all the firmness and resolute presence of mind characterising the hardy mountaineer. His house stood on an eminence, at a considerable distance from the river. Believing, therefore, that whatever might come, he and his would be in perfect safety, he retired with his family to bed at the usual hour on the evening of the 3d. At midnight he was roused by the more than ordinary thunder of the river, and getting up to see the cause, he plunged up to the middle in water. Not a moment was to be lost. He sprang into his little dwelling, lifted, one after the other, his children from their beds, and carried them, almost naked, half asleep, and but half conscious of their danger, to the top of a hill. There, amidst the wild contention of the elements, and the utter darkness of the night, the family remained shivering and in suspense, till daybreak, partially

illuminating the wildness of the scenery of the narrow glen around them, informed them that the flood had made them prisoners in the spot where they were, the Feshie filling the whole space below, and cataracts falling from the rocks on all sides. Nor did they escape from their cliff of penance till the evening of the following day. The crops in Glenfeshie were annihilated. The romantic old bridge at Invereshie is of two arches of 34 and 12 feet span. The larger of these is 22 feet above the river in its ordinary state, yet the flood was 3 feet above the keystone, which would make its height here above the ordinary level about 25 feet. The force pressing on this bridge must have been immense; and, if we had not already contemplated the case of the Ferness Bridge, we should consider the escape of that of Feshie to be a miracle. Masses of the micaceous rock below the bridge, of several tons' weight, were rent away, carried down, and buried under heaps of gravel at the lower end of the pool, 50 or 60 yards from the spot whence they were taken. The Feshie carried off a strong stone bulwark a little farther down, overflowed and destroyed the whole low ground of Dalnavert, excavated a new channel for itself, and left an island between it and the Spey of at least 200 acres. The loss of crop and stock by the farmers hereabouts is quite enormous, and the ruin to the land very great."

Sir Thomas relates a very whimsical result at the farm of Dalraddy, in consequence of the flooding of the burn of that name which flows into Loch Alvie: "The tenant's wife, Mrs Cumming, on going out after the flood had subsided on Tuesday afternoon, found, at the back of the house, and all lying in a heap, a handsome dish of trout, a pike, a hare, a partridge, and a turkey, with a dish of potatoes and a dish of turnips—all brought down by the burn, and deposited there for the good of the house, except the turkey, which, alas! was one of her own favourite flock. The poor hare had been surprised on a piece of ground insulated by the flood, and had been seen alive the previous evening, exhibiting signs of consternation and alarm; and the stream rising yet higher during the night, swept over the spot, and consummated its destruction."<sup>1</sup>

The parish of Kingussie is bounded on the east by Alvie, on the north by the united parishes of Moy and Dalarossie, on the west by Laggan, and on the south by Blair in Athole. Within the parish the *Monadliath*—i.e., the grey mountains—stretch along the boundary for

<sup>1</sup> Account of the Great Floods of 1829, by Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, Bart., 178-182.



a considerable way, serving as a northern frontier; while the Grampians, rising in bold perspective in the distance, bound the parish on the south. In an old Gaelic rhyme the heights in the Monadhliath range between Kingussie and Craig Dhu are thus described:—

“ Creag-bheag Chinn-a’-ghuibhsaich,  
 Creag-mhòir Bhail’-a’-chrothain,  
 Beinne-Bhuidhe na Sròine,  
 Creag-an-lòin aig na croitean,  
 Sithean-mòr Dhail-a’-Chaoruinn,  
 Creag-an-abhaig a’ Bhail’ shios,  
 Creag-liath a’ Bhail’ shuas,  
 ’S Creag-Dhubh Bhiallaid,  
 Cadha’-n fheidh Lochain-ubhaidh,  
 Cadh’ is mollaicht ’tha ann,  
 Cha’n fhàs fiàr no fodar ann,  
 Ach sochagan is dearcagan-allt,  
 Gabhar air aodainn,  
 Is laosboc air a’ cheann.”

In the south range of the Monadhliath hills, in sight of Kingussie, is *Carn an Fhweiccadain*—i.e., the Watch Hill or Cairn—so called from the fact of its being occupied for a time by a detachment of *An Fweiccadan Dubh*, or Black Watch. After that famous regiment was raised in the early part of last century, detachments of the regiment acted in various parts of the Highlands as a sort of native police for the suppression of cattle-lifting—a practice very common in bygone times on the part of some freebooters, whose views as to the rights of *meum* and *tuum* were of such a kind as to regard it a shame to want anything that could be had for the taking—

“ Because the good old rule  
 Sufficed them, the simple plan,  
 That they should take who have the power,  
 And they should keep who can.”

From its geographical position *Carn an Fhweiccadain* was chosen as one of the principal stations of the Black Watch for the purpose of checking the depredations of the rieviers on their way through Badenoch to Lochaber. Although of less conspicuous altitude than its neighbours of the Grampian range, and left unnoticed by guide-writers, there is no summit in the Highlands so easy of access from which a more extensive view can be obtained than from the hill-top chosen by the old Black Watch as the eyrie from which to observe the movements of the rieviers.

From the top of *Carn an Fhreiceadain*, on a clear day, all the mountain-tops of the north of Scotland, from Ben Nevis in the west, round by Skye and Sutherland to the Ord of Caithness in the far north-east, are visible to the naked eye. No matter whether the cattle-raiders were returning with their booty from Aberdeen, Banff, or Moray shires in the one direction, or from Easter Ross in the other, the sentinel on *Carn an Fhreiceadain* was apprised, either by smoke in the day or the beacon-fire during the night, of the approach of the rieviers, and able to give the alarm—leading to measures being immediately adopted in the way of pouncing down upon the unsuspecting raiders and relieving them of their prey, to be restored to the rightful owners.

A picturesque glimpse of the Highland marauding of olden times was obtained many years ago at second-hand, from the memory of William Ban Macpherson, who died in 1777 at the age of a hundred :—

“He was wont to relate that, when a boy of twelve years of age, being engaged as *buachaille* (herd-boy) at the *summering* (*i.e.*, summer grazing) of Biallid, near Dalwhinnie, he had an opportunity of being an eyewitness to a *creagh* and pursuit on a very large scale, which passed through Badenoch. At noon on a fine autumnal day in 1689, his attention was drawn to a herd of black cattle, amounting to about six score, driven along by a dozen of wild Lochaber men, by the banks of Loch Erricht, in the direction of Dalunchart, in the forest of Alder, now Ardverikie. Upon inquiry, he ascertained that these had been ‘lifted’ in Aberdeenshire, distant more than a hundred miles, and that the rieviers had proceeded thus far with their booty free from molestation and pursuit. Thus they held on their way among the wild hills of this mountainous district, far from the haunts of the semi-civilised inhabitants, and within a day’s journey of their home. Only a few hours had elapsed after the departure of these marauders, when a body of nearly fifty horsemen appeared, toiling amidst the rocks and marshes of this barbarous region, where not even a footpath helped to mark the intercourse of society, and following on the trail of the men and cattle which had preceded them. The troop was well mounted and armed, and led by a person of gentlemanlike appearance and courteous manners; while attached to the party was a number of horses carrying bags of meal and other provisions, intended not solely for their own support, but, as would seem from the sequel, as a ransom for the *creagh*. Signalling William Ban to approach, the leader minutely questioned him about the movements of the Lochaber men, their number, equipments, and the line of their route. Along the precipitous banks of Loch Erricht this large body of horsemen wended their way, accompanied by William Ban, who was anxious to see the result of the meeting. It bespoke spirit and resolution in those strangers to seek an encounter with the robbers in their native wilds, and on the borders of

that country, where a signal of alarm would have raised a numerous body of hardy Lochaber men ready to defend the *creagh* and punish the pursuers. Towards nightfall they drew near the encampment of the thieves at Dalunchart, and observed them busily engaged in roasting, before a large fire, one of the beeves, newly slaughtered. A council of war was immediately held, and on the suggestion of the leader, a flag of truce was forwarded to the Lochaber men, with an offer to each of a bag of meal and a pair of shoes in ransom for the herd of cattle. This offer, being viewed as a proof of cowardice and fear, was contemptuously rejected, and a reply sent to the effect that the cattle, driven so far and with so much trouble, would not be surrendered. Having gathered in the herd, both parties prepared for action. The overwhelming number of the pursuers soon mastered their opponents. Successive discharges of firearms brought the greater number of the Lochaber men to the ground, and in a brief period only three remained unhurt, and escaped to tell the sad tale to their countrymen.”<sup>1</sup>

But even these cattle-lifters were not without some redeeming qualities, as illustrated in the case of one of the most noted of their number. John Dhu Cameron, from his large size called Sergeant Mor, having been out in the '45, formed a party of freebooters, and levied *black-mail* among the mountains between Perth and Inverness. On one occasion he met an officer of the garrison of Fort William, who told him that he suspected he had lost his way; and having a large sum of money for the garrison, he was afraid of meeting the Sergeant Mor. He therefore requested the stranger to accompany him on the road. The other agreed; and while they walked on they talked much of the sergeant and his feats, the officer using much freedom with his name, calling him robber and murderer. “Stop there,” interrupted his companion; “he does, indeed, take the cattle of the Whigs and of you Sassenachs, but neither he nor his *cearnachs* ever shed innocent blood—except once,” added he, “that I was unfortunate at Braemar, when a man was killed; but I immediately ordered the *creach* [the spoil] to be abandoned, and left to the owners.” “You!” says the officer; “what had you to do with the affair?” “I am John Dhu Cameron—I am the Sergeant Mor! There is the road to Inverlochy—you cannot now mistake it. You and your money are safe, but tell your governor to send a more wary messenger for his gold. Tell him, also, that although an outlaw, and forced to live on the public, I am a soldier as well as himself, and would despise taking his gold from a defenceless man who confided in me!” The officer lost no time in reach-

<sup>1</sup> Inverness Courier, August 17, 1847.

ing the garrison, and never forgot this adventure, which he frequently related.

“Let us,” says the late Dr Carruthers of Inverness in his delightful ‘Highland Note-Book,’ written about half a century ago—“let us place ourselves in the heart of the Glengarry country, or the wild Monadhliath mountains in Inverness-shire. First you have, directly above the black foaming stream, or the glen of soft green herbage, a ridge of brown heathery heights, not very imposing in form or altitude; then a loftier range, with a blue aspect; a third, scarred with snow, and serrated perhaps, or peaked at their summits; then a multitudinous mass, stretching away in the distance, of cones, pyramids, or domes, darkly blue or ruddy with sunshine, the shadows chasing one another across their huge limbs, revealing now and then the tail of a cataract, a lake, or the relics of a pine-forest once mighty in its gloomy expanse of shade in the olden time; a panorama of mountains, as if instinct with life and motion! To call such a scene dull or uniform, such a vast assemblage of titanic forms, warring with the elements or reflecting their splendour, as unlovely or unattractive, is a sacrilege and desecration of the noblest objects in creation. Dear are the homes, and warm the hearts, hid among these wild fastnesses! You look, and at the foot of a crag on the moorland, from which it can scarcely be distinguished, you discern a hut. Its walls are of black turf; window or chimney it has none save rude apertures; yet pervious to all the blasts that blow, like hurricanes, in the trough of these mountain-ranges, the hut stands, and the peasants live and bring forth in safety. You enter, and find the grandmother, bent double with age, or the grey-haired sire, the only inmate of the house. The husband has gone to dig turf, or to perform some other out-of-doors occupation; the children are over the hill, barefoot, to school; and the wife or daughter is at the shealing, a fertile valley among the mountains where all the neighbours take their cattle in summer to graze. Poor is the hut in which the stranger is not offered some refreshment, and is greeted, in few words of broken English, with a cordial welcome. In cottages like these, amidst the veriest gloom and poverty, still subsist a high-souled generosity, stainless faith, and feudal politeness, spontaneous and unbought;<sup>1</sup> and from these huts have sprung brave and chivalrous men,

<sup>1</sup> The late Mr Campbell of Islay gives similar testimony regarding the old Highland peasantry. “I have wandered,” he says, “among the peasantry of many countries, and this trip but confirmed my old impression. There are few peasants that I think so

who have carried their country's renown into many a foreign land. The vices of the poor Highlander are, in reality, the vices of his chief or landlord. He is wholly dependent on the latter, and his devotion to him is unquenched and unquenchable. The mould of his character, his feelings, and fortunes are in his chief's hand. Some hundreds of young vigorous Highlanders have this season emigrated to Australia—a pastoral country suited to their habits and inclinations—but never without the most poignant regret and distress. The pibroch is played at their departure, and the old Gaelic chant of the exiles, 'Cha till sinn tuilidh'—'We return no more'—sounds as melancholy now among the deserted glens as it ever did at the period of the great emigration to America at the close of the last century."<sup>1</sup>

A curious old tradition has it that a native of Stratherrick, favoured with the supernatural gift of conveying the milk of his neighbour's cattle to his own, came over to Badenoch with the view of practising his art in favour of his own country generally. He succeeded so far as to be able to confine the Badenoch milk in a *withe* which he carried across the Monadhliath range to the height of Killin (a dell at the top of Stratherrick), where, in virtue it is supposed of a counter-spell by the bereaved country, it burst and overflowed that delightful plain. This, so the tradition runs, has been the cause of the richness of the pasture of that plain, and of the superior quality and quantity of milk it produces. The good effects of this untoward accident were not, it is related, confined to the dell of Killin, for some of its streamlets glided down to Stratherrick, which is said to account for the excellence of the milk, cream, and butter in that district.

Within a mile or two from Kingussie, on the other side of the Spey, there lived last century the famous witch of Laggan, of whom the following account is given:—

"It happened that a hero distinguished for hatred and persecution of witchcraft was abroad hunting deer in the wild forest of Gaick in Badenoch. There the

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highly of, none that I love so well. Scotch Highlanders have faults in plenty; but they have the bearing of Nature's own gentlemen—the delicate natural tact which discovers, and the good taste which avoids, all that would hurt or offend a guest. The poorest is ever the readiest to share the best he has with the stranger. A kind word kindly meant is never thrown away; and whatever may be the faults of this people, I have never found a boor or a churl in a Highland bothy."

<sup>1</sup> Highland Note-Book, 5-7.

storm raged with exceeding violence, and the hunter of the hills had retired to his bothy for shelter from the storm ; his gun reclined in a corner, his *skean-dhu* hung by his side, and his two faithful hounds lay stretched at his feet, all listening to the whistling of the raging storm, when a miserable-looking, weather-beaten cat entered the bothy. The hounds immediately raised themselves from the ground, their hairs became erected bristles, and they essayed an attack upon the cat, when the cat offered a parley, entreating the hunter to restrain the fury of his dogs, and claiming the protection of the hunter as being a poor unfortunate witch who had recanted her errors, had consequently experienced the harshest treatment of the sisterhood, and had fled, as the last resource, to the hunter for protection. Believing her story to be true, and disdaining at any rate to take advantage of his greatest enemy in her present forlorn situation, the hunter, with some difficulty, pacified his infuriated dogs, and invited the cat to come towards the fire and warm herself. ‘Nay,’ says the cat, ‘if I do, those furious hounds of yours will tear my poor hams to pieces ; I pray you, therefore, take this long hair and tie the dogs therewith to that beam of the house, that I may be secure from their molestation.’ The hunter took the hair, and taking the dogs aside, he pretended to bind them as he was directed ; but instead of which, he only bound it round the beam, or what is called the couple, which supported the roof of the bothy ; and the cat, supposing that her injunctions had been complied with, advanced to the fire, and squatted herself down as if to warm herself, but she speedily began to expand her size into considerable dimensions ; on which the hunter jocularly remarked to her, ‘An evil death to you, nasty beast : you are getting very large.’ ‘Ay, ay,’ says the cat, equally jocosely, ‘as my hairs imbibe the heat, they naturally expand.’ But still her dimensions gradually increased until about the size of a large hound, when, in a twinkling, she assumed the similitude of a woman ; and to the horror and amazement of the hunter, she presented to him the appearance of a neighbour whom he had long known under the name and title of ‘The good wife of Laggan,’ a woman whom he had previously supposed to be a paragon of virtue. ‘Hunter of the hills,’ exclaimed the wife of Laggan, ‘your hour is come ; the day of reckoning is arrived. Long have you been the devoted enemy of my persecuted sisterhood. The chief aggressor against our order is now no more,—this morning I saw his body consigned to a watery grave ; and now, hunter of the hills, it is your turn.’ Whereupon she flew at his throat with the force and fury of a tigress ; and the dogs, whom she supposed securely bound by the hair, flew at her breast and throat in return. Being thus unexpectedly attacked, she cried out, addressing herself to the hair, ‘Fasten, hair ; fasten !’ and so effectually did the hair obey the order, that it snapped the piece of wood on which it was tied in twain. Finding herself thus deceived, the good wife of Laggan attempted a flight, but the dogs clung to her breasts so tenaciously that they only parted with their hold on the demolition of all the teeth in their heads ; and one of them succeeded in tearing off the greater part of one of her breasts before she could get him disengaged from her person. At length, with the most fearful shrieks, she assumed

the likeness of a raven, and flew in the direction of her home. The two dogs, his faithful defenders, were only able to return to lick the hands of their master, and to expire at his feet. Regretting their loss with a sorrow which is only known to a father who loses his favourite children, he remained to bury his dogs, and then proceeded to his home full of those astounding and melancholy reflections which the scene he had been engaged in was so much calculated to produce. On his arrival at home, his wife was absent; but after an interval she made her appearance, and in the course of providing for his entertainment, she told him, under feelings of great concern, that she had been visiting the good wife of Laggan, who having been all day sorting peats in the moss, had got wet feet and a severe colic, and all her neighbours were just awaiting her demise. Her husband remarked, 'Ay, ay; it is proper that I also should go and see her,' on which he repaired to her bedside, and found all the neighbours wailing over the expected decease of a highly esteemed friend and neighbour. The hunter, under the excited feelings natural to the circumstances of the case, instantly stript the wife of her coverings, and calling the company around her, 'Behold,' says he, 'the object of your solicitude. This morning she was a party to the death of the renowned John Garve M'Gillechallum of Razay, and to-day she attempted to make me share his doom; but the arm of Providence has overtaken the servant of Satan in her career, and she is now about to expiate her crimes by death in this world, and punishment in the next.' All were seized with consternation; but the marks upon her person bore conclusive proofs of the truth of the tale of the hunter, and the good wife of Laggan did not even attempt to disguise the veracity of his statement, but addressing herself to her auditors in the language of penitent confession, she said: 'My dear and respected friends, spare, oh spare an old neighbour while in the agonies of death from greater mortal degradation. Already the enemy of your souls and of mine, who seduced me from the walks of virtue and happiness, as a reward for my anxious and unceasing labours in his service, only waits to lead my soul into eternal punishment! And, as a warning to all others to shun the awful rock on which I have split, I shall detail to you the means and artifices by which I was led into the service of the evil one, and the treachery which I and all others have experienced at his hands.' Here the good wife of Laggan narrated the particulars of the means by which she had been seduced into the service of Satan, the various adventures in which she had been engaged, concluding with the death of Razay, and the attack on the hunter; and in the midst of the most agonising shrieks she, in the presence of all assembled, gave up the ghost. On the same night two travellers were journeying from Strathdearn to Badenoch, across the dreary hill of Monadhliath. While about the centre of the hill, they met the figure of a woman, with her bosom and front besmeared with blood, running with exceeding velocity along the road in the direction of Strathdearn, uttering at intervals the most loud and appalling shrieks, to which the hills and rocks responded in echo. They had not proceeded far when they met two black dogs, as if on the scent of the track of the woman; and

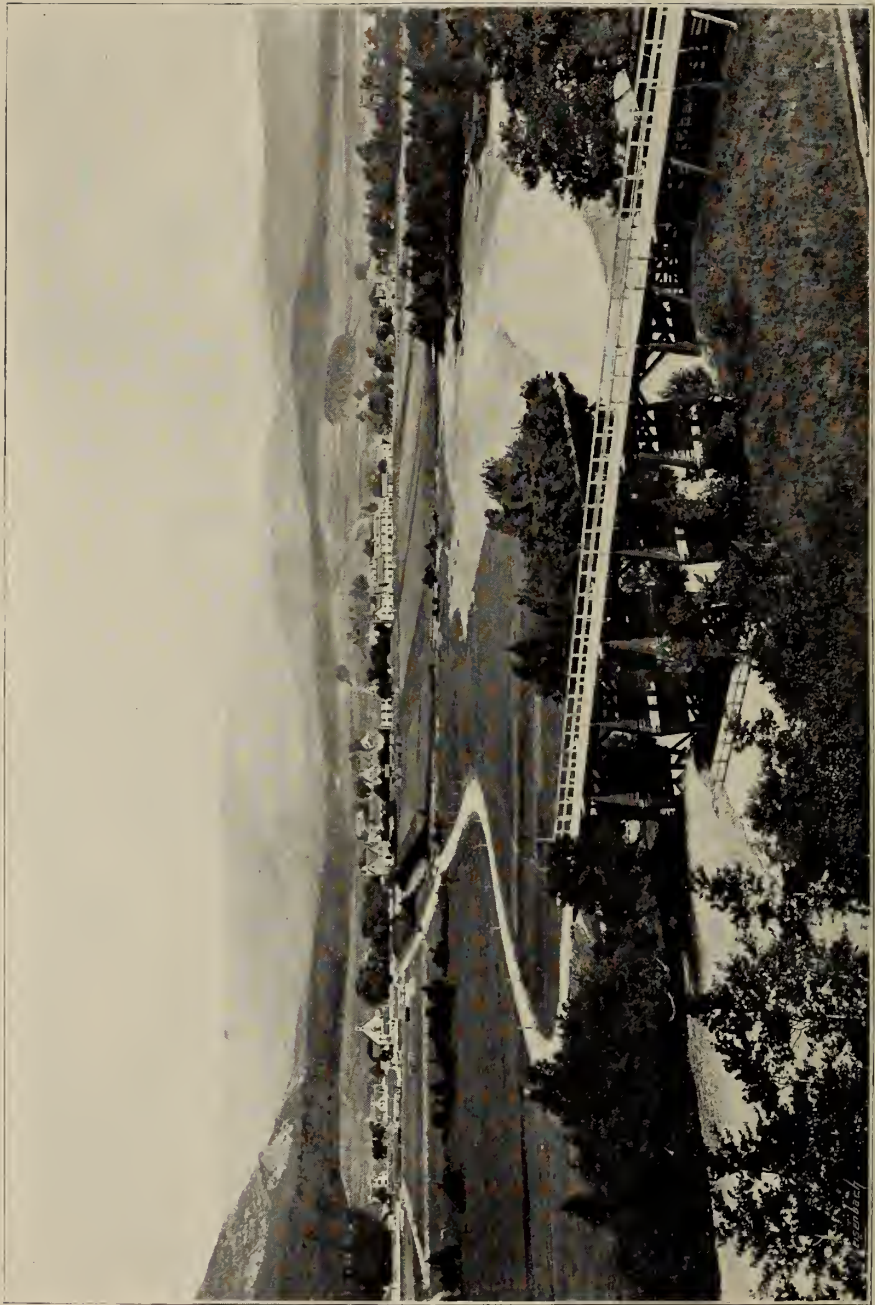
they had not proceeded much farther when they met a black man upon a black horse, coursing along in the direction of the woman and the dogs. 'Pray,' says the rider, 'did you meet a woman as you came along the hill?' The travellers answered in the affirmative. 'And,' continued the rider, 'did you meet two dogs following the tracks of the woman?' The travellers having answered in the affirmative, the rider added, 'Do you think the dogs would have caught her before she could have reached the churchyard of Dalarossie?' The travellers answered, 'They would at any rate be very close upon her heels.' The parties then separated, the horseman proceeding with the greatest fleetness after the woman and the dogs. The travellers had not emerged from the forest of Monadhliath when they were overtaken by the black rider, having the woman across the bow of his saddle, with one dog fixed in her breast, and the other in her thigh. 'Where did you overtake the woman?' said one of the travellers to the rider, to which he answered, 'Just as she was about to enter the churchyard of Dalarossie.' On arriving at home the travellers heard of the melancholy fate of the good wife of Laggan; and there existed no doubt on the minds of all to whom the facts were known that it was the spirit of the wife of Laggan who was running to the churchyard of Dalarossie, which was esteemed and known to be sacred ground, and a pilgrimage to which, either dead or alive, released the subjects of Satan from their bonds to him. But unfortunately for the poor wife of Laggan, she was a stage too late."<sup>1</sup>

As the capital of the old lordship of Badenoch, Kingussie has been well known in Highland history for many centuries, and the district generally abounds in points of historical interest, some of which are noticed in other portions of this volume. "Not a turn of the river," says Dr Longmuir in his 'Speyside,' an interesting little work published in Aberdeen in 1860, now out of print, "not a pass in the mountains, or the name of an estate, that does not recall some wild legend of the olden, or some thrilling event of more recent times; not a plain that is not associated with some battle; not a castle that has not stood its siege or been enveloped in flames; not a dark pool or gloomy loch that has not its tale either of guilt or superstition; not a manse that has not been inhabited by some minister that eminently served his Master. . . . Or, turning from the castle to the cairn, from the kirk to the cromlech, what a field is opened up to the investigator of the manners of the past! The inhabitants of these straths drawing around the cruel rites of the Druidical circle where human sacrifices were offered up; the struggle between light and darkness ere Christianity diffused its peace and goodwill; the social progress of the district, from the times when civil dis-

<sup>1</sup> Stewart's Lectures on the Mountains, 2d series, 1860, 192-200.







KINGUSSIE FROM THE SOUTH.

cord destroyed the happiness of the family circle, retarding agriculture and commerce; and the conviction that forces itself upon the mind that we are under the deepest obligation to maintain our civil and religious privileges at home, and to extend them to all for the promotion of their happiness, and the glory of the 'Father of lights,' who has graciously bestowed upon us these invaluable blessings! Or if we wander through the solemn forests, or traverse the long stretches of brown heath, where the silence is only broken by the hum of the bee among its purple hills, new ideas are suggested and emotions awakened. Or if we ascend the rugged summits of the hills, whence the works of men are scarcely discernible, and a boundless prospect opens on every side, what heart does not feel the insignificance of human grandeur, or can resist the impression of the wisdom, power, and goodness of Him 'who weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance,' or fail to long for the time when 'the mountains and hills shall break forth into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands'!"<sup>1</sup>

According to Skene, there are traces of Roman works on the Spey at Pitmain (within a mile of Kingussie), "on the line between the Moray Firth and Fortingall," indicating, in his opinion, that Severus the Roman emperor, after his campaign in Britain in the third century, had returned with a part of the Roman army through the heart of the Highlands.<sup>2</sup> In 1380 the Chartulary of Moray informs us that "A Stewart, Lord of Badenoch, holds his court at Kingussy, and among others that attended is Malcolme le Graunt."

In the 'Survey of the Province of Moray,' published in 1798, it is stated that several years previously a mine had been opened where some pieces of very rich silver ore were dug up, but that no attempt had been made to ascertain whether it would be worth working or not.<sup>3</sup> In the statistical account of Kingussie it is related "that the parish contains, likewise, some Druidical circles, and the appearance of a Roman encampment. This last is situated on a moor between the Bridge of Spey and Pitmain. In clearing some ground adjacent, an urn was found full of burnt ashes, which was carefully preserved, and is still extant. A Roman tripod was also found some years ago, concealed in a rock, and is deposited in the same hands with the urn."<sup>4</sup> What has become of the urn and the tripod I have been unable to ascertain.

<sup>1</sup> Speyside, 1860, 2, 3.

<sup>2</sup> Celtic Scotland, i. 89.

<sup>3</sup> Province of Moray, 258, 259.

<sup>4</sup> New Statistical Account, 71, 72.

The *village* of Kingussie was founded towards the close of last century by Alexander, the fourth Duke of Gordon, as an intended seat of woollen manufactures. From the want, however, of sufficient capital and the means of transit at the time, this scheme unfortunately proved unsuccessful. Under the General Police and Improvement Act of 1862 the village was in 1866—soon after the opening of the Highland Railway—formed into a burgh, and during the last few years it has, through the energy and enterprise of the inhabitants, progressed to such an extent that it bids fair to become one of the most flourishing Highland villages of its size north of the Grampians. Beautifully situated at such a high altitude in a fine open valley of the Spey, bordered on one side by the magnificent range of the Grampians and by the Monadhliath range on the other, and noted for its pure and invigorating mountain air, it is gradually becoming one of the most attractive and popular summer resorts in the Highlands. An eminent London physician has compared the exhilarating effect of inhaling the Badenoch air to that of imbibing the most sparkling champagne—barring in the former case the slightest risk either of the loss of one's equilibrium or of a headache next morning. Witness also the spirited lines of the ever-bright and genial Professor Blackie commemorative of a lengthened visit to Kingussie in the summer of 1888 :—

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

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

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

Come, oh come, in sunless chambers  
Ye who plod with inky pens ;  
Come, and give your eyes free outlook  
On the glory of these Bens !

Here we dream no dreams, no paper  
Here besmirch with inky care,  
When we brush the mountain heather,  
When we breathe the mountain air !

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

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

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

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

With the broad sun westward wheeling ;  
Come and sit, and let thine ear  
Drink the music of the waters  
Rolling low and swirling clear."

## CHAPTER III.

## OLD CHURCH LIFE IN THE PARISH OF KINGUSSIE.

THE earlier records of the parish of Kingussie and Insh would appear to have been unfortunately burnt. The existing records date back to the induction of the Rev. William Blair as minister of the parish in September 1724. There is an unfortunate gap from 25th June 1732 to 15th June 1746, in regard to which there is an explanatory memorandum inserted to the effect "that, through the frequent changes of session clerks, many confusions, defects, and disorders have happened in the minutes. The minutes in John Macpherson's time, who died at Aberdeen, are lost, and also the minutes in time of Mr John Grant, school-master and session clerk." The glimpses which the kirk-session records furnish of the religious and social state of the Highlands during the last century are such as may, after all, tend to make the sighs for the so-called "good old times" less deep, and render us somewhat more contented with the times in which we now live. One of the most striking features of these records is the burning zeal which animated the ministers and elders of the time in ferreting out and chronicling the most minute particulars bearing upon the wanderings of the erring sheep of the Kingussie fold. In numerous instances several closely written pages are devoted to the narration of a single case of discipline. Many of the details recorded are such as would not certainly be regarded in the present day as tending to edification, and only such gleanings are given as are of general interest in the way of illustrating the manners and customs prevailing among the Highland people down, in the case of some parishes, to the third or fourth decade of the present century.

It would appear that there were *black sheep* calling for ecclesiastical

discipline in those days even among the "ministers' men." At the session meeting on 21st March 1725 "John Macdonald in Kingussie" was appointed to make "public satisfaction" for drinking a whole Sabbath-night till ten o'clock next morning, and "caballing" with other men and "some women" in the minister's house, "the minister being that day in the parish of Insh." Apparently the too-trustful minister had in his temporary absence left all his belongings under John's charge; and the "caballers," it is recorded, not only consumed all the aqua vitæ in the minister's house "at ye time," but also "four pints aqua vitæ carried out of William Fraser's house." John maintained that "they had but three chapins aqua vitæ," and boldly defended "the innocency of their meeting by their not being drunk, as he alleges." Proving anything but obsequious to the appointment of the session, John, as "the ringleader of the cabal," was solemnly referred to the Presbytery of the bounds for contumacy. The Presbytery in turn remitted him back to the session "to satisfie according to their appointment, otherwise be charged before the Comissary, and be punished in his Person and Goods in case of not satisfying for his prophanation of the Lord's day, and insnaring oysr foresaid to ye same sin." The crestfallen John had perforce no escape for it in the end but humbly to stand before the congregation and be "severly rebuked for his wickedness."

Here is a singular enactment by the Kingussie session anent "Pennie Weddings," which were prevalent in Badenoch down to within living memory:—

"*April 4th, 1725.*—The Session enacts that no coupple be matrimonially contracted within the united parishes of Kingussie and Insh till they give in into the hands of the Session-Clerk 3 lbs. Scots, or a white plaid, or any other like pennieworth, worth 3 lbs. Scots, as pledge that they should not have pennie weddings, otherwise to forfeit their pledges if they resilie."

A few months later it is recorded that "Malcolm Bain in Milntown of Kingussie" was delated and rebuked for a "manifest breach of the Lord's day by selling shoes on that day to some who came to his house." Under date 31st May 1726 there is an entry to the effect that the session had "debursed" to Alex. Glass Mertin, Kingussie, 22s. Scots for tobacco, which he gave to millers for gathering meal to the orphan at their milns, and this by command of the minister." The next extract is instructive as indicating the starving process to which the Revenue

authorities of the time resorted in the way of recovering "debts of excise":—

"*May 29th, 1726.*—The case of Lachlan Roy in Ruthven being represented to the Session, they find he is an object of charity, and for present at Inverness in prison for his Debt of Excise in a starving condition, having nothing to support him for his present relief. Therefore appoint twenty sh. Scots be sent him—which was done accordingly."

The prison discipline to which the poverty-stricken Lachlan was so callously subjected in the Highland capital appears to have not only transformed the unfortunate man himself into an abandoned and hardened criminal, but to have grievously affected his marital belongings. Some months later it is recorded that the session "understand that Lachlan Roy in Ruthven, his wife, and daughter have been banished out of Ruthven upon account of yr abominable practices, such as thieving and whoring, and yt they are gone out of the parish."

In July 1726 we come upon the first of numerous similar entries, exhibiting a deplorable picture of the pollution with which Badenoch was impregnated by the establishment of the barracks at Ruthven, built by the Government of the day a few years after the Rising of 1715, on the site of the old castle of the Comyns. It may be of interest to mention in passing, that in the immediate neighbourhood of the barracks stood the village of Ruthven, which for many years previously was distinguished as possessing the only school of importance from "Speymouth to Lorn." Here in 1736 was born James Macpherson, the celebrated translator of Ossian's poems, where for some years, after finishing his studies at King's College, Aberdeen, he filled the honourable position of parochial schoolmaster. The site of the old village is now indicated by the farmhouse of the same name. The Kingussie session could not, apparently, see their way to extirpate the rowdy Lowland garrison bodily; but they did not hesitate, as the following extract shows, to adopt the most summary measures to have the abandoned and disreputable followers of the alien redcoats banished out of the district:—

"*July 10th, 1726.*—The Session, understanding yt yr are a great many stragglers and vagabonds come into this parish without testimonials, as also a great many dissolute and unmarried women from different parts of the kingdom, commonly follow the soldiers at the barracks of Ruthven, and are sheltered in some houses in the parish, where they and the soldiers have frequent meetings,

and very often upon the Lord's Day, to the great scandal of religion and prophanation of ye Sabbath: Therefore, the Session think it necessary to apply to the civil judge that all such as shelter such women and vagabonds shall be condignly punished and fined in twenty pounds Scots *toties quoties*, and this to be intimated from the pulpit."

A week later the decret of the bailie is referred to as follows:—

"*July 17th, 1726.*—This day it is informed yt the Session had applied to the Baillie in pursuance of a former resolution anent vagabonds and strangers coming into the parish without testimonials, and that the Baillie hath passed a Decreet of ten pounds Scots, *toties quoties*, against all person or persons that shall harbour such vagabonds for three nights successively, which act was this day intimated from the pulpit, that none pretend ignorance."

Here is one of many similar entries of "grievous scandals" and "breach of Sabbath":—

"*July 9th, 1727.*—The Session do find the following account to be true and genuine—namely, that upon the eleventh of June, being the Lord's day, it happened that Alister Roy in Croft's sheep had run into Donald Ban in Dell of Killiehuntly's corn; and Donald Ban's wife hastening to take ym away in order to house ym, Alister Roy's wife and daughter came and took them away by force, grupon the said Marjorie craved a pledge, qch was refused, and then she went and took away a door as pledge *brevi manu*: then Alister Roy's wife and daughter took hold of her and pulled and tore ye linnens off her head, and gave her several scandalous names, upon qch Donald Ban came out and attacked the said Alister, and had some blows with hands and feet, *hinc inde*."

In a subsequent minute we find a "John M'Lawrence and James Robertson in Brae-Ruthven" delated for being both drunk on the Lord's day. On their way home after attending divine service it is recorded that they "did struggle with one anoyr, and had blows *hinc inde*, and were grappling when the said John Macpherson came upon ym, who separated them. It is also to be observed yt said John M'Lawrence had creels carrying on his back on the Lord's day. The session do find that these persons have been guilty of drunkenness and breach of Sabbath, appoint that both parties stand before the congregation next Lord's day, and be severely rebuked for the said scandal."

Tradition has it that in many of our Highland churches, down in some instances even to the third or fourth decade of the present century, the bones of the dead were, as a rule, so thickly strewn on the earthen



floors as to be frequently kicked about by the feet of the worshippers. The following extract tends to confirm this tradition, and gives, it is believed, a fair indication of the lamentable state at the time of a large number of the church buildings throughout the Highlands :—

“*November 19th, 1727.*—The Session considering that the commons in this Parish, with beggars and others out of the Parish, do commonly burie within the Church of Kingussie so that the floor of the Church is oppressed with dead bodies, and of late unripe bodies have been raised out of their graves to give place to others for want of room, qch frequently occasions an intolerable and unwholesome smell in the Congregation, and may have very bad effects on the people while attending Divine worship : The Session do refer the consideration prof to the Pbt., entreating they may put a stop to such a bad practice.”

Here is an extract indicating to some extent what was expected of the “men of repute, credite, and honesty” in past times as ecclesiastical detectives :—

“*March 3d, 1728.*—This day met in Session Donald M’Pherson in Tomford, William Gollonach in Farletter, and Donald Clerk in , men of repute, credite, and honesty, who were required to undertake the Office of Elders in this Parish, which they submitted to, and the Minr. had informed them of the particular duties of their function both in discovering and discouraging the works of Darkness to the outmost of their power, as they should be answerable to God.”

The fiddling propensities of the Badenoch people of the time appear to have been altogether irrepressible, and to have for a lengthened period sorely exercised the reforming zeal of the Kingussie session. Here is one of numerous entries of what the session term their “heathenish practices” at Leickwakes :—

“*March 10th, 1728.*—This day were called John Campbell in Kinvonigag ; John M’Edward in Knockichican ; and Donald M’Alvea in Killehuntly, and only compeared John M’Edward, who confessed that he had a fiddler in his house at the Leickwake of a dead person, but said he did not think it a sin, it being so long a custome in this country. The Session finding that it is not easie to rout out so prevailing a custome, do agree that for the more effectual discouraging such a heathenish practice the minister represent from the pulpit how undecent and unbecoming to the designs of ye Christian Religion such an abuse is ; they also appoint that the Civil Judge be applied to for suppressing the same.”

The result of the application to the civil judge is recorded a few days later as follows :—

“*March 24th, 1728.*—This day the minister read from the pulpit an Act of the Court enacting and ordaining that all fiddlers playing at any Leickwakes in time coming shall pay to James Gordon, Procurator-Fiscal of Court, five pounds Scots for each contravention, and each person who calls or entertains them in their families shall pay to the said James Gordon twenty pounds Scots for each contravention, and the said James Gordon is hereby empowered to seize any fiddler so playing at Leickwakes, and to secure ym until they pay their fines and find caution they shall not play at Leickwakes in time coming.”

The watchful session appear to have been fully alive to the possible danger of allowing unaccredited interlopers to settle in the parish. In one of their minutes an “Angus M‘Intire, now in Coirarnisdell”—even although a “Mac,” and presumably a Highlander—is peremptorily summoned to appear before them to “give an account of himself as a stranger come into the parish without a testimonial.” In the next extract we have an enactment directed against matrimonial contracts on the Saturdays:—

“*December 6th, 1728.*—The Session finding that it is a common practice for people to contract, in order to matrimony, upon the Saturdays, by which they frequently sit up in change-houses and inroach upon the Lord’s Day, the Session do enact yt none shall be contracted upon the Saturdays within this parish in time coming, and that this may be intimated from the pulpit that none pretend ignorance.”

In the following year it is recorded that “Mary Kennedy in Benchar, while being reproved for her sin, uttered several foolish and impertinent expressions.” Mary appears to have been a regular *Jezebel*, and we are told that she “gave such great offence” that she was there and then bodily “seized” by the redoubtable kirk-officer, brought before the session, and sentenced “to stand in sackcloth next Lord’s Day and be rebuked.”

In the same year we come upon an entry indicating the extent to which the Kingussie session had anticipated the famous Forbes MacKenzie by at least a century and a half:—

“*January 6th, 1729.*—Kenneth Macpherson, in Balnеспick, compearing, was examined anent his entertaining severals in his house upon the Lord’s Day, and found he was guilty of the forsaid abuse, and likewise yt it has been a prevailing custome in the Parish for people to assemble together in Taverns, especially after divine service, to remain till late at night. The Session, for preventing such an abuse, do enact yt all change-keepers within the Parish be henceforth discharged

from giving to any person yt may frequent yr houses on the day forsaide above a chapine a piece, as they shall be answerable."

With all the zeal of the session, what strikes one as remarkable is that if the delinquents confined themselves to the moderate (?) allowance of "a chapine a piece" on the "Sabbath," they might apparently, without any fear of being subjected to the punishment of standing in the "publick place of repentance," indulge to their heart's content in the most liberal potations of "aqua vitie" on any other day of the week.

We have next the judgment of the session anent what is termed the "scandalous abuse of gathering nuts upon the Sabbath":—

"*August 24th, 1729.*—The Minister understanding that it is a common practice in this Parish with severals, especially with children and servants, to Prophane the Lord's day by frequenting the woods and gathering nuts upon the Sabbath, made public intimation from the Pulpit, that if any person or persons, young or old, should be found guilty of said scandalous abuse, that they should be insisted against for breach of Sabbath and punished accordingly, and that the Heads of families would be made lyable for the transgressions of their children and servants in these cases."

In the following extract we have the case of a mother, of whom "two things" were required by the session as regards her fiddler son:—

"*October 22d, 1729.*—Alexr. M'Intosh, Fiddler in Milntown of Delnafeart, being call'd, his mother compeared for him and told he could not be prst, but assured the Session she would oblige him to satisfie yr demands and be obedient to discipline, upon which the Session required two things of her: first, that her son should stand before the Congregation to be rebuked first sermon day; 2dly, that she should bind herself, under the failzie of Forty pds. Scots, he should not play at Lycwakes in time coming, to both qch she did bind and oblige herself before the Session."

Here is the case of two worthies falling "a-scolding" on the Lord's Day, with an apparent ferocity not excelled even in the memorable battle of the Kilkenny cats, and all "about eating of corn":—

"*May 31st, 1730.*—This day there was delated to the Session a scandal yt broke forth last Lord's Day after divine service betwixt Alexander Keannich in Knockichien and James Glass, Turner in Knockichalich, in Killihuntly, showing that the said Alexander Keannich was travelling with an armsfull of peats, and, meeting with said Glass, they fell a-scolding about eating of corn, and yrafter

did beat and bruise one anoyr until they were separated by the neighbours—viz., Donald Fraser, Angus Kennedy, and Finlay Ferguson, weaver, all in Knockichalich or yrabouts.”

The session, finding that this was “a notorious breach of the Lord’s Day, very much to be testified against, appointed the delinquents to stand before the congregation and be rebuked.”

Here is the case of a jealous husband tempted, as he owned, “by Satan,” making his uneasy wife, Elspet, “swear upon a knife” :—

“*June 2d, 1730.*—This day compeared John Stewart in Farlettor, and Elspet Kennedy, his wife, who were confronted, and the said John being interrogate, 1mo, If he entertained any jealousie of his wife with Duncan Gordon in Farlettor, owned he did; 2d, being asked what grounds and presumptions he had to do so, answered that sometime in March last a stirk in the town being amissing, he observed the said Duncan and his wife separate from the company in search of that Beast—that then Satan, he owned, had tempted him to entertain a jealousie; 3d, being asked if he put her to an oath of purgation, owned he drew a knife and obliged her to swear, as she would answer to God in the Great Day, that she would never have any offspring or succession, if she did not tell the truth, and that he had done this three or four times, and once upon a Lord’s Day; 4th, being asked if his wife complied with the said oath, both he and she owned she did. She being asked what made her leave her own house, answered yt he was daily so uneasy to her that she was obliged to leave him, and declared that she would never return until she got satisfaction for the scandal that was raised upon her. The Session considering that this is an affair of an intricate nature, refer to the Presbytery for advice.”

We have next a batch of four sadly misguided Highlanders dealt with by the session “for fishing upon a Sabbath evening” :—

“*October 7th, 1730.*—This day Thomas and Murdow Macpherson and John Shaw, in Invereshie, being summoned and called, compeared, and being interrogate anent their guilt in prophaning the Lord’s Day by fishing as was delated, they owned that they fished upon a Sabbath evening upon the water of Feshie at Dugarie. Compeared also John Macpherson, boatman at Insh, who owned himself guilty of art and part in buying the said fish yt night, all of ym being rebuked and removed. The Session considered the whole affair, and appointed ym to compeare before the congregation here Sabbath come a fortnight, and be sharply rebuked for ye said transgression.”

In the next extract we have the case of a husband and wife delated for a “customary practice of bakeing bread upon the Lord’s Day” :—

“*October 18th, 1730.*—This day Annie Macpherson, spouse to Donald Fraser in Knockachalich, formerly delated, being summoned and called, compeared with her husband, and owned only that she did bake a little bannock for an herd, who was to go off early next morning.”

Annie’s ingenious plea that it was “only a little bannock for an herd” led the session, it is recorded, to let off the culprit with a “You must never do it again, Annie,” in the shape of “a sharpe sessional rebuke with certification.”

From the following entry it is evident there must have been a considerable number of bad halfpennies in circulation in the Highlands at the time, but apparently the “bawbees,” bad as they were, were considered by the contributors *good enough* for the church-box:—

“*December 24th, 1730.*—There is found in the box Two pounds and eleven sh. Scot. over and above what is marked, qch makes twentie-seven lbs. and eighteen sh. Scots. in the Treasr’s. hands, of quch there is of bad halfpennies thirteen pounds seven sh. Scots., wereof there are twelve sh. st. given at ninepence per pound weight, which amounts to two sh. three pence st. of good money.”

Here is the record of the dealing of the session with parties travelling on a Lord’s Day “with a great many horse”:—

“*November 21st, 1731.*—This day Wm. M’Lean and Donald M’Pherson in Farlotter, John M’Pherson in Toliva, and Wm. Shaw in Knockanbeg, formerly delated, being called, compeared, and being asked if they and some oysr in the parish of Insh did travel on a Lord’s day with a great many horse loadned with meal, confessing guilt, they were sharply rebuked, and such of them as were masters of families were ordained to stand before the congregation, and servants were dismissed with a sharpe rebuke before the Session, with certification.”

Extracts bearing upon “Sabbath” profanation might be almost indefinitely multiplied. I pass to some of another kind. Under an Act of the Scots Parliament in 1600 all persons were required to partake of the sacrament of the Supper once in the year under the following penalties—viz., “An earl, £1000; a lord, 1000 merks; a baron, 300 merks; a yeoman, £40; and a burgess as the Council shall modify.” “It was remarked,” says Dean Stanley, “in the eleventh century that one deeply rooted feeling of the ancient Scottish Church, as represented by the Culdees, was the awful reverence for the Sacrament, growing to such a pitch that, from mere terror of the ordinance, it had ceased to be celebrated even at the great festival of Easter. Such a sentiment, so overleaping itself, has

perhaps never been equalled again, except in the Scotland of the nineteenth century. Those who know the influence of the 'Men' in the Highlands tell us that the same extravagant awe, causing an absolute repulsion from the sacred rite, is still to be found there. Old grey-headed patriarchs are to be seen tottering with fear out of the church when the sacramental day comes round; many refusing to be baptised, many more abstaining from the Eucharist altogether; and at the time when the Veto Act was discussed, it was found incompatible with any regard to the rights of the parishioners to leave the election in the hands of the communicants, because in the extreme north (where the 'Men' prevailed), out of a congregation of several thousands, the communicants, from motives of excessive reverence, did not exceed a hundred."<sup>1</sup>

Here is an extract from the Kingussie records giving an indication of the intermittent character of the administration of the Sacrament in the early part of the eighteenth century:—

"*May 9th, 1731.*—The Minr. represented to the Session the lamentable State this Parish has been in for many years past, in regard to the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper has not of a long time been administered among ym, and that the beginning of the good work would be of great use in ye land for advancing Christian knowledge and practice, and yrfore advised with ym what season might be most proper for celebrating the same. They all unanimously joined in the matter, and advised that the Minr. as soon as possible might intimate the said design to the Congregation from the Pulpit."

Passing over a period of about seventeen years, we come to the case of an exceptionally wild Highlander asking a spade from his neighbours, and the terrible language and dire results which followed their refusal of that much-prized implement:—

"*June 2nd, 1748.*—This day was laid before the Session a complaint and petition from Jean Cameron, spouse to Duncan Macnicol in Ruthven, against Peter M'Konlich, *alias* Macdonald, in Ruthven, and Janet Mackenzie, his spouse, setting forth that upon the 2nd day of May last the said Peter came to the complainer's house asking a spade, which he did not get. He then said that if he had her husband behind a hedge he would stamp upon his belly, and reproached her publicly in the following words: D——n you for a B——h! your Fayr was hanged, and d——n me if I will deny it; and as he was passing through the streets said d——n his soul if he should deny what he had said, and that the said Janet his wife uttered the words in the streets of Ruthven, that the said Jean

<sup>1</sup> Stanley's Church of Scotland, second ed., 1879, 34, 35.

Cameron's father and uncle were both hanged for theft, and beseeching the Session to take these scandalous reflections under their consideration ; and that the guilty persons may be censured and brought to condign punishment. The Session having reasoned thereupon, agreed that such abusive language defaming and scandalizing the memory of the dead, and entailing infamy upon their posterity, is in itself injurious and unchristian, and to be discouraged in human society, and if proven relevant to infer church censure."

Several closely written pages of the session records are taken up with the depositions of the witnesses. Here is the session judgment :—

"The Session having summed up the evidence, do find that . . . both Peter Macdonald and his wife Janet ought to be subjected to the censure of the church—the rather that yre were this day laid before the Session sufficient testimonials the complainer's father liv'd and dy'd under the reputation of an honest man—wherefore the Session unanimously agree that the said Peter and his wife Janet shall stand before the congregation at Kingussie next Lord's Day in the publick place of repentance, and be sharply rebuked for their offence and for terror to others ; and the Session do petition the Judge Ordinary here present to cause secure their persons in prison until they find caution to fulfill and obtemper this sentence, as also until they secure the peace by a Bond of Lawburrows."

The session had, it will be seen, taken the precaution to have the Baillie, or Judge Ordinary, present with them on the occasion, and it is satisfactory to find that the wild and foul-mouthed Peter and his fitly-mated Janet were there and then subjected to the "condign punishment" they so justly deserved. The sentence of "James Stewart," the Baillie of the time, is appended in the records to the session judgment, and runs as follows :—

"The Baillie ordains the persons of the said Peter M'Donald and his wife Janet to be imprisoned within the Tolbooth of Ruthven untill they find caution conform to the above sentence."

In the same month (June 1748) half a page of the Kingussie records is devoted to recording "that John Macpherson of Knappach, barrack-master, represented this day to the session yt. Ld. George Sackville, as he pass'd with his regiment through this country, was pleased in his goodness to put in his hands a half-guinea, quch he desired him *give the poor in this parish.*" The disposal of the precious half-guinea— notwithstanding the clear unambiguous instructions of the donor— appears to have sorely exercised the wits of the session. After the most

serious deliberation, they appointed "a half-crown thereof to be given to Donald M'Pherson, now in Claigean, as a great object of charity," and with the most charming *naïveté* it is added that they appointed "the remainder to be employed *in building the bridge of Goynack*"!

Apparently the Kingussie session regarded the apostolic injunction to "be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares," as of very limited application. Judging from results, it is to be feared that in some parts of the Highlands, even in the present day, the visits of angels of either sex, except of the *soi-disant* and notoriety-loving type of Mrs Gordon Baillie, "are few and far between." In the old turbulent times in Badenoch the prospect of angels' visits appears to have been considered so very remote that the canny session felt constrained to restrict to a single night the time within which a "stranger" could be developed into such a visitor, and the efficacy of the visit exemplified. So distrustful was the session of importations from other quarters that any "stranger" coming into the district without sufficient credentials was bracketed with the wandering "vagabond." Here is the stringent prohibition directed against either the one or the other being entertained in the parish "two nights on end":—

"*June 18th, 1749.*—The Session considering that there are several strangers and vagabonds who come into this parish without certificates and are sheltered therein, the Session agree to apply to the Judge Ordinary if the persons of all such will be apprehended and incarcerated, and that such as entertain one or more of them two nights on end shall be fined in 20s. sterling."

Here are the very moderate dues fixed by the session for digging the graves of every "person" come of age and of every "child"; "the gentlemen," it will be observed, being "left to their own discretion":—

"*June 23rd, 1749.*—The Kirk-Session considering that it would be extremely convenient for the parish the Kirk Officer should be employed in digging the graves, and do appoint him to do yt service to any that shall employ him, and yt he shall have a sixpence for every person come to age and fourpence for every child, and the gentlemen shall be left to their own discretion; and the Session appoint their Clerk to give him a crown out of their boxt for buying tools."

We come next upon the records of a singular payment made by the session:—

"*December 9th, 1750.*—Petition John M'Intosh, Court Officer at Ruthven,



craving that the Kirk-Session may allow him payment for his trouble and pains at the Session Desire in apprehending the person of Christian Guthrie, and incarcerating and retaining her in the Tolbooth of Ruthven for the space of 21 days, by which he is entitled to prison wages. The Session appointed 3 sh. and 6d. str. to be given him, and that the Minister pay him out of the funds in his hands."

In February of the following year we have the complaint of a grievously afflicted "Jean Macpherson," mated to a more than ordinarily boozy and wicked tailor body, who made a "football" of his own infant:—

"*February 10th, 1751.*—Compeared Jean Macpherson, spouse to John M'Intire, taylor in Ruthven, complaining on her said husband, that he is a habitual drunkard, frequenting change-houses, spending his effects, ruining his family, beating the complainer, and selling his back cloaths and bed cloaths for liquor, and that, when he comes home drunk, he tosses his own infant like a football, and threatens to take away her own life; she therefore begged the Session that they would put a stop to the progress of his wicked life, and secure the safety of the complainer and her child, and that they would discharge all the change-keepers in the parish from giving him liquor."

The deliverance of the session in the case of the unfortunate "Jean" would surely satisfy even Sir Wilfrid Lawson and the most ardent temperance reformers of the present day:—

"The Session, considering this complaint, and being persuaded of the verity of the facts, do agree to petition the Judge Ordinary to interpose his authority that no change-keepers or sellers of liquor votsoever shall gift or sell liquor of any kind, either ale or aquavitie, to the said John, under the failzie of twenty shillings str., the one-half of which to be applied for the support of the complainer and her child, and that this act, when obtained, shall be intimated from the pulpit."

Here is the deliverance of the Kingussie session anent a most odious Act of Parliament passed "when George the Third was King," for the purpose of "raising the wind" to replenish the National Exchequer, then so much impoverished by the American War of Independence and the repeated fightings with the French:—

"*October 1st, 1783.*—The Session proceeded to consider what measures were necessary to be adopted in relation to a late Act of Parliament imposing a duty of threepence upon the register of every birth, baptism, marriage, and burial, which Act commences of this date; and whereas they have received no instructions against the same, they resolved to empower their Session-clerk, in terms of a clause in the said Act, to uplift the duties from and after this date, to retain the same in his hands to acct. till such time as a proper licence may be obtained."

Well, indeed—when even “burials” were thus taxed—might a rhymster of the day exclaim,—

“Taxed to the bone thy loving subjects see;  
But still supposed when dead from taxes free:  
Now to complete, great George, thy glorious reign,  
Excised to death, we’re then excised again.”

In our next extract, we have the session craving a warrant to incarcerate “the body” of a refractory delinquent refusing any security for maintaining his children:—

“*February 27th, 1786.*—Angus Falconer in Inverughlais having failed to compare tho’ twice summoned, and refusing to give any satisfaction to the Church, or any security for maintaining his children, a petition was ordered to be drawn up, to be presented in the name of the Session to one of His Majesty’s Justices of the Peace, craving warrant to incarcerate the body of the said Angus Falconer until such time he shall grant security in terms of law.”

In the following extract we have an indication of a reprehensible practice, quite prevalent even down to within a recent period, of the profanation of our churchyards in the Highlands:—

“*July 2d, 1786.*—The Session then proceeded to consider the state of the Churchyard and other Burying places within the Parish, which of late have been profaned by the pasturing of cattle on them, and other ways. And in regard John Machardy, Tacksman of Kingussie, was in the daily practice of keeping his cattle in the Churchyard, they resolved to apply to the Sheriff for an interdict against him.”

We have next a resolution of the session indicating that in Badenoch at least—the land of the “Sons of the Parson”—the people were not quite so priest-ridden as Mr Buckle would have us believe was the case throughout Scotland at the time:—

“*September 3d, 1787.*—Session proceeded to consider the usual practice of marrying without proclamations; and in regard that the Laws of the Church require that every person should be three times regularly proclaimed in Church previous to their being married,

“*Resolved* that the Law shall be rigidly adhered to where Session are not fully satisfied that no objections can be lodged against parties.

“*Resolved* that where all the proclamations are dispensed with, the parties shall pay three shillings sterling to the poor over and above the usual Dues.

“*Resolved* that where two proclamations are dispensed with they shall pay two shillings, and where one proclamation one shilling for the same purpose.

“*Resolved* that every Gentleman on his marriage shall, in place of the New Hat formerly given to the Clergyman, pay one guinea to the Poor of the Parish.”

The resolution thus adopted, so cruelly depriving — without the slightest compensation—the parsons of Kingussie of not a few “new hats” in the course of their ministry, has, remarkably enough, been brought home to the people of Badenoch only within the last year or two. “O ye Sons of the Parson,” is the pathetic exclamation in a recent very graphic sketch of Kingussie from the facile pen of a reverend sympathising “Son of Adam” in the Scottish metropolis, “was it your unfilial minds which devised a scheme of partial disendowment?” Unfortunately, in this respect at least, the “Sons of the Parson” still form a majority of the Kingussie session. Let them, however, continue, in the interests of “the poor of the parish,” to act as “unfilially” as they may, the matter has now, it is understood, excited the commiseration of generous-hearted friends in the south to such an extent as will, it is confidently anticipated, elicit the warm commendation of the General Assembly, and lead to a fund being raised, to be termed “The Kingussie Hat Fund,” for the purpose of supplying the present genial and popular parson, at stated intervals, with a serviceable hat of the most approved orthodox L.L.D. fashion, during the remainder of his ministry.

## CHAPTER IV.

GLIMPSES OF SOCIAL LIFE IN THE PARISH OF KINGUSSIE IN  
BYGONE DAYS.

IN 1784 the estates of Cluny Macpherson, which had been forfeited in consequence of the active share Cluny of the time had taken in the Rising of the '45, were restored. Colonel Thornton of Thornville-Royal, in Yorkshire, published in 1804 a most interesting journal of a visit which he paid to Badenoch and other parts of the Highlands in 1784. The colonel "was the son of a Mr William Thornton who is mentioned in Hargrove's 'History of Knaresborough' as having, on the outbreak of the Rebellion in 1745, raised a company of soldiers and marched at their head 'against the rebels in the mountains of Scotland.' It was probably in consequence of this exploit that Colonel Thornton received part of his education at one of the Scottish universities, and formed friendship with several Highland gentlemen. About ten years before the date of the journal he paid a visit at Castle Grant, and in 1783 he paid a short visit to Badenoch for the purpose of sport, living during the time he was there in tents. This visit appears only to have whetted his appetite, and he resolved next year to pay a longer visit, and his preparations were on an elaborate scale. He hired the house of Raitts from Mrs Mackintosh of Borlum, with grass and other provisions for twenty horses, and he provided himself with a camp-equipage suitable for four or five gentlemen and their attendants, with two boats, the *Ville de Paris* and the *Gibraltar*, with every requisite for sport of all kinds, provisions for three or four months; and he engaged Mr Garrard, a rising artist, to accompany him, and take pictures of the scenery, and of the wild birds and animals of the chase. The camp-equipage, boats,

&c., were put on board a ship at Hull, to be conveyed to Forres, as the nearest convenient port for Raitts; and having seen the vessel sail on the 4th of June, the colonel and Mr Garrard started on the land journey, which they made in a gig with two horses driven tandem. The journey was made by way of Edinburgh, Glasgow, Loch Lomond, Loch Dochart, and Taymouth to Dunkeld, and thence by the Highland road to Raitts, where the party arrived on the 10th of July, and were received by Mrs Mackintosh and her family, and by Captain Mackintosh of Balnespic, an old acquaintance, who came to arrange matters for the colonel. The transport of the baggage from Forres was a more difficult affair. Exclusive of the boats, about which there was considerable difficulty, and which ultimately came on carts also, a train of forty-nine country carts was employed, and these did not arrive at Raitts till some days later. From the 10th of July till the 26th August the party resided principally at Raitts, but made excursions to Loch-an-Eilan, Loch Ennich, Loch Laggan, and Loch Va, near Aviemore, at the last of which they encamped for a day or two: on 26th August the camp was pitched in the upper valley of the Dulnan, at the foot of Knock-Franguich, for the purpose of grouse-shooting, and there they remained until 17th September, when the camp was struck, and they returned to Raitts, where, with the interlude of a visit by the colonel to Gordon Castle, they remained until 4th October, when the return journey commenced."

"In more than one place the colonel, who evidently was fond of good living, enlarges on the advantages of the Highlands in the matter of the necessities and the comforts of life. He says: 'Everything for the comfort of life may be had in the Highlands at least nine months in the year, superior, if not to all, to most countries. Nature has given to the face of the country a large proportion of barren heath, but in the valleys every luxury of animal food, and that of the most excellent kind, abounds during most of the winter months. Indeed, the mountain cattle are too fat in summer, and, with little attention and some expense, might no doubt be enjoyed during the whole winter, as they suffer less from the snows than is imagined.' And he makes some severe animadversions on the slowness of the natives to make use of their advantages, remarking that he had never seen fresh-water fish at any of their tables. He remarks that the table of Mr Grant of Rothiemurchus was, like his estate, the most enviable in the world; adding that he had added to every other luxury, 'roebucks, cairvanes, hare, black-game, dotterel,

white-game, partridges, ducks, and snipes; salmon, pike, trout, char, par, lampreys, and eels, all which are in abundance upon his estate.' That the colonel had no mean idea of good living may be judged from the following bill of fare of what he calls a 'purely accidental' dinner, to which he invited some friends in his camp on the Dulnan:—

"A Hodge-podge.  
Remove.  
A Roast Pike of seven pounds.  
Sauces.  
Greens. Reindeers' Tongues. Potatoes.  
Chickens.  
*Second Course.*  
Loin of Mutton.  
Black Game and Partridge.  
Currant Jelly, Capsicum, Elder, Garlic, Vinegars.  
Powderade and Char.  
A Carving.  
Biscuits, Stilton Cheese, Cheshire Butter.  
Goats' Milk."<sup>1</sup>

The colonel gives the following lively sketch of the rejoicings which took place at Pitmain—the old coaching stage near Kingussie—on the occasion of the restoration of the Cluny estates. There is no year mentioned, but apparently the entertainment took place on 18th September 1784. The colonel previously records, in his journal of date the 17th of that month, that on returning to Raitts that evening he "found a very polite invitation from Colonel M'Pherson and the clan requesting me to dine with them the next day, which was set apart for general festivity and rejoicing on account of a late public event, considered by them as a most advantageous revolution in their favour." On the 18th he records that "the morning was taken up with ordering illuminations and bonfires in honour of the day; and the housekeeper was directed to send to Colonel M'Pherson whatever Raitts afforded, that might in any respect prove acceptable at the feast intended to be given." He then proceeds:—

"On our arrival we found a large party of gentlemen already assembled, and the area full of the lower class of the Clan of M'Pherson. Other gentlemen were

<sup>1</sup> Highland Monthly, September 1889.

likewise continually ushering in from all parts, some of whom came about sixty miles, so happy were they to testify their regard for the present possessor of the estate; in short, no words can express the joy that was exhibited in every countenance. The ladies, too, not that I think it singular, seemed to me to enter more heartily if possible into the joys of the day than the men; the *tout ensemble* made this meeting interesting enough. At most public meetings there are some discontented mortals who rather check than inspire mirth; the case here was quite the reverse: with that perfect innocence which abounds in the Highlands, joined to the clannish regard not totally removed by luxury and knowledge of the world, every individual added something, and exerted himself to promote the common cause. At five o'clock dinner was announced, and each gentleman, with the utmost gallantry, handed in his tartan-drest partner. The table was covered with every luxury the vales of Badenoch, Spey, and Lochaber could produce, and a very substantial entertainment it was; game of all kinds, and venison in abundance, did honour to Mr M'Lean, who supplied it. I had no conception of any room at Pitmain large enough to dine one-tenth of the party, but found that the apartment we were in, though low, was about fifty feet long, and was only used, being a malt-kiln, on such occasions. When seated, no company at St James's ever exhibited a greater variety of gaudy colours, the ladies being dressed in all their Highland pride, each following her own fancy, and wearing a shawl of tartan: this, contrasted by the other parts of the dress, at candle-light presented a most glaring *coup-d'œil*. The dinner being removed, was succeeded by a dessert of Highland fruits, when, I may venture to say, that 'George the Third'—and long may he reign!—was drank with as much unfeigned loyalty as ever it was at London: several other toasts were likewise drank with three cheers, and re-echoed by the inferiors of the clan in the area around us. The ladies gave us several very delightful Erse songs. Nor were the bagpipes silent; they played many old Highland tunes, and, among others, one which is, I am told, the test of a piper's abilities, for at the great meeting of the pipers at Falkirk, those who cannot play it are not admitted candidates for the annual prize given to the best performer. After the ladies had retired, the wine went round plentifully, but, to the honour of the conductor of this festive board, everything was regulated with the utmost propriety; and, as we were in possession of the only room for dancing, we rose the earlier from the table, in compliance with the wishes of the ladies, who in this country are still more keen dancers than those of the southern parts of Britain. After tea, the room being adjusted and the band ready, we returned; and, minuets being by common consent exploded, danced with true Highland spirit a great number of different reels, some of which were danced with the genuine Highland fling, a peculiar kind of cut. It is astonishing how true these ladies all dance to time, and not without grace; they would be thought good dancers in any assembly whatever. At ten o'clock the company repaired to the terrace adjoining to the house to behold as fine a scene of its kind as perhaps ever was exhibited. Bonfires in towns are only simple assemblages of

inflammable matter, and have nothing but the cause of rejoicing to recommend them ; but here the country people, vying with each other, had gathered together large piles of wood, peat, and dry heather, on the tops of the different hills and mountains, which, by means of signals, being all lighted at the same time, formed a most awful and magnificent spectacle, representing so many volcanos, which, owing to their immense height, and the night being totally dark and serene, were distinctly seen at the distance of ten miles. And, while our eyes were gratified with this solemn view, our ears were no less delighted with the different bagpipes playing round us ; when, after giving three cheers to the king, and the same to Mr Pitt, &c., we returned into the ball-room. At one I withdrew, took some refreshment, and then returned home, highly delighted at having passed the day so very agreeably.”

Speaking of Pitmain Inn, where the entertainment described by Colonel Thornton took place, Dr Garnett, in his ‘Observations on a Tour through the Highlands,’ &c., published in London in 1811, says : “It is a very good house, and adjoining to it is a better garden than I ever saw belonging to an inn, if we except some of the public gardens near London. It contained abundance of fruit, of which we were invited to partake by our landlord, a good-natured man, and very fond of boasting of his intimacy with the nobility.”

About the year 1820 Mr Macpherson of Belleville (a son of the translator), and others connected with the district, interested themselves in collecting subscriptions for the erection in Kingussie of the handsome and commodious Assembly Rooms of two storeys, which were completed in 1821, and stood for many years on the site of the present Court-House. Before the building was erected the Duke of Gordon of the time (Duke Alexander) agreed with his usual generosity—in addition to contributing largely to the building fund—to give the Kingussie people a perpetual feu of the site free of charge. Unfortunately, through some inadvertence no formal charter was ever obtained either from Duke Alexander or from his son, the fifth and last Duke, and shortly before the death of the latter in 1836 the Kingussie property, to the great regret of all the inhabitants, passed by purchase out of the hands of the Gordon family. For some years afterwards the ground-floor of the rooms was used as the infant school, long so well known and so successfully carried on by its devoted teachers the Misses M’Culloch. About thirty years ago the building was sold by the superior of the time to the county authorities without any previous warning, and without one copper of compensation being allowed or any equivalent given to the community, to whom the property really



belonged. It is but just to add, however, that Mr Baillie, the present superior, besides giving a handsome subscription towards the building fund of the Victoria Public Hall and Reading Rooms, erected by public subscription in Kingussie two or three years ago, arranged that the site should be conveyed to trustees for behoof of the community free from any feu-duty.

In the 'Inverness Courier' of the time the following account is given of the opening of the old Assembly Rooms in 1821 by the last Duke of Gordon, then Marquis of Huntly :—

“These rooms were opened on Friday last, the 14th current, by a brilliant assemblage of the ‘native aristocracy’ of Strathspey and Badenoch, and several strangers of the highest respectability. In the morning there were pony and foot races, which afforded the gentlemen good sport. Six hardy Highlanders started for a prize of two guineas. The second best runner received a guinea from the Marquis of Huntly. The Marquis of Tweeddale was the judge of the races. A party of from thirty to forty afterwards dined at the Inn of Pitmain, where the Marquis of Huntly presided with great spirit and *éclat*. The ball in the evening at the opening of the New Rooms was attended by a brilliant party, amounting to nearly one hundred ladies and gentlemen. The dancing was kept up till five in the morning with true ‘Highland glee.’ The Marquis of Huntly retired before supper, but the Marchioness continued to honour the ball-room by her presence. Mr Grant of Rothiemurchus presided at the supper-table, animating this festive meeting by the sprightly wit and convivial talents for which he is distinguished. We regret to say that Mr Macpherson of Belleville was detained from the meeting by indisposition. His absence was much felt by the company on this occasion. He had projected this agreeable rallying-point for all that is refined and elegant in the central parts of Inverness-shire, and had been most active in procuring subscriptions for completing the rooms. After supper the following appropriate verses, composed by one of the company, were read by Rothiemurchus :—

“Of late Father Spey, in his grey mist arrayed,  
 As he slow and majestic arose,  
 His wood-tufted valley<sup>1</sup> with fondness surveyed,  
 Where his stream, as if loath to depart from the glade,  
 In thousand meanders is sweetly delayed,  
 And abundance and beauty bestows.

<sup>1</sup> Badenoch.

As he traversed his confines, delighted he sees,  
 In the valley below and above,  
 Or tow'ring aloft, or embosomed in trees,  
 Retreats that fastidious grandeur might please—  
 The abodes of content, and of elegant ease,  
 And of peace, and of joy, and of love!

'How unlike are these scenes to the horrors,' he cried,  
 'That in past times polluted my shore;  
 When plunder and wrong did with vengeance preside,  
 And when savage ferocity reigned, and my tide  
 With the blood of my sons, or their foemen, was dyed,  
 And these fields were deep-drenched with their gore.

Of this change let there rise as a witness a dome  
 To festivity sacred,' he cried,  
 'Where my sons and my daughters exulting may come,  
 And my Huntly, and with him a fair one, than whom  
 A better or brighter did never yet bloom  
 On my borders, shall o'er them preside.'

He spoke, and behold! with the quickness of light  
 The parts in due symmetry close;  
 The walls spring in view, and assume a just height,  
 The beams range in order, the rafters unite,  
 The roof closes in, and fair to the sight,  
 And finished, this fabric arose.

Then his sons! meet the wishes of good Father Spey,  
 Who has thus been so mindful of you;  
 Let mirth have full scope and good-humour his way,  
 And mingle in soul, while you moisten the clay;  
 But drink not of waters, he charges me say,  
 For that he in tribute to Ocean must pay,  
 And why rob the sea of his due?

And with you, his fair daughters, so formed to delight,  
 And make captive the soul and the eye,  
 Let gaiety reign on the festival night,  
 Whilst the loves and the graces meet, mix, and unite,  
 As you move in the dance as pure, sportive, and bright,  
 As the lights of the Boreal sky."

Some time ago I obtained from Mrs Mackintosh—a most estimable old lady, now settled in Ireland for more than half a century, but still intensely interested in everything connected with Badenoch—a quaint diary or memorandum-book, which bears to have belonged to her great-grandfather, Mr Blair, "who was Minister of the Gosple at Kingusy, Ruthven of Badanoch, from 1724 to 1780." The following extract from

that diary, giving an account of two remarkable *hens* which flourished in Badenoch last century, and had evidently imbibed the warlike spirit of the times, may be of interest to the curious in natural history:—

“Two hens lyen on a certane number of eggs in the same house, it happened one to bring out seven chickens, and the other but three. It was not long when the hen who had the seven chickens was perceived to have two of the number amissing, and herself hurt and bleeding in a cruel manner, in so much that an eye could scarce be perceived in her head, and the other hen was perceived to be equally abused who had the three chickens, and at the same time five followed her. But this, as evidently appears, they had equally divided the chickens, after a most fierce and bloody engagement. The one, not bearing to see herself so far exceeded by her antagonist, had determined, as appears, after having made the demand first civilly, and being peremptorily refused by the one whose number exceeded. The other was determined to have them by force, and consequently having challenged her antagonist to single combat for her refusal, gained in the end her desire, and victoriously triumphed over her rival.”

A ‘Survey of the Province of Moray,’ the “conjoint labour” of the Rev. John Grant, minister of Dundurcas, latterly of Elgin, and of the Rev. William Leslie, minister of St Andrews, Lhanbryde, published at Aberdeen in 1798, gives such a picture of the general condition and housing of the old parishioners of Kingussie that we have reason to be thankful—even struggling as we have to do with such hard times as the present—that we can now exhibit such a favourable contrast. Speaking of the “state of property” in the parish at the time,—“the cultivated farms,” it is said, “are in general of inconsiderable extent; and the habitations mean black earthen hovels, darkened by smoke, and dripping upon every shower. Barley, oats, rye, and potato are the produce of the cultivated grounds; but the quantity obtained is not sufficient for the support of the inhabitants. Black cattle is their primary object for the payment of their rents and for other necessaries. The whole number of sheep does not exceed 7000; part of them and of their wool, with a few goats and horses reared in the hills, are also sold. Blacksmiths and weavers excepted, there are few mechanics of any kind: there being no village, they have no centre of traffic nor place of common resort, so that a variety of necessaries must be brought from the distance of more than forty miles. The wool, which might be manufactured in the country, must be sent by a long land carriage to buyers invited from another kingdom; and flax, which might prove a source of wealth to both land-

lord and tenant, must be neglected because people skilled in the various processes of its manufacture are not collected into one neighbourhood."

Adverting to the ecclesiastical state of the parish, "the people," say the reverend authors of the 'Survey,' "are in general distinguished by their moderation in religious opinions. Instances of theft," it is added, "are very uncommon: more flagrant crimes are now unknown. They are brave, but quarrelsome; they are hospitable, but addicted to drunkenness. . . . Their genius is more inclined to martial enterprise than to the assiduous industry and diligent labour requisite to carry on the arts of civil life." Singularly enough, while the parishioners of Kingussie are thus described as predisposed so much to "martial enterprise," of their neighbours in the immediately adjoining parish of Alvie it is stated, in the account of that parish in the same work, that the people "regret entering into any service, and are extremely averse to that of the military."<sup>1</sup>

In view of the "sweet reasonableness" which, according to the 'Survey' of 1798, generally characterised the people of Badenoch towards the close of last century, pity it is that the "moderation in religious opinions" should have been so sadly marred by so many of their descendants in the present century. Not a few of their number appear not only to have violated, in almost every word and thought, the humility, charity, and brotherly love of the Gospel, but to have acted as if they possessed an indefeasible right to the grace of God, to the absolute exclusion of any of their neighbours, who, in the face of much scorn and odium, had the courage to adhere to the old Church of their fathers. Truly noble—viewed in the light of the sacrifices made by such a large number of the most godly and faithful ministers of the time—as the Secession of 1843 undoubtedly was, and overruled, as I believe that Secession has been, in some respects for good, in no part of the Highlands perhaps did it produce a more bitter crop of sectarian animosities than in Badenoch, among a people previously happily united as the children of one race. Alas! that so many of our spiritual guides—inheriting, as they so unfortunately do, such an itch for hair-splitting—should still make themselves so active in the way of perpetuating miserable divisions among the Highland people, unworthy of neighbours and fellow-Christians. How different the spirit which

<sup>1</sup> Province of Moray, 257-259.

animated the genial, large-hearted, and gifted pastor, Norman Macleod! Speaking two or three years after the Secession,—“I am not conscious,” he said, “of entertaining any angry or hostile feeling towards the Free Church as ‘a branch of Christ’s catholic Church.’ I desire that God may help all its labours, both at home and abroad, for advancing that ‘kingdom which is righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.’ I respect many of its ministers, and I enjoy the friendship of many of its members. I admire its zeal and energy. I have no sympathy with the alleged attempts to embarrass any of its ministers, or the ministers of any Church on earth, when seeking accommodation for themselves or their adherents. My remarks are directed solely against that proud and intolerant spirit which says to the Church of Scotland, ‘Stand back, I am holier than thou,’ and which has corroded so many hearts formerly kind and loving. I detest Church controversy: it is rarely profitable to writer or reader; it is apt to darken our minds and injure our best affections. Let these men, in one word, love Christians more than Churches, and the body of Christ more than their own, and they will soon discover that separation from a Church, and protesting against a Church, are quite compatible with union with that very Church on the ground of a common faith, and co-operation with it for the advancement of a common Christianity.”<sup>1</sup>

Let us be thankful that among the people themselves the sectarian animosities to which the Secession so unhappily gave rise are gradually disappearing, and that in this respect, at least, a more Christian and tolerant spirit is now taking root in our midst. Although there is still room for improvement, it is gratifying to be able to add that in no district in the North has the growth of this spirit been, upon the whole, more marked within the last few years than in Badenoch. The results of our long unhappy ecclesiastical divisions have, to all sober-minded, reasonable Highlanders, been saddening in the extreme. The brain-waste, the money-waste, the loss of temper, of charity, and of every good thing, that have taken place for so many years in consequence of these divisions, are simply incalculable. All honour to the Free Church for what has been justly termed the splendid liberality of her members, the wisdom of her organisation, her devoted labours, and the great good she has accomplished during a period now extending to half a century.

<sup>1</sup> Memoir of Norman Macleod, 169, 170.

While we cannot with truthfulness overlook or fail to deplore the evils which have accompanied the Secession of that Church in 1843, let it be frankly and cordially acknowledged that the Church of Scotland has to a large extent profited and been stimulated by her example. The differences now existing between the two leading Churches in the Highlands are, to use the words of the worthy ex-chief of this Society,<sup>1</sup> Professor Blackie, so infinitesimal as to require "the use of quite peculiar idiopathic microscopes" to distinguish. It is nothing less than a scandal, not only to our common Presbyterianism but to our common Christianity, that the Churches should carry to heathen lands the wretched differences which divide us a few yards at home. One of the objects of this Society is to further the interests of the Highlands and Highland people. In no way, I honestly believe, can the Society more materially advance these interests than by the members doing what lies in their power, as true and patriotic Highlanders, to bring about a reconstruction of the old Church of John Knox on such a fair and equitable basis as would enable the great body of the people, without any sacrifice of principle, to share in the benefit of the religious patrimony handed down to us by our forefathers. To destroy the Church of Scotland "would be to destroy not merely an ancient institution with endowments, which would be taken from it only to be uselessly squandered, and with opportunities for Christian beneficence which no wise man would willingly take away in an age where material progress is so disproportionately active,—it would be to destroy, as far as human efforts can destroy, the special ideas of freedom, of growth, of comprehension, which are avowedly repugnant to the very purpose of the Seceding Churches, but which are inherent in the very existence of a National Church."<sup>2</sup>

The power in Church and State now belongs to the people, and it rests with themselves, and not with the clergy, to make the old Presbyterian Church of our fathers all they would wish it to be. There can be no doubt that the whole problem of the better arrangement of our distracted Presbyterianism is one requiring large consideration, generous treatment, and a grand burial of old sores and prejudices. Let the *laity* in this spirit take the matter more into their own hands, and the hope, I believe, may still be cherished that a consummation so devoutly to be desired, especially in the interests of the Highland people,

<sup>1</sup> Portions of these papers were read before the Gaelic Society of Inverness.

<sup>2</sup> Stanley's Church of Scotland, 172.

will yet be accomplished. To quote the noble and patriotic words of the late Dr Donald Fraser, one of the most eminent Presbyterians on the other side of the Tweed, so well known and so much esteemed in the Highlands as a devoted minister for some years of the Free Church in Inverness,—“What a blessing a comprehensive union would be to our dear old land! What a burial of strife and jealousy! What a lifting of men’s minds out of narrow antipathies! What an opportunity to economise resources and turn them to the best advantage! What a concentration of evangelical life and power! What an answer to those who taunt us with our disputations and separating propensities! Yet the word goes first for more contention, and few seem to care for the benediction on the ‘peacemakers.’”

But without “improving the occasion” further in this direction, I pass on to the session records of the parish of Alvie, which, through the courtesy of Mr Anderson, the present minister, I have recently had an opportunity of examining.

## CHAPTER V.

THE OLD CHURCH AND PARISH OF ALVIE—MEMORABILIA OF  
THE PARISH.

ACCORDING to Shaw, the historian of the province of Moray, Alvie, or "Skeiralvie" as it is sometimes termed in the old records, was "a parsonage dedicated to St Drostan. There were several chapels in this parish—one at Kinrara, on the west side of the river, dedicated to St Eata; a chapel of ease at Dunachton, dedicated to St Drostan; and Maluac Chapel in Rates." "I have before me," Shaw continues, "a seasine on the land of croft Maluac in favour of James Macintosh, *alias* Macdonald Glas, ancestor to John Macintosh of Strone, by George, Bishop of Moray, anno 1575." In Dr Hew Scott's 'Fasti Ecclesiæ Scoticanæ' it is stated that the church of Alvie, "quhilk was an common kirk pertaining to the Vicars of the queir of the Cathedral kirk of Murray," was united by the Bishop to Laggan before 1673 [1637?], but disjoined about 1638; and again united by Bishop Mackenzie to Laggan in 1672, and disjoined about 1708."

The manse and church of Alvie are almost entirely surrounded by Loch Alvie. In his account of the great flood of 1829, Sir Thomas Dick Lauder relates that Loch Alvie rose to an unprecedented height, covering one-half of the minister's garden. The whole road leading to the church was inundated to a depth that made it impossible for a horse or carriage to pass, and Mr Macdonald and the clergyman who had assisted him at his Sacrament were confined prisoners at the manse till the flood subsided on Wednesday forenoon. "The little lake of Alvie," says Dr Macculloch, "which lies at the gates of Kinrara, is a jewel in this barren road; nor is Loch Inch without its merits. . . .



Yet there is in the least of all these Highland lakes a charm which depends not on their boundaries or their magnitude, their variety or their grandeur. . . . It is the pellucid water murmuring on the pebbly shore, the dark rock reflected in the glassy surface or dancing on the undulating wave; the wild water-plants, the broken bank, the bending ash, the fern, the bright flowers, and all the poetry of 'the margent green,' which give to these scenes a feeling that painting cannot reach, a beauty that belongs to Nature alone, because it is the beauty of life; a beauty that flies with the vital principle, which was its soul and its all."<sup>1</sup>

Within the last few years the church of Alvie has through the liberality of the heritors been almost entirely renewed, and so much improved that it is now one of the neatest and most attractive little churches in the Highlands. In course of the excavations made at the time, no less than one hundred and fifty skeletons were found beneath the floor of the church, lying head to head. No trace was found of coffins of any kind having been used, and the probability is that the bones were those of Highlanders killed at a very remote period at some skirmish or battle in the neighbourhood, and all laid to rest at the time uncoffined and unshrouded within the sacred precincts where, it may be, they were wont to worship the God of their fathers. Under the superintendence of Mr Anderson, the present energetic minister of the parish, the remains thus brought to light were reverently interred in the romantic and beautifully situated churchyard surrounding the church, and the spot is now marked by a granite stone with the following inscription:—

"BURIED HERE  
ARE  
REMAINS OF 150 HUMAN BODIES  
FOUND, OCTOBER 1880,  
BENEATH THE FLOOR OF THIS CHURCH.  
WHO THEY WERE,  
WHEN THEY LIVED,  
HOW THEY DIED,  
TRADITION NOTES NOT."

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

"There is," as it has been said, "something very touching in the inscription. It makes the reader wonder who these people really were."

<sup>1</sup> Macculloch's Highlands and Islands, 1824, 408.

It is strange indeed that no record or tradition should exist regarding them, and to their individual lives and deaths may be appropriately applied the beautiful lines of James Montgomery :—

“Once in the flight of ages past  
There lived a man, and who was he?  
Mortal! howe'er thy lot be cast,  
That man resembled thee.

The bounding pulse, the languid limb,  
The changing spirits' rise and fall;  
We know that these were felt by him,  
For these are felt by all.

He suffered—but his pangs are o'er;  
Enjoyed—but his delights are fled;  
Had friends—his friends are now no more;  
And foes—his foes are dead.

He saw whatever thou hast seen;  
Encountered all that troubles thee;  
He was—whatever thou hast been;  
He is—what thou shalt be.

The annals of the human race,  
Their ruins, since the world began;  
Of him afford no other trace  
Than this—there lived a man!”

“In the middle of the fourteenth century the parish is called Alveth or Alweth and Alway, and Alvecht about 1400, in 1603 Alvey and Aluay, and in 1622 Alloway. The name, with the old spelling Alveth, appears in the parish of Alvah in Banffshire, and no doubt also in that of Alva, another parish in Stirlingshire. Shaw and others connect the name with *ail* (a rock), but do not explain the *v* or *bh* in the name. Some look at Loch Alvie as giving the name to the parish, and explain its name as connected with the flower *ealbhaidh* or St John's wort, a plant which it is asserted grows or grew around its bank. The learned minister of Alvie in Disruption times, Mr Macdonald, referred the name of the loch to *Eala-i* or Swan-isle Loch, but unfortunately there is no Gaelic word *i* for an island, nor do the phonetics suit in regard to the *bh* or *v*. The old Fenian name of Almhu or Almhuinn, now Allen, in Ireland, the seat of Fionn and his Féinn, suggests itself, but the termination in *n* is wanting in Alvie, and this makes the comparison of doubtful value.”<sup>1</sup>

According to Skene, Angus, son of Fergus, in the year 729 attacked Nechtan, “who now bore the title of King of the Picts, and seems to have fled before him, as the final conflict took place on the bank of a lake formed by the river Spey, then termed Loogdeae, but now Loch Inch, between Nechtan and an army Angus had sent in pursuit of him, in which Angus's family were victorious, and the officers of Nechtan were

<sup>1</sup> Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness, xvi. 174.

slain—Biceot, son of Moneit, and his son, and Finguine, son of Drostan, and Ferot, son of Finguine, and many others.” In a footnote Skene adds that “the Stagnum Loogdeae is mentioned in Adamnan’s ‘Life of St Columba,’ and what is there stated, taken in connection with this battle, seems to place it on the Spey.”<sup>1</sup>

The parish of Alvie is bounded on the north-east by Duthil, on the south-east by Aberdeenshire, on the south by Perthshire, on the west by Kingussie, and on the north-west by Moy. Its greatest length from north to south is about 22 miles, its breadth from 3 to 11 miles, and its land area 86,618 acres, or 135 square miles. There are in the parish twenty-seven summits exceeding 2000 feet above sea-level. The Feshie, rising in the extreme south of the parish, winds 23 miles northward.

In 1860 the Queen thus describes what is termed the “First Great Expedition” to Glen Feshie on 4th September 1860:—

“The *Feshie* is a fine rapid stream, full of stones. As you approach the glen, which is very narrow, the scenery becomes very fine—particularly after fording the *Etchart*, a very deep ford. Grant, on his pony, led me through: our men on foot took off their shoes and stockings to get across. From this point the narrow path winds along the base of the hills of *Craig-na-Go’ar*—the rocks of the ‘Goat Craig’; *Craig-na-Caillach*; and *Stron-na-Barin*—‘the nose of the queen.’ The rapid river is overhung by rocks, with trees, birch and fir; the hills, as you advance, rise very steeply on both sides, with rich rocks and corries, and occasional streamlets falling from very high; while the path winds along, rising gradually higher and higher. It is quite magnificent!

“We stopped when we came to a level spot amongst the trees. The native firs are particularly fine, and the whole is grand in the extreme. We lunched here—a charming spot—at two o’clock, and then pursued our journey: we walked on a little way to where the valley and glen widen out, and where there is what they call here a green ‘hard.’ We got on our ponies again and crossed the *Feshie* (a stream we forded many times in the course of the day) to a place where the finest fir-trees are, amidst some of the most beautiful scenery possible.

“Then we came upon a most lovely spot—the scene of all Landseer’s glory—and where there is a little encampment of wooden and turf huts, built by the late Duchess of Bedford; now no longer belonging to the

<sup>1</sup> Celtic Scotland, i. 288, 289.

family, and, alas! all falling into decay—among splendid fir-trees, the mountains rising abruptly from the sides of the valley. We were quite enchanted with the beauty of the view. This place is about seven miles from the mouth of the *Feshie*. Emerging from the wood, we came upon a good road, with low hills, beautifully heather-coloured, to the left; those to the right, high and wooded, with noble corries and waterfalls.

“We met Lord and Lady Alexander Russell at a small farmhouse, just as we rode out of the wood, and had some talk with them. They feel deeply the ruin of the place where they formerly lived, as it no longer belongs to them. We rode on for a good long distance, twelve miles, till we came to the ferry of the *Spey*. Deer were being driven in the woods, and we heard several shots. We saw fine ranges of hills on the *Spey-side*, or *Strathspey*, and opening to our left, those near *Loch Laggan*. We came to a wood of larch; from that, upon cultivated land, with *Kinrara* towards our right, where the monument to the late Duke of Gordon is conspicuously seen on a hill, which was perfectly crimson with heather.

“Before entering the larch-wood, Lord Alexander Russell caught us up again in a little pony-carriage, having to go the same way, and he was so good as to explain everything to us. He showed us ‘The Duke of Argyll’s Stone’—a cairn on the top of a hill to our right, celebrated, as seems most probable, from the Marquis of Argyll having halted there with his army. We came to another larch-wood, when I and Lady Churchill got off our ponies, as we were very stiff from riding so long; and at the end of this wood we came upon *Loch Inch*, which is lovely, and of which I should have liked exceedingly to have taken a sketch, but we were pressed for time and hurried. The light was lovely; and some cattle were crossing a narrow strip of grass across the end of the loch nearest to us, which really made a charming picture.”<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Leaves from the Journal of Our Life in the Highlands, 1868, 190-193.

## CHAPTER VI.

## OLD CHURCH LIFE IN THE PARISH OF ALVIE.

THE existing records of the parish of Alvie date back to the ordination of the Rev. Alexander Fraser as minister of the parish in 1713, and for a considerable number of years subsequently were kept with singular neatness and regularity. There is a gap of eight years in the minutes from August 1721 to February 1729, in consequence of what is termed "the vacancie twixt Mr Fraser's transportation and Mr Lewes Chapman's admittion." As regards the earlier records, it is stated in the first existing minute, of date 6th September 1713, that "after inquiring for the Records of Session, it was told that if there were any they must be among Mr Thomas Macpherson, late minister in this paroch, his books, lying at Inveressie. Therefore the minister is appointed to search for them when he goes thither." This Thomas Macpherson was, I find, at one time a schoolmaster in Lochaber, and appears to have been minister of Alvie from 1662 down to his death in 1708—a period of nearly fifty years.

It does not appear whether the contemplated search for the records prior to 1713 was ever made. It would be very gratifying if these could still be traced among the papers of the old family of Invereshie, now, it is presumed, in the possession of Sir George Macpherson-Grant, the present representative of that family. In the first minute the sad intimation is made "that there was no bason for holding baptismal water nor anything like church utensils in the Paroch." It is remarkable that the elders of the Alvie Church at the time, as appearing from the minutes, were all lairds of good family and substance—namely, "Robert Macpherson of Dalraddie," an ancestor of Sir George Macpherson-

Grant; "George Macpherson of Dalifure, Donald Macpherson of Pitchirn, Donald Macpherson of Pitourie, and William Mackintosh of Balnespick." It is a thousand pities that so many of the Highland as well as Lowland lairds of later times should have got so much out of touch with the people, and grievously lessened to such an extent their own influence for good, by quitting the grand old historical Presbyterian Church of Knox, of Melville, and of Chalmers, to which, with all her failings, past and present, Scotland owes so much. Let it be sorrowfully confessed that not a few of their number may have been driven away by the strife and disputations to which Presbyterian tongues are, alas! so prone. But surely the more patriotic course would have been to have patiently stayed and helped to the utmost of their power in the way of making the National Church of Scotland better and more effective for good. In recently addressing some weighty and well-timed words of warning to the Presbyterians of Scotland, the Duke of Argyll with true patriotism confesses to have a strong and an insuperable bias in favour of that institution of his country "which, historically speaking, has been the most peculiar and certainly the most powerful of them all on the national character."

"Unlike," says the Duke, "the great majority of the class to which I belong, I have never been alienated from what is good and true in the Presbyterian system by education either in the schools or in the universities of England. I know how much in other ways I have lost by this, but at least I have escaped the unfortunate prejudices and the extraordinary ignorances which I have seen too often entailed on others by early estrangement—at the most susceptible age—from the habits and feelings of my Presbyterian fellow-countrymen. Apart altogether from specialities of doctrine or of government or of worship—on all of which it is possible to keep a wise openness of mind—I am never able to forget those passages in our history when the spirit of constitutional liberty—faint or dead in the Parliaments of Scotland—was alive and strong in the Assemblies of her Church. Neither can I forget the broad popular basis on which that Church rested in the full association of the laity in the duties and functions of ecclesiastical government. But, above all, the most matured judgment and the most unprejudiced reasoning may well be proud of the contributions made by Scottish Presbyterianism to the great subject of the possible conditions of a healthy connection between Church and State. That contribution was,

so far as I know, absolutely unique in the history of Christendom. By the great statute of 1592 Cavour's modern idea of '*libera chiesa in libero stato*'—a free Church in a free State—was reconciled almost perfectly with all that was good in the older idea of identity or of a confused connection. No such statute, embodying so grand an idea, and one so practical, has ever before or since adorned the legislation of any country. Scotchmen may well be proud of it, to whatever section of the Presbyterian Church they may belong. It is only accident and external interference which have divided it. The common inheritance of that Church in all its branches is the same; and my bias is nothing else than this, that they should all be co-heirs in its descent. I do not value the Scotch Establishment on account of anything which distinguishes it from its sister Churches. But, besides some other reasons, such as the right of the poor in the religious services of the Church, and the value I still place on the public recognition of our common Christianity, I value specially the Establishment in Scotland as the formal and guaranteed homage of the State to the national Presbyterianism of her people. Now, this is precisely the aspect in which it is most obnoxious to Anglican High Churchism, and, above all, to those Scotchmen who have imbibed through Anglican education the spirit of that school in its most aggressive form. There are thousands, indeed, of Scotchmen who are Episcopalians by descent or by preference for the English services, but who have none of this spirit, and who have been accustomed in their own districts to co-operation, and even to 'occasional conformity,' with the Church of the people. But Scotchmen, who are what is now called in England 'Churchmen,' by some exclusive and special right, are very apt to be men to whom the establishment of Presbyterianism in their native country is a perpetual offence. Courtesy or reserve or anxiety about the English Establishment, or mere conservative politics, may mask this feeling more or less, or even neutralise it altogether. But where we have the combination of Scotch birth, Anglican High Churchism, and the temptations of secular politics, there the bias is at its maximum which leads men to dislike and to despise the Established Presbyterianism of Scotland."

In contrast to this High Anglican sectarianism, not a few English as well as Scottish Episcopalians would do well to take to heart the wise and thoughtful words of Dean Stanley. If, says the Dean, the

Scottish Episcopal Church “were so ill-advised as to make use of this its new situation” (*i.e.*, its closer connection with the Church of England) “to claim in Scotland an exclusive and national position—if it were to affect to disdain and ignore the Church of Scotland, by the side of which it has been allowed freely to expand itself—if it were to employ its relations towards England to divide the Scottish rich from the Scottish poor, the past from the present history of Scottish religion—if it were to lend itself as a field for the eccentricities of disaffected English clergy, then, indeed, we might look back with regret to the time when the greatest of its members rejoiced to think that it was ‘but the shadow of a shade.’ But if, following the counsels of its most venerable and most gifted leaders, it were to regard itself as a supplement to the needs of the National Church—if it should be willing to interchange with that Church all good offices, whether of charity or religion, without compromise of its own principles—if it should aid the generous efforts of the National Church to promote that intercourse—if it should thus encourage in Scotland the knowledge that Christianity can exist outside of the Presbyterian Church as well as within it—if it can keep alive in Scotland, by its own example, a sense of English art, of English toleration, and of English literature—if it continued to discharge the duty which from time to time it has fulfilled during its simpler and humbler days of presenting Christian life and Christian truth under that softer, gentler, more refined aspect, which its native Gaelic and its foreign English elements have alike conspired to produce,—then the Church of Scotland may hail in it a not unimportant auxiliary for the transmission of the same beneficent influences from our southern civilisation that were once conveyed by Queen Margaret and her three sons, that were eagerly cherished by John Knox, and that were desired, and in great measure obtained, by the eminent statesmen who cemented the union of the two kingdoms.”<sup>1</sup>

Would that more of the lairds of the present day were to be found in our Highland kirk-sessions associating themselves in the true spirit of Christian co-operation, as children of a common Father, with their tenants and humbler neighbours, for the good of the people! It is gratifying in this connection to find that the distinguished philosopher, Sir David Brewster (the son-in-law of James Macpherson, the translator of Ossian),

<sup>1</sup> Stanley’s Church of Scotland, 53, 54.



during the greater portion of his residence at Belleville, from 1833 to 1836, acted as an elder in the church of Alvie. Here is the minute recording his admission :—

*“At Baldow, 16th December 1834.—*The Kirk-Session of Alvie being met and constituted, compeared Sir David Brewster at Belleville, who having produced satisfactory evidence of being an ordained elder of the Church of Scotland, and member of the Kirk-Session of Melrose, was admitted as a member of the Kirk-Session of Alvie, and his name ordered to be added to the roll.”

But to return to the old records of Alvie, here is a singular indication of the punishment to which the erring sheep of the Alvie flock were sometimes subjected for the convenience of the general body of the parishioners :—

*“June 20th, 1714.—*Gregor M'Gregor cited, appeared and confessed that he had been guilty with the foresaid Nin Ian Buiy, both being exhorted to repentance, and appointed to satisfie descepline next Lord's day, and the said Gregor appointed to build a bridge of fea charbad on the high way bewixt the Church and Kintacher for his penalty.”

In a minute of the same year it is recorded that a “John M'Intire in Pitowrie did appear before the Session, and presented an obligation which was granted in time of the vacancy for sixteen pounds Scots for thatching broken pieces of the roof of the Church. The Minister enquired the elders thereanent, and they owned that the obligation was given by the Session's order, upon which the Session appointed William M'Tallar and John Brodie to pay eight pounds Scots each to the sd. John M'Intire, being the penalties due by them for their uncleanness.”

The next extract goes to show the importunity to which in days of yore (although, as a rule, for a good cause) persons of substance unable to go to kirk or market, and labouring under the disease of which they died, were frequently subjected :—

*“June 20th, 1714.—*The Minister informs that he had been at pains with Donald M'Pherson of Pitowrie at his death to mortifie something to the Poor of the Paroch of Alvy, and accordingly did loan to the Poor of the said Paroch an hundred merks Scots, and appointed that the yearly rent thereof should be put in the Poors box to be distributed yearly with the collections.”

The two following extracts give some indication of the extent to

which the people of Badenoch took part in the Rising of 1715, and of the unfortunate results:—

“*November 27th, 1715.*—The country being in an uproar of a designed rebellion against the King and Government, and there not being so much as the face of a congregation much less a Session, the minister took upon himself to report an account of such collections as there were, and to distribute what was in the box.”

“*May 13th, 1716.*—There was no possibility of keeping Session in this paroch all the last season until the Rebellion was quelled, the minister being often obliged to look for his own safety.”

The next extract discloses such an obstacle in the way of the compliance of a delinquent with a sessional citation that the session, with all their burning zeal to get at him, could not apparently contrive to overcome:—

“*June 3rd, 1716.*—Donald M’Hoirle being cited did not compear, it was told that he was kept prisoner in England because of his being taken among the rebels at Preston, and was not to be expected on haste, if ever.”

Poor ill-fated Donald! Not a grain of pity is expressed by the session for the sad fate which had overtaken him, fighting for the cause which, like so many other Highlanders of the time, he doubtless regarded as that of his rightful earthly king. There is no further reference to him in the Alvie records, and the probability is that never more was he permitted to gaze upon his native hills. By the same minute, a Janet M’Callum Choir in Laggan Lia is “declared scandalous in not finding a father to her former child.” In place of the unfortunate Janet’s fruitless efforts “in search of a father” enlisting any sympathy on the part of the session, that pitiless body, we are told, “*put it on the Minister to apply the Fudge to banish her out of the country.*”

On 10th June 1716 it is recorded that a collection took place on June 7th, “it being a day of thanksgiving appointed because of the Rebellion being quelled.” There are frequent entries bearing that lectures were given “*in Irish.*” On 16th December 1716, in stating that a lecture was given in “*Irish,*” it is added that “the storminess of the day, and there being but few who understood inglish, hindered preaching in that language.” In the following year the session “delated Katherine M’Intosh, spouse to John M’Intosh, Croftcarnoch, alledged to have brought forth a child in adultry, her husband being in America, and trans-

ported thither because of his being taken among the rebels at Preston." In the same year a Marion Macdonald "was told that she would not be absolved until she repaired to Lochaber and bring back a testimony that Macdonald in Anat was formerly guilty with her, and father to her child." The session records are silent on the subject, but let us hope that "Marion's" long weary tramp of 120 miles to Lochaber and back was attended with the desired result. In the same year the minister also reports "that he had brought in Christian M'Intire, her deserting the country, before the Presbyterie, and that it was appointed she should be declared fugitive from all the Pulpits in the bounds of the Presbyterie."

The Alvie session had apparently got into trouble by lending their ears too readily—a failing not, perhaps, altogether extinct among ministers and elders of the present day—to the Alvie gossip-mongers of the time. Here is the resolution which the Alvie session in consequence wisely adopted:—

*“February 16th, 1718.*—It was also advised in the Session to be very cautious anent delating persons, and not bring in every trifling tale that is told in the country, founded very oft on ill will, lest the Session be unnecessarily involved in trouble.”

Woe betide any parishioner in those days daring to malign the pastor of the flock! The following extract records the punishment to which a parishioner, “so far lost of God as to abuse the Minister,” was subjected:—

*“March 16th, 1718.*—Mr Alexander Fraser informed that the Bailif of the County had kept Court sometime after the raising of the Session by a dispensation, and having found James Down guilty of abusing him by opprobrious language, fined him in forty pounds Scots, also ordered him to satisfy the discipline of the Church when appointed by any Judicatory thereof, the sd. James Down was called in, who confessed that he had been so far lost of God as to abuse the minister, for which he begged forgiveness of God, and submitted himself to the censures of the Church, and after rebuke and serious exhortation he is appointed to appear before the congregation.”

Here is the record of the dealing of the session with a “son of the Parson” guilty of carrying a load of malt on his horse on the Sabbath-day:—

*“April 6th, 1718.*—Elias Macpherson, in Pitourie, cited, did appear, and being inquired if he carried a load of malt upon his horse on the Lord’s Day, answered

that he had been coming from Murray some time ago with a boll of malt, and had been seized with a storm of snow, had stayed in the Nest of Strathspey Saturday's night and the most of the Lord's Day until divine worship was over; provisions for beasts being scarce with them, and they unwilling to lodge him another night, was obliged to come home that night."

Poor, trembling Elias! In daring to wend his way homewards and to escape on the Sabbath-day from the fury of the storm which had "seized" him in such an inhospitable region, little had he seemed to realise the fate in store for him at the hands of the Alvie session. Better for him had he and his four-footed "Jehu" remained over the Sabbath night unfed and uncared for, even on the cold, bleak moor, beside the closed doors of his selfish and hard-hearted neighbours in the "Nest of Strathspey." "Son of the Parson" though he was, the session did not pay the slightest regard to Elias's plain unvarnished tale. We are told that, "finding him guilty in not keeping the whole Sabbath day holy, and judging his excuse to be none other than a subterfuge, he was rebuked and appointed to satisfy discipline."

Under date 9th November 1718, it is recorded that John Down, in Gorton Chroa, and John Wilson, in Kintachar, having been cited, "compeared and confessed that they had been killing the blackfish on the Lord's night, and being exhorted, were appointed to satisfy the discipline."

The following extract gives a sad picture of the state to which the kirk-officer of the time, "labouring long under a pain in his legg," was reduced in consequence of the non-payment of his fees:—

"*January 24th, 1720.*—David Noble, Kirk Officer, complained that he could not obtain sentence from the Judges against the Delinquents assigned him for payment of his fees, and that labouring long under a pain in his legg by which he was almost incapacitated from business, and almost in a starving state, craved that the Session might compassionate his case. Ordered that two pounds Scots for his present relief might be given him out of the Box."

One would have never expected to find in the Alvie records an instance of unparalleled and unblushing "cheek" on the part of the good folk of Nairn, of which, let us hope, they have long since repented. Few if any Badenoch men of the time in all probability ever set foot on the bridge of Nairn. Here, notwithstanding, is the gracious and considerate response made by the Alvie session to the appeal made to them for assistance in repairing the bridge:—

“*May 1st, 1720.*—There was a *sixpence* given for repairing the bridge of Nairn, the inhabitants there petitioning for a general collection in the bounds of the Synod of Murray.”

In the same year it is recorded that “there was given of the collections for maintaining James Alvy the fundlin two merks and a half merk,” and that “there was given to Mr William Dockery, Chaplin to an Englishman man-of-war, an old infirm man long detained Prisoner by the Spaniards and disabled by shot, Eighteenpence.” In another minute it is recorded that the pity of the session was excited to the extent of sixpence for the relief of a poor “wandering Jew” having an “*extraordinary excrescence upon his nose.*”

Here is an indication of the useful purposes to which the penalties so rigorously exacted by the session from the *black sheep* of the Alvie flock were from time to time applied:—

“*November 27th, 1720.*—The sd. Anna M'Donald paid into the Session Three pounds six shillings and eight pence Scots as a part of her penalty, whereof there was given for a Session-Book two pounds and eight shillings Scots and eighteen shillings Scots for registering the Factory given to collect the vacant stipends.”

The following are but a few out of many similar entries narrating “grievous breaches of the Sabbath,” and furnishing examples of the unceasing activity displayed by the ministers and elders of the time as ecclesiastical detectives:—

“*March 12th, 1721.*—The minister informed that last Lord's Day some of the parochiners—viz., Ewen M'Bain, Ewen M'Lean, William Lamb, and John M'Lean, inhabitants in the dauch of Dalraddy—had been drinking in a change-house too late, and he had appointed the officer to summond them to this dyet, who, after citation, appeared and confessed that they had sitten somewhat late in the ale-house, but had done no other offence, they not drinking to excess, and acknowledged that it was a sin in them to do so. The Session, considering how ingenious they were in their confession, and that they had been honest men, regular in their conversation heretofore, appointed that they should be sessionally rebuked, that they and others may take warning in time to come, which being done, they were dismissed.”

“*September 20th, 1729.*—Delated this day Ann Down and Kate Fraser, in Kannachil, for prophanation of the Lord's Day in going to the wood for pulling nuts.”

“*September 7th, 1730.*—Delated John Meldrum and Alexander M'Intyre, in Dalnavert, for prophaning the Lord's Day by fishing upon the watter of Feshie.”

"*October 25th, 1730.*—Delated this day David M'Bain and his wife, in Linwilg, for prophaning the Lord's Day by weighing and selling chees to John Stewart, in Aviemore, his wife. Delated Mary M'Kenzie and Isabell M'Pherson, in Linwilg, for bakeing bread upon the Sabbath."

Another minute bears that the session "being informed that some of the tenants in Dellyfour did profane the Lord's Day some time about the end Sept. last by going or sending in the morning of the Sabbath to the Glen of Dallovaich and brought from thence swine they had feeding there to the Strath that very day, the session did therefore appoint to summon them against this day fortnight, as sermon is to be next Sabbath at Insh."

It would appear the session were of opinion that on the Sabbath-day the "piggies" should have been left to wander over hill and dale according to their "own sweet will."

The following extract gives a sad picture of the educational state of the parish at the time :—

"*November 19th, 1732.*—This day Mr Arthur Gregory represented to the Session that he had now officiated for a year as parish schoolmaster, and that he had no scollars all summer and harvest over, and that it was evident that there was no further use for him, upon which account the said Mr Arthur craved payment of his salary and demitted his offices. The Session, taking the premises to their consideration, appoints the moderator to write a receipt on Castallhill at Inverness to pay Mr Gregory fifty merks Scots for the two years bygon annual rents of the money lodged in his hands for behoof of the schoolmaster of the parish of Alvie."

The worthy "Mr Arthur" was not new to scholastic work, having been previously schoolmaster at "Ruthven of Badenoch," and the absence of "scollars" was apparently not attributable to any want of zeal or efficiency on his part. The candid statement volunteered by the honest man that "there was no further use for him," and his voluntary resignation in consequence of the sinecure offices in Alvie, were certainly therefore highly commendable. For some time after Mr Gregory left, the parish was without any schoolmaster. Struggling as we have to do even in the present day with hard times, we have reason to be thankful that the blessing of a good plain education is now within the reach of the very humblest and poorest in our midst.

The Alvie session did not hesitate to entertain even cases for "breach of promise." Here is their deliverance in the case of a promise-breaking degenerate "son of the Parson":—

“*October 19th, 1733.*—This day Alexander M’Pherson in Pitowrie was sessionally rebuked for breach of promise had with Christina M’Phaill in Dunaghtown, but refers his penalty for further consideration.”

In the same minute it is recorded that Isobell M’Intosh, spouse to Alexander Cameron, and Janet, spouse to Gregor More, were “delated for profaning the Lord’s day by slandering and scolding.”

With all the multiplication of our churches and clergy, it is to be feared that “slanderers” and “scolders” are not yet quite extinct in the Highlands, and it might not be amiss if our kirk-sessions still had the power of subjecting them to the discipline of standing in the “publick place of repentance” and being solemnly rebuked like the viragoes of bygone times in the parish of Alvie.

Isolated as the people of Badenoch comparatively were before the days of stage-coaches or railways, it would seem that they did not escape from the terrible scourge of smallpox. Here is an entry bringing home to us—living as we do in a happier era—how much Highlanders and Lowlanders alike owe to the great vaccination discovery made by the famous Dr Jenner fully half a century later:—

“*August 25th, 1734.*—Appoints a shilling sterling to be given to the poor woman in Dellifure having four small children in the smallpox.”

Not a single case of the kind has, I believe, been known or heard of in the district for many years.

## CHAPTER VII.

THE OLD PARISHIONERS OF ALVIE—KINRARA—JANE DUCHESS OF GORDON  
—THE LAST DUKE AND DUCHESS OF GORDON—SIR DAVID BREWSTER.

**I**N 1798 the condition and characteristics of the parishioners of Alvie are thus described:—

“The inferior tenants are poor, and their habitations wretchedly comfortless; their farms are small, from £2 to £6 sterling of yearly rent, and their land may be let from 5s. to 10s. the acre. The crops, consisting of oats, rye, barley, and potato, are in general sufficient for the subsistence of the inhabitants. The parish abounds with fir, birch, alder, and a few oaks; carried by the poorer people 40 miles to the nearest market towns in small parcels, and sold to procure the few necessaries they desire. There is only one farm stocked wholly with sheep; the whole of that stock in the parish amounts to 7000, the black cattle to 1104, the horses to 510, and there are 101 ploughs. . . . The people have little idea of trade or manufactures, excepting a considerable quantity of a coarse kind of flannel called plaiding or blankets, sold for about 10d. the ell of 39 inches. Although all disputes are settled by the Justice of the Peace, without recourse to the Sheriff or other Judge, . . . they have no inclination to leave the spot of their nativity, and if they can obtain the smallest pendicle of a farm, they reject entering into any service, and are extremely averse to that of the military. They are fond of dram-drinking, and squabbles are not infrequent at burials or other meetings. Few of the older people can read, and they are rather ignorant of the principles of religion. There are 2 retail shops, 6 weavers, 4 taylors, 2 blacksmiths, and 2 who make the brogue shoes worn by the poorer people. . . . The great road from



Inverness to Edinburgh is conducted up the north side of the Spey for the whole length of the parish; it passes through a number of little heaps or piles of stone and earth, opposite to the church: the most conspicuous one was lately opened; the bones entire of a human body were found in their natural order, with two large hart horns laid across.”<sup>1</sup>

In the immediate neighbourhood of the church and manse of Alvie is beautiful Kinrara—surely one of the most lovely spots on earth—with its memorable associations of the celebrated Jane, Duchess of Gordon, and her brilliant coterie.

“Though many splendid landscapes,” says the fastidious Macculloch, “are obtained along the roadside between Aviemore and Kinrara, constituted by the far-extended fir-woods of Rothiemurchus, the ridge of Cairngorm, the birch-clad hill of Kinrara, and by the variety of the broken, bold, and woody banks of the Spey, no one can form an adequate idea of the beauties of this tract without spending days in investigating what is concealed from an ordinary and passing view. By far the larger proportion of this scenery, also, is found near to the river, and far from the road; and the most singular portions of it lie on the east side of the water, and far beyond it in places seldom trodden and scarcely known. This, too, is a country hitherto undescribed, and therefore unseen by the mass of travellers, though among the most engaging parts of the Highlands, as it is the most singular; since there is nothing with which it can be compared, or to which indeed it can be said to bear the slightest resemblance. Much of this depends on the peculiar forms and distribution of the ground and of the mountains, and still more on the character of the wood, which is always fir and birch, the latter in particular assuming a consequence in the landscape which renders the absence of all other trees insensible, and which is seen nowhere in the same perfection, except at Blair and for a short space along the course of the Tummel. Of this particular class of beauty, Kinrara is itself the chief seat, yielding to very few situations in Scotland for that species of ornament which, while it is the produce of Nature, seems to have been guided by Art, and being utterly distinguished from the whole in character. A succession of continuous birch-forest, covering its rocky hill and its lower grounds, intermixed with open

<sup>1</sup> Survey of the Province of Moray, 1798, 260, 262.

glades, irregular clumps, and scattered trees, produces a scene at once Alpine and dressed, combining the discordant characters of wild mountain landscape and of ornamental park scenery. To this it adds an air of perpetual spring, and a feeling of comfort and of seclusion which can nowhere be seen in such perfection, while the range of scenery is at the same time such as is only found in the most extended domains. If the home grounds are thus full of beauties, not less varied and beautiful is the prospect around, the Spey, here a quick and clear stream, being ornamented by trees in every possible combination, and the banks beyond rising into irregular, rocky, and wooded hills, everywhere rich with an endless profusion of objects, and as they gradually ascend displaying the dark sweeping forests of fir that skirt the bases of the further mountains, which terminate the view of their bold outlines on the sky. . . . To wander along the opposite banks is to riot in a profusion of landscape always various and always new, river scenery of a character unknown elsewhere, and a spacious valley crowded with objects and profuse of wood, displaying everywhere a luxuriance of variety as well in the disposition of its parts as in the arrangements of its trees and forests and the versatility of its mountain boundary.”<sup>1</sup>

In her girlhood days Duchess Jane was an incorrigible, but withal a most bewitching, lovable romp, and apparently she retained her exuberant spirits down almost to the close of her life. Here is a very amusing picture of her early life in the High Street of Edinburgh, then the most fashionable quarter in the Scottish metropolis. “In Hyndford’s Close, near the bottom of the High Street—first entry in the close, and second door upstairs—dwelt about the beginning of the reign of George III., Lady Maxwell of Monreith, and there brought up her beautiful daughters, one of whom became Duchess of Gordon. The house had a dark passage, and the kitchen-door was passed in going to the dining-room, according to an agreeable old practice in Scotch houses, which lets the guests know on entering what they have to expect. The fineries of Lady Maxwell’s daughters were usually hung up, after washing, on a screen in this passage to dry; while the coarser articles of dress, such as shifts and petticoats, were slung decently out of sight at the window upon a projecting contrivance, similar to a dyer’s pole, of which numerous specimens still exist at windows in the Old Town for the

<sup>1</sup> Macculloch’s Highlands and Islands, i. 396, 398.





*J. Gordon. Pin. 18*

*Jane Duchess of Gordon.*

*Born 1749. Died 1812.*

*From the Portrait by Reynolds*

convenience of the poorer inhabitants. So easy and familiar were the manners of the great in those times, fabled to be so stiff and decorous, that Miss Eglintoune, afterwards Lady Wallace, used to be sent with the tea-kettle across the street to the Fountain well for water to make tea. Lady Maxwell's daughters were the wildest romps imaginable. An old gentleman, who was their relation, told me that the first time he saw these beautiful girls was in the High Street, where Miss Jane, afterwards Duchess of Gordon, was riding upon a sow, which Miss Eglintoune thumped lustily behind with a stick. It must be understood that, sixty years since, vagrant swine went as commonly about the streets of Edinburgh as dogs do in our own day, and were more generally fondled as pets by the children of the last generation. It may, however, be remarked that the sows upon which the Duchess of Gordon and her witty sister rode, when children, were not the common vagrants of the High Street, but belonged to Peter Ramsay of the Inn in St Mary's Wynd, and were among the last that were permitted to roam abroad. The two romps used to watch the animals as they were let loose in the forenoon from the stable-yard (where they lived among the horse-litter), and get upon their backs the moment they issued from the close."<sup>1</sup>

In the "Seaforth Papers," as published in the 'North British Review,' the life of the Duchess is thus noticed: "Early in life, Alexander, the fourth Duke of Gordon, married Jane Maxwell, 'The Flower of Galloway,' and a handsomer couple has rarely been seen. The Duke was in his twenty-fourth year, the bride in her twenty-first. Reynolds has preserved some memorial of the youthful beauty of the Duchess, and a lovelier profile was never drawn. As a girl she was strongly attached to a young officer, who reciprocated her passion. The soldier, however, was ordered abroad with his regiment, and shortly afterwards was reported dead. This was the first great calamity that Jane Maxwell experienced; and after the first burst of grief had spent itself, she sank into a state of listlessness and apathy that seemed immovable. But the Duke of Gordon appeared as a suitor, and, partly from family pressure, partly from indifference, Jane accepted his hand. On their marriage tour the young pair visited Ayton House in Berwickshire, and there the Duchess received a letter addressed to her in her maiden name, and written in the well-known hand of her early lover. He was, he said, on

<sup>1</sup> Chambers's Traditions of Edinburgh, 260, 261.

his way home to complete their happiness by marriage. The wretched bride fled from the house, and, according to the local tradition, was found, after long search, stretched by the side of a burn, nearly crazed. When she had recovered from this terrible blow and re-entered society, Jane presented an entirely new phase of character. She plunged into all sorts of gaiety and excitement; she became famous for her wild frolics and for her vanity and ardour as a leader of fashion; her routs and assemblies were the most brilliant of the capital, attracting wits, orators, and statesmen.”<sup>1</sup>

In a letter to a friend, of date 4th July 1798, Mrs Grant of Laggan gives a very suggestive glimpse of the active habits of the Duchess while resident at Kinrara: “The Duchess of Gordon is a very busy farmeress at Kinrara, her beautiful retreat on the Spey some miles below this. She rises at five in the morning, bustles incessantly, employs from twenty to thirty workmen every day, and entertains noble travellers from England in a house very little better than our own, but she is setting up a wooden pavilion to see company in.” In a subsequent letter Mrs Grant says that, “unlike most people of the world,” the Duchess “presented her least favourable phases to the public; but in this her Highland home, all her best qualities were in action, and there it was that her warm benevolence and steady friendship were known and felt.”<sup>2</sup>

Near the close of last century rumours of a French invasion alarmed the country and roused military ardour to such an extent as to lead to fresh regiments being raised. In one of a series of very interesting sketches by the Honourable Mrs Armytage of “British Mansions and their Mistresses past and present,” recently published in ‘Tinsley’s Magazine,’ the raising by the famous Duchess of the battalion of Gordon Highlanders, which has since held such a distinguished place in our military annals, is thus described: “The Duchess is said to have had a wager with the Prince Regent as to which of them would first raise a battalion, and that the fair lady reserved to herself the power of offering a reward even more attractive than the king’s shilling. At all events the Duchess and Lord Huntly started off on their errand, and between them soon raised the required number of men. The mother and son frequented every fair in the country-side, begging the fine young Highlanders to come forward in support of king and country, and to

<sup>1</sup> Life of the Last Duchess of Gordon, 1865, 48, 49.

<sup>2</sup> Letters from the Mountains, ii. 142.

enlist in her regiment ; and when all other arguments had failed, rumour stated that a kiss from the beautiful Duchess won the doubtful recruit. She soon announced to headquarters the formation of a regiment, and entered into all the negotiations with the military authorities in a most business-like manner, reporting that the whole regiment were Highlanders save thirty-five. Lord Huntly was given the first command of this corps, then and ever since known as the 92d or Gordon Highlanders, and wearing the tartan of the Clan.”

In 1799, Lord Huntly—then in his twenty-ninth year—accompanied the regiment to Holland under the gallant Sir Ralph Abercrombie. Mrs Grant of Laggan composed on the occasion the following song, which has since been so popular as sung to the air of “The Blue - Bells of Scotland” :—

“ Oh, where, tell me where, is your Highland Laddie gone ?  
 Oh, where, tell me where, is your Highland Laddie gone ?  
 He’s gone with streaming banners, where noble deeds are done,  
 And my sad heart will tremble till he come safely home.  
 He’s gone with streaming banners, where noble deeds are done,  
 And my sad heart will tremble till he come safely home.

Oh, where, tell me where, did your Highland Laddie stay ?  
 Oh, where, tell me where, did your Highland Laddie stay ?  
 He dwelt beneath the holly-trees, beside the rapid *Spey*,  
 And many a blessing followed him the day he went away.  
 He dwelt beneath the holly-trees, beside the rapid *Spey*,  
 And many a blessing followed him the day he went away.

Oh, what, tell me what, does your Highland Laddie wear ?  
 Oh, what, tell me what, does your Highland Laddie wear ?  
 A bonnet with a lofty plume, the gallant badge of war,  
 And a plaid across the manly breast that yet shall wear a star.  
 A bonnet with a lofty plume, the gallant badge of war,  
 And a plaid across the manly breast that yet shall wear a star.

Suppose, ah, suppose, that some cruel, cruel wound  
 Should pierce your Highland Laddie, and all your hopes confound !  
 The pipe would play a cheering march, the banners round him fly,  
 The spirit of a Highland Chief would lighten in his eye.  
 The pipe would play a cheering march, the banners round him fly,  
 And for his king and country dear with pleasure he would die !

But I will hope to see him yet in Scotland’s bonny bounds :  
 But I will hope to see him yet in Scotland’s bonny bounds,  
 His native land of liberty shall nurse his glorious wounds,  
 While wide through all our Highland hills his warlike name resounds !  
 His native land of liberty shall nurse his glorious wounds,  
 While wide through all our Highland hills his warlike name resounds.”<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Poems on various Subjects, by Mrs Grant, 1803, 407-409.

“There is no doubt,” says Mrs Armytage, “that the welfare of her husband’s tenants was a matter of great concern to the Duchess, and that she devoted much of her time and energy to all matters connected with the improvement and happiness of her Scotch people. She and the Duke exercised unbounded hospitality, and both loved to be surrounded by philosophers, politicians, poets, and scholars, all of whom professed unbounded admiration of her beauty, the brilliancy of her wit, and her cultivated understanding.”

The poet Burns characterised the Duchess as “charming, witty, kind, and sensible.” In 1780 Dr Beattie thus addressed her in verse when sending a pen for her use:—

“Go and be guided by the brightest eyes,  
And to the softest hand thine aid impart  
To trace the fair ideas as they rise  
Warm from the purest, gentlest, noblest heart.”

And in a letter addressed to herself, he is equally lavish of praise, saying: “Your Grace’s heart is already too feelingly alive to each fine impulse; to you I would recommend gay thoughts, cheerful books, and sprightly company—I might have said company without limitation, for wherever you are, the company must be sprightly. I rejoice in the good weather and the belief that it extends to Glenfiddich, where I pray that your Grace may enjoy all the health and happiness that good air, goat’s whey, romantic solitude, and the society of the loveliest children in the world can bestow.”

Whatever the enjoyment of the quiet life in the Highlands may have been, it certainly was a strange contrast to the days spent in London, one of which has been thus described by Walpole to a correspondent (Miss Berry) in 1791: “One of the Empreses of fashion, the Duchess of Gordon, uses fifteen or sixteen hours of her four-and-twenty. I heard her Journal of last Monday. She went first to Handel’s music in the Abbey; she then clambered over the benches and went to Hasting’s trial in the Hall; after dinner to the play, then to Lord Lucan’s assembly; after that to Ranelagh, and returned to Mrs Hobart’s far-table; gave a ball herself in the evening of that morning into which she must have got a good way; and set out for Scotland next day. Hercules could not have achieved a quarter of her labours in the same space of time.”



As the old proverb has it, "The sleeping fox catches no poultry," and if one might venture with "bated breath to point a moral and adorn a tale," it would be to whisper that the example of the "noble Jane," as regards early rising and busy habits in the matter of farming, might with advantage be followed to a greater extent, not only by farmers and "farmeresses," big and small, but by many young men and maidens in the Highlands in the present day. The Duchess died at London in 1812, survived by her husband, Alexander, the fourth Duke of Gordon, a son, and five daughters. A noteworthy fact in the life of Duke Alexander is that he enjoyed the honours of the family for the long period of seventy-five years—namely, from 1752 down to his death in 1827—a fact probably unexampled in the annals of the Scottish peerage. The family estates were at one time of vast dimensions, extending as they did from sea to sea, winding across the entire breadth of the country between the Atlantic and the German Ocean. In the last century a learned historian of the family dedicated the first of his two volumes to Duke Alexander in the following terms: "To the High, puissant, and noble Prince Alexander, Duke of Gordon, Marquis of Huntly, Earl of Huntly and Enzie, Viscount of Inverness, Lord Gordon of Badenoch, Lochaber, Strathavin, Balmore, Auchindoun, Gartly, and Kincardine." The greater portion of Badenoch then belonged to the family, and the kindness and liberality extended to the people of the district by Duke Alexander during his long and beneficent sway, and subsequently by his son (the fifth and last Duke), were nothing short of princely in their munificence. The beautiful verses composed on the occasion of the death of Duchess Jane, by the venerable Mrs Allardyce of Cromarty, are worth quoting:—

" Fair in Kinrara blooms the rose,  
 And softly waves the drooping willow,  
 Where beauty's faded charms repose,  
 And splendour rests on earth's cold pillow.  
 Her smile, who sleeps in yonder bed,  
 Could once awake the soul to pleasure,  
 When fashion's airy train she led,  
 And formed the dance's frolic measure.

When war called forth our youth to arms,  
 Her eye inspired each martial spirit ;  
 Her mind, too, felt the Muse's charms,  
 And gave the meed to modest merit.

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

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

“ A week,” says Macculloch, “ spent at Kinrara had not exhausted the half of its charms ; and when a second week had passed, all seemed still new. But time flew, never to return ; for I had scarcely taken my leave of its lovely scenes, when the mind that inspired it was fled, and the hand that had tended and decked it was cold. That was a loss indeed.<sup>1</sup> . . .

“ The sunshine that slept on Cairngorm, gave beauty even to its barren and torrid surface, and the waste and vacant expanse smiled to the wide azure of a cloudless sky. Still brighter was that sun and bluer were those skies beneath the influence of other smiles, and even the arid rock and the misty desert seemed to breathe of loveliness and spring. A single mind animated all the landscape,—that mind which animated all it reached, which diffused happiness around, the joy and delight of all. Yet the happiest, like the most wretched hours, must end. That day fled fast indeed. But I did not then foresee that for Her, that blooming and youthful, that intellectual and lovely being, who seemed born to be a light and a blessing to all around her, the record which this useless hand is now writing would be written in vain. We ascended the hill together, we looked together for Craig Ellachie and Tor Alvie. Often have I seen Tor Alvie since ; but she can see it no more.”<sup>2</sup>

Mr Duncan Macpherson, Kingussie, the venerable “ Old Banker ”—who died in February 1890 at the ripe old age of ninety-one—vividly described the intense interest excited in Badenoch by the arrival of the remains of the Duchess in a hearse drawn all the way from London by

<sup>1</sup> Macculloch's Highlands and Islands, i. 397.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, i. 404.

six jet-black Belgian horses. At Dalwhinnie, the first stage within the wide Highland territory—then belonging to the family—at which the funeral *cortége* arrived, the body of the Duchess lay in state for two days. For a similar period it lay at the inn then at Pitmain, within half a mile of Kingussie, and was subsequently followed by an immense concourse of Highland people to the final resting-place at her beloved Kinrara. According to her own directions, her remains were interred in a favourite sequestered spot within a short distance from Kinrara House, far away from the noise of the “great Babylon” in which she died, and within hearing of the plaintive song of our noble Highland river, to which the Highland-loving muse of Professor Blackie has given such beautiful and appropriate expression :—

“ From the treeless brae  
 All green and grey  
 To the wooded ravine I wind my way,  
 Dashing and foaming and leaping with glee,  
 The child of the mountain wild and free,  
 Under the crag where the stoncrop grows,  
 Fringing with gold my shelvy bed,  
     Where over my head  
     Its fruitage of red  
 The rock-rooted rowan-tree blushfully shows,  
     I wind till I find  
     A way to my mind ;  
 While hazel and oak and the light ash-tree  
 Weave a green awning of leafage for me ;  
 Slowly and smoothly my winding I make  
 Round the dark-wooded islets that stud the clear lake ;  
     The green hills sleep  
 With their beauty in me,  
 Their shadows the light clouds  
     Fling as they flee,  
 While in my pure waters pictured I glass  
 The light-plumed birches that nod as I pass.”<sup>1</sup>

The spot where the Duchess is buried is marked by a granite monument erected by her husband. With the pardonable pride of the mother of such a bevy of fair daughters—to whose attractions, combined with her own winning steering of the one after the other into the matrimonial haven, three Dukes, a Marquis, and a Baronet had succumbed—she had herself prepared the inscription to be placed on the monument. That

<sup>1</sup> Blackie's *Lays of the Highlands and Islands*, second ed., 1873, 210, 211.

inscription, as regards the marriages and issue of her five daughters, is so remarkable that I cannot refrain from quoting it:—

“Sacred to the Memory of  
JANE DUCHESS OF GORDON  
SECOND DAUGHTER OF SIR WILLIAM MAXWELL OF MONREITH, BART.,  
MARRIED TO  
ALEXANDER DUKE OF GORDON,  
THE XXIII. OF OCTOBER MDCCCLXVII.  
AND DIED AT LONDON APRIL THE XITH, MDCCCXII.  
AGED LXIII YEARS.

Issue—*Two Sons and five Daughters.*

*Eldest Daughter*—LADY CHARLOTTE, married CHARLES DUKE OF RICHMOND.  
*Issue*—Lady Mary, Charles Earl of March, Lord George, Lady Sarah, Lady Georgina, Lord Henry, Lady Jane, Lord William Pitt, Lord Frederick, Lord Sussex, Lady Louisa, Lady Charlotte, Lord Arthur, and Lady Sophia Georgina.

*Second Daughter*—LADY MADELINA, married first, ROBERT SINCLAIR of Murckle, Bart.; *Issue*—Sir John Gordon Sinclair, Bart. *Secondly*, CHARLES TYSCHÉ PALMER, Esq.

*Third Daughter*—LADY SUSAN, married WILLIAM DUKE OF MANCHESTER.  
*Issue*—Lady Jane, Lady Elizabeth, Lady Susan Georgina, George Augustus Viscount Mandeville, Lord William Francis, Lady Georgina Frederick, Lady Caroline Katherine, and Lady Emily.

*Fourth Daughter*—LADY LOUISA, married CHARLES MARQUIS CORNWALLIS.  
*Issue*—Lady Jane, Lady Louisa, Lady Jemima, Lady Mary, and Lady Elizabeth.

*Fifth Daughter*—LADY GEORGINA, married JOHN DUKE OF BEDFORD. *Issue*—Lord Wriothsley, Lord Edward, Lord Charles James Fox, Lord Francis John, Lady Georgina Elizabeth, and Lady Louisa Jane.

LORD ALEXANDER GORDON died January viiiith, MDCCCVII, aged xxii. years.

This Monument was erected by ALEXANDER DUKE OF GORDON, and the above inscription placed on it at the particular request of the Duchess, his wife.”

“Duke Alexander,” says Dr Carruthers, “was a man of taste and talent, and of superior mechanical acquirements. He wrote some good characteristic Scotch songs in the minute style of painting local manners, and he wrought diligently at a turning-lathe! He was lavish of snuff-boxes of his own manufacture, which he presented liberally to all his friends and neighbours. On one occasion he made a handsome gold necklace, which he took with him to London and presented to Queen Charlotte. It was so much admired in the Royal circle that the old Duke used to say with a smile he thought it better to leave town immediately for Gordon Castle lest he should get an order to make one for each of the Princesses! His son, the gay and gallant





*Deveraux M.*

*George the 5<sup>th</sup> & last Duke of Gordon  
Born 1770. Died 1836.  
From the Portrait by Raeburn*

Marquis of Huntly (the fifth Duke, and "the last of his race"), was a man of different mould: he had nothing mechanical, but was the life and soul of all parties of pleasure. There certainly never was a better chairman of a festive party. He could not make a set speech; and on one occasion when Lord Liverpool asked him to move or second an address at the opening of a session of Parliament, he gaily replied that he would undertake to please all their Lordships if they adjourned to the City of London Tavern, but he could not undertake to do the same in the House of Lords. He excelled in short unpremeditated addresses, which were always lively and to the point. We heard him once on an occasion which would have been a melancholy one in any other hands. He had been compelled to sell the greater part of his property in the district of Badenoch to lessen the pressure of his difficulties and emancipate himself in some measure from legal trustees. The gentlemen of the district resolved before parting with their noble landlord to invite him to a public dinner in Kingussie. A piece of plate or some other mark of regard would perhaps have been more *apropos*, and less painful in its associations; but the dinner was given and received, champagne flowed like water, the Highlanders were in the full costume of the mountains, and great excitement prevailed. When the Duke stood up, his tall graceful form slightly stooping with age, and his gray hairs shading his smooth bald forehead, with a General's broad riband across his breast, the thunders of applause were like a warring cataract or mountain torrent in flood. Tears sparkled in his eyes, and he broke out with a hasty acknowledgment of the honours paid to him. He alluded to the time when he roamed their hills in youth gathering recruits among their mountains for the service of his country, of the strong attachment which his departed mother entertained for every cottage and family among them, and of his own affection for the Highlands, which he said was as firm and lasting as the Rock of Cairngorm, which he was still proud to possess. The latter was a statement of fact: in the sale of the property the Duke had stipulated for retaining that wild mountain-range called the Cairngorm Rocks. The effect of this short and feeling speech—so powerful is the language of nature and genuine emotion—was as strong as the most finished oration could produce."<sup>1</sup>

The following delightful "glimpse" of the life of the last Duke and

<sup>1</sup> Highland Note-Book, 119, 120.

Duchess at Gordon Castle, the chief seat of the family, was given by an American writer, N. P. Willis, in 1833:—

“The immense iron gate surmounted by the Gordon arms, the handsome and spacious stone lodges on either side, the canonically fat porter in white stockings and gay livery, lifting his hat as he swang open the massive portal, all bespoke the entrance to a noble residence. The road within was edged with velvet sward, and rolled to the smoothness of a terrace walk; the winding avenue lengthened away before with trees of every variety of foliage; light carriages passed me driven by ladies or gentlemen bound on their afternoon airing; keepers with hounds and terriers, gentlemen on foot idling along the walks, and servants in different liveries hurrying to and fro, betokened a scene of busy gaiety before me. I had hardly noted these varied circumstances before a sudden curve in the road brought the castle into view, a vast stone pile with castellated wings, and in another moment I was at the door, where a dozen powdered footmen were waiting on a party of ladies and gentlemen to their several carriages. . . . I passed the time till the sunset looking out on the park. Hill and valley lay between my eye and the horizon; sheep fed in picturesque flocks, and small fallow-deer grazed near them; the trees were planted and the distant forest shaped by the hand of taste; and broad and beautiful as was the expanse taken in by the eye, it was evidently one princely possession. A mile from the castle wall the shaven sward extended in a carpet of velvet softness as bright as emerald, studded by clumps of shrubbery, like flowers wrought elegantly on tapestry, and across it bounded occasionally a hare, and the pheasants fed undisturbed near the thickets. . . . This little world of enjoyment, luxury, and beauty lay in the hand of one man, and was created by his wealth in these northern wilds of Scotland. . . . I never realised so forcibly the splendid results of wealth and primogeniture. . . . I was sitting by the fire imagining forms and faces for the different persons who had been named to me when there was a knock at the door, and a tall white-haired gentleman of noble physiognomy, but singularly cordial address, entered with a broad red ribbon across his breast, and welcomed me most heartily to the castle. . . . The Duchess, a tall and very handsome woman, with a smile of the most winning sweetness received me at the drawing-room door, and I was presented successively to every person present. Dinner was announced immediately, and the difficult question of precedence being



sooner settled than I had ever seen it before in so large a party, we passed through files of servants to the dining-room. It was a large and very lofty hall, supported at the end by marble columns. The walls were lined with full-length family pictures from old knights in armour to the modern dukes in kilt of the Gordon plaid, and on the sideboards stood services of gold plate, the most gorgeously massive and the most beautiful in workmanship I have ever seen. There were among the vases several large coursing-cups won by the Duke's hounds of exquisite shape and ornament. . . . The Jacobite songs with their half-warlike, half-melancholy music were favourites of the Duchess of Gordon, who sang them in their original Scotch with great enthusiasm and sweetness. The aim of Scotch hospitality seems to be to convince you that the house and all that is in it is your own, and you are at liberty to enjoy it as if you were, in the sense of the French phrase, *chez vous*. The routine of Gordon Castle was what each one chose to make it. . . . The number at the dinner-table was seldom less than thirty, but the company was continually varied by departures and arrivals—no sensation was made by either one or the other. A travelling carriage drove to the door, was disburdened of its load, drove round to the stables, and the question was seldom asked, 'Who is arrived?' You are sure to see at dinner, and an addition of half-a-dozen to the party made no perceptible difference in anything."<sup>1</sup>

The dukedom of Gordon became, as is well known, extinct on the death of George, the fifth Duke, without issue, in 1836. The Kinrara property then devolved upon his nephew, the fifth Duke of Richmond, the eldest son of Duchess Jane's eldest daughter, and is now in possession of her great-grandson, the present Duke of Richmond, in the person of whom the old dukedom of Gordon was revived, and the new earldom of Kinrara so deservedly bestowed in 1876. Patriotic nobleman and estimable landlord as he is universally acknowledged to be, it would, I believe, be extremely gratifying to all classes in the district if, as the great-grandson of her "who sleeps in yonder bed," he would occasionally reside at Kinrara, where, "alone with nature's God," all that is mortal of his famous relative so quietly and peacefully rests. Devotedly attached as the Duchess was to the Highlands and the Highland people, and ever giving, as she did, "the meed to modest merit," her memory is still gratefully cherished in Badenoch.

<sup>1</sup> Pencilings by the Way, new ed., 1846, 400-410; and Life of the last Duchess of Gordon, 121-124.

On the summit of Kinrara Hill is the monument to the last Duke of Gordon, a landmark seen far and wide, with the following inscriptions in Gaelic, English, and Latin, viz. :—

“SONRAICHTE  
 MAR CHUIMHNEACHAN  
 AIR  
 DEORSA AN COIGEADH DIUC GORDON,  
 SEANALAIR  
 ANNS AN ARM BHREITEANACH  
 COIRNEAL  
 AIR AN TREAS REISAMAID DO GHEIARD COISICHEAN AN RIGH  
 UACHDARAN  
 CAISTEIL DHUINEADAIN  
 ARD FEAR RIAGHLAIDH  
 SHIORRACHD OBER-RAEN,  
 AGUS  
 COILEACH AN TAOIBH TUAIDH,  
 A CHRIOCH  
 AIR 28. DON MHAIGH,  
 1836  
 ANNS AN TRIFICHEAD BLIADHNA,  
 AGUS  
 A SIA DHE AOIS.

Thog cairdean durachdach an tur so suas,  
 Mar theistneas gun d'rinn mulad mor an claidh;  
 Air son an ainm a chuimhneachair gu buan,  
 Is fear a bheus nach duil gun tig a chaoidh.  
 Air son an triath, a b'ainmeil bha s' taobh-tuadh,  
 Bu gharg sun aisith, 's bu mhor suaire ri sith,  
 Bu chiuin—smachdail—fiallidh, 's bu mho luach;  
 Chuir rannag dhiucail riamh air a thaobh clith.”

“*Erected*  
 IN MEMORY OF  
 HIS GRACE GEORGE, FIFTH AND LAST  
 DUKE OF GORDON, G.C.B.,  
 GENERAL IN THE BRITISH ARMY,  
 COLONEL OF THE THIRD REGIMENT OF FOOT GUARDS,  
 GOVERNOR OF THE CASTLE OF EDINBURGH,  
 LORD LIEUTENANT OF ABERDEENSHIRE, ETC. ETC. ETC.,  
 WHO DIED ON THE 28TH OF MAY  
 1836,  
 IN THE SIXTY-SIXTH YEAR OF HIS AGE.

He was a generous Landlord, a patriotic Highlander, and a brave Soldier—at once the delight of the Noble and the Friend of the Poor.”

" *In Memoriam*

ILLUSTRISSIMI PRINCIPIS GEORGII  
 QUINTI ET PROH DOLOR ! ULTIMI QUOQUE

DUCIS GORDONENSIS,

QUI

PRIMIS ORDINIS BADONICI HONORIBUS ORNATUS  
 INTER SUMMOS EXERCITÛS BRITANNICI DUCTORES

ASCRIPITUS

TERTIÆ REGIORUM SATELLITUM COHORTIS

NECNON ET ARCIS EDINÆ PRÆFECTUS

REGIUSQUE IN AGRO ABERDONENSI LEGATUS

SEXTUM ET SEXAGESIMUM ÆTATIS AGENS ANNUM

V. KAL. JUN. A.D. 1836.

SUPREMUM OBIT DIEM

HUNC VIVUM

OPTIMATUM DELICIAS, PAUPERUM TUTAMEN

MILITEM FORTISSIMUM

POPULARES SUI PROPTER PUBLICA

CLIENTES PROPTER PRIVATA BENEFICIA,

GRATO ANIMO COLUERUNT,

EUNDEM MORTUUM

OMNIBUSQUE CIVIBUS HEU ! MULTÛM DESIDERATUM

CALEDONIA OPTIMO PATRONO AMISSO

FAMILIARES, SOCI ET AMICI

CONSORTE GAUDII LUCTUSQUE CARISSIMO PRIVATI

ET LUGENT

ET SUPERSTITES USQUE LUGEBUNT.

---

Erected by Subscription, A.D. 1840.

*Committee.*

CLUNY MACPHERSON, *Chairman.*  
 Col. MITCHELL, C.B.  
 Lt.-Col. DON. MACPHERSON, K.H.  
 Major JOHN MACPHERSON.  
 Captain Æ. M. MACPHERSON, Nuide.

Captain LACH. MACPHERSON, Biallid.  
 Lt. ALEX. MACPHERSON, Ruthven.  
 Rev. GEO. SHEPHERD, Kingussie.  
 DUN. MACPHERSON, Esq., Jun., Banker,  
 Kingussie, *Treasurer.*"

On the same hill on which the monument stands, but a little farther south, is a cairn erected to the memory of brave Highlanders who fell at Waterloo, with the following inscription :—

"TO  
*The Memory of*  
 SIR ROBERT MACARA  
 OF  
 THE 42D REGIMENT, OR ROYAL HIGHLANDERS;  
 COLONEL JOHN CAMERON  
 OF  
 THE 92D REGIMENT, OR GORDON HIGHLANDERS  
 AND  
 THEIR BRAVE COUNTRYMEN  
 WHO GLORIOUSLY FELL AT THE BATTLE OF  
 WATERLOO  
 IN JUNE 1815.

Erected by  
 The Most Noble the MARQUIS OF HUNTLY,  
 August 16th, 1815 "

The last Duke of Gordon, it is said, used the interior of this cairn as a wine-cellar for the benefit of picnic parties whom he brought to the spot, and the strong copper door remains as securely fastened as the door of a famous wine-cellar in Edinburgh belonging to a well-known total abstainer. In 1819, Prince Leopold, afterwards King of the Belgians, visited Kinrara, and at the banquet given on the occasion the Duke, then Marquis of Huntly, is said to have sounded a whistle, and, to the surprise of the company, up from the heather, where their presence never had been suspected, sprang a company of kilted Highland warriors.

" Their chieftain stood with eagle-plume,  
 But they, with mantles folded round,  
 Were couched to rest upon the ground,  
 Scarce to be known by curious eye  
 From the deep heather where they lie;  
 So well was matched the tartan screen  
 With heath-bell dark and brackens green.  
 The mountaineer then whistled shrill,  
 And he was answered from the hill;  
 Instant, through copse and heath, arose  
 Bonnets and spears and bended bows;

And every tuft of broom gave life  
 To plaided warrior armed for strife!  
 Watching their leader's beck and will,  
 All silent there they stood and still.  
 Short space he stood, then raised his hand  
 To his brave clansman's eager band;  
 Then shout of welcome shrill and wide,  
 Shook the steep mountain's steady side;  
 Thrice it arose, and brake, and fell,  
 Three times gave back the martial  
 yell."

"Ah," exclaimed the Prince, surprised and highly pleased, "we've got Roderick Dhu here!"<sup>1</sup>

At a ball given at Kinrara in honour of Prince Leopold's visit it

<sup>1</sup> Life of the Last Duchess of Gordon, 1865, 68, 69.

is related that the widow of Mackintosh of Borlum was present, and that the Prince was quite delighted with her quaint racy conversation. When her "carriage" was announced, one of the Prince's aides-de-camp stepped forward and offered his arm. She hesitated a moment, and then said with an air of resignation, "Well, well, I suppose you'll have to see it." He returned in fits of laughter, for the old lady's carriage was a common cart with a wisp of straw in the middle for a seat.<sup>1</sup>

In the 'Home Life of Sir David Brewster,' by his gifted daughter, Mrs Gordon—so well known as the authoress of many popular works—we are told that even while giving play to his characteristic passion of reforming abuses, he "awakened a warm and abiding attachment amongst the majority of the Highland tenantry, who anticipated with delight the time, which never came, when he might be their landlord in very deed." "The glories," says Mrs Gordon, "of the Grampian scenery contributed more than anything to the enjoyment of his residence in Badenoch. The beauties of the Doune, Kinrara, and Aviemore, Loch-an-Eilan, Loch Insh, Loch Laggan, Craighdu, the Forest of Gaick, and the magnificent desolation of Glen Feshie, were all vividly enjoyed by him with that inner sense of poetry and art which he so pre-eminently possessed. His old friend, John Thomson, the minister of Duddingston, but better known as a master in Scottish landscape, came to visit him, and was of course taken to see Glen Feshie, with its wild corries and moors, and the giants of the old pine-forest. After a deep silence, my father was startled by the exclamation, 'Lord God Almighty!' and on looking round he saw the strong man bowed down in a flood of tears, so much had the wild grandeur of the scene and the sense of the One creative hand possessed the soul of the artist. Glen Feshie afterwards formed the subject of one of Thomson's best pictures."<sup>2</sup>

Mrs Gordon relates that on one occasion four working-men came to Sir David, a considerable distance from Strathspey, with the petition that they might see the stars through his telescope. On another occasion a poor man brought his cow a weary long journey over the hills that the great optician might examine her eyes and prescribe for her deficiencies of sight; and all, as was ever his wont, were received courteously, and had their questions not only answered, but answered so clearly and patiently that the subjects were made perfectly intelligible

<sup>1</sup> Home Life of Sir David Brewster, 161.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, 162, 163.

and interesting.<sup>1</sup> The well-known Edward Ellice, M.P., was then at Invereshie, and at the Doune of Rothiemurchus the late Duchess of Bedford, a daughter of the famous Jane, Duchess of Gordon, with her gay circle of fashion, of statesmen, artists, and lions of all kinds, produced a constant social stir in which Sir David was frequently called to bear his part, and he retained many lively recollections and anecdotes of the strange scenes and practical jokes of that "fast" circle. Upon one occasion he and Lord Brougham, when Lord Chancellor, were visiting at the Doune: Lord Brougham, being indisposed, retired early to rest one evening. An hour or two afterwards the question was raised, Whether Lord Chancellors carried the Great Seal with them in social visiting? The Duchess declared her intention of ascertaining the fact, and ordered a cake of soft dough to be made. A procession of lords, ladies, and gentlemen was then formed, Sir David carrying a pair of silver candlesticks, and the Duchess bearing a silver salver on which was placed the dough. The invalid Lord was roused from his first sleep by this strange procession, and a peremptory demand that he should get up and exhibit the Great Seal. He whispered ruefully to Sir David that the first half of this request he could not possibly comply with, but asked him to bring a certain strange-looking box: when this was done, he gravely sat up, impressed the seal upon the cake of dough, the procession retired in order, and the Lord Chancellor returned to his pillow.<sup>2</sup>

Sir David, we are likewise told, "was much interested in all the old tales and legends of the country, and took much pains in excavating a strange hollow, of which many clannish stories were told, but which turned out to be a Pict's house. The parallel roads of Glenroy, long believed to be the hunting-roads of the old kings of Scotland, with the various geological solutions of the ancient mystery, were objects of vivid interest. The weird stories of the glen and forest of Gaick, and the traditions of 'Old Borlum,' a Highland laird with certain Robin Hood views as to the rights of *meum* and *tuum*, who had formerly possessed Belleville, were repeated by him with lively interest; the cave from which Borlum and his men used to watch for travellers on the old Highland road was always pointed out to visitors; and he used to relate, as an example of the primitive state of society in the north which would

<sup>1</sup> Home Life of Sir David Brewster, 158, 159.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, 159, 160.

scarcely be credited in the south, that he had himself been in society, during his earlier Badenoch life, with Mrs Mackintosh of Borlum, the brigand's widow, a stately and witty old lady. One day she had called at Belleville, and took up 'Lochandhu,' a novel just published by Sir Thomas Dick Lauder. 'Ay, ay,' said she, 'and what may this be about?' to the consternation of the Belleville ladies—her husband's capture and robbery of Sir Hector Munro of Novar, and her own assistance in this, his last exploit, by picking out the initials on the stolen linen, being graphically detailed therein!"<sup>1</sup>

Although, strictly speaking, not situated in Badenoch, it would be unpardonable to omit reference to the celebrated Loch-an-eilan (the Loch of the Island) on the other side of the Spey, within a short distance of Kinrara, and one of the most beautiful resorts in the Highlands.

"A fir lake," says Macculloch, "if I may use such a term, is a rare occurrence; and indeed this is the only very perfect example in the country. No other tree is seen; yet, from the variety of the shores, there is not that monotony which might be expected from such limited materials. In some parts of it, the rocky precipices rise immediately from the deep water, crowned with the dark woods, that fling a profound shadow over it; in others, the solid masses of the trees advance to its edge; while elsewhere, open green shores, or low rocky points, or gravelly beaches, are seen,—the scattered groups, or single trees, which, springing from some bank, wash their roots in the waves that curl against them, adding to the general variety of this wild and singular scene. This lake is much embellished by an ancient castle, standing on an island within it, and, even yet, entire though roofless. As a Highland castle, it is of considerable dimensions; and the island being scarcely larger than its foundation, it appears in some places to rise immediately out of the water. Its ancient celebrity is considerable, since it was one of the strongholds of the Cumins, the particular individual whose name is attached to it being the ferocious personage known by the name of the Wolf of Badenoch. It has passed now to a tenant not more ferocious, who is an apt emblem and representative of the red-handed Highland chief. The eagle has built his eyrie on the walls. I counted the sticks of his nest, but had too much respect for this worthy successor to an ancient Highland dynasty even to displace one twig. His progeny, it

<sup>1</sup> Home Life of Sir David Brewster, 160, 161.

must be admitted, have but a hard bed; but the Red Cumin did not probably lie much more at his ease. It would not be easy to imagine a wilder position than this for a den of thieves and robbers, nor one more thoroughly romantic: it is more like the things of which we read in the novels of the Otranto school, than like a scene of real life. If ever you should propose to rival the author of 'Waverley'<sup>1</sup> in that line of art, I recommend you to choose part of your scene here. As I lay on its topmost tower amid the universal silence, while the bright sun exhaled the perfume from the woods around, and all the old world visions and romances seemed to flit about its grey and solitary ruins, I too felt as if I could have written a chapter that might hereafter be worthy of the protection of Minerva."<sup>2</sup>

On the verge of the lake nearest the castle any high-pitched cry or loud halloo awakens a remarkable echo, the reverberations of which up the mountain-side have a very weird and striking effect.

"The lands of Rothiemurchus," says Shaw, "having been granted by King Alexander II. to Andrew, Bishop of Moray, anno 1226, were held of the Bishops in lease by the Shaws, during a hundred years without disturbance. But about the year 1350, Cummine of Strathdallas having a lease of these lands, and unwilling to yield to the Shaws, it came to be decided by the sword, and (1) James Shaw, chief of the clan, was killed in the conflict. James had married a daughter of Baron Ferguson, in Athole; and his son (2) Shaw, called Corfiachlach, as soon as he came of age, with a body of men attacked Cummine, and killed him, at a place called to this day *Lagna-Cuminach*. He purchased the freehold of Rothiemurchus and Balinespic, and by a daughter of Macpherson of Clunie had seven sons, James the eldest, and Farquhar, ancestor of the Farquharsons, &c. Shaw commanded the XXX. Clan Chattan on the Inch of Perth, anno 1396, and dying about 1405, his gravestone is seen in the churchyard. (3) James brought a company of his name to the battle of Hardlaw, anno 1411, where he was killed. His son, by a daughter of Inveretie, (4) Alexander Kiar, by a daughter of Stuart of Kinchardine, had four sons, of whom Dale, Tordarroch, and Delnafert are descended; and (5) John, by a niece of MacIntosh, was father of

<sup>1</sup> The description of Loch-an-Eilan is contained in one of the series of letters addressed by Macculloch to Sir Walter Scott before the authorship of 'Waverley' became publicly known.

<sup>2</sup> Macculloch's Highlands and Islands, 1824, i. 399, 400.



(6) Allan, who, by a daughter of the Laird of MacIntosh, had (7) John, father of (8) Allan, who, having barbarously murdered his stepfather, Dallas of Cantray, was justly forfeited, and the Laird of Grant purchased the forfeiture about anno 1595.”<sup>1</sup>

In leaving the portion of Badenoch situated in the parish of Alvie, the beautiful lines of the Rev. Dr Wallace in his “Farewell to Strathspey” may be appropriately quoted:—

“Oh the bonny blooming heather! what nameless charms it hath,  
 As it spreads for miles around on my lonely mountain path.  
 The hills and dells, and knowes and glades, are clad in purple sheen,  
 And far away beneath the pines what a sea of glossy green!  
 Soft carpet for the weary feet, sweet solace to the brain,—  
 Here rest a while and listen to nature’s soothing strain.  
 A holy calm now breathes around in the murmur of the trees,  
 And wakes the music of the heart in every passing breeze.”

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<sup>1</sup> Shaw’s History of Moray, 42.

## CHAPTER VIII.

THE PARISH OF LAGGAN—THE OLD CHURCH OF ST KENNETH—  
THE ANTIQUITIES OF THE PARISH.

UNFORTUNATELY no records of this parish exist prior to 1827, the earlier records having, it would appear, been accidentally burnt. From other sources of information, however, I have gathered sundry interesting particulars of the old church of Laggan and the antiquities of the parish. Near the eastern end of Loch Laggan there are still to be seen the venerable ruins of St Kenneth's Chapel "in the midst of its own consecrated burying-ground, which is still devoutly preferred to any other." There is a curious tradition connected with the building of this church giving some idea of the ignorance, superstition, and barbarity of the times to which it refers. The church, it is related, was built by *Allan nan creach* (or Allan of the Spoils), a *sobriquet* given to one of the family of Lochiel. Allan had been very active, and for a time rather successful, in levying contributions from his neighbours, and in driving off their cattle without any ceremony, for his own special benefit. But the tide of plunder does not always run smooth any more than that of love. Allan having met with some disasters in his predatory expeditions, was resolved—so runs the story—upon having some communication with the inhabitants of the other world in order to find out the cause. There was a celebrated witch in his neighbourhood called *Gorm Shùil*, or Blue-Eyed. She was such an adept in her profession that she could transform herself and others into hares and crows, raise hurricanes from any quarter of the compass she pleased, and perform other wonderful exploits. Under the direction of *Gorm Shùil*, Allan, for the purpose of attaining the object he had in view, took a living cat, and with his servant went at night to

a corn-kiln near Torcastle in Strathlochry. The cat was put living on a spit, and the servant commenced the process of roasting it before a slow fire, while Allan stood at the entrance leading to the fire with a drawn sword to keep off all intruders. The cat set up the most doleful lamentations, when an army of cats immediately gathered, as it were, to its rescue; but they were kept at a respectful distance by the redoubtable Allan. Every cat as it came exclaimed in Gaelic, "*Solc an carabh cait sin*"—"That is bad treatment of a cat." "It will not be better just now," was Allan's response, and every moment he would address the man at the fire, saying, "Whatever you may hear or see, keep turning the cat." At last a big black cat with one eye came and calmly remonstrated with Allan on his cruelty, and told him that his late reverses were a punishment for his wickedness in plundering his neighbours; and that in order to atone for his guilt and obtain forgiveness for his sins, he must build seven churches—a church for every *creach* that he raised. The cat—*Camdubh* (the one-eyed cat)—added that if Allan persevered in his present amusement until *Camdubh's* brother cat with the long-hanging ears (*Cluasa leabhra mo bhrathar*) would arrive, he would take such summary vengeance that Allan would never see his Maker's face in mercy. This threat having the desired effect, Allan released the roasting cat and did not wait the arrival of the dreaded *Cluasan leabhra*, but immediately retired from the scene, and lost no time in commencing his church-building contract with *Camdubh*. Ere he died Allan erected—so the legend concludes—the seven churches, and the old church of Laggan was one of the number.<sup>1</sup>

The following story is also related regarding another of Allan nan Creach's churches in St Mungo's island, at the entrance of Loch Leven, near Glencoe, in Argyllshire. About the middle of last century a man was buried in the island. For several nights after the dead man disturbed the whole neighbourhood, calling in a most dolorous strain on a certain individual to come and relieve him. The man at last set off for the island in the dead hour of night, and having arrived at the grave, found the dead man with his head and neck fairly above the ground. "What is your business with me?" says the Glencoe man, "and why are you disturbing the neighbourhood with your untimely lamentations after this fashion?" "I have not," says the dead man, "rest night or

<sup>1</sup> New Statistical Account, 1842, 426.

day since I lay here, nor shall I as long as this head is on my body. I shall give you the reason. In my younger days I swore most solemnly that I would marry a certain woman, and that I never would forsake her as long as this head remained on my body. At this time I had hold of a button, and the moment we parted I separated the *head* of the button from the neck, thinking that then all was right. I now find my mistake. You must therefore cut off my head." The other, fetching a stone, cut off the head close to the surface of the ground; and then the dead man dragged the rest of the body back to the grave, leaving the head to shift for itself. This story, it is added, was for a long time as firmly believed in by some people in Glencoe as any truth of Holy Writ.<sup>1</sup>

"Laggan," says Shaw in his 'History of the Province of Moray,' was "a mensal church, dedicated to St Kenneth. The Bishop was patron, and settled the parish *jure proprio*. Now the King is properly patron, and the family of Gordon has no act of possession. This parish was sometimes, by the Bishop, annexed to Alvie, that he might draw the more teinds from it. Mr James Lyle served long in both parishes, and, it is said, understood not the Irish language, such penury was there of ministers having that language. Upon his demitting, the parishes were disjoined, but were again united (by Murdoch Mackenzie, Bishop of Moray) in 1672, and so continued to the death of Mr Thomas Macpherson. It was again disjoined and re-erected in 1708." The name in full is Laggan-Choinnich, the *laggan* or "hollow of Kenneth." The present church is at Laggan Bridge, but the old church was at the nearest end of Loch Laggan, where the ruins are still to be seen. It is mentioned in 1239 as Logynkenny (Register of Moray), and Logykenny shortly before, as Logachnacheny and Logkeny in 1380, Logankenny in 1381 (all from Register of Moray), and Lagane in 1603 (Huntly Rental). The Gaelic word *lagan* is the diminutive of *lag*, a hollow.<sup>2</sup>

In the oldest version of the ballad of "Sir James the Rose," which appears to be founded on fact, there is a reference to the graveyard of St Kenneth's Chapel. Sir James being "under hiding" for having killed "a gallant squire," found his way to the House of Mar, and concealed himself "in the bank abune the mill, in the lowlands of Buleichan." The place of his concealment having been betrayed by

<sup>1</sup> New Statistical Account, 1842, 427.

<sup>2</sup> Transactions of Gaelic Society of Inverness, xvi. 175.

“the nourice,” he was found asleep, and his sword and target were seized before he awoke. On seeing his hopeless condition, he is represented as saying—

“ Donald, my man, wait till I fa’,  
 And ye sall get my brechan ;  
 Ye’ll get my purse, though fu’ o’ gowd,  
 To take me to Loch Laggan.”

The “purse o’ gowd” would no doubt be for the purpose of carrying Sir James’s remains to the churchyard of St Kenneth’s; but whether or not his dying request was complied with is not related.<sup>1</sup>

Skene relates that Cainnech, one of St Columba’s monks, who had accompanied him in his first visit to King Brude and founded several monasteries in Scotland, “dwelt at the foot of a mountain in the Drumalban range, referring, no doubt, to the Church of Laggankenny at the east end of Loch Laggan; and two islands are mentioned—*Ibdone* and *Eninis*, or the ‘island of birds,’ one or other of which was probably the island now called Inchkenneth, on the west side of Mull.”<sup>2</sup> It is supposed that the farms of Garvamore and Garvabeg in Laggan indicate the locality where in 1187 the forces of King William the Lion defeated the forces of Donald Ban Macwilliam, a descendant of Malcolm Canmore, and a pretender to the Crown of Scotland. “After the defeat,” says Skene, “of the Gallwegian rebels, and the slaughter of Gilcolm and his followers, the earls and barons of the kingdom of Scotland proper appear to have become more reconciled to their legitimate monarch; and he felt the necessity of either slaying or expelling Macwilliam, who had now for six years maintained himself in the northern districts beyond the Spey, and been ravaging and devastating those parts of the kingdom which adhered to King William, if he would not lose his crown altogether; but it was not till the year 1187 that he found himself in a position to advance against him. He then invaded Moravia or Moray at the head of a large army, and while he remained with the main body of the army at Inverness, sent his earls and barons with the Scots and Gallwegians to lay waste the more western parts of the province. They encountered Macwilliam in the upper part of the valley of the Spey, encamped on a moor called Mamgarvia, and a battle took place there on Friday the 31st of July, in which Macwilliam was slain with many of his

<sup>1</sup> Longmuir’s Speyside, 1860, 208, 209.

<sup>2</sup> Skene’s Celtic Scotland, ii. 132.

followers. Two years after the independence of Scotland was restored by Richard the First, King of England, and the relations between the two kingdoms replaced on their former footing.”<sup>1</sup>

In the ‘Survey of the Province of Moray,’ published in 1798, it is said that in the midst of the *Coill-more*, the great wood, extending at one time about five miles along the southern side of Loch Laggan, “is a place distinguished by the name of the *Ard merigie*, ‘the height for rearing the standard.’ It has been held sacred from remote antiquity as the burial-place of seven Caledonian kings who, according to tradition, lived about the period when the Scots, driven northward of the Tay by the Picts, held their seat of government at Dunkeld. It is likewise, by tradition, represented as a distinguished place for hunting; and it abounded in deer and roe till they were lately expelled by the introduction of sheep, with whom they never mingle. The kings, it is said, and their retinue, hunted on the banks of the lake for the greater part of almost every summer, which is rendered probable by its vicinity to the parallel roads of Glenroy, which must have been formed solely for the purpose of betraying the game into an impassable recess, and could not have been executed but by the influence of some of the first consequence and power in the State. In the lake are two neighbouring islands: on the largest the walls remain of a very ancient building, composed of round stone laid in mortar, untouched by the mason’s hammer. Here their majesties rested from the chase secure, and feasted on the game. The other, named *Eilan-nan-con*, the ‘Island of Dogs,’ was appropriated for the accommodation of the hounds; and the walls of their kennel, of similar workmanship, also remain.”<sup>2</sup>

The parish of Laggan is bounded on the north by Boleskine and Moy, on the north-east and east by Kingussie, on the south-east by Blair-Athole and Fortingall, on the south by Fortingall, and on the south-west and west by Kilmonivaig. Its utmost length is about 22 miles, its utmost width about 18 miles, and its land area about 234 square miles, or fully 150,000 acres. The Spey rises in the parish at an altitude of 1475 feet.

Laggan possesses what Mr D. Wilson considers altogether “the most perfect relic of a British stronghold of the class (*i.e.*, as at the Barmekyne of Echt) in Britain.” Dun-da-lamh occupies the summit of a very steep eminence in the angle at the junction of the Fort William

<sup>1</sup> Skene’s Celtic Scotland, i. 478, 479.

<sup>2</sup> Province of Moray, 254, 255.

and Corryarrick roads, about twelve miles west from Kingussie. The subjoined description is by the late Mr M'Nab, for many years tenant of the farm of Dalchully:—

“Dun-da-lamh, or the two-handed (so called from its having a small hill on the left side and a spur or ridge on the right, about half its own height), stands about 600 feet above the valley, the river Spey passing on the north side and the Mashie on the south at a short distance from its base; on the south and east sides the rock is nearly perpendicular. It is joined at its western end to the rest of the range by a narrow neck of land about 100 feet lower than the Dun, and about 300 yards long, the rest of the range rising from 200 to 300 feet higher. The dimensions of the top within the wall are—length, 420 feet; breadth at the west end, 250 feet; centre, 110; and east end, 75 feet. The wall appears to have varied considerably in height as well as in thickness, but in most places it is now from 2 to 5 feet high and 14 feet thick. At the west side, however, where it was most exposed, it is 17 feet thick; and in the north-west corner it is 25 feet thick, this being the most easily approached part of the whole hill. The wall at this part is still 13 feet high, and appears to have been 6 or 7 feet higher, judging from the quantity of stones that have fallen. The wall on the south side, where the rock is for about two-thirds of the length quite inaccessible, appears to have been merely built up where there were gaps in the rocks, and could only have been about 6 feet high. At the east end the rock is not quite so steep, and the wall was regularly built, and may have been about 9 or 10 feet high. At the north side the wall appears to have been about the same height until near the west end, when it rose several feet higher. The stones on both faces of the wall vary considerably in size and thickness, but the average of the flags is about 18 inches square and 2 inches thick. Yet none are so large as not to have been easily carried by a man. The stones in the centre of the wall are of all shapes and sizes, from 2 inches to a foot square, and some of them nearly round, as if dug out of the ground. There is no appearance of cement of any kind, or of earth or sand in the wall; but the face of the stones being naturally straight, the wall is beautifully built. There have been two approaches, with entrances to correspond in the wall, about the centre of the hill—one on the north, and one on the south. The one on the north is a straight gully, very steep, and about 10 yards wide, commencing in the valley between it and the little Dun. About half-way up this

approach there is a large stone which appears to have had the ground cleared away from it, and being slightly supported with small stones, so that it could have been sent down the passage with very little trouble in case of an attack. The entrance through the wall must have been very narrow, not above 3 or 4 feet. The southern approach commences at the foot of the hill, and ascends by a zigzag partly natural and partly artificial. About half-way up there is a large heap of iron slag or cinder, and a large round hole faced with stone, and filled with ashes and charcoal, which has evidently been used for smelting iron, as the heaps of cinder show evidence of much greater heat than could have been produced by a smith's forge. The top of the zigzag is so narrow that not above three men could move abreast. There is no appearance of any outworks either about the neck of the hill or on the approaches. No traces of dwellings can be discovered within the walls, although I have tried with a number of trenches in all parts, as there are many small rocks within the enclosure. Probably the dwellings were built up against them of sods and wood, and consequently left no trace. Nearly all over the enclosure there is a layer of vegetable mould from 6 inches to a foot thick, then a mixture of ashes with charcoal and small pieces of bone calcined, and stones showing strong traces of fire, the layer being about 4 inches thick, and below this the natural soil, a red clayey sand, which has no appearance of ever having been disturbed. A few yards to the west of the northern entrance there is a well or tank, which appears to have been about 3 feet deep and about 6 feet wide. It has not been built over in any way. There does not appear to be a spring in it, but being the lowest part of the ground, the surface-drainage no doubt supplied a considerable quantity of water, as, although now nearly filled up, it rarely dries except in very hot weather. Part of the well has been dug out, but nothing was found except a quantity of birch sticks, which must have been put in at a comparatively recent date. In the north-west corner, close to the wall, there is an enormous stone about 12 feet high and 14 feet square. Below this there appeared a sort of hollow, and on clearing away some loose stones and earth I found a cave to extend all under the stone. On crawling into it I found it to be about 12 feet long, 10 feet wide, and 2 feet high; but from the looseness of the sand and small stones at the bottom it is evident the cave must have been much deeper, part of the stones of the wall having fallen into it. Most probably it was used as a dwelling, as the ground is quite dry



underneath it. At the south side of the same stone there is a large heap of ashes and charcoal mixed with burnt stones, about 3 feet high and 15 feet round. I cannot glean any satisfactory traditionary account respecting this wonderful fortification, although all the common people will have it that it was built and occupied by what they call the Fingalians, of whose strength and hunting propensities they have very marvellous stories. The Dun is within a short distance of Dalchully House, and there is a very neat Catholic chapel at the base of the mountain, forming a prominent object as one enters the valley of the Spey from Kingussie; and the view from the top of the Dun itself is very extensive, Kinrara monument being quite visible in a clear day, and the great Benmacdui is to be seen peering over the tops of all the other hills.”<sup>1</sup>

The old military road from the Bridge of Laggan by Corryarrick to Fort Augustus was formed by General Wade about the year 1735. “This the most truly alpine road in the British dominions has been left to decay, and large portions of it have been swept away by torrents, so that the zigzag lines by which the military engineer endeavoured to render the steep side of an abrupt mountain accessible to artillery have been tumbled into heaps of rubbish like natural scaurs.”<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Anderson's Guide to the Highlands, fourth ed., 1863, 138-140.

<sup>2</sup> Burton's History of Scotland (1689-1748), ii. 256.

## CHAPTER IX.

MRS GRANT OF LAGGAN—TOUCHING INCIDENT OF LAST CENTURY—  
THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO ARDVERIKIE.

INSEPARABLY connected with the parish of Laggan is the name of the celebrated Mrs Grant, whose 'Letters from the Mountains,' first published in 1806, became exceedingly popular, giving, as they do, not only graphic descriptions of many interesting spots in the district, but also delightful glimpses of the manners of the inhabitants and of the parties with whom she came in contact—ranging from the time when she was a bright-hearted girl of eighteen at Fort Augustus, down for many years after she became the wife of the worthy minister of Laggan. An interesting circumstance alluded to by Mrs Grant is the fact that she was among the last who met Dr Johnson on his celebrated journey, and she retained a lively recollection of the great lexicographer's peculiar manner and costume. Born in Glasgow on 21st February 1755, Mrs Grant was the daughter of Mr Duncan M'Vicar, an officer in the British army, her mother being a granddaughter of Mr Stewart of Invernahyle, an ancient family in the county of Argyll. Alexander Stewart, Esq. of Invernahyle, the fine old Highland gentleman mentioned by Sir Walter Scott as the prototype of the Baron of Bradwardine in 'Waverley,' and of whom he records many interesting anecdotes from personal acquaintance, was a granduncle of Mrs Grant, being the brother of her maternal grandmother. After spending a considerable portion of her youth in America, Mrs Grant, in 1768, returned to Scotland with her father, who in 1773 was appointed barrack-master at Fort Augustus. The office of chaplain to the garrison there was then held by Mr Grant, who in 1775 was presented to the parish of Laggan, and four years afterwards he and





*Dawson & S.*

*Mrs Grant of Laggan.*  
*Born 1755. Died 1838.*

*From a Miniature painted on the 60<sup>th</sup> year of her age*

Miss M'Vicar were united in marriage. "No sooner," says Dr Longmuir, "do we hear the words 'Manse of Laggan,' than Mrs Grant, wife of the minister of this parish at the close of the last century, immediately occurs to the memory, with many pleasing and sad reminiscences of her regard for her husband, her love for her children, her grief for their loss, her admiration of her friends, every one of whom, though 'merely tolerable, she decked with a thousand charms'; her lively description of her neighbours and their superstitions; her kindness to them in distress, 'healing them all,' as her husband averred, 'with sympathy and bark'; her distress at his death, and her sadness on leaving the cottage that, for twenty years, had been the abode of refinement and chequered happiness."<sup>1</sup> Here is a beautiful picture of the "lowly cottage" and its inmates, expressive of the feelings of the loving wife and mother on her return to Laggan after a short absence:—

"Dear lowly cottage! <sup>2</sup> o'er whose humble thatch  
 The dewy moss has velvet verdure spread,  
 Once more, with trem'ulous hands, thy ready latch  
 I lift, and to thy lintel bow my head.  
 Dear are thy inmates! beauty's roseate smile,  
 And eye soft melting, hail my wished return;  
 Loud clamours infant joy; around meanwhile  
 Maturer breasts with silent rapture burn.  
 Within these narrow bounds I reign secure,  
 And duteous love and prompt obedience find;  
 Nor sigh to view my destiny obscure  
 (Where all is lowly, but each owner's mind  
 Content), if pilgrims passing by our cell  
 Say, 'With her sister Peace *there* Virtue loves to dwell.'"<sup>3</sup>

Mrs Grant thus alludes to the superstitious dread once inspired by the belief that the *Corry*, or hollow in the mountain, in the parish of Laggan, where the Spey rises, was inhabited by a spirit of mischief:—

"Now wide and wild the dreary prospect shows,  
 Where stars with glimmering light illumine the snows;  
 Through fleecy clouds a dubious lustre spread,  
 Where *Corryarrick* rears his lofty head.  
 Deep at his feet the dismal Corry lies,

<sup>1</sup> Longmuir's Speyside, 1860, 182.

<sup>2</sup> The "dear lowly cottage," around which clustered so many sacred memories, gave place, alas! long since to the farmhouse of Gaskbeg. The *present* manse of Laggan is situated on an eminence about two hundred yards to the west of the site of the old one.

<sup>3</sup> Poems on Various Subjects, by Mrs Grant, 1803, 208, 209.

Where dwells a spirit hid from human eyes,  
 Whose magic art the fatal blast unties ;  
 The fatal blast, incessant whirling round,  
 With horror fills the cavity profound :  
 The Demon, in the whirling drift disguised,  
 Has oft the unweeting stranger here surprised,  
 And many a grave is seen with foxglove crowned,  
 When spring appears with dewy locks unbound,  
 And many a plaintive ghost sad fancy forms,  
 And hears their hollow shriek amidst the storms.  
 Here Farquhar paused, looked back, and shuddering saw  
 His faithful dog first shrink in silent awe,  
 Then, howling, trembling fly with quickened pace,  
 To warn his master from the fatal place.  
 'Shall I too fly?' he cried, 'or trust the Pow'r  
 Who guards us in the dark and silent hour?  
 From whom commissioned blasts have leave to fly,  
 Or sleep within the curtains of the sky.  
 Strong in His strength these horrors I explore ;  
 By Him protected, Farquhar fears no more.'"<sup>1</sup>

The following lines, descriptive of the course of the *Bronnach*, a small mountain brook flowing near the old manse of Laggan, give expression to the soothing effects of its placid murmurs on the overburdened heart of the sorely afflicted authoress, "when pining with anguish or sunk in despair." "Never, sure," she says, "in a quarter of a mile's course did a mountain brook assume such various aspects and speak such different languages" :—

" Rude stream that com'st dashing the wild rocks among,  
 And drown'st in thy tumults the pastoral song,  
 How oft thy hoarse clamours have softened my care,  
 When pining with anguish or sunk in despair !

When nature lay hushed in oblivious repose,  
 When nothing was waking but I and my woes ;  
 When the stars all beheld me, with bright eyes of fire,  
 And bade me resign, and their Author admire ;

Then, where by my cottage thy turbulent course,  
 Like sorrow subsiding, diminished its force ;  
 When the heart, overburdened, could seek for relief,  
 Thy murmurs how placid, how soothing to grief !

When morn in fresh beauty enlightened the skies,  
 When the sun was preparing in splendour to rise,  
 Among the smooth pebbles, in melody clear,  
 Smooth-gliding, thy waters more lucid appear.

<sup>1</sup> Poems on Various Subjects, by Mrs Grant, 63, 64.

But when, in the meadows, at evening's soft hours,  
 On thy borders I wander 'midst verdure and flowers,  
 Where, hid in thy channel in whispers so sweet,  
 Thou art heard in a cadence for sympathy meet,

My musings, though pensive, are free from despair,  
 While soothing I feel the soft balm of the air ;  
 When, from thy low banks, they ascend to the sky,  
 My soul seems to follow the larks where they fly.

When the sun from the west, with a soft parting ray,  
 Irradiates thy stream where it mingles with Spey,  
 While, to seek the wide ocean, thy pure waters roll,  
 How sad, yet how tranquil, the calm of my soul !

The stream that with thee in the mountains arose,  
 In whose dark recesses your sources disclose,  
 Whose parting thy murmurs lament all the way,  
 Though forced from beside thee so early to stray,

Now again shall rejoin thee, and flow in one tide,  
 Nor part till to ocean together ye glide :  
 How blest, who arrive at that sea without shore,  
 Where currents rejoin to be sundered no more !"<sup>1</sup>

Writing from Woodend, near Stirling, on 10th October 1803, to Mrs Smith of Jordanhill, Mrs Grant thus contrasts the "gentle and courteous cottagers" of her "ever dear Laggan" with the peasantry with whom she had come in contact south of the Grampians: "You will think it a romantic source of inquietude that, though my own fireside exhibits a scene of harmony and innocence, of 'power to chase all sadness but despair,' I languish for the scenes of humble happiness that have been so long congenial as well as familiar to me. Gentle and courteous cottagers of my ever dear Laggan, where is your simplicity of Life? Where are your native undebased sentiments? Where your mutual kindness, your social affection, your reverence for virtue, your grateful respect to superiors, and your self-denial, fortitude, and unequal filial duty? Here am I grieved with the altered manners of a gross and sordid peasantry, who retain only the form they have inherited from their pious ancestors while the spirit is entirely evaporated; who, while they have advanced in the knowledge and practice of a species of coarse and tasteless luxury, are retrograde in everything valuable and estimable; who regard their superiors with envious ill-will, and their equals with selfish coldness; who

<sup>1</sup> Letters from the Mountains, ii. 186, 187.

neither look back to their ancestors nor forward to their successors, but live and labour merely for the individual. They, sure enough, are degenerated; but I have lived in a luxury of a superior kind, which has made me fastidious.”<sup>1</sup>

The following lines, “On a Sprig of Heath,” are in Mrs Grant’s happiest manner:—

“Gem of the heath! whose modest bloom  
Sheds beauty o’er the lonely moor;  
Though thou dispense no rich perfume,  
Nor yet with splendid tints allure,  
Oft hast thou decked, a favourite flower,  
Both valour’s crest and beauty’s bower.

Flower of the wild! whose purple glow  
Adorns the dusky mountain’s side,  
Not the gay hues of Iris’ bow,  
Nor garden’s artful, varied pride,  
With all its wealth of sweets, could  
cheer  
Like thee, the hardy mountaineer.

Flower of his heart! thy fragrance mild  
Of peace and freedom seems to  
breathe:  
To pluck thy blossoms in the wild,  
And deck his bonnet with the wreath,  
Where dwelt of old his rustic sires,  
Is all his simple wish requires.

Flower of his dear-loved native land!  
Alas! when distant, far more dear.  
When he from some cold, foreign strand  
Looks homeward through the blinding  
tear,  
How must his aching heart deplore,  
That home and thee he sees no more.”

Removing to Edinburgh a few years after the death of her husband, whom she survived for the long period of thirty-seven years, Mrs Grant continued to live in that city for nearly thirty years—namely, from 1810 until her death in 1838. During this lengthened period she “mixed extensively in the literary and other circles of Edinburgh, where her house was the resort of many eminent characters, both of her own and foreign countries. She continued all this time to maintain an extensive correspondence with her friends in England, Scotland, and America, and her letters, as may be supposed, contained many sketches of the literary and other society of the Scottish capital, and of the varied characters with whom she was brought into contact, as well as notices of the literature and general topics of the day.”

In a letter addressed to a friend, written from Edinburgh on 19th February 1821, Mrs Grant gives the following delightful glimpse of her life in Badenoch, and of the warm affection which, down to the close of her long and honoured life, she continued to cherish for “the humble dwellers in the cottages of Laggan:”—

“I can scarcely believe that any one has more vivid enjoyment of

<sup>1</sup> Memoir and Correspondence of Mrs Grant, 1845, i. 38, 39.



the Scotch Novels and Wordsworth's 'Excursion' than myself; for I am convinced there does not exist a person in decent station with a mind in any degree cultivated or capable of refinement who has had more intercourse with the lower classes. In the first place, I was assiduous in learning the language of the country where my lot was thrown. Long days have I knit my stocking or carried an infant from sheaf to sheaf, sitting and walking by turns on the harvest-field, attentively observing conversation which for the first years of my residence in the Highlands I was not supposed to understand. Seldom a day passed that I did not find two or three petitioners in the kitchen respectfully entreating for advice, medicine, or some petty favour. Often I sat down with them, and led them to converse, captivated with the strength and beauty of their expressions in their native tongue. It would not be easy to make you comprehend how often the duties of a Highland housewife subject her to the necessity of communion with her inferiors. Here, in Edinburgh, where all the pleasures and troubles of such intercourse might be supposed at an end, scarcely a week passes but some poor native of Laggan comes to entreat me to write a letter, or in some way interest myself in behalf of them or their children, and I never refuse. I cannot complain of the world; since I have embarked in it I have met with kindness, and even in some instances unhopèd-for approbation: yet there is nothing that comes so cordially home to my heart as the murmurs of remembered affection, which through different channels reaches my ear from the humble dwellers in the cottages of Laggan."<sup>1</sup>

Mrs Grant's life, for some years after she gave up writing for the public, had been in part devoted to an intellectual employment of another kind—the superintendence of the education of a succession of young persons of her own sex, who were sent to reside with her. From the year 1826, also, her means had been further increased by a pension of £50, which was granted to her by George IV., on a representation drawn up by Sir Walter Scott, and supported by Henry Mackenzie, Lord Jeffrey, and other distinguished persons among her friends in Edinburgh. In that representation they declared their belief that Mrs Grant had rendered eminent services to the cause of religion, morality, knowledge, and taste, and that her writings had “produced a strong and salutary effect upon her countrymen, who not only found recorded in them much

<sup>1</sup> Memoir and Correspondence of Mrs Grant, ii. 264, 265.

of national history and antiquities which would otherwise have been forgotten, but found them combined with the soundest and best lessons of virtue and morality.”

Of the five sons and seven daughters of Mrs Grant's marriage, four died in early life before their father; and with the exception of John Peter, for many years a Writer to the Signet in Edinburgh, who edited her correspondence and the memoir of her life, published in 1845, all predeceased their venerated and famous mother. The following is the inscription on the tombstone erected to her memory, beside that of her husband, in the churchyard of Laggan:—

“ Sacred to the Memory of  
MRS ANNE GRANT,  
WIDOW OF THE REV. JAMES GRANT, MINISTER OF THIS PARISH,  
WHO DIED IN EDINBURGH, 7TH NOVEMBER 1838,  
AGED 83.

Her writings illustrate the associations and scenes of her eventful life. Her eminent virtues adorned its relations. Her Christian faith and fortitude sustained its many severe afflictions in humble submission to the will of God.

Her numerous family of twelve children, for whom she made most meritorious and successful exertions, was, by the will of a mysterious Providence, all cut off before herself, except him who now records this memorial of his love and veneration.

Her mortal remains are interred in the burying-ground of Saint Cuthbert's Parish, Edinburgh.”

An affecting incident of last century, upon which a touching Gaelic ballad connected with Laggan was founded, is thus related by the Rev. Mr Sinton, now of Dores, in the ‘Celtic Magazine’ for May 1887: “The cattle at Blargie, in Upper Badenoch, being let loose on a sunny day in early spring, became frantic with delight of their novel and unexpectedly acquired freedom, and betook themselves to the hills, heedless of consequences. The herd—a young man named Macdonald—followed them as far as Drumuachdar, which extends between Dalwhinnie and Dalnacardoch. While he traversed that solitary and sterile tract, the weather, then proverbially fickle, changed terribly. A blinding snow-storm set in, and the unfortunate lad never more found his way home. Among those who set out in quest of the lost herd was his leman (or true-love), who is said to have composed her lover's elegy. The catastrophe was a favourite theme with the milkmaids of Laggan and Kin-gussie for many years.” Mr Sinton gives fragmentary portions of the

original in the 'Celtic Magazine,' which have been thus beautifully translated by the late Principal Shairp of St Andrews:—

"O wae on Loch Laggan!  
That bonnie spring day  
Lured my lad and his herd  
To the desert away;

Then changed ere night fell  
To a demon its form,  
And hugged him to death  
In the arms of the storm.

Drumuachdar's dark moor  
I have wandered in pain,  
The herd I have found,  
Sought the herdsman in vain.

But my gentle Macdonald  
Lay stretched where he fell,  
His head on the willow,  
His feet in the well.

The folk with their dirks  
Cutting birches so nigh thee,  
O why did none chance  
In that hour to pass by thee?

Had I but been there  
Ere the death-chill had bound thee,  
With a dry ample plaid  
To fold warmly around thee;

And a quaich of pure spirit  
Thrice passed through the reek,  
To bring warmth to thy heart  
And the glow to thy cheek;

A bright fire on the floor,  
Without smoke or ashes,  
In a well-woven bothy  
Theeked o'er with green rashes.

Not thus, O not thus,  
But all lonely thy dying!  
Yet the men came in crowds  
Where in death thou wast lying.

There was weeping and wail  
In the crags to the west of thee,  
As the race of two grandsires  
Came lorn and distressed for thee.

Thy kindred and clansmen  
Were mingling their grief,  
In the kiln as they laid thee  
And waited the chief.

Till Cluny arrived,  
His proud head bending low,  
Till Clan Vourich arrived,  
Each man with his woe.

Till Clan-Ian arrived  
To swell the great wail,—  
They three that were oldest  
And best of the Gael.

With them came too Clan Tavish,  
The hardest in fight;  
There, too, were his brothers,  
Heart-sick at the sight.

And thy one little sister,  
In life's early bloom,  
Was there, too, her beauty  
O'ershadowed with gloom.

And there stood his old mother  
Wringing her hands,  
Her grey locks down-streaming,  
Unloosed from their bands.

And the lass of his love  
Came riving her hair,  
The look of her face  
Wild and wan with despair.

O what crying and weeping  
That doleful day fills  
The hollows and heights  
Of Drumuachdar's dark hills!"<sup>1</sup>

From 21st August to 17th September 1847 the Queen, the Prince Con-

<sup>1</sup> Shairp's Glen Dessaray and other Poems, 1888, 172-175.

sort, and the Royal Family occupied the beautiful residence of Ardverikie (close to Loch Laggan), then the property of Cluny Macpherson, of which her Majesty has given the following interesting sketch:—

“ARDVERIKIE, LOCH LAGGAN, *Saturday, August 21.*

“Alas! a very wet morning. We were ready long before nine o'clock, but had to wait, as our carriages were not ready. At last we all landed at *Fort William*, where there was a great gathering of Highlanders, in their different tartans, with Lord Lovat and Mr Stuart Mackenzie at their head. We got into our carriage with Charles and the two children; there was a great crowd to see us off. We went by a very wild and lonely road, the latter part extremely fine, with mountains and streams that reminded us of *Glen Tilt*. We changed horses only once, and came at length in sight of *Loch Laggan*. It is a beautiful lake (small in comparison to what we have seen) surrounded by very fine mountains: the road by its side is extremely pretty. We saw Lord Abercorn's house of *Ardverikie* long before we came to it. At *Laggan* there is only a small inn, and at the end of the lake, a ferry. Here, in spite of the pouring rain, were assembled a number of Highlanders, with Macpherson of Cluny (always called Cluny Macpherson) and three dear little boys of his,<sup>1</sup> Davidson of Tulloch, and others, with Lord Abercorn in full Highland dress. We stepped out of our carriage and stood upon the floating bridge, and so crossed over in two or three minutes. We then drove on, in our pony-carriages, to *Ardverikie*, and arrived there in about twenty minutes. It is quite close to the lake, and the view from the windows, as I now write, though obscured by rain, is very beautiful, and extremely wild. There is not a village, house, or cottage within four or five miles: one can only get to it by the ferry, or by rowing across the lake. The house is a comfortable shooting-lodge, built of stone, with many nice rooms in it. Stags' horns are placed along the outside and in the passages; and the walls of the drawing-room and ante-room are ornamented with beautiful drawings of stags by Landseer.

<sup>1</sup> The “three dear little boys” of Cluny, alluded to by the Queen, lived to become distinguished soldiers in her Majesty's service—the eldest, Colonel Duncan, ultimately attaining the command of the celebrated Black Watch “of song and story”; the second, Colonel Ewen (the present Chief), the command of the gallant 93d Highlanders; and the third, Captain Gordon, becoming an officer in the famous Coldstream Guards.

“There is little to say of our stay at Ardverikie; the country is very fine, but the weather was most dreadful.

“On the 28th, about five o'clock, Albert drove me out across the ferry, along the Kingussie road, and from here the scenery was splendid: high bold hills, with a good deal of wood; glens, with the Paddock, and a small waterfall; the meadows here and there, with people making hay, and cottages sprinkled sparingly about, reminded us much of Thüringen. We drove to the small farm, where Colonel Macpherson now lives, called Strathmashie, and back again, 16 miles in all. We were delighted with the scenery, which is singularly beautiful, wild and romantic,—with so much fine wood about it, which greatly enhances the beauty of a landscape.”<sup>1</sup>

“Loch Laggan, admiring,  
I gaze on thy charms,  
Which thy hills, bold-aspiring,  
Enfold in their arms,  
With their cloud-turbaned brows,  
And their birch-mantled breast;  
While the clear Pattach flows  
To the beam of the west.

New charms, as I gaze,  
Still unfold on my sight,  
While the white wavy haze  
Wraps Ardverikie's height;  
And thy calm bosom shows,  
Clear-reflected, each steep,  
While the dark purple glows  
In thy waters so deep.

Yon old, mould'ring Fort,  
On thy green island's side,  
Where Fergus held court,  
May extinguish our pride;  
For the bright flow'ret's bloom  
From each crevice fresh springs,  
While defaced in the tomb  
Lies the grandeur of kings.

May our heart, like thy bosom,  
Reflect Heaven's face;  
And our life, like thy blossom,  
Prove fragrant of grace;  
And murmur, sweet Pattach,  
In mem'ry's fond ear,  
'May your days, like my water,  
Flow useful and clear.' ”<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Leaves from the Journal of our Life in the Highlands, 87.

<sup>2</sup> Longmuir's Speyside, 1860, 214, 215.



THE  
OLD CHURCH AND CHURCHYARD OF KINGUSSIE  
(ST COLUMBA'S)

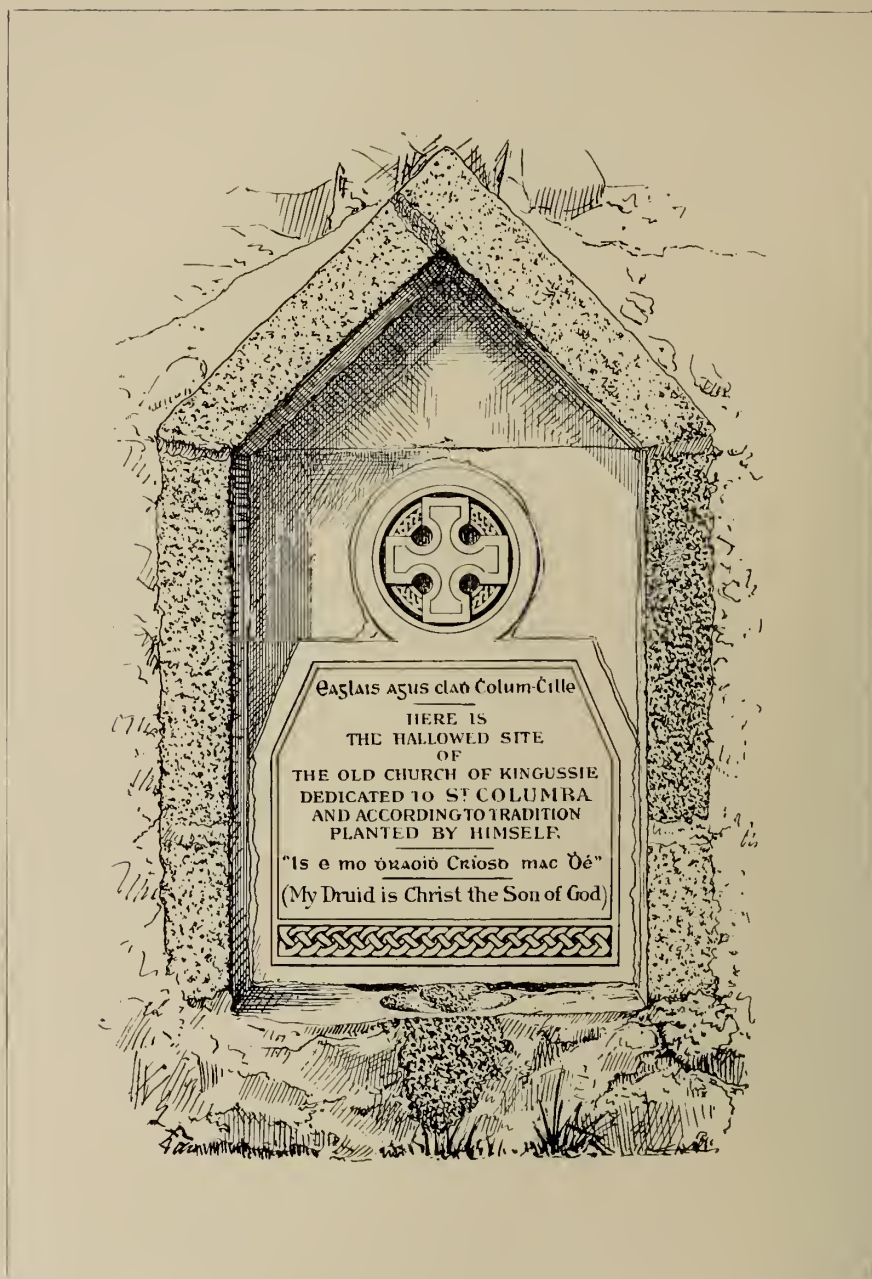
“Weep, thou father of Morar! Weep; but thy son heareth thee not.  
Deep is the sleep of the dead; low their pillow of dust. No more shall  
he hear thy voice, no more awake at thy call. When shall it be morn in  
the grave, to bid the slumberer awake? Farewell, thou bravest of men.”  
—OSSIAN'S *Lament at the Tombs of Heroes*.

“O voices of heroes long vanished,  
Ye live, overcoming the tomb,  
While lingers the music of Ossian  
Round hills where the heather doth bloom.”

—NICOLSON.







Eaglais agus cladh Colum-Cille

HERE IS  
THE HALLOWED SITE  
OF

THE OLD CHURCH OF KINGUSSIE  
DEDICATED TO ST COLUMBA  
AND ACCORDING TO TRADITION  
PLANTED BY HIMSELF.

"Is e mo ùraoiù Crìosd mac Dè"

(My Druid is Christ the Son of God)

# THE OLD CHURCH AND CHURCHYARD OF KINGUSSIE (ST COLUMBA'S).

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## CHAPTER I.

THE PLANTING OF THE CHURCH—ST COLUMBA—MURIACH, PARSON OF  
KINGUSSIE—CHARTER BY WILLIAM THE LION AND OTHER WRITS,  
ETC.



IN giving a few gleanings and traditions gathered from various sources regarding the old church and churchyard of Kingussie, it may not be out of place, by way of introduction, to give a glimpse or two of the great missionary saint and Highland apostle, by whom, according to popular tradition, the church was planted, and to whom it was dedicated.

In the very interesting *Life of St Columba* by the elder Dr Norman Macleod—the large-hearted, Highlander-loving minister for so many years of St Columba's Gaelic Church in Glasgow—it is related that Columba, with twelve of his favourite disciples, left Ireland 563 A.D. in a little *curach* built of wicker-work covered with hide, arriving on Whitsun Eve in that year at the “lonely, beautiful, and soft-aired Iona,” which subsequently remained his home down to the date of his death in 597 A.D. The Highlands—indeed the whole country north of the Forth and Clyde—were at that time, we are told, like a vast wilderness, without way or road through the thick dark woods—the hills extensive and full of wild

beasts. But in spite of all this Columba persevered. During four-and-thirty years he never rested nor wearied in the work of founding churches and spreading the Gospel of Christ. In his day he established three hundred churches, besides founding one hundred monasteries; and as he penetrated in the course of his mission so far north as Inverness, the probability undoubtedly is that the old church of Kingussie was one of the number thus planted by him.

No traces remain of the buildings which he thus raised, but some particulars of their general character have come down to us. "There was an earthen rampart which enclosed all the settlement. There was a mill-stream, a kiln, a barn, a refectory. The church, with its sacristy, was of oak. The cells of the brethren were surrounded by walls of clay held together by wattles. Columba had his special cell in which he wrote and read; two brethren stationed at the door waited his orders. He slept on the bare ground, with a stone for his pillow. The members of the community were bound by solemn vows. . . . Their dress was a white tunic, over which was worn a rough mantle and hood of wool left its natural colour. They were shod with sandals, which they took off at meals. Their food was simple, consisting commonly of barley-bread, milk, fish, and eggs." According to the evidence of Adamnan, his successor and biographer, the foundation of Columba's preaching, and his great instrument in the conversion of the rude Highland people of that early time, was the Word of God. "No fact," says Dr MacGregor of St Cuthbert's, "could be more significant or prophetic. It was the pure unadulterated religion of Jesus that was first offered to our forefathers, and broke in upon the gloom of our ancient forests. The first strong foundations of the Scottish Church were laid broad and deep, where they rest to-day, on the solid rock of Scripture. It was with *the Book* that Columba fought and won the battle with Paganism, Knox the battle with Popery, Melville the first battle of Presbytery with Episcopacy—the three great struggles which shaped the form and determined the fortunes of the Scottish Church."<sup>1</sup>

The picture of the closing scene in the life of St Columba on 9th June 597 A.D., as given by Dr Boyd of St Andrews—the well-known "A. K. H. B."—in his eloquent lecture on "Early Christian Scotland," is so beautiful and touching that I cannot refrain from quoting it:—

<sup>1</sup> St Giles' Lectures, 1st series, 1881, 354.

“On Sunday, June 2, he was celebrating the Communion as usual, when the face of the venerable man, as his eyes were raised to heaven, suddenly appeared suffused with a ruddy glow. He had seen an angel hovering above the church, and blessing it: an angel sent to bear away his soul. Columba knew that the next Saturday was to be his last. The day came, and along with his attendant, Diormit, he went to bless the barn. He blest it, and two heaps of winnowed corn in it; saying thankfully that he rejoiced for his beloved monks, for that, if he were obliged to depart from them, they would have provision enough for the year. His attendant said, ‘This year, at this time, father, thou often vexest us, by so frequently making mention of thy leaving us.’ For, like humbler folk drawing near to the great change, St Columba could not but allude to it, more or less directly. Then, having bound his attendant not to reveal to any before he should die what he now said, he went on to speak more freely of his departure. ‘This day,’ he said, ‘in the Holy Scriptures is called the Sabbath, which means Rest. And this day is indeed a Sabbath to me, for it is the last day of my present laborious life, and on it I rest after the fatigues of my labours; and this night at midnight, which commenceth the solemn Lord’s Day, I shall go the way of our fathers. For already my Lord Jesus Christ deigneth to invite me; and to Him in the middle of this night I shall depart at His invitation. For so it hath been revealed to me by the Lord Himself.’

“Diormit wept bitterly; and they two returned towards the monastery. Half-way the aged saint sat down to rest at a spot afterwards marked with a cross; and while here, a white pack-horse, that used to carry the milk-vessels from the cowshed to the monastery, came to the saint, and laying its head on his breast, began to shed human tears of distress. The good man, we are told, blest his humble fellow-creature, and bade it farewell. Then ascending the hill hard by he looked upon the monastery, and holding up both his hands, breathed his last benediction upon the place he had ruled so well; prophesying that Iona should be held in honour far and near. He went down to his little hut, and pushed on at his task of transcribing the Psalter. The last lines he wrote are very familiar in those of our churches where God’s praise has its proper place; they contain the words of the beautiful anthem which begins, ‘O taste and see how gracious the Lord is.’ He finished the page; he wrote the words with which the anthem ends, ‘They that seek the Lord shall want no manner of thing that is good’; and laying down his pen for the last time, he said, ‘Here at the end of the page I must stop; let Baithene write what comes after.’

“Having written the words, he went into the church to the last service of Saturday evening. When this was over, he returned to his chamber and lay down on his bed. It was a bare flag, and his pillow was a stone, which was afterwards set up beside his grave. Lying here he gave his last counsels to his brethren, but only Diormit heard him. ‘These, O my children, are the last words I say to you: that ye be at peace, and have unfeigned charity among yourselves; and if, then, you follow the example of the holy fathers, God, the Comforter of the good, will

be your Helper : and I, abiding with Him, will intercede for you, and He will not only give you sufficient to supply the wants of this present life, but will also bestow on you the good and eternal rewards which are laid up for those that keep His commandments.' The hour of his departure drew near, and the saint was silent ; but when the bell rang at midnight, and the Lord's Day began, he rose hastily and hurried into the church faster than any could follow him. He entered alone, and knelt before the altar. His attendant following, saw the whole church blaze with a heavenly light ; others of the brethren saw it also ; but as they entered the light vanished, and the church was dark. When lights were brought, the saint was lying before the altar : he was departing. The brethren burst into lamentations. Columba could not speak ; but he looked eagerly to right and left with a countenance of wonderful joy and gladness, seeing doubtless the shining ones that had come to bear him away. As well as he was able he moved his right hand in blessing on his brethren, and thus blessing them the wearied saint passed to his rest : St Columba was gone from Iona. . . . There is but one account of his wonderful voice—wonderful for power and sweetness. In church it did not sound louder than other voices ; but it could be heard perfectly a mile away. Diormit heard its last words ; the beautiful voice could not more worthily have ended its occupation. With kindly thought of those he was leaving, with earnest care for them, with simple promise to help them if he could where he was going, it was fit that good St Columba should die."<sup>1</sup>

To quote the beautiful lines of the late Principal Shairp of St Andrews—another warm-hearted friend, by the way, of the Highlands and Highland people :—

“Centuries gone the saint from Erin  
Hither came on Christ's behest,  
Taught and toiled, and when was ended  
Life's long labour, here found rest ;  
And all ages since have followed  
To the ground his grave hath blessed.”<sup>2</sup>

Little or no reliable information regarding the old church of Kingussie earlier than the twelfth century has come down to us. About the middle of that century Muriach, the historical parson of Kingussie, on the death of his brother without issue, became head of his family, and succeeded to the chiefship of Clan Chattan. Of Muriach and his five sons the following account is given in 'Douglas's Baronage of Scotland':—

“*Muriach* or *Murdoch*, who being born a younger brother, was bred to the Church, and was parson of Kingussie, then a large and honourable benefice ; but,

<sup>1</sup> St Giles' Lectures, 1st series, 1881, 46-48.

<sup>2</sup> Shairp's Kilmahoe, 1864, 85.

upon the death of his elder brother without issue, he became head of his family, and captain of the Clan Chattan.

“He thereupon obtained a dispensation from the Pope, anno 1173, and married a daughter of the Thane of Calder, by whom he had five sons.

“1. *Gillicattan*, his heir.

“2. *Ewan* or *Eugine Baan*, of whom the present Duncan Macpherson, now of Clunie, Esq., is lineally descended, as will be shown hereafter.

“3. *Neill Cromb*, so called from his stooping and round shoulders. He had a rare mechanical genius, applied himself to the business of a smith, and made and contrived several utensils of iron, of very curious workmanship; is said to have taken his surname from his trade, and was progenitor of all the Smiths in Scotland.

“4. *Ferquhard Gilliriach*, or the Swift, of whom the Macgillivrays of Drum-naglash in Inverness-shire, and those of Pennygoit in the Isle of Mull, &c., &c., are descended.

“5. *David Dow*, or *the Black*, from his swarthy complexion. Of him the old Davidsons of Invernahaven, &c., &c., are said to be descended.

“Muriach died in the end of the reign of King William the Lion, and was succeeded by his eldest son.”<sup>1</sup>

Surnames about this time having become hereditary, Macpherson—that is, “Son of the Parson”—became the distinguishing Clan appellation of the descendants of Muriach’s second son, who, in consequence of the death of the eldest son without issue, became the senior or principal branch of Muriach’s posterity. Were the famous parson to appear again in the flesh, he would doubtless be lost in utter amazement to find that the descendants of his third son, Neill Cromb, had “multiplied and replenished the earth” to such an extent that all of the name of Smith in Scotland alone might now be reckoned almost as the sands on the sea-shore in multitude.

A charter by William the Lion, of date 25th August 1203, concerning the church of Kingussie, is in the following terms:—

“W., by the Grace of God, King of the Scots, to all good men throughout his land greeting: Know that I have granted, and by this Charter confirmed, that presentation which Gilbert de Kathern made to Bricius, Bishop of Moray, of the Church of Kynguscy, with the Chapel of Benchory and all the other rights appertaining thereto, to be held as liberally, peacefully, in munificence and honour, as the Charter of the aforesaid Bricius testifies.”<sup>2</sup>

A concession of Bishop Andrew de Moravia (who succeeded Bishop

<sup>1</sup> Douglas’s Baronage of Scotland, 1798, 354, 355.

<sup>2</sup> Registrum Moraviense, 14.

Bricius) anent the prebends of Kingusy and Inche, dated in 1226, is in these terms :—

“In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, Amen : I, Andrew, Bishop of Moray, with the consent of the Chapter of Moray, in order to amplify divine worship in our Cathedral Church—to wit, the Church of the Holy Trinity at Elgin—appoint two prebends, and these I assign to the same Church for ever, lawfully to be held and possessed as prebends or canonries—one, namely, of the Churches of Kingusy and Inche with their manses ; the other of the Churches of Croyn and Lunyn with their manses. And I will that whoever for the time being is my vicar in the Cathedral Church should have these, and that he become the Canon of the same Church, to make his abode in the same as my vicar,” &c.<sup>1</sup>

Bishop Andrew “confirmed the gift of Bishop Bricius for eight canonries, and to them he added the kirks of Rhynie, Dunbenan, Kynor, Inverkethny, Elethin (now Elchies), and Buchary (now Botary), Cromdale and Advyn, Kingusy and Inch, Croyn and Lunyn (probably now Croy and Lundichty or Dunlichtie).”<sup>2</sup>

An agreement between the same Bishop and Walter Cumyn, between the years 1224-33, runs as follows :—

“Let all who are likely to see or hear of this writing know that this is the final peace and agreement made between Andrew, Bishop of Moray, on the one side, and Walter Cumyn on the other—viz., that the aforesaid Bishop, with the common consent of all his Chapter, renounced for himself and his successors for all time, all those things which the bishops of Moray were wont to receive or exact from the land of Badenoch yearly—viz., 4 marts, 6 pigs, 8 cogs of cheese, and 2½ chalders [of corn], and twenty shillings, which the same Walter was bound to give to the bishops of Moray, for one davach of land at Logykenny, and 12 pence, which the same paid for Inverdrumyn. . . . In consideration of which, the same Walter gave and granted to the bishops of Moray for ever a davach of land in which the Church of Logykenny is situated, and another davach at the Inch in which is situated the Church of Inch, and 6 acres of land near the Church of Kingusy, in which that Church is situated. Moreover, all the bishops of Moray shall hold in pure and perpetual charity all these lands, with all privileges justly appertaining to them—in forest and plain, in meadows and pastures, in moors and marshes, in water-pools and grinding-mills, in wild beasts and birds, in waters and fishes.”<sup>3</sup>

By an ordination order of Bishop Andrew, between the Chapter of Moray and the Prebendary of Kinguscy, of date 10th December 1253, it is declared that—

<sup>1</sup> Registrum Moraviense, 72.

<sup>2</sup> Shaw's History of Moray, 408.

<sup>3</sup> Registrum Moraviense, 82-84.



“To all the sons of the Holy Mother Church who may see or hear this writing, A[rchibald], by divine permission Bishop of Moray, gives eternal greeting in the Lord. Since the Chapter of the Church of Moray, on account of divers causes and matters pertaining to the same Church, has been burdened with debt, and for as much as, for the apparent advantage of the Church itself, it has freely granted 10 marks annually to Master Mathew, a writer from the City of our Lord the Pope—we, being anxious to provide for the alleviation and security of the same, with the express wish and consent of William of Elgin, Prebendary of Kinguscy, who has bound himself by oath to observe this order of ours for himself and his successors, grant and ordain that the aforesaid Chapter shall acquire and have every year at the feast of St John the Baptist, during the whole life of the said Master Mathew, 20 marks from the tithes of the crops (?) of Kinguscy and the Inche, to be received through the hands of the said William, or whoever is appointed prebendary in the same prebend, or the agents of the same; and also that the said William, and prebendaries of Kinguscy succeeding the same, shall pay every year at the above feast to the Procurator of the Chapter one mark sterling for expenses incurred in connection with the sending of the said money to Berwick.”<sup>1</sup>

In 1380, Alexander Stewart, the notorious *Wolf of Badenoch*, cited the Bishop of Moray of the time (Alexander Bur) to appear before him at the Standing Stones of the Rathe of Easter Kingussie (“*apud le standand stanyis de le Rathe de Kyngucy estir*”), on the 10th October, to show his titles to the lands held in the Wolf's lordship of Badenoch—viz., the lands of Logachnacheny (Laggan), Ardinche (Balnespick, &c.), Kingucy, the lands of the chapels of Rate and Nachtan, Kyncardyn, and also Gartinengally. The bishop had protested, at a court held at Inverness, against the citation, and urged that the said lands were held of the king direct. But the Wolf held his court of the 10th October, and the bishop standing “*extra curiam*”—outside the court, *i.e.*, the Standing Stones—renewed his protest, but to no purpose. But upon the next day before dinner, and in the great chamber behind the hall in the castle of Ruthven, the Wolf annulled the proceedings of the previous day, and gave the rolls of court to the bishop's notary, who certified that he put them in a large fire lighted in the said chamber, which consumed them.<sup>2</sup> In 1381 the Wolf formally quits claims on the above-mentioned church-lands; but in 1383 the bishop granted him the wide domain of Rothiemurchus—

<sup>1</sup> Registrum Moraviense, 116, 117.

<sup>2</sup> “Among those who stood round that fire in the great chamber behind the hall in the castle of Ruthven witnessing the destruction of the documents were a number of clerics and barons, among the latter being Gilbert, Lord of Glencarnie, Andrew Fauconere, Hugh de Ros of Kilravoc, and Malcolm le Grant.”—The Chiefs of Grant, i. 30.

“Ratmorchus—viz., sex davatas terre quas habemus in Strathspe et le Badenach.”<sup>1</sup>

“The Priory of Kingussie in Badenoch,” says Shaw, “was founded by George, Earl of Huntly, about the year 1490. Of what Order the monks were, or what were the revenues of the Priory, I have not learned. The Prior’s house and the Cloysters of the Monks stood near the Church, where some remains of them are to be seen. The few lands belonging to it were the donation of the family of Huntley, and at the Reformation were justly reassumed by that family.”<sup>2</sup> That priory is supposed to have been built on the site of the old church of St Columba, and the village of Kingussie is said to occupy its precincts. In course of the improvements recently made in the churchyard a portion of one of the gables was distinctly traced.

In the ‘Register of Moray’ the name of Gavin Lesly is mentioned as “Prebendary of Kyngusy” in 1547, that of George Hepburne as prebendary in 1560, and that of Archibald Lyndesay as prebendary in 1567.

Mr Sinton, the esteemed minister of Dores, so well known as a collector of the old folk-lore and songs of Badenoch, thus relates one of the most ancient traditions which has survived in Badenoch in connection with St Columba :—

“St Columba’s Fair, *Feill Challum-Chille*, was held at midsummer, and to it resorted great numbers of people from the surrounding parishes, and some from distant towns who went to dispose of their wares in exchange for the produce of the country. Once upon a time the plague or *Black Death* which used to ravage Europe broke out among those who were assembled at *Feill Challum-Chille*. Now this fair was held partly within the precincts consecrated to St Callum and partly without, and so it happened that no one who had the good fortune to be within was affected by the plague, while among those without the sacred bounds it made terrible havoc. At the Reformation a plank of bog-fir was fixed into St Columba’s Church from wall to wall, and so divided the church. In the end which contained the altar the priest was allowed to officiate, while the Protestant preacher occupied the farther extremity.”

The example thus shown in such troublous times of the “unfeigned charity” so touchingly inculcated by the good St Columba with his dying breath more than a thousand years previously, reflects no little credit

<sup>1</sup> Registrum Moraviense, 183-187, and Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness, xvi. 154, 155.

<sup>2</sup> History of Moray, 261.

upon Badenoch, and it does not appear that the cause of the Reformation suffered in that wide district or was retarded in any way in consequence. "The sockets of the plank," adds Mr Sinton, "were long pointed out in the remains of the masonry of the old church." Unfortunately, when part of the north wall of the churchyard was repaired nearly thirty years ago, these remains appear to have been incorporated with the wall and almost entirely obliterated.

Here are some further reminiscences received from the late Mr MacRae, the Procurator-fiscal at Kirkwall, a worthy and much-respected native of Badenoch:—

"One of my earliest—indeed I may say my earliest recollection," says Mr MacRae, "is connected with this churchyard. I remember one hot summer Sabbath afternoon—it must, I think, have been in the year 1845—sitting with my father upon a tombstone in the churchyard listening, along with a crowd of others, to a minister preaching from a tent. I cannot say who the minister was, but I was at the time much impressed with his earnestness, and with what, on reflection, I must now think was a most unusual command of the Gaelic language and Gaelic idioms. In one of his most earnest and eloquent periods he and the large congregation listening to him were startled by seeing the head of a stag looking down over the dyke separating the churchyard from the hill-road, which was used as a peat-road, and which used to be the short-cut by pedestrians to Inverness. The stag was tossing his head about, evidently bellicose. The bulk of the congregation were from the uplands of the parish—Strone, Newtonmore, Glenbancher, &c.—and they by its movements recognised the stag as a young stag that the worthy and much-respected occupants of Ballachroan attempted to domesticate. They were not in this attempt more successful than others; for the stag's great amusement was to watch from the uplands persons passing along the public road, and then giving them, especially if they were females, a hot chase. That Sabbath he had, as I subsequently learned, been in the west Kingussie Moss amusing himself by overturning erections of peat set up to dry. Those of the congregation who knew his dangerous propensities became very uneasy, and in consequence the service was interrupted; but some of those present managed to get him away, after which the service was proceeded with.

"I used to be very often in the churchyard. It had a great attraction for all the youths in the west end of Kingussie. The ruins of the old church engrossed our attention next to witnessing funerals. The walls of the church were, when I first remember them, more perfect than they are at present. The church consisted of a nave, rectangular, without a chancel. The east and south walls were almost perfect. The west gable was away. The stones of the north wall were partially removed, and used for repairing the north dyke of the churchyard. There were

traces of windows in the south wall, but whether these windows were round, pointed, or square, could not be inferred from the state of the walls.

“In the remains of the north wall there was—about 2 yards, I should say, westward from the east gable—an aperture with a circular arch, which interested us boys at the time very much. It was about 18 inches in length, 12 in height, and 5 in depth. We had many discussions in regard to it, some of us contending that it was a receptacle for the Bible, others that it was a canopy for a cross or an image; but it undoubtedly was a *piscina* where the consecrated vessels—paten, chalice, &c.—used in celebrating Mass were kept when not used during the celebration. The *piscina* is generally in the south gable, and has a pipe for receiving the water used in cleaning the sacred vessels. I will be able to show you a perfect *piscina* in one of the side chapels of St Magnus Cathedral when you are next here. It was, however, not unusual in northern or cisalpine churches, especially in those of an early date, to have the *piscina* in the north gable without a pipe. You may depend upon it that the church was of a very early date, probably of the earliest type of Latin rural church architecture in Scotland. It may have been built upon the site of an earlier Celtic church. You might probably ascertain this by directing the workmen you have employed in putting the churchyard in order to dig about 5 feet inwards from the eastern gable. If they should find there any remains of the foundations of a cross gable, between the north and south gables, you may safely conclude that there was a Celtic church there, and that the Christian religion was taught in Badenoch before the close of the tenth century.”

## CHAPTER II.

## THE OLD CHURCHYARD OF ST COLUMBA.

“Sleep, brave ones and bards that have perished,  
 And green be your places of rest,  
 And light be the winds that go sighing  
 O'er the children whom Nature loved best.”

FOR a period of fully seventy years now there have been *three* churchyards in the village of Kingussie—namely, *St Columba's*, *The Middle Churchyard*, and *The New Churchyard*,—the first interment in the new one having taken place in 1815. Except in the case of the last, there is no obligation incumbent upon the heritors of the parish to keep the churchyards in repair, and even as regards the *new* one the obligation extends simply to the maintenance of the walls surrounding it. As regards the other two, which are now but seldom used, the force of the old adage, “What is everybody's business is nobody's,” has, alas! as in the case of many other interesting old churchyards throughout the Highlands, been sadly exemplified. Up till within the last two or three years the venerable churchyard of St Columba—where for a period extending over fully seven hundred years so many generations of Macphersons, *Clann Mhuirich Bhàideanaich*, have been laid to rest with their kindred dust—was anything but creditably kept. Its surface was so irregular, and many of the tombstones and mounds were so placed or raised above the ground, as to render it almost impossible to cut the grass or remove the weeds. The whole ground was in consequence a tangled mass of long grass, rank nettles, and dockens. The walls had also been allowed to fall into a sad state of disrepair, and altogether the condition of the churchyard was

felt to be so very discreditable that the following appeal was prepared and widely circulated :—

“CLADH CHALLUM-CHILLE.—ST COLUMBA’S CHURCHYARD, KINGUSSIE.

“The stone wall or dyke enclosing this interesting and venerable place of burial having become dilapidated, it is proposed to collect by general subscription a sum of money sufficient to put it in good order and repair, and thereby guard the sacred precincts from possible desecration. An estimate has been received for the partial rebuilding and thorough repair of the dyke, and this expense, along with that of other contemplated permanent improvements which would add greatly to the appearance of the place and the amenity of the neighbourhood, will, it is calculated, cost altogether from £40 to £50. It is confidently anticipated that the sum required for so commendable an object will be readily subscribed in honour of the dead who lie buried there; in honour of the hallowed site of the old church of Kingussie—a place of worship of remote antiquity, one of the most ancient north of the Grampians, planted, it is believed, by St Columba himself, to whom the church was dedicated; and in honour of the ‘Parson’ of that church, from whom the Macphersons of the Macpherson country derive the name which they now bear. Subscriptions will be received and duly acknowledged by Mr A. Macpherson, British Linen Bank, Kingussie.”

The response to that appeal has been very gratifying. Besides subscriptions from residents in the place, ranging from 1s. to 21s., the list includes contributions from the proprietors and old natives and others interested in Badenoch all over the country. Not the least gratifying circumstance in connection with the appeal is the fact that, through the kind exertions of Miss Macpherson of The Willows, Kingston (whose grandfather—Captain Alexander Clark of Dalnavert, a nephew of the translator of Ossian’s poems—is interred in St Columba’s), subscriptions to the extent of several pounds have been received from Canada. The Canadian list of subscriptions includes such distinguished and well-known names as the late Sir John Macdonald, G.C.B., the Prime Minister of Canada (whose first wife was a daughter of Captain Clark and a cousin of his own); Sir David Macpherson, K.C.M.S.; Mr Hugh J. Macdonald, Winnipeg; Mr A. M. Macpherson, Kingston; Lieutenant-Colonel John Macpherson, Ottawa; Colonel J. Pennington Macpherson, Ottawa; and Mrs Macpherson of The Willows, Kingston.

The result of the response made to the appeal referred to is, that not only have the walls been partially rebuilt and thoroughly repaired, but that the churchyard itself has been all neatly laid out, and the tombstones

and graves in each terrace all reverently placed on a uniform level. The work is now finished, and all who have recently seen the place acknowledge that a great improvement has been effected. Altogether it is very gratifying to be able to state that the old churchyard of St Columba has been rendered more worthy of the honoured name it bears, and of the care due to it as the hallowed resting-place for so many centuries of all that is mortal of the old people of Badenoch. There is not, it is safe to say, one living Macpherson of the Macpherson country, or descendant of the famous "Parson" of Kingussie, all the world over, some of whose forebears do not sleep their "long last sleep" in the old churchyard of St Columba.

In what remains of one of the side walls of the old church an appropriate tablet has been placed. The tablet is of red freestone, and is in the form of a Celtic cross, from a design by Messrs Davidson, sculptors, Inverness. The photograph reproduced at page 115 shows the inscription placed upon the tablet, the Gaelic portion being inscribed in old Gaelic lettering.

The granite piscina (or font?) of the old church is described in the valuable communication from the late Mr John MacRae, Kirkwall, already quoted. That old and interesting relic was sacrilegiously removed from the churchyard about a quarter of a century ago, and was entirely lost sight of for many years. After some searching inquiries it was fortunately recently traced built as a copestone, with the cavity downwards, in the wall of a garden in one of the cross-streets of Kingussie. The sacred relic was at once reclaimed, and is now, as shown in the illustration, appropriately placed beneath the tablet, where, let me express the hope, it has found a final resting-place.

The oldest reference to St Columba's churchyard, as distinguished from the church, which I have been able to trace, is in a Gaelic poem composed, it is believed, fully three hundred years ago, entitled "A' Chomhachag." This poem is attributed to Donald Macdonald, better known by the cognomen of *Dòmhnall mac Fhionnllaidh nan Dàn*, a celebrated hunter and poet. He was a native of Lochaber, and flourished before the invention of firearms. According to tradition, he was the most expert archer of his day. At the time in which he lived wolves were very troublesome, especially in Lochaber; but Donald is said to have killed so many of them that previous to his death there was only one left alive in Scotland, which was shortly after killed in Strathglass by a woman.

He composed these verses when old and unable to follow the chase, and it is the only one of his compositions which has been handed down to us.

The occasion of the poem was this: he had married a young woman in his old age, who, as might have been expected, proved a very unmeet helpmate. When he and his dog were both worn down with the toils of the chase, and decrepit with age, his "crooked rib" seemed to take a pleasure in tormenting them. Fear rather than respect might possibly protect Donald himself, but she neither feared nor respected the dog. On the contrary, she took every opportunity of beating and maltreating him. In fact, "like the goodman's mother," he "was aye in the way." Their ingenious tormentor one day found an old feeble owl, which she seems to have thought would make a fit companion for the old man and his dog, and accordingly brought it home. The poem is in the form of a dialogue between Donald and the owl. It is very unlikely that he ever heard of Æsop, yet he contrives to make an owl speak, and that to good purpose. On the whole, it is an ingenious performance, and perhaps has no rival of its kind in the language. Allusion is made to his "half marrow" in the 57th stanza.<sup>1</sup>

This poem, which extends to sixty-seven stanzas, begins:—

"A' Chomhachag bhochd na Sròine,  
A nochd is brònach do leabaidh.  
Ma bha thu ann ri linn Donnaghail,  
Cha'n ioghmadh ge trom leat t-aigheadh."

(Poor Owl of Strone, sorrowful to-night is thy bed. If thou didst exist in the time of Donnaghall, no wonder if thy heart be heavy.)

Of Alexander or Alasdair Macdonald (a son of "Raonull Mor," who fought with John Moydartach against Lord Lovat and Ranald Gallda at Blarleine in 1544) tradition has it, "that while hunting in the woods of Lag-a-Leamhan, Achadh-a'mhadaidh, he was accidentally wounded between the toes by an arrow; that the wound festered; and that he was sent to a medical man at Kingussie, where he was poisoned."<sup>2</sup> This

<sup>1</sup> Mackenzie's *Beauties of Gaelic Poetry*, fifth edition, 1882, 17.

<sup>2</sup> In place of being poisoned by the "medical man at Kingussie," as might be inferred from the statement above quoted, Macdonald's death was in all probability caused by what would now be recognised as blood-poisoning, resulting from the accidental wound between the toes.



would be before his father's death, as he was unable to lead the Lochaber men against the Camerons at the feud of Boloynes. His father was confined to bed at the time, and his brother Ian Dubh had to take his place. This is borne out by the author of 'A' Chomhachag,' with whom he seems to have been a great favourite, and who says of him":<sup>1</sup>—

"'Sann an Cinn-a'-ghìùthsaidh' na laidhe,  
Tha nàmhaid na graidhe deirge,  
Làmh dheas a mharbhadh a bhradain;  
Bu mhath e'n sàbaid na feirge."

(In Kingussie there lies the foe of the red herd (deer); a hand skilful to kill the salmon; powerful was he in the raging conflict.)

It is related that in his declining years Donald, the hunter-bard, when he could no longer "take the hill," and his former house in the Fearsaid became too distant from the best scenes of his sport, sought another habitation nearer Loch Treig. There is a little "lochan" at the east end of that lake—an enlargement of the water, which has there an outlet—and in it a small island, on which in Donald's time there was a "*tigh-chrann*," or block-house, which originally had been built as a place of strength and retreat, but was then used by the gentlemen of Lochaber when they went to hunt at Loch Treig. Opposite this small island, Donald, with his daughter and his last greyhound, lived in a turf "bothan," or hut, and unable any longer to participate in the chase, in those days when he lamented to his old companion,—

"Thug a'choille dhiots' an earb  
'S thug an aird dhiomsa na féidh."

"The wood took from thee the roe,  
The hill took from me the deer."

—he solaced himself with the occasional sight of the deer by day, and the tales of the hunters when they returned at evening to the island, where his songs, traditions, and celebrated adventures made him a venerated guest. At length he became confined entirely to his bothy, and in the intervals, when the island-lodge was uninhabited, his only enjoyment was to sit at the window, which looked to the west, and watch the sun go down over his old haunts, and sometimes the deer which came to feed on the green shealings by the lake. One still autumnal evening, as he sat in the gloaming, and watched the parting

<sup>1</sup> Mackenzie's History of the Macdonalds, 1881, 482.

beams of the sun steal upwards on the mountain, some straggling hinds had descended upon the meadow, and presently a large dark shadow passed across a little hollow which was now left in the shade of the hills. The old hunter's eye instantly turned upon the moving object. It glided through the rushes, crossed the yellow light upon the stream, and came out broad, and tall, and black upon the bank—a mighty stag, carrying on his head a tree of clustering points. His daughter heard his breath come strongly, and she arose. “*Socair!*” (“Gently!”), said the old man, “*Thoir dhomh am bogha!*” (“Give me the bow!”). Mary looked at him with astonishment, but the old man pointed to the couples, and she lifted down the dusty yew. He motioned her to approach softly, and while his eyes were fixed upon the stag, “*Cuir air lagh e*” (“Bend it”), said he, without turning his sight. She smiled. “There is not the man in Lochaber can do that!” she replied. “*Feuch, mo Nighean!*” (“Try, my daughter!”), said the old man; and he placed the bow at the back of his leg, and directed his daughter how to apply her weight and effort; but the wood scarcely yielded. Donald had always been celebrated for the great strength of his arms, and in an extraordinary degree he retained this power to the end of his life. “Once more!” he said, and with their combined force the cord suddenly slipped over the horn. “*C’ait a’ bheil na saighdean?*” (“Where are the arrows?”), he whispered. His daughter laid the quiver on his lap; he chose out one, felt its point, smoothed the feathers through his fingers, and fitted the shaft to the string. Then drawing back from the window, he raised the bow, drew the arrow *almost* to its head. There was a sharp twang, a flutter like a bat's wing, a breathless pause, and the hart leaped upon the bank and rolled over on the grass. Donald sank back in his chair with a smile, and his daughter fell upon his neck, and wept with astonishment and joy. “*So, Mhàiri*” (“Here, Mary”), he said, as he gave her the bow, “it is the last shot, *beannuich Dia!* (praise God!). I did not think to have done the like again.” In his failing days Donald was brought down among the people in the inhabited strath of the Spean, and died at Inverlair at a very old age. At his own desire, however, he was buried wrapped in a deer's hide, upon the brow of Cille-Corell, from whence he had been used to look over the hills of the Fearsaid, and his favourite haunts of Loch Treig. There, according to the wish expressed in the lay of the old bard, “the deer have couched on his bed,” and “the little kids have

rested by his side ;” and the “ primrose and the wild St John’s wort ” have grown “ over his breast ” for three hundred years.<sup>1</sup>

In St Columba’s Churchyard, although no trace can now be found of the actual grave, there also rests, it is believed, the dust of the celebrated *Forsair Choir-an-t-sìth* (the Forester of the Fairy Corry), a native of Cowal in Argyleshire. This hero was of a branch of the MacLeods (*Mhic-ille-Chaluim*) of Raasay, and being fair-haired, his descendants were called *Clann Mhic-ille bhain*—that is, the children of the fair- (literally *white*) haired man, who now call themselves by the surname of *Whyte*. The forester was universally believed to have had a *Leannan-Sìth* (a *fairy sweetheart* or *familiar spirit*), who followed him wherever he went.

Mr Duncan Whyte of Glasgow, one of the eighth generation in direct descent from the forester, has communicated to me in Gaelic sundry very interesting traditions which have come down regarding his famous ancestor. The particulars thus communicated by Mr Whyte are too lengthy to be quoted here entire, but I give the portions referring to the death and burial of the forester, and the sad fate of his fairy sweetheart, as translated by the Rev. Mr Dewar, the scholarly and much respected minister of the Free Church, Kingussie :—

“In the year 1644 the Earl of Montrose was in the field with an army on behalf of King Charles I. ; and the Earl of Argyle had the chief command of the Covenanters’ army. Montrose was burning and pillaging in the north when the Earl of Argyle received instructions to go in pursuit of him. He went with his army to the town of Aberdeen. Montrose proceeded northward through the counties of Banff and Moray, and up Strathspey. The forester was in Argyle’s army, and the fairy sweetheart, in the shape of a white hind, was always following the army wherever they went. While they were resting in the neighbourhood of Ruthven Castle some of the officers began to mock Argyle for allowing the hind to be always following the army. Their ridicule roused his wrath, and he commanded the army to fire at the hind. This was done without a particle of lead piercing her hair. Some observed that the forester was not firing, although pointing his gun at the hind like the rest of the army ; and he was accused to Argyle. He then received strict orders to fire alone at the hind. ‘ I will fire at your command, Argyle,’ said the forester, ‘ but it will be the last shot that I shall ever fire ;’ and it happened as he said. Scarcely was the charge out of the gun when he fell dead on the field. The fairy gave a terrific scream. She rose like a cloud of mist up the shoulder of the neighbouring mountain, and from that time was never seen following the army. It has been believed by every generation since that time that the fairy left a charm

<sup>1</sup> Lays of the Deer-Forest, 1848, ii. 396-398.

with the descendants of the forester, which shall stick to them to the twentieth generation."

According to the *Coronach*, or Lament, composed by his widow, whom he had left behind in the Fairy Corry, the forester was laid in the dust of the churchyard of Kingussie:—

“ Gur e sud mo sgeul deacair,  
 Gu'n do thaisg iad's Taobh Tuath thu ;  
 'S ann an Cladh Chinn-a'-ghhùthsaidh  
 A rùisg iad an uaigh dhuit.  
 'S truagh nach robh fir do dhuthcha  
 'Ga do ghiulan air ghuaillan,  
 'S nach robh I bean d' fhàrdaich  
 'S a' ghàirich m'an cuairt duit.”

(That was my sorrowful tale that they laid (buried) thee up in the north. In the churchyard of Kingussie they uncovered the grave for thee. Pity that the men of thy own country did not bear thee on their shoulders, and that the wife of thy home was not there to join in the lamentation around thee.)

While there is every reason to believe that the great majority of those who have for so many centuries been laid to rest in St Columba's Churchyard were descendants of the famous Parson of Kingussie, of many of the graves (as of many graves in other churchyards throughout the Highlands) it may be appropriately said:—

“ No name to bid us know  
 Who rests below,  
 No word of death or birth ;  
 Only the grass's wave  
 Over a mound of earth  
 Over a nameless grave.

No matter—trees haye made  
 As cool a shade,  
 And lingering breezes pass  
 As tenderly and slow,  
 As if beneath the grass  
 A monarch slept below.

No grief though loud and deep  
 Could stir that sleep ;  
 And Earth and Heaven tell  
 Of rest that shall not cease  
 Where the cold World's farewell  
 Fades into endless peace.”

## CHAPTER III.

TRANSCRIPTS OF INSCRIPTIONS IN THE CHURCHYARD,  
WITH DESCRIPTIVE NOTES.

“O lay me, ye that see the light, near some rock of my hills ! Let the thick hazels be around, let the rustling oak be near. Green be the place of my rest ; let the sound of the distant torrent be heard.”—OSSIAN.

IN course of the improvements recently effected in the churchyard, a number of tombstones were found sunk in some cases two or three feet beneath the surface of the ground. The probability is that many others have, in the changes and flight of ages, sunk or been covered over to such an extent that there is now little prospect of getting these brought to light. Remarkably enough, not a single Gaelic inscription has been found in the churchyard. In giving transcripts (with bits of descriptive notes) of all the inscriptions I have been able to trace, I begin with the graves to the east :—

## F I R S T R O W.

## I. HEADSTONE.

*“Memento Mori.”*

Here lies the body of DUGAL CAMPBELL McPHERSON, aged 14 years, who departed this life the 8th day of August 1774 ; and his brother, Lieut. ROBERT CAMPBELL McPHERSON, aged 27 years. Died the 2d April 1789. Sons of Lieut. McPHERSON of Billidmor.

Their lives were short,  
The longer is their rest ;  
God taketh soonest  
Whom He loveth best.”

These appropriate lines remind one of the oft-quoted saying, “*Whom the gods love die young.*”

## 2. FLATSTONE.

“ Here lies the body of Lieut. ALEX<sup>R</sup>. MCPHERSON of Billidmore,  
who departed this life 27th July 1790, aged 69 years.

*Epitaph composed by a disconsolate Widow.*

He was just in thought,  
In every word sincere ;  
He knew no wish  
But what the world might hear ;  
The Pattern of an unaffected mind,  
A lover of peace, and  
Friend to human kind.”

This Lieut. Macpherson was long popularly known in the district as *An t-Oidhchear Bàn* (the fair-haired officer), and it is to two of his sons the previous inscription refers.

## 3. HEADSTONE.

“ Erected to the memory of Lieutenant-Colonel ANGUS MACPHERSON,  
H.E.I.C.S., who died at Edinburgh, 21st April 1856.”

This is the Colonel Angus Macpherson, long so well known in Badenoch, who, although rising to high distinction abroad in the service of the Honourable East India Company, never—like a true Highlander—forgot his native hills. By deed of trust executed by him in 1853, on the narrative “ that it is a duty incumbent on all to aid and assist the poor in a proper and judicious manner so far as circumstances will allow, and feeling desirous,” as he states, “ to relieve the wants and in some degree add to the comforts of the most deserving and industrious poor of my native parish of Kingussie and its immediate vicinity, and being aware that many poor and honest parents residing within the said parish and boundary are often unable to give their children such education as may be necessary to qualify them for useful pursuits and purposes of life,” bequeathed a sum of in all fifteen thousand rupees to the trustees therein named and directed—

1. That under certain conditions two-thirds of the free yearly interest on the bequest should be applied for behoof of the most deserving poor persons as his trustees should select, whether male or female, preference being given to those of the name of Macpherson and Shaw if otherwise deserving.

2. That the remaining third of such free yearly interest should be applied towards the education of ten or twelve poor children between five and eight years of age, boys and girls in equal numbers to be selected by the said trustees, and whose parents must be of good moral character, and residing within the said parish and boundary, preference being given, as before, to those of the name of Macpherson and Shaw if unexceptionable in point of merit and fitness.

“Colonel Angus” expresses in the deed of trust his sincere “hope that no cause for putting an end to this trust will arise, but that my intention and design will be advantageously and happily conducted in all time coming, and that the said children, taking true religion and morality for their guidance, may be a credit to their friends, and become useful members of society.” The worthy man adds—what is very unusual in such deeds—his blessing in the following terms: “And begging my trustees to accept my blessing, I humbly hope and pray that Almighty God may bless their endeavours and my earnest desire to effect some good.”

The original trustees named by “Colonel Angus” were “Ewen Macpherson of Cluny, Chief of the Clan; Colonel Alexander Macpherson of Kerrow; Major Duncan Macpherson, formerly Collector of Customs, Inverness; James Macpherson, Etteridge” (a nephew of the testator); “and Malcolm Macpherson, Killiehuntly.”

These trustees are now all dead. The present trustees are Brigadier-General Macpherson of Cluny (the present Chief of the Clan), the two ministers of Kingussie, and the two Bank agents. Under the *charitable* portion of the trust still subsisting nine or ten poor persons each receive about £3 per annum. But alas for “Colonel Angus’s” design—so far as the *educational* portion is concerned—that the trust should subsist *in all time coming!* On the alleged ground of “extending the usefulness” of the bequest, that autocratic body, the Educational Endowments Commission, recently laid their sacrilegious hands on the educational portion of the mortification, and transferred the same to the equally autocratic School Board of Kingussie. Unfortunately only two descendants of the old Parson of Kingussie happened to be members of that board at the time, and, notwithstanding their protest, the transference has been effected under conditions which altogether ignore the express injunctions of “Colonel Angus,” that a preference should be given to girls and boys of his own clan.

## 4. HEADSTONE.

"EVN. MCPHERSON of Lynwilg, also MARY MCPHERSON. Died 1830."

I have not been able to trace to what family this Evan Macpherson belonged. He may possibly have been one of the Macphersons of Ballowrie or of Pitourie—said to have been, in their day, the handsomest men of the clan. There is a Lament for one of them given in the *Duanaire*, by the late Donald Macpherson of the Advocates' Library in Edinburgh.

## 5. HEADSTONE.

"To the memory of JAMES MCPHERSON, late Tacksman of Crubenbeg, who died 28th April 1804, aged 76."

A son of this James Macpherson was the late Captain Lachlan Macpherson, Biallid—long popularly called "Old Biallid"—so widely known and honoured far beyond the limits of Badenoch. Another son (Andrew) also held a commission in the army, and latterly acted for many years as factor for the Duke of Richmond at Huntly, where some of his descendants still reside. One of his grandsons is a partner of the well-known firm of Cochran & Macpherson, Advocates, Aberdeen. "Old Biallid's" remains are interred in the new churchyard.

## 6. HEADSTONE.

"Here lie the remains of DUNCAN MCPHERSON, who died at Crubenbeg 25 April 1817, aged 38."

## 7. HEADSTONE.

"Here lie the remains of JAS. MCPHERSON, son to JNO. MCPHERSON in Crubenbeg, who died 23rd May 1818, aged 18."

The *Duncan* mentioned in No. 6 and the *John* mentioned in No. 7 were also sons of James Macpherson, Crubenbeg, and brothers of "Old Biallid."

## 8. FLATSTONE.

"Sacred to the memory of FINLAY MCPHERSON, Glenbanchor. Died 1825."

A representative of the *old* Macphersons of Biallid, strictly so called.

## 9. HEADSTONE.

"To the memory of JAMES MCPHERSON, late in Dalannach, who departed this life 28th July 1830, aged 59 years. This last tribute is erected here by their Sons ALEXANDER, MALCOLM, HUGH, and JAMES."



On the back of the stone there are the words—

“Arise, ye Dead, and come to judgement.”

The James Macpherson mentioned in this inscription as having died in 1830, was married to an aunt of Mr Duncan Macpherson, the venerable “old Banker,” who died at Kingussie on 18th February 1890, in the ninety-first year of his age. Although he had attained that advanced age, the “old Banker’s” memory remained unimpaired down to the end of his life. Only a short time before his death he related to me incidents and events occurring from fifty to eighty years ago, connected with the lives of many who sleep their “last sleep” in the old churchyard, as vividly as if these had happened the previous day.

#### 10. HEADSTONE.

“Erected to the memory of Lieu<sup>t</sup> JOHN M<sup>c</sup>PERSON, of the 78th Regiment, who died at Blaragie, Laggan, on the 19th Sept. 1815, aged 88 years. Also his Relict, JANE M<sup>c</sup>PERSON, Daughter of JOHN M<sup>c</sup>PERSON of Invernahaven, who died 17th August 1828, aged 75.”

This Lieutenant Macpherson was orderly sergeant to General Wolfe, and received him in his arms when that famous general fell at Quebec. A nephew of Lieutenant Macpherson was *Seorsa Mor Dail-fheannaich* (big George of Dalannach), so well known to the boys of Kingussie thirty or forty years ago. Of a good family, and usually—giant as he was—one of the quietest and gentlest of men, George, when he met any of his old acquaintances at *Feill Chalum-Chille* (St Columba’s Fair), or at any other public gatherings, was prone to indulge—like many other worthy Highlanders—in more than was good for him. As true-hearted a Macpherson as ever trod the heather, George could not, in his elevated moments, brook the imputation on the courage of the clan contained in the *canard*, originated by some wag of the time, to the effect that on their way to Culloden in the ’45 they had tarried so long at Corrybrough taking *brochan* (*Anglicè*, gruel) as to be too late to take part in the battle. The Kingussie *imps* of the time soon came to know George’s weakness in this respect, and took great delight, when they considered themselves at a safe distance, in rousing his ire by shouting in their native vernacular, “*Clann Mhuirich a’ Bhrochain! Clann Mhuirich a’ Bhrochain!*” (“Macphersons of the *Brochan!* Macphersons of the *Brochan!*”) Woe betide any of these *imps* on whom George, while his indignation was at fever-

heat, could lay his hands! When he cooled down a bit and his wrath became somewhat appeased, he would pathetically exclaim, "*Mo thruaighe, mo thruaighe mise, gu' n deach brochan a' dheanamh riamh!*" ("Pity, pity me, that *brochan* was ever made!") Poor old George now quietly sleeps here with his fathers. Peace be to his ashes!

II. FLATSTONE (Opposite No. 10).

"AMP · IMP · HEIR · LYES · TE · BODY · OF · IAMES · MCPHERSON · SON · TO · ALEXANDER · MCPHERSON · YOUNGER · OF · INVERNAHAVEN · WHO · DEPARTED · THIS · LIFE · TE · FIRST · DAY · OF · NOVEMBER · 1705 · YEARS · & · OF · HIS · AGE · 13 · YEARS."

The Macphersons of Invernahaven were one of the oldest families in the district. Invernahaven was once the seat of the Davidsons, a branch of the Clan Chattan. According to Shaw the historian, the founder of this branch was David Dow, a grandson of Gillecattan Mor, whose descendants became so numerous and powerful that in the fourteenth century they contended for precedency with the Macphersons, or principal branch of the Clan Chattan, which led to the celebrated conflict on the North Inch of Perth in 1396.

12. HEADSTONE.

"Here lyeth JOHN MCPHERSON, son to JOHN MCPHERSON of Knappach, Barrackmaster at Ruthven, and ANN MACPHERSON his spouse, who departed this life June 1746, in the 5th year of his age."

13. FLATSTONE.

"Here lyeth IEAN MCPHERSON, daughter to JOHN MCPHERSON of Knappach, Barrackmaster at Ruthven, and ANN MCPHERSON his spouse, who departed this life March 1745, in the 15th year of her age."

The John Macpherson of Knappach mentioned in Nos. 12 and 13 was of the Macphersons of Invereshie (now represented by Sir George Macpherson Grant, Bart.), and was for some years the ruling elder of the church of Kingussie, of which the Rev. Mr Blair was at the time minister. This John Macpherson died 17th January 1754.

14. FLATSTONE.

"Here lyeth the body of DONALD MCPHERSON of Culenlean, who departed this life the 26th day of Sepr. 1742, aged 56 years.

This Donald Macpherson was of the house of Nuide, and was also

one of Mr Blair's elders. In the old session records of Kingussie I find his name frequently mentioned. On one occasion a complaint was brought before the session by an alien settler at Ruthven against his Highland Janet, on the alleged ground that she had failed—probably from incompatibility of temper—"to do him ye duties of a married wife," and it was remitted to Mr Blair and "Culenlean" to do what they could in the way of pouring oil upon the troubled waters. Here is the minute of the kirk-session on the subject, of date 25th September 1726:—

"This day, Donald Rotson, in Ruthven, compeared before the session, and gave in a complaint before the session against Janet Grant, his married wife, showing y<sup>t</sup> ye said Janet hath deserted him sometime ago, and that he cannot prevail with her to return to him, or to do him ye duties of a married wife, and entreats the session would summond her before them, and prevail with her to be reconciled to him, or els give a reason why she will not. The session considering y<sup>t</sup> ye course that said Janet has taken is a manifest perjury and breach of her marriage vows, and yrfor is ground of scandal and offence, do appoint her to be summond to next session ; meantime, that the minister and Donald M<sup>c</sup>Pherson of Culenlean converse with her yr anent and make report."

It is subsequently recorded that the rebellious Janet was ultimately persuaded by the minister and "Culenlean" to return to her disconsolate Donald. Alas, however, for the vanity of Donald's wishes! Nearly six years later the long-suffering mortal appeared before the session, and gave in a petition showing that the faithless Janet had "deserted him these five years past, not knowing qr she is." Poor Donald's patience had apparently become quite exhausted, and he beseeches the session "that he might have liberty to marry anoyr." The session considered the case of such an intricate nature that we are told they referred the matter to the Presbytery of the bounds, but I have been unable to trace whether Donald subsequently obtained the "liberty" he so ardently desired.

In the spring of 1887 the Culenlean grave was opened to receive all that was mortal of another Donald Macpherson—long so well known in the district by the cognomen of *An Gobhainn Caitir*, whose father, *Am Fidhleir Bàn* (the fair-haired fiddler), was a son of the Donald of Culenlean who figured in the '45. At the time of his death our friend, the last Donald, had attained the advanced age of eighty-four years. Many of us will long vividly remember his familiar figure (wrapped in his Highland

plaid) sitting so patiently Sabbath after Sabbath on the pulpit-stair, down to within a short time of his death, and listening with such rapt attention to the Gospel message.

Donald was somewhat of a character in his way. While living at Ralia the Rev. Mr Barclay of St Cuthbert's Church, Edinburgh (now of Montreal), who officiated with so much acceptance in the parish church of Kingussie for two or three successive summers, was greatly interested in Donald and his quaint remarks. On one occasion Mr Barclay expressed his deep regret that he could not go among the people and talk to them like Donald in their native tongue. "Indeed it's a great pity, Mr Barclay," Donald naively replied, "that you cannot do so; but, you see, *God has not gifted you and me alike.*" Donald had rather a checkered history; and industrious as he had been in his prime, he was obliged, from the force of circumstances in his declining years—much to his regret—to accept from others the wherewithal to meet his modest wants. And yet, dependent as he latterly was upon such relief for the barest necessities of life, he made a point of saving a mite week after week for the missionary work of the Church. Shortly before his death Donald sent me for this purpose the sum of 2s. 2d. carefully wrapped up in paper. I had great hesitation in taking the money from him, but he insisted. I then asked him why he had made his contribution such an odd sum as 2s. 2d. "Well, you see," he replied, "I just counted up what a half-penny for every Sabbath of the year would come to, saved one from week to week, and there's the money!" In this respect, at least, may it not be said of poor old Donald that—like the widow we read of in Holy Writ—he "cast into the treasury" all that he had? Not to go beyond the parish of Kingussie, I wonder if of any one among us it can be truly said that, in proportion to our several ability, we have in our Christian giving ever done as much as he who now so peacefully sleeps with his fathers in the old churchyard? Happy all they, rich or poor, among us respecting whose loving Christian gifts and deeds Christ Himself at His second coming shall bear witness—"They have done what they could."

#### 15. HEADSTONE.

"Sacred to the memory of LACHLAN MACPHERSON, Esq. of Ralia; long a Magistrate and Deputy-Lieutenant of Inverness-shire. He was a man who feared God and honoured the King, and, like a true Highlander, was devoted to his Chief. Distinguished for honesty in all his transactions, and beloved by the Poor and distressed as their sympathising and generous friend. He died

June 10th, 1813, at the age of 87, revered by his family and respected by all who knew him. Also to the memory of his Spouse GRACE, Eldest daughter of ANDREW MACPHERSON, Esq. of Banchor, who died May 5th, 1793; their son JOHN, who died in infancy; their daughter HARRIET, who died March 12th, 1825, aged 34 years.

This Stone is erected by Major DUNCAN MACPHERSON, Falls of Truim, the last surviving son of the family."

Of this Lachlan Macpherson it is said that on one occasion, when paying a casual visit to his neighbours, the Macphersons of Banchor, a child was lying in the cradle. The attention of the goodwife of Banchor having in course of "Ralia's" *Céilidh* been taken up with some other household duties, she exclaimed, "*Fulaig a' chreadhail, a Lachluinn; theagamh gu'm bi a' chaileag bheag sin 'na bean agad fhathast.*" ("Rock the cradle for me, Lachlan; that little girlie may yet be your wife.") "*'Fulaigidh mi a' chreadhail gu dearbh,' arsa fear an Raléith, 'ach tha eagal orm gu bheil mi tuilleadh a's sean, ma phòsas mi am feasd, gu feitheamh cho fada air son mnatha.'*" ("I'll certainly rock the cradle for you," replied 'Ralia,' 'but I fear I am already too old—if I ever get married at all—to wait so long for a wife.')

But moved probably by the bewitching smile with which the sweet little "Grace" no doubt rewarded his "rocking" labours when she awoke out of her refreshing sleep, wait for her he actually did. When the marriage took place, "Ralia" had entered his fifty-third year, while "Grace" had then attained only the age of sixteen.

In a touching Gaelic elegy by his sister, Miss Barbara Macpherson—a blithe-hearted genial old lady, who composed numerous songs, mournful, humorous, and satirical—the interesting event in "Ralia's" life is thus alluded to:—

"S ioma ceum a bha d'astar  
Eadar Sasunn is Albainn;  
Ach cha d'riarach thu d'aigne  
Gus 'na thachair sibh 'm Beannachar."

Which, freely translated, may be rendered thus:—

"Many were the footsteps of your journey  
Between Scotland and England,  
But you satisfied not your affection  
Till you two met at Banchor."

Unlike the similar union of youth and age in the case of the Lochaber hunter, the marriage of "Ralia," although it endured only for the short

period of fourteen years, appears to have proved a very happy one. "Ralia" survived his wife for about twenty years, but both now sleep peacefully here together in the one grave "until the day break, and the shadows flee away."

Mrs Grant of Laggan, in a letter to a friend in 1793, shortly after the death of Mrs Macpherson of Ralia, writes as follows: "Your arrival will, I am sure, greatly revive Charlotte, who has mourned immoderately for the great loss we have all sustained in Mrs Macpherson of Ralia."

In a footnote in Mrs Grant's 'Letters from the Mountains,' the first edition of which was published in 1806, it is stated regarding Mrs Macpherson that "this lady was married to a near relation and intimate friend of the minister of Laggan. She was distinguished for beauty and understanding, and died about her thirtieth year, on the birth of her youngest son, leaving eleven children to lament her irreparable loss." Two of the daughters (Charlotte and Jane), who were greatly respected in Badenoch, sadly perished about twenty-five years ago in the accidental burning, during the dead of night, of their house at the Falls of Truim, to the universal regret of all classes throughout the district. Only two of the eleven children got married—namely, Major Duncan Macpherson of the 42d Regiment (latterly Collector of Customs in Inverness), to Miss Sheriff of Inverness; and Major Evan Macpherson of the 42d Madras Native Infantry (latterly of Glentruim), to Miss Birrell, a niece of Sir James Ramsay of Balmain. The present proprietor of the estate of Glentruim (Colonel Lachlan Macpherson) is a son of the above-named Major Evan Macpherson, and a grandson of Lachlan Macpherson of Ralia.

#### 16. FLATSTONE.

'Here lyes ye body of ALEXR. McPHERSON in PITMEAN, Sone to ye Deceast MALCOLM McPHERSON in Glengoyrack, VHO • VAS • SONE • to MALCOLM McPHERSON of Ardbrylach, VHO • DEPR. • THIS • LIFE • YE • 15th • DAY • OF • APRYL • 1720 • AND • YE • 56th • YEAR • OF • AGE.'

A Malcolm Macpherson of Ardbrylach was in 1725 one of Mr Blair's elders. The fact that one of the Malcolms mentioned in the inscription is designed as "in Glengoyrack" would appear to indicate that the numerous houses at the top of the glen, of which the ruins still exist, were inhabited in his lifetime, and probably for a number of years later. No dwelling-houses of any kind apparently existed or were built

on the present site of Kingussie until the sixth or seventh decade of last century.

## SECOND ROW.

## 17. HEADSTONE.

“Sacred to the memory of JAMES McPHERSON, Spirit Merchant, Edinburgh, who died in Kingussie, 23d July 1824, aged 31 years. He was esteemed by all who knew him—beloved and regretted by those to whom he was bound by the ties of blood or connexion. This stone is erected by his Widow, ANN McPHERSON.”

The father of this James M'Pherson—Farquhar M'Pherson—was one of the last residents at *Breacair*, in Glengoyrnack, within a distance of about two miles from Kingussie. This Farquhar, who was well known and highly respected, acted for many years as one of the elders of the parish, and died at a very advanced age at Ardbrylach about the year 1840. It is from the never-failing *fuaranan*, or wells, of the good old people of *Breacair*, now so long gone to their rest—of whose primitive dwellings no traces now remain but the stones—that Kingussie, through the energy and enterprise of its inhabitants, now enjoys such an abundant supply of the purest spring water.

## CHAPTER IV.

THE FAMOUS BLACK OFFICER—THE GAICK CATASTROPHE OF 1800.

“ Iolach na seilge cha'n eisd e,  
Guth aoibhinn na maidne cha chluinn e :  
Cha ghluais e le gaoir a chatha,  
Na leabaidh gun latha gun reulta.”

## 18. FLATSTONE.

“ Sacred to the memory of Captain JOHN MACPHERSON, BALECHROAN, late of the 82d Regiment, who died 2d January 1800, aged 76 years.”

THIS is the famous Captain John Macpherson, so well known in the vernacular as *Othaichear Dubh Bail-a'-Chrodhain*, whose death by a lamentable accident while on a hunting expedition in the Forest of Gaick during the winter of 1800 forms an epoch in Highland chronology.

The fact that Captain Macpherson had been employed in the unpopular duty of recruiting, and that he perished in such a manner, gave rise to the wildest and most improbable fictions. He has been made the hero of one of the 'Legends of the Black Watch,' although in point of fact he never served in that regiment at all! “At times on the returning Eve of Yule,” so the legend concludes, “those who have been belated in the forest suddenly find themselves in the midst of an invisible company of roisterers, whose laughter, shouts, imprecations, and impious songs fill the poor loiterers with affright; for though the voices seem close to the ear, no one is visible, and these unearthly bacchanalians are supposed to be the spirits of the doomed captain and his companions. On other occasions screams, yells, and entreaties for mercy—wild and thrilling and heart-rending—with the hoarse deep baying of infernal dogs, are swept over the waste on the wind. But since that terrible catastrophe on Yule Eve 1800, none pass willingly through the Forest of Gaick alone.”



“Whether or not,” says the Rev. Dr M‘Adam Muir of Morningside Church, Edinburgh, in a recent very graphic and interesting sketch of Kingussie, “this superstitious dread exists, or ever existed, I have not met with any of its victims. But undoubtedly Gaick is a place calculated to impress the imaginative mind.”

“O solemn hill-tops ’gainst a summer sky !”

it is thus a recent visitor, the authoress of ‘Aldersyde,’ has expressed the thoughts which the scene awoke in her :—

“O purple glory of the heather-bells !  
 O mystic gleams where light and shadow play  
 On verdant slope and on the yawning gorge,  
 Where in wild mood the mountain cataract  
 Hath leaped and eddied in its rocky bed !  
 O mountain loch ! set like a lonely gem,  
 Thy breast a mirror of the majesty  
 Which hems thee in. How changeful is thy mood !  
 Now gleaming placid like a silver sea,  
 Now fretting with thy waves the pebbly shore,  
 As some rude winds caress them ! Ye give to me  
 A deep, strange, fearful joy. Ye make me raise  
 To heaven a heart full fraught with silent praise.”

To no place in the Highlands, I believe, does the eloquent description by the late Dr Carruthers of a day among the mountains apply more appropriately than to Gaick :—

“A day among the mountains—far in the hills—is a passage in a man’s life more touching and memorable than a day in the woods. In the latter we scarcely ever lose sight of the cheerful haunts of men or their occupations. Our sensations are unmixed with terror. The animals and objects around us excite the genial sympathies and impulses of our frame ; our emotions are not forced into one channel, or overpowered by one master feeling or passion. Alone among the mountains, we are reduced to utter insignificance ; our sympathies are choked ; the soul is thrown back on itself. The scene is strong with the original primeval impress of nature, untouched by man or his works. We seem to stand directly in the presence of the Almighty, stripped of all flatteries and disguises ; the bold outlines and peaks of the hills, cleaving the silent motionless air, appear as His handwriting, legible in their majestic character, and appalling in their sternness and solitude. Such as we now see them, they were beheld by the ‘world’s grey fathers,’ bond and free, in the earliest periods of creation. The eagle still builds his nest among the cliffs ; the torrent still flashes down the ravine ; the birch-tree or the pine waves over the precipice ; and the lake, visited by the red-deer and the solitary

water-fowl, still beats its banks, reflecting the grey rock and the cloud—all utterly careless and unconscious of man, who seems an alien and encumbrance to the scene. The conquerors of the world subdued nations; but the mountains, like the banners of heaven, were impregnable. Woods are perishable and evanescent, they flourish and fade, they

‘ Fall successive, and successive rise.’

are cut down or reproduced in their deciduous beauty and leafy splendour; the mountains remain unchanged amidst the mutations of time. Many an eye, now dim, has gazed on them in silent wonder and admiration; many a prayer from hearts smote with reverence or fear or penitence, the ‘late remorse of love,’ or of humble adoration, has been breathed at their base! They remain, from age to age, types of the Everlasting, fulfilling their high destiny of awakening, purifying, and exalting the human mind. Nothing but the sea—the vast illimitable ocean—can compare in sublimity with wild mountain scenery.”<sup>1</sup>

As distinguished from the *Othaichear Dubh* or *Black Captain* of popular tradition, let me give the following sketch of his life compiled from reliable sources:—

Born at Glentruim in Badenoch in 1724, Captain Macpherson was the second son of Alexander Macpherson, of the ancient house of Phoness, the oldest cadet of *Sliochd Ghilliosa*, whose reputed chieftains were the Macphersons of Invereshie, now represented in the person of Sir George Macpherson Grant, Bart. His mother was a daughter of the well-known house of Aberarder, representing the famous *Sliochd Iain Duibh* Macdonalds of Lochaber. Sprung from these houses, it may be said of him, in Highland fashion, and with perfect truth, that the best blood of Badenoch and Lochaber ran in his veins. Both houses furnished the British army with many distinguished officers, and, inheriting all their martial ardour, *Iain-dubh-Mac-Alastair*, as he was then called, in course of time, though then well up in years, also obtained a commission. His military exploits have not come down to us, nor have we heard that he saw much service abroad; but be this as it may, certain it is that he attained to the rank of captain, and was employed for several years in his native district on recruiting service. This duty—oftentimes a disagreeable, always an unpopular one—Captain Macpherson discharged with so much judgment and success, that of the number of his recruits from the superabundant population, no fewer than seventy are said to have become commissioned officers. He had the less difficulty, no doubt, in the

<sup>1</sup> Highland Note-Book, new edition, 1887, 4-6.

matter of selection, from the fact mentioned by a contemporary writer, "that the genius of the people"—*i.e.*, of Badenoch—"is more inclined to martial enterprise than to assiduous industry and diligent labour requisite to carry on the arts of civil life." But fond mothers always will lament pet sons, albeit otherwise useless, who, willingly or unwillingly, don the "red coat"; and the *Othaichear Dubh*—the first recruiting officer they had seen other than the chief—reaped more than the usual measure of opprobrium. He has been accused of atrocities in this respect that are as incredible as they are unvouched, a good example of which is the anonymous clerical forced recruit otherwise so microscopically described in the following passages of a *romance* which appeared in a Highland magazine some years ago:—

"On one occasion going to church in his native strath on a pleasant Sunday afternoon, the captain found himself, within a few hundred yards of the place of worship, walking immediately behind the reverend gentleman who was to preach there that day. He was a young man of prepossessing appearance, and in the handsome black suit in which he was attired, was the very model of a real Highlander—five feet ten inches in height, proportionally stout, erect stature, well-defined limbs, and square shoulders, above which was a finely-shaped head, with glossy, dark, and curly hair. 'You are too fine a figure,' muttered the captain to himself, 'to be dressed in black clothes. A red coat would set you off to greater advantage, and I shall be much disappointed unless you have a red one on your back before long.' The captain went to church, but derived little benefit from the earnest and impressive discourse delivered by the young preacher; for his mind was wholly absorbed with a different theme, and every time the preacher turned his massive chest in the direction of the captain, his determination to enlist him at whatever cost increased."

The writer of the romance from which the preceding quotation is made, with the view, apparently, of heaping more contumely upon Captain Macpherson's memory, would have us believe that the parson was "the only son of a poor widow," and that notwithstanding her piteous tears and entreaties the captain never rested until he attained his object by throwing "a shilling into the minister's bosom." "The young minister," it is added, "was then marched off to Edinburgh, where the depot of the 42d Highlanders"—a regiment, be it remembered, with which the captain never had any connection—"was then stationed. Being honest, pleasant, obliging, and, with all his other good qualities, an excellent scholar, the minister soon rose to the rank of lieutenant,

and he was thus enabled, though a soldier, to keep his mother in easy circumstances all her days."

The result in the long-run of the alleged forcible enlistment of the handsome and well-proportioned parson did not, it will be noticed, turn out so very unfortunate for himself and his mother after all. But the whole narrative given by the writer referred to is simply one of the most recent specimens of the utterly absurd and fantastic stories manufactured and put in circulation regarding the *Life and Death* of the famous *Black Captain*, which, in point of exaggeration and travesty of the truth, throw completely into the shade even Colman's well-known story of the "Three Black Crows." Captain Macpherson, had he been able or inclined to set aside all laws, divine or human, was still under the observation of and amenable to the opinion of his fellow-countrymen, among whom there were then many gentlemen—in the truest and every sense of the word—the very souls of honour, who would not have brooked injustice to the meanest of their clansmen; but there is not a single instance known of his ever having forfeited the good opinion of any one of their number. On the contrary, as we shall presently show, many of them have, fortunately, left written testimonies of an entirely different character.

In 1777 Captain Macpherson married a lady belonging to one of the oldest and best families in the district of his own clan, by whom he had a son (afterwards Colonel Gillios Macpherson) and two daughters, all of whom are still fondly remembered in Badenoch, and spoken of with the greatest admiration and respect. The amiable and accomplished Mrs Grant of Laggan, in one of her letters, incidentally mentioning one of those daughters, characterises her as "elegance, vivacity, and truth personified"—a graceful and truthful compliment, equally applicable to the other daughter, who died not very many years ago. The following inscription on a tablet erected in the parish church of Kingussie in memory of Captain George Gordon M'Barnet, a son of one of these daughters, and a grandson of Captain Macpherson, speaks also for itself:—

"Sacred to the memory of Captain GEORGE GORDON MCBARNET, 55th Regiment Bengal Native Infantry, who being attached to the 1st Bengal European Regiment 'Fusiliers,' fell at the assault of Delhi on the 14th September 1857, aged 33 years. Few among the many heroes slain on the soil of Delhi will live longer in memory; young, gallant, and gifted with the noblest qualities—mental and personal—he fell when he could least be spared. Could soldier

ask a more glorious death? In token of the love they bore their comrade this Tablet is erected by his Brother-Officers."

Eventually retiring from the army, Captain Macpherson betook himself to agricultural pursuits; and so successful were his improvements on the primitive modes of tillage then prevalent, that the more unsophisticated of the aborigines attributed the surprising results to nothing less than supernatural agency. Hence the foundation of the more modern story of the supposed *contract* with the Prince of Darkness. Spreading sand on an adhesive and unproductive soil, and so reaping an abundant crop, was looked upon as a feat worthy of Michael Scott himself, so often in their mouths. More congenial, however, was the pursuit of the chase, a recreation in which the captain frequently indulged through the liberality and courtesy of the princely Gordons, and in which he had no rival, excepting perhaps his cousin *Iain Dubh* of Aberarder, equally famous as a hunter of the deer. In his old age his passion for it cost him his life; and this brings us down to 1800, the date of its occurrence—an epoch, as already mentioned, in Highland chronology.

The story of *Call Ghàig*, or the *Gaick Catastrophe*, has been often told by divers persons of divers conditions, imbibing a particular hue or colour from each particular reciter. The version now submitted is that given by a contemporary resident in the district at the time, well acquainted with the parties who perished, and who many times received from those by whom their bodies were found a relation of the circumstances, which he personally confirmed by visiting in the ensuing summer the scene of the destruction:—

"The glen which forms the principal feature of the range of hills in the Forest of Gaick lies about a dozen miles south of the Spey at Kingussie. Its hills are smooth, steep, and bare, and such sheer declivities that the glen in great snowstorms is subject to terrific avalanches, by which the deer sometimes suffer; and upon one occasion a herd of ten stags and hinds were suddenly overwhelmed in sight of a celebrated deer-hunter and gentleman of the strath, who was stalking them at the moment when the rolling volumes of snow descended the mountain and buried them in its bosom. Some years afterwards, by an awful catastrophe of the same kind, when on a hunting expedition in the same glen, he himself, the party by whom he was attended, several fine deer-hounds, and the house in which they lodged, were swept away on the night of a tremendous hurricane, in the first week of January 1800. The persons who thus perished were the leader, Captain John Macpherson of Ballachroan, and four attendants, Donald MacGillivray, John

Macpherson, Duncan Macfarlane, and another man named [James] Grant. Several other persons had been appointed by Ballachroan to accompany him, but they had been prevented by various causes; and upon the morning preceding the disaster, the rest had set out for the forest without them, and intending to remain for some days, had taken up their lodging in a stone-built hut used as a forest lodge, and which stood immediately under one of the long bare slopes above described.

“The night upon which the event happened was terrifically stormy, even beyond anything of the kind remembered in that high and mountainous district; yet as the forest hut was substantially built, and the party well supplied with provisions, their friends felt no anxiety for their safety until the third day after the tempest. When, however, they did not then return, alarm was excited in the strath, and four or five of their friends set out in search of them. Upon reaching the glen, they discovered that the house had disappeared, and upon approaching its site a vast volume of snow at the foot sufficiently explained their fate. Early in the next day all the active men in the country assembled and proceeded to Gaick, and upon digging into the snow where the house had stood, the dead bodies of four of the party were found in the following positions: Ballachroan lying in bed upon his face; Grant and John Macpherson, also in bed, with their arms stretched out over each other; and MacGillivray in a sitting posture, with one of his hands at his foot, as if in the act of putting on or taking off his shoes. The body of Macfarlane was not found until after the disappearance of the snow, when he was discovered a considerable distance from the house. This was accounted for by the supposition that he was standing when the avalanche came down, and thus presented to the rolling volume, had been carried away in the general wreck of the building, of which nothing was left above the foundation-stones; while the beds of the rest having been only heath spread upon the floor, were protected from removal by the base-line of the wall. With the lost body, the course of the devastation was found strewed along the foot of the hill; the stones of the house were carried to the distance of three or four hundred yards, and a part of the roof and thatch for nearly a mile; the guns were bent, broken, and twisted in every possible shape, and by some their extraordinary contortions were attributed to electricity; but the cause was sufficiently explained by their having been mixed with the stones and timber of the house when in rapid motion, for the building was constructed in a substantial manner, the walls having been of stone four feet high, and the area divided in the centre by a strong partition; such a weighty mass of materials rolled down with so much violence, and for such a distance, would satisfactorily account for the state of the guns intermingled amidst the ruins. The destruction of the forest hut was not the only catastrophe of that terrible night; part of an adjacent sheep-fank, and of a poind-fold at Loch-an-t-Seilich, about two miles distant, were also swept away; and from the south side of Loch Erricht an immense body of earth and trees was carried across the ice to the north shore, where it is still to be seen, at least a quarter of a mile distant from the place from whence it was torn.”

Here was matter for speculation, and now it was that the captain received his fame. Gaick, wild and remote,

“Gàig dhubh na'm feadan fiar,”

had an evil reputation of old as demon-haunted; for was it not here, at *Leum na Feinne*, that the wild and profligate Walter Comyn centuries before was torn limb from limb by two infuriated witches in the shape of eagles? here that the deluded hunter, sheltering in his bothy when mist and darkness encompassed the hills, met a similar fate at the hands of his unearthly paramour? and here, coming down to more recent times, that the more familiar *Muircach Mac-Iain* (another noted Macpherson hunter, who married Phiness's daughter) first met the famous “Witch of Laggan,” a single hair of whose head could shear the strongest beam of oaken timber asunder like cheese? Need we therefore wonder that at a place in the people's minds always so associated the startling occurrence above narrated should have been ascribed to more than natural causes, and that, discussed in every hamlet and at every fireside in Lochaber, Strathdearn, Strathspey, and Badenoch (all sharers in the disaster), the story in every possible form of exaggeration should have become extensively diffused? A judgment! yea, a judgment! was now the cry of the bereaved mothers and sweethearts of the captain's least fortunate recruits, who found a willing exponent of their views in the person of a rhymester of the name of Mackay, whose verses on the occasion have consequently obtained extensive circulation and the honour of being frequently reprinted. In the words of the writer above quoted, “The awful character of the destruction in Gaick immediately excited superstitious imagination, and in a short time it was exaggerated into a supernatural romance. By some the house was said to have been torn to pieces in a vortex of thunder and lightning, launched by the vengeance of heaven against sinners; by others it was attributed to a whirlwind raised by the devil, for the same chastisement; while the detention of those who were prevented from accompanying the lost party was ascribed to dreams, warnings, and other supernatural interpositions to save them from the wrath to come.” Fertile imaginations, a natural love of the marvellous, and lapse of time have accomplished the rest, until now with the multitude there is no greater *bogle* in the Central Highlands than *Othaichear dubh Bail-a'-Chrodhain*.

Having recapitulated and discussed the captain's reputed misdeeds,

we shall now draw on more reliable sources of information than the so-called "popular traditions" for materials whereby we may be enabled to form a juster estimate of his character.

The famous manse of Laggan, in which for so many years lived the celebrated Mrs Grant, was only a few miles distant from Ballachroan, and the respective families were on friendly and intimate terms. This lady, writing to a friend a few months after the occurrence at Gaick, says,—“I will not distress you with particulars of the death of your acquaintance. It was a wonderful occurrence, and shall be explained hereafter. He took a romantic fancy of going to hunt deer in the desert hills for a Christmas feast which he had projected. He and three or four attendants, sheltering in a hut, were surprised at night by something like a whirlwind or avalanche; in short, they were buried in the ruins of the hut. You can have no idea what a gloom has overspread us. *Mr Grant was always partial to him.*” Mr Grant’s pronounced partiality for Captain Macpherson would lose half its value without the following delightful glimpse the gifted and devoted wife has given us of the character of that husband. She says of him: “With a kind of mild disdain and philosophic tranquillity he kept aloof from a world for which the delicacy of his feelings, the purity of his integrity, and the intuitive discernment with which he saw into character, in a manner disqualified him—that is, from enjoying it; for who can enjoy the world deceiving or being deceived?”<sup>1</sup> Judge, then, if this good parson, this refined and cultivated gentleman, living in his close neighbourhood, and on terms of the greatest intimacy with him for a quarter of a century, could have been always partial to Captain Macpherson had he been the wicked person he is, in popular tradition, said to have been.

Of the captain’s contemporaries and associates was also “Ossian” Macpherson, for whom he negotiated the purchase of several lairdships in the parish, amongst them the ancient patrimony of his (the captain’s) own family, beautiful Phoness, an oasis in the surrounding desert. Amongst persons of a humbler condition of life who had opportunities of knowing the captain, there was no one of his time who knew him better, or who for so long a period of time came into more familiar contact with him, than the bard Malcolm Macintyre, less known in Gaelic poetry than many who had not a tithe of his genius. In the captain, whom he had

<sup>1</sup> Letters from the Mountains, ii. 150.



often attended in the chase, poor Callum, in his many troubles, lost a warm and constant friend; and he nobly repaid his obligations in an elegy unsurpassed in the Gaelic language—a loving tribute, which came, unmistakably, warm and welling from the very depths of the grateful poet's heart. This lament (fifteen stanzas of which will be found in the 'Duan-aire') is too long to be given here entire, but the tender prelude to this song of sorrow will give some idea of the strains that succeed. He commences—

“'S beag ioghnadh mi 'bhi dubhach,  
Air feasgar, 's a' ghrian le bruthach :—  
Bheir mulad air sùilean sruthadh,  
'Si 'n Nolluig so thionndaidh chairt-dubh orm,  
Cha b'i 'n éiric an àit an udhair,  
Ged a bhithinn gu bràth ri cumha,  
'S nach tig thu 'chaidh slan le d'bhuidhinn,  
A dh'imich do Ghàig nan aighean.”

. . . . .

So, soothing his sorrow with his own sad song, the bard presently and suddenly recalls the captain's deeds done in the body, and so vividly are they present to him, that he actually seems to be addressing his living benefactor. Strengthened and inspired by the visions of his rapt fancy, the hitherto languid and melting strains of his harp are exchanged for the bold and exultant rush of—

“Cha' n fhaca mi bàrr aig duin' ort,  
'Dhìreadh nan càrn 's nam mullach,  
'Mharbhadh nam fiadh 's a' mhonadh,  
Tharraing nan lann, 's bu ghuinich  
Bhualadh nan dòrn 's a' chunnart;  
Labhairt aig mòd 's tu b'urrainn;  
Dh' aindeoin no dhèoin bu leat buidhinn  
Anns gach cùis am biodh mòrachd 'us urram.”

. . . . .

Anon, o'ermastering Grief again resumes her sway, and the trembling fingers respond to the touching pathos of—

“Oid'agus athair an fheumaich,  
'Choibhreadh air aircich 's air éignich!  
Na'm b'urrainn mi dheanainn léigh dhuit;  
Ghleidhinn cuach-locshlaint na Fèinn duit,  
'Thug Fionn Mac-Cumhail á h-Eirinn;—  
Thogainn a rithist o'n eug thu.  
Bhiodh Bail-a'-Chrodhain fo éibhneas,  
'S do mhaithean ag òl do dheoch-réite.”

(Which in cold-blooded English would, baldly and literally, run somewhat as follows:—

“Fosterer and father of the needy!  
 Succourer of the hungry and distressed!  
 Thy leech, if I could, I'd make me:  
 I'd find thee the healing cup of the *Fèinne*  
 That mighty Fingal brought from *Eirinn*;  
 From death I'd then reclaim thee.  
 In Ballachroan gladness should reign then,  
 Thy peers drinking thy welcome-cup.”)

Again, how beautiful in expression, how utterly unlike the praise of a venal bard, the two concluding lines of another stanza, in which, as if standing on the captain's grave, and taking a last sad leave of him, he sums up all that he had previously uttered, exclaiming in accents to which further speech is denied—

“Ite chorra sgéith do chinnidh  
 Nach d' rinn riamh de n t'saoghal cillein!”

Elsewhere he speaks of death as cutting down

“Am fùr 's an gràinne mullaich” (of his clan).

And so he goes on, until the wail dies away in a solemn supplication to the Most High, for the sake of the blood that had been shed, to have mercy on the souls of the departed.

We cannot more fittingly or becomingly conclude this imperfect sketch of Captain Macpherson than by quoting another eloquent tribute to his memory, from the pen of his clansman and countryman, the late Captain Lachlan Macpherson, Biallid, whose name is ever mentioned with pride by every native of Badenoch. “Old Biallid” speaks of the captain from personal knowledge; he was intimately conversant with all and every detail, current opinions, traditions, and actual occurrences, in which that unfortunate and much misrepresented gentleman figured; and this is what he, so well entitled to a respectful hearing, says of the *Othaichear Dubh* of popular tradition as given in the ‘Lays of the Deer Forest’ by the Sobieski Stuarts, published by Messrs Blackwood in 1848:—

“The memory of the ‘*Caiptein Dubh*’ is still retained among his clan with deep regret and regard. By the few yet living intimates of his friendship he is esteemed

as a man who, in mental and bodily qualities, had few equals, and no superior in the Highlands; kind, generous, brave, and charitable, full of noble patriotism for his clan, and, if a formidable opponent, none ever sought his aid, or conciliated his enmity, without receiving prompt assistance and immediate reconciliation. His purse, as well as his talents, was ever at the service of the poor, the oppressed, and all who stood in need of assistance; and often he suffered considerable losses in supporting the rights of those who were unable to maintain their own. Active, intelligent, and superior in all things, he was a dangerous enemy, but an unshaken ally; and the most bitter foe had only to seek his amity, and he immediately became his friend. His mind was full of generosity, kindness, and sensibility; and if he had faults, they were the errors of his age, and not of his own heart. In his latter days, his liberality in assisting others embarrassed his own affairs; but in every trial his conduct was distinguished by honour and integrity. Amidst his misfortunes he was deprived of his wife, after which he went little into society, but in his old age spent many of his days, like the ancient hunters, alone in the hills of Gaick or the corries of Ben Alder, with no other companion than his '*Cuilbheir*' and his grey dogs! Such was one of the last true deer-stalkers of the old race of gentlemen—a man who, if we lived a hundred years, we should not see his like again."

"The shout of the chase he heeds not,  
The glad voice of morning he hears not,  
In his sunless and starless bed  
Never more shall the battle-cry rouse him."

Beneath the flatstone covering the dust of the famous *Black Officer*, there lies also the dust of a noted Malcolm Macpherson of *Sliochd Ghilliosa*, or Phoness branch of the clan—a near relative of that officer. This Malcolm Macpherson was a devoted adherent of Prince Charlie, and one of the strongest men of his day in Badenoch. Like many other Highlanders of his time, Macpherson had imbibed no small share of the Jacobite indignation against the French, to which Mr William Hamilton of Bangour—the "volunteer laureate" of Prince Charlie and his followers—gave such forcible expression in his imitation of the Scottish version of the 137th Psalm. Hamilton's name, says Chambers in his History of "The Forty-Five," "can never be altogether forgotten while that of Wordsworth exists, for it was in consequence of a ballad of Bangour's that the great Bard of the Lakes wrote his various poems on Yarrow." Escaping to France after the battle of Culloden, Hamilton subsequently composed the following lines—"a composition of much more than his usual energy, and concluding with an almost prophetic malediction:"—

“On Gallia’s shore we sat and wept  
When Scotland we thought on,  
Robbed of her bravest sons, and all  
Her ancient spirit gone.

‘Revenge,’ the sons of Gallia said,  
‘Revenge your native land!  
Already your insulting foes  
Crowd the Batavian strand.’

How shall the sons of freedom e’er  
For foreign conquest fight?  
For power how wield the sword, unsheath’d  
For liberty and right?

If thee, O Scotland, I forget,  
Even with my latest breath,  
May foul dishonour stain my name,  
And bring a coward’s death!

May sad remorse of fancied guilt  
My future days employ,  
If all thy sacred rights are not  
Above my chiefest joy.

Remember England’s children, Lord,  
Who on Drummosie<sup>1</sup> day,  
Deaf to the voice of kindred love,  
‘Rase, rase it quite!’ did say.

And thou, proud Gallia, faithless friend,  
Whose ruin is not far,  
Just Heaven on thy devoted head  
Pour all the woes of war.

When thou thy slaughtered little ones  
And ravished dames shalt see,  
Such help, such pity, mayst thou have  
As Scotland had from thee!”

Macpherson, it is related, was so much exasperated against the French, on account of their faithless conduct towards Prince Charlie, that, although he was then well advanced in life, he joined the 78th Highlanders (of which a brother of Cluny of the '45 had become captain) and took part in the siege of Quebec in 1759. Rushing with the impetuosity of a Highlander, and in utter disregard of his own life, into the thickest of the fight, he performed deeds of extraordinary daring and bravery. Wielding his powerful sword with deadly effect, he succeeded in hewing down so many Frenchmen that his conduct ultimately attracted the notice of General Townshend, who commanded the brigade. Observing Macpherson, when hostilities had ceased, regarding his handiwork with grim satisfaction, the General, after complimenting him upon his bravery, and congratulating him upon his marvellous escape, uninjured, remarked that the killing of so many Frenchmen appeared to afford him no little amount of pleasure. Regardless of the fact that he was addressing a *Hanoverian* general, “I wish,” Macpherson replied, “I could have cut down in the same way every one of the traitors. If the French had kept their promises to Prince Charlie, the Highlanders would never have lost Culloden!”

On the return of the regiment from foreign service, Macpherson, as one of its heroes, was presented by General Townshend to George III. The king graciously extended his hand to the brave soldier for the usual salute. Being unversed in Court etiquette, and taking it for granted

<sup>1</sup> Another name for Culloden.

that by way of cementing their friendship his Majesty wanted a “sneeshan,” the worthy Highlander, in placing his *mull* or snuff-box in the king’s hand, shook the royal palm with both hands with such ardour and emotion that the king was fain to cry out for quarter. Realising that anything but disrespect was meant, the king at once partook of a *pinch* from Macpherson’s Badenoch mull, and was so much pleased with his chivalrous conduct and manly bearing that a handsome pension was there and then bestowed upon him, accompanied by a gracious intimation that he might either continue in the army or return to Badenoch and enjoy the pension during the remainder of his life. Having, as he considered, accomplished in some measure the object he had in view in joining the forces of King George, Macpherson decided to return to the bosom of his family. While he remained in London he became so well known that when passing along the streets he was frequently pointed to with the remark, “There goes the brave old Highlander with his famous sword.”

The tradition in the family runs, that after Macpherson returned home he never retired to rest without placing under his pillow the sword with which he had slain *the heap* of Frenchmen, and that at his express desire it was buried with him in the old churchyard. The brave old hero cherished such a grateful recollection of the kindness and consideration he had experienced at the hands of General Townshend that, as shown in the account of the Phoness family given in Douglas’s ‘Baronage,’ &c., published in 1798, he got one of his granddaughters named Townshend Macpherson!

19. HEADSTONE.

“Here lie interred the remains of ANGUS MACPHERSON, who died at Kingussie, 3rd March 1848, aged 43, and of ELIZA MACFARLANE, his wife, who died in Edinburgh, 4th September 1876, aged 68.”

20. FLATSTONE.

“EWN and DON M’P. from Laggon their sepulchar. 1798.”

21. FLATSTONE.

“JOHN MACPHERSON, died January 2nd, 1800.”

This John Macpherson (*Iain ’Og Mac-Phearsain*), who resided at Phoness, was a brother of Donald Macpherson, Lynmore (*Domhnall Alastair*),

and was one of the party who accompanied Captain Macpherson of Balachroan on his memorable hunting expedition, and perished in the Gaick catastrophe of 1800. As the beautiful Gaelic elegy composed on the occasion by the Badenoch bard, Malcolm Macintyre, has it—

“Nan tigeadh e slàn, an caiptean,  
Am Bràgh 'dach, 's Iain òg Mac-Phearsain  
An Granndach, 's Mac-Phàrlain (cha b'fhasa)  
Cha bu diùbhail gin de'n tachdar,  
Ged nach tigeadh na féidhich ghlasa—  
Ged a bhiodh na mìlchoin tachdta;  
Nan tigeadh tu 's d' òganaich dhachaidh,  
'S an t'Aog a bhi 'm prìosan fo ghlasan.

Nam bu mhise maor a' phrìosain  
Cha' n fhàgann ä chionta gun innse :  
Mo chòmhach air phàipeirean sgrìobhte—  
Air bialaobh luchd-breith agus binne.  
'S cinnteach mur rachadh ä dhìteadh,  
Gu' n cuir' e gu grad äs an rìoghachd  
'An ceangal air slabhruidhean iaruin  
'S ä chumail a staigh leth-chiad bliathna !”

“Had he returned safe—the captain,  
Macgillivray and young John Macpherson,  
Grant, and Macfarlane—no easier woe—  
The loss of the game would not matter :  
Though the grey deer should not come—  
Though the hounds should be choked with  
snow,  
Had you and your men homewards come,  
And death been laid in prison bonds.

Were I the keeper of that prison,  
I should not leave his guilt untold,  
With my accusation on paper written  
Before judge and jury.  
Of a certainty if death should not be con-  
demned,  
He would at once be banished the kingdom,  
Bound with chains of iron,  
And confined for half a hundred years.”

## 22. HEADSTONE.

“To the memory of JOHN MACPHERSON, late Feuar in Kingussie, who died 14th February 1805, aged — years; and JAMES his son, 17th October 1817, aged 25 years.”

This John Macpherson for some years kept the wayside inn at Chapel-park (about two miles from Kingussie), then called *Tullisowe*—a corruption of the appropriate Gaelic sign-board phrase of the time, *Tadhail an so* (i.e., *call here*). He was in consequence afterwards familiarly known by the cognomen of *Tulli*. His son James, mentioned in the inscription, was drowned in a pool in the Spey, at the west end of *the Dell*, while fishing for char, and the pool was subsequently distinguished by the natives of the district as *Poll an Tulli*. Two other sons, John and Duncan, were long known and much respected in Kingussie as *Seoc an Tulli* and *Donnach an Tulli*. Duncan, who was for some time a road-contractor in the district, afterwards emigrated to Australia, and was accidentally killed there by a fall from his horse. Another son, Alexander, was drowned at Greenock on his way to America.

## 23. FLATSTONE.

“Here lys the corp of I. C., 1749.”

## 24. HEADSTONE.

“Sacred to the memory of DONALD KENNEDY, late Tacksman of Kerrowmianach, who died there on the 12th August 1833, aged 52 years.

‘If moral worth and modest mien  
Were able to avert the stroke of death,  
The Tenant in the narrow House beneath  
Should now be living and inhaling breath.  
All those who knew him  
Mourn his early exit and his brief career,  
And, stranger, had you known him,  
You would pay his memory the tribute of a tear.’

Also in memory of JAMES KENNEDY, who died at Kingussie, 14th August 1888, aged 86; and of his wife, JANET DAWSON, who died there 1st July 1883, aged 77; and of their sons: DONALD died at Delhi, 21st December 1868, aged 35; PAUL died at Kingussie, 4th July 1880, aged 44; JAMES died at Suez, 23rd December 1871, aged 32; GEORGE died at Glasgow, 29th May 1886, aged 39.”

The Donald Kennedy mentioned in the foregoing inscription died, it is said, of cholera contracted in Inverness—the only case of the kind, it is believed, ever known or heard of in Badenoch.

## 25. FLATSTONE.

“Here lys the Corps of A. C., 1747.”

## THIRD ROW.

## 26. FLATSTONE.

“Du M<sup>c</sup>I.  
A. M. P.  
1744.”

## 27. FLATSTONE.

“F. M<sup>c</sup>I.  
E. M<sup>c</sup>I.  
1744.”

The two last-mentioned stones commemorate a family of M<sup>c</sup>Intyres, long meal-millers, first at Invertromie and afterwards at Brae Ruthven.

## CHAPTER V.

LACHLAN MACPHERSON OF NUIDE, CHIEF OF CLAN CHATTAN  
—CLUNY OF THE '45.

“ ‘And when my weary eyes shall close,  
By death's long slumber blest,  
Beside my dear-loved, long-lost home,  
For ever let me rest.’

She spoke and died. In yonder grave  
Her dear remains are laid;  
Let never impious murmur rise  
To grieve her hovering shade.”

—*The Wife of Cluny of the '45.*

## 28. CLUNY AND BREAKACHY BURIAL-PLACE.

WE now come to the burial-place for many generations of the Macphersons of Cluny—the chiefs of Clan Chattan—and of their near relatives, the Macphersons of Breakachy. Within or near the present railed enclosure, although the fact is not recorded on any existing tombstone, there lie the remains of Lachlan Macpherson of Nuide, who on the death of his cousin in 1722 became, as heir male, Macpherson of Cluny and Chief of the Clan. He lived to a ripe old age, “venerable and respected throughout the whole country.” Breaking down with grief and disappointment on hearing the tidings of the sad disaster

“On bleak Culloden's bloody moor,”

the aged chief, within a very short time afterwards, “sunk under the weight of the many misfortunes” which then overtook the Cluny family.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> In a letter from Lachlan Grant, writer in Edinburgh, to Ludovick Grant of Grant, dated 10th July 1746, he writes: “I have had little or no news from the North since



His wife was Jean, a daughter of Sir Ewen Cameron of Lochiel, the Chief of the Camerons, a lady distinguished for her force of character. After her husband's death in 1746, and the accession of her son to the chiefship, her jointure-house was at Ballintian of Nuide, and it is related that to her funeral a thousand men "fit for battle" assembled. When the *cortége* reached St Columba's Churchyard, where her husband's remains had been interred some years previously, the Gynack (a tributary of the Spey in the immediate vicinity of the churchyard) being at the time in high flood, the grave was found to be nearly filled with water. In place of being laid beside her husband, her remains were in consequence interred in the *Middle Churchyard*—some two hundred yards distant—and her grave is said to be near the north-west corner of the foundation of the church which at one time stood in that churchyard. The severance thus brought about of the remains of husband and wife gave rise, it was supposed, to such poignant distress on the part of the disconsolate chief that he could not rest in his grave, and it was firmly believed by some of the old natives that in the dead of night his ghost continually passed to and fro between the two churchyards. Only a very small portion of St Columba's Churchyard was enclosed, and, in the recollection of many still living, the site of old "Jess Warren's" house and garden formed part of what had in olden times been consecrated ground. The road to the present meal-mill was sacrilegiously made right through this ground, and the bed of the old mill-lade dug out among the graves. Before the bridge which stood near the present smithy was constructed, this stream had to be crossed by a ford. Here one dark night James Robertson, the miller and beadle of Kingussie, a worthy somewhat fond of the native mountain-dew, and well known to be of a very superstitious nature, and particularly timorous at night, was confronted by a wag from the village wrapped up in a white sheet. The "ghost," with menacing voice, pretended to represent the departed chief, and thus remonstrated in the native vernacular with the terror-stricken beadle: "*A Sheumais! a Sheumais! is olc, is olc, a bhuin sibh riumsa agus ri mo mhnaoi! Is fliuch agus fuar mo chasan gach oidhche a' tighinn g'a h-anharc anns a' chladh eile! C'arson, c'arson nach do chuir sibh ri m' thaobh i?*" (i.e.,

my last, other than that it is pretty certain that old Glenbucket died lately in the hills of Glenaven, and that old Cluny M<sup>c</sup>Pherson died a few days agoe, so that past all doubt the estate of Cluny will now be forfeited."—The Chiefs of Grant, ii. 263.

“James! James! badly, badly have you used me and my wife! Wet and cold are my feet every night going to visit her in the other churchyard! Why, why did you not place her by my side?” Never afterwards, it is said, was the worthy beadle seen out of his house after dark.

The only son of Lachlan of Nuide was the famous Cluny of the '45, who was born in 1706, and succeeded to the chiefship of the clan on the death of his father.

“Come, listen to another song,  
Should make your heart beat high,  
Bring crimson to your forehead,  
And the lustre to your eye;  
It is a song of olden time,  
Of days long since gone by,  
And of a baron stout and bold  
As e'er wore sword on thigh!  
Like a brave old Scottish cavalier,  
All of the olden time!

He had his castle in the north,  
Hard by the thundering Spey;  
And a thousand vassals dwelt around,  
All of his kindred they.  
And not a man of all that clan  
Had ever ceased to pray  
For the Royal race they loved so well,  
Though exiled far away  
From the steadfast Scottish cavaliers,  
All of the olden time!”

In some letters addressed by the celebrated Simon, Lord Lovat, to Lochiel of the time, and contributed by the present Lochiel to the ‘Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness,’ there is an amusing account given of the courtship and marriage of Cluny of the '45 to Lord Lovat's eldest daughter. The following letter “represents,” says Lochiel, “the lover as either very bashful or somewhat unskilful in his addresses, as he was a whole week at Beaufort without finding an opportunity of ‘popping the question’:”—

“MY DEAR LAIRD OF LOCHIEL,—As I sincerely have greater confidence in you than in many other men upon the earth, you know, for several reasons that I have past grounds for this confidence that I have in you, this entire trust that I have in your friendship for me, and in your absolute honour and integrity and uprightness of heart, obliges me to send you this express to acquaint you that

your cousine Cluny Macpherson came here, and after staying some days, he desired to speak to me by myself, which I very easily granted. After some compliments, he very civilly proposed to marry my daughter Jenyie, who is with me. I was truly a little surprised; I told him all the obliging things I could think, and told him that I would never let my daughter marry any man if he was of the first rank of Scotland beyond her own inclinations. So that he must speak to herself before I give him any other answer than that I was obliged to him. But the house being very throng with strangers, he could not get spoke to her though he stayed a week here. I advised him to make his visit a visit of friendship, since he had not been here of a long time, and not to speak to her till he should make one other visit; and that in the meantime, since I had as great confidence in his cousine Lochiel as he had, that I would runn one express to you to know your opinion and advise, which he was pleased with, and said he would likewise write to you. I therefore beg of you, my dear cousine, that you let me know candidly and plainly your sentiments without the least reserve, as you know I would do to you. I am quite a stranger to the gentleman's circumstances, only that I always heard they were not very plentiful. But whatever may be in that, as the connection that his family has with yours, was the motion that did engage me to do all the good offices in my power to all the Macphersons when they were much pursuite (?) by the Duke of Gordon, so that same argument disposes me to be civil to him, and whatever may happen in his present view, I am resolved to behave to him so kindly, so as to persuade him that I have a greater regard for him and his family on your account than I have for most people in the Highlands. The gentleman's near concern in you, if people knew my writing, might construct it by going in headlong to this affair. But I assure you, my dear cousine, that the plain case is, that I am fully convinced that if he was your Brother, it would have no byass with you to advise me to an affair that would not be honourable and fit for my family, as I am fully convinced that you will send me the real sentiment of your heart, and let me know Clunie's circumstances, which you cannot be ignorant off. And I declair to you upon honour that I will neither speak to my daughter, nor to any mortal, until I have your return to this. One of my great motives for giving ear to this affair is the view that I have, that it might unite the Camerons, Macphersons, and the Frasers as one man, and that such method might be fallen upon them as might keep them unite for this age that nothing would alter. But this desire will never make me agree to any proposition against my daughter's inclination, or contrary to a reasonable settlement."

The above letter is in duplicate, one copy autograph, the other written by an amanuensis, but both signed; one is dated the 10th, the other the 18th February 1742. To the latter is appended a postscript in the same handwriting as the holograph of the 10th. It is as follows:—

“I do assure you, my dear Cousin, that if circumstances answer in a reasonable manner, that I am in my own inclinations entirely for the affair. Adieu, *mon cher* cousin.”

The next letter, written apparently after Lochiel's approval had been obtained, shows the importance attached to alliances by marriage as increasing the power and influence of the family thus allied. On the 27th May of the same year Lovat writes :—

“Your Cousin Clunie has been here these three weeks past, and I do assure you that I am obliged to suffer a great many battles for him. The M'Intoshes, who are madly angry at this Match, endeavour to get all those they converse with to cry out against me for making of it, and those who don't love that the Macphersons should be greater than they are, or that my family should be stronger than it is, make it their business to cry out against it. But I must do justice to my Lord President, that all his friends and Relations cry out against it, yet he heartily approved of it in this house, where he did me the honour to dine with me Monday was se'en-night, and after I told him plainly all the circumstances, and that I trusted myself entirely to you, he told me that I could not trust myself to an honest man in Scotland than to Locheill, and after what I told him, his opinion was that if the young couple lov'd one another they might live happily together ; and that it was a very proper alliance for my family, and that it strengthened the interest of my family more than any low country alliance that I could make. His saying so gave me satisfaction, whether he thought it or not ; and tho' I have a hundred to one against me for making this match, yet I do not repent it, and tho' it were to begin again to-morrow, I would do the same thing over again ; and I must tell you that the more I know your Cousine Cluny the more I love him for a thorough good-natur'd, even-temper'd, honest gentleman. He goes home to look after his affairs in Badenoch for some time, and I precisely design that the marriage shall be consummated towards the latter end of June. But as I told you before, I am positive that I never will allow it to be done till you are present, so that Dyet must be regulate according to the time that your affairs will allow you to come here.”

In a letter from Lovat to the Duke of Gordon, dated Beaufort, 13th August 1742, the marriage is thus alluded to :—

“As your Grace and the worthy Dutchess were so civill to my daughter, I think it my duty to acquaint your Grace that her aunt, the Lady Scatwell, having come here on the Tuesday after your Grace went away, my daughter was married next day to the Laird of Cluny, and they both behaved to the satisfaction of all who were present ; and as they are both good-natur'd and of an even temper, I hope

they will be very happy. They had the honour to succeed your Grace in the lucky velvet bed, which I hope will have good effect.”<sup>1</sup>

According to Lovat, his son-in-law showed no symptoms of being a henpecked husband. Lovat's last letter on this subject is dated October 1743, and after compliments (with which he was usually so lavish), and some other amusing matter, he proceeds:—

“Cluny came here Monday night with your brother Archibald; your uncle Ludovic had the gout in his meikle, so that he could not come, and your brother John was sick of distemper, and he would not come, and Cluny brought nobody with him but Inveresci and young Bancher,<sup>2</sup> and another gentleman called Lachlan M'Pherson. Duncan Campbell of Clunies came here likewise one Monday night, and the Laird of Foulis came here on Thursday, and seven of his friends, and dined and stayed all night, and was very merry, so that my house was very throng, as it almost was every other day this [?] and summer. I was mightily desirous that Cluny should leave his daughter with me, who is the finest child I ever saw. But after he first consented to it, he then resiled and carryed her of, which vexed me very much, notwithstanding that Dr Fraser of Achnagairn gave his positive advice to Cluny not to carry away his child in the winter-time. But he acted the absolute chief, and carried the poor infant away in a credill a-horseback. Before twenty gentlemen I openly washed my hands from any harm that would happen to the child by carrying her away in this season. But Cluny took the blame upon himself, and there I left it. However, they have had such fine weather that I hope the child will arrive at Cluny in good health.<sup>3</sup> But I cannot think that a house whose walls was not finished two months ago can be very wholesome either for the child or for the mother. But it seems that Cluny is resolved to wear the Britches and the Petty Coats too, so that I am afraid my child will not comb a grey head in that country. However, we must submit and resign all things to Providence.”<sup>4</sup>

The happiness anticipated by Lord Lovat for the young couple at the time of the marriage was, alas! of short duration. About three years afterwards Prince Charlie landed in the Highlands, and raised his standard at Glenfinnan. Cluny had about six weeks previously been offered and

<sup>1</sup> Miscellany of the Spalding Club, iii. 235.

<sup>2</sup> Two Macphersons; the one the Laird of Invereshie, and the other of Bancher in Badenoch.

<sup>3</sup> The *child* happily survived the perilous journey in the dead of winter “in a credill a-horseback,” and lived to become the wife of Colonel Duncan Macpherson of Bleaton. She died on 6th November 1808, in the sixty-sixth year of her age, and her remains, along with those of her husband, rest peacefully here in the old churchyard.

<sup>4</sup> Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness, xii. 374-378.

had accepted the command of a company in Lord Loudon's Highlanders, but he was in reality a strong partisan of the Stuart dynasty. While hesitating, we are told, between duty and inclination, his devoted wife, although a staunch Jacobite, earnestly dissuaded him from joining the Prince, assuring him that nothing could end well which began with breaking his oath to Government. But when the Stuarts "claimed their own"—

" And when the tidings southward came,  
That Highland bosoms all aflame,  
Glengarry, Keppoch, loved Lochiel,  
To their true Prince, for woe or weal,  
Were plighting troth, and thronging round  
His standard reared on Scottish ground—  
Glenfinnan by the lone Loch Shiel"<sup>1</sup>—

Cluny and his clansmen could not resist the appeal to join the standard of the "King of the Highlanders," regarding him, as they did, as the true heir to the Crown. The Macphersons were, it is said, all the more eager to take an active part in the Rising from a desire to revenge the sad fate of two of their clansmen, Malcolm and Samuel Macpherson of the family of Breakachy, whom they considered had been very unjustly shot on account of the mutiny of the Black Watch two years before. That regiment, having assembled at Perth in the spring of 1743, received orders to march for England, a step which the Highlanders regarded as contrary to what they had been led to understand when the regiment had been formed—namely, that the sphere of their services was not to extend beyond their native country. Against the remonstrances of Lord President Forbes and others, the regiment was ordered to join the British army then serving in Germany. The retreat, in consequence, of a portion of the regiment from London, led by Samuel Macpherson, has been well termed a romance of military history.

Sad and bitter enough was the fate which ultimately overtook Cluny and his wife in consequence of his enthusiastic devotion to the Stuart cause—

" Many a night of mute despair  
Saw he the welkin lurid red  
With the death-fire's baleful glare,  
From Badenoch o'er Lochaber spread  
Far west to Ardnamurchan Head ;

---

<sup>1</sup> Shairp's Kilmahoe, 4.

And heard dim voices of lament  
 From the far-off mountains sent,  
 Homeless wives and famished bairns,  
 Crying 'mid the misty cairns,  
 For their sires that slaughtered lay  
 By the smouldering sheilings far away."<sup>1</sup>

So keen was the desire of the Government to capture Cluny that a reward of £1000, in addition to the command of a company, was offered for his apprehension, and a detachment of the Royal forces was for a lengthened period stationed in the district for the express purpose of capturing him, dead or alive. For *nine years* he wandered without home or shelter in the mountain-fastnesses of Badenoch, taking refuge in caves among the rocks, and enduring the most terrible hardships, which his wife, to a great extent, shared with him. So watchful and alert were his clansmen in the way of ascertaining and apprising their "outlawed chief" of the movements of the enemy, that during that long period he succeeded, with many almost miraculous escapes, in eluding the unceasing vigilance and activity of his pursuers.

Towards the end of 1754 Cluny received from Prince Charlie the following letter dated from Paris:—

"For C. M. in Scotld.

"Ye 4th September 1754.

"SIR,—This is to desire you to come as soon as you can conveniently to Paris, bringing over with you all the effects whatsoever that I left in your hands when I was in Scotland, as also whatever money you can come at, for I happen to be at present in great straits, which makes me wish that you should delay as little as possible to meet me for that effect. You are to address yourself when arrived at Paris to Mr John Waters, Banker, &c. He will direct you where to find your sincere friend,  
 C. P."<sup>2</sup>

What had been the original amount of the money left by the Prince in Cluny's custody does not appear, but in 1749 Dr Cameron, the brother of Lochiel, received 6000 louis d'ors of it, for which he gave Cluny his receipt. In a letter, dated 22d June 1750, Lochgary informed the Prince, that having gone to Scotland the preceding winter to visit his wife and family, he had seen Cluny, whom he found the same person he always believed him, "a true, worthy, good man, and, in a word, a man

<sup>1</sup> Shairp's Kilmahoe, 5.

<sup>2</sup> Browne's History of the Highlands, iv. 122.

of loyalty and honour." In that letter Lochgary enclosed a statement given him by Cluny, showing "that no less a sum than 16,000 louis d'ors" might then have been recovered of the money, and suggested that he and Dr Cameron should be authorised to bring it from Scotland.<sup>1</sup>

Loyal and devoted to the very last to the ill-fated Stuarts, notwithstanding his terrible sufferings in the cause, Cluny, in consequence of the special request contained in the letter from Prince Charlie, soon afterwards contrived to escape to Paris, where he met the Prince and duly accounted for all the effects which had been left in his hands. Pining in his lonely exile for the companionship of his loving wife, and giving expression to that desire in a letter she received from him, she braved what in those days was the long and perilous journey "o'er land and sea," and joined him in France in 1757, remaining with him till the end. So faithful did his clansmen and tenants prove, that when his estates were forfeited soon after Culloden, they not only paid their rents to Government—who subsequently held the estates—but year after year "another rent" to Cluny as well, down to the date of his death:—

"And when at last war-guns were hushed,  
And back to wasted farms they fared,  
With bitter memories, spirits crushed,  
The few whom sword and famine spared  
Saw the old order banished, saw  
The old clan-ties asunder torn.  
For their chief's care a factor's scorn  
And iron rule of Saxon law.  
One rent to him constrained to bring  
'The German lairdie' called a king.  
They o'er the sea in secret sent,  
To their own chief another rent  
In his far place of banishment."<sup>2</sup>

It is related that when George III. expressed on a certain occasion "a strong desire to see some of the surviving Highlanders who had been out in the '45, a certain number were brought forward, and among them a grim old warrior from Knoydart, named *Raonull Mòr a' Chròlcìn*. After putting some questions to the latter the king remarked that he must have long since regretted having taken any part in that *Rebellion*. The answer was prompt and decisive. 'Sire, I regret nothing of the kind.' His Majesty for an instant was taken aback at such a bold answer, but he

<sup>1</sup> Browne's History of the Highlands, iv. 72.

<sup>2</sup> Shairp's Glen Dessaray and other Poems, 6.



was completely softened by the old man adding, 'What I did then for the Prince, I would have done as heartily for your Majesty if you had been in the Prince's place.' This is the very feeling that animates all true Highlanders, although, it must be confessed, the treachery shown in the Massacre of Glencoe and the brutal severities exercised after Culloden are apt to give a spasm even to the most honest loyalty. It is a sedative, however, to have the privilege of abusing and execrating the authors without necessarily implicating or thinking ill of their connections and descendants."<sup>1</sup> The old traditional feeling of loyalty to the throne is as freely given by Highlanders to the reigning dynasty now as it was formerly given to the unfortunate Stuarts.

Completely worn out by the exposure and privations he had undergone for so many years, Cluny died at Dunkirk in February 1764 in the fifty-eighth year of his age, and on account of his close adherence to the Protestant faith was buried in the garden attached to the house he occupied at the time.

" Oh ! never shall we know again  
 A heart so stout and true—  
 The olden times have passed away,  
 And weary are the new ;  
 The fair white rose has faded  
 From the garden where it grew,  
 And no fond tears save those of heaven,  
 The glorious bed bedew,  
 Of the last old Scottish cavalier,  
 All of the olden time !"

Holding, as Highlanders do, the right of sepulture in high veneration, it was a great additional grief to his clansmen and friends that Cluny's remains could not be taken home to rest beside those of his fathers in the old churchyard. His gentle-hearted and sorely afflicted wife soon afterwards returned to Badenoch, and, dying in April 1765, her remains were interred in the Cluny burial-place. In a touching ballad composed by Mrs Grant of Laggan, with "no exaggeration, no alteration of fact, and very little poetical decoration," the afflictions of the devoted pair subsequent to the battle of Culloden are thus narrated from the mouth of a faithful and grief-stricken retainer, who had been for upwards of fifty years in the service of the Cluny family :—

<sup>1</sup> Macdonald's Moidart ; or, Among the Clanranalds, 5, 6.

" My master was a chief renowned  
 In manhood's active prime,  
 My lady was for ev'ry worth  
 Unequaled in her time.

Her father<sup>1</sup> was a wily lord  
 Well skilled in dangerous art,  
 (But truth and love and goodness filled  
 His daughter's gentle heart).

How short, how gay, how bright the smile  
 That cheered their morning ray!  
 How dark, how cold, how loud the storm  
 That raging closed their day!

On *Gladsmuir's* heath a comet's blaze  
 Deceived their dazzled sight;  
 On bleak *Culloden's* bloody moor  
 It sunk in endless night.

Why should I tell what noble blood  
 The sable scaffold stained?  
 Why should I tell what generous hearts  
 Ignoble fate disdained?

I see thy dim and dewy eyes,  
 And spare thy aching heart;  
 For in my various tale of woe  
 Thy kindred bore a part.

When to the forest's deep retreats  
 My outlawed master fled;  
 While vengeance took a deadly aim  
 At his devoted head.

The ruthless Duke's fell mandate came  
 And ruin spread around;  
 Our Chieftain's halls were wrapt in flames,  
 With flames the turrets crowned.

High on yon rock, that to the North  
 Erects its aged head,  
 Hard by the screaming goshawk's nest  
 He made his pendent bed.

'Twas from yon trembling aspen's boughs  
 That wave so high in air,  
 He saw the wasting flames ascend  
 In silent stern despair.

But fury shook his manly frame,  
 And sorrow wrung his heart,  
 When from the crashing roof he saw  
 The burning rafters part.

On yon bleak hill that fronts the North  
 My lady sat forlorn;<sup>2</sup>  
 In fear she left her home, to shun  
 The lawless soldiers' scorn.

With meek and silent awe she sat  
 And piously resigned;  
 Fierce blazed her castle through the gloom,  
 Loud blew the eastern wind.

Oh lady, shun the chilling blasts  
 That pierce thy tender form;  
 Oh shun this dreary sight of woe,  
 And shun the midnight storm!

The lady wiped her streaming eyes,  
 And raised her drooping head;  
 'Ah! where can I a shelter find?'  
 In broken words she said.

'The owl that 'plains from yonder wood  
 May slumber in her nest;  
 The fox that howls from yonder hill  
 Within his cave may rest.

'But I, alas! without a home  
 Must brave the chilling air;  
 My friends are fallen beneath the sword  
 That never knew to spare.

'The fire devoured my father's halls,  
 Stern vengeance drank his blood;<sup>3</sup>  
 And loudly on my consort calls  
 To swell the purple flood.

<sup>1</sup> Simon, Lord Lovat.

<sup>2</sup> The wife of Cluny sat most part of the night on an opposite hill viewing the conflagration of Cluny Castle, which, by the express orders of "the bloody Duke of Cumberland," had been committed to the flames.

<sup>3</sup> Her father, Lord Lovat, was beheaded in the Tower of London in April 1747, at the advanced age of about eighty years.

'And can I seek a sheltering roof  
 Or social comfort taste  
 While he a lonely alien shrinks,  
 Hid in the dreary waste?  
 'Blow higher winds, blaze fiercer flames,  
 Rise o'er thy limits, *Spey*;  
 No stronger pang my heart can feel  
 At Nature's last decay.'  
 Successive summer suns beheld  
 My lady's withering prime;  
 But on her lord no sun e'er shone  
 In his cold native clime.  
 In gloomy caves he past the day,  
 And by the taper's light  
 Consumed the lonely studious hours,  
 And hoped the coming night:  
 Then when the world in slumber lay,  
 Through midnight darkness stole,  
 And in my lady's faithful breast  
 Reposed his sorrowing soul:  
 Or, fondly gazing while he slept,  
 Hung o'er his infant son:<sup>1</sup>  
 And lingering blest th' unconscious babe  
 Till glimmering dawn begun:  
 Or, when the livelong winter night  
 Had lulled the spies of pow'r,  
 'Midst faithful friends, a gleam of joy  
 Shone on the social hour.  
 With eager search the watchful bands  
 His secret haunts explored,  
 And many a faithful vassal knew  
 The caves that hid their lord.  
 At last, with sad reluctant sighs,  
 He left the British strand;  
 And sore my lady wept to leave  
 Her darling son on land.  
 Upon the sea-beat coast of France  
 We dwelt in mournful guise;

And saw afar, like hovering clouds,  
 Our native land arise.  
 Not long upon that alien shore  
 My banished master pined;  
 With silent grief we saw his corpse  
 To common earth consigned.  
 No *pibroch* led the loud lament,  
 No funeral train appeared;  
 No bards with songs of mighty deeds  
 The hopeless mourners cheered.  
 When midnight wore her sable robe  
 We dug his humble grave;  
 Where fair Narcissus droops its head,  
 And darkest poppies wave.  
 We strewed the tomb with rosemary,  
 We watered it with tears;  
 And bade the Scottish thistle round  
 Erect his warlike spears.  
 And soon we left the fatal spot  
 And sought our native shore;  
 And soon my lady blest her son,  
 And clasped him o'er and o'er.  
 'On thee, my son' (she fondly cried),  
 'May happier planets shine;  
 And mayst thou never live to brook  
 A fate so hard as mine:  
 'And mayst thou heir thy father's worth,  
 But not his hapless doom:  
 To honour and thy country true  
 Mayst thou his rights resume.'<sup>2</sup>  
 'And when my weary eyes shall close,  
 By death's long slumber blest,  
 Beside my dear-loved, long-lost home  
 For ever let me rest.'  
 She spoke and died—in yonder grave  
 Her dear remains are laid.  
 Let never impious murmur rise  
 To grieve her hovering shade."<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The son (their only one) was born in a *kiln* on the Cluny estates, where the homeless mother was at the time obliged to take shelter.

<sup>2</sup> The Cluny estates were restored to the son in 1784, the Government having appropriated the rents for the long period of thirty-eight years.

<sup>3</sup> Poems on Various Subjects, by Mrs Grant of Laggan, 1803, 147-153.

On 30th July 1770, the following "Memorial for Captain Duncan M'Pherson of his Majesty's late 105th Regiment, only son of the deceast Evan M'Pherson of Cluny"—*i.e.*, Cluny of the '45—was presented to the "Commissioners of annexed Estates," and bears to have been "read 28th Jany. 1771," viz. :—

"The late Evan M'Pherson of Cluny being unluckily seduced to engage in the late unnatural rebellion, 1745, was attainted, and his estate forfeited and annexed to the Crown. His lady and children were since the forfeiture indulged by Government with possessing the benefits arising from the Mill and Mains of Cluny, and a pendicle called Kylarchil; and she paid the rent yearly to the Crown factor until the year 1757, when she was called by her husband to France, where she remained till he died in February 1764. Soon after his death she returned to Scotland, and retired to her possession of Cluny, which in her absence had been managed by trustees for her and her family's behoof; but she dying in April 1765, Major John M'Pherson, brother to Cluny and heir of tailzie to his father, retiring out of the army on account of his age, and of his being disabled by wounds in the British service, entered into the possession for behoof of his brother's children, and occupied the same until his death in March 1770. Major M'Pherson made a will wholly in favour of his brother's son, the memorialist, who is at present upon his travels on the Continent; and in his absence, upon his uncle's death, Captain Duncan M'Pherson of his Majesty's late 89th Regiment, and who is married to young Cluny's sister, did, in virtue of a special factory for that purpose, take possession of the farm of Cluny and stocking thereon, for his brother-in-law's behoof, and applied to the Barons of his Majesty's Court of Exchequer, by petition in June last, for a lease of that farm in his constituent's favours; but as the estate of Cluny is in a few months to be transferred from the Exchequer to the management of the Commissioners of annexed Estates, the Barons declined granting a lease, which puts Captain M'Pherson, as factor for his brother-in-law, to the necessity of applying to Cluny's friends for their interest to procure him a lease of the farm from the Commissioners of annexed Estates, who, it is hoped, will not deprive the young man, who has nothing else to subsist on excepting his half-pay, of what the Government so long and so generously bestowed upon him for the support of his distressed family, and which they have usually done to others in the like misfortunate circumstances."


Within the railed enclosure there are four flatstones with the following inscriptions :—

"(1) 1769.

Here lys EVAN McPHERSON, son to DONALD McPHERSON of Breakchy, who died March the 25th, aged 21 years."

The Donald M'Pherson mentioned in this inscription was married to

Christian, a daughter of Lachlan Macpherson of Cluny, and a sister of the Cluny of the '45.

“(2) D M P  M M K.  
1769.”

I have been unable to trace to whom these initials refer, but the “D M P” was in all probability one of the Breakachy family. The emblem or figure of a heart, engraved on the tombstone between the initials, would appear to indicate that a happy “union of hearts” had existed between the couple whom the inscription commemorates, and that “in death they were not divided.”

“(3) Hear layes THOMAS McPHERSON of Nessintully, who departed this life the year of our Lord 1771.”

“(4) Col DUN<sup>N</sup> McPHERSON, departed this life Decr 12th Ano Domini 1810, aged 74.”

On a marble tablet in the monument, surmounted by the coat of arms of the clan, there is the following inscription:—

“Sacred to the memory of Colonel DUNCAN MACPHERSON of Bleaton, who died at Kingussie the 12th day of December 1810, aged 75 years; and his wife, MARGARET MACPHERSON, who died 6th November 1808, aged 66, and daughter of the late EWEN MACPHERSON, Esq. of Cluny, and Chief of Clan Chattan. This monument was erected by their youngest and only surviving son, Colonel ROBERT BARCLAY MACPHERSON, C.B. and K.H.”

The Colonel Duncan Macpherson mentioned in the two last-quoted inscriptions was the “Captain Duncan M'Pherson of his Majesty's late 89th Regiment,” referred to in the foresaid memorial. The estate of Bleaton, says Mr Fraser-Mackintosh, which Colonel Duncan possessed as early at least as 1786, “is a small property in Perthshire at the foot of Glenshee; but when he acquired it, and when it was parted with, I do not know. He was also proprietor of Gask and of Flichity, both in Strathnairn; but his affairs became embarrassed, and both were sold.” It would appear that he had some intention of purchasing a portion of the Gordon property in the parish of Kingussie. Before he finally settled there, where he died in 1810, we find him writing in 1804 to Mr Tod, the Duke of Gordon's factor at the time, the following letter:—

“AVIEMORE, 14<sup>th</sup> March 1804.

“DEAR SIR,—Mrs Macpherson and I went up lately to look at your property in Kingussie, with which we were so much pleased that I do certainly flatter

myself with the hopes of deriving (if I live) much comfort from it. The only thing that distresses me is the want of a few tenants to cast and assist in bringing home my peats; where I can find such aid I cannot with propriety say. Strone is the only place that occurs, and would answer my purpose. But I do not feel myself inclined to interfere directly or indirectly with the worthy lady who at present holds it off the Duke, unless there are other offerers for the place. I therefore request the favour of you to acquaint me if there are one or more bidders for Strone and the Glen, as I shall be determined by a report you are pleased to make me on the part of the Duke of Gordon.—I am, dear sir, your most obedient and most humble servant,

DN. M'PHERSON.

“WM. TOD, Esq.”

Colonel (latterly General) Robert Barclay Macpherson (the son of Colonel Duncan), by whom the monument was erected, and whose remains are also interred here, was born at Breakachy in 1774, and died at Stirling on 30th December 1858, in the eighty-fourth year of his age. He entered the army as ensign in the 88th Regiment, Connaught Rangers, 3d June 1795, saw much service in the West and East Indies and South America, and commanded the first battalion of his regiment at Vittoria and Pyrenees, Orthes and Toulouse, and went to Canada in 1814. In 1815 he received the gold clasps for Vittoria and Orthes, with silver medal and clasps for the Pyrenees, Niville, and Nive; in June 1854 he attained the rank of Lieutenant-General, and on the 11th of February 1857 obtained the colonelcy of his own regiment. A great-grandson of Simon, Lord Lovat, and grandson of Cluny of the '45, “the lamented General's sympathies were strongly with the brave Highlanders of Scotland, and since 1819 a resident near Stirling, he always spoke of the Highlands as his home. Quiet and unobtrusive in his manners, those who knew him most liked him best; his noble qualities endeared him to every acquaintance. A good man who died full of years and honours. His remains were removed to the Highlands for interment in the burial-place of the Breakachy family at Kingussie, of which he was the last lineal descendant.”<sup>1</sup>

Within the enclosure there are also interred the remains of Marjory the sister (who is stated to have died about 1820) and of her daughter Margaret the niece of Colonel Duncan Macpherson, styled of Bleaton. Mr Fraser-Mackintosh recently erected a very chaste and appropriate

<sup>1</sup> Stewart's Highlands and Highlanders, second series, 1860, 276.

tombstone in memory both of the mother and daughter, with the following inscription :—

“In memory of MARJORY MACPHERSON of Breakachy, spouse of EDWARD MACKINTOSH, seventh of Borlum; and MARGARET MACKINTOSH, their only child, married firstly to ANGUS MACEDWARD, Kerrow; secondly, to JOHN MACPHERSON, Gallovie; and died without issue at Gallovie, 7th December 1840, aged 68. Erected 1892.”<sup>1</sup>

29. FLATSTONE.

“D. D., 1775.—Her lys DUNCAN DAVIDSON, that liv<sup>d</sup> Noid  
They — October 1777 y.”

30. HEADSTONE (at the head of No. 29).

“Erected in memory of ANGUS DAVIDSON, who died at Lynchat, 22nd January 1883, aged 82 years; also ANN WATSON, his wife, a good and faithful mother, who died at Dunachton, 15th May 1853, aged 63 years. This stone is erected by their family.”

James Davidson (the father of the Angus Davidson mentioned in the last inscription) was one of the last tenants of Achvourach, on the estate of Belleville; and Angus the son was one of the last residenters in the small township of Raits, on the same estate, of which hardly any trace now remains.

<sup>1</sup> In a letter addressed from Gallovie, of date 21st December 1840, by John Macpherson (*Jan Ruadh Gheal-agaidh*) to one of his sons-in-law—Professor Hawkins—Macpherson mentions that his wife (the niece of Colonel Macpherson of Bleaton) had died two weeks previously, and he gives the following particulars regarding her funeral: “To give you an idea of the estimation she and your poor father-in-law stood in, that notwithstanding the weather being very boisterous and a deep fall of snow, there was not such a collection at an interment in this country for more than 60 years back. They attended from High Bridge in Lochaber till within two miles of Aviemore, a distance of 50 miles. There were 60 gentlemen invited, of which 55 appeared, including 5 parish clergymen. A number of the gentlemen came here to breakfast, and the common people got plenty of bread and cheese, and two bumpers of whiskey. On going to the road, there were 4 men with bottles helping every person we met; half-way we halted, and they got another bumper. On our arrival at Kingussie the common people got as much bread and cheese as they could consume and 4 bumpers of whiskey, and many helped themselves to more. The gentlemen got plenty port and sherry and cakes of all descriptions. It was calculated that there were upwards of 400 people within the walls of the burying-ground, and upwards of 100 returned home. Both men and horses were getting fatigued on the way, the snow was so deep. No accident happened, and no quarrels from first to last, which is very seldom the case at such a gathering.”

31. HEADSTONE.

“Erected by their sons, JOHN, DONALD, and WILLIAM, in remembrance of WILLIAM CATTANACH, Slater in Newtonmore, who died 4th April 1876, aged 75 years; and his spouse, ISABELLA MACKINTOSH, who died 24th Octr. 1849, aged 49 years; also their eldest daughter, ELIZABETH CATTANACH, who died 20th March 1850, aged 22 years.”

This William Cattanach was a brother of Donald Cattanach, long so well known and so much respected as a catechist in Badenoch, who died on 9th May 1891, and is interred in the New Churchyard of Kingussie.



## CHAPTER VI.

THE "KINGS" OF KINGUSSIE—THE CLARKS OF DALNAVERT—THE  
MATERNAL ANCESTORS OF SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD.

## 32. HEADSTONE.

"Sacred to the memory of JOHN KING, late of this place, merchant, who died 23rd June 1863, aged 86 years; also ELIZABETH KING, his wife, who died 24th August 1856, aged 68 years."

WILLIAM KING, the father of this John King, was distinguished by the old natives as *An Rìgh* (the King), and the son John as *Am Prionnsa* (the Prince), their respective wives being called *Bean an Rìgh* (the King's wife), and *Bean a' Phrionnsa* (the Prince's wife). Like the son, the father also attained an advanced age, and was noted for his pawky humour and mother-wit. Paul Campbell, merchant, Kingussie, a much respected and intelligent native, well versed in the old folk-lore of the district, tells some very amusing stories of the Kings. On one occasion King went to the shop of his son and said to his daughter-in-law that if she gave him some tobacco to fill his spleuchan he would tell her a secret that would please her very much. The desired favour being granted, and her curiosity to learn the secret being greatly excited, he whispered in her ear, "*'Nur chrìochas a' bhean agamsa bithidh tusa do bhanrigh*" ("When my wife dies you'll be queen"). Meeting one day some of the boys of Kingussie, who had caught a badger, which they were kicking about like a football, he exclaimed, "*A bheothaichean bochd, 's furasd aithneachdainn nach ann a Chlann a Mhuirich thu, oir cha'n fhaigheadh tu cho liuthad breab an Cinn-a'-ghràthsaidh*" ("Poor beastie! it's easily known you don't belong to the Macphersons, or you would not get so many

kicks in Kingussie"). For some time King served with the Gordon Fencibles at Aberdeen. As a matter of convenience in the way of catering for the men they were formed into squads of five. Each man of the five was obliged to take his turn in attending to the cooking of the necessary supplies of food, for which the money was regularly paid every morning to the cook for the day of each squad. On one occasion, when it fell to King's lot to act as cook, he and his companions, in place of purchasing the usual supply of beef, surreptitiously spent the money in regaling themselves with a supply of mountain-dew. When the dinner-hour was drawing near, King found himself minus the stipulated quantity of beef to serve his squad, and was in a regular quandary as to the means of escape from the usual punishment. The mess-officer would soon be round, and unless the prescribed supply of beef was found in the pot the delinquents were relegated to a prolonged period of fasting in the guard-house. But King's native wit did not desert him. He remembered that a pair of chamois breeches, belonging to a major of their company, were hanging within easy reach. These King immediately procured, filled his pot with water, rammed in the breeches, and had them beautifully boiling and simmering all over before the officer appeared on his round of inspection. On the officer's arrival he found King standing in front of the fire, and beaming with as many smiles as if he had the best round of beef in Aberdeen in his pot. "Good pot to-day, King?" says the officer. "Yes, sir! splendid pot, sir!" responded King, at the same time turning round and raising the lid of the pot a little under the pretence of satisfying the officer as to the excellent dinner the squad had in prospect. Taking it for granted that the pot contained the genuine article, the officer, to King's relief, turned away without further inquiry or inspection, congratulating King on the good dinner he had provided. After he returned to Kingussie King frequently related the story with great glee, always remarking at the end, with a merry twinkle, "*Agus cha robh ni 'sa' phoit ach briogais a' mhaidsear*" ("And there was nothing in the pot but the major's breeches").

John (the son of William King), one of the original feuars of Kingussie, and for a long period the leading merchant in the place, inherited no small share of the father's humour and love of fun. On one occasion King and John Grant, a well-known dyer in the place, both inveterate snuff-takers, happened to be in the Kingussie Moss together casting peats. To his dismay Grant found that his supply of snuff had run short, and

he continued to cast longing eyes on the well-filled mull of his neighbour. As if to excite Grant's feelings all the more, King regaled himself with a pinch more frequently than was his wont. "Well," at last exclaimed King, in response to Grant's entreaties, "if you solemnly promise to do my first bidding I shall give you half of what is in my mull." In joyful anticipation of being supplied with sufficient to meet his longings for the time, Grant cheerfully gave the desired promise. King then poured out a quantity of snuff into Grant's mull. "Have you got the half now?" said King. "Yes, yes!" thankfully responded Grant. "Well, now," said King, before Grant had time to take a single pinch, "remember your solemn promise to do my first bidding; just pour the snuff back to my mull again." Poor Grant felt constrained to comply, and much to his own chagrin and the enjoyment of his waggish neighbour, whose love for such pleasantries, with all his warm-heartedness, was incorrigible, had to chew the cud of keen disappointment until he returned to Kingussie the same evening. Driving up to the peat-moss one day with his horse and cart, King gave "a lift" up to Glengynag to Donald Campbell (the eldest son of the well-known bard of Kingussie), then quite a young lad, now, like his brother Paul, an esteemed and prosperous merchant in Kingussie. After the usual friendly greeting, King took his snuff-mull out of his pocket, and after helping himself to a pinch, exclaimed in the native vernacular, "*An gabh thu snaoisean, mo ghiullan?*" ("Will you take a snuff, my lad?") "*Gabhaidh, ma 's e ur toil e,' arsa an giullan*" ("Yes, if you please," says the lad). "*Glan do, shroin mata,' arsa am prionnsa*" ("Clean your nose then," says the Prince"). Campbell, with the simplicity of youth, regarding the old man as quite serious, at once did as he was bidden. "*Am beil thu cinnt gu'm beil do shron glan a nis?*" *arsa am Prionnsa*" ("Are you sure your nose is clean now?" says the Prince). "*Tha, cho glan ri ni,' arsa an giullan*" ("Yes, as clean as anything," says the lad). "*A nis,' arsa am Prionnsa, 'bu mhor am beud do shron bhoidheach ghlan a shalachadh le snaoisean grannda. Cha toir mi dhuit idir e'*" ("Now," says the Prince, 'it would be a great pity to dirty your bonny clean nose with nasty snuff. I'll not give it to you at all').

Donald King, one of John King's sons, and an enthusiastic Highlander, has been for many years one of the chief officials in the old and well-known banking-house of Messrs Twining & Company, London. A daughter is married to an equally patriotic Highlander, Mr H. F. Cum-

ming of Chatham, Ontario. A grandson (John King Macdonald) is the cashier in Glasgow of that gigantic and enterprising concern the Singer Manufacturing Company, of which a very prosperous native of Badenoch, and generous benefactor of the Free Church in Kingussie (George R. Mackenzie of New Jersey), now one of the "men of mark" in America, is one of the principal partners, and was for many years the esteemed president of the Company.<sup>1</sup>

## FOURTH ROW.

## 33. FLATSTONE.

"MARGT. McBAIN, died March 4th, 1826, aged 14 years."

This young girl was a daughter of Donald M'Bain (known as *Domhnall Uilleam*), sometime a shepherd in Glengoyneck, and a niece of the May M'Bain mentioned in the next inscription.

## 34. HEADSTONE.

"To the memory of JOHN FRASER, Carpenter, who died at Lynchat on 2nd January 1860, aged 80 years; and his Spouse, MAY McBAIN, who died 16th February 1868, aged 88 years.

"This stone is erected by their son-in-law, DUNCAN ROBERTSON."

Born at Aird, near Beauly, on the Lovat estate, Fraser learned his trade at Inverness. Coming to Belleville early in the present century to erect a threshing-mill, he got happily married, and settled down in the place, and was for fully half a century a faithful and valued servant on the Belleville estate. Of the worthy old man it might truly be said that he was "one of Nature's gentlemen." A more guileless, gentle, and kind-hearted old couple than he and his wife I have never known.

## 35. FLATSTONE.

"Here lies the remains of LACHLEN MACKENZIE, who died at Drimgallovie, 27th Octr. 1825, aged 67 years."

This Lachlen Mackenzie, who resided for some time at Aultlarie, near Ballachroan, acted for many years as postrunner in the district, and was familiarly known as *Am Post Bàn* (The fair-haired Post). A remarkably keen sportsman, he was frequently one of Captain Macpherson of Bal-

<sup>1</sup> Mr Mackenzie died on 11th January 1892.

lachroan's attendants in the chase. It is related that Mackenzie, when one of the captain's hunting-party at Gaick, some time previous to the sad catastrophe of the Christmas of 1800, received a mysterious warning to the effect that if he desired his life prolonged he would do well not to return to Gaick again. Being asked by the captain to accompany him on the ill-fated hunting expedition to the same place, when the captain and his four attendants perished, Mackenzie, so the story runs, took to his bed, pretending that he was sorely afflicted with colic, and thus escaped, by what some supposed to have been a supernatural interposition, the terrible disaster which overwhelmed his friends.

“The last Christmas of the century,  
Late, late may it come again ;  
There came no pleasure in its train,  
But anguish and sorrow.

Awake before your locks are grey,  
Quicken your footsteps on the moor,  
See that your shelter is secure  
Ere dawneth to-morrow.”

### 36. HEADSTONE.

“In remembrance of DONALD MACEDWARD, Feuar and Merchant, Kingussie, who died 15th Sepr. 1843; and his Relict, MARGARET MACINTOSH, who died 17th March 1854; also MARGARET MACEDWARD, daughter of DONALD MACEDWARD, who died 22d April 1822.”

Mr and Mrs MacEdward were for many years well known in the district, and were both noted for their force of character. Their daughter, Mrs Jessie Cameron, who happily still survives, and possesses a still more marked individuality, has long been regarded as one of the “old landmarks” of Kingussie, and esteemed as the constant and warm-hearted friend of natives of Badenoch all over the world. In 1866, when Kingussie was formed into a burgh, her worthy husband, Mr Duncan Cameron, who died in February 1877, and is interred in the New Churchyard there, was appointed its first chief magistrate, and he continued to discharge the duties of that office with much acceptance down to the date of his death.

### 37. FLATSTONE.

“Here lies the remains of ANGUS KENNEDY, who died at Gordonhall, Sepr., 13th day, 1825, aged 66 years.”

Of this Angus Kennedy it is said that after he entered the married state “olive-branches” appeared in such close succession as to occasion no small discomfort and hardship to his wife and himself. So much in consequence were they pitied by the maiden lady, whose father (Mr

Mitchell) possessed the farm of Gordonhall at the time, that she actually took steps to have the couple effectually separated for a whole year. Not more, however, than nine months had gone by after the period of probation had expired, than, to the utter consternation of the worthy lady, *twins* appeared on the scene, and her well-meant attempt to check the too rapid rise of young Kennedys was given up in despair. After old Kennedy's death the family left the district and went abroad.

## 38. FLATSTONE.

"DONALD FORBES, 1773."

## 39. HEADSTONE (at the head of No. 38).

"MARGARET ROBERTSON, aged 60 years, Spouse to JAMES FORBES, 1804."

On this stone there is the figure of a carpenter's plane, and on the reverse side of the stone there are the lines:—

"This young woman Death did take away,  
Her body here doth lie in clay,  
But shall be rais'd at the last day."

The Donald Forbes and James Forbes mentioned in this inscription were respectively the grandfather and father of Duncan Forbes, flesher, Newtonmore, who is a direct descendant in the female line of that distinguished soldier, Brigadier William Mackintosh of Borlum, who figured so prominently in the Rising of 1715.

## F I F T H R O W.

## 40. FLATSTONE.

"J M K., 1774."

These initials represent, it is believed, one of a family of Mackays for a long time resident at Invertromie.

## 41. HEADSTONE.

"Erected by ANGUS and DONALD McPHERSON to the memory of their father, JAMES McPHERSON, late Farmer, Culfern, Parish of Edinkillie, formerly of Strone in this Parish, who departed this life the 20th day of May 1833, aged 67 years; also their mother, ELSPETH McPHERSON, who departed this life at Kerrow in the — year of her age, 18—, and is interred here; likewise three brothers—ANDREW, who died in Perth, July 1808, aged 20 years; JOHN, who died at Strone, Feby. 1822, aged 19 years; and SAMUEL, who died in Yaira, Upper Canada, in Octr. 1839, aged 25 years."

The James M'Pherson mentioned in this inscription was a son of William Macpherson, said to have been the last tenant of Glengynack as a separate holding. William subsequently removed to Shanval in Strone, then the property of Alexander, the fourth Duke of Gordon, and he was tenant of that holding for more than half a century. On payment of his fiftieth rent to the Duke, that ever-generous landlord granted him a full discharge for the rest of his life. Donald and Angus, sons of James, who became extensive farmers in the shires of Moray and Nairn, were in their day among the most noted agriculturists and land-reclaimers in the Highlands. His grandson, the late James Macpherson, Clunas, near Nairn, was held in high esteem as a practical farmer and land-valuator all over the north, and his death a few years ago, at a comparatively early age, was deeply regretted by all who knew him.

#### 42. BURIAL-PLACE OF THE CLARKs OF DALNAVERT.

Within the railed enclosure there are two flatstones with the following inscriptions:—

1. "This stone is placed over the mortal remains of Capt. A. CLARK, formerly of Invernahaven, Nephew of the late JAMES MACPHERSON, Esqr. of Belleville, the celebrated Translator of Ossian's poems, and author of other literary works. He lived highly respected, and died justly regretted at Dalnavert, on the 14th day of February 1819, aged 65 years. This last tribute of filial affection is paid to his revered memory by his dutiful sons, JAS., JNO., and WM. CLARK."

2. "To the memory of MARGARET SHAW, daughter of the late WM. SHAW of Dalnavert, and Relict of the late Capt. A. CLARK, who departed this life on the 10th October 1820, aged 52 years; also JAMES CLARK, son of the above, and late of the 42nd Highlanders, who died 12th December 1837; also JANE, Relict of the above JAMES CLARK, who died 10th Jany. 1845."

"The Shaws of Dalnavert, in the parish of Alvie," says Mr Mackintosh Shaw, "sprang from *James*, third son of Alasdair Ciar. One of them, *William*, was out with Montrose, and being summoned by the Provincial Synod of Moray in 1648 to answer for his malignancy, neither appeared nor sent an excuse. His son *Donald* accompanied Mackintosh against the Macdonalds of Keppoch. *John*, Donald's successor, married Jean, daughter of John Macpherson Ettrish, by a daughter of Ewen Macpherson, younger of Cluny in Montrose's time. *William*, grandson of John, was twice married, but had only female issue. His eldest daughter, Margaret, married Captain Alexander Clark; and a daughter Ellen, by the second marriage, married Hugh Macdonald, and by him

was mother of the Right Hon. Sir John Macdonald, K.C.B., Prime Minister of Canada.”<sup>1</sup>

The William Shaw mentioned in the second inscription is said to have been a cornet in Lord Elcho's Horse on the fatal field of Culloden, fighting for Prince Charlie. After the settlement of affairs, he, like many of his countrymen, took service in the British army, when he rose to the rank of captain, and upon retiring from the army he occupied till his death the farm of Dalnavert. “Here, on the banks of the romantic river Spey, and under the shade of the highest and most rugged part of the Grampians, with their primeval and extensive forests, Sir John Macdonald's mother was born and brought up until she married Sir John's father (Hugh Macdonald), who had business relations in Glasgow, where they resided till 1820, when they emigrated to Canada and settled in Kingston. The future eminent statesman was then in his fifth year, having been born in George Street, Glasgow, on the 11th January 1815, and called John Alexander.” Captain Shaw's third daughter (Margaret) married Captain Alexander Clark, a son of James Clark, Invernahaven, by Margaret, the youngest sister of James Macpherson of Belleville, the translator of Ossian.

Captain Clark succeeded his father-in-law as tenant of the farm of Dalnavert, which he occupied down to the date of his death in February 1819. He left a large family of six daughters and three sons, viz. :—

1. *Margaret*—married a Mr Green in America, but left no issue.
2. *Jessie*—died young in America.
3. *Maria*—who has attained a ripe old age, and resides in Kingston, married her cousin, a son of Colonel Macpherson, Kingston, a relative of the Cluny family; issue, one son, Colonel James Pennington Macpherson, Ottawa, and two daughters.
4. *Ann*—who also still survives,<sup>2</sup> and resides at Waitui, Geraldine, New Zealand—married Captain Eneas Mackintosh Macpherson—a gallant officer—wounded in the Peninsular war, long so well known in the district as tenant of the farm of Nuide, which he occupied until he left for New Zealand, where he died some years ago; issue, two sons and four daughters. “Captain Eneas,” as he was popularly called in Badenoch, was a deputy-lieutenant and magistrate for the county, and acted for some time as factor for Mr Baillie of Kingussie.

<sup>1</sup> The Mackintoshes and Clan Chattan, 1880, 560, 561.

<sup>2</sup> Mrs Macpherson died on 26th December 1892, in the 85th year of her age.



5. *Isabella*—who died a few years ago, was the first wife of her cousin, the late Sir John A. Macdonald (the Prime Minister of Canada), and the mother of Hugh John Macdonald, M.P. for Winnipeg—the only issue of the marriage. Mr Macdonald (the late Premier's son) is thus a great-grandnephew of "Ossian" Macpherson.

6. *Jane*—died young, unmarried.

7. *James*—the eldest son, whose name appears on the tombstone, and who succeeded his father as tenant of the farm of Dalnavert, married Jane, eldest daughter of Donald Stewart—a descendant of the Stewarts of Garth and Drumcharry, and for many years tenant of the Mains of Belleville, where he died on 4th September 1846.

James Clark left a family of one son and two daughters—viz.: (1) *Alistair Mackintosh Clark*—who resides at Arowhenna, Temuka, New Zealand, married Mary Ann Low; issue, one son and three daughters. (2) *Elizabeth*—married John Grant, sometime of the British Linen Company Bank, Kingussie; issue, five sons and two daughters. (3) *Femima*—married, *first*, the Rev. Gregor Stuart, for some years minister of Kingussie; issue, two daughters: and *second*, the Rev. T. A. Cameron, minister of Farnell, near Brechin; issue, one son and one daughter.

8. *John Clark*—had a distinguished military career, and died a major-general in the army and colonel of the 59th Regiment. He served in the campaign of 1815, including the battle of Waterloo and storming of Cambrai. He also served in the campaigns of 1824 and 1825 in Ava, including the taking of Rangoon, Kinnedine, Kamaroot, and Mahatee. He led the attack upon the fortified heights of Aracan, where he was severely wounded. He married a daughter of Sir John Dalrymple of North Berwick; issue, four sons and two daughters.

9. *Captain Wm. Clark*—sometime of the Royal Navy, and latterly of the East India Company's service, married a Miss Blair; issue, four daughters and two sons.

#### SIXTH ROW.

##### 43. FLATSTONE.

"Heir Lyes AL<sup>x</sup>. M<sup>c</sup>DON., son to JO. M<sup>c</sup>DON. in Rvthen, who died 23 Ap. 1719; also AL<sup>x</sup>. and AL<sup>x</sup>. M<sup>c</sup>DONALD'S, his father and uncle, sometime representing the ancient family of Ardnamourach."

"With regard," says Mr Fraser-Mackintosh, "to that most interest-

ing stone to the memory of the Macdonalds of Ardnamurchan, I have not the slightest doubt but it relates to that old and distinguished family, because 'Ardnamourach' is exactly the way the name is pronounced in Gaelic. Like their kindred house of Glencoe, these Macdonalds had the patronymic of 'MacIan.'

The following are particulars regarding the family down to 1629:—

"The family descend from John, younger son of Angus Mor of Isla. Angus, son of John, lived *temp.* David II.

"1478. Alexander Makane of Ardnamurchan is witness to a charter by the Lord of the Isles.

"1494, 1495, 1505. John MacIan of Ardnamurchan is witness to various charters.

"1506. Charter to John MacIan of Ardnamurchan, 19th Nov. 1506, as 'heredis quondam Johannis Alexandri Johannis de Ardnamurchan ejus avi.' In 1495 there is a charter by John of Isla, Earl of Ross, to 'Hugh Alexander de Insulis and Fynvolam Alexandri Johannis de Ardnamurchan,' his spouse.

"1515, 1519. John MacIan of Ardnamurchan. In last year he and his sons, Angus and John Sunoirtiel, were killed at Craiganairgid by the men of Lochalsh and their confederates.

"1530. Mariot, daughter and heiress of John MacIan of Ardnamurchan, married Robert Robertson of Strowan. At same time is Alex. Macdonald VicIan the heir-male, and the name appears in 1545.

"1588. John MacIan of Ardnamurchan.

"1596. John oig MacIan of Ardnamurchan was assassinated by his uncle.

"1602-1611. John MacAllister MacIan. He had a son Allister, during whose minority the clan was led by Donald MacIan, his tutor. This Donald apparently succeeded, for in

"1615 there is John Macdonald MacIan.

"1622, 1629. Alex. MacIan. On 22d April 1629 there is a bond by Alex. MacIan, son of late John of Ardnamurchan, to Robert Innes, burgess of Chanonry, for the sum of £40,000 Scots."<sup>1</sup>

"The family," adds Mr Fraser-Mackintosh, "had been dispossessed more than once prior to the time of Montrose, but undoubtedly made some show under that Macdonald commonly called 'Collkiotach' (Col-kitto), but after this period they entirely sunk. As Montrose, with his commanders and men, were a good deal in Badenoch, it is quite possible that one or two of the chief MacIans, having no home, got some protection from the Marquis of Huntly, and lived in Badenoch in obscurity.

<sup>1</sup> Genl. Reg. of Deeds, vol. ccccxvii.

That same honourable feeling, even yet so prevalent, would make them, however humble, cling to the notion of their ancient greatness, hence the memorial stone. That you have been able to bring this memorial to light must ever be a cause of satisfaction, not only to those of the great name of MacDonald, but also to all Highlanders."

## 44. HEADSTONE.

"In memory of DONALD MACRAE, Carpenter, Glenbanchor, and his wife, CATHERINE MACPHERSON; also their daughter, ANN MACRAE, who died at Kingussie, 22d June 1885, aged 72 years."

The ancestors of this Donald MacRae, like those of his wife, were for generations tenants in Glenbanchor. His daughter, Ann MacRae, was for many years, down to her death, a faithful servant of the "Old Banker's" at Kingussie.

At the side of the west wall of the churchyard there are two stones with the following inscriptions:—

## 45. HEADSTONE.

"Erected by ANGUS, JAMES, and DUNCAN McPHERSON in memory of their father, RONALD McPHERSON, Plasterer, who died 28th April 1855, aged 60 years; and of their mother, ISABELLA GORDON, who died 19th July 1859, aged 54 years."

## 46. HEADSTONE.

"Erected by JAMES MACPHERSON, Tailor, Newtonmore, in memory of his wife, ANN GRAY, who died 3rd Octr. 1888, aged 51 years; his daughter JESSIE, died 12th Nov. 1883, aged 15 years; and a son and daughter who died in infancy."

Ronald M'Pherson, who was familiarly known as *Rao'll a' Phleastarar*, was for many years an esteemed plasterer in Newtonmore. Two of his sons (Angus and John) and a grandson follow the same occupation. His son James is the James mentioned in the inscription No. 45. Another son, Duncan, is now a respected merchant in Inverness.

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Now that all the inscriptions in the hallowed resting-place of so many generations of Macphersons (*Clann Mhuirich Bhaideanaich*) and their kinsfolk have been exhausted, these papers may be fitly closed with the following lines, which, although composed on the Old Churchyard of

Biallid, immediately beneath Craig Dhu, are almost equally applicable to the venerable churchyard of St Columba :—

“ Beneath Craig Dhu, which to the clouds doth rise,  
 Beside the Spey, a grassy graveyard lies.  
 The great grey hill its silent watch doth keep  
 O'er those lying in their last long sleep.  
 The noble river as it flows along  
 Low sings a never-ending requiem song.  
 Some there now lying in unawaking sleep  
 May oft have scaled thy sides, O mountain steep ;  
 And on thy banks, O noisy, restless Spey,  
 Have lingered many a happy summer day.  
 Perhaps in this still spot, where they now lie,  
 They've walked or rested 'neath the sunset sky ;  
 Upon each moss-grown stone they've read the name  
 Of those, though dear to them, unknown to fame ;  
 Or mayhap to this place, with falling tear,  
 They've slowly followed some much-loved one's bier,  
 And heard the earth upon the coffin fall  
 Which held their dearest, best-loved friend of all.  
 Thou fair Craig Dhu, and thou, O restless Spey,  
 Unmoved have seen these people pass away.  
 Calmly thy watch, O mountain, thou wilt keep  
 O'er those lying 'neath thy face so steep.  
 Still wilt thou sing thy requiem song, O Spey,  
 On through the ages till the final day,  
 When those who slumber in this graveyard sweet  
 Will wake and rise their Judge and Lord to meet.”

SKETCHES  
OF  
THE PROTESTANT MINISTERS OF BADENOCH  
SINCE THE REFORMATION

“I consider Scotland among the most interesting portions of the civilised globe, advancing in the career of continued improvement, and in a spirit of opposition to every remaining abuse. The Scots are a people moral, pious, well educated. But what would they have been now, had they not succeeded in the struggle which they waged for centuries for that *Ecclesiastical Establishment* to which they owe all that distinguishes them so advantageously at this day? I have seen a priesthood of *Pastors* who realise the wish of the prophet, to be kept equally apart from the temptations of poverty and the seductions of overgrown wealth; who laid the foundation-stone of her improvement, and by their piety and zeal and faithful labours have raised the noble fabric, the most splendid for moral beauty in the whole earth.”—LORD BROUGHAM.

# SKETCHES OF THE PROTESTANT MINISTERS OF BADENOCH SINCE THE REFORMATION.

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## CHAPTER I.

“Laden with o'erflowing feeling,  
Then streamed on his fervid chaunt,  
In the old Highland tongue appealing  
To each soul's most hidden want,  
With the life and deep soul-healing  
He who died now lives to grant.”



IN giving the sketches which follow, let me say, by way of preface, that in addition to a summary of the succession of the Protestant ministers of Badenoch since the Reformation, I have attempted merely to give such bits of odds and ends regarding them, gleaned from various sources, as might be deemed of general interest.

While no great pre-eminence can be claimed for any of their number, no district north of the Grampians can, upon the whole, boast, I believe, of a more creditable succession of able and faithful ministers, in whose comparatively humble history the general life of the Church in the Highlands, during the last three hundred years, could be better exemplified. The Reformation in Scotland, as is well known, was completed by the action of the Estates of the kingdom in 1560. On the 17th of August of that year the Confession of Faith drawn up by John Knox was adopted. On the 24th of the same month Acts were passed annulling all previous Acts relating to the Church. The Pope's

jurisdiction within the realm was abolished, and an Act was passed making it criminal to say or hear Mass. Confiscation of goods was the punishment of the first offence, banishment of the second, and death of the third—toleration being not understood, and still a long way off. A commission was also given to Knox and others to draw up a Book of Regulations for the new Church. The result of their labours was the production of the 'First Book of Discipline.' Four orders of office-bearers in the Church were appointed—the Superintendent, the Minister, the Elder, and the Deacon. It was proposed that the possessions of the ancient Church should be appropriated for the three great purposes of the maintenance of the ministry, the education of the youth, and the sustenance of the poor. Unfortunately, through the cupidity of the barons, into whose hands much of the Church's endowments had fallen, this excellent arrangement was never fully realised—these rapacious gentry sneeringly calling it "a devout imagination." At the first meeting of the General Assembly of the Reformed Church held in December following, a resolution was passed "to ask at the Estates of Parliament and Lords of the Secret Council for eschewing of the wrath and indignation of the eternal God that sharpe punishment be made upon the underwritten, . . . whilk sayes and causes Masse to be said and are present thereat."

For a considerable time after the Reformation many parishes in the Highlands had to content themselves with the services simply of a reader or exhorter.

"The *reader* was an interim substitute for a fully trained clergyman, so long as the clergy were scarce. He did not baptise, or marry, or celebrate the Communion, but in certain cases he conducted the ordinary service of the Church—a matter then more easy, inasmuch as a printed prayer-book was in regular use. In dealing with Scripture, the reader was allowed to add a few words explanatory or hortative; but he was cautioned not to be too long, nor to attempt preaching properly so-called. A trace of this early office still meets us in the popular name of *lectern* or *lettern* applied to the precentor's desk. The office itself still survives in the Swiss Church and partly in the Church of England, where the lessons are often read by laymen. A large proportion of our country churches, for some time after the Reformation, had readers only, who were also the first schoolmasters. In 1567 there were 455 readers and 151 exhorters to 257 ministers, and in 1574 there were 715 readers to 289 ministers. In 1581 their abolition was voted by the General Assembly, but they lingered on long in many remote places."<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The Church of Scotland, Past and Present, ii. 438, 439.



It gives us an idea of the spiritual destitution prevailing in the Highlands, and the intermittent character of religious ordinances in these early post-Reformation times—as compared with the over-churching of the present day—when we find that two such large and important parishes, and so far apart, as Abernethy and Kingussie, were under the sole care of “John Glas, Reader and Exhorter in the *Irische tounge*”—the district of Rothiemurchus being also for a time under his care.

In the extremely interesting work, ‘The Parish of Strathblane and its Inhabitants from Early Times,’ recently published by Mr Guthrie Smith, of Mugdock Castle, Strathblane, a very instructive picture is given of the Church services, as performed over a great part of Scotland for the first seventy or eighty years after the Reformation:—

“At seven o’clock A.M. the church bell begins to toll to warn the inhabitants to prepare for service. At eight o’clock it again repeats the summons, and all betake themselves to the sacred building. On entering the church the congregation reverently uncover their heads, and kneeling put up a silent prayer to God for His blessing on the service. Mr Cuik, the reader, who is ‘decently clad in grave apparel,’ having called over the roll or catalogue of the congregation and marked all absentees to be dealt with, proceeds to the lectern and reads from the ‘Book of Common Order’ the first prayer of the service, the people all kneeling. This was called the ‘Confession of our Sins,’ and is a beautiful spiritual composition. Other prayers from the Liturgy follow, and the congregation rising from their knees, Mr Cuik in an audible voice reads over a suitable psalm, when the people, all standing, sing it to the regular tune which was printed along with it in the Psalter. The singing ends with the *Gloria Patri* in these words:—

‘Gloir to the Father and the Sone,  
And to the holie Gaist,  
As it was in the beginning  
Is now and aye shall last.’

The reading of the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments is then proceeded with, and this bringing the first part of the service to a close, the bell again rings, and Mr Cuik leaving the lectern, Mr Stoddert, the minister, who has just come from Campsie, enters the pulpit, and kneels for some minutes in silent devotion. This done, in a ‘conceived’ or extempore prayer he prays for illumination and assistance in preaching the Word, and for a teachable spirit in the hearers. He then puts his hat upon his head, as do all his audience, and gives out his text. It is nowhere recorded whether this ancient minister of Strathblane was a man of gifts or not; but taking it for granted he was, he would be frequently interrupted

during the delivery of his discourse, as was the custom at that time, by the applause and approbation of the people. The sermon being concluded, a prayer for the whole estate of Christ's Church follows, the service ending with the Lord's Prayer and the Creed; another psalm is then sung, the blessing is pronounced, and the people separate. In the afternoon they again assemble; the children of the congregation are publicly examined in a portion of the Catechism, which being concluded, the minister gives a short discourse on the doctrines they have just been handling, and the blessing being pronounced, the service ends. . . . After the morning and afternoon services the people gave themselves up to recreation and games, for while attendance at all the services of the Church was rigidly enforced, at this early time, lawful sports and amusements after service was over were tolerated, though not altogether approved of, by the Church. In fact, it did not seem to be thought an improper thing for a minister to keep a public-house, provided it was a well-conducted one, as the following from the proceedings of the General Assembly of 1576 proves:—

“*Ane Minister or Reader that tapis ale beir or wyne and keeps ane open taverne sould be exorted be the Commissioners to keep decorum.*”

But without further introduction let me proceed to give the succession of the ministers of Badenoch from the Reformation down to the present time. In the case of the parish of Kingussie there have been, I find, during that period, eighteen parochial ministers; in Alvie fifteen; and in Laggan twenty,—the average duration of the incumbency of the several ministers in each parish being eighteen, twenty-two, and sixteen years respectively. From the existing records of the Presbytery of Abernethy, which date back to 1722, I have gleaned several particulars as to the acts and history of the ministers of Kingussie and Alvie subsequent to that year. Unfortunately, however, as regards some of the earlier ministers, I have succeeded in obtaining but little information beyond the bare record of their names, with the addition, in some cases, of the duration of their ministry.

#### I.—MINISTERS OF THE PARISH OF KINGUSSIE.

I. JOHN GLAS, *Reader and Exhorter*, 1567-74.—Mr Glas is stated to have been reader and exhorter in the Irische tounge at Abernethy and Kynlussie in 1567. He was presented by James VI., 14th March 1572. In 1574 Rothiemurchus and Kingussy were also under his care, with i j xx li. (£1, 6s. 8d.) of stipend. He studied in 1578.

2. ARCHIBALD HENDERSON, 1574-15.—Mr Henderson is a consentor and subscriber to a tack or lease “of the teynds of Ruthven in Strathboggie,” of date July 18, 1574, in which he is designed as “parson of Kingusie.”

3. ANDREW MAKFAILL or M'PHAIL, 1584-89.—Mr M'Phail was presented by James VI., and translated from Farnua (Kirkhill) in 1584.

4. ANGUS MACKINTOSH, A.M., 1614-43.—Mr Mackintosh had been a student at the University of Edinburgh, where he took his degree in 1606. He died in the winter of 1643.

5. LACHLAN GRANT, A.M., 1649-70.—Mr Grant was presented by James, Lord Gordon, and translated from Moy and Dalarossie in 1649. Accompanying Mr Grant from Moy to Badenoch, as part of his belongings, came a bevy of not less than five fair young daughters. To the ever-susceptible Macphersons—in whose country they had now settled—the attractions of the fair strangers proved irresistible, and they were all speedily absorbed in that great clan—three of Mr Lachlan's daughters marrying lairds, and the other two men of substance and family. The dutiful daughters perpetuated their father's name in their offspring, and “Lachlan” in consequence subsequently became a Christian name of very common occurrence among the Macphersons. Mr “Lachlan” died 6th April 1670.

6. HECTOR MACKENZIE, A.M., 1670-88.—Mr Mackenzie, who was a native of Sutherland, was ordained 30th November 1670, and translated to Inverness in 1688.

7. DONALD TAYLOR, 16—-1701.—Mr Taylor was entered session-clerk at Foveran, 17th February 1678, and officiated as preacher or minister at Kingussie till 1701, but was not “legally settled.”

8. JOHN MACKENZIE, 1701-9.—Mr Mackenzie, formerly of Inverchaolain, is stated to have “intruded at Tarbert.” He came to the Highlands, “being skilled in the Irische tongue,” and was translated to Laggan in 1709.

9. DANIEL MACKENZIE, A.M., 1709-15.—This Mr Mackenzie, who had been previously minister at Knockando, was translated from Kingussie to Aberlour in 1715.

10. LACHLAN SHAW, A.M., 1716-19.—A native of Rothiemurchus, Mr Shaw was educated at Ruthven, in Badenoch. He acted for some time as parochial teacher at Abernethy, and he subsequently distinguished himself, and became well known as the historian of the province of Moray. Before there was a division into counties that province extended from the mouth of the Spey to the borders of Lochaber in length, and from the Moray Firth to the Grampian Hills in breadth, and included a part of the shire of Banff to the east, the whole shires of Moray and Nairn, and the greatest part of the shire of Inverness. “I well remember,” says Shaw in his History, “when from Speymouth (through Strathspey, Badenoch, and Lochaber) to Lorn there was but one school—viz., at Ruthven in Badenoch; and it was much to find in a parish three persons that could read or write.” Mr Shaw was translated to Cawdor in 1719. He died minister of the first charge at Elgin on 23d February 1777, in his eighty-fifth year, and was buried in the Cathedral there.

11. WILLIAM BLAIR, 1724-80.—For a period of five years after Mr Shaw’s translation to Cawdor, Kingussie was left without any minister. Mr Blair, who had been previously assistant at Glenlivet, was inducted as minister of the parish in 1724. The following extract from the minute of meeting of the Presbytery of Abernethy on 16th September of that year, when his induction took place, gives a sad picture of the state of the parish at the time:—

“The Presbytery finds that there is no Eldership in the Paroch, appoints him [Mr Blair] to get a legall one *quam primum*, and to take care that the Parochial Library be according to the original List, which is given him by the Presbytery. The Presbytery find there is neither Manse nor Church in reparaire, no utensils but a bason. Mr Blair is appointed to have all these got in good order, and to report.”

During the earlier years of Mr Blair’s ministry considerable obstacles appear to have existed in the way of regular communication between different parts of the parish. In addition to other good services rendered

by him for the benefit of his parishioners, he succeeded in persuading the Presbytery of Abernethy to enter into a contract for building a bridge across the river Tromie, between the old village of Ruthven and the district of Insh and Invereshie, on the south side of the Spey—the cost being defrayed out of the “vacant stipends” of Kingussie. Here is the record of the procedure as narrated in a minute of meeting of the presbytery, held at “Dell of Kyllihuntly” on 25th April 1728:—

“Mr Blair reported that he made intimation of the Presbytery Meeting this day to the Duke of Gordon’s Doers and the other gentlemen in the Parish of Kingussie, and that they were now present, as were the Masons—viz., Adam Brown, &c. Then the Parish of Kingussie and said Masons being called, appeared Peter Gordon, Doer to the Duke of Gordon, James Macpherson of Kyllihuntly, Malcolm Macpherson of Ardbrylach, John Macpherson of Benchar, and several others with the said Masons. Then the Moderator represented the design of this day’s Meeting, and that it was proper to inspect the bounds to see which is the most convenient place for building the said Bridge. Upon which the Presbytery, with the gentlemen foresaid and workmen, did inspect the bounds, and found and determined that the fittest place for building the said Stone Bridge on Tromy was ’twixt the said Dell and Kyllihuntly, where there are rocks on each side of the water, fitt for a foundation. Then, having consorted anent the cost of building the said Bridge, Adam Brown, Mason from Dunkell, did undertake to build a sufficient stone Bridge upon the said water eight feet broad within lodges and thirty foot wide ’twixt land stools; as also to make a sufficient causey on the said Bridge, and afford all materials, and finish the same before the first of September next, for the summ of four hundred and forty pounds Scots” (about £36, 13s. 4d. sterling money); “as also to give sufficient Baill—viz., Peter Macglashan in Kirktown of Blair of Atholl—for performance. Then the Presbitry condescended to the whole, providing the Duke of Gordon, who is now at Edinburgh, be satisfied therewith, and appoints Mr Chapman, Commissioner from this Presbitry to the General Assembly, to caus draw up a scroll of the said Condescendence and show the same to the Duke of Gordon, enquire his mind thereanent, and report.”

Here is the report made by Mr Chapman at a meeting of the presbytery, held at Kingussie on 7th June following:—

“Mr Chapman reported that he waited upon the Duke of Gordon at Edinburgh, and informed of the Presbitry’s agreement with masons for building a stone Bridge on the Water of Tromie near to Ruthven, and did show him the Contract thereanent, with which the Duke was satisfied, and returned his thanks to the Presbitry for their care in the said affair. . . . Then the Masons being called and having signed the said Contract, as did their Cautiener Peter Macglashan in Kirktown of

Blair of Atholl, as also did the Moderator in name of and appointment of Presbitrie. It was appointed that a precept for three hundred merks Scots should be given to the Masons upon Dougall Macpherson, Collector of the Vacant Stipends of Kingussie."

The bridge thus erected appears to have met the requirements of the district for a period of nearly one hundred years, until in 1832 it was widened and repaired by Sir George Macpherson-Grant of Ballindalloch and Invereshie—the grandfather of the present Sir George—who had become the proprietor of the extensive property on both sides of the Tromie, from its source in the forest of Gaick to its fall into the Spey.

From the long distance and the want one hundred and fifty years ago—long before the days of stage-coaches or railways—of any regular means of transit, the benefits of the Royal Infirmary of Edinburgh can have been availed of only to a small extent, if at all, by the people of Badenoch. And yet, little as they could afford to spare at the time out of their scanty *sporrans*, collections in aid of that noble institution appear to have been periodically made in the church of Kingussie. In a minute of the presbytery, of date 26th January 1731, it is recorded that "Mr Wm. Blair did this day give in ten shillings sterling to the moderator as the collection of Kingussie parish for the Infirmary at Edinburgh, to be transmitted." That similar collections were made in all the congregations within the bounds of the presbytery appears from the following entry in the presbytery records, of date 27th April 1731:—

"This day the collections for the Infirmary at Edr. were delivered to Mr Lewis Chapman to carry south—viz., From Abermethy, £7, 4s.; from Kingussie, £6; from Kirkmichael, £7, 4s.; from Alvey, £6; from Cromdale, £13, 16s.; and from Duthil, £18. And the said Mr Lewis Chapman was apptd. by the Presbytery to deliver the said money to David Spence, Secretary to the Bank of Scotland, and get his Receipt therefor."

In view of the prominent part the Macphersons had taken in the Rising of 1715, the Government of the day, two or three years later, deemed it expedient, for the purpose of overawing the numerous Jacobites in Badenoch at the time, to erect on the site of the old castle of the Comyns the barracks at Ruthven—the ruins of which still exist. In 1733—and probably for some years previously—it would appear Mr Blair held from the Committee for managing the "Royal Bounty" the appointment of preaching monthly to the company of the royal forces by whom the

barracks might for the time be garrisoned, for which an annual salary of £10 was allowed to him. The fund known as the "Royal Bounty," it may be well to explain, is a donation of £2000 which for a very long period has been annually given by our successive British monarchs for extending the benefits of the Reformation in the Highlands and Islands. From the first the Committee have been charged to appoint their agents to such places as they shall find, after due information, to be the most proper according to the design expressed in the Royal Warrant. In so doing, it is stipulated that they should have "particular regard to such parishes in South Uist, Small Isles, Glencoe, Harris, and the counties of Moidart, Glengarry, Lochaber, and the other parishes of the Synods of Glenelg and Argyll, which the Committee shall find by reason of their vast extent, by prevalence of Popery and ignorance, and other unhappy circumstances, to be in the greatest distress."

Before Mr Blair could "get up his salary" from the Committee, he required to obtain the attestation of his presbytery to the effect that he had duly preached at the barracks in terms of his appointment. Evidently a bit of a *tiff* had arisen between himself and his presbyterial brethren in connection with this appointment. At the time the "legall stipend" of Kingussie amounted only to "about 800 merks"—barely exceeding in sterling money that of Goldsmith's immortal parson. In the present day the minister of such a large and important parish as Kingussie would hardly be regarded—as the presbytery of Abernethy a century and a half ago apparently regarded Mr Blair—to be "passing rich on £40 a-year." The following extract from the presbytery minutes, of date 28th November 1733, shows how jealously the presbytery guarded—even to the extent of doing injustice to one of their own body—against what, to their collective wisdom, appeared "needless" expenditure, of any portion, however small, of the second King George's *Royal Bounty* :—

"Mr Wm. Blair having applied for an attestation of his preaching monthly in the Barracks of Ruthven in order to get up his salary for this last half-year from the Committee for managing the Royal Bounty. The Presbytery refused to grant the same, (1) Because they know not if he did preach there or not, and (2) Because they were of opinion that the application of the Royal Bounty that way did not answer the Royal Design and Recommendation. Upon which Mr Blair protested and took Instrument for this Reason—viz., Because he had laid before the Presbytery the Barrack-Officer's attestation signed by three Ruling Elders, showing that

he had preached monthly there. To which Protest and Reason the Presbytery returned this answer—1. Yt. the Barrack-Officer who signs said attestation was not in North-Brittan till August last, and therefore could not attest for what did proceed said time, and the rest who sign said attestation are not Elders ; and, 2d, They told Mr Blair that preaching at said Barrack was needless, in regard that the Kirk and Manse of Kingussie are within less than an half mile to it, and that for ordinary there are not above forty or fifty soldiers in it, and that that fund had been better bestowed on a Catechist than on a Minister who has a legall Stipend already."

Notwithstanding the precautionary measures adopted in Badenoch by the Government of the time, the Macphersons continued to cherish towards the house of Stuart—albeit the many grievous failings of that unfortunate dynasty—an unswerving fidelity and devotion that "no gold could buy nor time could wither." The *skirmish* between Mr Blair and the Abernethy Presbytery as to preaching in the barracks at Ruthven took place, it will be seen, in 1733. Twelve years later the Macphersons, with their chief, "the devoted Ewen of Cluny," at their head, flocked to the standard of the "King of the Highlanders," regarding, as they did—like the "wee bird" in its touching and sadly burdened song, "Wae's me for Prince Charlie!"—the Badenoch Hills, in which, wandering as a fugitive after Culloden, he for a time found refuge, as "*by right his ain*"—

"On hills that are, by right, his ain,  
He roams a lonely stranger ;  
On ilka side he's pressed by want,  
On ilka side by danger."

Had the Prince perished at Culloden we would have never heard of the heroic Flora Macdonald, and have altogether lost a chapter of Highland loyalty and devotion, than which there is nothing more touching nor of deeper interest in the annals of our country. In view, however, of his later history, and the closing scenes of his life, a greater lustre would undoubtedly have attached to his memory had he fallen at Culloden, fighting, as he so gallantly did, against such overwhelming odds.

"Many," says Chambers, "whose destiny has never subjected them to severe trials, will call the habits of this unhappy Prince a proof that he never possessed a magnanimous character, as he must have otherwise scorned so wretched a solacement for his misfortunes. Let these persons pray that they may never be reduced to analogous circumstances, or placed in similar temptations. To be born with disputable pretensions is one of the greatest of misfortunes. Even in the middle



walks of life, how often do we see industry, worth, and ability wrecked in their course in consequence of the inheritance of some claims of property, which the law cannot be brought to sanction till it has worn out all that could have enjoyed the boon! How much severer the calamity of being born to the prospect of the highest object of human ambition—ever in view, and ever denied—to be born, in short, as Cardinal York expressed it, a king by the grace of God, but not by the will of man! It has always appeared to me that, in the case of Prince Charles Edward, the agony of hope deferred and severe disappointment, and the degradations ultimately put upon him by individuals who, by birth, were no more than his equals, wore out a spirit originally vigorous, and from which, in happier circumstances, good fruits might have been expected.”<sup>1</sup>

But this by the way.

Previous to the sad disaster on “bleak Culloden Moor,” Prince Charlie’s adherents succeeded in obtaining possession of the Royal Barracks in Badenoch. Overthrown by that disaster, and realising in some measure how little they could trust to the mercy of that “bloody butcher” the Duke of Cumberland, whose inhuman cruelty is almost unexampled in the annals of British history, the remnant of the ill-fated followers of Prince Charlie fled to their native fastnesses. On their way so far south they met at Ruthven, when, after a brief council of war, and setting fire to the building to prevent the barracks being used again by the forces of King George, they dispersed never more to reassemble. The following extract from ‘The Scots Magazine’ for May 1746 indicates to some extent the success attending the subsequent efforts of Mr Blair as a “peacemaker” on behalf of some of his unfortunate parishioners:—

“Brigadier Mordaunt with the Royal Pultneys and Sempils Battalions and six pieces of canon arrived at Perth from Inverness by the Hill Road, and met with no disturbance in their march. They burnt some rebels’ houses and nonjurants’ meeting-houses in the way. Several people of the Parish of Kingussie in Badenoch, who had been seduced and compelled (?) by the rebels to join them, went to Blair in Atholl conducted by Mr William Blair, their Minister, John Macpherson of Bencher, and Donald Macpherson of Cullinlin, and delivered up their arms to Brig. Mordaunt, submitting themselves to the King’s mercy. They were all permitted to return home peaceably.”

The Abernethy Presbytery of the time appear to have been fully alive to their duties as a court of the Church, and to have been in the

<sup>1</sup> Chambers’s History of the Rebellion, new edition, pp. 508, 509.

habit of making periodical visitations of all the congregations within their bounds. Most systematically and thoroughly indeed were these visitations gone about, and apparently with the best results. When the presbytery visited Kingussie, there was first the most minute inquiries made as to the personal behaviour of Mr Blair, his care of his family, the soundness of his doctrine, its suitableness to the capacity of the congregation, and his ministerial diligence. The conduct of his elders and deacons was then inquired into, and the extent to which the people attended and profited by the administration of ordinances. The diligence and faithfulness of the schoolmaster, the state of the “fabrick” of the church, the amount of the “legall stipend,” and the “Communion element money,” were in their turn considered by the presbytery—even the condition and number of the “*church utenciles*” being regarded as within the scope of their inquiries. On the occasion to be immediately adverted to, we are told that they did not hesitate to “call” for the appearance of the *beadle* of Kingussie, although that officer had “dyed,” and passed away from their judgment, “a fourth night” previous to the date of the visitation.

In the present day, when we hear so much of careless and inefficient ministers, and the necessity of our Highland presbyteries exercising a more effectual supervision over the ministers and kirk-sessions within their respective bounds is so apparent, the following extract, giving an elaborate account of a visitation of the congregation of Kingussie fully one hundred and fifty years ago, is certainly very instructive:—

“At KINGUSSIE, *June 24th, 1735.*”

“After prayer, met in Presbytery Mr Francis Grant, Moderator, Master James Chapman, William Grant, William Blair, George Grant, Lewis Chapman, Alexander McBain, James Lesly, Archibald Bannatin, Alexander Fraser, Hugh Grant, Alexander Irvine, Alexander Ross, John Grant, Ruling Elder, and William Barron, clerk.

“Mr Blair preached on his ordinary—viz., 2 Tim. 2. 19: ‘And let every one that nameth the name of Christ depart from iniquity’—and he being removed, the Presbytery entered on the consideration of the sermon, and the several Brethren’s minds having been asked thereanent, it was approven off, and he being called in, this was intimated to him.

“Then the Minute appointing this diet of Visitation was read, and the Edict appointing Mr Blair to summond the Parishioners to this diet was called for, and Mr Blair informing that it was served, it was sustained.

“Then the Presbytery called for the Report of the Committee appointed to visit the Session Records, and they not being as yet in readiness to give in their

Report, Mr Irvine was added to their number, and they appointed to be in readiness to give it in against to-morrow at Alvie.

“A List of Elders and Deacons was called for and given in—viz. : Donald McPherson in Cullion, Robert McPherson in Druminaoinich, John McPherson in Ruthven, James McPherson in Invertromie, Andrew Macpherson in Knappach, William Golanach in Farletter, Thomas Oig-Macpherson in Foeness, John Macpherson in Ardbrylach, Elders ; James Bain in Inveruglas, William Davidson in Ardbrylach, John Macrae in Banchor, Deacons, who, being called, were present except James McPherson, William Golanach, and John Macrae, for whose absences excuses were given and sustained.

“The Presbytery, considering that a Visitation has not been held in this place for a considerable time past, thought proper to appoint a Member to explain the nature of a Visitation in the Irish Language for the sake of the commonality. Then Mr Blair was removed and particular questions put to the Elders anent his personal behaviour and care of his family, the soundness of his doctrine, the suitability of it to the capacity of the Congregation as far as they were able to judge, and anent his Ministerial diligence,—to all which they gave satisfactory answers, whereupon Mr Blair was called in and encouraged to go on in the Lord’s work. Then the Elders and Deacons were removed, and Mr Blair was asked the ordinary questions about the constitution of his Session, the conduct of the Elders and Deacons in their respective families, and their care and diligence in their offices, to which Mr Blair answered that some of them had officiated as Elders for a considerable time before his admission without legall ordination, but that he has not as yet been able to prevail either with them or with others ; he has found it necessary to add to their number since, to submit to legall ordination, yet he hopes in some little time to be in case to give the Presbytery more satisfying accounts anent the orderly constitution of his Session ; and as to the other questions relative to them he gave satisfying answers.

“Then the Ministers, Elders, and Deacons were removed, and the ordinary questions were put to the Heads of Families anent their conduct, and if they had any reason to complain of any of them, either as to their personal behaviour or their discharge of their respective Offices ; to which satisfying answers being given, they were called in, and encouraged.

“Then the Minister and Elders were asked as to the people, whether they duly attended Ordinances, were profiting by them, and if they were subject to discipline ; to which very agreeable and satisfactory answers were made.

“Then the Schoolmaster, who is also Precentor and Session-Clerk, was removed, and the Session and people asked with respect to his diligence and faithfulness in his offices ; and they having nothing to object, he was called in, and encouraged.

“The Beadle being called for, Mr Blair reported that their Beadle dyed about a fourth night agoe, and that they had not fix’d on another as yet.

“The Presbytery enquired about the Church Utenciles, and it was answered there was only a bason and a Communion Table Cloath, which were in Mr Blair’s

custody. And as to the poor's money, Mr Blair referred to the Register for the account of it.

"As to the Fabrick of the Church, it being visible to the Presbytery that it yet wants part of the Roof and other reparations, the reason was asked why that work went so slowly on. To which it was answered by Mr Blair and the Heritors present, that application was lately made to the Duchess of Gordon's Chamberlain, the proper person to uplift the fund appointed for the reparation of the Kirk, and it was hoped the work would very soon go on. The Presbytery appointed their Moderator to write the said Chamberlain, intreating he may not loose time in making the Fund effectual, lest the winter come on before the work be finished.

"Mr Blair being asked anent the stipends, how much it was, answered it was about eight hundred merks; and being further enquired if there was a Decreet of Plot for it, answered in the negative, but that it was pay'd according to use and wont; and being asked about Communion Element money, answered that by paction betwixt the Heritors and him the Heritors obliged themselves to pay fifty merks yearly for Communion Elements. Being asked if there was a legall Manse, Glieb, and Grass, he answered that the Manse had been declared legal, and that he was satisfied with the Glieb and Grass.

"It being asked if there was a Parochial School, it was answered that there was not one in terms of the Act of Parliament, but that there was a fund of two thousand merks lying in the Laird of Clunie's hand, the interest of which was yearly laid out for maintaining a grammar-school in the parish.

"Appointed Messrs William Grant, Archibald Bannatyne, and Alexander Irvine to inspect the Parochial Library, and Mr Blair to give in a List of the Books thereof, that they may report to-morrow at Alvie.

"Then the Moderator gave suitable exhortations and encouragement to the Congregation, and the Presbytery adjourned to Alvey to-morrow at ten o'clock, and closed with prayer."

When everything was found satisfactory, it will be seen that a word of encouragement from the presbytery to minister, elders, deacons, and schoolmaster to persevere in every "good work" was not wanting.

The records of the presbytery show that in the course of his prolonged ministry Mr Blair got more than one pressing call to leave Kingussie. So attached, however, does he appear to have been to the place, that he continued minister of the parish for the long period of fifty-six years, baptising and marrying no fewer than three generations of the parishioners. According to the old Badenoch rhyme, any of the numerous Kingussie "Calums" of the time in search of a wife had simply to apply to Mr Blair to have their wants in that respect supplied; although, sooth to say, eligible maidens were not apparently—even in those "good old days"—without some imperfections. The rhyme represents two

Kingussie worthies—the one a weaver and the other a tailor—engaged in a combat of wit, and is given entire in the delightful ‘Snatches of Badenoch Song’ collected by Mr Sinton, the minister of Dores, published in the last two volumes of the ‘Celtic Magazine.’ Let me, in connection with these sketches, give the two concluding verses:—

“Gheibh mi bean bho Mr Blair,  
Thuibhairt Calum Faigheadair;  
Ni chaileag air am beil an spàg,  
Thubhairt Calum Tailear.

“S’ ioma Calum tha sinn ann,  
Thuibhairt Calum Faigheadair;  
Calum dubh is Calum cam,  
Thubhairt Calum Tailear.”

Mr Blair had been twelve years minister of Kingussie when the famous James Macpherson was born in 1736 at Ruthven, in the immediate neighbourhood. The minister would doubtless be on terms of intimacy with the family, and fully twenty years of his long incumbency of Kingussie had yet to run when his young parishioner (whom he had in all probability baptised) created such a *furor* in the literary world by the publication of the poems of Ossian. Here is an illustration of the interest excited by that publication in the translator’s native parish, as taken from the diary of Mr Blair already referred to, bearing to belong to “Æneas Macpherson, which was left him by his grandfather, who was Minister of the Gosple at Kingusy Ruthven of Badenoch in the year one thousand seven hundred and eighty-one”:—

“It is proposed to open an Exhibition of Paintings, taken solely from the Poems of Ossian, and executed by the greatest Masters in London. This Exhibition to be called by the name of Ossian’s Hall, Ossian’s Gallery, or by similar appellation. Such an Exhibition would not only be highly beneficial to the promoters, if conducted with judgment and liberality, but would add a new lustre to the justly celebrated Poems of Ossian, and be an honour to the Country, and a valuable present to the public. To be conducted upon a plan similar to that of the Shakespearian Poet’s Gallery, and to be under the direction of a certain number of persons, one of whom to be appointed Acting Manager. In case apartments cannot be found in an eligible situation, which may be judged fit for the purpose of this Exhibition, a new Building will be necessary to be constructed upon the most approved plan, and in the most central situation in London. It is not doubted that the Poems of Ossian will afford ample scope for the pencil in all that is grand, sublime, and striking in painting. But in order to relieve the eye, as well as to throw these into a more striking point of view, one apartment may without inconsistency be furnished with Paintings from”

(Here, unfortunately, part of the diary has been torn away.)

“It is not to be disputed that were it once set on foot, it would, in this age of

refinement, meet with such high encouragement as not only in the course of a very few years would indemnify the Proprietors in their expenses, but be a source of gain far beyond conception. An Exhibition of this kind possesses advantages to the Proprietors far beyond the generality of adventures of this nature; for in the first place, the Paintings, which a long course of time does not in the smallest impair, together with the Building, are a certain fund—the former, indeed, instead of being impaired by the hand of time, become infinitely more valuable. In the next place, the expenses of upholding the Exhibition is comparatively very small. One or two persons to attend at exhibition hours will be sufficient.”

Here is a “sketch” of the estimated expenditure—as given in Mr Blair’s diary—“which would be required to carry on the proposed Exhibition, and of the profits which are likely to arise from it” :—

*“Expenditure.*

Suppose 100 Paintings at £50 each . . . . .	£5000 0 0
Two do. at £200 each . . . . .	400 0 0
The Building . . . . .	1000 0 0
	£6400 0 0

Besides expense of two men at £40 per ann. Int. on this sum at 5 p. ct. is £320 per ann., which, with the men’s allowance, will be £400 p. ann.

*“Returns.*

Supposing 100 persons at an average to come to the Exhibition each day at 1s. each, which from the success Exhibitions of a like nature have, is a moderate calculation, £5 p. day is p. ann. . . . .	£1825 0 0
Catalogues at 1s. each, on which the profit will be 6d. p. ct., supposing one-half of the compy. to purchase Catalogues . . . . .	426 10 0
	£2251 10 0
Deduct expenditure . . . . .	400 0 0
Balce. p. ann. . . . .	£1851 10 0”

This ambitious proposal, notwithstanding the sanguine expectations as to its success, appears never to have taken practical shape, and to have been ultimately abandoned.

Many further interesting odds and ends, having reference to Mr Blair’s long and eventful incumbency of Kingussie—extending, as it did, from 1724 to 1780—might be given. The sketch, however, in connection with his ministry, has already extended to such a length that I must desist. Mr Blair died at Kingussie on 25th December 1780, in the eighty-seventh year of his age, and sixtieth of his ministry, his remains being interred in the “Middle Churchyard” there.

12. JOHN ANDERSON, 1782-1809.—Mr Anderson is described by Mrs Grant of Laggan in one of her “Letters from the Mountains,” in 1791, as “a person of fine taste, superior abilities, and extensive information.” In 1792—ten years after his induction—he got a new church built at Kingussie. He was one of the executors of “Ossian” Macpherson, who died on 17th February 1796.

Colonel Thornton in the journal of his visit to Badenoch in 1784, referred to on page 44, thus alludes to a sermon which he heard delivered by Mr Anderson in the church of Kingussie:—

“August 14.—Day charming; went to church and heard a very well-delivered sermon from Mr Anderson. This gentleman, though a Lowlander, by absolute perseverance has taught himself the Erse language, in which he preaches a sermon after delivering one in English.”

However well delivered, the sermon does not seem to have had a very rousing effect upon the congregation,—for the Colonel adds that it appeared to him “the men came here to eat tobacco and the women to sleep;” and he ventures “to affirm that a tax on sleeping females at church would bring in from this parish a pretty revenue.”

Mr Anderson was translated to Bellie (Fochabers) in 1809. He acted as factor and commissioner for the Duke of Gordon, and was appointed a justice of the peace. Objections having been made to his holding these offices, the case was carried through the subordinate courts to the General Assembly. The Assembly declared “that it is impossible they should not highly disapprove of the Parish Ministers of this Church engaging in such secular employment as may be inconsistent with the full and faithful discharge of their spiritual functions.” Mr Anderson in consequence demitted his spiritual charge for the more lucrative secular offices. It was in reference to the plurality of offices thus enjoyed by him that the following doggerel rhyme got into general circulation during his lifetime:—

“The Reverend John Anderson,  
Factor to his Grace,  
Minister of Fochabers,  
And Justice of the Peace.”

Mr Anderson died 22d April 1839, in the eightieth year of his age.

13. JOHN ROBERTSON, 1810-25.—Mr Robertson was for some time missionary at Achreny, in Caithness-shire, and subsequently minister of the chapel-of-ease at Rothesay. He was presented to Kingussie by Alexander, Duke of Gordon, in 1810, and appointed a justice of the peace for the county of Inverness in 1818. An able and faithful minister, a “clear and unctuous preacher,” Mr Robertson’s “praise in the Gospel was throughout all the churches,” and he was revered and greatly beloved by the people of Badenoch. He was the favourite minister of the well-known “Apostle of the North”—the late Dr Macdonald of Ferintosh. He died at Kingussie on 4th March 1825, in the sixty-eighth year of his age and thirty-eighth of his ministry, his remains being among the first laid to rest in the “New Churchyard” of Kingussie.

In the ‘Inverness Courier’ of 17th March 1825 his character is thus described:—

“In Mr Robertson the Church of Scotland has lost a distinguished ornament, and his family and parish have sustained an incalculable loss. In his character there was a happy union of great intellect, fervent and rational piety, unswerving fidelity in his Master’s cause, and zeal tempered by wisdom, and controlled by discriminating prudence. As a preacher his talents were of no common order. Possessed of a clear and comprehensive understanding, he made the most intricate subjects intelligible to the meanest capacity. His reasoning was always close, cogent, and convincing; his illustrations rich and varied; his similes in the highest degree chaste, striking, and appropriate; his appeals to the heart powerful and persuasive, and these important requisites of the ministerial character were rendered doubly interesting by the sincerity and unction with which they were inculcated. None who had the happiness of hearing him could fail to perceive that his whole soul was occupied with his subject, and that he felt the deepest concern for the immortal interests of those whom he addressed. The sincerity which he displayed in the pulpit he daily cherished and eminently exemplified in his intercourse with the world. He was an ‘Israelite indeed, in whom there was no guile.’ He detested that temporising policy which, contrary to deliberate conviction, accommodates itself to the feelings and sentiments of others. In short, in all the relations of life, but especially in the domestic circle, he practised the duties which in his public ministrations he so earnestly and piously enforced. These excellences were well appreciated by his affectionate flock, for it may with truth be affirmed that no pastor was ever more revered and beloved by his people, or went down to the grave more deeply and generally lamented. ‘The righteous shall be held in everlasting remembrance.’”



In a fervent and beautiful elegy by the “Apostle” of Ferintosh—considered the best of all his Gaelic poems—the “Apostle,” as if standing beside the newly opened grave, and apostrophising his departed friend, tenderly exclaims that if there were “aught that could make heaven to me more desirable besides eternal communion with my God, it is that thou art there before me.”

This lament will be found in the ‘Poems and Hymns’ of Dr Macdonald, issued by the well-known Gaelic publishers, Messrs MacLachlan & Stewart of Edinburgh. It is too long to be given here entire, but the tender prelude to the “Apostle’s” song of sorrow will give some idea of the strains that succeed:—

I.

“Tha Bàideanach an diugh fo ghruaim;  
A teachdair aillidh thugadh uaip’;  
’Se bhì g’a charadh anns an uaigh,  
Thug sgeula cruaidh r’a aithris dhuinn.

II.

Ar leam gu’n cluinn mi sean is òg  
Air feadh na tìr, rì gul is bròn;  
Is dhoibhs’ d’am b’abhàist bhì ri ceòl,  
Cha’n eòl an diugh bhì aighearach.

III.

Cha’n ioghnagh ’m bron ud—’s i a chail  
An solus àluinn bha gun fhoill,  
Bha tabhairt blàth’s dhi agus soills’,  
Gu tric rinn aobhneach, subhach i.

IV.

An solus chuireadh gean is sùrd  
Air luchd a’ chridhe bhrìste bhrùit’,  
Is do’n fhear-thuruìs bheireadh iùl,  
A stiùireadh ceart gu Sion e.

V.

Ach theich a nis an rionnag shiolls’,  
Is dh’ fhàg sud Bàideanach fo’n oidhch,  
Och, dh’ fhàg sud Bàideanach fo’n oidhch  
’Sa h-aobhneas phill gu dubhachas !”

These stanzas Professor Blackie<sup>1</sup> has kindly translated for this volume as follows:—

I.

“Badenoch to-day is bowed with grief  
For the teacher gone that was her glory.  
The spade that dug his grave hath sent  
From glen to glen a tearful story.

<sup>1</sup> “Blackie can do anything,  
Sermon preach, or ballad sing,  
Write a book, or climb a peak,  
Chat in Gaelic, or in Greek;

Ever learning something new,  
Holding fast the good and true,  
What he trows he tells right free,  
Ἐν ἀληθείᾳ ἐν ἀγάπῃ !”

## II.

Old and young are weeping to-day,  
 Young and old the wide land thorough;  
 The voice the loudest wont to sing  
 Now dies away in notes of sorrow.

## III.

Badenoch weeps for the light she has lost,  
 So pure, no taint of guile was in it;  
 It gave her warmth, it gave her wisdom,  
 And made her heart sing like lark or linnet:

## IV.

The light that came to the broken-hearted,  
 And lifted them up with the strength of a lion,  
 And shone on the weary pilgrim's path,  
 And guided his feet on the way to Zion.

## V.

But he shines no more the star of her joy,  
 And darkened her life with a curtain of sorrow;  
 And Badenoch is left of her glory bereft,  
 With weeping to-day and with wailing to-morrow."

The following prose translation of some of the concluding stanzas, by the late Dr Kennedy of Dingwall, in his 'Life and Labours of the Apostle,' published in 1866—meritorious as that translation is—gives but a faint conception of the touching pathos of the original:—

"Some have felt the tidings of thy death pierce them as a sharp arrow that hath reached the marrow of their bones, and there stuck fast. Theirs is a sorrow that shall not soon dry up, unlike the grief of others, which is but for a little, and then passes quite away. As the dew of night on the mountain on a calm morning quickly passes away as if it never was, so soon as the Sun has cast his rays upon it, thus some are for a short season sad; but joy and singing reach them, and, lo! their sorrow is away, and it is found no more. But the showering rain abides not on the surface, but goes down into the soil; and the deeper it sinks, it is the more abiding. Thus the sorrow of some is but increasing when that of others has quite passed away. Near to the spot where thou hast often stood to preach have they laid thy dust; and as before thy life, so now thy death, is each Sabbath giving instruction to thy people. Some, doubtless, will look with a heavy heart often on that spot of earth, fragrant to them since thou wast laid there. Methinks I hear one of them thus speaking over thy grave: 'Alas! all complexion and beauty have now departed from that noble manly countenance. Nor hand nor foot can

this day move ; they are now at rest under the spell of the Grave. Tongue shall not speak ; nor shall ear listen to the wail of the mourner. The eye once so bright, lively, and loving, that often beamed so kindly on the children of grace, and through which the tender heart could be so easily discovered, is now under the seal of Death, and shall not be opened. The tongue once so skilled to preach to us the Gospel is now under the strong lock of the Grave, and shall speak to us no more. Oh, ye inhabitants of the Grave, what stillness has lain upon you since your form and beauty have departed ! Oh, when again shall ye move ? The worm shall sleep in the ground ; in a quiet corner rests the insect during the storms of Winter, but with Spring they shall awake again. But when shall a Spring arrive that shall arouse the still silent dwellers in the Grave ? When shall *they* awaken out of *their* sleep ? A long, long sleep is theirs ! Leaves shall spring out again from the branch, bare and uncomely though it be to-day ; and in his celestial journey the Sun shall return again after he has gone out of sight. But when shall these again appear in beauty who now lie withered in the Grave ; when shall those Sun-rays reach them that shall give them resurrection from that bed ? Yes, warmth shall come after the cold, and day after the longest night ; but when shall day dawn on the Grave, and its long night be past ? But Soul, restrain thy mourning ; day shall yet dawn on the Grave, and before it the Grave's long night shall flee away with all that made it dark and frowning. The dust of him for whom thou hast often wept shall then arise with comeliness, beauty, and strength greater than though in the Grave it had never lain. O Grave, employ thy power to-day, for the King of hosts permits thee. Yea, extend thy sway, and swallow up the nations. But boast not of thy might, for, though it is enduring, it is not eternal. Already the Almighty One hath won an everlasting victory over thee. And in Him shall His Dead arise—a glorious band, His own purchased possession. Their tongue shall then no more be silent, for all that made them dumb is gone.’”

“ Near to God was the power of his speech,  
 But not the track of his life was lower ;  
 Nicely his preaching and practice agreed,  
 As the hand keeps time with the step of the sower.”

14. GEORGE SHEPHERD, A.M., 1825-43.—Mr Shepherd was for some time schoolmaster at Kingussie, and was minister of Laggan from 1818 to 1825. He was presented by Alexander, Duke of Gordon, and translated from Laggan to Kingussie in May 1825. In 1819 Mr Shepherd married Miss Robertson (a daughter of his predecessor), on whom the following song was composed. This song, in which Mr Shepherd is represented as “Strephon,” is said to be the genuine poetical effusion of a young man, a stranger in the district of Badenoch, who had fallen

passionately in love with Miss Robertson, but to whom he never had the courage to reveal his feelings in any other form:—

THE LOVELY MAID OF BADENOCH.

Tune—*Loch Erricht-side.*

“Long may she bloom so fresh and fair,  
Cherished by heaven’s kind fost’ring care,  
Nor wither in the mountain air  
That blows so keen in Badenoch.

May no rude blast or chilling storm,  
Nor wasting sorrow’s cank’ring worm,  
E’er blight the joy or mar the form  
Of her that blooms in Badenoch.

But may she live devoid of guile  
And every artful female wile,  
Except that sweet bewitching smile  
That graces her of Badenoch.

Although she never can be mine,  
Yet mem’ry round my heart shall twine  
Her dear remembrance, and confine  
My sweetest thoughts to Badenoch.

Those hills which I no more may see,  
Those rugged wastes that cheerless be,  
Shall for her sake be dear to me,  
Though far away from Badenoch.

Ah, yes! their very names to hear,  
Shall be like music to my ear,  
And from my eye shall start the tear  
For her I loved in Badenoch.

O Strephon, how I envy thee!  
Thou’rt happier far than I can be,  
Since ’tis thy fate to tear from me  
The lovely maid of Badenoch.

How gladly would I choose to die,  
And leave this world without a sigh,  
Did she but know the love that I  
Do bear for her in Badenoch!

But, be she blest, I’ll not repine,  
Her happiness shall aye be mine;  
Kind heaven will aid me to resign  
The lovely maid of Badenoch.

But should misfortune stern oppress,  
And pour the cup of dire distress,  
My cot should be a dwelling-place  
For her who blooms in Badenoch.

I’ve drank Love’s deepest draught of woe,  
And through the world must cheerless go,  
While heaves my heart with many a throe  
For her I loved in Badenoch.

But words, alas! could never tell  
What feelings in my bosom swell;  
So now a long and last farewell  
To her I loved in Badenoch.”

Mr Shepherd joined the Secession of 1843, carrying with him all but a small number of a large and attached congregation. At the beginning of his incumbency he was very imperfectly acquainted with the mother-tongue, so dear to Highlanders. In course of time, however, he acquired a wonderful command of Gaelic, although his quaint and broken phrases in that language, down to the termination of his ministry in Kingussie, are still remembered and frequently repeated in the district. He became minister of the South Free Church in Elgin in October 1852, and died suddenly on a visit to Aberdeen on 20th July 1853, in the fifty-ninth year of his age. He was succeeded in the Free Church of Kingussie by the

present scholarly and much-respected incumbent, the Rev. Neil Dewar, who has, during the long period which has since intervened, ministered with great acceptance to that congregation. Under the auspices of the Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge, Mr Dewar was associated with the late Dr Clerk of Kilmallie, and the late Dr Maclauchlan of Edinburgh, in the revision of the Gaelic Scriptures, and is well known as one of the most able and accomplished Gaelic scholars of the present day.

15. CHARLES GRANT, 1843-56.—Mr Grant, who had been for some time minister of Rothiemurchus, was presented by Charles, fifth Duke of Richmond, and translated from Rothiemurchus, 26th September 1843. Appointed, as he had been, to Kingussie within three or four months after the Secession of 1843, Mr Grant was shunned for many years by the great bulk of the parishioners, for no other reason than that he adhered to the Establishment. As the late Dr Norman Macleod often said in alluding to the general results of that sad event:—

“The sacrifices were certainly not all on one side. With indignant energy he portrayed the trial it was to the flesh to keep by the unpopular side, and to act out what conscience dictated as the line of duty. If it was hard to go out, it was harder to stay in. It would have been a relief to have joined the procession of those who passed out amid the huzzas of the populace, and who were borne on the tide of enthusiasm—greeted as martyrs, and regarded as saints—in place of remaining by the apparent wreck of all that was lately a prosperous Church. The heart sank at the spectacle of those empty benches, where once sat Chalmers and Welsh and Gordon, and such able leaders as Candlish and Cunningham; while the task of filling up more than four hundred vacant charges, and reorganising all the foreign missionary agencies of the Church, which had in one day disappeared, was terribly disheartening. There was no encouragement from the outside world for those who began with brave hearts to clear away the wreck. Scorn and hissing greeted them at every turn, as men whose only aim was ‘to abide by the stuff.’ One unpopular step had to be resolutely taken after another, and the unpolitic legislation of the last ten years reversed. Unless there had been in his mind a deep sense of duty, Norman Macleod was the last man in the world to undertake the dreary task which for many a day was assigned to him and to his brethren. But he did not hesitate. Although his heart was burdened by its anxieties, he took his place from that day onward as a ‘restorer of the breach,’ and was spared to see that the labours of those who endeavoured in the hour of danger to preserve the blessings of an Established Church for the country had not been thrown away.”<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Memoir of Norman Macleod, D.D., 121, 122.

The following incidents serve to illustrate the extent to which the persecuting spirit of the people was aroused at the time of the Secession, and the painful test to which Mr Grant's fidelity to the old Church of his fathers subjected him. The wife of a parishioner of Kingussie to whom Mr Grant had shown some kindness—and who had, for a time, evinced considerable hesitation in making up his mind to leave the old Church—had given birth to a son, and was visited by the wife of one of the leading Secessionists. After some remarks appropriate to such occasions, the worthy visitor referred to the intended baptism of the child, and in alluding to Mr Grant, thus forcibly gave expression, in her native vernacular, to her feelings: "*Tha mi an duil nach leig sibh le spogan a chon boin uisge chur am feasd air aghaidh an leanabh,*"—*i.e.*, "I hope you will not allow the *paws of the dog* ever to sprinkle a drop of water on the face of the child." Meeting and addressing a courteous salutation to another Secessionist on the street, sometime after the Secession, the response Mr Grant received, with a malignant scowl, was, "*Get thee behind me, Satan!*" These incidents are only two out of many that might be related, in the way of showing that the "martyrdoms" of '43 were not by any means exclusively on the side of those who were borne along, with such enthusiastic plaudits, on the popular Secession wave of the time. To dwell upon such incidents would be uncharitable. I allude to them simply for the purpose of doing justice to the memory of Mr Grant, who, under the most painful and discouraging circumstances during the whole course of his ministry in Kingussie, faithfully endeavoured to do his duty to the best of his ability. Happily for the credit of our common religion, and of our common humanity, the intensely bitter sectarian feeling prevailing between the two Churches for so many years after 1843 has in a great measure—especially among the people themselves—passed away.

"Let us hope," says Dean Stanley, "that the age of the Disruption has been succeeded by a generation not baptised into that fierce fire; and probably there are few now in Scotland who can enter into the violence with which at that time households were rent asunder, children quarrelled in the streets, ancient friends parted. Auchterarder, the scene of the original conflict, after a few years settled into a haven of perfect peace, the pastor whose intrusion provoked the collision between the spiritual and civil courts lived and died respected by the whole parish. Many would now join with the honoured historian of the catastrophe of 1843 in that truly Christian discourse,<sup>1</sup> in which, whilst vindicating the right of the Free Church

<sup>1</sup> The Church and its Living Head; a Sermon preached on November 13, 1859, by the Rev. John Hanna, LL.D.

to sever itself, he withdrew any claim to its being regarded as a fundamental or essential principle of religion.”<sup>1</sup>

To many devoted friendships so sadly severed by that catastrophe might be appropriately applied the beautiful lines of Coleridge, so touchingly quoted by Norman Macleod in his closing address as Moderator of the General Assembly of 1869:—

“Alas! they had been friends in youth,  
 But whispering tongues can poison truth,  
 And constancy lives in realms above,  
 And life is thorny; and youth is vain;  
 And to be wroth with one we love  
 Doth work like madness in the brain.  
 . . . . .  
 Each spake words of high disdain,  
 And insult to his heart’s best brother:  
 They parted, ne’er to meet again!  
 But never either found another  
 To free the hollow heart from paining—  
 They stood aloof, the scars remaining,  
 Like cliffs which had been rent asunder;  
 A dreary sea now flows between;—  
 But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,  
 Shall wholly do away, I ween,  
 The marks of that which once hath been.”

Pity it is that there are still so many Presbyterian ministers throughout the country given to such minute hair-splitting and straw-dividing distinctions! To all fair-minded, right-thinking men, the acts and utterances of many of these ministers are sad in the extreme, and would almost make us despair of our miserable divisions ever being healed. Would that we all fully realised the shame and discredit attaching to our National Presbyterianism by the continuance of these divisions; and that, by mutual forbearance and concession, a comprehensive Union might be brought about on the old stable foundations! Given the *will*, the *way* to such a happy consummation could surely be found. In this connection the following remarks made by the genial and accomplished minister of the Church, “Nether Lochaber,” in alluding, in one of his delightful contributions to the ‘Inverness Courier,’ to a portion of these papers published in the ‘Trans-

<sup>1</sup> Stanley’s Church of Scotland, second edition, 1879, 151.

actions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness,' may be appropriately quoted:—

“Whatever the original reference in the phrase, ‘the curse of Scotland,’ there can be little doubt that in more recent days the curse of our dear land has been that worst of all bad things—the *odium theologicum*—religious animosity and sectarian bitterness. It were well for the country if people would only adopt something of the fine philosophy of Skinner’s grand old song:—

‘ Let *Free* and ‘*Stablihed* all agree,  
*Free* and ‘*Stablihed*, *Free* and ‘*Stablihed*,  
 Let *Free* and ‘*Stablihed* all agree  
 To drop their *suarliegorum*.  
 Let *Free* and ‘*Stablihed* all agree  
 To spend the night in mirth and glee,  
 And cheerfu’ sing along wi’ me  
 The reel of Tullochgorum !  
 O ! Tullochgorum’s my delight,  
*It gars us a’ in aye unite,*  
*And ony sump that keeps up spite,*  
 In conscience I abhor him.  
 Blythe and merry we’s be a’,  
 Blythe and merry, blythe and merry ;  
 Blythe and merry we’s be a’,  
 And mak’ a cheerfu’ quorum.  
 Blythe and merry we’s be a’  
 As lang as we ha’e breath to draw,  
 And dance, till we be like to fa’,  
 The reel of Tullochgorum.’

“If a little more of the spirit that actuates and makes beautiful the good old Aberdeenshire parson’s song were imported into the everyday services of our Churches north and south of the Grampians, we should have a better and a happier people, and eke a better and a happier clergy—‘agricultural depression’ and ‘stagnant trade’ to the contrary notwithstanding.”

But to return to the ministry of Mr Grant. Unendowed, perhaps, with the gifts (often very superficial) which go to make a popular preacher, no more clear-headed, warm-hearted minister, nor one more sincerely interested in the religious and temporal welfare of the parishioners, ever, I believe, filled the pulpit of Kingussie. His minutes in the kirk-session records are models of composition as well as of penmanship. Possessing influential friends in the south, and disregarding denominational distinctions, not a few of the Badenoch lads of the time were indebted to him for a successful start in life. He died at Kingussie, 29th March 1856, in the fifty-second year of his age and twenty-sixth of



his ministry, his remains resting in the "New Churchyard," close beside those of his saintly and justly revered predecessor, Mr Robertson. As one of the boys to whom Mr Grant in the course of his ministry showed many acts of kindness and encouragement, let me gratefully pay this humble tribute of respect to his memory.

16. ALEXANDER CAMERON, 1856-57.—Mr Cameron, who was a native of Tomintoul, acted for some time as assistant to Dr Macpherson, Professor of Greek in the University of Aberdeen. Presented by Charles, fifth Duke of Richmond, he was admitted as minister of Kingussie 26th August 1856, and died at Kingussie 19th April 1857, in his thirty-first year, after a brief but greatly appreciated ministry of eight months.

17. GREGOR STUART, 1857-66.—Mr Stuart, a native of Cromdale, was for some time minister at Kinlochluichart, and subsequently at Rogart. Presented by Charles, fifth Duke of Richmond, he was inducted as minister of Kingussie 29th September 1857. Possessed of great natural ability and shrewdness, he acted for some years as clerk to the Presbytery of Abernethy, was a very pithy and practical preacher, and genial and popular minister. He died at Kingussie 4th September 1866, at the early age of forty-one, greatly regretted by the parishioners and by numerous friends throughout the Highlands. His remains are interred in the "New Churchyard," and through the efforts of Mr James Mackenzie, the esteemed ex-postmaster of Kingussie, for many years an elder in the parish church, a well-merited and appropriate mark of respect has been recently paid to Mr Stuart's memory by the erection of a tombstone bearing the following inscription:—

*"Erected by a few Friends in Memory of*

THE REV. GREGOR STUART,

FOR NINE YEARS THE ESTEEMED MINISTER OF THIS PARISH.

DIED AT KINGUSSIE, 4TH SEPTEMBER 1866, AGED 41 YEARS."

18. KENNETH ALEXANDER MACKENZIE, M.A., LL.D., 1867.—The present minister, Dr Mackenzie, is one of the three sons, devoted to the ministry, of the late John Mackenzie, M.A., minister of Lochcarron, of whom he is now the only survivor. Of these three sons, one of their number (the much respected and lamented minister of Ferintosh), filled

in 1884 the highest position in the Church—that of Moderator of the General Assembly—with great credit to the Highlands, and the universal satisfaction of the whole Church. His brother (the present minister of Kingussie) succeeded their father as minister of Lochcarron in 1856. He was presented by Charles, sixth Duke of Richmond, and admitted as minister of Kingussie 7th March 1867. He has thus been now minister of the parish for fully twenty-five years. The following address, presented by Mr Macpherson of Belleville in name of the congregation, to Dr Mackenzie, in presence of a large assemblage representative of all denominations, on the occasion of his silver wedding in October 1889, speaks for itself:—

“We, the members and adherents of your congregation, desire very cordially, on the occasion of the twenty-fifth anniversary of your happy marriage-day, to present to you and Mrs Mackenzie—the worthy and faithful partner of your wedded life—our warmest congratulations.

“Long and widely known as you have been for the very warm, active, and intelligent interest you have for so many years taken in the cause of education in the Highlands, and of the elevation in that direction of the Highland people, we rejoiced in common with your many friends throughout the country when your labours in that important cause, and the general esteem entertained for you, were publicly recognised by the degree so deservedly bestowed upon you by your *Alma Mater*, the University of Aberdeen.

“Your services as the energetic Secretary of the Ladies’ Gaelic School and Highland Bursary Association, in stimulating the higher education of Gaelic-speaking lads connected with the Church of Scotland, and affording encouragement to so many of the most promising of their number to study for the ministry of the Church in the Highlands, have, it is well known, been productive of the most beneficial results, and are, we have reason to believe, warmly appreciated by the Church at large.

“As Chairman of the School Board of Kingussie (with the exception of a short period) since the passing of the Education Act in 1872, your services in that capacity are universally admitted to have been invaluable, and of great benefit to the youth attending the Public Schools in the parish, as well as to the district generally.

“Settled as you have been as Minister of the Parish for a period now extending to nearly a quarter of a century, we specially desire to express our high appreciation of the earnest, faithful, and devoted manner in which for such a long period you have discharged the duties of your sacred office, and of your unwearied exertions in the way of promoting the wellbeing and prosperity of all classes of the community.

“To mark our affection and respect for you, not only as our Minister, but in all the relations of life, we very heartily unite in asking your own and Mrs Mackenzie’s acceptance of the tokens of our esteem and regard which we now present to you.

“We earnestly hope and pray that Almighty God may prolong your days, and continue abundantly to bless and prosper your ministry amongst us, and that you and your wife may be spared to each other in health and happiness for many years to come, mutually sharing in the general esteem and regard which you both so happily enjoy.

*“Signed in name and on behalf of the Congregation of the Parish Church of Kingussie, by*

*“JAMES MACKENZIE, Elder.*

*PETER MACPHERSON, Elder.*

*A. MACPHERSON, Elder.*

*DUNCAN MACPHERSON, Elder.”*

In the course of a very interesting speech in reply to the address, Dr Mackenzie adverted at some length to the progress of education in the Highlands. As of general interest let me give the following extracts:—

“In the laudatory address which had just been read, allusion,” said Dr Mackenzie, “had been made to the interest he had taken in education, not only in the parish, but in a measure throughout the Highlands and Islands. For forty years or more he had been of opinion that if the Highlands were to be benefited, it was by placing as good an education as possible within the reach of the youth of the northern counties. Much had been done in the past, and perhaps a good deal required to be done still; but if the parents of children realised what had been already done, and took advantage of it, much good would be the result. He always noticed that the Highland youth, both boys and girls, were more easily trained and taught, and much more easily polished, if he might use the word, than the youth of the eastern and southern counties of Scotland. Highland children were in fact generally, however poor their parents might be, born ladies and gentlemen. He never yet saw children in the Highlands who were educated above a certain point—that was a point a little beyond the standards of the present day—who did not very soon afterwards earn their own living, and not only their own living, but were able to assist their parents, if they had them, and their friends. They had alluded also in the address to the Ladies’ Bursary Association. He was glad they did so in the way they did, because a considerable amount of his time was taken up with the work of the Association. He thought that work was a good work, and calculated to benefit a considerable number of promising youth of the Highlands. That Association saw that many Highlanders went to the universities unprepared. They discovered that there were

no secondary schools in the Highlands, and as they were unable to equip schools themselves, they thought they could benefit the Highlands by assisting the most promising young men in the north to go for two years to the best schools in the south. In this way they put them very much on an equality with the more favoured youth of the south. He might say that that Association now had upwards of forty bursars attending the universities of Scotland, most of whom had distinguished themselves in their classes. Allusion had also been made to the honour conferred on him by appointing him Chairman of the School Board. During all the years he had been on the board he had found it most pleasant to act along with his friend Mr Dewar and the other members. They did not always agree, but if they differed they agreed to differ, and the work of the board had been carried on most amicably and most pleasantly. Much had been done in the Highlands for education since the passing of the Education Act in 1872. He thought they would agree with him in saying that it was now full time for them not to ask for more, but to make the best of what they had got. Throughout the Highlands before the passing of the Education Act many of the school buildings, for instance, were in a wretched state of repair. Some members of the first school boards came to the conclusion that it was better for them not to take advantage of the Act, but go on with the schools as they were, and depend upon associations connected with the different Churches for the salaries they formerly paid. He (Dr Mackenzie) was so much afraid that they would continue to be of this opinion until the time elapsed when building grants could be asked for, that in the General Assembly of 1873 he ventured to move that the Church of Scotland should cease to maintain the General Assembly schools from the end of that year. His motion did not then find a seconder; but before the end of that year he was glad to say that the Church came to a better and wiser frame of mind, and intimated to the Department that they were no longer to continue these schools. Education, he said, was much better before that period in Badenoch than in his old country. In Lochcarron he had often found young men and young women unable to sign their marriage schedule. That showed the state of education before the Act was passed. He was glad to say, however, that he had never met a native of Kingussie, bride or bridegroom, who was not able to sign his or her name." Alluding to the improvement in school buildings, he said, "There was a school at Ettridge built of turf when he came to Kingussie. There was no chimney—only a hole in the roof through which the smoke might or might not pass as it felt inclined. The fire was placed on a stone in the centre of the room, and the furniture in that school, which when he examined it was attended by nearly twenty children, would be dear, he should say, at 5s. In that district they had now a school which cost about £400, and though not a palatial building, was quite large enough for the purpose. The whole of the expense of the erection of that building was defrayed by the Government. There were, as they knew, clauses inserted in the Act suggested by Lochiel, allowing special building grants to be made to

Highland districts. Sir Kenneth Mackenzie called a meeting at Inverness, which was attended by several members from that and other boards throughout the north, and the result was that the Government were moved to increase their allowances, and did so to a considerable extent; for they in Kingussie benefited by that meeting to the amount of £550 for additional building grants, and other parishes—larger parishes—benefited to at least double that extent. He referred to the interest Dr Craik, the present Secretary of the Education Department, had taken in the Highlands; for through the Highland minute drawn out by him after his visit to the north, pupils in the Highlands could earn about 6s. per head more than pupils in the south and east of Scotland. Since then they had got practically free education in Scotland. Where no fees had previously been paid, the grant of about 10s. a-head per annum would be a clear gain, and so great a gain that he knew more than one parish in the Islands where it would amount to the sum formerly required to be raised by a school rate, and where no school rate would henceforth require to be levied unless salaries and other expenses increased.”

Dr Mackenzie is unwearied in his exertions in the way of promoting the good of the parishioners of Kingussie generally. I am sure I simply echo the cordial wishes of the people of Badenoch when I express the hope that he may be long spared, in health and strength, to go out and in amongst us.

In connection with the present ecclesiastical state of the parish—with its two Presbyterian churches, not many yards apart, and its Catholic chapel or meeting-house—let me quote the following lines from our old friend Professor Blackie’s ‘Lays of the Highlands and Islands’ :—

“ Three churches in the village stand :  
 This serves the State, and that is Free,  
 The third doth own the Pope’s command,  
 And God in heaven claims all the three.

All units from one centre flow,  
 And all the strangely woven strife  
 Of high and low, and swift and slow,  
 Makes music in a larger life.

As the huge branches of a tree  
 Clash, when the stormy buffets blow ;  
 Hostile they seem, but one they be,  
 And by the strife that shakes them grow.

So the vast world of adverse things,  
 That with a reeling fury nod,  
 Battles of Churches and of Kings  
 Have one unshaken root in God.

Who this believes will fear no harm  
 From counted articles or beads ;  
 There’s room in God’s wide-circling arm  
 For all that swear by all the creeds.

Creeds are but school-books, kindly given  
 To teach our stammering tongues to spell  
 His name ; all help the good to heaven,  
 And none can save the bad from hell.”

II.—MINISTERS OF *QUOAD SACRA* PARISH OF INSH.

THE church of Insh, which stands on the south bank of Loch Insh, within six or seven miles from Kingussie, is one of the most interesting in Badenoch, if not in the Highlands. It is said to date from the time of the Culdees, and to be the only one in which continuous worship has been celebrated from the sixth century to the present time in Scotland. The *bronze bell* of the church is regarded as one of the most curious and rarest relics of the kind in the country. In Dr Joseph Anderson's 'Scotland in Early Christian Times' the bell is described as "of cast bronze, in shape not unlike the bell of St Fillian's, being 10 inches in height and 9 inches by  $7\frac{3}{4}$  across the mouth. It has an oval looped handle, and, like St Fillian's bell, it has a moulding round the mouth. The sill of the window on which it lies is a slab of granite having a basin-shaped depression in its upper surface 17 inches wide and 4 inches deep." "Such basin-shaped hollows in large slabs or natural boulders," adds Dr Anderson, "are frequently found in connection with early Christian sites, and often have survivals of superstitious practices connected with them, indicating that in earlier times they had sacred uses or associations." According to tradition, the bell was once carried away to Perth, but would never be silent till it was restored to Tom Eunan, the hill of that name on which the church stands, "ringing out as it crossed the hills of Drumuachdar, 'Tom Eònan! Tom Eònan!'" The dedication of the church is not known, but "this legend," says Dr Anderson, "reveals it, and supplies the long-lost name of the saint to whom the bell was originally attributed. That this is no other than Adamnan, the biographer of St Columba and ninth abbot of Hy, will be evident from a consideration of the following circumstances: 1st, the legend of the bell, which names the hill on which the church stands as 'Tom Eunan,' or Adamnan's Mount; 2d, the well-known fact that the dedications to St Columba and St Adamnan are usually found in pairs alongside of each other. The church of Kingussie is dedicated to St Columba, and the church of Insh is in the next parish to Kingussie. The conclusion therefore is, that the church of Insh was originally dedicated to St Adamnan, and the bell is either one that he blessed or one that was subsequently attributed to him as the founder of the church. Mr Skene identifies Loch Insh with the *stagnum Lochdeæ* of Adamnan's Life of St Columba, which was the scene of one of his minor miracles."

It is not definitely known when Insh ceased to be a parish *quoad civilia* and was united to the parish of Kingussie. The *quoad sacra* parish of Insh is believed to be mainly identical with the ancient parish *quoad civilia*. In the Moray Registrum in 1226 it is mentioned as *Inche*, and similarly in 1380 and 1603. "The name is derived from the knoll on which the church is built, and which is an island or *innis* when the river is in flood. Loch Insh takes its name from this or the other real island near it. The parish is a vicarage dedicated to "St Ewan," says Shaw; "but as the name of the knoll on which the church stands is Tom Eunan, the saint must have been Eònan or Adamnan, Columba's biographer, in the seventh century"<sup>1</sup> The following have been the ministers of Insh since it was erected into a *quoad sacra* parish in 1828:—

1. JOHN ROBERTSON GLASS, 1829-36.—Mr Glass was licensed by the Presbytery of Forres 27th April 1825. Presented by George IV. 9th April, Mr Glass was ordained as minister of the *quoad sacra* parish of Insh 25th June, 1829, and was translated to Duirinish 19th June 1836.

2. LEWIS MACPHERSON, 1836-45.—Mr Macpherson was born at Knockando, and educated at King's College, Aberdeen. Licensed by the Presbytery of Aberlour 26th March 1833, he was presented by William IV. in November 1836, and ordained as minister of Insh 15th March following. He was translated to Cawdor, and inducted as minister of that parish 17th July 1845. Mr Macpherson was twice married—*first*, in 1846, to Rachel Reid, Cawdor; and *second*, in 1869, to Elizabeth Bury. He died in 1876.

3. DANIEL MUNRO, 1846.—Mr Munro, the present incumbent, was admitted in 1846. He has thus been minister of Insh for the long period of nearly half a century, and is well versed in the antiquities and old folklore of the district. Among other interesting incidents, he relates that at *Feill Challum Chille*, or St Columba's fair, anciently held in the district in honour of the saint, it was customary for the women to appear at the festival dressed in white, in token of having been baptised, and that an old woman of the district, who died a few years ago at the advanced age of ninety, was wont to show the white dress in which in her young days she attended this celebration, and which at last served as her shroud.

<sup>1</sup> Transactions of Gaelic Society of Inverness, xvi. 174.

## CHAPTER II.

## III.—MINISTERS OF THE PARISH OF ALVIE.

I. JAMES SPENCE, *Exhorter*, 1572.—

2. JOHN ROSS, 1579.—Mr Ross was a son of John Ross, Provost of Inverness, and was presented to Alvie by James VI. 31st March 1579, but does not appear to have been settled.

3. WILLIAM MAKINTOSCHE, 1580-85.—Demitted prior to 19th August 1585.

4. SOVERANE MAKIPHERLENE or M'PHAIL, 1585-9.—Mr M'Phail was presented by James VI. 19th August 1585 and 6th April 1586. Continued in 1594.

5. ROBERT LESLIE, 1595-9.—Continued in 1597.

6. RODERICK SUTHERLAND, 1599-16.—Continued in 1601.

7. JAMES LYLE, 16—-26.—Formerly of Ruthven. Mr Lyle was minister of Alvie “long before 12th October 1624”—Laggan being also under his care. He is said not to have understood the Irish language. “Being of verie great age and infirm,” he demitted his charge in 1626 on condition of getting ij. li. (3s. 4d.) yearly.

8. RODERICK MACLEOD, 1632-42.—Mr Macleod was declared “transportable” 5th April 1642, and was deposed towards the close of the same year for fornication.



9. THOMAS MACPHERSON, 1662-1708.—Mr Macpherson was of the family of the Macphersons of Invereshie, and was for some time schoolmaster in Lochaber. Having entered to preach without having passed his trials, he expressed his sorrow to the Presbytery of Lorn 12th September 1660, and was licensed by that presbytery 11th April 1661. He was ordained before 21st October 1662. During his incumbency the parish of Alvie was (in 1672) united with the parish of Laggan. He died in 1708.

10. ALEXANDER FRASER, A.M., 1713-21.—Mr Fraser was an alumnus of the University of King's College, Aberdeen, where he obtained his degree in 1706. He was "Highland Bursar" to the Presbytery of Had-dington, was licensed by that presbytery 10th March 1713, and ordained 13th September same year. Mr Fraser was minister of Alvie during the Rising of 1715, and in the minute of the kirk-session of date 13th May 1716, it is declared that "there was no possibility of keeping Session in this Paroch all the last Session until the Rebellion was quelled"—Mr Fraser, it is added, "being often obliged to look for his own safety." Mr Fraser was translated to Inveravon on 26th April 1721.

11. LUDOWICK (or LEWIS) CHAPMAN, 1728-38.—Mr Chapman had a bursary at the University of Glasgow on the Duchess of Hamilton's Foundation. He studied afterwards at Edinburgh and Leyden, and was licensed at the latter place, 2d March 1728. Called to Alvie by the Presbytery of Abernethy, *jure devoluto*, he was ordained, 25th September same year. Here is the reference in the minutes of the kirk-session of Alvie in 1730 to an apparently well-merited snubbing administered by the General Assembly of that year to the Synod of Moray and Presbytery of Elgin in connection with "a malicious process," raised against Mr Chapman—the sentence being read from the Alvie pulpit by Lachlan Shaw, the historian of Moray: "This day, according to the General Assembly's orders, Mr Lach. Shaw, Minister of Calder, did read from the Pulpit the General Assembly's sentence against the Sinnod of Moray and Presbytery of Elgin for their unjust procedure against the Presbytery of Abernethy, and for raising a malicious process against Mr Lewis Chapman, minister of Alvie." Mr Chapman was translated to Petty, 30th March 1738.

12. WILLIAM GORDON, 1739-87.—Mr Gordon was for some time schoolmaster in Kingussie, and subsequently catechist in Laggan. Ordained and admitted as minister of Urquhart and Glenmoriston 24th December 1730, he was called to Alvie 30th January, and admitted 20th September, 1739. Mr Gordon was well and favourably known in connection with the '45. Remarkably enough, in view of the prominent part the Highlanders of Badenoch took in that rising, there is no reference thereto either in the session records of Kingussie or in those of Alvie. From other sources of information, however, we learn of an event connected with the '45 reflecting the greatest credit on Mr Gordon. For the capture of "the devoted Ewen of Clunie," who held such powerful sway in Badenoch, and had, at the head of the Macphersons, been among the first to join the standard of Prince Charlie, a reward of £1000 was offered. Burnt out of hearth and home, Cluny was, subsequent to the battle of Culloden, hunted in the mountain fastnesses of Badenoch for the long period of nine years, ultimately—after many hair-breadth escapes and enduring the most terrible hardships—making his way beyond the reach of his relentless pursuers only to die in exile. He and his clan had been proscribed, and Mr Gordon was employed by "the bloody Duke of Cumberland" with the view of inducing them to lay down their arms on the assurance that, if they did so, they would be restored to their name and countenanced by the Government, or if they joined the royal army, "that their commanders would have similar rank and be cared for by the commander-in-chief." This offer, however, was firmly rejected. Reduced to the greatest privation after the sad disaster on "bleak Culloden Moor," many of their number applied to Mr Gordon for relief, and were hospitably received at his manse. The fact having been communicated to the Duke of Cumberland, then at Inverness, Mr Gordon was summoned to headquarters, and required to answer for himself. With a feeling of conscious integrity, he said: "May it please your Royal Highness, I am exceedingly straitened between two contrary commands, both coming from very high authority. My heavenly King's Son commands me to feed the hungry, to clothe the naked, to give meat and drink to my very enemies, and to relieve, to the very utmost of my power indiscriminately all objects of distress that come in my way. My earthly King's son commands me to drive the homeless wanderer from my door, to shut my bowels of compassion against the cries of the needy, and to withhold from my fellow-mortals in distress the relief which it is in

my power to afford. Pray which of these commands am I to obey?" Inhumanly cruel and bloodthirsty as he proved to the poor houseless wandering followers of ill-fated Prince Charlie—the "King of the Highlanders"—the Duke, it is narrated, was so impressed with the humane feelings and noble sentiments of the worthy minister, that he felt constrained to reply: "By all means obey the commands of your heavenly King's Son."

Mr Gordon died on 2d April 1787, in the one hundred and first year of his age and fifty-seventh of his ministry, discharging, we are told, the duties of his sacred office until within six months of his death. All honour to his memory!

13. JOHN GORDON, A.M., 1788-1805.—Mr Gordon was a native of Ross, and studied at the University and King's College, Aberdeen, where he took his degree in 1770. Ordained by the Presbytery of Abertarff 8th May 1779, he acted for some time as missionary at Fort-William. Presented by Alexander, Duke of Gordon, he was admitted as minister of Alvie 8th May 1788. Mr Gordon got a new church built in 1798. He died 6th October 1805, in the fifty-fifth year of his age and twenty-seventh of his ministry. His descendants were tenants of Easter Lynwilg, on the estate of the Duke of Richmond, for a period of about sixty years after his death in 1805.

14. JOHN MACDONALD, A.M., 1806-54.—Mr Macdonald, who was a native of the county, obtained his degree from the University and King's College, Aberdeen, in 1797. He acted for some time as schoolmaster of Dornoch, and was licensed by the Presbytery of Dornoch, 4th February 1802. Ordained by the Presbytery of Abernethy in December 1803, he acted for a time as assistant to the Rev. John Anderson, Kingussie. Presented to the parish of Alvie by Alexander Duke of Gordon, in March, he was admitted 24th July 1806. Mr Macdonald was long familiarly known by the cognomen of "Bishop John." There are some interesting reminiscences of Mr Macdonald as schoolmaster of Dornoch given in 'Memorabilia Domestica; or, Parish Life in the North of Scotland,' by the late Rev. Donald Sage, minister of Resolis, recently published by Mr W. Rae of Wick.

"The school at Dornoch, in the beginning of the present century, was," says Mr Sage, "taught by Mr John Macdonald, A.M. (King's Coll.), who in 1806 was

ordained minister of Alvie in Badenoch. The school was laid out in its whole length with wide pews or desks running across, while the master's desk stood nearly in the centre, so as to command a view of the whole. There were three windows in front, and at each of them a bench fitted up for reading and writing. The school was crowded, Mr Macdonald being a very popular teacher. To my father's salutation he replied gruffly, and after being informed of the progress we had already made, he prescribed some books; then, according to his usual custom on any important accession to the number of his scholars, he gave holiday till next morning to the entire school. . . .

"Our teacher, Mr Macdonald, was an excellent classical scholar, and highly qualified to teach all the ordinary branches. But his method was defective. He was a merciless disciplinarian, inflicting punishment for the slightest offences. . . . A grammatical study of the English language was at that time utterly unknown in the schools of the north, the rudiments of Latin being substituted in its place. To the school hours of attendance we were summoned by the blowing of a post-horn, which the pauper, or janitor, standing at the outer porch, blew lustily. It was also the duty of the pauper, early in the morning, and especially in winter, while it was yet dark, to perambulate the town, and, horn in hand, to proceed to the doors or windows of every house in which scholars resided, and blow up the sleepers. After this he proceeded to the schoolhouse to arrange it for our reception, by sweeping the floor and lighting the fire. For all this drudgery the only remuneration he received was a gratis education—whence his designation of the pauper, or 'poor scholar.' Macdonald had instituted a system of disgrace, for the better regulation of the idle or disorderly among his scholars, which was, however, not judicious. The method was this: the first who blundered in his lesson was ordered out of his class and 'sent to Coventry,' which was the back seat, and there ordered to clap on his head an old ragged hat, the sight and smell of which were alone no little punishment. Under the hat he was ordered to sit at the upper end of the seat, and, as the leader of 'the Dunciad,' styled General Morgan. If a succession of fellows equally bright were sent to keep him company, they held the next rank, were accommodated with headpieces equally ornamental, and were named in order, Captain Rattler, then Sergeant More, and the next was a fiddler, who, besides his head-gear, was furnished with a broken wool-card and a stick, wherewith to exercise his gifts in the line of his vocation. When lessons were done, these unfortunate fellows were ordered out to go through their exercise. This consisted in a dance of the dignitaries of the squad, to the melody of him of the wool-card. On boys of keen sensibility, and on others, the first sight of this awkward exhibition, accompanied by shouts of laughter from their companions, produced some salutary effect; but custom soon made it lose its edge. The only premiums which he gave were confined to beginners for good writing. They consisted of three quills, given publicly on Saturday to the boy who during the week had kept ahead of his class by writing the best and most accurate copies. . . .

"Among our amusements was our pancake-cooking on Pasch Sunday (or, *Di-*

*domhnaich càisg*), and in February the 'cock-fight.' This last took precedence over all our other amusements. About the beginning of this century there was perhaps not a single parochial school in Scotland in which, at its season, the cock-fight' was not strictly observed. Our teacher entered with all the keenness of a Highlander, and with all the method of a pedagogue, into this barbarous pastime. The method observed at Dornoch was as follows: The set time being well known (*àin cluiche nan coileach*), there was a universal scrambling for cocks all over the parish; and we applied at every door, and pleaded hard for them. In those primitive times people never thought of demanding any pecuniary recompense for the birds for which we dunned them. When the important day arrived, the courtroom itself, in which was administered municipal rule, and where good Sheriff MacCulloch ordinarily held his legal tribunal, was surrendered to the occasion. With universal approval the chamber of justice was converted into a battle-field, where the feathered brood might, by their bills and claws, decide who among the juvenile throng should be king and queen. The council-board was made a stage, and the sheriff's bench was occupied by the schoolmaster and a select party of his friends, who sat there to give judgment. Highest honours were awarded to the youth whose bird had gained the greatest victories; he was declared king, while he who came next to him, by the prowess of his feathered representative, was associated in the dignity under the title of queen. Any bird that would not fight when placed on the stage was called a 'fugie,' and became the property of the master. A day was appointed for the coronation, and the ladies in the town applied their elegant imaginations to devise, and their fair fingers to construct, crowns for the royal pair. When the coronation-day arrived, its ceremonies commenced by our assembling in the schoolhouse. The master sat in his desk with the two crowns placed before him, the seats beside him being occupied by the 'beauty and fashion' of the town. The king and queen of cocks were then called out of their seats, along with those whom their majesties had nominated as their life-guards. Mr Macdonald now rose, took a crown in his right hand, and after addressing the king in a short Latin speech, placed it upon his head. Turning to the queen and addressing her in the same learned language, he crowned her likewise. Then the life-guards received suitable exhortations in Latin in regard to the onerous duties that devolved upon them in the high place which they occupied, the address concluding with the words '*itaque diligentissime attendite.*' A procession then began at the door of the schoolhouse, where we were all ranged by the master in our several ranks, their majesties first, their life-guards next, and then the Trojan throng two and two, and arm in arm. The town drummer and fifer marched before us and gave note of our advance in strains which were intended to be both military and melodious. After the procession was ended the proceedings were closed by a ball and supper in the evening. This was duly attended by the master and all the 'Montagues and Capulets' of Dornoch." <sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Memorabilia Domestica*, 1889, 149-160.

It is related that after hearing an eloquent and impressive sermon from Mr Macdonald, one of his co-Presbyters exclaimed in the native vernacular, "*Mata, Iain ! 'nuair theid sibh do'n chubaid, is meirge leigidh as sibh ; agus 'nuair bhitheas sibh as, is meirge leigidh ann sibh.*" (Well, John ! when you enter the pulpit, pity it is to let you out ; and when you are out, pity it is to let you in.)

For the following particulars regarding Mr Macdonald I am indebted to the Rev. Mr Anderson, the present minister of the parish.

The current volume of the session records begins with Mr Macdonald's incumbency. It has been well kept, and the penmanship and fulness and clearness of its minutes are admirable. Mr Macdonald was for many years the Clerk of the Presbytery of Abernethy. He was a very able and popular preacher both in English and Gaelic, and took great interest in the education of the young. Apart from the parish school, he established, in the early part of his ministry, three other schools—one of these being wholly confined to instruction in Gaelic. Besides preaching at Alvie, he officiated every third Sunday at Insh, and frequently had services on Sunday evenings in outlying parts of the parish. Thus the early and greater part of his ministry was abundant in labours.

Pre-eminent intellectually among the Highland ministers of the time, Mr Macdonald was no less distinguished for his physical strength, a well-known instance of which may be appropriately related. On one occasion he was waiting in the churchyard for a funeral announced to take place. After waiting for two hours beyond the time appointed, he started to meet the funeral, which was coming from the west end of the parish. On reaching the Moor of Alvie, about a mile and a half from the church, he found the bier laid at the side of the road and the whole of the funeral company engaged in a free fight. Boldly going into the midst of the combatants, he sought by word and hand to separate them. Among their number was a well-known bully, who made a rush at the minister and attempted to trip him. The minister, however, seized his antagonist and threw him with such force to the ground that he lay stunned for some minutes. This incident brought all the combatants to their senses, and the bier was immediately raised and carried in silence to the churchyard. The minister further punished the company by ordering them away as soon as the grave was closed, without allowing them to partake of the customary refreshments in the churchyard. "Here," adds Mr Anderson, "reference may be made in passing to the use of whisky at

funerals in the Highlands. This use has, in times past, been turned too often into abuse. But in many houses of mourning other suitable refreshments cannot be conveniently given, and as people often come long distances on foot to funerals, and the bier has frequently to be carried many miles, there can be no doubt that in such cases some refreshments are required, and probably whisky with bread and cheese is the most available. Those who condemn its use do not keep this in view. The use of whisky at funerals cannot, I fear, be stopped until a hearse is provided for every parish. With such a vehicle in common use, the partaking of whisky at funerals in the Highlands would, I believe, be as rare as it is in towns, and the custom, old as it is, thus become more honoured in the breach than in the observance."

Mr Macdonald was married in 1841 for the fourth time—his fourth wife predeceasing him in 1845. He died in 1854 at the advanced age of ninety-four years. Now that the intensely bitter and unchristian spirit to which the catastrophe of 1843 so unhappily gave rise, has in a measure subsided, many old persons still living in the parish who joined the Free Church may be heard speaking of Mr Macdonald with affection, and of his long ministry with admiration.

15. DONALD MACDONALD, 1854-79.—Mr Macdonald was presented by the Duke of Richmond and Lennox, translated from the parliamentary parish of Trumisgarry, and admitted as minister of Alvie 29th November 1854. He died 6th November 1879.

16. JAMES ANDERSON, 1880.—Mr Anderson, the present energetic and much respected minister, was for some years a minister of the Presbyterian Church of Canada. Called by the congregation, he was admitted as minister of Alvie 22d April 1880. Through Mr Anderson's instrumentality, great improvements have within the last few years been effected in connection with the church and parish. Since his appointment the church has been almost entirely renewed, and so much improved that it is now one of the neatest and most attractive edifices of the kind in the Highlands. Through his unwearied efforts, a commodious and comfortable hall has also been erected at Kinraig, which has been found most useful for parish purposes.

For some time after 1843, only a lay missionary was employed in connection with the Free Church in Alvie and Rothiemurchus—namely, Mr

Donald Duff, Lynchat, long a catechist in the district down to 1853 or 1854. He acted subsequently as catechist for some years at Dingwall under the late well-known Dr Kennedy, and afterwards at Stratherrick.

The Free Church of Alvie was built in 1852. Mr James Grant, who was ordained as minister of that church in Rothiemurchus and Alvie on 17th March 1856, was a man of superior mental power, with a decided turn for languages and mathematics. He is said to have known a little of sixteen languages, and to have excelled in Hebrew. In devotion to his books, in primitive simplicity of character and habits, and in firm attachment to the "fundamentals," he reminded one very much of Dominie Sampson. As a preacher, Mr Grant never wrote his sermons, nor did they pretend to much culture; but, intimately acquainted as he was with the habits and modes of thinking of the people, he was often pointed and graphic, frequently upsetting the gravity even of "grave and reverend seigniors."

Mr Norman Macdonald, the present incumbent, was ordained as minister of the Free Church in Alvie on 27th October 1868. Mr Macdonald possesses excellent attainments, and writes with ease and vigour. His subjects are always arranged with great clearness, and handled with more than ordinary ability. He has now ministered with untiring zeal and devotion to his attached flock in Alvie for a period of fully twenty years.



## CHAPTER III.

## IV.—MINISTERS OF THE PARISH OF LAGGAN.

FOR many particulars regarding the later ministers of Laggan I am indebted to the Rev. Mr Sinton, minister of Invergarry, the Clerk of the Presbytery of Abertarff,<sup>1</sup> a well-known native of Badenoch.

1. ALEXANDER CLARK, 1569-74.—Entered reader at Lammas 1569. Mr Clark was promoted to be exhorter in November following. He was presented to the parsonage and vicarage by James VI. 27th September 1574, his stipend then being xxvi. ii. xiiis. iiijd. (£2, 4s. 5 $\frac{1}{3}$ d.) He died prior to 6th November 1575.

2. JOHN DOW MACQUHONDOQUHY, 1575.—Reader at Dunlichtie and Daviot in November 1569. Mr Macquhondoquhy was presented to the parsonage and vicarage of Laggan by James VI. 6th November 1575. Continued in 1589.

3. JAMES LYLE, 16—-1626.—Mr Lyle is stated to have been minister of Laggan and Alvie “long before 12th October 1624.” He demitted for age in 1626. (See No. 7, parish of Alvie.)

4. ALEXANDER CLARK, 16—-16—.—Mr Clark “laureated” at the University and King’s College, Aberdeen, in 1619, and was admitted as minister of Laggan prior to 3d April 1638, but was deposed by the Commission of Assembly at Aberdeen before 5th October 1647. He was appointed master of the Grammar School at Kingussie in 1652.

<sup>1</sup> Now the minister of Dores.

5. JAMES DICK, A.M., 1653-65.—Mr Dick obtained his degree from the University of St Andrews in 1645, and was ordained to Laggan prior to 4th October 1653, having Alvie likewise under his care. On 29th October 1656, the Synod of Argyle wrote him “to know what presbytery he is in, that they may write anent his carriage in Lochaber.” He was deposed by the bishop and brethren on 15th November 1665, for drunkenness.

6. WILLIAM ROBERTSON, A.M., 1667-69.—Mr Robertson graduated at Aberdeen in 1660, and passing his trials before the Presbytery of Fordyce, he was recommended for licence on 21st February 1666. He was admitted as minister of Laggan prior to 1st October 1667, and translated to Crathie and Kindrocht or Braemar after 6th April 1669.

7. THOMAS MACPHERSON, 1672-1708.—Mr Macpherson was also minister of Alvie from 1662 to the date of his death in 1708. (See No. 9, parish of Alvie.)

8. JOHN MACKENZIE, 1709-45.—Translated from Kingussie, Mr Mackenzie was admitted as minister of Laggan prior to 31st May 1709. In 1743, “owing to his great age, and manifold infirmities attending it,” he petitioned the Presbytery of Abertarff to have an assistant and successor appointed. The people concurred, and signified their desire to have Mr Duncan Macpherson, who had been recently licensed by the presbytery, settled as their minister. The presbytery entreated the Duke of Gordon to favour the nominee of the people, but until there would be an actual vacancy in the parish the Duke declined to entertain these overtures; so the matter remained until the parish was declared vacant after Mr Mackenzie’s death in 1745. In 1747 Mr William Gordon was appointed by the presbytery to supply services at Laggan upon a certain Sabbath, “and to sound the inclinations of the people as to their choice of a proper person.” Afterwards two candidates were put upon the leet. These were Mr Macpherson and a Mr Neil Macleod, a brother of Mr Donald Macleod of Swordale. This Neil Macleod was Macleod of Macleod’s chaplain to the Royal forces during the Rising of 1745. In December 1746, Macleod writes from London to President Forbes of Culloden, asking his influence in favour of Neil Macleod’s appointment to the parish of Laggan. “You may remember,” the

writer says, "he was of the Church militant, and tended me in my expedition eastward, and stayed with the men constantly till they were sent home, and preached sound doctrine, and really was zealous and serviceable." Consequent apparently upon President Forbes's influence, the Duke of Gordon signified to the presbytery "his inclination" to have Mr Macleod settled as minister of Laggan. As regards Mr Macpherson—the choice of the people—there was some difficulty, inasmuch as he had fallen under suspicion of being concerned in "the late unnatural rebellion." After due inquiry, however, "the presbytery unanimously agreed to reject the call to Mr Neil Macleod, in respect it was signed only by four, two of whom were reputed Papists, and to sustain the call to Mr Duncan Macpherson, as being signed by a great many heads of families, together with the elders of the parish." Mr Macpherson was accordingly duly admitted to the charge. Mr Macleod, it would appear, had been officiating within the bounds of the presbytery; but shortly before the termination of the Laggan case the following minute occurs in the presbytery records: "A letter from the Committee [Royal Bounty] was read, signifying their disapproval of employing Mr Neil Macleod as itinerant of Kilmonivaig and Laggan, and to approve of Mr Kenneth Bethune being continued at Laggan." "Subsequently," adds Mr Sinton, "Mr Martin Macpherson was appointed, and so ended Mr Macleod's relations with the parish of Laggan and the Presbytery of Abertarff, which were apparently the north side of friendly. One can scarcely suppose that the Duke of Gordon was very ardently in his favour; and, considering the condition of Brae-Badenoch at the time, and the pronounced political opinions of Mr Macleod, it is likely that he was regarded by the people as being a sort of Government spy in their midst."

Mr Mackenzie died Father of the Church, on 27th April 1745, in the fifty-ninth year of his ministry.

9. DUNCAN MACPHERSON, A.M., 1747-57.—Graduating at the University and King's College, Aberdeen, 1st April 1731, Mr Macpherson was licensed in 1742. Ordained by the Presbytery of Abertarff 23d June 1743, he acted for a short time as missionary at Glenroy, &c., and was transferred to Mull in October 1744. He was called to Laggan 2d June, and admitted 16th September 1747. Familiarly known by the cognomen of the *Ministeir Mór*, Mr Macpherson was distinguished

for his herculean strength, as well as for his powers of mind. For some particulars regarding him I have to express my obligations to the Rev. Mr Maclennan, the present minister, and to Mr Angus Mackintosh, the worthy ex-schoolmaster, of Laggan.

The old kirk-session records of Laggan having been accidentally burnt, the particulars I have been able to obtain regarding many of the earlier ministers of that parish are very scanty. Duncan Macpherson (the *Ministeir Mór*), however, was well known to the grandfathers of the present generation. Whether or not the Reformers worshipped in St Kenneth at Camus Killin is uncertain. Let that have been as it may, one of the first Protestant churches was that at the *Eilean Dhu*, near Blaragie. The church was of very rude construction, and thatched with heather. The remains are still to be seen. Mr Macpherson had his residence at Dalchully, and in order to get to the church had to cross the Spey on horseback, there being no bridges. Sunday was generally observed both as a holy day and a holiday. For hours before public worship began the young men of the parish met and played shinty until the arrival of the clergyman, who, *volens volens*, was compelled to join the players, otherwise he was given clearly to understand that he would have to preach to empty benches. So, after a hail or two, shinty clubs were thrown aside, and a large congregation met to hear the new doctrine. The sermon was short but pithy, and people began to think there was something in the new doctrine after all. Immediately after services were over, shinty was resumed, and carried on at intervals till darkness put an end to their amusements, when many retired to the neighbouring crofts and public-houses, where high revelry was kept up till morning.

Frequently the river was unfordable, and on such occasions the *Ministeir Mór* was obliged to preach from a knoll on one side, while one-half of the congregation stood on the other. A difficulty arose in connection with the proclamation of marriage banns, and the minister, when not very certain as to the financial status of the ardent swain, would in stentorian tones cry out,—“*Ma chuireas tusa nall an t-airgiod, cuiridh mise nall am focal*” (*i.e.*, “If you will send over the money, I will send back the word”), a request that was immediately responded to through the medium of a piece of cloth in which the fee was carefully wrapped up and flung across the river. It is also related that in the case of baptisms by the *Ministeir Mór* when the Spey was similarly in flood,

the infant would be taken to the brink of the one side of the river, while the minister, standing on the brink of the other side, would with his powerful arm throw the water across with such unerring aim as to descend in showers on the face of the child, and thus, with the appropriate words uttered in tones sufficiently loud to be heard a long way off, administer the rite of baptism.

The Scriptural maxim that “the race is not to the swift nor the battle to the strong” was, alas! strikingly exemplified in the case of the *Ministeir Mór*, the worthy man, strong and vigorous though he was, having been cut off on 13th August 1757, at the comparatively early age of forty-six.

10. ANDREW GALLIE, A.M., 1758-74.—Mr Gallie was a native of the parish of Tarbat, and graduated at Aberdeen 3d April 1750. Licensed by the Presbytery of Tain in 1753, he was ordained in 1756 as missionary at Fort-Augustus. Presented by Alexander Duke of Gordon, he was admitted as minister of Laggan 6th September 1758. Mr Gallie was well known in connection with the Ossianic controversy. As having reference to visits paid by James Macpherson, the translator, to the manse of Laggan during Mr Gallie’s incumbency, let me give a few interesting extracts from the evidence given by the latter on the subject:—

“When he [Macpherson] returned from his tour through the Western Highlands and Islands, he came to my house in Brae-Badenoch. I inquired the success of his journey, and he produced several volumes, small octavo, or rather large duodecimo, in the Gaelic language and characters, being the poems of Ossian and other ancient bards.

“I remember perfectly that many of those volumes were, at the close, said to have been collected by Paul Macmhuirich, Bard Clanraonuil, and about the beginning of the fourteenth century. Mr Macpherson and I were of opinion that, though the bard collected them, yet that they must have been writ by an ecclesiastic, for the characters and spelling were most beautiful and correct. Every poem had its first letter of its first word most elegantly flourished and gilded; some red, some yellow, some blue, and some green; the material writ on seemed to be a limber yet coarse and dark vellum; the volumes were bound in strong parchment; Mr Macpherson had them from Clanranald.

“At that time I could read the Gaelic characters, though with difficulty, and did often amuse myself with reading here and there in those poems while Mr Macpherson was employed on his translation. At times we differed as to the meaning of certain words in the original.

“I remember Mr Macpherson, when reading the MSS. found in Clanranald’s, execrating the bard who dictated to the amanuensis, saying, ‘D—n the scoundrel! it is he himself that now speaks, and not Ossian.’ This took place in my house in two or three instances. I thence conjecture that the MSS. were kept up, lest they should fall under the view of such as would be more ready to publish their deformities than to point out their beauties.

“It was, and I believe still is, well known that the ancient poems of Ossian, handed down from one generation to another, got corrupted. In the state of the Highlands and its language, this evil, I apprehend, could not be avoided; and I think great credit is due in such a case to him who restores a work of merit to its original purity.”<sup>1</sup>

Mr Gallie was translated to Kincardine, in Ross-shire, on 18th August 1774.

II. JAMES GRANT, 1775-1801.—Mr Grant was appointed by the Committee of the Royal Bounty, 21st August 1769, as missionary at Fort-Augustus. Presented to Laggan by Alexander Duke of Gordon, he was admitted 21st September 1775. On 29th May 1779 he married Anne, only daughter of Lieutenant Duncan Macvicar, barrack-master at Fort-Augustus, afterwards so well known as the amiable and accomplished Mrs Grant of Laggan, the authoress of ‘Letters from the Mountains,’ ‘Essays on the Superstitions of the Highlanders,’ and other literary works.

Mr Grant got the church of Laggan rebuilt in 1785. In 1794 he was appointed chaplain of Lord Lynedoch’s regiment of Perthshire Volunteers, the 90th Foot. Of refined and cultivated tastes, and gentle and amiable in manner, Mr Grant was greatly revered and beloved by the people of Laggan. He died suddenly on 2d December 1801, in the sixtieth year of his age, his remains being interred in the churchyard of Laggan beside those of his mother, “venerable for the fervour of her piety and the sanctity of her life, and beloved for the endearing qualities of a tender and affectionate heart and a liberal and beneficent spirit.”

Here are some very touching and beautiful glimpses of Mr Grant, given by his gifted and devoted wife in a letter written from the manse of Laggan, of date 1st January 1802, shortly after his death:—

“You wish to know how I bear the sudden shock of this calamity. I bore it wonderfully, considering how very much I had to lose. Still, at times, the Divine

<sup>1</sup> Blackie’s Language and Literature of the Scottish Highlands, 1886, 216, 217.

goodness supports me in a manner I scarcely dared to hope. Happily for me, anxiety for a numerous orphan family, and the wounding smiles of an infant, too dear to be neglected and too young to know what he has lost, divide my sorrows, and do not suffer my mind to be wholly engrossed by this dreadful privation—this chasm that I shudder to look into. A daughter, of all daughters the most dutiful and affectionate, in whom her father still lives (so truly does she inherit his virtues and all the amiable peculiarities of his character)—this daughter is wasting away with secret sorrow, while ‘in smiles she hides her grief to soften mine.’ I was too much a veteran in affliction, and too sensible of the arduous task devolved upon me, to sit down in unavailing sorrow, overwhelmed by an event which ought to call forth double exertion. None, indeed, was ever at greater pains to console another than I was to muster up every motive for action, every argument for patient suffering. No one could say to me, ‘The loss is common—common be the pain ;’ few, very few, indeed, had so much happiness to lose. To depict a character so very uncommon, so little obvious to common observers, who loved and revered without comprehending him, would be difficult for a steadier hand than mine. With a kind of mild disdain and philosophic tranquillity, he kept aloof from a world, for which the delicacy of his feelings, the purity of his integrity, and the intuitive discernment with which he saw into character, in a manner disqualified him—that is, from enjoying it. For who can enjoy the world without deceiving or being deceived? But recollections crowd on me, and I wander. I say, to be all the world to this superior mind, to constitute his happiness for twenty years, now vanished like a vision ; to have lived with unabated affection together even this long, when a constitution, delicate as his mind, made it unlikely that even thus long we should support each other through the paths of life, affords cause for much gratitude. What are difficulties when shared with one whose delighted approbation gives one spirits to surmount them? Then to hear from every mouth his modest unobtrusive merit receive its due tribute of applause ; to see him still in his dear children, now doubly dear ; and to know that such a mind cannot perish, cannot suffer—nay, through the infinite merits of that Redeemer in whom he trusted, enjoys what we cannot conceive! Dear Miss Dunbar, believe me, I would not give my tremulous hopes and pleasing sad retrospections for any other person’s happiness. Forgive this ; it is like the overflowing of the heart to an intimate ; but your pity opens every source of anguish and of tenderness.”<sup>1</sup>

12. JOHN MATHESON, A.M., 1802-1808.—A native of Ross-shire, Mr Matheson obtained his degree at the University and King’s College, Aberdeen, in 1778. Licensed by the Presbytery of Dornoch 29th March 1785, he became missionary at Badenoch and Lochaber 19th September 1791. Ordained by the Presbytery of Forres 3d April 1792, he acted for a time as assistant to the Rev. Alexander Watt of Forres. On Mr

<sup>1</sup> Letters from the Mountains, ii. 168-170.

Watt's death, Mr Matheson returned to his old mission in Badenoch. Presented by Alexander Duke of Gordon, he was admitted as minister of Laggan 11th August 1802. He died 1st December 1808, in the forty-ninth year of his age and seventeenth of his ministry.

13. DUNCAN M'INTYRE, A.M., 1809-16.—Mr M'Intyre was a native of Fort-William, and graduated at Aberdeen in 1779. Licensed by the Presbytery of Abertarff 25th November 1783, he was ordained by that presbytery as missionary at Fort-William 13th July 1784. Mr M'Intyre subsequently became missionary at Kilmuir, in Skye, then at Laggan and Glenurchy, and thereafter at Glencoe. On the nomination of the Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge, he afterwards resumed the charge of the mission of that Society at Fort-William. Presented by Alexander Duke of Gordon in March, he was admitted as minister of Laggan 7th September 1809.

Kilmallie appears to have been regarded by Mr M'Intyre as a perfect paradise compared to Laggan. Having received a call to Kilmallie, the reasons for his translation submitted by himself to the Presbytery of Abertarff are so candid and amusing as to be worth quoting. Here they are:—

“ 1. Because your petitioner has a large young family, as yet uneducated, and because that in his present parish the proper Seminaries of Education are not nearer to him than Perth or Inverness; and because the Living of Laggan is inadequate to the expenses that unavoidably would attend their being sent to either of these places; whereas at Kilmallie education falls more within his reach and ability.

“ 2. Because the climate of Laggan is so severe as in general to render the crop most unproductive, and is commonly attended of course with most serious loss; whereas the climate of Kilmallie is warm, kindly, and favourable to the rearing of crops, as well as most congenial to his own and his family's constitutions, they being natives of the Parish.

“ 3. Because that Laggan is at the distance of fifty miles from any market town where he can be supplied with the necessaries of life; whereas at Kilmallie he can get whatever he requires for the use of his family and for the improvement of the Glebe by sea to the very door.

“ 4. Because that the Living of Kilmallie, including the Glebe, is much better than that of Laggan.

“ 5. Because that the feeling of *amor patriæ* binds him more to Kilmallie than to any other parish.



“For the above-stated reasons, and others to be stated by your petitioner *viva voce* at your bar,

“He humbly trusts and earnestly entreats that the Rev. Presbytery of Abertarff will be pleased to grant him an Act of Translation, and your petitioner, as in duty bound, will ever pray, &c., &c.”

Notwithstanding the vastly superior attractions of Kilmallie in the estimation of Mr M'Intyre, I question very much whether the present estimable minister of Laggan would readily exchange that parish for that of Kilmallie. Apparently, however, Mr M'Intyre's reasons proved so irresistible to his presbytery that they agreed to his translation to Kilmallie *nem. con.*, and he was accordingly inducted as minister of that parish on 26th March 1816.

14. WILLIAM ROBERTSON, A.M., 1816-18.—Mr Robertson was licensed by the Presbytery of Edinburgh 28th July 1810, and ordained by the Presbytery of Abertarff as missionary at Fort-William on 1st April 1812. Presented to Laggan by Alexander Duke of Gordon in July, he was admitted 3d September 1816. Mr Robertson was the eldest son of John Robertson, the famous minister of the neighbouring parish of Kingussie. He was appointed a Justice of the Peace for the county of Inverness in 1818, and translated to Kinloss, 19th June, same year.

15. GEORGE SHEPHERD, A.M., 1818-25.—A native of Rathven, Mr Shepherd graduated at Aberdeen in 1812. He acted for some time as schoolmaster at Kingussie. Licensed by the Presbytery of Abernethy 16th July 1816, he was ordained by the Presbytery of Abertarff as missionary at Fort-William 2d September 1817. Presented by Alexander Duke of Gordon 26th September, he was admitted as minister of Laggan 16th November 1818, and translated to Kingussie and Insh 11th May 1825.

16. MACKINTOSH MACKAY, LL.D., 1825-32.—Dr Mackay was for some time schoolmaster at Portree, and was licensed by the Presbytery of Skye. Ordained as minister of Laggan 27th September 1825, he was the seventh minister presented to that parish by Alexander Duke of Gordon during the long period of seventy-five years that nobleman enjoyed the family honours—namely, from 1752 down to his death in 1827. The degree of LL.D. was conferred upon Mr Mackay by the

University of Glasgow in 1829, and he was appointed a Justice of the Peace for the county of Inverness 13th May 1831. He was translated to Dunoon and Kilmun 27th March 1832. He joined the Free Church in 1843, and was elected Moderator of the Free General Assembly 24th May 1849. He sailed for Australia in 1853, and was admitted as minister of the Gaelic Church of Melbourne in 1854, and in 1856 of a congregation at Sydney. He returned to Scotland in 1861, and was admitted as minister of the Free Church, Tarbat, Harris, in 1862. He died at Portobello 17th May 1873, in the eightieth year of his age.

Here are some interesting reminiscences of Dr Mackay given in 'The Journal of Sir Walter Scott' recently published:—

"*February* 13 [1828].—Mr Macintosh Mackay, minister of Laggan, breakfasted with us this morning. This reverend gentleman is completing the Highland Dictionary, and seems very competent for the task. He left in my hand some papers of Cluny Macpherson concerning the affair of 1745, from which I have extracted an account of the battle of Clifton for 'Waverley.' He has few prejudices (for a Highlander), and is a mild well-mannered young man. We had much talk on Highland matters.<sup>1</sup>

"*June* 26.—Mr Macintosh Mackay breakfasted with me; modest, intelligent, and gentle. I did my duty and more in the course of the day. I am vexed about Mackay missing the Church of Cupar in Angus. It is in the Crown's gift, and Peel finding that two parties in the town recommended two opposite candidates, very wisely chose to disappoint them both, and was desirous of bestowing the presentation on public grounds. I heard of this, and applied to Mr Peel for Macintosh Mackay, whose quiet patience and learning are accompanied by a most excellent character as a preacher and a clergyman; but unhappily Mr Peel had previously put himself into the hands of Sir George Murray, who applied to Sir Peter his brother, who naturally applied to certain leaders of the Church at Edinburgh, and these reverend gentlemen have recommended that the Church which the Minister desired to fill up on public grounds should be bestowed on a boy, the nephew of one of their number, of whom the best that can be said is that nothing is known, since he has only been a few months in orders. This comes of kith, kin, and ally; but Peel shall know of it, and may perhaps judge for himself another time.<sup>2</sup>

"*February* 11 [1829]. . . .—Mr Hay Drummond and Macintosh Mackay dined. The last brought me his history of the *Blara Leine*, or White Battle (battle of the shirts).<sup>3</sup>

"*May* 25. . . .—Dr Macintosh Mackay came to breakfast, and brought with

<sup>1</sup> Journal of Sir Walter Scott, new ed., 1891, 537.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, 620.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.*, 646, 647.

him to show me the Young Chevalier's target, purse, and snuff-box, the property of Cluny Macpherson. The pistols are for holsters, and no way remarkable; a good serviceable pair of weapons, silver mounted. The targe is very handsome indeed, studded with ornaments of silver, chiefly emblematic, chosen with much taste of device and happily executed. There is a contrast betwixt the shield and purse, the targe being large and heavy, the purse, though very handsome, unusually small and light.<sup>1</sup>

"*May 28.*—The Court as usual till one o'clock. But I forgot to say Mr Macintosh Mackay breakfasted, and inspected my curious Irish MS. which Dr Brinkley gave me. Mr Mackay—I should say Doctor—who well deserved the name, reads it with tolerable ease, so I hope to knock the marrow out of the bone with his assistance.<sup>2</sup>

"*June 3.* . . .—Dr Macintosh Mackay came to breakfast, and brought a Gaelic book, which he has published, 'The Poetry of Rob Donn,' some of which seems pretty as he explained it.<sup>3</sup>

"*May 13 [1831].*—Mr, or more properly Dr Macintosh Mackay, comes out to see me, a simple learned man, and a Highlander who weighs his own nation justly,—a modest and estimable person.<sup>4</sup>

"*May 14.*—Rode with Lockhart and Mr Mackay through the plantations, and spent a pleasanter day than of late months. Story of a haunted glen in Laggan: A chieftain's daughter or cousin loved a man of low degree. Her kindred discovered the intrigue, and punished the lover's presumption by binding the unhappy man and laying him naked in one of the large ants' nests common in a Highland forest. He died in agony of course, and his mistress became distracted, roamed wildly in the glen till she died, and her phantom, finding no repose, haunted it after her death to such a degree that the people shunned the road by day as well as night. Mrs Grant of Laggan tells the story, with the addition, that her husband, then minister of Laggan, fixed a religious meeting in the place, and by the exercise of public worship there, overcame the popular terror of the red woman. Dr Mackay seems to think that she was rather banished by a branch of the parliamentary road running up the glen than by the prayers of his predecessor. Dr Mackay, it being Sunday, favoured us with an excellent discourse on the Socinian controversy, which I wish my friend Mr Laidlaw had heard."<sup>5</sup>

Dr Mackay was one of the foremost Gaelic scholars of his day. In connection with the excellent Gaelic Dictionary published by the Highland Society in 1828, the following note indicates the importance attached to the aid rendered by him in its preparation:—

"In its progress through the press it has been superintended and corrected

<sup>1</sup> Journal of Sir Walter Scott, new ed., 1891, 702.

<sup>3</sup> Ibid., 708.

<sup>4</sup> Ibid., 820.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid., 703, 704.

<sup>5</sup> Ibid., 821.

by the Rev. Mackintosh Mackay, now minister of Laggan, and it is only just to add that in its present form the Gaelic Dictionary is much indebted to his indefatigable labours, and his philological acuteness and learning have greatly contributed to render it more accurate and complete."

Dr Mackay edited the Poems of Rob Donn in 1829.

17. DONALD CAMERON, 1832-46.—Mr Cameron, who had been appointed schoolmaster at Southend in 1815, was admonished by the Presbytery, 28th June 1816, "for cruelty to his scholars, being censorious and backbiting, and declared to be ill-qualified to be useful." Licensed by the Presbytery of Kintyre 13th December 1820, he was ordained by the Presbytery of Kincardine O'Neil 21st March 1824, as missionary at Glencairn. Presented by the trustees of Alexander Duke of Gordon in May, he was admitted as minister of Laggan 1st August 1832. Mr Cameron is said to have been possessed of some sterling qualities, but apparently he was of a most combative disposition. So little sympathy does he appear to have had with the manly pastimes of the Laggan people that he strongly objected to any members of the kirk-session patronising shinty-matches, and the session records of the time show that he even frowned upon any of their number appearing at meetings of the session in the kilt!

Unfortunately no session records of Laggan now exist earlier than 1827. Here is an extract from a minute of the session during Mr Cameron's incumbency, dealing with a profanation of the Sabbath quite prevalent in Badenoch down to within living memory:—

"Compeared in terms of citation — — —, Balmishaig, accused of profaning the Lord's Day by proclaiming a Roup at the Churchyard gate on Sabbath last, the 30th ult. The said — — — being interrogated as to his guilt, acknowledges that he did publicly give intimation of said Roup, and expresses his regret for such violation of the Sabbath, and gives in his letter expression of the same that it may be read in face of the Congregation next Lord's Day immediately after Divine Service."

Mr Cameron died 19th April 1846, in the fifty-fourth year of his age and twenty-third of his ministry.

18. WILLIAM SUTHERLAND, 1846-50.—Mr Sutherland, who had been previously minister of Harris, was presented by the Duke of Richmond and Lennox, and admitted as minister of Laggan 24th September 1846,

and proved an amiable, genial, and popular minister. He was translated to Dingwall 17th October 1850.

19. JOHN MACLEOD, 1851-69.—Presented by the Duke of Richmond and Lennox, Mr Macleod was translated from Ballachulish and Ardgour, and admitted as minister of Laggan, 30th January 1851. A faithful and most estimable clergyman, he was universally esteemed throughout the district. In quiet, unassuming, practical usefulness, Mr Macleod was the *beau ideal* of a parish minister. He died at Laggan, 8th April 1869, in the sixty-third year of his age. One of his sons is the well-known Dr Donald Macleod, the genial and popular minister of the Scotch National Church in London.

20. DONALD MACFADYEN, 1869-80.—Mr Macfadyen, who had been previously minister of Ardnamurchan, was presented by the Duke of Richmond and Lennox, and inducted as minister of Laggan 22d September 1869. He was an excellent preacher both in Gaelic and English, and a genuine Highlander to the very core, with a most marked personality. Apt though he was at times to be carried away by the Celtic warmth and impetuosity of his feelings, and with a somewhat unattractive manner, no more devoted, kind-hearted minister than Mr Macfadyen ever, I believe, filled the pulpit of Laggan. A graphic story-teller—of which he was himself frequently the hero—he had a keen sense of the humorous, as well as of the tender and pathetic side of the Highland character. Under the *nom de plume* of “Hector Vallance, Gentleman, &c., &c.,” he was the author of an amusing little *brochure*, published by the Messrs Blackwood in 1873, entitled ‘Experience acquired in learning Sheep-farming in the Highlands of Scotland.’ In testimony of their deep and affectionate regard, Mr Macfadyen’s congregation, soon after his death, erected a handsome granite monument to his memory in the churchyard of Laggan, with the following Gaelic inscription:—

“MAR CHUINHNEACHAN AIR  
MR DOMHNULL MACPHAIDEIN,  
MINISTEIR LAGAIN,  
A CHAOCHAIL AIR A CHEUD LATHA DE’N GHEAMHRADH, 1880.  
DUINE A CHOISINN MEAS ’SAN EAGLAIS AGUS URRAM ’NA DHUTHAICH.  
CHUIR A CHOMHTHIONAL AN CARRAGH SO AIG A CHEANN.”

Let me give a few extracts from the eloquent tribute paid to his memory soon after his death by his old fellow-student, Dr Mackenzie of Kingussie :—

“Your minister was one of my oldest friends. Long before we were neighbours we were fellow-students, thrown very closely together, so that I knew him well. He was a brave fellow, a true man, a real Christian. These features of his character were marked at college; they continued in a more subdued form to the close of life. When a lad at the university he showed a manly independent spirit. He worked his own way. While attending the classes he earned his maintenance by extra labour, maintaining a sturdy independence. Amongst his fellow-students he was looked upon as a type of the true Highlander, fearless in his expression of opinion—seeking a fair field and no favour.

“He earned distinction in his classes, and gained a valuable money prize for an essay on a philosophical subject. . . . He resolved at an early period to study for the Church of Scotland. He did so at a time when to do this in the Highlands entailed from many ill-will and reproach. When a schoolmaster in Ross-shire, his sister was not allowed to take water from a public well because her brother was a *Moderate*, and he himself was shunned as an outcast. He boldly faced the trials of that time, and it was a cause of rejoicing to him that he lived to see in the North a wider toleration prevail, and old enmities and feuds laid to rest, by the growth of a kinder and more Christian spirit. . . .

“His career in the ministry was not a very prosperous one measured by the world’s standard. He was called to no eminent charge. His words were not chronicled in newspapers. No crowded congregation hung on his lips. He was a simple parish minister trying to do his Master’s will, and feeling honoured by the position to which his Master had called him.

“Beginning his ministry at Aucharacle in Argyleshire, he was, after four years, translated to the parish of Ardnamurchan, that immense parish which stretches along the western seaboard for miles. There he laboured cheerfully and successfully among a kind and devoted people for nine years. It was a parish that, which to work thoroughly, entailed immense bodily fatigue; distances were great, but by boat or on horseback the faithful pastor found his way to the most outlying districts. He loved Ardnamurchan and the sea, and would never, I believe, have left it if he had not been compelled to do so from the state of his health.

“Most of you remember his coming to Laggan at the unanimous request of the congregation then worshipping in the church, and all of you know what his ministry here has been. He had his faults, but how few they were compared with his virtues! His impetuosity, which was the side of his character on which perhaps he tended to err, was prompted always by a thorough conviction that he was in the right. He was a pure-minded, simple-hearted man, with the guilelessness of a child. I never knew one more guileless and free from double-dealing. He was intensely single-minded, and absolutely disinterested in all his dealings.

You never could mistake him. As he was at college, so he continued to the last—a true Highlander full of Celtic fire, fond of his kindred, of his country, of its language, of its mountains, brave and full to the brim of courage. I don't think he knew what fear was. . . .

“His character was tried at the last as the character of few is tried. With the sentence of death hanging over him for weeks, with pain unceasing and no hope of recovery, his faith never wavered. He looked the last enemy in the face with an unquivering eye. For him, resting on his Saviour, with the everlasting arms around him, death had no terror. He told me that he was full of thankfulness to God for His goodness to him throughout his life, and especially for continuing his faculties unimpaired to the end. If he had sorrow, it was for those he was leaving, not for himself. ‘Be kind to my mother,’ were almost his last words as he bade farewell to his aged parent, who had indeed been a true mother to him. His deathbed was a peaceful scene. Kind friends and parishioners of all denominations were unceasing in their attention and inquiries. His colleague in the parish—the minister of the Free Church—stood more than once at his bedside, and prayed fervently with him and the sad household. May he, when his time comes, not want a man of God to render to him the same holy and blessed ministry he rendered to your pastor! So your minister—my friend of many years—passed to his rest in God. The grass on his grave in Laggan churchyard will soon grow green, and other interests will cause him to pass out of mind—no one can be long remembered on earth. But to-day his memory is warm among you. . . . Unselfish, true-hearted, brave-spirited Christian soul! we sorrow that thou art gone from us—most of all, that we shall see thy face on earth no more. But we sorrow not without a sure hope of meeting thee again in the land of peace and joy.”

21. DUNCAN SHAW MACLENNAN, 1881.—The present incumbent, Mr Maclennan, who had been previously minister of Kilcolmonell and Kilberry, was called by the congregation, and admitted as minister of Laggan 8th July 1881. A faithful, upright, and devoted clergyman, Mr Maclennan has won the esteem and goodwill of all classes of the community. Taking a warm and sincere interest in the welfare of the people of Laggan he has proved a judicious and prudent counsellor, as well as a most reliable and true-hearted friend.

Soon after the catastrophe of 1843, the Free Church of Laggan was fortunate in securing the services of the Rev. Dugald Shaw, who for a period extending to nearly half a century, ministered with great acceptance to that congregation. While ever earnest and active during his long ministry in promoting the life and work of the congregation committed

to his care, Mr Shaw's sermons and prayers were characterised by an unction, delightful quaintness of expression, and personal directness of application peculiarly his own. I had the pleasure of hearing him the last time, I believe, he preached in the Free Church at Kingussie. In giving out to be sung in course of the service on that occasion the 46th Paraphrase, beginning—

“Vain are the hopes the sons of men  
Upon their works have built;

Their hearts by nature are unclean,  
Their actions full of guilt.

and ending—

“Jesus! how glorious is Thy grace!  
When in Thy name we trust,

Our faith receives a righteousness  
That makes the sinner just”—

“Now, my dear friends,” he said, in his own quaint way, “you have both the law and the Gospel in that beautiful paraphrase, and you'll just sing the last verse twice over,” which the congregation very heartily did. The Free Church of Laggan having been unfortunately burnt down some years ago, the present comfortable and handsome edifice was erected on the same site, and, mainly through the unwearied efforts and persuasive appeals of Mr Shaw, is now entirely free from debt. Mr Shaw died at Laggan on 15th October 1890, at the advanced age of eighty years, deeply regretted by his attached congregation and by all the parishioners. His only daughter is married to the Rev. Murdo Mackenzie, the worthy and popular successor of the late venerated Rev. Dr Mackay in the ministry of the Free North Church of Inverness. Singularly enough, Mr Shaw's successor, like his colleague in the parish, is also a “Duncan Maclennan.” Mr Maclennan is a native of Kingussie, and a distinguished graduate of the University of Edinburgh. Prior to his harmonious appointment as minister of the Free Church at Laggan, he was for some time minister of that Church at Glenelg, where he was greatly respected.

In concluding these imperfect sketches of the Protestant ministers of Badenoch, I cannot, I think, do better than quote the touching words uttered on the occasion of the recent centenary of the Glasgow Society of the Sons of Ministers of the Church of Scotland, by a Son of the Manse, the well-known A. K. H. B., who so worthily filled the high position of Moderator of the General Assembly for 1890.



“*When we pray,*” says Dr Boyd, “*for the peace of Jerusalem,* who among us, that ate the bread of the Kirk through those years, needs to be told what is in all hearts? When we say, *Praise waiteth for Thee, O God, in Sion,* we think of fragrant Sunday mornings in summer when all the parish, undivided, Nonconformity pretty well unknown, and rich and poor meeting together, yet lifted up a voice of praise that was wonderfully hearty if likewise homely, in the homely parish church of Kyle. Ah, make every church as majestic as this: and still the grand thing about the church will be the living congregation! Looking back, my brothers, it is always the golden summer-time. She stands out, hallowed with the memories of our own golden age: delightful with all sweet scents and sounds of the breathing country-side: mother-like and all-comforting to her travelled sons, now somewhat sophisticated: beautified with a simple sanctity that was well content with a homely worship forasmuch as it never had seen any other: that Jerusalem which is underneath the skies: which is free as never other National Church was,—no, nor Christian communion not National:—and which is the mother of us all. . . . We have changed many things, in the main surely for the better: some decent conventionalities are done with: and now, at least, from first word to last (and the words shall not be many), we are to think of what is uppermost and warmest in our hearts, looking back from this centenary on these hundred years. Let the old remembrances of the old time come over us to-day; so shall we be kinder and truer men:—the manse where we were born, amid its old evergreens and its blossoming trees: the Church where our fathers conducted God’s worship,—the homely place amid the green graves: the father and mother who have left us, leaving in us unworthy all they most cared for in all this universe: the brothers and sisters that grew up, over the land, amid the like kindly surroundings, and that understand each other’s ways so well: surely, Brothers of the Manse, rich and poor, successful men and beaten men, you who must practise to the end the thoughtful economy amid which we were all reared, and you who have grown outstanding men and wealthy men,—looking back to the time, ages since, when each of us was the minister’s little boy,—it is truth we said in our prayer to God Almighty, that all of us are brethren through strong and tender ties: claiming kindred to-day under that grand roof and allowing it from our very heart: and minded, if God help us, that the righteous shall not be seen forsaken, nor his seed begging bread.

“We wish, all of us, to be humble: and most of us have met takings-down enough to make us and keep us so. But we shall put on no sham-humility, thinking of the Church of our fathers. We are proud of our birth. It ought to have made us worthier and better men. We are proud, with no unworthy pride, of what our sainted fathers were, and of what our brothers have grown to be. You know how many of our most eminent preachers and theologians have been Sons of the Manse: Look over the list of this Society, and thank God. High on the judgment-seat, as high as may be: Foremost at the Bar,—why, it has grown proverbial where the Law finds her heads, whatever the Government in power; second

to none in the Senate, for eloquence or statesmanship : and in more stirring walks of life than you might have thought of for the quiet minister's son, amid wild African perils, where half what was done had earned the Cross for Valour in another vocation not more heroic : still our brethren are there, and the kindly remembrance of the manse opens the heart to you. Quiet stay-at-home folk as most of us are, we do not forget Archibald Forbes, any more than our own Presidents, John Campbell and John Inglis : <sup>1</sup> and if Goldsmith reaches all hearts when describing the village preacher in lines to last with the language he paints his father, not a whit less touching is it when figures familiar round the manse-door live for evermore on the canvas touched by the pathetic genius of David Wilkie. Pathetic, I said. Yes, and humorous too. Evermore they go together. But I pass from this, my honoured friends. We know it never was difficult work to praise Athens, speaking to the Athenians. Just a sentence more on this line. If you go a generation down : if, leaving the sons, you go on to the grandsons ; where shall we end our count ? They did not love each other : but let just two be named together : Brougham and Macaulay. It is not often that a parliamentary blue-book contains even one sentence which stirs anybody very much. But when men brought up as we were brought up think of all the words mean, in the respect of poorly paid toil, of long self-denial, of wearing anxiety, of 'plain living and high thinking,' I will confess that it is ever through a certain mist that I read them, 'No institution has ever existed which, at so little cost, has accomplished so much good.' It is in that fashion that a Committee of the Commons reported concerning (let us take the words of the most eloquent Anglican who ever spoke up for the Kirk) 'That institution which alone bears on its front, without note or comment, the title of *The Church of Scotland*.' And it was not an ordinary Committee which said *that* in the face of the British Parliament : Two of its members were the great Sir Robert Peel, not yet forgot, and the grand old representative of Oxford University, Sir Robert Inglis. Yes, we don't cost much : not though you reckoned all our old endowments as coming (and they do *not* come) from the pocket of the taxpayer."

To these eloquent words let me simply add the following lines as applied to the "Brothers of the Manse" ruling in our Highland glens :—

" If men were free to take, and wise to use  
 The fortunes richly strewn by kindly chance,  
 Then kings and mighty potentates might choose  
 To live and die lords of a Highland manse.

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<sup>1</sup> To these honoured names may now be added that of James Patrick Bannerman Robertson, another Son of the Manse, who after a distinguished career at the Bar and in Parliament was, with universal approval, recently appointed Lord Justice-General of Scotland and Lord President of the Court of Session, in room of the lamented Lord President Inglis.

For why? Though that which spurs the forward mind  
Be wanting here, the high-perched glittering prize,  
The bliss that chiefly suits the humankind  
Within this bounded compass largely lies—  
The healthful change of labour and of ease,  
The sober inspiration to do good,  
The green seclusion, and the stirring breeze,  
The working hand leagued with a thoughtful mood :  
These things, undreamt by feverish-striving men,  
The wise priest knows who rules a Highland glen.”<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> Blackie's Lays of the Highlands and Islands, second ed., 1873, 199.



GLIMPSES

OF

JAMES MACPHERSON, THE TRANSLATOR OF  
OSSIAN'S POEMS

AND TESTIMONIES AS TO THEIR AUTHENTICITY

“I am gone mad about them. It is impossible to conceive that they were written by the same man that writes me these letters. On the other hand, it is almost as hard to suppose, if they are original, that he should be able to translate them so admirably. In short, this man is the very demon of poetry, or he has lighted on a treasure hid for ages.”—GRAY.

# JAMES MACPHERSON, THE TRANSLATOR OF OSSIAN'S POEMS.

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## CHAPTER I.

### MACPHERSON'S EARLY LIFE—HIS LITERARY AND PUBLIC CAREER— GLIMPSSES OF HIS LIFE IN BADENOCH.



AT Ruthven, in the parish of Kingussie, on the north side of the Grampians—about half-way on the great Highland Road between Perth and Inverness—was born, in 1736, James Macpherson, who at the early age of twenty-four attained such celebrity as the translator of Ossian's poems, and of whom such a true poet as the author of the immortal "Elegy in a Country Churchyard" so wrote in the seventh decade of last century. In a letter or memorandum addressed by Alexander Clark, "writer at Ruthven in Badenoch," to the Rev. John Anderson, minister of Kingussie (one of the translator's executors), dated 25th October 1797, Clark states that "the late James Macpherson of Balville, Esquire, was born 27th October 1736,<sup>1</sup> and dyed in February 1796, in the fifty-ninth year of his age. His father's name was Andrew Macpherson, son to Ewan Macpherson, brother to the then Macpherson

<sup>1</sup> In all the biographical sketches of Macpherson which I have seen, it is erroneously stated that he was born in 1738. The date given by Clark corresponds with the date on the tombstone in Westminster Abbey.

of Cluny. His mother's name was Ellen Macpherson, daughter of a respectable tacksman of the second branch of the Clan."

In the immediate neighbourhood of the old village of Ruthven, in the lordship of Badenoch, stood Ruthven Castle—once the great stronghold of the Comyns—where after the battle of Culloden the remnant of the ill-fated followers of Prince Charlie met, never more to reassemble. To prevent its falling into the hands of the Royalists the castle was burnt by the fugitives from Culloden, and the flames would in all probability have been witnessed by Macpherson, then a boy of nearly ten years old.

Receiving the earlier rudiments of his education at home, Macpherson was afterwards sent to the grammar-school of Inverness. Of a good family and destined for the Church, he subsequently attended in succession the Universities of Aberdeen and Edinburgh, and for a short time after the completion of his curriculum filled the honourable position of parochial schoolmaster at Ruthven, then a place of considerable educational distinction. Writing in 1760, "I well remember," says Shaw, the historian of Moray, "when from Speymouth (through Strathspey, Badenoch, and Lochaber) to Lorn there was but one school—viz., at Ruthven in Badenoch—and it was much to find in a parish three persons that could read or write."

Besides contributing fugitive pieces to the 'Scots Magazine' of the time, Macpherson in 1758, when only twenty-two years of age, published a poem in six cantos entitled "The Highlander," which, though not calculated to set either the Thames or the Water of Leith on fire, was sufficient, considering the youth of the author, to make him known to a few as a literary aspirant of some promise." David Hume the historian describes him soon afterwards as "a modest, sensible young man, not settled in any living, but employed as a private tutor in Mrs Graham of Balgowan's family—a way of life of which he is not fond." In October 1759, Dr Carlyle of Inveresk happened to visit the Spa at Moffat, where he met the well-known John Home, the author of 'Douglas.' In the course of conversation between them allusion was made to transcripts of Gaelic poems in the possession of Macpherson, who was at the time resident at the Spa with his pupil, young Graham of Balgowan, afterwards Lord Lynedoch. Home was so impressed with the amount of poetical genius displayed by the portions submitted to him of Macpherson's translations, that these were forwarded to Dr Blair, the leading literary arbiter of the time in the Scottish metropolis. So deep an inter-





Lawson Pin. sc.

*James Macpherson, the translator of Ossian's Poems*

*Born 1736. Died 1796*

*From the Portrait by Romney*

*at Malbuckle House*



est did that great literary theologian take in the translations, that Macpherson was subsequently urged to give translations of all the fragments of Ossianic poetry he could collect, with the result that in the following year (1760) a small volume was published, under Dr Blair's patronage, entitled 'Fragments of Ancient Poetry collected in the Highlands of Scotland and translated from the Gaelic or Erse Language.' Such was the *furor* which the publication of these fragments created in the literary world that Macpherson in 1762, as the result of his further labours as a collector and translator, published 'Fingal; an ancient Epic Poem in Six Books, with several other Poems, composed by Ossian, the son of Fingal, translated from the Gaelic Language by James Macpherson.'

"The reception," says Professor Blackie, "which this volume met with was more than sufficient to spur the author to give the finishing touch without delay to his great work of making the echoes of the old Celtic harp sweetly audible to Teutonic ears. He worked on the maxim of striking the iron when it is hot, and next year produced 'Temora,' an epic poem of larger range than 'Fingal,' along with some minor poems. Thus his Celtic labours were completed, and his European reputation as the Pisistratus or the Aristarchus of a Celtic Homer established; and thus in a sudden and strange way, from a little flickering light, so to speak, flitting over a Highland bog, he had become metamorphosed into a jar strongly laden with electricity, and flashing forth light and animation through the body and to the uttermost limbs and flourishes of the intellectual world. Unquestionably he had good reason to be satisfied; he had good reason to be proud; grave reason also to be modest, and, as St Paul expresses it, to rejoice with trembling."<sup>1</sup>

Macpherson's subsequent literary and public career is thus briefly sketched in the admirable introduction by Mr Eyre-Todd to the edition of the Poems of Ossian, recently published as one of the series of 'The Canterbury Poets':—

"In 1764 he went out to Pensacola as private secretary to the Governor there. A difference however arising, he gave up the position, made a tour through the West India Islands, and returned to London in 1766 with a pension of £200 a-year. In 1771 a volume of Gaelic Antiquities which he published, under the title of 'An Introduction to the History of Great Britain and Ireland,' was most bitterly attacked upon its appearance. This, with the similar abusive reception accorded his prose translation of the 'Iliad of Homer,' published in two volumes in 1773, serves to show that the attitude towards him of the literary cliques of

<sup>1</sup> Language and Literature of the Scottish Highlands, 200, 201.

London had not altered in ten years. Better fortune must have attended the publication in 1775 of his 'History of Great Britain from the Restoration to the Accession of the House of Hanover,' with its companion volumes of 'Original Papers'; for he is said to have received for this work the sum of £3000. The Government also employed him to write two pamphlets in defence of their action in the dispute and rupture with America. And on being appointed agent in Britain for the Nabob of Arcot, he was provided with a seat in Parliament."<sup>1</sup>

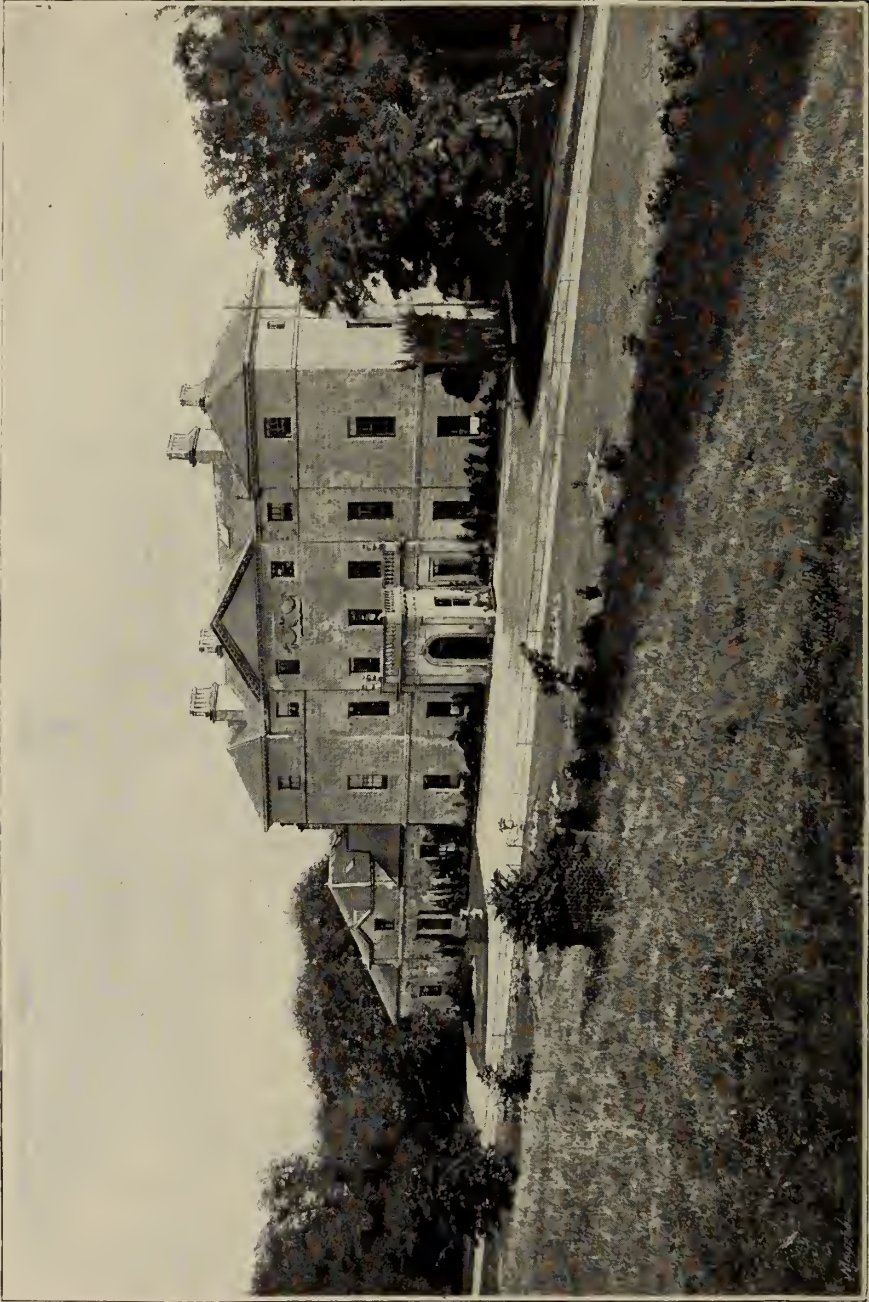
Failing in health, and seeking rest from the din and turmoil of political and public life in the great metropolis, Macpherson retired at length to Belleville, a beautiful estate which he had purchased in the parish of Alvie, where, from a design by the "Adelphi Adams"—the famous architect of the Edinburgh University buildings and St George's Church, Edinburgh—he built a handsome residence, situated within two or three miles of the spot where he had been born, and commanding a magnificent view of the Grampians and the valley of the Spey.<sup>2</sup> Writing about half a century ago:—

"This mansion," says Dr Carruthers, "was built by the poet when fame and fortune had crowned him; here he died, and here his eldest daughter, Miss Macpherson, still resides. The situation of the house is beautiful, commanding a full view of the valley and river, and bounded in front by two ridges of hills, those of Invershie, and the grey mountainous ridge of the Grampians. The property was purchased about the year 1790 by the poet from the family of Mackintosh of Borlum—a small Highland laird who disgraced his clan and descent by highway robbery, committed not in the old legitimate piratical way of levying blackmail, but by attacking travellers. His last exploit was the robbery of a carriage, for which his associates were hanged; but the prime offender contrived to escape to America. A cave is shown in the rock where the bandit group used to watch the approach of travellers, and rush down on their unsuspecting prey. The hillside is now covered with trees, and near the mansion are some fine old elms, planted by Brigadier-General Mackintosh, who was so intimately connected with the public insurrection of 1715. The Brigadier was a rough soldier, trained to war in France, and when confined in prison for his share of the rebellion, he had the taste to order a row of trees to be planted along the roadside, below his residence. The poet changed the name of the estate from Raitts to Belleville, and pulling down the old Highland domicile, erected the present stately structure.

<sup>1</sup> Macpherson was elected for Camelford in 1780, and re-elected again in 1784 and 1790.

<sup>2</sup> The estate of Belleville is now in the possession of the translator's great-grandson, Mr Brewster Macpherson, one of the most estimable and generous-hearted landlords in the Highlands.





BELLEVILLE HOUSE.

“The interior of Belleville House is handsomely furnished, and contains an excellent portrait of the poet, and another of one of his intimate friends, Caleb Whitefoord, both by Sir Joshua Reynolds. A view of the house and grounds by Thomson of Duddingston, and two private portraits, also ornament the walls. In the drawing-room is a small enamel portrait of Macpherson, the duplicate of one painted for the Nabob of Arcot, also by Sir Joshua; and it is said to be curious as the only miniature on ivory which the distinguished artist was ever known to execute. The poet was a handsome man, six feet three inches in height, of a fair and florid complexion, the countenance full and somewhat inclining to the voluptuous in expression, but marked by sensibility and acuteness. In the library is a curious trio of small volumes presented in 1785 by the Prince of Wales (George IV.) to the poet. They contain a collection of the *Della Cruscan* poetry by Anna Matilda and others, which was so unmercifully and so justly lashed by Gifford in his ‘Baviad and Mæviad.’ The volumes are splendidly bound in morocco, with a profusion of tawdry gilding, and are placed in a small box, also covered with gilt morocco. We looked with more interest on the different publications of Ossian from the first work, a small duodecimo of about sixty pages, entitled ‘Fragments of Ancient Poetry, translated from the Gaelic or Erse Language,’ the quarto ‘Fingal’ and ‘Temora’ dedicated to the Earl of Bute, then the prime dispenser of Government patronage, ‘in obedience to whose commands,’ as the dedication states, ‘they were translated.’”<sup>1</sup>

Mrs Grant of Laggan gives several interesting glimpses of the translator from 1788 down to the date of his death in 1796. Writing from the manse of Laggan—within twelve miles from Belleville—to a Mrs Brown, Glasgow, of date 10th October 1788, Mrs Grant says:—

“If you would tell me what you are all about, I would, for instance, tell you how the Bard of Bards, who reached the mouldy harp of Ossian from the withered oak of Selma, and awakened the song of other times, is now moving, like a bright meteor, over his native hills; and, while the music of departed bards awakes the joy of grief, the spirits of departed warriors lean from their bright clouds to hear, and a thousand lovely maids descend from the hill of roes, and pour forth the tears of beauty to the woes of Malvina; while the fair mourner of Lutha rejoices in the presence of her love, to hear his fame resound once more from Albion’s cliffs to the green vales of Erin. This bard, as I was about to tell you, is as great a favourite of fortune as of fame, and has got more by the old harp of Ossian than most of his predecessors could draw out of the silver strings of Apollo. He has bought three small estates in this country within these two years, given a ball to the ladies, and made other exhibitions of wealth and liberality. He now keeps a

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<sup>1</sup> Highland Note-Book, new edition, 1887, 354-357.

Hall at Belleville, his new-purchased seat, where there are as many shells as were in Selma, filled, I doubt not, with much better liquor.”<sup>1</sup>

Writing to a friend on 10th October 1790, Mrs Grant mentions that she was then “flattered with a prospect of getting franks from Fingal”—a familiar name given in Badenoch to the translator—and she proceeds:—

“Mr Grant was at Belleville visiting Fingal, in the beginning of this week. That tender and sublime Bard has, contrary to the usual fate of Authors, enriched himself by his talents of one kind or another. He has purchased an Estate in a beautiful spot on the Spey, twelve miles below this, where he keeps a Hall of Shells, and indeed lives with the state and hospitality of a Chieftain,—not like

‘A meagre muse-rid mope, adust and thin,  
In a loose night-gown of his own dun skin.’

*Apropos*: he is a full, handsome man, and distinguished among his countrymen by the epithet of ‘Fair James.’ He is now engaged in building a house which is to cost £4000. Only think how this must dazzle people accustomed to look on glass windows as luxury, and on floors as convenient but by no means necessary appendages to a building. I am the only lady in the country that has not tasted of his Shells, or been warmed by the flame of his oaks. Judge how domestic I am with my twins.”<sup>2</sup>

As indicative of Macpherson’s kindly and considerate disposition, a letter written by him in 1795—a few months before his death—is here reproduced in facsimile.

Here are some very pleasing reminiscences of Macpherson, about this period of his life, given by Dr Carruthers:—

“We were once,” says Dr Carruthers, “ferried over the Spey by an old grey-headed Celt—a capital head for Caravaggio—who had fifty years before done the same duty for Macpherson. The poet was a great man from London and the Court, bedizened with rings, gold seals, and furs; but he looked with a moistened eye on the turf schoolhouse in which he had once taught English, and on the hills on which he had run in his youth. They were then his own property, and he told the ferryman, with strong emotion, and no doubt with Highland pride, that he would make every poor Highlander on his estate a comfortable and a happy man! We have always thought more of Macpherson since.

“An act of generosity is recorded of him connected with the Chief of his Clan, Cluny Macpherson. Cluny had been ‘out in the forty-five,’ and his estate was confiscated. When Macpherson rose into favour with the Government, he exerted

<sup>1</sup> Letters from the Mountains, sixth edition, 1845, i. 236.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, i. 286, 287.





Sir,

I had the honour of mentioning to you, on Thursday last, in the Lobby of the House of Commons, the very distressed condition of the wife of the late Sir John Eliot, Bart. who resides at Paris.

As Executor of the Will of Sir John Eliot I am directed to pay her, out of his Estate two hundred pounds a year; but I have been precluded, from doing it, ever since the Act passed, obliging remittances of money to France was refused.

Will m. S.

directs, to empower Messrs. Ranson  
Messrs. Hammersley & Co. to remit her  
Arrears to Mrs. Elliot, who goes by her  
Maiden-name, Grace Dalrymple.

I have the honour to be, with great  
Respect,

Sir,

Putney. London } Your most obedient and most  
May 31. 1795 } humble servant,

James Macpherson

The Right Hon.ble Henry Dundas  
one of His Majesty's Principal Secretaries of  
State &c. &c. &c.



himself to have the property restored. It was offered to himself! He had the virtue to decline the offer; and at length he succeeded in placing it again in the hands of the rightful owner.

“To the poor around Belleville he seems uniformly to have been kind and generous. For several years before his death he had been in the habit of spending a few weeks during summer on his Highland property. He built his house not by contract, but by native workmen, whom he paid liberally on day’s wages; and he was the first person in Badenoch who gave 1s. a-day to agricultural labourers, who had previously received only 8d. and 9d. Scores of them were employed on his grounds and in forming his embankments. His gay and social habits drew around him much company. After a forenoon’s writing he used to mount his horse, sally out, and bring home with him ‘troops of friends’ from both sides of the Spey. Then with wine and jest—and no man was more various and fascinating in society—the festivities were prolonged far into the deep dark night of the mountains. A fatal close soon came to his prosperous career. He had been late in visiting the Highlands in the summer of 1795, and, feeling unwell, he resolved on remaining through the winter.”<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> Highland Note-Book, 360-362.

## CHAPTER II.

## MACPHERSON'S DEATH—ESTIMATES OF HIS CHARACTER.

WRITING from the manse of Laggan to a Mrs Mackintosh, Glasgow, of date 20th February 1796, Mrs Grant thus touchingly describes the closing scene at Belleville on the 17th of that month, in the fifty-ninth year of the translator's age:—

“‘Why dost thou build the tower, son of the winged days? Soon wilt thou depart with thy fathers. The blast from the desert shall rush through thy Hall and sound upon thy bossy shield!’ Do you recollect, dear madam, when I stopped with you at the gate of Belleville, I repeated those lines, and observed what a suitable inscription they might prove for the front of poor James Macpherson's new house? It would appear I was moved by a prophetic impulse when I predicted that he never would see it finished. Friday last R. dined there; James had been indisposed since the great storm, yet received his guests with much kindness, seeming, however, languid and dispirited; and towards evening he sunk much, and retired early. Next morning he appeared, but did not eat, and looked ill; R. begged he would frank a letter for Charlotte; he did so, and never more held a pen. When they left the house he was taken extremely ill, unable to move or receive nourishment, though perfectly sensible. Before this attack, finding some inward symptoms of his approaching dissolution, he sent for a consultation, the result of which arrived the day after his confinement. He was perfectly sensible and collected, yet refused to take anything prescribed to him to the last, and that on the principle that his time was come, and it did not avail. He felt the approaches of death, and hoped no relief from medicine. . . . It pleased the Almighty to render his last scene most affecting and exemplary. He died last Tuesday evening, and from the minute he was confined till a very little before he expired, never ceased imploring the divine mercy in the most earnest and pathetic manner. . . . He was a very good-natured man; and now that he had got all his schemes of interest and ambition fulfilled, he seemed to reflect and

grow domestic, and showed of late a great inclination to be an indulgent landlord, and very liberal to the poor; of which I could relate various instances, more tender and interesting than flashy or ostentatious. His heart and temper were originally good; his religious principles were, I fear, unfixed and fluctuating. But the primary cause that so much genius, taste, benevolence, and prosperity did not produce or diffuse more happiness, was his living a stranger to the comforts of domestic life. . . . So lived, so died, James Bellavill, for that is the true Highland name of the place. I have been diffuse, perhaps tedious, in what concerns the exit of this extraordinary man, because I thought you might, like me, be anxious to know how people quit the world who have made any noise or figure in it. His death found me sad, and has made me sadder.”<sup>1</sup>

Devotedly attached as Macpherson was to his native hills and the people of Badenoch, to whom he proved a most generous benefactor, and who were naturally proud of the fame of their countryman, his death was deeply mourned over the whole district. There was no railway communication with the great metropolis in those days, and it would appear from Dean Stanley’s ‘Memorials of Westminster Abbey’ that the remains of Macpherson were about a fortnight on the way between Belleville and the famous “Poets’ Corner,” where they were finally laid to rest beside the ashes of “rare Ben Jonson,” and so many other of Britain’s illustrious dead. The following is the inscription to his memory on the tombstone in the Abbey:—

JAMES MACPHERSON, Esq., M.P.,  
BORN AT RUTHVEN, COUNTY OF INVERNESS, 27TH OCTOBER 1736.  
DIED 17TH FEBRUARY 1796.

“The courtesy,” says Dr Carruthers in giving an account of a visit to Belleville—“the courtesy of Miss Macpherson threw open to us some new facts and information relative to the celebrated translator. We had previously gleaned part in the course of a day—one of the *dies notandi* on which we delight to look back—spent on the banks of the Spey with Sir David Brewster, the distinguished son-in-law of Macpherson. The poet left a mass of manuscripts and correspondence behind him. Part of these his executors lent to Sir Nathaniel Wraxall, who made use of them in his ‘Historical Memoirs’; and in this way, through negligence, many valuable papers were lost. There is not a line existing among the manuscripts to throw any light on the Ossianic controversy. Macpherson left a sum of £1000 for the purpose of completing a translation of Ossian into Gaelic; and this subject appears to have engaged his attention in the latter years of

<sup>1</sup> Letters from the Mountains, ii. 102-105.

his life. Various notes passed between him and his friend Mr Mackenzie of the Temple, appointing meetings in London and its vicinity, to enjoy what they termed 'a dish of Gaelic.' The turmoil of politics and party warfare, added to the labour of historical compilation, would seem to have withdrawn the translator of Ossian, in a great degree, from service to the muses. It is not generally known that Macpherson was the *Scævola* of Junius. He attacked Junius under a dozen of other signatures, in defence of the Ministry of the day. He wrote some successful political pamphlets, and was a regular ally of the Administration. The acrimonious attack by Johnson irritated him extremely; and there are many coarse epigrams, lampoons, and parodies among his unpublished papers, in which the great moralist is treated very unceremoniously. Macpherson's genius was at all times an overmatch for his taste, and his principles were liable to be overpowered by the impulse of the moment. His returning good sense, or right feeling, however, prevented the publication of such effusions, which appear to have been thrown aside when the fit was off. The following lines are worthy of preservation. Macpherson was mediocre enough when he had not the groundwork of Ossian to build upon; yet this stanza has a portion of classic elegance, as well as warmth, with a touch of the polished diction of Gray. It is indorsed on the back, 'First Stanza of an Address to Venus—1785':—

' Thrice blest, and more than thrice, the morn  
 Whose genial gale and purple light  
 Awaked, then chased the night  
 On which the Queen of Love was born!  
 Yet hence the sun's unhallowed ray—  
 With native beams let beauty glow;  
 What need is there of other day  
 Than the twin-stars that light those hills of snow?'

"James Macpherson was a remarkable man, full of lofty aspirings, true genius, and certainly of marvellous success. The publication of 'Ossian' formed an era in the history of British literature. . . . Read what Gray says of the 'Celtic Fragments,' which so powerfully caught his imagination. David Hume, too, pored over them as a precious bequest to these later days. But David, who wrote his History on a sofa (not much of a 'task' to him), could never rise to the region of poetical imagination; he thought Shakespeare somewhat of a barbarian, and therefore we do not place much faith in his critical judgments. But Macpherson's 'Ossian' was the Scott or Byron of his day—a new day to the blind, old Celtic bard, when he was chanted in hall and boudoir, and in the sunny regions of the south, so different from his stern mountain solitude in Glen Almond, where

' He sang of battles, and the breath  
 Of stormy war and violent death.'

"Napoleon carried 'Ossian' about with him even in his camp. It is true he



wrote the bard's name *Ocean*; but Sheridan could not spell—the Duke of Marlborough was not over-correct (as, for example, 'pictars' for pictures); and the man who is imbued with a taste for *orthoepy* may afford occasionally to despise *orthography*! The poetical schoolmaster of Badenoch became a Napoleon among authors, overturning old dynasties, and erecting in their stead the rude produce of moor and mountain, glen and stream. Strains which had cheered the firesides of cottars in their lonely huts, when winter nights were long and dark, were suddenly elevated into a rivalry with Homer and Shakespeare. A thousand pens were at work inditing dissertations and criticisms; even Johnson was moved to leave Bolt Court, and forego the Mitre Tavern and the club, to travel to the Hebrides—in quest of 'Ossian' and in search of trees! Abroad, the poems were translated into various languages, and found admirers among all classes. James Macpherson's fortune was made: he rose like an aeronaut. The poems themselves brought in large sums; his short enjoyment of the situation of Surveyor of the Leeward Islands secured him a pension of £300 per annum; his labours for the Ministry would, in those unscrupulous times, be well rewarded; his 'History of Great Britain' was sold for £3000; and his situation as Secretary for the Nabob of Arcot was a mine of wealth. So faithfully did he discharge those duties, that the Nabob's son wished him to undertake the management of his affairs, and sent him a bond for £20,000. Six months before the bond became due, the secretary died, and his family have never been able to recover the money. The poet, after attaining honour and riches, retired to his native mountains, built this splendid mansion among the scenes where in lowly life he first felt the aspirations of genius, and laboured to improve the condition of his countrymen, the broken and dispersed Gael." <sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> Highland Note-Book, pp. 357-360.

## CHAPTER III.

## TESTIMONIES AS TO THE AUTHENTICITY OF OSSIAN'S POEMS.

IN these days of advanced criticism, a renewed and vigorous attack upon the poems of Ossian was of course to be expected. As an example, the remarkable declaration recently hazarded by a learned philologist in our Highland capital may be quoted, "that Macpherson is as truly the author of 'Ossian' as Milton is of 'Paradise Lost.'"<sup>1</sup> But the people of Badenoch, where Macpherson lived and died, have hitherto imbibed, as with their mother's milk, the belief that "Fingal lived and that Ossian sang," and that Macpherson was simply a somewhat free translator. We have verdicts in abundance confirming that belief, not only from many of the most famous men of "light and leading" of bygone times, but also from the most distinguished Celtic scholars of our own time, two of whom have gone over to the majority only within the last few years. One of these was the accomplished and venerated Dr Clerk of Kilmallie, whose able 'Dissertation,' published in 1870, at the instance of the Marquis of Bute, contains an admirable summary of the whole Ossianic question. The other was Dr MacLauchlan of Edinburgh, one of the leading Gaelic scholars of last generation, and acknowledged as practically arbiter in matters of Gaelic literature and scholarship.

"The fact is," says Dr MacLauchlan, "that while Macpherson found several ancient MSS. containing pieces of Ossianic poetry, the poems never existed to any great extent save among the oral recitations of the people. They were floating fragments, as were probably the poems of Homer, for many long years before they

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<sup>1</sup> Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness, xii. 211.

were committed to writing. Tradition is quite capable of preserving such fragmentary compositions. Last year (1856) one thousand lines of different pieces of Ossianic poetry were taken down from the lips of an old woman (a Janet Sutherland) in Caithness by Mr James Cumming, a student in the New College of Edinburgh. The writer has a copy of these in his possession; and nothing is more remarkable than their coincidence with the fragments in the Dean of Lismore's MS., taken down 330 years before. It affords a complete reply to all the objections urged against the poetry of Ossian, founded on the impossibility of such compositions being handed down for any length of time by mere tradition. In the absence of writing, it is hard to say what the human memory is capable of accomplishing. It has no doubt its limits; but we are in modern times without data from which to conclude definitely how far these limits may extend, and this without detriment to what has been said regarding 'Fingal.' After all this, however, Macpherson was undoubtedly more than the mere editor of these poems. He exercised an amount of discretion which perhaps served to lay him open to the charges to which he became afterwards exposed, and which rendered it difficult for his friends to defend either Ossian or himself. He pieced together the floating fragments which he gathered throughout the Highlands—interspersed them to some extent with his own compositions—changed names, when that suited his purpose, and expunged portions that were inconsistent with his favourite theories. He took liberties, which, however, other editors have taken to at least as large an extent, without being loaded with the obloquy which was heaped on Macpherson; for it is true that, notwithstanding all Macpherson did as an editor, we have in these poems numerous and extensive remains of genuine Ossianic poetry; and certainly the spirit of the whole is that of Ossian, and not of Macpherson. The whole works are of the true type of the ancient heroic poetry of the Scottish Highlands.”<sup>1</sup>

Here is Dr MacLauchlan's final testimony, as given by him eighteen years later:—

“From all that has been written on the subject of these ancient Gaelic poems of Ossian, it is perfectly clear that Ossian himself is no creation of James Macpherson. His name has been familiar to the people both of the Highlands and Ireland for a thousand years and more. *Oisian an deigh na Feinn* ('Ossian after the Fingalians') has been a proverbial saying among them for numberless generations. Nor did Macpherson invent Ossian's poems. There were poems reputed to be Ossian's in the Highlands for centuries before he was born, and poems, too, which for poetic power and interest are unsurpassed, which speak home to the heart of every man who can sympathise with popular poetry marked by the richest felicities of diction, and which entitles them justly to all the commendations bestowed upon the poems edited by Macpherson.”<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Celtic Gleanings, 1857, 120, 121.

<sup>2</sup> History of the Scottish Highlands, 1875, ii. 90, 91.

The late Alexander Smith—himself no mean poet—speaks eloquently to the same effect.

“Wandering,” he says, “up and down the Western Islands, one is brought into contact with Ossian, and is launched into a sea of perplexities as to the genuineness of Macpherson’s translation. That fine poems should have been composed in the Highlands so many centuries ago, and that these should have existed through that immense period of time in the memories and on the tongues of the common people, is sufficiently startling. The Border Ballads are children in their bloom compared with the hoary Ossianic legends and songs. On the other hand, the theory that Macpherson, whose literary efforts, when he did not pretend to translate, are extremely poor and meagre, should have, by sheer force of imagination, created poems confessedly full of fine things, with strong local colouring, not without a weird sense of remoteness, with heroes shadowy as if seen through Celtic mists; poems, too, which have been received by his countrymen as genuine, which Dr Johnson scornfully abused, and which Dr Blair enthusiastically praised, which have been translated into every language in Europe; which Goethe and Napoleon admired; from which Carlyle has drawn his ‘red son of the furnace,’ and many a memorable sentence besides; and over which, for more than a hundred years now, there has raged a critical and philological battle, with victory inclining to neither side,—that Macpherson should have created these poems is, if possible, more startling than their claim of antiquity. If Macpherson created Ossian, he was an athlete who made one surprising leap, and was palsied ever afterwards; a marksman who made a centre at his first shot, and who never afterwards could hit the target. It is well enough known that the Highlanders, like all half-civilised nations, had their legends and their minstrelsy; that they were fond of reciting poems and runes; and that the person who retained on his memory the greatest number of tales and songs brightened the gatherings round the ancient peat-fires, as your Sydney Smith brightens the modern dinner. And it is astonishing how much legendary material a single memory may retain. In illustration, Dr Brown, in his ‘History of the Highlands,’ informs us that ‘the late Captain John Macdonald of Breakish, a native of the Island of Skye, declared upon oath, at the age of seventy-eight, that he could repeat, when a boy between twelve and fifteen years of age (about the year 1740), from one to two hundred Gaelic poems, differing in length and in number of verses; and that he learned them from an old man about eighty years of age, who sang them for years to his father when he went to bed at night, and in the spring and winter before he rose in the morning.’ The late Dr Stuart, minister of Luss, knew ‘an old Highlander in the Isle of Skye, who repeated to him for three successive days, and during several hours each day, without hesitation, and with the utmost rapidity, many thousand lines of ancient poetry, and would have continued his repetition much longer if the Doctor had required him to do so.’ From such a raging torrent of song the Doctor doubtless fled for his life. Without a doubt there was a vast

quantity of poetic material existing in the islands. But more than this. When Macpherson, at the request of Home, Blair, and others, went to the Highlands to collect materials, he undoubtedly received Gaelic MSS. Mr Farquharson (Dr Brown tells us), Prefect of Studies at Douay College in France, was the possessor of Gaelic MSS., and in 1766 he received a copy of Macpherson's 'Ossian,' and Mr M'Gillivray, a student there at the time, saw them (Macpherson's 'Ossian' and Mr Farquharson's MSS.) frequently collated, and heard the complaint that the translations fell very far short of the energy and beauty of the originals; and the said Mr M'Gillivray was convinced that the MSS. contained all the poems translated by Macpherson, because he recollected very distinctly having heard Mr Farquharson say, after having read the translations, 'that he had all these poems in his collection.' Dr Johnson could never talk of the matter calmly. 'Show me the original manuscripts,' he would roar. 'Let Mr Macpherson deposit the manuscript in one of the colleges at Aberdeen where there are people who can judge; and if the professors certify the authenticity, then there will be an end of the controversy.' Macpherson, when his truthfulness was rudely called in question, wrapped himself up in proud silence, and disdained reply. At last, however, he submitted to the test which Dr Johnson proposed. At a bookseller's shop he left for some months the originals of his translations, intimating by public advertisement that he had done so, and stating that all persons interested in the matter might call and examine them. No one, however, called; Macpherson's pride was hurt, and he became thereafter more obstinately silent and uncommunicative than ever. There needed no such mighty pother about the production of manuscripts. It might have been seen at a glance that the Ossianic poems were not forgeries—at all events, that Macpherson did not forge them. Even in the English translation, to a great extent, the sentiments, the habits, the modes of thought described, are entirely primeval; in reading it, we seem to breathe the morning air of the world. The personal existence of Ossian is, I suppose, as doubtful as the personal existence of Homer; and if he ever lived, he is great, like Homer, through his tributaries. Ossian drew into himself every lyrical runnel, he augmented himself in every way, he drained centuries of their song; and living an oral and gipsy life, handed down from generation to generation without being committed to writing, and having their outlines determinately fixed, the authorship of these songs becomes vested in a multitude, every reciter having more or less to do with it. For centuries the floating legendary material was reshaped, added to, and altered by the changing spirit and emotion of the Celt. Reading the Ossianic fragments is like visiting the skeleton of one of the South American cities; like walking through the streets of disinterred Pompeii or Herculaneum. These poems, if rude and formless, are touching and venerable as some ruin on the waste, the names of whose builders are unknown; whose towers and walls, although not erected in accordance with the lights of modern architecture, affect the spirit and fire the imagination far more than nobler and more recent piles; its chambers, now roofless to the day, were ages ago tenanted by life and death, joy

and sorrow ; its walls have been worn and rounded by time, its stones channeled and fretted by the fierce tears of winter rains ; on broken arch and battlement every April for centuries has kindled a light of desert flowers ; and it stands muffled with ivies, bearded with mosses, and stained with lichens by the suns of forgotten summers. So these songs are in the original—strong, simple, picturesque in decay ; in Mr Macpherson's English they are hybrids and mongrels. They resemble the Castle of Dunvegan, an amorphous mass of masonry of every conceivable style of architecture, in which the ninth century jostles the nineteenth.

“ In these poems not only do character and habit smack of the primeval time, but there is extraordinary truth of local colouring. The ‘ Iliad ’ is roofed by the liquid softness of an Ionian sky. In the verse of Chaucer there is eternal May and the smell of newly blossomed English hawthorn hedges. In Ossian, in like manner, the skies are cloudy, there is a tumult of waves on the shore, the wind sings in the pine. This truth of local colouring is a strong argument in proof of authenticity. I for one will never believe that Macpherson was more than a somewhat free translator. Despite Gibbon's sneer, I do ‘ indulge the supposition that Ossian lived and Fingal sung ; ’ and, more than this, it is my belief that these misty phantasmal Ossianic fragments, with their car-borne heroes that come and go like clouds on the wind, their frequent apparitions, the ‘ stars dim-twinkling through their forms,’ their maidens fair and pale as lunar rainbows, are, in their own literary place, worthy of every recognition. If you think these poems exaggerated, go out at Sligachan, and see what wild work the pencil of moonlight makes on a mass of shifting vapour. Does *that* seem nature or a madman's dream ? Look at the billowy clouds rolling off the brow of Blaavin, all golden and on fire with the rising sun ! Wordsworth's verse does not more completely mirror the Lake Country than do the poems of Ossian the terrible scenery of the Isles. Grim and fierce and dreary as the night-wind is the strain, for not with rose and nightingale had the old bard to do ; but with the thistle waving on the ruin, the upright stones that mark the burying-places of heroes, weeping female faces white as sea-foam in the moon, the breeze mourning alone in the desert, the battles and friendships of his far-off youth, and the flight of the ‘ dark-brown years.’ These poems are wonderful transcripts of Hebridean scenery. They are as full of mists as the Hebridean glens themselves. Ossian seeks his images in the vapoury wraiths. Take the following of two chiefs parted by their king : ‘ They sink from their king on either side, like two columns of morning mist when the sun rises between them on his glittering rocks. Dark is their rolling on either side, each towards its reedy pool.’ You cannot help admiring the image ; and I saw the misty circumstance this very morning when the kingly sun struck the earth with his golden spear, and the cloven mists rolled backwards to their pools like guilty things.”<sup>1</sup>

In the introduction to his well-known ‘ Popular Tales of the West Highlands,’ the late Mr J. F. Campbell of Islay says :—

<sup>1</sup> Summer in Skye, 1880, 213-220.

“I believe that there were poems of very old date, of which a few fragments still exist in Scotland as pure traditions. That these related to Celtic worthies who were popular heroes before the Celts came from Ireland, and answer to Arthur and his knights elsewhere. That the same personages have figured in poems composed, or altered, or improved, or spoilt by bards who lived in Scotland, and by Irish bards of all periods; and that these personages have been mythical heroes amongst Celts from the earliest of times. That ‘the poems’ were orally collected by Macpherson, and by men before him, by Dr Smith, by the committee of the Highland Society, and by others, and that the printed Gaelic is old poetry, mended and patched, and pieced together, and altered, but on the whole a genuine work. . . . Those who would study ‘the controversy’ will find plenty of discussion; but the report of the Highland Society appears to settle the question on evidence. I cannot do better than quote from Johnson’s ‘Poets’ the opinion of a great author, who was a great translator, who, in speaking of his own work, says: ‘What must the world think . . . after such a judgment passed by so great a critic, the world who decides so often, and who examines so seldom; the world who, even in matters of literature, is almost always the slave of authority? Who will suspect that so much learning should mistake, that so much accuracy should be misled, or that so much candour should be biassed? . . . I think that no translation ought to be the ground of criticism, because no man ought to be condemned upon another man’s explanation of his meaning.’<sup>1</sup>

“And to that quotation,” Mr Campbell continues, “let me add this manuscript note, which I found in a copy of the Report of the Highland Society on the poems of Ossian, which I purchased in December 1859, and which came from the library of Colonel Hamilton Smith at Plymouth: ‘The Rev. Dr Campbell, of Half-way Tree, Lisuana, in Jamaica, often repeated to me, in the year 1799, 1801, and 1802, parts of Ossian in Gaelic; and assured me that he had possessed a manuscript, long the property of his family, in which Gaelic poems, and in particular whole pieces of Ossian’s compositions, were contained. This he took out with him on his first voyage to the West Indies in 1780, when his ship was captured by a boat from the Santissima Trinidata, flagship of the whole Spanish fleet; and he, together with all the other passengers, lost nearly the whole of their baggage, among which was the volume in question. In 1814, when I was on the staff of General Sir Thomas Graham, now Lord Lyndoch, I understood that Mr Macpherson had been at one time his tutor, and therefore I asked his opinion respecting the authenticity of the Poems. His lordship replied that he never had any doubts on the subject, he having seen in Mr Macpherson’s possession several manuscripts in the Gaelic language, and heard him speak of them repeatedly; he told me some stronger particulars, which I cannot now note down, for the conversation took place during the action of our winter campaign. CHARLES HAM<sup>N</sup>. SMITH, Lt.-Col.’

“The colonel had the reputation of being a great antiquary, and had a valuable

<sup>1</sup> Postscript to the ‘Odyssey,’ Pope’s Homer, Johnson’s Poets, 279, 280.

library. James Macpherson, a 'modest young man, who was master of Greek and Latin,' was 'procured' to be a preceptor to 'the boy Tommy,' who was afterwards Lord Lyndoch (according to a letter in a book printed for private circulation). As it appears to me, those who are ignorant of Gaelic, and nowadays maintain that 'Macpherson composed Ossian's Poems,' are like critics who, being ignorant of Greek, should maintain that Pope wrote the 'Odyssey,' and was the father of Homer; or, being ignorant of English, should declare that Tennyson was the father of King Arthur and all his knights, because he has published one of many poems which treat of them. It was different when Highlanders were 'rebels,' and it was petty treason to deny that they were savages.<sup>1</sup>

"A glance at 'Johnson's Tour in the Hebrides' will show the feeling of the day. He heard Gaelic songs in plenty, but would not believe in Gaelic poems. He appreciated the kindness and hospitality with which he was treated; he praised the politeness of all ranks, and yet maintained that their language was 'the rude speech of a barbarous people, who had few thoughts to express, and were content, as they conceived grossly, to be grossly understood.' He could see no beauty in the mountains, which men now flock to see. He saw no fish in fording northern rivers, and explains how the winter torrents sweep them away; the stags were 'perhaps not bigger than our fallow-deer'; the waves were not larger than those on the coast of Sussex; and yet, though the Doctor would not believe in Gaelic poems, he did believe that peat grew as it was cut, and that the vegetable part of it probably caused a glowing redness in the earth, of which it is mainly composed; and he came away willing to believe in the second-sight, though not quite convinced."

Here is the conclusion arrived at by the late Mr John Campbell Shairp—the distinguished Principal of the University of St Andrews, and Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford—after a prolonged study of the question:—

"The longer I have studied the question, the more I have been convinced that Macpherson was a translator, not an author; that he found and did not create his materials; that all the more important part of his Ossian is ancient, and had long existed in the Highlands; and that at the time he undertook his collection the Highlands were a quarry, out of which many more Ossianic blocks and fragments might have been dug."<sup>2</sup>

Macpherson never professed to be more than a translator, and it is no disparagement to his literary fame to state, as Professor Blackie

<sup>1</sup> Although Campbell himself laid no claim to Gaelic scholarship, he appears to have subsequently adopted, to some extent, the views of the critics he thus condemns; but any such change of opinion on his part does not affect the value of the testimony, as quoted by him, of Colonel Hamilton Smith.

<sup>2</sup> *Vide* 'Macmillan's Magazine,' June 1871.



does—quoting from the evidence of one of the ablest Celtic scholars of Macpherson's time—that “according no less to the express testimony of competent persons than to the *ex facie* probabilities of the case, he could no more have written a poem like one of Ossian's than he could have composed the Prophecies of Isaiah or created the Isle of Skye!”<sup>1</sup> Let us listen also to the testimony of such a fair and unprejudiced critic as the accomplished authoress of the ‘Letters from the Mountains,’ whose good sense and judgment have been universally admitted. Mrs Grant speaks of the translator from personal knowledge; she was a near neighbour of, and on intimate terms with, Lachlan Macpherson of Strathmashie, who accompanied the translator on his tour throughout the Highlands collecting the Ossianic fragments, and assisted him so much in his translations; she was fully conversant with all the circumstances under which these translations were published to the world; and here is what one so well qualified to judge says in a letter written to one of her daughters on 4th August 1805, nine years after the translator's death:—

“I forgive the Reviewers like a Christian for what they say of myself, but feel as revengeful as a Malay for what they say of the Highlanders; for their silly and absurd attempt to prove the fair-haired Fingal and his tuneful son nonentities, includes an accusation of deceit and folly against the whole people. Arrogant scribes that they are, to talk so decidedly of the question, of all others, perhaps, which they are least qualified to determine! They are doubtless clever, but intoxicated with applause and self-opinion. Why should they wish to diminish the honour their country derives from the most exalted heroism, adorned by the most affecting poetry that ever existed? They disprove their own assertion; for had Ossian's poetry been the shadow of a shade, a mere imaginary imitation of what, if it ever did exist, had been long lost in the clouds of remote antiquity, it would be utterly impossible that it should communicate to all Europe the powerful impulse they are forced to acknowledge. An author describing a fictitious character may make us weep and tremble, but then he is impressed by some real one with the image he conveys to us. The double deception of a feigned poet celebrating a feigned hero could never have power to reach the heart. Chatterton, the tattered theme of all these sceptics with whom they are sure to begin and end, had powers of mind far superior to those of James Macpherson; and what emotion except that of wonder was ever produced by his poetry? Whoever agitates,

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<sup>1</sup> Language and Literature of the Scottish Highlands, 226, 227.

exalts, or deeply affects the mind, must first feel himself. Now no man was ever an enthusiast in the very act of knavery. Do the Reviewers know so little of human nature as to suppose a man's mind to expand with generous and tender sentiments at the very instant he is shrinking with the consciousness of deliberate baseness?"<sup>1</sup>

Here are a few of the testimonies obtained by the Highland Society, who investigated the whole subject:—

1. Sir John Macpherson, Lauriston, February 4, 1760:—

"I do myself the pleasure of presenting you with a few specimens of Ossian in his native dress. . . . The three pieces which I have selected had each a particular title to regard. . . . 'The Address to the Evening Star' claimed attention on account of its inimitable beauty and harmonious versification. The original of this piece suffered even in the hands of Mr Macpherson, though he has shown himself inferior to no translator. The copy or edition which he had of this poem is very different from mine; I imagine it will, in that respect, be agreeable to Mr Percy. The gentleman who gave it me copied it from an old MS., which Mr Macpherson had no access to before his 'Fingal' came abroad."

2. Lachlan Macpherson of Strathmashie, October 22, 1763:—

"In the year 1760 I had the pleasure of accompanying my friend Mr Macpherson during some part of his journey in search of the poems of Ossian through the Highlands. I assisted him in collecting them, and took down from oral tradition, and transcribed from old manuscripts, by far the greatest part of those pieces he has published. Since the publication, I have carefully compared the translation with the copies of the originals in my hands, and find it amazingly literal, even in such a degree as to preserve in some measure the cadence of the Gaelic versification."

3. Rev. John Macpherson, D.D., of Sleat, November 27, 1763:—

"I have in obedience to your request made inquiry for all the persons around me who were able to rehearse from memory any parts of the poems by Mr Macpherson, and have made them to rehearse in my hearing the several fragments or detached pieces of those poems which they were able to repeat. This done, I compared with great care the pieces rehearsed by them with Mr Macpherson's translation. These pieces or fragments are: the description of Cuchullin's chariot (Fingal, book i. p. 11). The rehearsers are John Macdonald

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<sup>1</sup> Memoir and Correspondence of Mrs Grant, 1845, i. 63, 64.

of Breakish in Strath, Isle of Skye, gentleman; Martin MacIlivray, tenant in Slate; and Allan Macaskle, farmer in Glenelg.”

4. Lieutenant Duncan MacNicol, late of 88th Regiment, Sockrock, in Glenurchy, January 1764:—

“I have been at some pains in examining several in this country about Ossian’s poems, and have found out as follows: Fingal, B. iii. p. 45—‘Oscar, I was young like thee when lovely Faineasollis,’ &c., to the end of the third book; Fingal, B. iv. p. 50—‘Eight were the heroes of Ossian,’ &c., mostly word for word to p. 58, or the end of the fourth book; and an array of further passages, among which is one beginning, ‘Then Gaul and Ossian sat on the green banks of Lubar’—a passage Laing asserted to be an imitation by Macpherson of the 137th Psalm.”

5. Rev. Donald Macleod, Glenelg, to Dr Blair, March 26, 1764:—

“It was in my house that Mr Macpherson got the description of Cuchullin’s horses and car in book i. p. 2 from Allan MacCaskie, schoolmaster, and Rory Macleod, both of this glen. He has not taken in the whole of the description; and his translation of it (spirited and pretty as it appears, so far as it goes) falls so far short of the original in the picture it exhibits of Cuchullin’s horses and car, that in none of his translations is the inequality of Macpherson’s genius to that of Ossian so very conspicuous.”

In a letter to Dr Blair, dated October 2, 1764, Lord Auchinleck remarks:—

(In Ossian) “When a hero finds death approaching he calls to prepare his deer’s horn—a passage which I did not understand for a good time after ‘Fingal’ was published, but then came to get it fully explained accidentally. You must know that in Badenoch, near the church of Alvie, on the high-way-side, are a number of tumuli. Nobody had ever taken notice of these as artificial till Macpherson Benchar [Banchor], a very sensible man, under an apprehension of their being artificial, caused to cut up two of them, and found human bones in them, and at right angles with them a red-deer’s horn above them. These burials plainly have been before Christianity, for the corpse lay in the direction of north and south, not in that of east and west. . . . ‘Fingal’ was published before any of these tumuli were opened.”

The testimony of the late Rev. Dr Hatley Waddell of Glasgow—long so well known as the editor and biographer of Burns, and more recently as the author of ‘Ossian and the Clyde’—is still more emphatic in the same direction. In an able lecture delivered by him

at Inverness on '24th January 1877, vindicating the authenticity of Ossian as represented in Macpherson's translation, Dr Waddell, after stating that he did not presume either to criticise or explain the Gaelic edition of 1807, goes on to inquire whether

“anything had been proved against Macpherson to invalidate his own declaration that the poems of Ossian were translated by him from an original, or rather from several originals, in the Scottish Gaelic language, in his hands? Was he previously known to be a liar? Had he ever been guilty of fraud? Had he ever done anything dishonest? Had he ever imposed upon his friends, upon his patrons, upon the public? Had he done anything of a sort to forfeit his claims to their confidence, or to destroy his claims to respect and honour as a student of divinity, and an aspirant to the functions of the Church? Nothing we know, or ever heard of. His worst crime was poverty, and one of the most honourable actions of his life was to requite in old age, by the offer of payment an hundredfold, the unknown obligations of friendship that had been conferred upon him in his youth. Why, then, should this man be suspected or accused of a long, intricate, and difficult series of unblushing impostures on the world before the age of twenty-four? Because he was ambitious? But he was not more ambitious than Burke or Canning, Brougham or Disraeli—who have never been accused of literary fraud or falsehood. Because other young men—like Chatterton, for example—have made attempts of the kind to impose upon the public? But Chatterton at that date was only a child. He might afterwards, indeed, have emulated Macpherson, but Macpherson could not possibly have emulated him. Besides, the very essence of Chatterton's imposture was the production of forged documents, whereas the most serious charge against Macpherson was that he did not produce a document at all. Is it because in earlier youth he had attempted poetry of his own? Then the sort of poetry he so attempted affords the most conclusive evidence that he could never have been the author of what subsequently appeared. Is it because he afterwards enjoyed political patronage, and obtained a Government appointment, where he accumulated a fortune? In this he was no worse than any other political aspirant of his day; but even if he had been, Ossian was published long before. Is it because he threatened retaliation by violence, when he was denounced as a ruffian and a cheat? Any man of spirit in the circumstances, much more any Highland man, would have done the same. Is it because he refused to produce his MS. when demanded? That question comes nearer to the point. But he did produce it, and left it with his publishers for a twelvemonth to be inspected by his accusers, who had neither the courtesy, courage, nor common-sense to look at it. . . . And is James Macpherson to be eternally defamed with fraud and forgery because lexicographers and critics who did not understand the subject, and will not so much as condescend to look at it, persist in so defaming him? It seems incredible as a mere question of honour, of honesty, of common-sense, much more incredible as a question of fact, when the issues which depend upon it are considered.”

Under the same head, Dr Waddell further inquired :—

“Why then should these extraordinary productions be looked upon as frauds, if there was nothing in the translator's previous life to suggest it? Because the style was too lofty? the characters too grand? the events too wonderful? the morals too pure? the history too sublime? the achievements too heroic? the incidents too romantic? the sentiments too tender? the pathos too touching? the pictures of life too splendid? the revelations of humanity too profound? For what? for whom? for when? For types of a race that defied and defeated the Romans? For a poet who spoke with authority in the ear of kings? For a period of transition between native civilisation on the brink of ruin, and foreign civilisation itself on the verge of decay? Between the opposite extremes and representatives of two antagonistic worlds? Too lofty, grand, wonderful, and pure? too sublime, too heroic, too romantic, too tender, too touching, too splendid, too profound?—for an era like this, and for men like these? Yet not too lofty, grand, wonderful, pure, sublime, heroic, romantic, tender, touching, splendid, or profound for a young student of divinity, who must not only have concocted and composed the whole of it in fragments, and interwoven, dovetailed, and jointed it together by mere words and syllables not hitherto detected for a hundred years, and apparently not known to himself; who must have borrowed his style by assiduous labour, according to Laing, from eighty-eight different authors, and manufactured twenty-two epic poems out of 966 words or phrases—certain of these poems containing three, six, and eight books; and who finally located his heroes and localised his scenes on this haphazard process so exactly, that the very footsteps of the one and the outlines of the other may be traced and identified at this hour, scores and hundreds of miles distant from the regions and localities where he fancied them; who did not know the rocks, the rivers, or the mountains, the lakes or seas, the islands or the continents, the regions or the airts, the very points of the compass, to which his own supposed forgeries related! The supposition is impossible, incredible, absurd—impossible alike in fancy or in philosophy, in forgery or in fate. Such a concurrence of falsehood with fact, beyond the knowledge of a liar himself, is inconceivable. No necromancer on earth could have accomplished it, much less a poor student of divinity.”<sup>1</sup>

In one of a series of able and interesting articles, recently published in the ‘Scotsman,’ Mr Donald MacKinnon, the Professor of the Celtic Languages and Literature in the University of Edinburgh, says :—

“Outside of Gaeldom few people knew or cared much whether Highlanders did or did not possess a literature. As a rule, the Lowland Scot has ever shown little interest in any views or ideas that his Celtic neighbour might hold. The

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<sup>1</sup> Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness, vi. 64-66.

Register of the Privy Council and other public documents record the various shifts resorted to by the central Government from time to time in dealing with refractory clans, the favourite device being to arm a neighbouring chief with legal powers 'to murder and to ravish' at pleasure, and so perpetuate clan feuds to all time. Regarding the beliefs, the language and the literature of the people, little or nothing was noted. Still, the names of the Gaelic heroes occasionally reached southern ears. Dunbar more than once refers to them, not always in complimentary terms. Only two are mentioned by name, Fionn and Goll. The former is Fingal with Barbour, as afterwards with Macpherson; elsewhere he is Fyn, Fyn MacCoul (*Fionn mac Cumhail*, 'Fionn, son of Cumhall'). The two are usually spoken of as warriors or giants. Gavin Douglas makes the heroes 'gods in Ireland as they say'; Dean Munro makes *Fynan* King in Man; and according to Boece, many tales and poems were told about Fyn MacCoul. But it was only five years before Macpherson wrote that the first serious attempt was made to place the claims and merits of Gaelic literature before English readers. The honour of doing so belongs to Jerome Stone, a native of Scoonie in Fife, and a pure Saxon—a man who, as he says himself, was 'equally a stranger in blood to the descendants of Simon Breck and the subjects of Cadwallader.' Stone went to teach in Dunkeld Academy at the age of twenty-four, fresh from St Andrews. The young schoolmaster had, among many gifts and graces, a great facility for acquiring languages. He studied Gaelic, highly appreciated the literature, and made a collection of Ossianic ballads and modern lyric poetry. Six months before his death, in November 1755, Stone wrote to the editor of the 'Scots Magazine' that 'there are compositions in it [Gaelic] which for sublimity of sentiment, nervousness of expression, and high-spirited metaphor, are hardly to be equalled among the chief productions of the most cultivated nations;' and subsequently sent as a specimen a translation, or rather paraphrase, of one of the ballads of the Cuchullin epoch, that known in Gaelic literature as 'Fraoch,' but entitled by Stone 'Albin and Mey.' This promising scholar and *littérateur* died of fever in the following summer at the early age of thirty. Macpherson was eighteen at the time, serving in secret, as he says himself, his apprenticeship to the Muses, and may well have had his attention directed to the heroic literature of his country by Jerome Stone; but in the din and tumult that followed, the enthusiastic and scholarly schoolmaster of Dunkeld was forgotten. And so the Ossianic literature that lay buried in Gaelic MS., or floated through the brains of Highland peasants, was unknown to print, Gaelic or English. James Macpherson had thus the great advantage of breaking new ground.

"Nowadays we can only imagine the feelings with which the Highland people were regarded by their southern neighbours in 1760. The storm of the '45 had burst and passed; but still the waves of prejudice ran high. Many Lowlanders embraced the cause of the Stuarts, and about half the clans abstained from doing so. Jacobite sentiment, though not so widespread as in the north, took deep root in many districts in the south of Scotland, and as matter of fact, the best Jacobite

songs are not in Gaelic, but in Scotch. But it was the Highland people, loyal and disloyal alike, that had alone to endure for many a day thereafter all the hatred and scorn which Saxon Philistinism could command. And when the political trespasses were forgotten, or atoned for by the valour of Highland soldiers, these feelings were transferred to the domain of art and letters. It was bad enough that a few thousands of unkempt, half-naked savages should set the empire by the ears, and even shake the throne itself; but that the hungry redshank should dare to have a civilisation, a knowledge of letters, poetry of a high order of excellence, dating back many centuries before ever a Norman set foot in the land, and even before the Saxon emerged from barbarism—such presumption was intolerable, and not to be endured for a moment. We live in other and happier days. The burning questions of religion and politics never sharply divided the two peoples in this country; and in blood we are pretty mixed, north and south. And yet it is with more or less of a grudge that a knowledge of art or letters is allowed to the Celt by some among us still. You may produce your few relics recovered from the wreck of the past—your crosses, your tombstones, your brooches, your books and bells; but the art of these, their ornamentation and decoration, even their language, may, according to some writers, be anything you please other than Celtic. Dr Jamieson would compass sea and land in search of an origin for a word of respectable associations rather than allow that it was borrowed from Gaelic into Scottish. A member of a learned profession and of several learned societies, British and Continental, printed the following sentences in 1889: ‘It is gravely related of the German philologist Zeuss, who, to add to the marvel, never set foot on Irish soil, that he reconstructed the ancient Irish or Celtic tongue from the literary remains of a thousand years ago, which he met with in the continent of Europe. Such feats of human ingenuity are no doubt very wonderful. It would, however, be satisfactory to know that the MSS. found by the learned German were, in point of fact, the survivals of an early Celtic speech, and not merely the residuum of the more archaic dialects of the ancient Gothic. We know that the Goths had a literature. We do *not* know that the Celts had any literary remains.’ And is it not to theories of education inherited from the Goths, tempered, perhaps, by an academic indifference to the needs of what are considered at best but a mere handful of illiterate peasants, we owe the fact that while a million of public money is expended annually on the elementary education of Scottish children, and thirty thousand on the training of suitable teachers for them, Gaelic-speaking young men and women are practically shut out of the trained branch of the teaching profession, and Gaelic-speaking children are in consequence deprived of the greatest boon that could at the present time be offered to them—the inestimable blessing of an intelligent education.”<sup>1</sup>

To the keen, sensitive nature of the translator—so characteristic of

<sup>1</sup> *Vide* the ‘Scotsman,’ 31st January 1890.

the descendants of the old historical parson of Kingussie—the insolent criticisms to which he was subjected, and the sneers and bristly fury of bearish critics, “gnarled through and through with stiff English prejudice,” like the redoubtable Dr Johnson, must have been galling in the extreme. The distinguished philosopher, Sir David Brewster, who married one of Macpherson’s daughters, had access to and examined all the manuscripts and papers left by the translator at Belleville. In the ‘Home Life’ of Sir David by his gifted daughter, Mrs Gordon, published in 1869, there are several interesting allusions to the Ossianic controversy. Speaking of the private belief of her father and the Macphersons, Mrs Gordon says:—

“*They never had a moment’s doubt as to the complete and entire authenticity of the Poems.* The originals, they were fully persuaded, had been received by Mr Macpherson in most cases by oral tradition, and in others from MSS. which had been written down two or three centuries before from the old Highland lairds whose predecessors had sung them long before such innovations as pen, ink, and paper were known among the Celts.”

Matthew Arnold, in speaking of the vein of “piercing regret and passion” running through Celtic poetry, characterises Macpherson’s ‘Ossian’ as “a famous book,” which “carried in the last century this vein like a flood of lava through Europe.”

“Strip Scotland if you like,” says that distinguished critic, “of every feather of borrowed plumes which, on the strength of Macpherson’s ‘Ossian,’ she may have stolen from that *vetus et major Scotia*, the true home of the Ossianic poetry, Ireland; I make no objection. But there will still be left in the book a residue with the very soul of the Celtic genius in it, and which has the proud distinction of having brought this soul of the Celtic genius into contact with the genius of the nations of modern Europe, and enriched all our poetry by it: Woody Morven, and echoing Sora, and Selma with its silent halls!—we all owe them a debt of gratitude, and when we are unjust enough to forget it, may the Muse forget us! Choose any one of the better passages in Macpherson’s ‘Ossian,’ and you can see even at this time of day what an apparition of newness and power such a strain must have been to the eighteenth century: ‘I have seen the walls of Balclatha, but they were desolate. The fox looked out from the windows, the rank grass of the wall waved round her head. Raise the song of mourning, O bards, over the land of strangers! They have but fallen before us, for one day we must fall. Why dost thou build the hall, son of the winged days? Thou lookest from thy towers to-day, yet a few years, and the blast of the desert comes; it howls in thy empty



court, and whistles round thy half-worn shield. Let the blast of the desert come ; we shall be renowned in our day.'

"All Europe felt the power of that melancholy ; but what I wish to point out is, that no nation of Europe so caught in its poetry the passionate penetrating accent of the Gaelic genius, its strain of Titanism, as the English. Goethe, like Napoleon, felt the spell of Ossian very powerfully, and he quotes a long passage in his 'Werther.'" <sup>1</sup>

"More," says Mr Eyre-Todd, in the introduction already referred to, "than two thousand years ago in Athens, Peisistratus gathered and pieced together the fragments of the 'Iliad' and the 'Odyssey.' Does it seem impossible that the same office should fall to be done in the eighteenth century for a Homer of the north ? History, doubtless, has but repeated itself in the storm of adverse criticism which burst upon the restorer of the Celtic bard ; and only when the din of wordy battle has died away will be heard the numbers of this last-found lord of song. The merit of the poems themselves, as poetry, may safely be left to take care of itself. Long ago the songs of Ossian earned a place for themselves in the literature of every European language—an Italian version, it is said, being the constant companion and inspiration of the First Napoleon. England alone has refused to admit the claims of the Celtic bard, and that at the bidding of Dr Johnson—a good and great man indeed, but one who, knowing nothing of the subject, dogmatically imposed his prejudices upon the literary mind of his country, denying, like certain Pharisees of old, that any good thing could come out of Nazareth. . . .

"As exact material for history, the value of the poems of Ossian, like the value of all early poetry, must remain difficult to decide. It can never be absolutely proved that events happened on the plains of Troy, or among the hills of Morven, exactly as Homer and as Ossian had described them—though it must be confessed that Ossian, as an eyewitness, corroborated in many details by history, tradition, and antiquities, appears entitled to the greater credence. But for another and probably more important kind of truth, the work of both bards may be considered absolutely reliable. The 'Iliad' and the Ossianic poems present a general but genuine picture of the civilisation in the countries and at the time in which they were composed.

"After all, the chief assurance of immortality for these 'tales of the times of old' must rest upon their own sublimity and beauty. There may long be those who doubt the existence of Ossian ; but none will deny that in these pages are to be found passages unsurpassed in majesty and hardly equalled in tenderness. What could there be more full of pathos than Ossian's frequent address to Malvina, the betrothed of his dead son Oscar, and the companion of his own old age ? And what in literature is nobler than the bard's apostrophe to the splendours of heaven, or his lament at the tombs of heroes ?—'Weep, thou father of Morar ! weep ; but

<sup>1</sup> Study of Celtic Literature, 1867.

thy son heareth thee not. Deep is the sleep of the dead ; low their pillow of dust. No more shall he hear thy voice, no more awake at thy call. When shall it be morn in the grave to bid the slumberer awake ? Farewell, thou bravest of men.'—  
(*Songs of Selma.*)

“Ossian is not the only bard whose glory appears a marvel to these latter days. Out of the dim past, booming like the surge of ocean, still rolls many a billow of primeval song. The Vedic hymns float onward yet down a stream of time whose ripples have been centuries. The world still listens awed to the chants of the prophets of ancient Israel. And still from the storied isles of Greece reverberates the long roll of the Tale of Troy divine. Does it seem more strange that the echoes of a heroic age should be lingering yet among the fastnesses of the Caledonian Hills ?”

THE LAST OF THE OLD JACOBITE CHIEFS

“ But thou hast a shrine, Kingussie,  
Dearer to my heart than all  
Rocky strength and grassy beauty  
In Glen Feshie’s mountain-hall ;

E’en thy granite Castle Cluny,  
Where the stout old Celtic man  
Lived the father of his people,  
Died the noblest of his clan.

Many eyes were red with weeping,  
Many heads were bowed with grief,  
When, to sleep beside his fathers,  
Low they laid their honoured chief.”

—BLACKIE.





*D. & C. Macpherson*

*Ewen Macpherson of Cluny Macpherson  
Chief of Clan Chattan C.B.  
Born 1804. Died 1885.*

*From a photograph by Lamb (late Deane) Princes St. Edinburgh*

# THE LAST OF THE OLD JACOBITE CHIEFS.

CLUNY MACPHERSON, C.B., Chief of Clan Chattan

*BORN 24th APRIL 1804; DIED 11th JANUARY 1885.*

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## CHAPTER I.

### SKETCH OF CLUNY'S LIFE.



AT Cluny Castle, in Badenoch, on the second Sunday of the year,<sup>1</sup> there “fell asleep,” full of years and full of honours, the venerable Cluny Macpherson, “the living embodiment,” as he had been justly termed, “of all the virtues of the old patriarchal Highland chief.” His unexpected death has not only awakened feelings of the deepest sorrow among his clansmen and natives of Badenoch all over the world, but has left a blank in the public and social life of the Highlands which will probably never be filled up.

His removal is indeed that of an ancient landmark. In days when so much is said and done tending to set class against class, and leading certain sections of the public to regard the interests of landlord and tenant as hostile, a state of society in which their interests were recog-

<sup>1</sup> The greater portion of this sketch appeared in ‘Good Words’ for July 1885, the year in which Cluny died.

nised as identical deserves to be studied. In their best form the mutual relations existing between a chief and his clansmen produced this unity in a manner to which, in the present day, we shall vainly seek a parallel. "I would rather," said MacLeod of MacLeod of the time to Johnson, on the occasion of the great lexicographer's tour in the Hebrides in 1781,—"I would rather drink punch in the houses of my people than be enabled by their hardships to have claret in my own." A more striking example of this patriarchal feeling could not be found than in the affection which bound Cluny Macpherson to his clan and his clan to him. In their relations with their people, the old race of Highland chiefs, of whom Cluny Macpherson was such a noteworthy representative, really held in effect the words of the well-known and patriotic Highlander, Sheriff Nicolson, as part, so to speak, of their creed:—

"See that thou kindly use them, O man!  
     To whom God giveth  
 Stewardship over them, in thy short span,  
     Not for thy pleasure.  
 Woe be to them who choose for a clan  
     Four-footed people."

Born on the 24th of April 1804, Cluny, as he was popularly known all over the Highlands, had at the time of his death entered his eighty-first year. He was the representative of the ancient chiefs of Clan Chattan, embracing, in that general appellation, the Macphersons, Mackintoshes, Macgillivrays, Shaws, Farquharsons, Macbeans, Macphails, Clan Terril, Gows (said to be descended from Henry the Smith of North Inch fame), Clarks, Macqueens, Davidsons, Cattanachs, Clan Ay, Nobles, Gillespies; and was the twentieth Chief in direct succession from Gillicattan Mòr, the head or Chief of the clan who lived in the reign of Malcolm Canmore. He succeeded to the chiefship of the clan, and to the Cluny estates, on the death of his father in 1817, and thus possessed the estates for the long period of nearly seventy years. A very interesting fact in connection with his boyhood, carrying us back to the third decade of the present century, is that Sir Walter Scott, in a letter to Miss Edgeworth, describes him as "a fine spirited boy, fond of his people and kind to them, and the best dancer of a Highland reel now living." In 1832 Cluny married Sarah Justina, a daughter of the late well-known Henry Davidson, Esq. of Tulloch, who now



survives him with an unbroken<sup>1</sup> family circle of four sons and three daughters.

The son of a gallant officer who fought in the American War of Independence; grandson of the devoted "Ewen of Cluny," who died in exile after the '45; great-grandson of Simon Lord Lovat, who suffered in the same cause, and great-great-grandson of the heroic Sir Ewen Cameron of Lochiel, Cluny always maintained with true dignity the fame of his ancestry, and inherited all their military ardour. To a quaint old engraving of Sir Ewen at Cluny Castle, the following just and appropriate lines are appended:—

"The Honest Man, whom Virtue sways,  
His God adores, his King obeys;  
Does factious men's rebellious pride  
And threat'ning Tyrants' rage deride;  
Honour's his Wealth, his Rule, his Aime,  
Unshaken, fixt, and still the same."

In his early manhood Cluny served his country as an officer in the 42d Royal Highlanders, the famous Black Watch. From the institution of the Volunteer Force in 1859 down to within two or three years of his death he acted as Lieutenant-Colonel of the Inverness-shire Highland Rifle Volunteers. In that capacity he attended the Royal Review in Edinburgh in 1881, and although then in his seventy-seventh year, he kept the head of his regiment in spite of the fearful weather, discarding even the use of a plaid as a protection. Riding along Princes Street with the Inverness Volunteers, the brave old Chief, with his courtly and soldierly bearing, was a conspicuous figure in the procession, and was singled out for repeated rounds of enthusiastic cheering. On his retirement his regiment presented him with a sword of honour with an appropriate inscription.

As indicating the interest taken by Cluny in everything affecting the prosperity of the wide district over which his influence extended, and the recognition of his character and position, it may be sufficient to mention that he was president or was otherwise closely associated with almost every public and local association or institution in the Central

<sup>1</sup> This is, alas! not now the case. Mrs Macpherson of Cluny died on 14th March 1886; Colonel Duncan, their eldest son, on 3d October of the same year; and Captain George Gordon, their third son, on 30th June 1891.

Highlands. In his delightful book, 'Altavona,' Professor Blackie makes his *Alter Ego* say of Cluny, "He is the genuine type of the old Scottish chief, the chief who loves his people, and speaks the language of the people, and lives on his property, and delights in old traditions, in old servants, in old services, and old kindly usages of all kinds." It has been justly said that into all his duties Cluny carried with him a flavour of the olden times, a mingled homeliness, courtesy, and simple dignity that conveyed a remarkable impression impossible to describe, but characteristic and memorable. In the Highland dress, surmounted by the bonnet and eagle's feather of the chief, with his firm, erect, athletic figure, no more graceful specimen of Highland physique could be anywhere seen.

While a conspicuous figure at all public gatherings in the Highlands, nowhere was Cluny seen to more advantage than at his own castle, surrounded by his genial and happy family, dispensing, with a genuine kindness and courtesy that never failed, true Highland hospitality to the many friends and clansmen who flocked to it from all parts of the kingdom. Substitute the one castle for the other, and the touching words of Dean Stanley apply almost as appropriately to Cluny Castle as to the Castle of Fingask:—

"Who that had ever seen the delightful Castle of *Cluny*, explored its inexhaustible collection of Jacobite relics, known its Jacobite inmates, and heard its Jacobite songs, did not feel himself transported to an older world with the fond remembrance of a past age, of a lost love, of a dear though vanquished cause? What Scotsman—Presbyterian though he be—is not moved by the outburst of Jacobite-Episcopalian enthusiasm which enkindled the last flicker of expiring genius when Walter Scott murmured the lay of Prince Charlie by the Lake Avernus, and stood wrapt in silent devotion before the tomb of the Stuarts in St Peter's?"<sup>1</sup>

It was worth going a long day's journey to hear Cluny with his simple grace and dignity narrating incidents of the Jacobite days of other years, the hair-breadth escapes of his grandfather, and describing the many interesting and historical relics the castle contains. Among these relics, carefully treasured, is the Black Chanter or *Feadan Dubh* of the clan, on the possession of which the prosperity of the house of Cluny is supposed to depend. Of the many singular traditions regarding it, one is that its original fell from heaven during the memorable clan-battle fought

<sup>1</sup> Stanley's Church of Scotland, second edition, 50.





IACOBO III  
IACOBI II MAGNAE BRIT REGIS PILIO  
KAROLO EDVARDO  
ET HENRICO DECANO PATRVM CARDINALIVM  
IACOBI III FILII  
REGIAE STIRPIS STVARDIAE POSTREMIS  
ANNO M DCCC XIX

Mason & Co

between the Macphersons and the Davidsons in presence of King Robert III., his queen, and nobles, on the North Inch of Perth in 1396, and that being made of crystal it was broken by the fall, and the existing one made in fac-simile. Another tradition is to the effect that this is the genuine original, and that the cracks were occasioned by its violent contact with the ground. Be the origin of the *Feadan Dubh* what it may, it is a notable fact that whether in consequence of its possession, or of their own bravery, no battle at which the Macphersons were present with the great standard or "green banner" of the clan,<sup>1</sup> and the chief at their head, was ever lost. One of the Clan Chattan battles was fought at Invernahaven in the neighbourhood of Kingussie in 1386, on which occasion the Macphersons, coming to the rescue of their kinsmen the Mackintoshes, saved the honour of the Clan Chattan and the Mackintosh section from almost utter annihilation at the hands of their opponents, the hitherto victorious Camerons. The battle of the Inch at Perth, fought ten years subsequently, has been rendered familiar to general readers through the pages of Scott's 'Fair Maid of Perth.' The Clan Chattan took part in the great national battles of Bannockburn and Harlaw, the Macphersons in the latter, under their chief, Donald Mòr, fighting "with my Lord Marr against M'Donald." "Duncan persoun," one of Cluny's ancestors, was one of the chiefs seized and imprisoned by James I. at a Parliament which he had summoned to meet him at Inverness in 1427. The Macphersons were out in great force under Montrose and Dundee. They were also present at the battle fought at Mulroy, in Lochaber, in the year 1688—the last clan-battle in the Highlands—where, as narrated by Sir Walter Scott, they rescued the Laird of Mackintosh (who had been defeated and made prisoner) from the hands of his ferocious captors, the Macdonalds of Keppoch, and afterwards escorted him in safety to his own proper territory.

The Macphersons were again out in the Rising of 1715, and with a loyalty that "no gold could buy nor time could wither," took a distin-

<sup>1</sup> On this banner are emblazoned the arms of the chief, being the coat granted in 1672 by Sir Charles Erskine, Lord Lyon King-at-Arms. The supporters are two of the clansmen as they appeared in 1455 at Blar-na-Leine, or famous "Battle of the Shirts," on which occasion they threw aside their belted plaids, &c., and fought in their shirts and jerkins. In the family charter-chest is an extract of this blazon from the books in the Heralds' College at Edinburgh, but which, it seems, do not now exist. This extract was made under the superintendence of James Cumming, keeper of the Lyon Records, by whom it is signed.

guished part thirty years later in the gallant but ill-fated attempt of Prince Charlie to regain the crown of his ancestors:—

“ Whom interest ne'er moved their true king to betray,  
Whom threat'ning ne'er daunted, nor power could dismay ;  
They stood to the last, and, when standing was o'er,  
All sullen and silent they dropped the claymore,  
And yielded, indignant, their necks to the blow,  
Their homes to the flame, and their lands to the foe.”

It is related that before the battle of Culloden an old witch or second seer told the Duke of Cumberland that if he waited until the *Bratach Uaine*, or green banner, came up he would be defeated. Ewen of Cluny was present at the battle of Prestonpans with six hundred of his clan, and accompanied the Prince during his march into England. On the Prince's retreat into Scotland, Cluny with his men put two regiments of Cumberland's dragoons to flight at Clifton, fought afterwards at the battle of Falkirk, and was on his way to Inverness with his clan to join the Prince when flying fugitives from Culloden met him with the intelligence of that sad day's disaster.

Another relic at Cluny Castle no less carefully treasured is the autograph letter, of date 18th September 1746 (which is given here in fac-simile), addressed by Prince Charlie to Cluny of the '45 just on the eve of their parting before the Prince escaped to France.

To Cluny of the '45 might, *mutatis mutandis*, be appropriately applied Sir David Brewster's touching epitaph on a Scottish Jacobite:—

“ To Scotland's king I knelt in homage true,  
My heart—my all I gave—my sword I drew ;  
Chased from my hearth, I reached a foreign shore,  
My native mountains to behold no more—  
No more to listen to *Spey's* silver stream—  
No more among its glades to love and dream,  
Save when in sleep the restless spirit roams  
Where *Ruthven* crumbles, and where *Pattach* foams.  
From home and kindred on Albano's shore,  
I roamed an exile till life's dream was o'er—  
Till God, whose trials blessed my wayward lot,  
Gave me the rest—the early grave—I sought ;  
Showed me, o'er death's dark vale, the strifeless shore,  
With wife, and child, and king, to part no more.  
O patriot wanderer, mark this ivied stone,  
Learn from its story what may be thine own :

172 Person of Curie

As we are sensible of your and Laws Fidelity and  
inlegitly to us during our adventures in Scotland and England in the  
yedr 1746 and 1746 in recovering our just rights from the Election  
of Hannover, by which you have sustained very great losses both  
in your interest and person, I therefore promise when it shall  
please God to put it in my power, to make a grateful return  
suitable to your sufferings

Charles. P. R.

Duraleigh in Glencamyjier  
of Lochbartag 18th Septm 1746





Should tyrants chase thee from thy hills of blue,  
 And sever all the ties to nature true,  
 The broken heart may heal in life's last hour,  
 When hope shall still its throbs, and faith exert her power."

In view of the very prominent part the clan took in the Risings of the '15 and the '45, and the sufferings of his grandfather and great-grandfather in the cause, it is not surprising that Jacobite leanings should have developed themselves in Cluny at an early period of his life. The bloodthirsty vindictiveness displayed towards a defenceless people after the battle of Culloden, by the Duke of Cumberland and the Government of the day, is almost unexampled in history.

"The cruelties," says Chambers, "were such that, if not perfectly well authenticated, we could scarcely believe to have been practised only a century ago in our comparatively civilised land. Not only were the mansions of the Chiefs Lochiel, Glengarry, Cluny, Keppoch, Kinlochmoidart, Glengyle, Ardsiel, and many others, plundered and burned, but those of many inferior gentlemen, and even the huts of the common people, were in like manner destroyed. The cattle, sheep, and provisions of all kinds were carried off to Fort Augustus. In many instances the women and children were stripped naked, and left exposed; in some, the females were subjected to even more horrible treatment. A great number of men, unarmed and inoffensive, including some aged beggars, were shot in the fields and on the mountain-side, rather in the spirit of wantonness than for any definite object. Many hapless people perished of cold and hunger amongst the hills. Others followed, in abject herds, their departing cattle, and at Fort Augustus begged, for the support of a wretched existence, to get the offal, or even to be allowed to lick up the blood of those which were killed for the use of the army. Before the 10th of June the task of desolation was complete throughout all the western parts of Inverness-shire; and the curse which had been denounced upon Scotland by the religious enthusiasts of the preceding century was at length so entirely fulfilled in this remote region that it would have been literally possible to travel for days through the depopulated glens *without seeing a chimney smoke or hearing a cock crow.*"<sup>1</sup>

Of a corps under the command of Lord George Sackville, Browne relates:—

"Not contented with destroying the country, these bloodhounds either shot the men upon the mountains, or murdered them in cold blood. The women, after witnessing their husbands, fathers, and brothers murdered before their eyes, were

<sup>1</sup> Chambers's History of the Rebellion, new edition, 327.

subjected to brutal violence, and then turned out naked with their children to starve on the barren heaths. A whole family was enclosed in a barn, and consumed to ashes. So alert were these ministers of vengeance, that in a few days, according to the testimony of a volunteer who served in the expedition, neither house, cottage, man, nor beast was to be seen within the compass of fifty miles: all was ruin, silence, and desolation. Deprived of their cattle and their small stock of provisions by the rapacious soldiery, the hoary-headed matron and sire, the widowed mother and her helpless offspring, were to be seen dying of hunger, stretched upon the bare ground, and within view of the smoking ruins of their dwellings.”<sup>1</sup>

It is instructive to contrast that inhuman vindictiveness with the spirit in which the descendants of Highlanders, so cruelly and mercilessly persecuted, have since so nobly fought and died for their country on many a battle-field. To quote the famous eulogy on the Highland regiments uttered in Parliament in 1776 by William Pitt, afterwards Lord Chatham:—

“I sought for merit wherever it could be found. It is my boast that I was the first Minister who looked for it, and found it, in the mountains of the north. I called it forth, and drew into your service a hardy and intrepid race of men; men who, when left by your jealousy, became a prey to the artifices of your enemies, and had gone nigh to have overturned the State, in the war before last. These men, in the last war, were brought to combat on your side; they served with fidelity, as they fought with valour, and conquered for you in every quarter of the world.”

At the advanced age of nearly eighty years Cluny's great-grandfather was beheaded in the Tower of London. After being hunted in the mountain fastnesses of Badenoch for the long period of nine years, his grandfather escaped from his relentless pursuers only to die in exile. It was very natural, therefore, that Cluny's Jacobite sympathies should have remained with him to the end. An instance of his leanings in this direction may be appropriately told. At a school inspection in Kingussie a few years ago, in the course of one of his usually happy and encouraging little speeches to the children, he mentioned that, in listening to the examination in history, some of the words used had jarred upon his ear. “In Badenoch,” he said, “it is not common to call Prince Charlie ‘the Pretender.’ I should

<sup>1</sup> Browne's History of the Highlands, 1840, iii. 269, 270.

advise you henceforth to call him by his name, Prince Charles Edward, the King over the water!"

With all his hereditary Jacobite sympathies, the Queen had no more loyal and devoted subject than Cluny in her wide domains; of his four sons he devoted three to her service. On the occasion of the first Royal visit to the Highlands in August 1847, her Majesty and Prince Albert, with the Prince of Wales and the Princess Royal, occupied for a time Cluny's beautiful residence of Ardverikie, overlooking Loch Laggan, on an island in the middle of which Fergus, "the first of our kings," had his hunting-lodge. Accompanied by Prince Albert and the Royal children, her Majesty paid a visit to Cluny Castle and examined the shield and other relics of Prince Charlie with the greatest interest. Meeting Cluny frequently at the time, the Queen was most favourably impressed with his polished manners and chivalrous courtesy, and he subsequently received many gracious and flattering marks of her regard. After the lapse of nearly forty years since her first meeting with him, her Majesty showed her long-continued regard for the venerable Chief by conferring upon him the distinction of the Order of the Bath, which, as coming from her own gracious hands, he very highly prized. It was a source of special gratification to him that he lived to see two of his sons commanding two of the most distinguished regiments in her Majesty's service—the eldest, Colonel Duncan, commanding the famous Black Watch; and the second, Colonel Ewen, commanding the 93d Highlanders. They have both seen a great deal of active service; and worthily and honourably have they maintained the ancient fame and prowess of their forefathers. Colonel Duncan, who now succeeds to the chiefship and to the Cluny estates, has had an eminent military career, and has had a pension for "distinguished service" conferred upon him, besides the distinction of the Order of the Bath. Leading the Black Watch, he was wounded at Coomassie, in the Ashantee war; and at the head of that famous regiment in the Egyptian war, two or three years ago, was "the only man who rode over Arabi's intrenchments at Tel-el-Kebir."<sup>1</sup>

On their "golden wedding-day," in December 1882—the fiftieth anniversary of Cluny's marriage to the lady who had for the long

<sup>1</sup> Colonel Duncan died on 3d October 1886, and was succeeded by his brother, Colonel Ewen, the present Chief.

period of half a century shared with him the affection and loyalty of his clan and tenantry—the venerable and happy pair received an ovation such as seldom, if ever previously, was witnessed in the Highlands. Congratulatory addresses, couched in the warmest terms, were presented by all the public bodies in the county with which Cluny was connected. In addition to deputations from these bodies, a large and distinguished party of clansmen and friends, headed by Sir George Macpherson-Grant and the veteran soldier, General Sir Herbert Macpherson, waited upon Cluny and his lady and presented them with a beautifully illuminated address, along with a magnificent work of art in the form of a massive silver candelabrum or centrepiece, costing in all between £600 and £700. A sturdy oak springing from the heather forms the stem of the centrepiece, from which radiate at the top nine branches. At its foot is placed a group representing one of the most striking and characteristic incidents in the history of the famous Cluny of the “Forty-five.” Sir Hector Munro—the officer in command of the party in search of the fugitive chief—mounted on his steed, is questioning Cluny, who, disguised as a servant, had been holding the bridle of Sir Hector’s horse during the search, as to the whereabouts of his supposed master. Sir Hector asks if he knows where Cluny is. The reply given is, “I do not know, and if I did I should not tell you.” Sir Hector rewards the supposed servant for his fidelity.

The address expressed on the part of the general body of subscribers their warm appreciation of the admirable way in which Cluny had for upwards of half a century, “with a grace and dignity peculiarly your own, discharged every public and private duty devolving on you as a constant resident in your native county, which has won for you the universal popularity you happily enjoy.” On the part of his own “faithful and attached clan,” allied to him “by closer ties and sympathies,” the address specially recorded “their love and veneration for their dear old patriarchal Chief, and their pride in him as representative of all that they and their forefathers have ever held most precious as children of one race.”

No better exponent of the feelings and sentiments of the general body of subscribers than Sir George Macpherson-Grant, himself a chieftain of the clan,<sup>1</sup> could possibly have been selected:—

<sup>1</sup> The distinction between a Chief and a Chieftain is frequently overlooked, or not generally understood. A Chief is the head of the whole clan, while a Chieftain is (under the Chief) the head of one of its recognised or principal branches.

"This address," said Sir George, in making the presentation to Cluny, "speaks of your clansmen. I hardly know what to say on such a point as that which the use of the word on an occasion like the present calls up. I have deep feelings on the subject. In these days we don't hear—and perhaps it is for our good—very much of the clan, of the clansmen, of the clanship, and of their varied mutual relationships, and all that at one time was connected with it. But I have the feeling in my breast that as long as the clan exists—I care not how it should be shown—the sense of the duty which clansmen owe to their chief can never be torn from our hearts. We cannot show our sense of that duty, that loyalty, that affection, in the same way as it has frequently been shown before; but although the outward manifestation is not the same, the spirit of it remains the same in the hearts of us all. Allow me one personal remark. As a neighbouring proprietor, and as an old friend of your family, it gives me the greatest possible pleasure to take part in the proceedings of to-day. I know that by you and the Lady of Cluny the proceedings of to-day must be viewed with mixed feelings. Your thoughts must turn to-day not only to many years of bygone times, but they must also be directed to what we hope may be many happy years in the future. And it is my wish, and it is the wish of all here present, that as the end approaches, you, surrounded by a happy and united family, honoured and respected by all who know you—honoured by your sovereign, as we know you are, and respected and beloved by your clansmen—I say, we fondly hope that you may regard the last days of your life as the brightest and the happiest of the days you have remembered. I have only now to ask you to accept this address, and I have to ask you also to accept the memorial, the sketch of which you see before you. It occurs to me that perhaps, as you look at that [pointing to the picture of Sir Hector Munro, who searched Badenoch for Cluny of the '45], the feeling may come over you that there were leal hearts in Badenoch in the days when English gold could not tempt the Highland people to give up your distinguished ancestor or the Prince, to whose cause he was so faithfully attached. When that feeling comes over you, will you read this address which I now present to you, and which is signed by over three hundred men throughout the empire and beyond it? And will you believe me, that although there is no king's gold put forth to buy the Highlanders now, there are as leal hearts in Badenoch now as ever there were in the days of your forefathers?"

In the course of a touching reply by Cluny—

"It has been"—said the venerable Chief, with deep emotion—"It has been my delight and that of my wife to dwell among our own people, and to endeavour so to act in every relation of life as to secure their affection and respect. Nothing could give us greater satisfaction in the evening of life than the consciousness of having so acted; and nothing to us is more gratifying than the strong testimony we have now received that we have in some measure succeeded in doing our duty, and retaining the confidence and goodwill of so large a circle of friends. We

cannot expect at our time of life long to take an active part in the duties of our station ; but you may all rest assured that we shall continue through life to take the deepest interest in everything that relates to and that will promote the welfare of the district where our home is, and where we have passed so many happy years, and which, to us, no place on earth can compare. To my clansmen I will say this, that though the days are past when the gathering cries of clans resounded throughout the Highlands, and the clansmen hastened to the banners of their chiefs, there is no abatement in their old clannish feeling of devotion, nor of affection and pride on the chief's part towards and in his clansmen. These feelings it has been my pride and pleasure to cherish ; and the sentiments you, my clansmen, have expressed towards your Chief will, I am sure, find an echo in the hearts of clansmen all the world over."

The subscribers to the presentation numbered between three and four hundred, and embraced all the historic names in the Highlands. The existing chiefs of clans are nearly all represented in the list: Cameron of Lochiel, The Chisholm of Chisholm, Lord Lovat (Chief of the Clan Fraser), the Earl of Seafield (Chief of the Clan Grant), Lord Macdonald of the Isles, Mackintosh of Mackintosh, MacLeod of MacLeod, and Sir Robert Menzies, all old friends or neighbours linked with many memories of the days of other years. The Macphersons are represented by one hundred names. Had time permitted communication with clansmen in the Australian colonies, the names would have been still more numerous. The letters received by Cluny at the time from clansmen in all parts of the world, breathing the warmest spirit of devotion, were intensely gratifying to him. As evidencing the deep regard entertained for him, not only in this country, but beyond the limits of the United Kingdom—extending even to our American cousins—not the least interesting circumstance in connection with the presentation was the fact that spontaneous contributions were cabled by the Speaker of the Senate of Canada (Sir D. L. Macpherson) from Canadian clansmen, and that similar contributions were cabled by a barrister of high standing in Washington (Mr John D. Macpherson) from clansmen in the United States.

A consistent Conservative all his life, Cluny was ever courteous and tolerant to all who differed from him, whether in Church or in State—disarming contention, as he frequently, quietly, and happily did, with the remark, "We must agree to differ." A loyal and devoted Presbyterian, he was no sectarian. Men of all Churches and of all ranks honoured him. In the management of his estates the maxim, "Live and let live," which he often quoted, was his ruling principle. During his long possession, evictions or summonses of removal were never heard of, and

practically there were no arrears of rent. He, winter and summer, ever loved to dwell "among his own people." It is no exaggeration to say that every tenant and crofter on his estates were familiarly known to him by name. In him were the Scriptural precepts, "Be pitiful, be courteous," beautifully exemplified. He never passed the humblest labourer on his estates without, when opportunity offered, some happy salutation in the old mother tongue, so dear to Highlanders. Less than a week before his death he expressed to the writer feelings of the warmest kind towards his clan and tenantry. Among other matters, he spoke about the meeting of Highland proprietors which had been arranged by his kinsman, Lochiel, to take place at Inverness the following week, in connection with the crofter question, observing that he was too old to attend. "You know," he said, "that I am on the best of terms with my tenants and crofters, and I do not consider my presence necessary in any case." Encouraging, as he ever did within reasonable and well-regulated bounds, all the innocent and manly pastimes of our forefathers, Cluny was in the habit of annually giving a "ball play," or shinty match, to his people. On Christmas Day (old style), five days before his death, the "ball play" took place as in previous years. The day happened to be very stormy, with blinding showers of snow. The aged Chief would not be dissuaded by loving counsels from attending as usual, remarking that while strength was spared to him he considered it simply his "duty" to be present at all such happy gatherings of his people. Accompanied by the loving partner of his long and happy wedded life, he accordingly drove to the field, and they were both received with the genuine Highland enthusiasm ever evoked by the presence of the venerable pair at such gatherings. In response, Cluny made a happy little speech in Gaelic, expressive of the pleasure it always afforded him to be present with his people, participating, as he had always endeavoured to do, in their joys as well as in their sorrows. Although Cluny's exposure to the piercing blasts on that occasion—dictated, as such exposure was, by a lifelong regard and consideration for his people—did not, it is believed, hasten the end, yet that end was very near. Within five days an attack of bronchitis had developed itself to such an extent that on Sunday, the 11th of January, the venerable Chief passed calmly and peacefully to his rest.

Attended by a large gathering, representative of all classes, embracing many of the greatest historical names in the Highlands, the funeral took place on Saturday, the 17th of January, amid manifestations of the deep-

est sorrow. The scene was altogether peculiarly touching and impressive. In the spacious hall of the castle lay the coffin, bearing on a brass plate the following inscription :—

“EWEN MACPHERSON OF CLUNY MACPHERSON,  
CHIEF OF CLAN CHATTAN, C.B.,  
DIED 11TH JANUARY 1885, IN HIS EIGHTY-FIRST YEAR.”

On the top of the coffin were placed the sword and well-known bonnet of the Chief, embowered with wreaths, loving tributes of affection from relatives, friends, and clansmen. Prominent among such tributes was one from his old regiment, the Black Watch. Around the hall were the numberless historical relics of the past, in which the dead Chief took such an interest. Suspended above the coffin was the famous *Bratach Uaine*, or green banner of the clan, torn and dimmed with the stains of many a battle-field, but with no stain of dishonour. While descending the steps leading from the hall, the eyes of not a few present filled with tears as they recalled many a happy greeting or parting word, warm from the heart, uttered by the lips now closed for ever. As the funeral procession moved slowly along the avenue to the quiet and secluded burial-place of the family—the snow muffling the measured tread of the mourners—the solemn and impressive stillness was broken by the plaintive notes of the bagpipe, the pealing lament of the pibrochs awakening, as if in responsive sympathy, the wailing echoes of *Craig Dhu*—the *Craig Dhu* so closely identified with the Macphersons as their war-cry in turbulent days happily long gone by. Thus appropriately was the venerable Chief “gathered to his fathers” under the shadow of the “everlasting hills” he loved so well. Conscious that beneath the whitened sod that wintry day there had been laid one of the truest and most patriotic hearts that ever beat in the Highlands of Scotland, his friends and clansmen left all that was mortal of their dear old Chief in his last resting-place, the words of the old Gaelic *Coronach*—so inexpressibly touching to all Highlanders—as they sorrowfully wended their way homeward, still sounding in their ears—

“ Cha till, cha till, cha till mi tuilleadh,  
An cogadh n’an sith, cha till mi tuilleadh ;  
Le h-airgiod no ni cha till mi tuilleadh  
Cha till gu bràth gu la na cruinne.”

(I’ll return, I’ll return, I’ll return no more,  
In war or in peace, I’ll return, no never ;  
Neither love nor aught shall bring me back never  
Till dawns the glad day that shall join us for ever.)



## CHAPTER II.

DESCENT OF CLUNY FROM GILLICATTAN MÒR.<sup>1</sup>

VARIOUS origins have been assigned to the Clan Chattan; some writers deriving them from a warlike German tribe called the Catti, mentioned by Tacitus, others from Ireland, and others from the native tribes of Moray. All we know with certainty is that they occupied part of Lochaber in the thirteenth century, and that in the succeeding century, on the displacement or extermination of the Cumings and their followers, the Macphersons were located in Badenoch.

The earlier portion of the following abridged account is said to have been handed down by the genealogists of the clan, and from the time of Muirach the Parson it can be fairly corroborated. The first Gillicattan would appear to have been so named in honour of St Catan, to whom there were several dedications in Scotland—notably the Priory of Ardchattan in Lorn, and as he was probably the name-father of the Clan Chattan, we begin our account with him, although the clan history has been carried much farther back.

1. GILLICATTAN MÒR, head or Chief of the Clan Chattan, lived in the reign of Malcolm Canmore, and left a son,

2. DIARMID, who succeeded his father about the year 1090, and was father of

3. GILLICATTAN (second of that name), who flourished in the reign of David I., and left issue two sons, Diarmid and Muirach. He was succeeded by his eldest son,

4. DIARMID, who did not long survive his father, and dying without issue anno 1152, was succeeded by his brother,

<sup>1</sup> From the Memorial of Cluny's "Golden Wedding," published in 1883.

5. MUIRACH, parson of Kingussie, who, on thus becoming head of his family and Chief of Clan Chattan, married, about 1173, a daughter of the Thane of Calder, by whom he had five sons—viz., Gillicattan, Ewen bàn, Neill crom, Ferquhard Gillirioch, and David dubh. From this Muirach or Murdoch it is that the Macphersons derive their Gaelic name of Clann-Mhuirich. He died in the end of the reign of William the Lion, and was succeeded by his eldest son,

6. GILLICATTAN (third of that name), who lived in the reign of King Alexander III.; he left issue only one son,

7. DOUGAL DALL, who died in the reign of King Alexander III., leaving issue a daughter,

*Eva*, his only child and sole heiress, who, anno 1292, was married to Angus Mackintosh, head of the family of Mackintosh, who with her got a good part of the Clan Chattan territory.

Dougal dall having died without male issue, as above mentioned, in him ended the whole male line of Gillicattan the third, eldest son of Muirach the Parson. The representation therefore devolved upon his cousin and heir-male, Kenneth, eldest son of Ewen bàn before mentioned, to whom we now return.

*Ewen bàn*, second son of Muirach the Parson, was called Macpherson, or son of the Parson; and surnames about this time becoming hereditary, it became the distinguishing clan appellation of his posterity, who were sometimes, however, indifferently named Macphersons, Macmhuirichs, and Clan Chattan. He left issue three sons—

1. *Kenneth*, progenitor of *Sliochd Kynich vic Ewen*, or first branch of the Macphersons, from whom the present Chief Cluny is lineally descended;
2. *John*, progenitor of *Sliochd Ian vic Ewen*, or second branch of the Macphersons, from whom Berkeley Macpherson, Esq., is said to be lineally descended; and
3. *Gillhosa*, progenitor of *Sliochd Ghillhosa vic Ewen*, or third branch of the Macphersons, represented by Phoness and Invereshie in the earliest records of the clan, and now by Sir George Macpherson-Grant of Invereshie, Bart.

From the three sons of Ewen bàn above mentioned all the Macphersons are descended, and from that circumstance they were at one time known in their own tongue as "*Sliochd nan triuir bhraithrean*," or the Posterity of the Three Brethren.

8. KENNETH, the eldest son of Ewen bàn, upon the decease of his cousin Dougal dall without issue male, became undoubted male representative of the family, and consequently Chief of Clan Chattan. But as the family of Mackintosh, by marrying the heir of line, got possession of the Lochaber estate, the inhabitants thereof behoved to follow Mackintosh as their landlord, who was thereupon designed Captain of that part of the Clan Chattan of which he had thus got the command. The rest of the clan, who followed this Kenneth as their true Chief and heir-male, retired to Badenoch, where they settled, and where, for their special services to the king and country, they soon got large possessions. He married — —, and had by her three sons, Duncan, Lachlan, and Donald.

9. DUNCAN, eldest son of Kenneth, married Isobel, daughter of the Laird of Mackintosh, and had by her two sons, Donald mòr and Bean.

10. DONALD MÒR, eldest son of Duncan, married — M'Gillichguich, daughter of the Chieftain of the M'Gillichguichs (who were then a strong people in Badenoch), and had by her two sons, Donald dall and Gillicallum beg.

11. DONALD DALL, eldest son of Donald Mòr, married — Macpherson, daughter of William Macpherson of Rimore, and had by her nine sons—viz., Donald og, Thomas, Ewen, Malcolm, Duncan, Bean, Alexander, John, and William og.

12. DONALD OG, eldest son of Donald dall, married — Gordon, daughter of James Gordon, then of Ardbrylach, and had by her four sons, Ewen, James, Paul, and William.

13. EWEN, eldest son of Donald og, married — Mackintosh, daughter of Donald Mackintosh of Stron, and had by her three sons, Andrew, William, and John.

14. ANDREW, eldest son of Ewen, married — Gordon, daughter of Gordon of Achamachy, and had by her an only son, Ewen.

*Ewen* (who predeceased his father, who lived to a great age) married — Forbes, daughter of Duncan Forbes of Culloden, and had by her two sons, Andrew and Duncan, and three daughters.

He was a colonel in the army of Montrose, was the first in Scotland to join him, and fought with the whole clan in all his battles.

15. ANDREW, eldest son of Ewen, succeeded his grandfather Andrew, and died unmarried.

16. DUNCAN, second son of Ewen, succeeded his brother Andrew, and married (1) Isabel, daughter of Robert Rose, Provost of Inverness, by whom he had an only child, Ann, who was married to a son of the Laird of Calder. He married (2) Elizabeth, daughter of Alexander Gordon of Aradoul (relict of John Rose of Allanbuy), and had by her an only son, George, who died in childhood. He died in 1722, and was succeeded in the chiefship by his cousin and heir-male.

17. LACHLAN (of Noid), third in descent from John, third son of Ewen, thirteenth Chief. He married Jean, daughter of Sir Ewen Cameron of Lochiel, and had by her seven sons and three daughters.

18. EWEN, eldest son of Lachlan, born 1706, married Janet, eldest daughter of Simon, Lord Lovat, by whom he had one son and one daughter.

19. DUNCAN, only son of Ewen, born 1750, married, in 1798, Catherine, daughter of Sir Ewen Cameron of Fassifern, by whom he left issue four sons and four daughters. He was succeeded by his eldest son.

20. EWEN, the present Chief, and twentieth in succession from Gillicattan mòr, born in 1804, married, in 1832, Sarah Justina, daughter of Henry Davidson, Esq. of Tulloch, by whom he has issue:—

1. Colonel Duncan, C.B., late of the 42d Royal Highlanders.
2. Ewen Henry Davidson, colonel commanding the 93d Highlanders.
3. George Gordon, late captain in the Coldstream Guards.
4. Albert Cameron; and three daughters.

SKETCHES OF THE OLD SEATS OF FAMILIES

AND

OF DISTINGUISHED SOLDIERS, ETC.

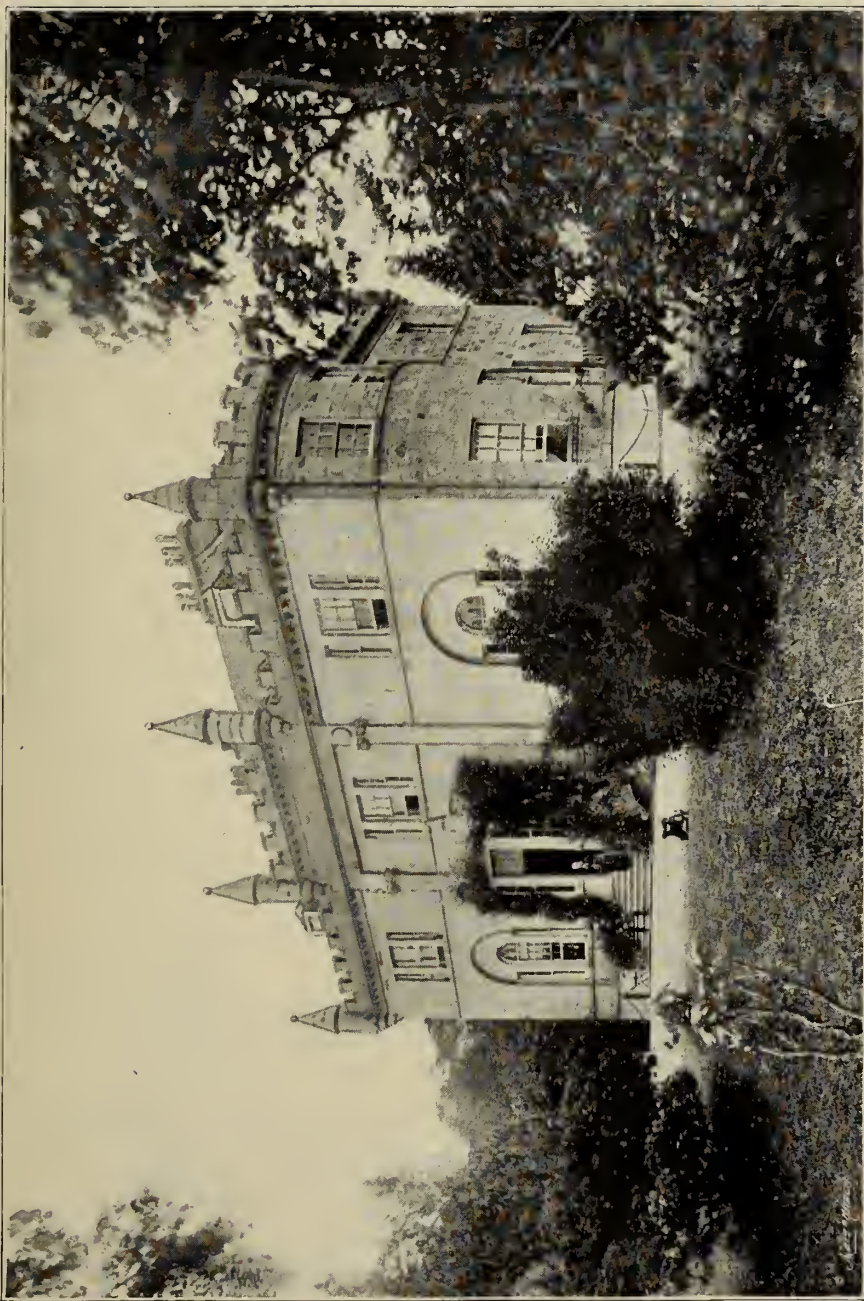
CONNECTED WITH BADENOCH

“ I think of the days of Prince Charlie,  
When the North spent its valour in vain,  
And the blood of the brave and the loyal  
Was poured at Culloden like rain.

Now past like the mist on the mountains  
Are the days when such deeds could be done ;  
The Clansmen are scattered for ever,  
The race of the Chieftains is run.

.....  
O thoughts of the past ! ye bring sadness,  
And vain is the wish that once more  
The great grassy glens that are silent  
Were homes of the brave as of yore.”

—NICOLSON.



CLUNY CASTLE.





SKETCHES OF THE OLD SEATS OF FAMILIES  
AND OF DISTINGUISHED SOLDIERS, ETC.,  
CONNECTED WITH BADENOCH.

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“In the land of the Macphersons,  
Where the Spey’s wide waters flow,  
In the land where Royal Charlie  
Knew his best friend in his woe.”

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CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY—PARISH OF KINGUSSIE.



FOR many generations the people of Badenoch were so much inclined to chivalrous adventure and military achievement that no district in the Highlands in proportion to its size—with the exception, perhaps, of the island of Skye—produced so many distinguished soldiers. The *Cinn-tighe* or heads of the various branches of the Macphersons frequently gave all their sons to the profession of arms, of many of whom it has been justly said that their names and deeds will long live in the annals of the Highlands. Within living memory nearly all the farms in Badenoch were possessed by retired Macpherson officers who had distinguished themselves in the service of their country, and were remarkable not only for their varied attainments and the refinement of

their courtesy, but also for their genuine Highland kindness and hospitality. The martial ardour prevailing for so many centuries in the Macpherson country, and the old order of things, have almost entirely passed away. Nearly every one of the farms referred to, possessed for ages from father to son by native-born tenants, are now in the occupation of strangers, who, although otherwise worthy and respected, have little or no connection, either by birth or name, with the district. In not a few instances, alas! hardly a trace remains of the old homes of families belonging to the clan long well known and honoured in Badenoch, whose nearest kith and kin are now scattered "o'er land and sea," far away from the glens and the corries and crags their forefathers loved so dearly. It is so far gratifying to find that so many of the descendants of these families, now dwelling and prospering in foreign climes, still, as opportunity arises, give touching utterance—and Republican cousins, long settled in America, as much as any—to the feelings expressed in the address of the old Highlander to his countrymen:—

" My heart's in the Highlands, I love every glen,  
 Every corrie and crag in the land of the Ben,  
 Each brave kilted laddie, stout-hearted and true,  
 With rich curly locks 'neath his bonnet of blue.

And the songs of the Gael on their pinions of fire,  
 How oft have they lifted my heart from the mire!  
 On the lap of my mother I lisped them to God:  
 Let them float round my grave when I sleep 'neath the sod.

And dear to my heart are the chivalrous ways,  
 And the kindly regards of the old Highland days,  
 When the worth of the chief and the strength of the clan  
 Brought glory and gain to the brave Highlandman."

We are fortunate in still having in our midst, "dwelling among his own people," Brigadier-General Macpherson of Cluny, the present Chief of the clan, who during a long period of active service has so worthily maintained the ancient military fame of his ancestors, and is the lineal descendant and loyal representative of an honoured line of chiefs that for ages exercised patriarchal sway in the district. The only other officer now resident in the district is Colonel Lachlan Macpherson of Glentruim.

In the following sketches of the seats of families in Badenoch, glimpses are given, gleaned from various sources, of many gallant soldiers

furnished to the British army by the Macpherson country—the heather'd hills

“That heave and roll endlessly north away,  
By Corryarrick and the springs of Spey,  
The grand old country of the Chattan clan.”

1. ARDBRYLACH.—Though generally so spelt, the old natives pronounced it *Ard-drylach*. The Gaelic spelling is *Ardroileach*, which is said to be a corruption of *Ardroighnich*, the height of blackthorns. Others suppose the name to be *Ardbhroighleach*—*i.e.*, the height of cranberries. The place is in the immediate vicinity of Kingussie, and was long possessed by a *Ceann-tighe* or head of a family of the Macphersons. “Mal. Macpherson of Ardbrylach” was one of the Macphersons who signed the clan “Covenant” in 1628.

2. BALLACHROAN (Gaelic, *Bail'-á-Chrothain*, the town of the sheep-fold).—Ballachroan was the residence for a long period of a Macpherson family of the *Sliochd Ghilliosa* branch of the clan. It is noted as having been possessed for many years by Captain Macpherson, the famous *Black Officer*, who perished in the Gaick catastrophe in 1800, and of whom a sketch is given on pages 144-155. Ballachroan was subsequently possessed by Captain MacBarnet, sometime of the 92d Regiment, who married a daughter of Captain Macpherson, by whom he had a large family. George, one of his sons, a brave and promising officer, was killed in the attack on Delhi in 1858. Two of Captain MacBarnet's daughters still survive, and reside in Elgin.

In a letter of date 17th November 1891, received from the Hon. Mr Justice Maclellan, of the Court of Appeal, Ontario, a great-grand-nephew of Captain Macpherson, he says:—

“My grandfather, Alexander Ban Macpherson, emigrated from Badenoch to Canada in the year 1801, and one of his last acts in Badenoch was to form one of the search party for Ballachroan, who was his uncle. His brother-in-law, Murdoch Macpherson, commonly called Muireach-an-Lagain, had come to Canada a year or two earlier.”

3. BANCHOR (Gaelic, *Beannachar*, from root *beann*, a hill).—Old natives say the proper Gaelic name is *Beann-chro*, signifying a place surrounded or enfolded by hills. Banchor was long the seat of a branch of the Macphersons who prominently figure in the history of the district. “Jo. Mac-

pherson, Benchar, yr.," and "Jo. Macpherson, elder of Benchar," are among the Macphersons who signed the clan "Covenant" on 28th May 1628. William and John Macpherson "in Benchar" were two of the Macphersons who joined in the expeditions of Montrose, and were (among others) appointed by the Synod of Moray in 1648, "in their own habit on their knees, to acknowledge their deep sorrow, &c." "John Macpherson of Benchar" was one of two Macphersons who, along with Mr Blair, then minister of Kingussie, in May 1746, after the battle of Culloden, conducted "several people of the parish of Kingussie in Badenoch to Blair in Atholl, and delivered up their arms to Brig. Mordaunt, submitting themselves to the king's mercy."

4. BIALLID (Gaelic, *Bialaid-bial*, mouth).—The place is so named from being at the mouth of Glenbanchor. Biallid was once the seat of a family of Macphersons, and was for a long time possessed by Captain Lachlan Macpherson—"Old Biallid"—who died in 1858.

"Whatever cause Captain Macpherson espoused, he pursued with earnest zeal and indefatigable perseverance. A strong politician, and a staunch adherent of the Conservative cause, his arguments, enforced with native eloquence, seldom failed to convince and convert a wavering politician to his views of the question. With strong opinions and feelings upon particular points and subjects, Captain Macpherson always showed an honest and honourable disposition and spirit. In society he was pleasing and generous; as a magistrate, clear-headed and impartial; and as a countryman, liberal and warm-hearted."<sup>1</sup>

5. COULINLINN (Gaelic, *Cuil-an-linne*, the nook of the lint).—Coulinlinn was long the seat of a branch of the Macphersons of Nuide. Once upon a time, when gambling was in vogue among the upper classes, to a greater extent perhaps even than it is now, the Duchess of Gordon of the time lost heavily at cards, and deeming it prudent to retire from the capital, betook herself to the north in post haste. At the old stage-house of Pitmain she was overtaken by officers of the law, who proceeded to pound her equipage. In this extremity she exclaimed—"Where are the Macphersons that I should be insulted in Badenoch?" A gentleman belonging to the Nuide family, being apprised of her ladyship's plight, was able to advance a sum sufficient to secure her immediate relief,

<sup>1</sup> Stewart's Highlands and Highlanders, second series, 1860, 274.

which enabled her to proceed upon her way. So grateful was the Duchess for the kindly succour thus bestowed by Macpherson, that he received Coulinlinn in wadset, and here his family long continued to reside, bound by the closest ties to that of Nuide.

6. DALWHINNIE (Gaelic, *Dail-chuinnidh*, signifies the "Plain of Meetings," and is supposed to refer to the shepherds congregating in olden times at the *shealings*). "Who," inquires MacCulloch, "shall praise Dalwhinnie? No one surely but the Commissioners who built it, and who desire you to be very thankful that you have a place to put your head in." Mrs Grant of Laggan, in 'A Journal from Glasgow to Laggan,' thus describes Dalwhinnie:—

"In solemn prospect stretched before ye,  
The mountains rise sublime and hoary;  
Th' inconstant blast the clouds dividing,  
On which old heroes' ghosts seemed riding;  
While straggling moonbeams point their graves,  
And roaring streams thro' echoing caves  
Resounding, fill the soul with terror,  
While slave to superstitious error."<sup>1</sup>

It was within a short distance of Dalwhinnie that *Johnny Cope* drew up his army in expectation of being attacked by Prince Charlie's followers in 1745, whilst they awaited him on the northern side of Corryarrick; and here, early in the year 1746, Lord George Murray planned and executed a series of attacks on various posts held by the Royalists. A battalion of the Athole brigade, and a body of Macphersons commanded by their Chief, Cluny—that is to say, common peasants, and a few country gentlemen without military experience—under Lord George's directions, successfully surprised and carried twenty detached strong and defensible posts, all within two hours of the night; and the different parties punctually met at the appointed place of rendezvous, though their operations lay in a rugged, mountainous country. Of this exploit, General Stewart of Garth, in his 'Sketches,' says: "I know not if the whole of the Peninsular campaigns exhibited a more perfect execution of a complicated piece of military service."

In the 'History of the Siege of Blair Castle in MDCCLVI.,' privately

<sup>1</sup> Poems on various Subjects, by Mrs Grant, 1803, 203.

printed in 1874, the Duke of Athole thus describes the capture of the posts held by the Royalists :—

“During the month of March the headquarters of the Highland army lay at Inverness. About the middle of that month Lord George Murray was ordered to march down into Athole to endeavour to dislodge the troops and Argyllshire Highlanders who were in garrison in that district. He accordingly proceeded on this expedition, taking with him 400 men of the Athole Brigade, and as he passed through Badenoch he was joined by 300 Macphersons under their Chief, Cluny. On the evening of the 16th of March the whole detachment set out from Dalwhinnie and halted at Dalnaspidal. Hitherto, with the exception of Lord George and Cluny, no person in the expedition knew either its destination or object. The time was now come for Lord George to explain his design, which, he said was to surprise and attack before daylight, and as nearly as possible at the same time, all the posts in Athole occupied by the king’s forces. For this purpose, the Highlanders were divided into a number of small parties, in each of which the Atholmen and Macphersons were proportionally mixed. There were about thirty posts in all to be attacked, reckoning all the different houses in which the enemy was quartered, the principal being Bun Rannoch, Kynachan, Blairfettie, Lude, Faskally, and the inn at Blair. As an encouragement, Lord George promised a guinea to every man who should surprise a sentinel on guard. After the different parties had discharged their duty by attacking the posts assigned to them, they were ordered to meet at the Bridge of Bruar, about three miles west from Blair, as the general rendezvous for the detachment. Having received their instructions, the different parties set out immediately ; and so well was the scheme of attack laid, that before five o’clock in the morning, the whole posts, though many miles distant from one another, were carried. Nearly three hundred prisoners were taken, and only three or four killed, whilst Lord George’s detachments did not lose a man either killed or wounded, though there was a good deal of firing on both sides.”

Within a short distance from Dalwhinnie is Loch Erricht, in a cave at the southern extremity of which Prince Charlie, after the battle of Culloden, sought refuge from his pursuers.

“When we view the dreary region which he had to traverse, and add to this that only a few days before he aspired to one of the best crowns in the world, now fallen and hopeless, with £30,000 offered for his head, and how sad his feelings must have been when he found protection only in a cave full of chilly damp, with nothing but the bare rock for a pillow, we feel inclined to forget the errors of his family, and our better nature becomes alive to the fate of the unfortunate Charles Stuart.”

Burns thus touchingly depicts Prince Charlie’s supposed feelings on the occasion :—

“ The small birds rejoice in the green leaves returning,  
 The murmuring streamlet winds clear through the vale ;  
 The hawthorn-trees blow in the dew of the morning,  
 And wild scatter'd cowslips bedeck the green dale ;  
 But what can give pleasure, or what can seem fair,  
 While the lingering moments are number'd by care ?  
 No flow'rs gaily springing, nor birds sweetly singing,  
 Can soothe the sad bosom of joyless despair.  
 The deed that I dared, could it merit their malice,  
 A king and a father to place on his throne ?  
 His right are these hills, and his right are these valleys,  
 Where the wild beasts find shelter, but I can find none.  
 But 'tis not my sufferings, thus wretched, forlorn,  
 My brave gallant friends ! 'tis your ruin I mourn ;  
 Your deeds proved so loyal in hot bloody trial,  
 Alas ! can I make you no better return ? ”

Dalwhinnie was a famous station in the old coaching days, and the following verse shows how progress northwards might be made :—

“ Brakbhaist am Baile-chloichridh  
 Lunch an Dail-na-ceardaich,  
 Dinneir an Dail-chuinnidh  
 'S a 'bhanais ann an Ràt.”

At Dalwhinnie there is now a most comfortably kept inn, and the prediction of the sardonic MacCulloch that “ no one will ever wish to enter Dalwhinnie a second time ” has been altogether falsified. In addition to the attraction of fishing on Loch Erricht in the immediate vicinity, no healthier or more bracing resort than Dalwhinnie during the summer and autumn months is to be found in the Highlands, and year after year there is a succession of old visitors from all parts of the kingdom.

7. ETTERIDGE (Gaelic, *Eadarais*, or *Eadar da eas*, between the two waterfalls).—It was a common reply among old natives of Badenoch when a neighbour or acquaintance inquired as to the state of their health : “ *Tha mi an Eadarais, mar tha 'm baile tha 'm Baideneach* ”—that is, in effect, “ I am half-and-between, like Etteridge, the town in Badenoch.” At Etteridge, in the old coaching days, there resided for many years Thomas Macpherson, long so well known and respected in Badenoch as *Tomas na Culreoch* (*i.e.*, Thomas of the Nook), so called from the holding he occupied being known as Culreoch. Here he dwelt for a long period, and many a weary wayfarer found both food and shelter under his hospitable roof. Old Thomas was a noted genealogist, and one of the most

original and marked personalities of his time in Badenoch. Possessed of no small share of mother-wit, he could, when occasion required, be extremely satirical. Occupying, as he did, what might be termed a "house of call" about half-way on the great Highland road between Perth and Inverness, he was frequently disturbed in the dead of night by some foot-sore traveller seeking rest. Speaking from within, "Who is there?" Thomas would ask in his sternest tones. "Only a traveller taking the way!" would be the response. "Well, take your way then," would Thomas reply—"I am sure *the way* does not pass through my house." On one occasion a stranger entered the house while Thomas was in the act of shaving. Inclined apparently to banter his host as to the keenness of the razor—"Is that a good scythe, goodman?" queried the stranger. "Not better than the stubble that's before it!" was the instant reply. Etteridge was long possessed by Macphersons of the *Sliochd Ghilliosa* or Phoness branch of the clan, and is now part of the estate of Mr Brewster Macpherson of Belleville.

8. GLENBANCHOR (Gaelic, *Gleannbeannchar*. See Banchor).—Tradition has it that Glenballach, a "pendicle" of Glenbanchor, was the scene of the celebrated encounter between Muriach MacIan and the famous witch of Laggan.

9. GORDONHALL (Gaelic, *Lag-an-Nòtair*, the hollow of the Notary).—"The name and its proximity to Ruthven Castle mutually explain one another." Here, in olden times, the rents of the Gordon estates in Badenoch were collected.

10. INVERESHIE (Gaelic, *Inbhir Fheisidh*, the confluence of the Feshie with the Spey).—Invereshie is one of the seats of Sir George Macpherson-Grant, Bart. The founder of the Invereshie branch of the Macphersons was *Gilliosa*, a grandson of Muirach, parson of Kingussie, and the progenitor of *Sliochd Ghilliosa*, or third branch of the Macphersons, represented by Phoness and Invereshie in the earlier records, and now by Sir George. William Macpherson of Invereshie, who joined the army of Montrose, was killed at the battle of Auldearn in 1645. Sir Eneas Macpherson, tutor of Invereshie, Advocate, who lived in the reigns of Charles II. and James VII., collected the materials for the history of the Clan Macpherson, the MS. of which is still preserved in the family. He was



appointed Sheriff of Aberdeen in 1684. George Macpherson of Invereshie married Grace, daughter of Colonel William Grant of Ballindalloch, and his elder son William, dying unmarried in 1812, was succeeded by the nephew George, who, on the death of his maternal grand-uncle, General James Grant of Ballindalloch, 13th April 1806, inherited that estate, and in consequence assumed the name of Grant in addition to his own. He was M.P. for the county of Sutherland for seventeen years, and was created a baronet 25th July 1838. He thus became Sir George Macpherson-Grant of Invereshie, Inverness-shire, and Ballindalloch, Elginshire. On his death in November 1846, his son Sir John, sometime Secretary of Legation at Lisbon, succeeded as second baronet. Sir John died December 2, 1850. His eldest son, Sir George Macpherson-Grant, the present Baronet, who was born on 12th August 1839, represented the counties of Elgin and Nairn in Parliament from 1879 down to 1886. Of the first Laird of Invereshie, who obtained the crown-charter of his land, a singular legend is told in connection with a proverbial saying in the district:—

“Whilst his worldly prosperity was advancing, he happened to visit the castle of a certain chief. His attention was attracted to a lady of surpassing beauty and graceful mien, and he gazed on her face with a rapture he had never experienced before; so that, lovely, graceful, and intelligent as the ladies of Strathspey are acknowledged to be, their lustre was dimmed before the radiance of her splendour. The attachment was in due course found to be mutual, and the Laird of Invereshie, surrounded by a gathering of his clansmen, proudly conducted the lady home as his bride, to the cheering sound of the bagpipe. It would be tedious to recount all the luxuries that were introduced into his Highland home, and the hosts of his wife’s friends that still crowded forward to partake of them; the grief of the husband at an extravagance he could not maintain, and the chivalry that prevented him from endeavouring to check it. Believing, on the suggestion of his aged nurse, that his wife had subjected him to the influence of witchcraft, he entered her chamber at midnight, and requested her to accompany him to mark the beauties of the Feshie in the radiance of the moonshine. Having reached a crag that projected over a deep and rapid part of the stream, he lifted up the sylph-like form of his lady, and cast her afar into the bosom of the lake! ‘She floats,’ hoarsely murmured Invereshie. ‘Oh save me!’ cried the lady. ‘Ha, she floats! Then was the old woman right!’ ‘Help!’ was all that she could now utter. ‘Help!’ exclaimed he, ‘thou canst help thyself by thy foul enchantments!’ The eddy whirled her to the root of a tree, on one of the twigs of which she laid a convulsive grasp. Taking his *sgian dhubh* from his belt, he severed the rootlet, uttering the sentence that thenceforth became proverbial in Badenoch, ‘Thou hast

taken much, thou mayest take that too!’ When, however, he saw her sinking, he exclaimed, ‘My wife, my love! Oh, murder! murder!’ He rushed into the waters, and it is to be hoped that he saved her life, that he was cured of his superstition, and his lady of her extravagance, and that they lived happily ever after.”<sup>1</sup>

II. INVERNAHAVEN (Gaelic, *Inbhir-na-Amhuinn*, the confluence of the Truim with the Spey).—Invernahaven is situated about six miles from Kingussie, near the junction of the river Truim with the Spey, and is celebrated as the site of the clan-battle in 1386, which ten years later led to the famous conflict on the North Inch of Perth between the Macphersons and the Davidsons.

“Buchanan,” says Shaw, in ‘Vita Jac. I.,’ “mentions the battle of Invernahaven, but out of the order of chronology, for it happened anno 1386; ‘Catanei et Cameronii, orto inter ipsos dissidio, tanta contentione animorum et virium pugnarunt, ut multis Cataneorum trucidatis, Cameronii pene omnes extincti fuerunt.’ The occasion of the conflict was as follows: The lands of MacIntosh in Lochaber being possessed by the Camerons, the rents were seldom levied but by force, and in cattle. The Camerons, irritated by the pointing of their cattle, resolved to make reprisals, and marched into Badenoch about four hundred men strong, commanded by Charles MacGilony. MacIntosh, informed of this, in haste called his friends and clan to meet together. The MacIntoshes, MacPhersons, and Davidsons, soon made a force superior to the enemy; but an unseasonable difference was like to prove fatal to them. It was agreed by all that MacIntosh, as Captain of the Clan Chattan, should command the centre of their army; but Cluney and Invernahaven contended about the command of the right wing. Cluney claimed it as Chief of the ancient Clan Chattan, of which the Davidsons of Invernahaven were but a branch. Invernahaven pleaded that to him, as the oldest branch, the right hand belonged, by the custom of Scottish clans. The contest was spun out, till the enemy were at hand; and then MacIntosh, as umpire, imprudently gave it in favour of Invernahaven. The MacPhersons, in whose country they were met, and who were as numerous as both the MacIntoshes and the Davidsons, being greatly offended, withdrew as spectators. The conflict was very sharp, by the superior number of the Camerons; many of the MacIntoshes, and almost all the Davidsons, were cut off. The MacPhersons could no longer bear to see their brave neighbours and friends overpowered. They rushed in upon the Camerons, and soon gave them a total defeat. The few that escaped, with their leader, were pursued from Invernahaven, the place of battle, three miles above Ruthven in Badenoch, over the River Spey; and Charles MacGilony was killed in a hill in Glenbenchir, which is still called *Cor-Harlich—i.e.*, Charles’s Hill.”<sup>2</sup> This fight, in

<sup>1</sup> Longmuir’s Speyside, 1860, 118, 119.

<sup>2</sup> Cor-Thearlaich is not in Glenbancher, but in Glentruim.

my opinion, gave occasion to the memorable conflict on the Inch of Perth, in presence of the king and nobility, anno 1396. Buch., lib. x. cap. 2 and 3, gives a particular account of it, but does not name the combatants. Boetius calls them 'Clan Cattani et Clan Caii.' But though we read of those in the name of *Cay* or *Kay*, in the Lowlands, they are never reckoned among the clans, nor had the Clan Chattan any intercourse with them. The combatants, thirty of a side, were the MacPhersons, properly Clan Chattan, and the Davidsons of Invernahavon, in Irish called *Clan-Dhai*, which is commonly sounded *Clan-Cai*; and our historians, ignorant of the Irish, made them a clan different from, and at enmity with, the Clan Chattan, whereas they were a tribe of them. I mentioned above the rash judgment of MacIntosh in their favour, giving them the right wing in battle, and Clunie's resentment of this injurious decision; after which decision, the MacPhersons and Davidsons for ten years miserably slaughtered one another. The judicious author of a MS. History of the Family of Kilravock says that a contest about precedence was the occasion of this conflict, and the fight at Perth was constructed a Royal sentence in favour of the MacPhersons. I have mentioned this conflict, though it was not in Moray, because the combatants were of this Province; and our historians have not sufficiently explained who they were, or what was the cause of the combat."<sup>1</sup>

Invernahaven was for a long period the seat of a family of Macphersons frequently mentioned in the old records of Badenoch. "Jo. Macpherson of Invernahaven" was a party to the clan "Covenant" of 1628.

12. INVERTROMIE (Gaelic, *Inbhir-thromaidh*, the confluence of the Tromie with the Spey) was long the seat of a family of Macphersons. "Thomas Macpherson of Invertromie" is one of the many Badenoch Macphersons mentioned in the Records of the Synod of Moray in 1648 as having "confessed" to taking part in the expeditions of Montrose. Like most other seats of families, Invertromie had a burial-place. Here MacDhonnachaidh Ruaidh and his descendants had their home—*Sliochd 'ic Dhonnachaidh Ruaidh*—the race of red-haired Duncan. Invertromie was possessed for some time by Lieutenant-Colonel Gordon, a son of Alexander, the fourth Duke of Gordon, who for some time commanded the 11th Light Dragoons.

13. KERROW (Gaelic, *Ceathramh*, the fourth part of the davoch of Kingussie) was possessed for many years by Lieut.-Colonel Alexander Macpherson of the 59th Regiment, a brave officer, who saw much service,

<sup>1</sup> History of the Province of Moray, 215, 217.

and was severely wounded. He had also two brothers, both gallant officers in the army, one of whom (Lieutenant James Macpherson) was killed in Java in 1814. The other was Captain Eneas Mackintosh Macpherson, who was wounded at Quatre Bras in 1815, and was subsequently well known as tenant of the farm of Nuide. One of Colonel Macpherson's grandsons (Mr L. A. Macpherson) is now the proprietor of the estate of Corrimony in Glen Urquhart.

14. KILLIEHUNTLY (Gaelic, *Coille-Chunntuinn*, said to mean the wood of Contin, but the derivation of the name is very doubtful).—Killiehuntly was once the seat of a family of Macphersons. "A M'Pherson of Killehuntly" is one of the seventeen heads of families of the clan who signed the remarkable "Vindication" by the Macphersons to the Duke of Gordon in 1699. Lieutenant James Macpherson of Killiehuntly was one of the first officers of Lord Loudon's Highlanders whose commissions were dated 8th June 1745. Killiehuntly was the most ancient possession of the Clarks in Badenoch, and from these Clarks the family of Penicuik is said to be descended.

15. KNAPPACH (Gaelic, *A'Chnapaich*, the hillocky land) was the birth-place of John MacIntyre (a nephew of James Macpherson, the translator of Ossian), who, by prudent conduct and distinguished gallantry, rose from comparatively humble circumstances to a position of affluence, and attained the rank of Lieut.-General in the service of the East India Company. In the parish church of Kingussie there is a marble tablet to his memory with the following inscription:—

"To the Memory of

LIEUT.-GENL. JOHN MACINTYRE

OF THE HONBLE. EAST INDIA COMPANY'S BENGAL ARTILLERY;  
WHO DIED AT BOGNOR, IN SUSSEX, ON 6TH JULY 1828, AGED 78 YEARS,  
AFTER A LONG ILLNESS.

The thorny paths of life he trod  
With calm and even mind;  
In every ill relied on God,  
Now bliss with Him doth find;  
To celebrate his Maker's praise  
He joins the hosts above,  
And with the Saints his voice doth raise  
To sing his Saviour's Love.

This stone is erected by his affectionate widow."

At Knappach also was born and bred Captain John Macpherson of the 92d Highlanders, the trusted friend of Colonel John Cameron of Fassifern. Another son of the same family was also an officer in the army. Their nephew, Fear Allt Lairidh, will still be remembered by many natives of Badenoch.

16. NUIDE (Gaelic, *Noid*).—Old natives say the name means *nead*, the Gaelic for nest, and that it is derived from the nest-like form of the old burial-place there, while others allege that it is connected with *nodha*, new. Nuide was formerly the residence of a branch of the family of the Chief of Clan Chattan. Andrew Macpherson of Nuide was one of the Macphersons who signed the "Covenant" of 1628. "Donald Macpherson, son to the guidman of Noid," was one of the Macphersons who took part in the expeditions of Montrose, and after subscribing the "Confession," were ordained by the Synod of Moray in 1648 "to make public confession in their own Parish Kirk." This Donald Macpherson, who in 1635 married Isabel Rose, a daughter of Alexr. Rose of Clova, was the common ancestor of the following families of Macpherson—viz., *Cluny, Ralia or Glentruim, Blairgowrie and Belleville*. "William Macpherson of Noid" was one of the Macphersons who signed the "Vindication" to the Duke of Gordon in 1699. Mr Sinton, the minister of Dores, has communicated to me an interesting incident in connection with Lachlan Macpherson of Nuide's succession to the chiefship: Upon the death of Duncan Macpherson of Cluny in 1722, without male issue, the succession to the chiefship and to the Cluny estates was for a time a matter of contention among his kinsmen. In order to bring their rival claims to a settlement, all the heads of families concerned agreed to meet at the inn of Garvamore, and to produce such proofs of descent as they could respectively show. Among those who appeared at Garvamore was Lachlan, the son of William of Nuide above mentioned. Shortly after Lachlan set out from home, his wife, Jean Cameron of Lochiel, a lady of great force of character, convinced of the right of her husband to succeed to the chiefship, directed a trusted henchman to saddle her horse and accompany her to Garvamore. When they reached the inn she alighted, told the man to hold her horse in readiness, and then immediately entered the house, and proceeded to the chamber where the rival kinsmen were assembled. All, of course, rose to receive the Lady of Nuide, who, taking advantage of the confusion, swept all the documents on the table into her apron, and hastily withdrew, closing

the door upon the astonished claimants. Without a moment's loss of time her servant placed her in the saddle, and giving her the reins, she galloped off in the direction of Nuide. Having arrived there, she ordered her eldest son and heir (afterwards Ewen of the '45) to mount and ride back with her to Cluny, and there the spirited lady took up her abode that night. "*Agus*," added Mr Sinton's aged informant, "*fiach co chuireadh a mach i?*"—"And who then could oust her?"

To the Nuide branch of the clan is supposed to have belonged Allan Macpherson of the 77th Regiment (Montgomery's Highlanders), of whose ingenuity and tragic fate in the expedition against the Cherokees, in the spring of 1760, the following account is given in General Stewart of Garth's 'Sketches of the Highlanders':—

"Several soldiers of this and other regiments fell into the hands of the Indians, being taken in an ambush. Allan Macpherson, one of these soldiers, witnessing the miserable fate of several of his fellow-prisoners, who had been tortured to death by the Indians, and seeing them preparing to commence the same operations upon himself, made signs that he had something to communicate. An interpreter was brought. Macpherson told them that, provided his life was spared for a few minutes, he would communicate the secret of an extraordinary medicine, which, if applied to the skin, would cause it to resist the strongest blow of a tomahawk or sword; and that if they would allow him to go to the woods with a guard to collect the proper plants for this medicine, he would prepare it, and allow the experiment to be tried on his own neck by the strongest and most expert warrior amongst them. This story easily gained upon the superstitious credulity of the Indians, and the request of the Highlander was instantly complied with. Being sent into the woods, he soon returned with such plants as he chose to pick up. Having boiled the herbs, he rubbed his neck with their juice, and laying his head upon a log of wood, desired the strongest man amongst them to strike at his neck with his tomahawk, when he would find he could not make the smallest impression. An Indian, levelling a blow with all his might, cut with such force that the head flew off at the distance of several yards. The Indians were fixed in amazement at their own credulity and the address with which the prisoner had escaped the lingering death prepared for him; but instead of being enraged at this escape of their victim, they were so pleased with his ingenuity that they refrained from inflicting further cruelties on the remaining prisoners."<sup>1</sup>

The following is an interesting sketch of a noted Captain John Macpherson of the Nuide branch of the clan, who settled in Philadelphia about the year 1746, and of some members of his family. The par-

<sup>1</sup> Stewart's Sketches (1822), ii. 61, 62.

ticulars have been communicated to me by his great-grandson, Mr George Macpherson, a highly esteemed citizen of Philadelphia, and a loyal and devoted clansman worthy in every respect of his distinguished ancestry and of the honoured name he bears :—

“Captain Macpherson—the founder, so to speak, of the Philadelphia family, and ‘the pioneer of the clan’ in America—was, according to ‘Douglas’s Baronage of Scotland,’ published in 1798, a grandson of William Macpherson of Nuide, ‘who, in the reign of King James VII., married Isabel, daughter of Laughlen Macintosh, Esq., by whom he had four sons and six daughters.’ Laughlen, the eldest son, on ‘the death of his cousin, Duncan of Clunie, without issue male, succeeded to the chieftainship, &c., &c., anno 1722, and was ever after designed by the title of Clunie, as head of the family and Chief of the clan.’<sup>1</sup>

“William, the youngest of the four sons of William of Nuide, was ‘bred a writer in Edinburgh and agent before the Court of Session, and married Jane, daughter of James Anderson, merchant in Edinburgh.’

“John, the fourth of the six sons, having, we are told, ‘been bred to the sea, was commander of the Brittainia privateer of Philadelphia during the late war, when, by his conduct and bravery, he did honour to himself and his country. He took many French privateers and Dutch smugglers with French property, besides other valuable prizes; and had from the merchants of Antigua a present of a sword, richly ornamented, as an acknowledgment of their sense of his signal services in protecting their trade, distressing their enemies, &c. He assisted at the reduction of Martinico, where, at the admiral’s desire, he ran his ship into shallow water and dislodged the French from a battery which obstructed the landing, for which he had many tokens of the admiral’s regard. He lost his right arm in a desperate engagement with a French frigate, where both vessels were totally disabled. He made a handsome fortune, and is now settled near Philadelphia.’<sup>2</sup> Captain Macpherson, who did such ‘honour to himself and his country,’ was thus a nephew of Laughlen Macpherson of Nuide, who succeeded to the chiefship in 1722, and his descendants are accordingly not very distantly related to Brigadier-General Macpherson of Cluny, the present Chief.

“JOHN MACPHERSON (see *Note A*).—Born in the city of Edinburgh in the year 1725. Came to this country about the year 1746. Married Margaret, the sister of the Rev. John Rogers, of New York. Died September 6, 1792. Of this marriage there were two sons and two daughters :—

“I. WILLIAM MACPHERSON (see *Note B*).—Born in the city of Philadelphia, 1756. Died November 5, 1813. He married, first, Margaret, daughter of Captain Joseph Stout, by whom he had a son and three daughters—

<sup>1</sup> *Vide* Douglas’s Baronage, 358.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*

“(1.) Joseph (U.S. Navy).

“(2.) Julia (married Philip Houlbrooke Nicklin).

“(3.) Margaret (married Peter Grayson Washington).

“(4.) Maria.

“He married, second, Elizabeth White, March 9, 1803, daughter and eldest child of Bishop William White, by whom he had two daughters (see *Note D*)—

“(1.) Esther (married Dr Thomas Harris).

“(2.) Elizabeth (married Rev. Edwin W. Wiltbank).

“2. JOHN MACPHERSON, jun. (see *Note C*).—Died December 31, 1775, in the attack upon Quebec.

“Had I the ability or gift of writing in the polished style of so many historians, I could, with the material before me, write you such a sketch of these three brave and noble men, that you would feel very grateful and justifiably proud of them, for you would ever remember them as being of the Clan Macpherson. As you would read of the brave father, Captain John Macpherson, of his many successful encounters upon the sea, of the prominent place he occupied in the annals of this city, you would feel satisfied of the fact that this Macpherson, the pioneer of the clan in this country, reflected credit upon those of his fatherland. As you would read of his son William Macpherson, of the active part he took in fighting for his country through the dark and dreary hours of the Revolution, you would feel the more satisfied that the good name was still untarnished; and as you read of the heroic Captain John Macpherson, jun., of his death at the attack upon Quebec, you would thank God, the merciful Father of all, for giving us these men of remarkable calibre for our ancestors, and as being the representatives of the clan in this far-away home of their adoption. As I lack the ability and polished pen, I must content myself with giving you but a few facts gathered from the various annals of this city:—

“*Note A*.—‘John Macpherson, during thirty-five years of his life, was one of the most noted citizens of Philadelphia. He followed the sea, going through the gradations of service which finally made him fit to take command of a vessel. He assumed command of the privateer ship *Brittannia*, rated at twenty guns, in the year 1757. War with France was then raging. In May 1758, the *Brittannia* fell in with a Frenchman, carrying thirty-six guns, and well manned. In the heat of the action Captain Macpherson’s right arm was carried away by a cannon-shot, and he was taken below. The first lieutenant was disabled. The second lieutenant continued the fight until he was also wounded. The surgeon became the only officer in command, and he ordered the colours to be struck. When the officers of the French vessel boarded the *Brittannia* they beheld a bloody spectacle. Seventy of the crew had been killed or wounded. The deck was strewn with the bodies of the dead and dying. The action of the Frenchmen was inhuman. They carried the first and second officers on board their own vessel, cut down the masts and rigging, threw the cannon and ammunition overboard, and then set the



vessel adrift. The crew managed to get up jury-masts, and navigated the ship into Jamaica, where, upon survey, it was found that 270 shots had passed into the larboard side of the *Brittannia*, some below water. In the succeeding year Captain Macpherson made up for his adverse fortunes. During 1759 he took eighteen prizes. Two of them were French sloops, laden with plate and valuable effects, besides £18,000 in cash. In the latter part of 1760 and the beginning of 1761 Macpherson took nine prizes, worth £15,000. During that period he fell in with a French man-of-war of sixty guns, but managed to escape by the superior sailing qualities of the *Brittannia*. The scene of his operations was in the West Indies, between Martinique and St Eustacia, and he was a protector of the commerce of that section of the West Indies. He carried into the ports of Antigua two French privateers of ten guns. He captured a letter of marque of four guns, loaded with coffee and cotton.

“The Council and Assembly of the island of Antigua considered him a defender, and voted him a sword.

“In July 1762, war with Spain having been declared, the *Brittannia* came into Philadelphia with two Spanish vessels laden with indigo and sugar, and Macpherson resigned the command.’—*Westcott*.

“Captain Macpherson built a fine mansion near the city of Philadelphia, and gave it the name of Cluny, but afterwards changed the name to Mount Pleasant. John Adams, who dined at Mount Pleasant in October 1775, said of Macpherson that he had the most elegant seat in Pennsylvania, a clever Scotch wife, and two pretty daughters. He had been nine times wounded in battle, is an old sea commander, made a fortune by privateering, had an arm twice shot off, shot through the leg, &c. He was a man of philosophic turn of mind. During 1771 he removed, by machinery of his own contrivance, a one-story brick house from one street to another. The operation was effected by apparatus placed inside the building, and worked by himself. He advertised in 1782 to give lectures on astronomy. He published in 1791 lectures on moral philosophy. In 1783 he published a ‘Price Current’ for the use of merchants. In 1785 he published the first Directory of the city. He died September 6, 1792, and is buried in St Paul’s Churchyard, in Philadelphia.

“So much for John Macpherson, an unceasing worker, a brave, noble, and eccentric man.

“*Note B.*—William Macpherson was born in Philadelphia in 1756. At the age of thirteen he was a cadet in the British army. Then he held a lieutenant’s commission, and was made adjutant of the 16th Regiment. At the breaking out of the war he declined bearing arms against his countrymen, and tendered his resignation, which was not accepted until his regiment reached New York in 1779. He joined the American army on the Hudson at the close of 1779, and received a major’s commission from General Washington. His services during the war were rewarded by the appointment by General Washington of Surveyor of the port of Philadelphia, September 19, 1789. He was appointed Naval Officer of the

port, November 28, 1793, which office he held under the administrations of Presidents Adams, Jefferson, and Madison, until his death, November 5, 1813. He married, first, Margaret Stout, a daughter of Captain Joseph Stout, and his second wife was Elizabeth White, a daughter of Bishop White. He was earnest and true in his devotion to his country; a man in every sense of the word, and, as being a true man, respected by all. He is buried in St Paul's Churchyard, by the side of his father.

“*Note C.*—Captain John Macpherson, jun.—He was the first Philadelphian of any note killed during the Revolutionary War. He was aide to General Montgomery in the operations against Canada, and fell with his commander in the assault upon Quebec. The night before his death he addressed the following letter to his father:—

“MY DEAR FATHER,—If you receive this, it will be the last this hand shall ever write you. Orders are given for a general storm on Quebec this night, and heaven only knows what will be my fate; but, whatever it may be, I cannot resist the inclination I feel to assure you that I experience no reluctance in this cause to venture a life which I consider as only lent, to be used when my country demands it. In moments like these, such an assertion will not be thought a boast by any one—by my father I am sure it cannot. It is needless to tell that my prayers are for the happiness of the family, and for its preservation in this general confusion. Should Providence, in its wisdom, call me from rendering the little assistance I might to my country, I could wish my brother did not continue in the service of her enemies. That the all-gracious Disposer of human events may shower on you, my mother, brother, and sisters, every blessing our nature can receive, is, and will be to the last moment of my life, the sincere prayer of your dutiful and affectionate son,

JOHN MACPHERSON.

‘HEADQUARTERS, before QUEBEC, 30th Dec. 1775.’

“General Philip Schuyler sent this letter to the young man's father, with the following:—

“Permit me, sir, to mingle my tears with yours for the loss we have sustained—you as a father, I as a friend. My dear young friend fell by the side of his general, as much lamented as he was beloved, and that, I assure you, sir, was in an eminent degree. This, and his falling like a hero, will console in some measure a father who gave him the example of bravery, which the son in a short military career improved to advantage. General Montgomery and his corpse were both interred by General Carleton with military honours.—Your most obedient and humble servant,

PH. SCHUYLER.’

“The death of Montgomery was regarded as a national calamity. Even in Britain eulogies on his character were delivered. Upon General Carleton's approach a hasty retreat was made, and the whole of Canada was recovered by the British.

“ Now, my good friend, I have told you of three good and brave men. I have one more to tell you of. These three men fought the fights of the worldly ; the one I will now tell you of fought the fights of the spiritual :—

“ *Note D.*—William Macpherson’s second wife was a daughter of Bishop William White, of whose early history I will not write other than say he was a son of Colonel Thomas White, who was born in London in 1704, and came to this country in 1720. In 1779 the son was elected rector of Christ Church and St Peter’s in Philadelphia. In October 1785 an address from the clerical and lay deputies of the Church in this country was sent to the Archbishop of Canterbury and other bishops, requesting them to confer the episcopal character on such persons as shall be recommended by the Church in the several States by them represented. The subject was an involved one. By the laws of England, as they then existed, the Archbishops could ordain and consecrate only such persons as took the oath of allegiance and supremacy to the king, and due obedience to the Archbishop of Canterbury. From this necessity relief could only come through Parliament. Through the kindly offices of Mr Adams and the Archbishop of Canterbury and others, the way was cleared of all obstacles, the needed Act of Parliament (26 George III., c. 84) was passed. The Archbishop had applied to the king, and obtained his Majesty’s licence, by warrant under his royal signet and sign-manual, authorising and empowering him to perform such consecration. On 14th September 1786 the Convention met in Philadelphia, and the official record is summed up in these words: ‘The Convention accordingly proceeded to the election of a bishop by ballot, and the Rev. William White, D.D., was unanimously chosen.’

“ From Bishop White’s account of the consecration I take these words: ‘Sunday, February 4, we attended at the Palace of Lambeth for consecration. The assistants of the Archbishop on this occasion were the Archbishop of York, who presented, and the Bishop of Bath and Wells, and the Bishop of Peterborough, who joined with the two Archbishops in the laying on of hands.’

“ He returned to his diocese during the same month, and died July 17, 1836.

‘ From scenes like these old Scotia’s grandeur springs,  
That makes her loved at home, revered abroad :  
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,  
“ An honest man’s the noblest work of God.” ’

So says our Burns.”

17. PHONESS (Gaelic, *Fodha-an-eas*, below the waterfall. This is the derivation given by old natives, but from the configuration of the ground some have supposed the name to be a corruption of *Fodha-thir*, signifying the underland or low-lying ground).—Phoness was possessed for many generations by the *Sliochd Ghilliosa* branch of the Macphersons. “ Mal.

Macpherson of Phoiness, Don. Macpherson in Phoiness," and "Duncan Macpherson, broyr. to Phoiness," are three of the clan who sign the "Covenant" of 1628. "Alex. Macpherson, Phoness," is one of the parties to the "Vindication" of 1699. Of a noted Malcolm Macpherson of Phoness a sketch is given on pages 155-157. The Phoness property was acquired by purchase from the Phoness family by James Macpherson, the translator of Ossian's poems, a few years before his death, and is now possessed by his great-grandson, Mr Brewster Macpherson, as part of the estate of Belleville.

18. PITMAIN (Gaelic, *Pit* or *Baile-meadhan*, the middle town. What the old and very common prefix *Pit*, or more properly *Pait*, meant in old Gaelic it is difficult to say. It is supposed that it was used to denote a small plot of arable land to which we now apply the term *croit*—i.e., croft.)—Pitmain was long possessed by *Sliochd Iain ic Ewen*, or second branch of the Macphersons. "Williame Macphersone in Pitmeane" was among those of the clan who were found by the Synod of Moray in 1648 "to have joyned with the enemies" (in the wars of Montrose) "in bloodie fights," and "were ordained Sunday next to mak thair repentance in sackcloth in the kirk of Caddell" (Cawdor). See page 381.

Pitmain was the birthplace of General Sir John MacLean, "a distinguished officer, who by daring feats of gallantry, and the exercise of superior talents, rose to the rank of a Knight of the Bath, and obtained some other rewards and distinctions for his signal services." George, a brother of General MacLean, for some time Governor of Cape Coast Castle, was married to the unfortunate Letitia Elizabeth Landon.

19. RALIA (Gaelic, *Rathliath*, the grey *rath* or circle, the old Druidical term for places of worship).—Ralia was the residence for a long time of a branch of the Macphersons descended from the family of the Chief. Lachlan Macpherson, last of Ralia—a gentleman of great weight and influence in Badenoch—had a large family, and some of his sons, by distinguished bravery and enterprise, rose to rank and affluence.

*Ewen*, a major of the 42d Madras Native Infantry, acquired an ample fortune, with which he purchased from the Gordon family the estate of Glentruim, now possessed by his son, Colonel Lachlan Macpherson.

*Duncan*, a gallant officer, was a captain in the 42d Highlanders, and

was severely wounded at Correlino, in Batavia, ultimately attaining the brevet rank of Major. He acted for some years as Collector of Customs at Inverness, and was a Deputy-Lieutenant and Magistrate of the county of Inverness.

*James*, "who early distinguished himself by feats of surpassing gallantry and daring in the army, which obtained for him the favour and patronage of the military authorities. At Badajoz he headed 'the forlorn-hope,' and with his own hand pulled down the French colours, and planted a soldier's red jacket on the crest of the enemy's citadel. He rose to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel in the army, and the command of the Ceylon Rifle Corps."<sup>1</sup>

20. RUTHVEN (Gaelic, *Ruadhainn*, red-place).—The old village of this name, as well as the old Castle of Ruthven in the immediate neighbourhood, is closely identified with the history of Badenoch, and is frequently mentioned in the old records. In the statistical account of the parish published in 1842, it is stated that "Ruthven of Badenoch is known as well for its antiquity as its celebrity in history. It is one of the few places in the north mentioned by Ptolemy, in his 'Geographical Account of Britain,' about the year 140. This ancient Greek writer says it is situated in the province of Moray, and gives it the name of *Bayasia*."<sup>2</sup> In olden times Ruthven was celebrated for an excellent inn, and as possessing a "tolbooth" to which all refractory delinquents were summarily consigned by the kirk-session of Kingussie. Ruthven is also noted as the birthplace of James Macpherson, the translator of Ossian's poems, and as at one time a distinguished seat of learning. So famous was the school of Ruthven in this respect that towards the end of last century many young men educated there were specially selected, and sent as teachers by the Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge to all parts of the Highlands. "It was," says Sage in his 'Memorabilia Domestica; or, Parish Life in the North of Scotland'—"It was on a sacramental occasion that I first saw, and thenceforward became most intimately acquainted with, Mr Evan Macpherson of Ruthven in Badenoch. This gentleman, for justly might he be so styled, was the second teacher which that Society sent to the parish of Kildonan. His first commission from the Society directed him to teach at Badenloch, but in

<sup>1</sup> Stewart's Highlands and Highlanders, second series, 1860, 272, 273.

<sup>2</sup> New Statistical Account, 1842, 71.

the course of time he migrated from place to place till from the upper part of the parish he ultimately settled at Caën in the lower and eastern extremity of it. Here he died, and his memory is still venerated by all who knew him.”<sup>1</sup> The farm of Ruthven was possessed for a considerable time by Colonel Mitchell of the 92d Highlanders, long so well known in Badenoch. After two senior officers were successively struck down. Colonel Mitchell commanded that regiment at Quatre Bras until he himself was severely wounded. Ruthven was subsequently possessed by Lieutenant Alexander Macpherson of the same regiment, a gallant soldier, who distinguished himself, and was wounded at the battle of Toulouse. His widow still survives, and resides in Kingussie.

21. STRONE (the Gaelic name *Sroin* means *nose*, but the word when used topographically means Point).—At Strone resided for some years Captain Cattanach, long well known in Badenoch, a brave soldier of very eccentric habits, whom the last Duke of Gordon delighted to have in his company on festive occasions.

<sup>1</sup> Sage's *Memorabilia Domestica*, 1889, 132.

## CHAPTER II.

## PARISH OF ALVIE.

1. BELLEVILLE is, in its English form, of French origin, and means "beautiful town." The old name in documents and in maps was Raitts, and in the 1776 Roads Map this name is placed exactly where Belleville would now be written. Gaelic people call it *Bail'-a'-Bhile*, "the town of the brae-top," an exact description of the situation. Mrs Grant of Laggan (in 1796) says that Bellavill "is the true Highland name of the place, not Belleville; and it has been maintained by old people that the place was called *Bail'-a'-Bhile* before 'Ossian' Macpherson ever bought it or lived there."<sup>1</sup> Belleville is now the seat of Mr Brewster Macpherson, a grandson of Sir David Brewster, and a great-grandson of James Macpherson, the translator of Ossian's poems.

2. DALNAVERT (Gaelic, *Dail-a'-bheirt*, signifying the field of the loom). — Dalnavert was long possessed by the Shaws of Dalnavert, subsequently by Captain Alexander Clark, and afterwards by his eldest son, James Clark, sometime a lieutenant in the 42d Highlanders, who died in 1837. Dalnavert and South Kinrara, portions of Mackintosh's property in Badenoch, at one time called "the Davochs of the Head," formed, it is said, part of the compensation given for the head of William, fifteenth laird of Mackintosh, who, by the order of the Earl of Huntly, was beheaded in the year 1556, when paying a friendly visit to Huntly Castle. In an article on the Highland Clans, contributed by Sir

<sup>1</sup> Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness, xvi. 189.

Walter Scott to the 'Quarterly Review' for January 1816, there is the following reference to this transaction :—

“William Mackintosh, a leader, if not the chief of that ancient clan, upon some quarrel with the Gordons, burnt the castle of Auchindown, belonging to this powerful family, and was, in the feud which followed, reduced to such extremities by the persevering vengeance of the Earl of Huntly, that he was at length compelled to surrender himself at discretion. He came to the castle of Strathboggie, choosing his time when the Earl was absent, and yielded himself up to the Countess. She informed him that Huntly had sworn never to forgive him the offence he had committed, until he should see his head upon the block. The humbled chief kneeled down, and laid his head upon the kitchen-dresser, where the oxen were cut up for the baron's feast. No sooner had he made this humiliation, than the cook who stood behind him with the cleaver uplifted, at a sign from the inexorable Countess, severed Mackintosh's head from his body at a stroke.”

3. DALRADDY (Gaelic, *Dail-radaidh*, the dark or sallow dell).—Dalraddy was long possessed by a branch of the Macphersons which subsequently became merged in the family of the Macphersons of Invereshie, now represented by Sir George Macpherson-Grant, Bart. Connected with Dalraddy is the well-known Badenoch conundrum :—

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

(There was a wife in Dalraddy who ate a haddock being dead.)

4. DELFOOR (Gaelic, *Dail-fūr*. *Dail*, meaning dale; but the derivation of the terminal *fūr* is very doubtful. Some suppose it to be from the Old Gaelic *mūr*, signifying fruitful).—At Delfoor, which is situated about a mile from the church of Alvie, there are the remains of a nearly perfect Druidical cairn enclosed by large stones closely set on end, in a circle 55 feet in diameter. Within this circle is another, 25 feet in diameter, with stones of a smaller size, and at a distance of 25 feet west from the cairn stands an obelisk, 8 feet 6 inches high, 5 feet broad at bottom and 15 inches thick, diminishing gradually in breadth from bottom to top, where it is only 6 inches. As there is no sculpture upon this stone, it has not been included in the volume of the Spalding Club. Such is the veneration still paid to these relics of antiquity, that although they stand in the middle of an arable field, no attempt has been made to remove them.

“Those circles of erect stones, sometime called Druid's circles, and known all



over Scotland by the vulgar name of standing-stones, seemed to have retained their original use as places of meeting for the solemnities of justice in the north country longer than elsewhere. We find the king's justiciar, with a great array of counsellors and attendants, holding a solemn court for the trial of a case at the standing-stones of Rane in 1349. A similar instance occurs in the present volume, where in 1380 Alexander Stewart, Lord of Badenoch, in the most formal manner cites the holders of certain lands in Badenoch to appear and produce their titles to their lands at the standand stansys of the Rathe of Kyngucy. Amongst others the Bishop of Moray appeared upon this citation, not, however, to prove his title to the lands of Badenoch, but to protest against the jurisdiction and whole proceedings of the Earl, whom he refused to acknowledge as his over-lord. The approach of the Bishop to the court, the formal protest, the disregard with which he was treated, and the whole proceedings of the court, are described much more graphically than was the wont of Notaries Public."<sup>1</sup>

5. DUNACHTON (Gaelic, *Dùn-Neachdainn*, the hill-fort of Nechtan).—“Who he was we do not know. The name appears first in history in connection with the Wolf of Badenoch. St Drostan's Chapel, below Dunachton House, is the *cepella de Nachtan* of 1380. We have Dwnachtan in 1381, and Dunachtane in 1603. The barony of Dunachton of old belonged to a family called MacNiven, which ended in the fifteenth century in two heiresses, one of whom, Isobel, married William Mackintosh, cousin of the Chief, and afterwards himself Chief of the Clan Mackintosh. Isobel died shortly after marriage childless. Tradition says she was drowned in Loch Insh three weeks after her marriage by wicked kinsfolk.”<sup>2</sup> According to Shaw in his ‘History of the Province of Moray,’ the barony of Dunachton came into the possession of the Laird of Mackintosh about the year 1500. Here Mackintosh had a castle, which was burned in the year 1689, and was never rebuilt.

6. KINCRAIG (Gaelic, *Cinn-a-chraige*, the end of the rock).—The mansion-house, farm, and lands of KinCraig were long held in wadset or long lease by Mackintosh of Balnespig, an ancient branch of the Chief's family.

7. LOCHANDHU, the black loch, is a little loch situated on the

<sup>1</sup> Register of Moray, xxix.

<sup>2</sup> Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness, xvi. 189.

meadow of Belleville between the road and the Spey, which Sir Thomas Dick Lauder has celebrated in his novel of that name:—

“It is a pond nearly of an oval form, made by the Spey, before any embankment protected the adjacent meadows from its inundations. Lochandhu was surrounded by a thick belt of natural birch, which concealed it from view, till the late Mr Macpherson of Belleville rooted out the trees, and converted the ground about it into arable land. The dark grove furnished a place of rendezvous for Borlum and his crew, whence they sallied forth on their nocturnal excursions; and here he is said to have murdered a servant of his own because he refused to go along with him to rob the house of a weaver in Killihuntly, who was known to possess a good deal of money. The house of Lochandhu is thus described: ‘It seemed to consist of a plain and very low centre, hardly high enough for one storey, but appearing, from its double row of small windows, to be divided into two. On each side was a lower wing, running out to the front at right angles, dedicated to a variety of useful purposes.’ This Borlum, whose name was Macintosh, and who derived the former appellation from a property near Inverness, was a man of education and insinuating politeness. Though possessed of the manners of a gentleman, he was yet leagued with a gang of desperadoes. His last exploit, which obliged him to flee the country, was an attempt to rob Sir Hector Munro of Novar after his return from India in 1770. Three of his accomplices, one of them being his natural brother, were hanged at Inverness. Borlum is said to have gone to America, and served under Washington; and, in obedience to that yearning for home which is so strongly felt by every mountaineer, to have encountered the perils that attended a ‘flying visit’ to his native land.”<sup>1</sup>

8. LYNWILG (Gaelic, *Loinn-a-bhuilg*, the field of the wallet or bulge).—Lynwilg was the birthplace of Lieutenant Alexander Gordon and Lieutenant George Gordon, both of the 92d Regiment, who saw much service in the Peninsular war, where the latter received several wounds. Lieutenant Alexander was for several years tenant of the farm of Lynwilg, where he died in 1856. Lieutenant George was married to a daughter of William Mitchell, sometime tenant of the farm of Gordonhall on the Invereshie estate, by whom he left a family, some of whom were officers in the army.

9. PITCHURN (Gaelic, *Bail-chaorruinn*, the town of the rowan).—Pitchurn was the seat for a long time of a family of Macphersons, and

<sup>1</sup> Longmuir's Speyside, 1860, 156, 157.

the birthplace of Captain Donald and Captain Charles Macpherson of that family, both meritorious officers.

10. PITTOURIE OR BALLOURIE (Gaelic, *Bail-odharaidh*, the dun or grey town).—Pittourie was long possessed by an old family of the Macphersons. Here lived an Æneas Macpherson, familiarly known as “Aonghas Ballourie,” who had a companion of the name of John Grant, known as “Iain Bad-an-dossain.” Macpherson joined the Black Watch when only well up in his teens. On this account he became known among his comrades as “An Giullan”—*i.e.*, The Youth. In the course of a few years, Macpherson acquired the championship of his regiment, and was generally acknowledged as the first man in all feats of manly and pugilistic exercises. Grant was likewise an able-bodied man, and of a fierce and unbending disposition; but on all occasions he was ready to yield the palm to Macpherson, although he would be inclined to do the same to few others. Grant having obtained his discharge from the regiment, returned to his native strath, where he settled, and became the landlord of an inn, while his friend Macpherson still remained to fight the battles of his country. The latter was a meritorious soldier, and in course of time rose to the rank of a commissioned officer. Several years had elapsed, and Macpherson having obtained a furlough, visited the Highlands, and formed the resolution of making an early and unexpected call upon his old friend and companion-in-arms. He travelled on foot, and arrived at the door of Bad-an-dossain’s house in the dusk of the evening. Mine host of the inn was at the moment enjoying a quiet tumbler in the company of a few boon companions, and relating to them some adventures of his military life, when the conversation was interrupted by a stentorian voice bawling out, “*Am beil mac an uilc Iain Bad-an-dossain steach?*”—*i.e.*, “Is the son of the mischief, John Bad-an-dossain, within?” The spirited old veteran was by no means the man to let such an insulting address pass without attempt at retaliation, and in a boiling rage sprang towards the door for the purpose of inflicting personal chastisement upon the offender. In the darkness Grant had no opportunity of knowing the appearance of his man; but coming in contact with him upon the threshold, he, with the spirit of a true Highlander, at once attacked him. Macpherson made no apology or explanation, and for a while an arduous struggle took place. The stranger good-humouredly acted upon the defensive principle, and when he had gained

his opportunity, by a dexterous and scientific movement of the body, he whirled Bad-an-dossain to a considerable distance, and landed him in a filthy cesspool that lay in front of the house. Grant was naturally a good deal disconcerted at the position matters had thus assumed, and while in the act of rising and shaking himself, exclaimed, "*Co an D— b'urraim sud dheanamh mar cil Giullan na Reisimeid duibh air tighinn dhachaidh*"—*i.e.*, "Who the d—— could have done it unless the Youth of the Black Watch has come home?" Macpherson explained that he had judged rightly; that he had come home, and begged to apologise for his conduct. A cordial recognition took place, and they were instantly the best friends in the world. They enjoyed each other's company for a few days, and "fought their battles o'er again."<sup>1</sup>

II. RAITTS (Gaelic, *Ràt*, signifying a stone circle. The term *Ràt*—in the older form *Ròth*—was applied to places set apart for Druidical rites, or for the purposes of religious worship. Hence glebe lands are to this day termed, in Gaelic, *Ràth mhinisteir*—*i.e.*, the minister's land or portion).—With the old Castle of Raitts, which stood on or near the site of the present mansion-house of Belleville, the following incident is said to have been associated:—

"In a great battle between the Comyn and Macintosh, the former was defeated, and, being either unable or unwilling to renew the war, he proposed a peace, which was accepted. To celebrate it, the Comyns invited the Macintoshes to a feast in his castle—the design of these hospitable and honourable personages being to seat a guest alternately among themselves as a distinguished mark of friendship, and, at a concerted signal, to murder them, each stabbing his neighbour! The signal was the introduction of a bull's head; but their purpose having been revealed by a Comyn, the tables were turned on their hosts, and thus all the Comyns were killed. Such were the horrible deeds of other days, perpetrated under the guise of friendship and hospitality!"<sup>2</sup>

12. SOUTH KINRARA (Gaelic, *Ceann-an-rath reidh*, the end of the smooth or even field).—Kinrara was the favourite Highland residence of the famous Jane Duchess of Gordon. South Kinrara was the birthplace of Lieutenant-Colonel Lewis Carmichael, a distinguished soldier, of whom

<sup>1</sup> Highland Legends, &c., by Glenmore, 1859, 150, 151.

<sup>2</sup> Longmuir's Speyside, 1860, 155.

the following obituary sketch is given in the 'Inverness Courier' of 21st August 1844:—

“We have the painful task of recording in our obituary this week the premature death of our gallant countryman, Lieutenant-Colonel Lewis Carmichael, which took place at Forres on the 8th instant. A braver soldier, or a man of a more gentle, affectionate, and modest yet independent nature, never existed. Colonel Carmichael commenced his military career as an ensign in the 59th Regiment in 1809, whilst he was yet a mere boy. His first campaign was in the Peninsular War, when, towards its close, he was four times wounded, and on one of these occasions very severely. He was engaged in the battle of Vittoria, at the siege and capture of St Sebastian, the battles of the Nive and Nivelles, and at the crossing of the Bidassoa. After the escape of Napoleon from Elba, the Colonel was with his regiment at Waterloo, and was next engaged at the storming of Cambray. Shortly after the peace, he joined his regiment in India, where he served in the Mahratta war of 1817 and 1818, and in the commotions of Ceylon in the following year. In 1826 he particularly distinguished himself at the siege of Bhurtpore, being then aide-de-camp to Sir Jasper Nicol. On some of these occasions his conduct and bravery were made the subject of special mention in general orders. In Canada also, during the late disturbances, his services merited and received similar acknowledgments. He was in the command of the regular and militia forces when Beauharnais was given up by the insurgents; and, afterwards commanding at Coteau-du-Luc, he was as efficient in keeping the quiet of the provinces as he had been before in quelling the insurrection. He obtained his majority by purchase after leaving India in 1829; his unattached lieutenant-colonelcy was his reward for his services in Canada. At St Sebastian he was the only officer out of thirteen who accompanied the advance that entered the town; and at Bhurtpore he did signal service, at the greatest personal risk, by examining a part of the interior defences three days previous to the assault. Some of the trophies taken at Bhurtpore were handsomely presented to him by the Indian Government. On the occasion of the shipwreck of a portion of his regiment, on board the Lord Melville transport, near Kinsale, in the year 1815, he displayed admirable courage and coolness, and the influence he possessed over his men was mainly instrumental in conducting to their preservation. In Canada the Glengarry Highlanders looked up to him as a brother, while they obeyed him as a chief. The cairn raised by them in honour of Lord Seaton was planned at the suggestion of Colonel Carmichael, and his own assistance in rearing this singular structure was not wanting. He was greatly attached to all relating to the Gael, and cherished their language, their customs, and the remembrance of all connected with the north, in whatever part of the world his destiny led him. The duties of private life he discharged in the most exemplary manner; he was a devoted and affectionate relation, an attached and constant friend, and a highly agreeable and intelligent companion. His constitutional firmness and intrepidity were united to

the mildest disposition and most unassuming demeanour. The respect in which he was held was strikingly evinced on the occasion of his lamented death, which was felt by all who knew him as a personal calamity; while his funeral was numerously attended both in Forres and Strathspey. At the former of these places nearly all the respectable inhabitants followed his remains; and many of the neighbouring proprietors (among whom were the Earl of Moray, Sir W. G. G. Cumming, Bart., &c.) joined in the same mournful tribute to departed worth. He now sleeps in his 'narrow bed,' amongst his native hills, in the churchyard of Cromdale. Peace to his ashes, honour to his memory!"

## CHAPTER III.

## PARISH OF LAGGAN.

1. **A**BERARDER (Gaelic, *Obar-ardair*, the confluence of the high waters).—Aberarder was once the seat of a family of Macphersons of whom were descended the late John Macpherson, long so well known and respected as factor for Lord Macdonald in Skye, and latterly for Lord Lovat. His son, Dr Macpherson, rose to high rank as a medical officer in the army, and acquired reputation as the author of several excellent works on medical subjects. Aberarder was also noted as the residence of the Rev. Robert Macpherson, for several years chaplain of the 78th Regiment (Fraser's Highlanders), long so well known in Badenoch as "Parson Robert," who died in 1791, and was buried at Perth. Of his four sons three entered the army, one of whom attained the rank of Lieutenant-General.

It is related of one of the Lairds of Aberarder that he insisted upon entertaining every stranger that passed his way, and that on one occasion he followed a traveller for a considerable distance, urging him to accept his hospitality, which the stranger flatly declined to do. The Laird on his return was heard to say, "D—n the loon! I'm sure he is a bad fellow at home."

2. **ARDVERIKIE** (Gaelic, *Ard-Mheirgidh*, the height for rearing the standard).—Some suppose the name to be derived from *Airdfhearghuis*—that is, the high ground of Fergus, "the first of our kings," who is said to have had his hunting-lodge here, and to have formed the parallel roads of Glen Roy for the enjoyment of the chase. "An old topographer remarks with much simplicity that they 'could not have been executed

but by the influence of some of the first consequence and power in the State.’” On the walls of the principal room of the old Lodge of Ardverikie, as it existed prior to 1873, there were some exquisite sketches of the *Children of the Mist*, traced by the masterly hand of Landseer, such as ‘The Challenge’ and “The Stag at Bay,” the engravings of which are well known, but these were unfortunately destroyed in the conflagration of the Lodge in October 1873. In the garden attached to the Lodge a mound is pointed out, adorned by the foxglove and thistle, in which the ashes of King Fergus and four other monarchs are said to repose. In trenching a piece of ground near it, in forming the garden, a silver coin was discovered, about the size of a sixpence, belonging to the time of Henry II. Ardverikie is now the property of Sir John William Ramsden, Bart., by whom the Lodge was rebuilt with excellent taste after the old Lodge was burned in 1873.

3. BLARAGIE (Gaelic, *Blàragaidh*, said to indicate the windy moor. It is related of a Skyeman who was smearing at Blaragie that he exclaimed, “Well, they have given this place its proper name, sure enough—it is a real *Blàr-na-gaoithe*”—*i.e.*, windy moor).—Blaragie was the birthplace of Captain John Macpherson, who was orderly sergeant of General Wolfe the day he was killed, and received him in his arms when that famous General fell at Quebec. Blaragie was also the birthplace of Captain Donald Macpherson of the 92d Regiment.<sup>1</sup> The remains of Captain John Macpherson are interred in the old churchyard of Kingussie.

4. BREAKACHY (Gaelic, *Breacachaidh*, speckled field).—Breakachy was for a long period the seat of a distinguished family of Macphersons who were closely allied to the family of the Chief, and took an active part in the many conflicts of the Clan down to the '45. To the family of Breakachy belonged Samuel and Malcolm Macpherson, who figured so prominently in connection with what has been so well termed “A Romance of Military History,” of which the following account is given :—

“Early in the last century the Government raised six companies of Highland soldiers, as a local force to preserve the peace and prevent robberies in the northern parts of Scotland. These companies—the famous Black Watch of Scottish

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<sup>1</sup> Stewart's Highlands and Highlanders, second series, 1860, 281.



song and story—were formed into a regiment in 1739, and four years after were marched to London on their way to join the British army, then actively serving in Germany. Many of the men composing this regiment, believing that their terms of enlistment did not include foreign service, felt great dissatisfaction on leaving Scotland; but it being represented to them that they were merely going to London to be reviewed by the king in person, no actual disobedience to orders occurred. About the time, however, that the regiment reached London, the king departed for the Continent, and this the simple and high-minded Highlanders considered as a slight thrown upon either their courage or fidelity. Several disaffected persons, among the crowds that went to see the regiment in their quarters at Highgate, carefully fanned the flame of discontent; but the men, concealing any open expression of ill-feeling, sedulously prepared for a review announced to take place on the king's birthday, the 14th of May 1743. On that day Lord Sempill's Highland regiment, as it was then termed, was reviewed by General Wade on Finchley Common. A paper of the day says: 'The Highlanders made a very handsome appearance, and went through their exercise and firing with the utmost exactness. The novelty of the sight drew together the greatest concourse of people ever seen on such an occasion.'

"The review having taken place, the dissatisfied portion of the regiment, considering that the duty for which they were brought to London had been performed, came to the wild resolution of forcing their way back to Scotland. So immediately after midnight on the morning of the 18th of May, about one hundred and fifty of them, with their arms and fourteen rounds of ball-cartridge each, commenced their march northwards. On the men being missed, the greatest consternation ensued, and the most frightful apprehensions were entertained regarding the crimes likely to be perpetrated by the (supposed) savage mountaineers on the peaceful inhabitants of English country-houses. Despatches were sent off to the officers commanding in the northern districts, and proclamations of various kinds were issued: among others, one offering a reward of forty shillings for every captured deserter. The little intercourse between different parts of the country, and the slow transmission of intelligence at the period, is remarkably exemplified by the fact that the first authentic news of the deserters did not reach London till the evening of the seventh day after their flight.

"The retreat was conducted by a corporal Samuel Macpherson, who exhibited considerable military skill and strategy. Marching generally by night, and keeping the line of country between the two great northern roads, they pushed forward with surprising celerity, carefully selecting strong natural positions for their resting-places. When marching by day they directed their course from one wood or defensive position to another, rather than in a direct northern line—thus perplexing the authorities, who never knew where to look for the deserters, as scarcely two persons agreed when describing their line of march.

"General Blakeney, who then commanded the north-eastern district, specially appointed Captain Ball, with a large body of cavalry, to intercept the Highlanders.

On the evening of the 21st Ball received intelligence that about three o'clock on the same day the fugitives had crossed the river Nen, near Wellingborough in Northamptonshire. Conjecturing that they were making for Rutlandshire, he placed himself in an advantageous position at Uppingham on the border of that county; Blakeney with a strong force being already posted at Stamford on the border of Lincolnshire. But the Highlanders encamped for the night in a strong position on a hill surrounded by a dense wood, about four miles from Cundle in Northamptonshire. Early on the following morning a country magistrate named Creed, hearing of the Highlanders' arrival in his neighbourhood, went to their camp and endeavoured to persuade them to surrender.

"This they refused to do without a grant of pardon, which Creed could not give. After considerable discussion both parties agreed to the following terms: Creed was to write to the Duke of Montagu, Master-General of the Ordnance, stating that the deserters were willing to return to their duty on promise of a free pardon; they engaging to remain in the place they then occupied till a reply arrived from the Duke. Creed was also to write to the military officer commanding in the district, desiring him not to molest the Highlanders until the Duke's wishes were known. At five o'clock in the morning the letters were written by Creed in the presence of the Highlanders, and immediately after despatched by special messengers to their respective destinations. In that to the military officer Creed says: 'These Highlanders are a brave, bold sort of people, and are resolved not to submit till pardon comes down.'

"In the meantime a gamekeeper of Lord Gainsborough having reported the position of the Highlanders to Captain Ball, that officer arriving on the ground on the forenoon of the same day, demanded their immediate surrender. They replied that they were already in treaty with the civil authorities, and referred Captain Ball to Mr Creed. At the same time they wrote the following letter to Mr Creed, then attending church at Cundle:—

" "HONOURED SIR,—Just now came here a captain belonging to General Blakeney's regiment, and proposed to us to surrender to him, without regard to your honour's letter to the Duke of Montague, which we refused to do; wherefore he has gone for his squadron, and is immediately to fall on us. So that, if you think they can be kept off till the return of your letter, you'll be pleased to consider without loss of time."

"With this letter they also sent a verbal message stating that they were strongly posted, and resolved to die to a man rather than surrender on any other terms than those they had already proposed. Creed replied, advising them to surrender, and offering his good offices in soliciting their pardon. Ball, finding the position of the deserters unassailable by cavalry, rested till the evening, when General Blakeney's forces arrived. The Highlanders then sent out a request for another interview with Ball, which was granted. He told them he could grant

no other terms than an unconditional surrender. They replied that they preferred dying with arms in their hands. They took him into the wood and showed him the great strength of their position, which from Ball's military description seems to have been one of those ancient British or Roman earthworks which still puzzle our antiquaries. They said they were soldiers, and would defend it to the last. Ball replied that he, too, was a soldier, and would kill the last, if it came to the arbitrament of arms. They then parted, a guard of the Highlanders leading Ball out of the wood. On their way, Ball, by offering an absolute pardon to the two by whom he was accompanied, succeeded in inducing them to return to their duty. One went with him to the General; the other, returning to the wood, prevailed upon a number of his comrades to submit also; these persuaded others, so that in the course of the night the whole number surrendered to General Blakeney.

"As the Highlanders in their retreat conducted themselves in the most unexceptionable manner, none of the fearful anticipations respecting them were realised. So on their surrender, the public fright resolved itself into the opposite extremes of public admiration. The flight of the deserters was compared to the retreat of the Ten Thousand; and Corporal Macpherson was regarded as a second Xenophon. But the stern exigencies of military discipline had to be satisfied. By sentence of a court-martial, two corporals, Macpherson and his brother, and one private named Shaw, were condemned to be shot. The execution took place on the 12th of July; a newspaper of the day tells that 'the rest of the Highlanders were drawn out to see the execution, and joined in prayer with great earnestness.' The unfortunate men behaved with perfect resolution and propriety. Their bodies were put into three coffins by three of their clansmen and namesakes, and buried in one grave near the place of execution.

"General Stewart, in his 'Sketches of the Highlanders,' says there must have been something more than common in the case or character of these unfortunate men, as Lord John Murray, who was afterwards colonel of the regiment, had portraits of them hung up in his dining-room. I have not at present the means of ascertaining whether this proceeded from an impression on his lordship's mind that they had been victims to the designs of others, and ignorantly misled rather than wilfully culpable, or merely from a desire of preserving the resemblances of men who were remarkable for their size and handsome figure."<sup>1</sup>

"It is impossible," adds General Stewart, "to reflect on this unfortunate affair without feelings of regret, whether we view it as an open violation of military discipline on the part of brave, honourable, and well-meaning men, or as betraying an apparent want of faith on the part of the Government. The indelible impression which it made on the minds of the whole population of the Highlands laid the foundation of that distrust in their superiors which was afterwards so much increased by various circumstances."

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<sup>1</sup> Chambers's Book of Days, i. 649, 650.

In an interesting pamphlet published after the execution of the unfortunate men, the following particulars are given of the parentage and character of Samuel and Malcolm Macpherson:—

“Samuel Macpherson, aged about twenty-nine, was born in the parish of Laggan, in Badenoch; his father, still living, is brother to Macpherson of Breachie [Breackachy], a gentleman of considerable estate in that country, and is himself a man of unblemished reputation and a plentiful fortune. Samuel was the only son of a first marriage, and received a genteel education, having made some progress in the languages, and studied for some time at Edinburgh with a writer, until about six years ago he enlisted as a volunteer in Major Grant’s company, where he was much respected both by the officers and private men, and was in a short time made a corporal.

“Malcolm Macpherson, aged about thirty years, and unmarried, was born in the same parish of Laggan, was son of Angus Macpherson of Druminard, a gentleman of credit and repute, who bestowed upon Malcolm such education as that part of the country would afford. He enlisted about seven years ago in my Lord Lovat’s company, where his behaviour recommended him to the esteem of his officers, and he was soon made a corporal.”

A brother of Samuel Macpherson was General Kenneth Macpherson, of the East India Company’s Service, who died in 1815. Breakachy was the birthplace of another distinguished soldier of the same family—General Barclay Macpherson—of whom a sketch is given on page 174. The last of a succession of soldiers possessing the farm of Breakachy was Captain Evan D. Macpherson, of the 93d Highlanders (a son of Colonel Macpherson, Kerrow), who died in 1866.

5. CATLODGE (Gaelic, *Cailleag*, the hollow of the cat, or, perhaps, the hollow of the sheep-cote).—Catlodge was possessed for some years by Major-General Frederick Towers, who was born on 16th August 1797, and died on 13th October 1859. General Towers was noted as the best deer-stalker of his day in the Highlands. There is a marble tablet to his memory in the parish church of Laggan. Catlodge was subsequently possessed by Colonel Fraser Macpherson, of the Madras Army, a grandson of Cluny of the ’45.

6. CLUNY (Gaelic, *Cluainidh*, a gentle sloping field).—Cluny for many generations has been the seat of the Chiefs of Clan Chattan. Of Ewen of the ’45 a sketch is given on pages 162-171. His son, Colonel

Duncan of the 71st Regiment (Fraser's Highlanders), who succeeded him in the chiefship of the clan, was a gallant officer, and distinguished himself in the American War of Independence. Born in 1750, he was married in 1798 to Catherine, daughter of Sir Ewen Cameron of Fassifern, by whom he had four sons and four daughters. In an interesting letter addressed by him within two months of his death to Colonel Stewart of Garth, dated 9th June 1817, he thus describes the raising of the regiment in which he served for many years:—

“With regard to the 71st Highlanders, they were raised in the year 1775, and in the short space (if I recollect right) of three months, and consisted of two battalions of 1000 rank and file each. The men were all from Scotland, and chiefly from the Highlands, and that is not surprising when I inform you that there were no less than seven chiefs in the regiment—viz., Lovat, Lochiel, Macleod, Mackintosh, Chisholm, Lamont of Lamont, and your humble servant, most of whom brought 100 men to the regiment. They got no drilling before they embarked, but they got a little while on the voyage to America, particularly in firing ball at a mark, at which they were very expert before they landed. They had only one fortnight's drilling on Staten Island before they were engaged with the enemy; and upon all occasions, whether battle, skirmish, or rencounter, from the day they were first engaged till the last—that is to say, whatever the general success or fate of the day was, that part of the enemy opposed to the 71st always gave way. The next year after they went abroad they had 200 recruits sent them, and out of the 2200 men, only 175 men came home alive, and I got the out-pension for most of them, being at that time a colonel in the 3d Regiment of Guards, and had, fortunately for them, every opportunity of attending the Chelsea Board. There is another circumstance worth mentioning, when the regiment was inspected on the Green of Glasgow they had 150 supernumeraries that were obliged to be left behind, and, what is a little extraordinary, most of the companies had three or four men who stole on board ship unknown to their officers, and did not discover themselves until we were out of the sight of land for fear of being sent on shore again. These men followed the regiment merely out of attachment to their officers and comrades. Lochiel brought 100 fine Highlanders from Lochaber; and Mrs Macpherson tells me that the Clan Cameron remitted Lochiel's rents to him while in France, which is certainly much to their credit.

“I am clearly of your opinion,” continues Colonel Macpherson, “that much of the attachment of the people to their superiors is unnecessarily lost, though I cannot impute the whole blame to proprietors. In many instances the people themselves are entirely in the fault, and in other cases factors abuse the trust reposed in them, and of course the proprietor gets the whole blame of their oppressions. You have given two very striking and opposite instances, which may

serve to illustrate the situation of landlord and tenant all over the nation. I mean Sir George Stewart and the Earl of Breadalbane. The one has well-paid rents and the offer of a large sum of money besides, for his accommodation, while the other with difficulty gets one-tenth of his. If a tenant has a fair bargain of his farm it is an absurdity to suppose that one bad year will distress him; but when the rent is so *racked* that he is only struggling in the best of times, a very little falling off in prices or seasons will totally ruin him, and I am sorry to say that much of the present distress is to be attributed to that cause. I am happy to have it in my power to tell you that my rents were all paid—that is, to a mere trifle, and even that trifle due by a few improvident individuals who would be equally in arrear in the best of times. The Duke of Gordon has not received more than one-half his rents either in Lochaber or Badenoch, and I have reason to believe his Grace's rents were better paid in the Low country. Belville has not exceeded one-tenth, and though I do not exactly know in what proportion the Invereshie rent was paid, yet I know that it was a bad collection. The conduct of the family of Stafford is certainly unaccountable, for I am credibly informed that the old tenants offered a higher rent than those that came from England, consequently they are losers in every respect. I know it will be said by those who are advocates for depopulating the country that they could not stand to their offer, but neither could their successors; for a very large deduction has already been given them, and one man in particular has got *five hundred pounds down*. Upon the whole it is clear that the Marquis of Stafford was led into those arrangements (so disgraceful to the present age) by speculative men that wish to overturn the old system at once, without considering that their plans were at least only applicable to the present moment, and that such changes, even if necessary, should be done gradually and with great caution. I cannot dismiss this subject without making a few remarks on the conduct of Lady Stafford, and you will be astonished to learn that when her old and faithful adherents, who had given her such repeated proofs of their attachment, were cruelly oppressed by a factor, that she should refuse to listen to their complaints; and when that factor was tried for his life on charges of cruelty, oppression, and murder, it is most unaccountable that her Ladyship should exert all her influence to screen him from the punishment which he so richly deserved. I have only to add that as far as my own observations extend, much of the evil complained of arises from the absence of proprietors from their properties, by which they are in a great measure unacquainted with the real state of their tenants, and consequently open to every species of advice and misrepresentation."

Browne, in his 'History of the Highlands,' relates that the 71st Highlanders were in 1779 "employed in an enterprise against Boston Creek, a strong position defended by upwards of two thousand men, besides one thousand men occupied in detached stations. The front of

this position was protected by a deep swamp, and the only approach in that way was by a narrow causeway: on each flank were thick woods nearly impenetrable, except by the drier parts of the swamps which intersected them; but the position was more open in the rear. To dislodge the enemy from this stronghold, which caused considerable annoyance, Lieutenant-Colonel Duncan Macpherson, with the first battalion of the 71st, was directed to march upon the front of the position; whilst Colonel Prevost and Lieutenant-Colonels Maitland and Macdonald, with the 2d battalion, the light infantry, and a party of provincials, were ordered to attempt the rear by a circuitous route of many miles. These combined movements were executed with such precision that, in ten minutes after Colonel Macpherson appeared at the head of the causeway in front, the fire of the body in the rear was heard. Sir James Baird, with the light infantry, rushing through the opening in the swamps, on the left flank, the enemy were overpowered after a short resistance.”<sup>1</sup>

On a marble tablet in the Cluny burial-place, erected to the memory of Colonel Duncan, there is the following inscription:—

“Sacred to the Memory of  
COLONEL DUNCAN MACPHERSON OF CLUNY,  
WHO, ON THE 1ST OF AUGUST 1817, DIED AT THE AGE OF 69,  
RESPECTED AND BELOVED AS A HIGHLAND CHIEF.  
HE SERVED HIS COUNTRY FOR UPWARDS OF THIRTY YEARS, DURING SIX OF  
WHICH HE COMMANDED, ON ACTIVE SERVICE IN AMERICA, A BATTALION OF  
THE THEN 71ST OR FRASER REGIMENT.

—————  
This Monument to the Memory of an affectionate Husband and Father has been  
erected by his Widow and Children.”

Of Colonel Duncan’s eldest son, Ewen of Cluny, who succeeded to the chiefship on the death of his father in 1817, and was long so popularly known all over the Highlands, a sketch is given on pages 282-302. One of “Old Cluny’s” brothers—Colonel John Cameron Macpherson—sometime of the 42d Highlanders, distinguished himself at the battle of the Alma, proving himself “a true representative of the warrior race of Clan Chattan.” Another brother—Colonel Archibald Fraser

<sup>1</sup> Browne’s History of the Highlands, iv. 266, 267.

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

On the death of “Old Cluny” on 11th January 1885, he was succeeded in the chiefship by his eldest son, Colonel Duncan, C.B., sometime commanding the 42d Royal Highlanders. Worn out by the hardships of active service, Colonel Duncan did not long survive his succession to the chiefship and the Cluny estates, having died on October 3, 1886. The following appreciative sketch of his life and military career appeared in the ‘Dundee Advertiser’ of 6th October 1886:—

“The intelligence of the death on Sunday, after a lengthened illness, of Colonel Duncan Macpherson, will be received by scores of military friends, and by many in civil life, with feelings of the deepest regret. The regret will be intensified by the knowledge that he has passed away war-worn and exhausted in the service of his country at fifty-three—an age when men of his class have hardly lost the elasticity and robustness of manhood’s prime. Colonel Macpherson was the representative of an honourable line of chiefs whose influence was perhaps unsurpassed in the Highlands. It is only a few months since he left Perth to take up his residence in Cluny Castle, and personal possession of the Cluny estate, to which he had a few months before succeeded on the death of his father, the late Cluny Macpherson, C.B. His health was at that time far from robust—indeed, he had just partially recovered from a severe illness; but it was fondly hoped that he would recover in the bracing air of the North, and that he would be long spared to reside in his ancestral home, as the worthy successor of a father who in a conspicuous manner united in himself the noble and generous qualities associated with the typical Highland Chief.

“Colonel Macpherson had been a soldier all his life, and had seen many years of that hard campaigning which too often saps the strength of those compelled to engage in its vicissitudes. He was born on the 9th October 1833, and had joined the Black Watch as ensign before his nineteenth year was completed. All through his military career till he resigned its command in 1882 he served under the colours of this famous old regiment. In April 1855 he obtained his captaincy, and, holding that rank, took part in the trying Indian Mutiny campaign. The Black Watch arrived on the scene of action at Cawnpore at a time when Sir Colin Campbell sorely needed its help, and Captain Macpherson was engaged with it in the terrible conflict with Nana Sahib’s Bithoor rebels and in the subsequent pursuit and battle at the Kalee Bridge. Arrived at Lucknow, the Highland regiments



were brigaded under Adrian Hope, and the 42d was detailed to open the crucial contest by an attack in force on the Martiniere College. By the side of the Black Watch, when ready for action, stood the 93d; but the latter regiment was not to be engaged that day. In its ranks was Lieutenant Ewen Macpherson, the brother of the deceased; and just before the bugle sounded the advance an incident occurred which the late Colonel himself narrated to the writer. Things looked doubtful in front. The enemy, who were in strong force, looked stubborn, and the engagement seemed likely to be stiff and stern. Many men were marshalled there who would never again answer the muster-roll, and Duncan Macpherson, turning to his brother Ewen, took from his fingers his rings, removed his watch, chain, and trinkets, and, handing them to the latter, said, 'Here, Ewen, you take these; if I come out of this all right I'll get them from you; if not, they are yours.' Ewen took the articles, and had the pleasure of handing them back to his brother when he came out of the conflict alive and well. He led his company with such dash against the Martiniere that Sir David Baird, watching the movements from the rear with a field-glass, exclaimed, 'Well done, Cluny!' He also accompanied his regiment through the Rohilcund campaign, and took part in the severe engagements at Fort Rooyah, Allygunge, and Bareilly. In July 1865 he was promoted to be Major, and with that rank commanded the Black Watch in the famous advance on Amoaful and Coomassie. He led his regiment in superb style through the bush, from which the Ashantees poured showers of slug-shot at but a few paces distant. Macpherson was hit twice, if not oftener, one shot passing through his leg; but he would not go to the rear, although requested by Sir Archibald Alison to do so. Supported by a stick he pluckily held on with his advancing men, and finally led them in triumph into Amoaful. 'Nothing,' said Sir Garnet Wolseley in his official report, 'could have exceeded the admirable conduct of the 42d Highlanders, on whom fell the hardest share of the work. As Colonel M'Leod was in command of the left column, this regiment was led by Major Macpherson, who was twice wounded.' For his share in this campaign the deceased officer was rewarded with a Companionship of the Bath, a medal and clasp, and was promoted to the rank of Brevet-Colonel. His latest campaign was in Egypt in 1882, when, holding the full rank of Lieutenant-Colonel in command of the Royal 42d Highlanders, he led his regiment over the trenches of Tel-el-Kebir. It was a proud position. The 42d is a regiment whose glorious traditions can never fail to challenge attention to its deportment in whatever enterprise it may be engaged. His long connection with the corps had forged strong the links of mutual confidence and esteem between the leader and the led. He was come of a long line of men accustomed to command, and behind him marched in majestic strength a regiment which had ever responded with loyalty and devotion to the call for action. The conduct of commander and men on this occasion equally confirmed the trust reposed in them. The success of the long night-march and the brilliant daybreak-assault were not a little due to the splendid discipline and valour of the old Black Watch and its gallant leader.

“His period of service up, he shortly after retired from the regiment, and was appointed to the command of the 42d Regimental District at Perth—a post which still kept him in close touch with his old comrades. There he discharged his duties with energy, promptitude, and ability. He was a careful inspector and strict disciplinarian, but withal a kind-hearted and generous officer; and many an old, broken-down ‘British hero’ who had belonged to his company in the Crimea or India, or who had followed him in Ashantee, made long and not unsuccessful pilgrimages to Perth to see ‘the Colonel.’ This command he relinquished early in the present year before retiring to his ancestral home at Cluny. He has thus been but a short time out of harness, and his death has come at a time when the prospect of a long period of profitable and healthful rest seemed before him. In politics he was a Conservative; in private life he was cheery, affable, and entertaining—a man not to be respected only, but to be admired and beloved. In 1867 he married a daughter of Major-General Harris, of the Bengal Army, but there is no issue. The estate of Cluny therefore devolves upon his younger brother, Ewen Macpherson.”

Some years previous to his death a pension was conferred upon Colonel Duncan for distinguished and meritorious service. The following is the inscription on a beautiful marble tablet erected to his memory in the burial-place of the family:—

“In loving Memory of

COLONEL DUNCAN MACPHERSON OF CLUNY, C.B.,

CHIEF OF CLAN CHATTAN,

SON OF EWEN AND SARAH JUSTINA MACPHERSON.

BORN 9TH OCTOBER 1833. DIED 3D OCTOBER 1886.

SERVED FOR UPWARDS OF THIRTY YEARS IN THE 42D ROYAL HIGHLANDERS (THE BLACK WATCH). WAS PRESENT WITH THE REGIMENT IN THE INDIAN MUTINY, 1857-58, AND ASHANTI CAMPAIGNS, 1874. SEVERELY WOUNDED. COMMANDED THE REGIMENT IN EGYPTIAN CAMPAIGN, 1882. MENTIONED IN DESPACHES. RECEIVED REWARD FOR DISTINGUISHED SERVICES IN THE FIELD.

---

Erected by his Widow.”

Like his deceased brother, Colonel Ewen Henry Davidson Macpherson, now the Chief of the clan, has had a long and distinguished military career. With the 93d Highlanders, which he joined shortly after Duncan joined the Black Watch, he has seen most of the campaigning since 1854, and eventually rose to command the famous





J. Thomson & Co.

70<sup>th</sup> Grosvenor St. W.

Edward Macpherson  
of Chung

regiment in which he had so long served. The following is the record of Colonel Ewen's military services as given in 'The Historical Records of the 93d,' published in 1883:—

"Ensign, 3d of November 1854; lieutenant, 9th of February 1855. Served with the regiment in the Crimea from 14th of July 1855, including the siege and fall of Sebastopol; also in the Indian Mutiny, including the relief of Lucknow by Lord Clyde, operations at Cawnpore and battle of the 6th of December 1857; pursuit to Serai Ghat; action of the Kala Nuddee; siege and fall of Lucknow, campaign in Oude, and attack on Fort Mittowlie. Became captain, 13th of May 1859; was aide-de-camp to the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal from 1st of June 1859 to 31st of May 1862. Served in the Eusofzai campaign of 1863, under Sir John Garvoek. Brevet-major, 5th of July 1872; major, 29th of October 1873; and Lieutenant-Colonel commanding, 1st of January 1879. Lieutenant-Colonel E. H. D. Macpherson has the Crimean medal and clasp, Turkish medal, Indian medal with two clasps, and the Frontier medal with clasp for Umbeyla."

Colonel Ewen has naturally taken the greatest interest in the 93d, and it was under his direction that the 'Records' of the regiment, written by Captain Burgoyne, were prepared and published. After relinquishing the command of the 93d, Colonel Ewen commanded the 1st Regimental District, "The Royal Scots," and he is now Brigadier-General commanding the Highland Volunteer Brigade. The following extract from a letter addressed to him by Field-Marshal His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, K.G., &c., Commander-in-Chief of her Majesty's Forces, speaks for itself:—

"HORSE GUARDS, WAR OFFICE, 24th August 1892.

"SIR,—I have the satisfaction to acquaint you that her Majesty the Queen has been pleased to approve of your receiving from the grant for Distinguished and Meritorious Service an allowance of £100 per annum, from the 20th July 1892 inclusive. . . .—I am, sir, yours,  
GEORGE.

"Colonel E. H. D. MACPHERSON, Half-pay,  
Commg. Highland Volr. Infy. Brigade."

7. CRATHIE (Gaelic, *Craichidh*. The derivation is very obscure, but some suppose it to be from the Gaelic word *Creigg*, signifying rocky or abounding with stones).—Crathie was the birthplace of Colonel Andrew Macpherson of the 14th Indian Native Infantry—"a near relation of the Chief of Macpherson—who died in the command of the regiment in 1804, a distinguished officer, who was more than once publicly thanked

by Government for his meritorious services, and whose private character was equally estimable.”<sup>1</sup>

8. CRUBINMORE AND CRUBINBEG (according to old natives the proper Gaelic name of Crubinmore is *Cro beinn mhor*, or *binnean mor*—*i.e.*, the fold of the big hill; and of Crubinbeg, *Cro beinn bheag*, or *binnean beag*—*i.e.*, the fold of the little hill, representing respectively two conical-shaped hills in the immediate neighbourhood, the one considerably higher than the other).—Crubinmore was long the seat of a family of Macphersons, from whom Mr L. A. Macpherson of Corrimony is descended. The *Torc*, a high conical hill in Drumuachdar, was in olden times regarded by the Macphersons of Crubin as their future inheritance or Hill of Spirits. The admixture of Christianity with the ancient religion of the Gael created infinite confusion of ideas with respect to the state of departed souls. Heaven and hell were sometimes mentioned from the pulpit; but the nurse spoke daily of *Flath-innis*,<sup>2</sup> and the hills of their departed kindred, to the children at her knee, and ancient tales of those who had been favoured with visions of the state of the dead prevented the Christian idea of heaven and hell from ever being properly established. It was supposed that only the souls of the supremely good and brave were received into *Flath-innis*, and those only of the very base and wicked were condemned to the torments of *Ifrinn*.<sup>3</sup> The hills of their fathers were in an intermediate state, into which the common run of mankind were received after death. They had no notion of an immaterial being; but supposed that each spirit, on departing from this mortal habitation, received a body subject to no decay, and that men in a future state enjoyed such pleasures as had been most congenial to their minds in this world, without being subject to any of the ills “that flesh is heir to.”

9. DALCHULLY (Gaelic, *Dail-chuilidh*, or perhaps *Dail-a'-chulaidh*, the well-conditioned dale, or otherwise *Dail-a'-chuilinn*, the dale of the holly).—Dalchully was once the seat of John Macpherson, Esq., on which possession a jointure-house is said to have been built for the Honourable

<sup>1</sup> Stewart's Highlands and Highlanders, second series, 1860, 282.

<sup>2</sup> The Island of the Brave or the Heaven of the ancient Caledonians.

<sup>3</sup> The Hell of the ancient Druids and Caledonians.

Lady Jane, daughter of Simon Lord Lovat, who was married to Cluny of the '45.

10. GALLOVIE (Gaelic, *Gcal-agaidh*, supposed to signify white field).—Gallovie was possessed for some time by a family of the name of Macdonald, of whom was Captain Ronald Macdonald.

Here also resided for many years *Ian Ruadh Gheal-agaidh*, the last tacksman of Gallovie—the place after he gave it up being turned into a deer-forest. In a letter dated 19th January 1892, received from William J. McPherson, a distinguished counsellor-at-law in Rochester, New York (a grandson of Ian Ruadh), one of the most enthusiastic and patriotic members of the clan now living, and well known as one of the most gifted and prominent citizens and leading public speakers in that part of the state, he gives the following interesting account of the family:—

“MY DEAR SIR,—As stated in a previous letter to you, I cannot well make up the notice you asked for concerning my family. Aside from the fact that I do not know the scope that would be allowed, or that your available space would permit, my innate modesty—a modesty peculiar to our people as a race—would prevent me from preparing such a notice, personal as it would be in some measure to myself. My father died when I was a child, and being since separated, except when on short visits, from those most familiar with the history of my ancestors, I have not that more complete record that otherwise I would have; but I submit the following points that have come to me from my parents and others concerning my ancestors, and also some other matters relating to the family.

“My paternal great-grandfather was Murdoch Macpherson, long known in the native vernacular as *Muireach Ruadh*, or Red Murdoch. Tradition describes him to have been a strong, athletic, and active man; a man of few words, stern and courageous, and of great decision of character; ‘a man who was trustworthy and trusted.’

“Murdoch joined the standard of ‘Prince Charlie’ on or shortly after the arrival of the Prince in Scotland in 1745, and followed the fortunes of the Prince to the failure of his cause, and the fortunes of Cluny until the latter left Scotland for France. He was in hiding with the Prince, and with Cluny until Cluny left for France, when he accompanied him to the coast.

“The following are among the traditions that have come down in the family from the days of Red Murdoch.

“On a cold night when the Prince and his little party were in hiding, and were watching from a hill-top the enemy’s troops who were in search of him,

the Prince was dressed in a light-weight tartan, and was suffering from the cold and inclement weather. One of the party asked Murdoch in Gaelic to give his plaid, which was a large and heavy one, to the Prince. Murdoch replied in Gaelic that he would not give his plaid to the best man in the kingdom. The Prince asked what they were talking about, and being told of Murdoch's answer, the Prince laughed, and stated that he would be glad to share it with him. This statement being translated to Red Murdoch, he and the Prince shared the plaid together.

“At another time, when the party were more than usually anxious and gloomy, the Prince remarked that he would give a guinea to see a smile on Murdoch's face; and this being translated to Murdoch by one of their number, Murdoch, struck by the novelty of the expression, laughed, and the Prince tossed the coin to him.

“Murdoch and two other persons were each intrusted with a backload of gold (that had been sent by France to the Prince) to conceal it in the mountains or some out-of-the-way place. They concealed it in a place where they thought it was securely hidden, but when they afterwards went for it it was not there, and it was never recovered.

“Another story that has come down in the family from Murdoch's time is, that on one occasion the Prince stated, either in earnest, jest, or to give strength to his expression of regard for Murdoch (most probably the latter), that if the crown were restored to his family he would make Murdoch the second man in the kingdom.

“After the Prince left Scotland, Murdoch remained with Cluny, and accompanied him to the coast when he left for France. The last night they were together was at an inn or other place provided for their secret entertainment, and where they had beds near one another. Far in the night Cluny came to Murdoch's bedside, awakened him, and told him that just before getting up he dreamed that three red swine were tearing his bed to pieces, and that he was going to fly immediately. He left the place, and before his bed was fairly cold, three soldiers, ‘red-coats,’ hunting for him overhauled the bed.

“Many years ago I saw a letter, written by a Perthshire Macpherson of the early part of this century, in which it was stated that Murdoch was in some way a companion of the Prince, probably an *attaché* of his person. From my early childhood days I have understood that Murdoch died in Badenoch at the great age of 103. He had a son, William Macpherson, who was born in Badenoch in 1753. He married Margery Macpherson, a sister of Ian ruadh Macpherson, Gallovie. In 1798 he moved to Stanley, Perthshire, where he resided until his death in 1851 at the age of ninety-eight. His remains, with those of other members of the family, rest in the little old burial-ground across the Tay from Stanley. His regard for ancient Highland customs was evidenced by his provision for a granite boulder at the foot of his grave.



“In early life William was engaged as a drover, and in the purchase of live stock in the Highlands and its sale in the southern markets. He retired early in life from all active pursuits. Margery, his wife, died in 1838. They had five children—Gillies, who was born in Badenoch, Ann, Margaret, and Thomas, who was my father, and an earlier child named Thomas, who was drowned in the Tay, and all except Gillies were born in Perthshire. Margaret died in 1828 at Stanley, and Ann died there a few years ago. My father died at Caledonia, N.Y., in 1841, at the age of thirty-three; and Gillies died several years ago, at Warwick, Ont., Canada, at the age of eighty-three.

“The family were all well educated. Ann was known as one of the greatest Biblical scholars of her section of the country. She had committed to memory the Old and New Testaments and the Paraphrases, and in her advanced years, woe to her opponent in discussion in which Scriptural illustrations or expressions could be used as weapons by her; from Genesis to Revelation, both inclusive, she would hurl them at him. She was, however, one of the most canny of her race.

“My uncle, Gillies Macpherson, was educated at Edinburgh for the ministry, spending eleven years there prosecuting his studies. During all that time he was under engagement of marriage with Miss Ann Pullar, of the well-known Pullar family of Perthshire, and married her at the close of his studies. Instead of entering the ministry and preparing people for the spirit world, he took the Milton farm and distillery, near Stanley, worked the farm and manufactured spirits for the use of people in this world. About 1837 he came to the United States, where his brother Thomas (my father) then resided. He engaged in contract work in the States and in Canada, until in 1844, when he moved with his family to Warwick, which was then almost a wilderness, and set to work clearing away the forest. About sixty of his descendants now own and occupy large farms in what is termed the ‘Eden of the Dominion.’ His good judgment and advice did much to form public opinion as to matters of interest to that section of the country. People went from long distances to counsel with him, and often matters of contention between parties were submitted to him instead of the courts for his decision. He was known far and near as ‘Lord M<sup>c</sup>Pherson.’ He had six children—William, John, Joseph, Ann (who married a Munro), Gillies, and Margery. Margery died many years ago, unmarried, and John died in 1891. All the living descendants of my uncle, Gillies M<sup>c</sup>Pherson, reside in and about Warwick, Ont.

“Thomas was educated at Edinburgh as a physician and surgeon, and was noticed in the annals of the Royal College of Surgeons for an important and difficult surgical operation performed by him. After his graduation he married his cousin, Jane Macpherson, a daughter of Ian ruadh Macpherson, Gallovie, and settled down to the practice of his profession in Kingussie, where I, their first child, was born January 18th, 1831. In the spring of that year a deaf-mute fortune-teller came to the house of my parents, and taking a tub of water, pointed out to them that they would soon cross a great body of water, and would encounter

a great storm. Even in those days intelligent Kingussians honoured fortune-tellers. At that time my parents had no intention to come to America. In the summer of that year, under pressing invitations from their relatives and other Highland people who, a few years before, had made a large settlement at and about Caledonia, N.Y., they moved to and settled in Caledonia. In crossing the ocean, they passed through a great storm in which the hatches were nailed down over them.

“My father became eminent and widely known as a surgeon, his practice extending over nearly the west half of the state. His fame was such that graduates of medical colleges of other states came to and remained with him a year or more to perfect themselves the more in their profession. As an illustration of the faith the people generally had in his professional skill I will relate an incident.

“A Mrs M'Kercher, a Highland lady, to give her children the advantages of a higher education, with them removed from the vicinity of Caledonia to Lima, the seminary at which I was then attending. On the invitation of the good lady and her family I was spending my birthday evening with them at their pleasant home. During the evening she spoke of my father's 'wonderful skill' in his profession, and related a story which she said he had told to her and to a Mrs Deacon M'Pherson. The story was, that in the Peninsular War he was the surgeon of a British regiment; that during a battle with the French, the French cavalry broke through the lines of his regiment, behind which he was standing with his assistant surgeon; that a French officer by a sabre-stroke cut the head from the body of the assistant surgeon, the head falling to the ground; that he raised the head, and caught the body while it was yet standing, and fixed the head, as he supposed, properly on it; that under the circumstances he was labouring under considerable excitement, and that when the assistant surgeon walked away he discovered that he had fixed the head on the body wrong side foremost. I suggested to Mrs M'Kercher, that in telling such a story my father was only trying their credulity and meeting their flattering remarks; that he disliked flattery, and that no such thing ever occurred. The good old lady said to me, 'Do you doubt your father's words?' 'In that matter, I do,' I replied. She then said, 'I believe it happened just as he told it, and I will not permit any person to remain in my house who doubts his word; so you will please take your leave.' Of course I did not leave the pleasant circle, but the incident well illustrates the great faith the people had in his professional skill.

“He was a man of fine literary taste, a good writer, and something of a poet. It is something to his credit in that direction that N. P. Willis, one of the noted American poets, and the proprietor and editor of the finest literary paper ever published in America, 'The New York Mirror,' away back in the 'thirties,' went by stage from New York to Caledonia, a distance of over five hundred miles, to visit him.

“When Gillies left Edinburgh he could read eleven languages, and recite from memory five hundred Scotch and English songs and poems. When he was over

seventy years of age I heard him recite at the dinner-table ‘Tam o’ Shanter,’ without a break that he did not correct. I think that there were but few men living at the time of his death who had more of the traditions of our clan and people, and of the neighbouring clans, than he had; and those traditions were gleaned by him in his early years, and from people bordering on the time that marked the commencement of the changes which have so much affected the people of Badenoch and of other parts of the Highlands.

“My father could read seven languages. I have several of the text-books used by my uncle and father in their studies in Edinburgh.

“Although my father held title to real estate, his home in Caledonia, and knew that it would be subject to escheat to the state in case of his death without becoming a citizen, or filling his Declaration of Intention to become a citizen of the United States, he would not do either. He always asserted that his allegiance belonged to Great Britain, and his intention to return to his native land. My uncle Gillies was equally devoted to the land of his nativity. It can, at least, be said of them and of their paternal ancestors, that if in nothing else they were illustrious, they were illustrious examples of allegiance and devotion to their mother country, and of pride of their name, of their race, and of their clan. Some degree of that weakness, if weakness it can properly be called, is charged as pertaining to the nature of your humble servant. I have in my possession the large dirk—*skean dhubh*—carried by Red Murdoch in the affair of 1745-46. It descended from Red Murdoch, and it never has been out of our family. John and Agnes Macpherson, now or lately at Blairgowrie, and some of their kin there, and others now or lately in Calcutta, are descendants of Red Murdoch.

“I do not know who was the father of Ian ruadh Macpherson, Gallovie. For many years—for nearly half a century, I think—he was a tenant of Cluny, holding the great cattle and sheep farm or land known as Gallovie, about eight by twelve miles in extent, embracing about seventy-six thousand acres of land, and described by Logan in his ‘Antiquities, &c., of the Highlands,’ as one of the largest sheep-farms in Scotland. He had seven children—John, Jessie, Alexander (known as ‘Sandy’), Jane, Ann, Duncan, and Jane, my mother. To them all he gave a good education, mostly under tutors away from home.

“Jessie—a beautiful and accomplished girl—was known as the ‘Belle of Inverness-shire.’ I often heard my parents speak thus of her; and up to a few years ago there were many aged people in this country and in Canada who knew her in her younger days, and thus spoke of her and her accomplishments. I visited her in London, England, as late as 1867, and then, in her old age, she was tall, erect as a statue, a beautiful and accomplished woman. An English general, going to the shootings in the Highlands, met her in Badenoch and wooed her. Her father, descended from an old Jacobite stock, and thoroughly imbued with a spirit of dislike towards the Sassenachs, opposed their meeting. Going to the shootings the year following, the General won her, and Ian Ruadh being much opposed to such an alliance, they went away and were married, and her home afterwards was in

London. The General was stationed in India many years, and died there. She had six children by him, and in her various visits to him, one after the other died, and were all buried at sea.

“After the death of the General she married Professor Hawkins, one of her Majesty’s tutors. He died of a broken heart within two weeks after the unexpected failure of a great manufacturing company in which all his estate was invested. In the legal trouble which followed, her Majesty acted towards his widow the part of a warm personal friend. By her second marriage Mrs Hawkins lost her pension. Some time after the death of Mr Hawkins, a lady (I think Lady Stewart) called on her and invited her to attend a gathering at her London residence. Mrs Hawkins having attended the gathering, the lady introduced to her General Macpherson Neil of the Horse Guards. She and the General were of kin ; had been at school together when children ; had parted when they were about sixteen years of age, and had not met before through all the years that had intervened. The story of the life of each was told by the one to the other. A few days subsequently the General was riding in Hyde Park, when the Duke of Wellington, the “Iron Duke,” rode up to him, and they rode along together. In the conversation between them the General told to the Duke the story of Jessie’s life. The Duke had known her first husband. With a pencil the Duke made a memorandum on the pommel of his saddle. Within about two weeks afterwards her pension was restored to her, and when I was with her in 1867 she was enjoying her pension, and living a life of ease and comfort.

“Her father soon became reconciled to her marriage with the General. I have some beautiful presents, and among them a snuff-box that she brought from the East Indies to her father. After his death they were returned to her, and in 1867 she gave them to me. The snuff-box has in it yet snuff that was in it at the time of his death. I have understood that in her early years in London she did much to form or build up a school or seminary for girls.

“Ann married a Mr Stevenson, who, I think was a store-keeper at Laggan, and died there. I believe that Mrs Stevenson died there, although I have heard that she removed to Australia, where some of her family had gone. I have a large photograph of her taken but a short time before her death. It represents a woman of good Highland features, of strong form, and of strong and womanly traits of character—a Macpherson through and through.

“Some years before my father’s death ‘Sandy’ paid my father and mother a long visit at Caledonia, N.Y. A Mrs M’Gregor, whom I met by chance near the top of Birnam Hill, Dunkeld, informed me that he died at Gallovie, and that she assisted in preparing his remains for burial.

“I have heard that Duncan went to Van Diemen’s Land, and had there a large sheep-farm ; and that afterwards he removed to Australia.

“John graduated as a physician and surgeon at Edinburgh, and, I understand, in the same class with my father. I do not know whether he ever went into the general practice of his profession. He was, I have understood, for some

years connected with the East India Company, and probably as surgeon. J. Macpherson, a grandson of Ian Ruadh, was for many years connected with, and died in, the British Civil Service at Hong-kong; and a grandson, Stevenson, was for many years, and still may be, in the same service at Hong-kong.

“I believe that Dr John Macpherson died at Kingussie. He was the same Dr John Macpherson named in the abstract of title that lately came into your hands, and from which you quoted to me, of a property in Kingussie. Ian ruadh Macpherson died in 1844, and his remains were interred under the wide-spreading branches of a fine tree in the churchyard of Laggan, and at the head of the grave there is a marble slab with the following inscription:—

“Erected to the Memory of  
 JOHN MACPHERSON,  
 LATE TACKSMAN OF GALLOVIE,  
 WHO DIED ON THE 9TH NOVEMBER 1844, AGED 82 YEARS,  
 AND OF HIS WIFE  
 ISABELLA MACKAY,  
 WHO DIED ON THE 22D APRIL 1811, AGED 32 YEARS.  
 ALSO OF THEIR CHILDREN  
 JANE,  
 WHO DIED 1ST JANUARY 1839, AGED 34;  
 JOHN  
 SURGEON, HONBLE. E.I.C.S.,  
 WHO DIED 8TH JANUARY 1847, AGED 42 YEARS;  
 AND  
 ISABELLA,  
 RELICT OF THE LATE CAPT. DUNCAN MACPHERSON, 92D REGIMENT,  
 WHO DIED JUNE 1848, AGED 38 YEARS.”

“My mother was always noted for her fresh and womanly beauty, a freshness and beauty that are characteristics of so many Highland women. She was well educated by her father, and for a year before her marriage he kept her at Fort William, learning to do needle-work and to cook. She died on the family estate in Kendall, N.Y., in the sixty-fourth year of her age. She had experienced vicissitudes in life and of fortune, and her life-work having been well done, she calmly and courageously passed to the great and ever ‘Unknown Beyond.’ My parents had six children—two sons and four daughters. My brother John went through the first battle at ‘Bull Run,’ in our late civil war. He Married Mary E. Shattuck, an authoress and writer of some merit. He died here a few years ago, leaving his wife and one child, Helen L. Macpherson, who is now a teacher at Montclair, N.J. One sister, Margaret, is the wife of E. D. W. Parsons of Rochester, N.Y., who was a lieutenant of the U.S. navy during the same war.

Another sister, Margery, is the wife of Z. Aldrich of Grand Rapids, Mich. He was the colonel of a Michigan regiment in that war, and for a time experienced the horrors of the Andersonville prison-pen. Another sister, Jessie, now of Salt Lake City, Utah, is the widow of the late John D. Robins, who was major in, and adjutant of, the Fifth N.Y. Heavy Artillery, and went through the same war, and than whom a cooler and braver officer never lived. At the annual reunions of the survivors of that regiment songs of praise are sung to his memory. The other sister, Thomasina, is the widow of Almarin Martin, and with her two children, daughters, resides at Salt Lake City.

“About four years after the death of my father, my mother married William Ross, who was from Dundee. Mr Ross’s first wife was a Macpherson of our kin. My father was her attending physician at the time of his death, and in what proved to be her final illness. She died within a few days after the death of my father. Mr Ross became a large landowner in Kendall and Carlton, N.Y., and devoted the remainder of his life to farming. He was killed accidentally on a railway, a train striking him. He was a deacon of the Presbyterian Church. He left four children by my mother. Jane, a daughter, is dead; and the three other children—Winfield S. and James Ross; and Susan, wife of J. Langton—are all at Salt Lake City. All of my kin at Salt Lake City are Gentiles!

“I have before me some memorandums that were given to me by my aunt Jessie in London in 1867. One of them is, ‘Kingussie.—Call on Mr Macpherson, the banker; he is a distant relation of ours.’ Another is, ‘Call on John Macpherson, Lag Catlodge, a little south of Balgowen.’ I called at the humble home of Lag. A short elderly man met me at the door, and bade me ‘come ben.’ When I reached the middle of the room his wife exclaimed, ‘The great and good God! that man looks like Dr John.’ She referred to the Dr John Macpherson already mentioned. I was an utter stranger to these people; neither had seen me unless before I was eight months old; nothing had been said by me as to who I was; and no one in that section knew that I was in Scotland. On the occasion of my first visit to Mrs Hawkins, who had never previously seen me, and had no reason to expect to see me, she remarked, after looking at me for some little time, ‘I do not know who you are, but you belong to my family.’ While I am represented as resembling my father and his family, I have referred to these incidents as showing that I take also from Ian Ruadh’s ‘side of the house,’ and that family features and traits descend even to the third and fourth generations. When I was in Badenoch (1867) several middle-aged and older men and women came to me and gave me some of their pleasant recollections of Ian Ruadh and his family, and so of some of the men on the grounds of Cluny Castle when I passed through them. I cannot avoid stating, in this connection, that when I alighted from my carriage at one of the lodges of the castle I was met there by a kind, hale, hearty, and strongly built old lady of the name of Mackintosh. By some questioning on her part, combined with a little

Highland tact, she learned who I was, where I was from, &c., and told me that when my parents were on their way from Ian Ruadh's to America (thirty-six years before) they stopped at the castle to bid their Chief good-bye; that I was then passed from the carriage to her arms at the same lodge, and carried by her to the castle and back to the carriage. A similar illustration of long service (thirty-six years) to one person would be difficult to find in this country. Truly, 'Ewen Macpherson of Cluny Macpherson, Chief of Clan Chattan, C.B.,' was 'a Chief who delighted in old servants, in old services, and in old kindly usages of all kinds.'

"With the blood of 'Red John Macpherson, Gallovie,' and the blood of 'Red Murdoch Macpherson' coursing my veins, I think it can fairly be said of me that I am of the 'red Macphersons.'

"In 1860 I married Miss R. Anna Burr, a daughter of the late Colonel Riley Burr of Broadalbin, N.Y., son of Reuben Burr, who was of near kin to Aaron Burr, the third Vice-President of the United States, and who with Alexander Hamilton fought the duel in which the latter met his death at Weehawken Heights, N.J. We have three children—Maud, who is the wife of Mr Cyrus H. Polley of Rochester, N.Y.; Jane M<sup>c</sup>Pherson; and May M<sup>c</sup>Pherson.—Yours sincerely,  
WM. J. MCPHERSON."

## II. GARVAMORE (Gaelic, *Garbhamor*, the big rough ford).

In days long since gone by, the Macphersons of the house of Garva believed that their spirits would inhabit *Tom-Mor*, a hill in the immediate neighbourhood. On the entrance of every new inhabitant, *Tom-Mor* was seen by persons at a certain distance in a state of illumination. It is related that it was seen on fire for the last time about the end of last century, and it was confidently asserted that some member of the house of Garva was passing from *this* into a *better* state of existence. But no deaths being heard of in the neighbourhood for some days, an opinion, beginning to decline, was on the eve of being consigned into oblivion, when, to the confusion of the sceptics, news arrived that the daughter of a gentleman of the house of Garva had expired at Glasgow at the very moment *Tom-Mor* had been seen in a blaze. But into whatever state the departed spirit passed, it had for a time to return to perform a sacred duty on earth. It was the duty of the spirit of the last person interred to stand sentry at the churchyard gate from sunset until the crowing of the cock, every night, until regularly relieved. In thinly inhabited parts of the country this sometimes happened to be a tedious and severe duty; and the duration of the *Faire Cladh*—*i.e.*, graveyard watch—gave the deceased's surviving friends sometimes much uneasiness. About the

beginning of the present century a young man, we are told, had an interview with the ghost of a neighbour's wife, while she watched at the gate of the old churchyard of Laggan. She was clothed in a comfortable mantle of snow-white flannel, adorned with red crosses, and appeared at the time—though a very old woman when she died—in the full bloom of youth and beauty. She told him that she enjoyed the felicity of *Flath-innis*, and they exchanged *snuff-mulls*. She directed him to a hidden treasure she had hoarded, and desired it might be added to the fortune of her daughter, who, she said, was to be married on a certain day, which she named, and, strange to say, though the girl was not then even courted, she became a wife on the day foretold.

Garvamore was long possessed by a true Highlander of the old school, Mr John M'Donald, noted for his hospitality and genuine kindness. As an illustration of the bodily strength of the Badenoch men of the time, Dr Longmuir gives the following anecdote relating to M'Donald:—

“A Mr Lumsden of Aberdeenshire laid a bet with Glengarry that there was not a Highlander on his estate that could jump, put the stone, or throw the hammer with him. The challenge was accepted, and the contest was to take place on Corryarrick. Glengarry attended at the time with a numerous retinue of his tenantry; but Lumsden sent a message that he would not come to such a place unless his life was insured for £3000. The Marquess of Huntly bantered him that he was afraid of losing his bet, and told him that his life was as safe in Badenoch as at home. Lumsden then challenged any one on the Marquess's estate—the parties being restricted to seven throws of the hammer. The Marquess wrote to John M'Donald of Garvamore to come and enter the lists with Lumsden. M'Donald requested Captain M'Donald to take care of his wife and children, as he declared he would never return to Badenoch were he unsuccessful! He then proceeded to Huntly, and arrived there three days before the competition. On that day Lumsden, for the first four throws, took the lead; but M'Donald was ahead of his antagonist for the next three, and beat him by twenty inches. The Marquess rewarded him with a silver jug of considerable value, and sent him home happy in having worthily maintained the honour of the district.”<sup>1</sup>

Garvamore was the last stage in former times on the road over Corryarrick to Fort-Augustus. So mountainous and wild is the district, that the very spring after the formation of the road eleven soldiers perished together, and many since at different times. It is related that, about the

<sup>1</sup> Longmuir's Speyside, 1860, 194, 195.



time the last Mackintosh of Borlum made his escape, the inn at Garvamore "was occupied by the tenant of Aberarder. He and his brother, Black Ranald of Tullochroam, happened to be in a room upstairs when Borlum arrived, and begged them to save his life, as he was pursued by Captain Macpherson. Ranald is said to have secured the door, while Alexander, tying two pairs of sheets together, enabled Borlum to escape by the window, so that when the Captain arrived his search for the fugitive was in vain."<sup>1</sup>

12. GARVABEG (Gaelic, *Garbhabeag*, the little rough ford).—Garvabeg was long possessed by a family of the name of Macdonald, from whom the late Mr D. P. Macdonald of Ben Nevis was descended. Mrs Macpherson of Corrimony is also descended on the maternal side from the same family. During the French war this family, like every other family of note in Badenoch, gave several brave officers to the British army.

13. GASKBEG (Gaelic, *Gasgbheag*. The word *Gask* is now obsolete in Gaelic, and the derivation is uncertain, but apparently the prefix was applied to the flat meadows in Laggan which bear the name).—At Gaskbeg was situated the old manse of Laggan, rendered so famous as the residence for many years of the celebrated Mrs Grant, of whose husband, who was minister of Laggan from 1775 down to the date of his death in 1801, a brief sketch is given on pages 238, 239, and glimpses of Mrs Grant on pages 102-108.

14. GASKMORE (Gaelic, *Gasgmhor*. See Gaskbeg).—Gaskmore was the birthplace of Colonel Ronald Macdonald, Adjutant-General, Bombay. Commencing his career as an officer in the 92d Regiment, his gentlemanly manners and talents attracted the notice of the friend of the Highland soldier, the Marquis of Huntly, while Colonel of that regiment. In 1833, as Major of the 92d and while still a young man, he was through the influence of his Grace the Duke of Gordon nominated Military Secretary to General Sir John Keane, the Commander-in-Chief, Bombay Presidency, afterwards Lord Keane of Afghanistan celebrity, through whose influence and high recommendations Colonel Macdonald succeeded to the post of Adjutant-General to that Presidency.<sup>2</sup> Soon after

<sup>1</sup> Longmuir's Speyside, 1860, 189.

<sup>2</sup> Stewart's Highlands and Highlanders, 1860, second series, 27.

his death in 1848 the following obituary notice of Colonel Macdonald appeared in the 'Inverness Courier':—

“We regret to perceive that the Bombay papers announce the death, on 31st May last, of this gallant officer. Colonel Macdonald was a native of the parish of Laggan, and his services were long and meritorious. He joined the expedition to Sweden in 1808, and was subsequently in Portugal and Spain, where he was engaged in several battles and severely wounded. He was also in the campaign of 1815, and was wounded severely at Waterloo. He afterwards served on the Staff in the West Indies; and in 1834 accompanied Lord Keane to India as Adjutant-General of the Queen's troops, and officiating Military Secretary to his Lordship in 1838 and 1839. He was at the capture of Candahar, Ghuznee (for which he received a medal), and Cabul. In India he was greatly beloved and esteemed. A gentleman in Colonel Macdonald's native parish of Laggan informs us that a more excellent man in every relation he never knew. He was devotedly attached to his native country, and sent a sum of money annually for the poor of Laggan. His loss will be deeply felt in the district, and also by all who knew him. His relations now alive are three sisters and a brother, the former in the neighbourhood of Cluny, and the latter in Australia. The Colonel's death was caused by apoplexy. He was fifty-four years of age, and it is supposed he must have left a considerable fortune.”

There is an admirable portrait of Colonel Macdonald in the dining-room at Cluny Castle.

15. GLENTRUIM (the derivation of the name is involved in obscurity. Mr MacBain supposes it to mean the Glen of the Elder-tree).—Glentruim is now the seat of Lieutenant-Colonel Lachlan Macpherson of Glentruim, of the Ralia Macphersons, who were closely allied to the family of the Chief. See pp. 324, 325. Colonel Macpherson entered the army in 1853 as ensign in the 30th Regiment, and embarked for the Crimea in May 1854. He landed with the regiment at Old Fort in September following as lieutenant, and was present at the battle of Alma, where he received a slight contusion. On the captain of the Grenadier Company being severely wounded, he succeeded to the command of the company, and brought it out of action. Colonel Macpherson was present also at the powerful sortie from Sebastopol on 26th October, and at the battle of Inkerman, where his regiment came out of action with only five officers uninjured. He served throughout the siege in the trenches up to August 1855, when he was invalided to England. He is in possession of the Crimean war-medal with three clasps, the 5th Class of the Order of

the Medjidie, and the Turkish medal. Succeeding to the estate of Glen-truim on the death of his brother in 1868, Colonel Macpherson has displayed so much taste in improving the amenity of the mansion-house, that it is now one of the most beautiful and attractive residences on the whole run of the Spey.

16. OVIE (Gaelic, *Ubhaidh*, awful or awe-inspiring; or perhaps the name may be derived directly from *uaimh*, a hollow or den).—Ovie was the birthplace of Captain Ewen Macpherson of the 79th Regiment, sometime of Culachy (mentioned in Mrs Grant of Laggan's correspondence), afterwards Major of the 92d Regiment, Colonel of the 6th Royal Veteran Battalion, and Governor of Sheerness. He died in 1823.

17. SHIRRABEG (Gaelic, *Siorra-beag*. *Siorradh* signifies a deviation, and the name taken in this sense would exactly indicate the position of Shirrabeg and Shirramore, each lying within loops or windings of the river Spey. *Shirra-mòr* would thus mean the great bend, and *Shirra-beg* the little bend).—Shirrabeg was long possessed by a family of Macphersons sometime represented by Lieutenant-Colonel John Macpherson.

18. SHIRRAMORE (Gaelic, *Siorra-mòr*. See Shirrabeg).

"Sherramore," says Dr Longmuir, "reminds us of those 'Bonds of black-mail' or contracts by which certain Highland gentlemen undertook to protect their Lowland neighbours against the freebooting of their countrymen of the glens, which the law was unable to repress. The parties granting these Bonds undertook to protect the places specified from 'thieves and soarners,' and to pay the price of such goods as should be stolen, were the goods themselves not recovered within two months of the robbery, provided notice was given within forty-eight hours after the robbery had been committed. In a Bond of this kind granted by 'John M'Pherson of Shero-more and William M'Pherson, lawful son of Murdoch M'Pherson of Clem,' notice of any depredation is to be given at the dwelling-house of 'William M'Conchy of Duldavoch.' The Bond is written by 'Andrew M'Pherson, son to Andrew M'Pherson, Clerk of Badenoch at Kingussie,' and the date is 'sixt day of Jun, 1688'—John of Sheromore subscribing by a notary."<sup>1</sup>

19. STRATHMASHIE (Gaelic, *S'rathmhathaisidh*, the strath of the slow-moving or sluggish-going stream).—The Mashie, from which the place derives its name, is a small rivulet rising within a few miles of the head of Loch Erricht, flowing into the Spey a short distance above Laggan Bridge, and is thus described by Mrs Grant:—

<sup>1</sup> Speyside, 1860, 188, 189.

“ Deep in a narrow vale, unknown to song,  
 Where Maishy leads her lucid stream along,  
 Then turns, as if unwilling to forsake  
 The peaceful bosom of her parent lake,  
 While her pure streams the polished pebbles show,  
 That through the native crystal shine below.”<sup>1</sup>

Strathmashie was the residence for many generations of a Macpherson family. Of this family was Lachlan Macpherson, long so well known in Badenoch, “an accomplished Gaelic poet and scholar, who accompanied James Macpherson in his researches in the Western Highlands in quest of Ossian’s poems, and assisted him in the translation and publication of that great national work.” Strathmashie was subsequently possessed by the gallant Colonel Mitchell, who distinguished himself on the memorable day of Waterloo; and more recently by Lieutenant-Colonel D. Macpherson of the 39th Regiment, “a gallant soldier, who had seen much service in India, where he was universally beloved and respected by all who knew him, and particularly by the sons of the Highland mountains, who found in him a father and a friend.” In the parish church of Laggan there is a marble tablet with the following inscription to Colonel Macpherson’s memory:—

“*In Memory of*

COL. DONALD MACPHERSON, K.H., 39TH REGT.,

WHOSE REMAINS ARE INTERRED IN THE VAULT OF HIS ANCESTORS IN THE  
 OLD CHURCH OF LAGGAN.

HE DIED AT BURGIE HOUSE ON THE 28TH DECEMBER 1851, AGED 77.

FOR THE LONG PERIOD OF FORTY YEARS HE WAS ENGAGED IN ACTIVE SERVICE, SHARING IN THE GLORIES AND DANGERS OF THE PENINSULAR WAR. HE WAS HONOURED AND BELOVED BY HIS COMPANIONS-IN-ARMS, AND IN PRIVATE LIFE HE NO LESS ENJOYED THE RESPECT AND ATTACHMENT OF ALL WHO KNEW HIM.

As a Memorial of his loss and affection this Tablet is erected by his Widow.”

“ Lord, while for all mankind we pray,  
 Of every clime and coast,  
 O hear us for our native land,—  
 The land we love the most.  
 Our fathers’ sepulchres are here,  
 And here our kindred dwell;  
 Our children, too;—how should we love  
 Another land so well?”

<sup>1</sup> Poems on Various Subjects by Mrs Grant, 1803, 60.

THE OLD CASTLES OF RUTHVEN

AND

THE LORDS OF BADENOCH

“ We then look to the peaceful seats of our modern landowners, the smiling fields, the well-filled stackyard, and the fearless flock, and cannot but feel grateful for the change, and rejoice that it is no longer necessary to renew our castles or keep them in repair. We may therefore turn from these remains of massive walls without regret, while the breezes that sigh among their ruins

“ Tell of a time when music’s flow,  
In bridal bower or birthday hall,  
Hath often changed from mirth to woe,  
From joyous dance to vengeful call ;

Tell of a time when from their steep  
The mournful bier oft wound its way,  
And kindred scarce had time to weep  
When summoned to the bloody fray.

Enough—my heart can bear no more  
But sickens as those scenes increase,  
And gladly turns from fields of gore,  
To praise the Lord of love and peace.

Hail, pure Religion ! let our hearts  
Thy spirit feel, thy virtue own ;  
Let Industry and peaceful arts  
Our home with love and plenty crown ! ”

—Dr LONGMUIR.

# THE OLD CASTLES OF RUTHVEN AND THE LORDS OF BADENOCH.

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## CHAPTER I.

THE OLD LORDSHIP OF BADENOCH—THE EARLIER CASTLES—THE EARLS OF HUNTLY—THE SIEGE OF THE CASTLE IN 1594, ETC.

“**I** CANNOT,” says Shaw the historian of Moray, in giving an account of the old lordship of Badenoch—“I cannot trace the possession of this country higher than to the Cummines, Lords of Badenoch, who, I doubt not, were lords of it in the twelfth or beginning of the thirteenth century.”<sup>1</sup>

“By an agreement in 1225 between the Bishop of Moray and Walter Cumyn of Badenoch, the bishop,” says Skene, “frees him from any claim he had for the title of the ‘Can’ of his lord the king from the lands of Badenoch.” In an agreement between the same parties “between A.D. 1224 and 1233, regarding lands in Badenoch, it is provided with regard to the native-men (*nativi*), that the bishop shall have all the cleric and two lay native-men—viz., Gyllemaluock Macnakeeigelle and Sythad MacMallon, with all their chattels and possessions, and with their children and all their posterity, and the chattels of their children; and Walter Cumyn to have all the other lay native-men of lands in

<sup>1</sup> History of the Province of Moray, 44.

Badenoch; and when, after the War of Independence, Robert the Bruce erected the whole lands extending from the Spey to the Western Sea into an earldom of Moray in favour of his nephew, Thomas Randolph, the earldom was granted, with all its manors, burgh townships, and thanages, and all the royal demesnes, rents, and duties, and all barons and freeholders (*libere tenentes*) of the said earldom, who hold of the Crown *in capite*, and their heirs were to render their homages, fealties, attendance at courts, and all other services, to Thomas Randolph and his heirs, and to hold their baronies and tenements of him and his heirs, reserving to the barons and freeholders the rights and liberties of their own courts according to use and wont; and Thomas Randolph was to render to the king the Scottish service and aid due as heretofore for each davoch of land.”<sup>1</sup>

History does not record by whom or at what time a castle was originally built here. Tradition has it that the first castle bearing the name of *Ruthven* was erected by one of the Comyns, but what was its form, for what period it stood, or when or by whom it was destroyed, is involved in obscurity. In the latter half of the fourteenth century the castle of that time was the principal stronghold of Alexander Stewart, the notorious *Wolf of Badenoch*, on whom his father, King Robert II., in 1371 bestowed the lordship of Badenoch. On the failure of the Wolf's descendants the lordship reverted to the Crown. In 1451 the castle was seized and demolished by John, Earl of Ross, who had broken out in open rebellion when King James II. was exerting himself to weaken the power of the Douglases, with some of whose adherents the young Earl was connected by marriage. From the sixth or seventh decade of the fifteenth century downwards the castle was possessed, except for short intervals, by the powerful house of Gordon, which for a period extending to nearly four centuries—first under the title of the Earls of Huntly, and afterwards under that of the Dukes of Gordon—exercised as the feudal superiors and Lords of Badenoch such potent sway in the district, and figured so prominently in Scottish history. Indeed, since the middle of the sixteenth century so intimately were the successive castles associated with the Gordon family that the subsequent history of the one is to a great extent embraced in that of the other. The power of which the Earls of Huntly were possessed was almost uniformly exerted in support

<sup>1</sup> Skene's *Celtic Scotland*, iii. 249, 250.



of the royal authority, and the many baronies which they received from their sovereign were conferred in reward of their loyalty and valour. About the year 1451 the king, in reward for signal services, granted the lordship of Badenoch to Sir Alexander Gordon, who in 1449 had been created Earl of Huntly. In a confirmation of this Earl's lands by the king in 1457, the onerous cause is said to have been "for keeping the crown on our head." George, the second Earl, who succeeded to the title on the death of his father in 1479, founded, it is related, Gordon Castle and the Priory of Kingussie. So important were his services considered in the way of extending the royal authority in the north and west Highlands, that in 1508-9 he was appointed to the heritable sheriffship of Inverness. His jurisdiction under that sheriffship embraced not only that county, but also the counties of Ross and Caithness, and he was empowered to appoint deputies for certain divisions of his sheriffdom. These deputies were to hold their courts respectively at Kingussie for the district of Badenoch, at Inverlochy for that of Lochaber, at Tain or Dingwall for Ross, and at Wick for Caithness. Alexander, the third Earl, was made Hereditary Sheriff of the County and Constable of the Castle of Inverness; and obtained a charter of the Castle of Inverlochy in Lochaber, and the adjacent lands.

George, fourth Earl of Huntly, who succeeded his grandfather in 1524, was the possessor of wealth and power little less than princely. In 1549, for his eminent services in maintaining the public tranquillity, he obtained a grant of the earldom of Murray, with its lands and revenues, and of the sheriffship of Elgin and Forres; and he had also tacks and possessions in Orkney and Shetland, besides the bailliary and tacks of the earldom of Mar and lordship of Strathdee. He was Lord High Chancellor of Scotland, and in 1543 he obtained a commission of "Lieutenandry of the North." Under this commission his right extended from the Mearns to the Western Ocean, and comprehended the whole northern parts of Scotland, and the islands within the shire of Inverness, as well as those of Orkney and Shetland. The authority thus conferred on him was of the most unlimited description, giving him the power of governing and defending the inhabitants within these bounds, and, when necessary, of raising armies and compelling the lieges to join them. He was empowered to bear the royal banner, and to make such statutes and ordinances for the preservation of justice as he might deem expedient. He might invade those who rebelled against his

authority with fire and sword; imprison, punish, and "justify" them as their offences required; take their castles, and appoint constables to them; and, if necessary, he was empowered to treat with the rebels, so as to bring them back to their obedience and duty. He held the king's castles of Inverness and Inverlochy, and he had belonging to himself the castles of Strathbogie, Bog of Gight (now Gordon Castle), Darnaway, Ruthven in Badenoch, Drummin in Glenlivet, besides having the command of several houses of defence in the counties of Aberdeen and Banff, which were either in possession of members of his own family, or of parties on whose allegiance he could depend.<sup>1</sup>

In the year 1556, according to Bishop Lesley, Mary of Guise, the Queen Regent, "makeing hir voyage in the north partis, come in the month of Julii to Invernes, accompaneit with the Erles of Huntly, Argyle, Atholl, Merchall, Bishop of Ros and Orknay, and syndre uther nobill men, and hir foirsaid counsaloris of Frenchemen [Monsieur Doisel, the resident French Ambassador, and Monsieur Rubay, Vice-Chancellor], quhair sho held justice aris with the most extreme and rigorous punishment." According to the account given by Gordon of Straloch, it was during this tour that her Majesty, with a great retinue, principally composed of Frenchmen, was received by the Earl of Huntly in his Castle of Strathbogie, which he had recently enlarged and adorned at great expense. After a stay of some days, lest she should incommode her host, the Queen prepared to depart. Huntly, who had always been her Majesty's firm supporter, entreated her to prolong her visit. She wished to inspect the cellars and well-filled store-houses of her guest, where there appeared an incredible quantity of fowls and venison. The Frenchmen, on asking from whence a supply so large, and at the same time so fresh, could be procured, were informed by the Earl that he had many hunters and fowlers dispersed in the mountains, woods, and remote places of his domains, from whence they daily sent to him the game which they caught, however distant their quarters might be. On which Doisel exclaimed to the Queen that such a man was not to be tolerated in so small and poor a kingdom as Scotland; and, with reference to the evils which had resulted from the overgrown power of the Douglasses in former reigns, he said that Huntly's wings ought to be clipped, lest he should become too arrogant.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Miscellany of the Spalding Club, iv. 1.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid., iv. li.

In 1561 the Earl of Mar, who regarded the Lord Chancellor Huntly as a dangerous rival, had acquired such a predominant influence in the councils of Queen Mary, that he succeeded in wresting from Huntly the title and estates of the earldom of Murray. Instigated by Murray, the Queen in 1562 set out on an expedition to the north with the view of crushing the power of the Gordons. At Murray's instance Sir John Gordon (a son of Huntly) had previously been imprisoned in connection with a scuffle between him and his brother-in-law, Lord Ogilvy, but had made his escape from prison, and had proceeded to his father's castle. Murray prevailed upon the Privy Council to adopt the resolution that the Earl of Huntly "shall either submit himself, and deliver his disobedient son John, or utterly to use all force against him, *for the subversion of his house for ever.*"

"With what show of reason," says Sheriff Glassford Bell, "the unfortunate Huntly could be subjected to so severe a fate, it is difficult to say. He had come to offer his obedience and hospitality to the Queen on her first arrival at Aberdeen; he remained perfectly quiet during her journey through that part of the country which was subject to him; he sent to her, after she returned to Aberdeen, the keys of the houses of Findlater and Deckford, which she had summoned unsuccessfully on her march from Cullen to Banff; and he delivered to her out of his own castle a field-piece which the Regent Arran had long ago given to him, and which Mary now demanded. He added that 'not only that which was her own, but also his body and goods, were at her Grace's commands.' His wife, the Countess of Huntly, led Captain Hay, the person sent for the cannon, into the chapel at her castle, and placing herself at the altar, said to him: 'Good friend, you see here the envy that is borne unto my husband. Would he have forsaken God and his religion as those that are now about the Queen's grace, and have the whole guiding of her, have done, my husband had never been put at as now he is. God, and he that is upon this holy altar, whom I believe in, will, I am sure, preserve, and let our true meaning hearts be known; and as I have said unto you so, I pray you, let it be said unto your mistress. My husband was ever obedient unto her, and so will die her faithful subject.'

"That Mary should have given her sanction to these iniquitous proceedings, can only be accounted for by supposing, what was in truth the case, that she was kept in ignorance of everything tending to exculpate Huntly, whilst various means were invented to inspire her with a belief that he had conceived, and was intent upon executing, a diabolical plot against herself and government. It was given out that his object was to seize upon the Queen's person—to marry her by force to his son, Sir John Gordon—and to cut off Murray, Morton, and Maitland, his principal enemies. Influenced by these misrepresentations, which

would have been smiled at in later times, but which, in those days, were taken more seriously, the Queen put the fate of Huntly into the hands of Murray. Soon after her return to Aberdeen, an expedition was secretly prepared against Huntly's castle. If resistance was offered, the troops sent for the purpose were to take it by force, and if admitted without opposition, they were to bring Huntly a prisoner to Aberdeen. Intimation, however, of this enterprise and its object was conveyed to the Earl, and he contrived to baffle its success. His wife received the party with all hospitality; threw open her doors, and entreated that they would examine the whole premises, to ascertain whether they afforded any ground of suspicion. But Huntly himself took care to be out of the way, having retired to Badenoch.

“Thus foiled again, Murray, on the 15th October, called a Privy Council, at which he got it declared that unless Huntly appeared on the following day before her Majesty, ‘to answer to such things as are to lay to his charge,’ he should be put to the horn for his contempt of her authority, and ‘his houses, strengths, and friends taken from him.’ However willing he might have been to have ventured thus into the lion's den, Huntly could not possibly have appeared within the time appointed. On the 17th of October he was therefore denounced a rebel in terms of the previous proclamation, and his lands and titles declared forfeited. Even yet, however, Huntly acted with forbearance. He sent his Countess to Aberdeen on the 20th, who requested admission to the Queen's presence, that she might make manifest her husband's innocence. So far from obtaining an audience, this lady, who was respected and loved over the whole country, was not allowed to come within two miles of the Court, and she returned home with a heavy heart. As a last proof of his fidelity, Huntly sent a messenger to Aberdeen, offering to enter into ward till his cause might be tried by the whole nobility. Even this offer was rejected; and, goaded into madness, the unfortunate Earl at length collected his followers round him, and, raising the standard of rebellion, not against the Queen, but against Murray, advanced suddenly upon Aberdeen.

“This resolute proceeding excited considerable alarm at Court. Murray, however, had foreseen the probability of such a step being ultimately taken, and had been busy collecting forces sufficient to repel the attack. A number of the neighbouring nobility had joined him, who, not penetrating the prime minister's real motives, were not displeased to see so proud and powerful an earldom as that of Huntly likely to fall to pieces. On the 28th of October, Murray marched out of Aberdeen at the head of about 2000 men. He found Huntly advantageously stationed at Corrachie, a village about fifteen miles from Aberdeen. Huntly's force was much inferior to that of Murray, scarcely exceeding 500 men. Indeed it seems doubtful whether he had advanced so much for the purpose of fighting, as for the sake of giving greater weight to his demands to be admitted into the presence of the Queen, who, he always maintained, had been misled by false counsel. Perceiving the approach, however, of his inveterate enemy Murray, and considering the superiority of his own position on the hill

of Fare, he relinquished all idea of retreat, and determined at any risk to accept the battle which was offered him. The contest was of short duration. The broadswords of the Highlanders, even had the numbers been more equal, would have been no match for the spears and regular discipline of Murray's Lowland troops. Their followers fled; but the Earl of Huntly and his two sons, Sir John Gordon and Adam, a youth of seventeen, disdaining to give ground, were taken prisoners. The Earl, who was advanced in life, was no sooner set upon horseback, to be carried triumphantly into Aberdeen, than the thoughts of the ruin which was now brought upon himself and his family overwhelmed him; and, without speaking a word, or receiving a blow, he fell dead from his horse."<sup>1</sup>

His son, Sir John Gordon, who was pronounced the author of all these troubles, was soon afterwards tried at Aberdeen, condemned, and beheaded. His youth and magnanimity, we are told, excited the compassion of the beholders, which was deepened by the manner in which he was mangled by the unskilful executioner. The Queen is said to have witnessed his death with many tears.

"Adam Gordon was indebted to his youth for saving him from his brother's fate. He lived to be, as his father had been, one of Mary's most faithful servants. Lord Gordon, the late Earl's eldest son, who was with his father-in-law, the Duke of Chatelherault, at Hamilton, was soon afterwards seized and committed to prison, Murray finding it convenient to declare him implicated in the Earl's guilt. Having remained under arrest for some months, he was tried and found guilty, but the execution of his sentence was left at the Queen's pleasure. She sent him to Dunbar Castle; and as Murray could not prevail upon her to sign the death-warrant, he had recourse to forgery; and had the keeper of the castle not discovered the deceit, the Lord Gordon's fate would have been sealed. Mary was content with keeping him prisoner, till a change in her administration restored him to favour, and to the forfeited estates and honours of his father."<sup>2</sup>

Of George, the fourth Earl of Huntly's three daughters, Lady Elizabeth married John, Earl of Athole; Lady Margaret, John, Lord Forbes; and Lady Jane, the infamous James, Earl of Bothwell, from whom being divorced in 1568, she married Alexander, Earl of Sutherland, who died in 1594, and surviving him, she married Alexander Ogilvie of Boyne, who subsequently became Earl of Northumberland.

George, the fifth Earl of Huntly, was one of Queen Mary's Privy Council, Lord High Chancellor of Scotland, and Lieutenant-General of all

<sup>1</sup> Bell's Life of Mary Queen of Scots, 1880, i. 143, 147.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid., 149, 150.

her Majesty's forces in the north. George, the sixth Earl, a favourite at the Court of James VI., finding himself in danger from the prevailing faction, retired to his possessions in the north for the purpose of improving his estates and enjoying domestic quiet. One of his first measures, we are told, was to erect a castle at Ruthven in Badenoch, in the neighbourhood of his hunting-forests. It is related that he "built the castle twice, it being burnt by a venture or negligence of his servants after he once finished the same." This Earl, who was created Marquess of Huntly in 1599, enjoyed the family honours for the long period of about sixty years. Spalding pronounces a glowing eulogium upon him as one who in time of trouble was of invincible courage; a lover of rest and quietness; a moderate and temperate liver in his diet; a builder and planter of all curious devices; a good neighbour in his marches—disposed rather to give than to take; in youth a prodigal spender, but in age more wise and worldly, mightily envied by the Kirk for his religion, and by others for his greatness. "He departed this life a Roman Catholic; being about the age of threescore and fourteen years, to the great grief of his friends and lady, who had lived with him many years both in prosperity and adversity." He died at Dundee in 1636, on his way home from Edinburgh, and was buried by torchlight in the Cathedral of Elgin.

In a rare and curious little volume, published at Glasgow in 1764, entitled 'The History of the Feuds and Conflicts among the Clans in the northern parts of Scotland, &c., from the year MXXXI unto MDCXIX, now first published from a Manuscript wrote in the reign of King James VI.,' an interesting account is given of the discovery in 1592 of the so-called "Spanish Blanks," or Spanish conspiracy, which at the time created such consternation, and two years subsequently led to the siege of Ruthven Castle and the battle of Glenlivet.

Immediately following the account of these "blanks," the narrative in that history proceeds:—

"Afterward, the year of God 1594, the Popish earls, Angus, Huntlie, and Erroll, were, at the earnest suit of the Queen of England's ambassador, forfeited at a parliament held at Edinburgh the penult of May 1594. Then was the king moved to make the earl of Argyle his Majesty's lieutenant in the north of Scotland, to invade the earls of Huntlie and Erroll. Argyle being glad of this employment (having received money from the Queen of England for this purpose), makes great preparation for the journey, and addresses himself quickly forward; thinking, thereby, to have a good occasion to revenge his brother-in-law the earl of Murray's

death ; so, on he went, with full assurance of a certain victory, accompanied with the earl of Tullibairnie, Sir Lauchlan Maclean and divers islanders, Macintosh, Grant, and Clan-Macgregor, Macneill-Warray, with all their friends and dependers, together with the whole surname of Campbell, with sundry others, whom either greediness of prey, or malice against the Gordons, had thrust on forward in that expedition, in all above 10,000 men. And, coming through all the mountainous countries of that part of Scotland, they arrived at Riven of Badenoch, the 27th of September, the year 1594, which house they besieged, because it appertained to Huntlie."

Argyle himself, we are told, "had in his company to the number of six thousand men well provided with muscatis, bowis, arrowis, and two-handit swordis ; of the quhilk number there war fyftene hundred muscateirs and hagbutters." As the old Scottish ballad has it :—

"Macallan More came from the wast  
With mony a bow and brand  
To wast the Rinnes, he thought best,  
The earll of Huntlie's lands.

He swore yat none should him gainestand,  
Except that he war fay ;  
Bot all sould be at his command  
That dwelt benorthern Tay."

But "*Macallan More*" (*Mac Chailein Mhòir*), though backed by English gold and supported by such a large following, including the Chief of the Mackintoshes, *swore* and "reckoned without his host." The Macphersons, under their own Chief Cluny—acting, as they had ever done, quite independently of the Mackintosh Chief—so gallantly defended the castle in the interests of Huntly that Argyle was compelled to give up the siege. Argyle then proceeded through the hills towards Strathbogie with the intention of carrying fire and sword through Huntly's lands in that district. Arriving near Glenlivet, Argyle found that Huntly and Errol were in the vicinity with 1400 or 1500 men. "Argyle disposed his army on the declivity of a hill, in two parallel divisions. The right wing, consisting of the Macleans and Macintoshes, was commanded by Sir Lachlan Maclean and Macintosh ; the left, of Grants, Macneills, and Macgregors, by Grant of Gartenbeg ; and the centre, of Campbells, &c., by Campbell of Auchinbreck. This vanguard consisted of 4000 men, one-half of whom carried muskets. The rear of the army, 6000 strong, Argyle commanded in person. The Earl of Huntly's vanguard was composed of 300 gentlemen, led by the Earl of Errol, Sir Patrick

Gordon of Auchindoun, the Lairds of Gight and Bonnitoun, and Captain, afterwards Sir, Thomas Carr. The Earl himself brought up the rest of his forces, having the Laird of Cluny upon his right hand and the Laird of Abergeldie upon his left. . . . Argyle's position on the slope of the hill gave him an advantage over his assailants, who, from the nature of their force, were greatly hampered by the mossiness of the ground at the foot of the hill, which was interspersed by pits from which turf had been dug. But, notwithstanding these obstacles, Huntly advanced up the hill with a slow and steady pace." The battle raged with great fury for two hours, during which both parties fought with great bravery, "the one," says Sir Robert Gordon, "for glorie, the other for necessity." In the heat of the action the Earl of Huntly had a horse shot under him, and was in imminent danger of his life; but another horse was straightway got for him. After a hard contest the main body of Argyle's army began to give way, and retreated towards the Burn of Alltcoileachan; Huntly pursued the retiring foe beyond the burn, when he was hindered from following them farther by the steepness of the hills, so unfavourable to the operations of cavalry. On Argyle's side 500 men were killed, including Macneill of Barra and the Earl's two cousins, Lochnell and Auchinbreck. The Earl of Huntly's loss was trifling—among them Sir Patrick Gordon of Auchindoun and the Laird of Gight; whilst the Earl of Errol and a considerable number of persons were wounded. At the conclusion of the battle the conquerors returned thanks to God on the field for the victory they had achieved. Among the trophies found on the field was the ensign belonging to the Earl of Argyle, which was carried with other spoils to Strathbogie, and placed upon the top of the great tower. So certain had Argyle been of success in his enterprise, that he had made out a paper apportioning the lands of the Gordons, the Hays, and all who were suspected to favour them, among the chief officers of his army. This document was found among the baggage which he left behind him on the field of battle.



## CHAPTER II.

THE WATER-POET'S VISIT TO RUTHVEN CASTLE—CAPTURE OF THE CASTLE IN 1647—THE MACPHERSONS AND THE WARS OF MONTROSE, ETC.

IN 1618 Ruthven Castle was visited by the eccentric genius, John Taylor, the so-called *Water-Poet*, and the author of a curious pamphlet entitled, 'The olde, olde, very olde Man; or, The Age and Long Life of Thomas Parr.' Taylor had come to Scotland at the same time as Ben Jonson did, with the design of proving whether he could peregrinate beyond the Tweed without money—a question which he solved in the affirmative, as vouched by his well-known 'Pennyless Pilgrimage.'<sup>1</sup> He found his "approved good friend" Jonson living with Mr John Stuart at Leith, and received from him a gold piece of the value of 22s., a solid proof of the kind feelings of honest Ben towards his brethren of Parnassus. Crossing the Grampians in the train of the Earl of Mar, who had equipped him in the Highland garb, in which he would, no doubt, cut a remarkable figure, Taylor passed into Badenoch, and paid a short visit to Ruthven Castle. After minutely describing a hunting expedition in the Braes of Mar, and the "good cheere" with which he had been entertained, Taylor proceeds:—

"Thus having spent certaine dayes in hunting in the Brea of Marr, wee went to the next county called Bagenoch belonging to the Earle of Engie,<sup>2</sup> where having

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<sup>1</sup> The full title of the book is quaint enough: "THE PENNYLESS PILGRIMAGE; OR, THE MONEYLESSE PERAMBULATION OF JOHN TAYLOR, *alias* THE KINGS MAJESTIES WATER-POET; HOW HE TRAVAILED ON FOOT FROM LONDON TO EDENBOROUGH IN SCOTLAND, NOT CARRYING ANY MONEY TO OR FRO, NEITHER BEGGING, BORROWING, OR ASKING MEATE, DRINKE, OR LODGING."

<sup>2</sup> Afterwards second Marquis of Huntly.

such sport and entertainment as wee formerly had after foure or five dayes pastime, wee tooke leave of hunting for that yeere; and tooke our journey toward a strong house of the Earles, called Ruthven in Bagenoch, where my Lord of Engie and his noble Countesse (being daughter to the Earle of Argile) did give us most noble welcome three dayes.

“From thence we went to a place called Ballo Castle,<sup>1</sup> a faire and stately house, a worthie gentleman being the owner of it, called the Laird of Grant; his wife being a gentlewoman honourably descended, being sister to the right honourable Earle of Atholl, and to Sir Patricke Murray, Knight; she being both inwardly and outwardly plentifully adorned with the gifts of grace and nature; so that our cheere was more then sufficient and yet much lesse then they could afford us. There stayed there foure dayes, foure Earles, one Lord, divers knights and gentlemen, and their servants, footmen, and horses; and every meale foure longe tables furnished with all varieties. Our first and second course being threescore dishes at one boord; and after that alwayes a banquet; and there if I had not forsworne wine till I came to Edenborough, I thinke I had there dranke my last.

“The fifth day with much adoe we gate from thence to Tarnaway,<sup>2</sup> a goodly house of the Earle of Murrayes, where that right honourable Lord and his Lady did welcome us foure days more. There was good cheere in all variety, with somewhat more then plenty for advantage; for indeed the countie of Murray is the most pleasant and plentifull countrey in all Scotland; being plaine land that a coach may be driven more then foure and thirtie miles one way in it alongst by the sea-coast.

“From thence I went to Elgen in Murray, an ancient citie where there stood a faire and beautifull church with three steeples, the walls of it and the steeples all yet standing; but the roofes, windowes, and many marble monuments and toombes of honourable and worthie personages all broken and defaced:<sup>3</sup> this was done in the time when ruine bare rule, and Knox knock’d downe churches.

“From Elgen we went to the Bishop of Murray his house which is called Spinye, or Spinaye; a reverend gentleman he is, of the noble name of Dowglasse, where wee were very well welcomed as befitted the honour of himselfe and his guests.

“From thence wee departed to the Lord Marquesse of Huntleyes, to a sumptuous house of his, named the Bogg of Geethe,<sup>4</sup> where our entertainment was like himselfe free, bountifull, and honourable. There (after two dayes stay) with much entreatie and earnest suite, I gate leave of the Lords to depart towards Edenborough; the noble Marquesse, the Earle of Marr, Murray, Engie, Bughan,

<sup>1</sup> Now Castle Grant.

<sup>2</sup> Darnaway Castle.

<sup>3</sup> Elgin Cathedral was “totally burnt and destroyed” by the Wolf of Badenoch in May 1390.

<sup>4</sup> Bog-of-Gight, now Gordon Castle, the seat in Scotland of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon.

and the Lord Erskin; all these, I thanke them, gave me gold to defray my charges in my journey."

So much, indeed, was the "pennyless" Waterman impressed with the liberality of the people that he exclaims:—

"Yet (arm'd with truth) I publish with my pen,  
That there th' Almighty doth his blessings heape  
In such abundant food for beasts and men,  
That I ne'er saw more plenty or more cheape."

In 1647 the castle was captured from the Marquis of Huntly by General David Leslie. The Marquis then disbanded his forces in Badenoch, reserving only a few as a body-guard for himself and his son, "showing them that he was resolved to live an outlaw till provident Heaven should be pleased to change the king's fortune, upon whose commandments his life and fortune should always depend." By an Act of the Scots Parliament in 1647, it is declared that "the wadset of the lordship to the Marquis of Argyll and the Earl of Southesk was not to be prejudiced by the forfeiture of the Marquis of Huntly." In the subsequent battles and expeditions of Montrose on behalf of the king, the Macphersons, with Ewen Macpherson, younger of Cluny, at their head, took a prominent and active part. "Though the Mackintoshes as a body," we are told, "remained at home," the Macphersons flocked to the banner of the clan under the leadership of young Cluny, who held the rank of colonel in Montrose's army, and "*did cōmand the hale of the men of Badzenoche.*" On the ascendancy of Cromwell, young Cluny and a large number of his clan, although they had been loyally engaged on the side of the king, were arraigned as "bloody enemies" by the Synod of Moray at Forres for taking part in what the Synod termed "*the rebellione.*" Here are full transcripts from the Synod records of the proceedings on the occasion:—

*"At Forres, the 12 of Januar 1648, Sess. 2<sup>d</sup> in the afternoon.*

"After incalling the name of God, and a roll of those of Badyenoche who were engaged in the rebellione, given in be Dougall m<sup>c</sup>Phersone, Captain of the Castle of Rivven, who were cited to this dyet—Compered Ewen m<sup>c</sup>Phersone of Clūnie and *confessed* he did joyne with Alaster m<sup>c</sup>Donald, James Grahame, and the late marquies Huntlye in rebellione; That he was at the fight of Tippermuire and Aberdene, in which he did cōmand the hale of the men of Badzenoche, as also hade the same cōmand under the late marquis of Huntlye; At the directione

Confession  
of those  
Badzenoche  
men in ye  
rebellion.

of the L<sup>d</sup> Gordoun he raised fyre at Dacūs and was in service at the siege of Lethen.

“Donald m<sup>c</sup>Phersone, sonne to the guidman of Noid, Compered and *confessed* he was in the rebellione foresaid; At the battle of Afürd, with the marquies of Huntlye in Mürray, at the siege of Lethen, and at the persewing of Aberdene.

“Lachlane m<sup>c</sup>intosche of Kinraig *confessed* he was in the late rebellione; at the siege of St Jonstoune, and with the late marquies of Huntlye in Murray.

“Lachlane m<sup>c</sup>Phersone of Delfüre *confessed* he joyned in the late rebellione, was at the fight of St Johnstone, Auldearne, Alfürd, and qll the late marquies of Huntlye was beseiging Lethen.

“William m<sup>c</sup>Phersone in Pitchyrne *confessed* he had his hand in the rebellione, was at the siege of St Jonstoune, Aberdene, and Kilsythe, and a night at Lethen. Donald m<sup>c</sup>Queen of Dunachtine *confessed* he was in the rebellione at the fight of Afurd and besieging of Lethen.

“James m<sup>c</sup>intosche of Strone *confessed* he was brought against his will to the siege of Lethen. Angus m<sup>c</sup>intosche, portioner of Bannachar, *confessed* he was joyned in the rebellione, and in absence of the guidman of Stroane was Captain over the m<sup>c</sup>intosches at the retreat at Inverness, at the siege of Lethen, and at the battle of Afürd and St Jonstoune.

“Williame m<sup>c</sup>Phersone in Pitmeane *confessed* he joyned with the enemies at the fights of Kilsythe and Afurd, and was at the siege of Lethen.

“Williame m<sup>c</sup>Phersone in Bannachar *confessed* he joyned with the enemies at the battells of St Jonstoune and Afurd, and the onfall at Aberdene.

“Williame m<sup>c</sup>Phersone in Boilid moir *confessed* he was in the rebellione, at the intaking of Aberdene, in Murray at Lethen, and with the late marqueis in rebellione since the remissione.

“Angus m<sup>c</sup>Phersone in the bray of Badyenoche *confessed* his rebellione, that he was at the fight of St Jonstoune, at the falling in on Aberdene, and also at Lethen.

“Johne m<sup>c</sup>Phersone in Boilid more *confessed*, he was joyned in the rebellione at the fight of St Jonstoune, the intaking of Aberdene, and with the f<sup>d</sup> marqueis in Murray.

“Hutchone m<sup>c</sup>Phersone in Bracachie *confessed* he was in the rebellione at the Intaking of Aberdene w<sup>t</sup> the f<sup>d</sup> marqueis at Lethen, and in ye late rebellione at Craigall.

“Sorle m<sup>c</sup>Phersone in Nyssintilloche *confessed* he was in Murray at Lethen.

“Alexander m<sup>c</sup>Pherson in Crobinbeg *confessed* he was in the rebellione at the fights of St Johnstoune, Aberdene, and Afurd, and at Leathen.

“William m<sup>c</sup>Phersone in Crobinbeg *confessed* he was at the fight of St Jonstoune, the intaking of Aberdene, in Murray at Lethen, and with the oftin f<sup>d</sup> marqueis in the last rebellione.

“Malcome m<sup>c</sup>Phersone of Phones *confessed* he did meet with the enemies, bot was never at a fight with them.

“Donald m<sup>c</sup>Phersone appeirand of Phones confessed he was at the fight of Auldearne, at the intaking of Aberdene, and in Murray at Lethen, as also w<sup>t</sup> ye f<sup>d</sup> marquis since the pacificacione w<sup>t</sup> ye states.

“Thomas m<sup>c</sup>Phersone of Etteris confessed he was at the fight of Afurd, the intaking of Aberdene, and at Leathen, did subscriye papers at the f<sup>d</sup> marquis desyre, and was in the last rebellione.

“Jhone m<sup>c</sup>Phersone of Innerawin confessed he was at the fights of St Jonstoune and Aberdene and Afurd ; at the intaking of Aberdene, and in Murray at Leathen.

“Alaster m<sup>c</sup>Phersone in Riven confessed he was onlie with the enemies and Murray at Leathen.

“Thomas m<sup>c</sup>Phersone of Innertromie confessed he was at the fights of St Jonstoune, Aberdene, and Afurd ; at the intaking of Aberdene, at Lethen, and in Craigall in the last rebellione.

“Malcome m<sup>c</sup>Phersone in Bellinespick confessed he was at the fights of St Jonstoune, the intaking of Aberdene, and in Murray at Leathen.

“James m<sup>c</sup>intosche in Kinrara confessed he was at the bloodie fights of St Jonstoune, Auldearne, and intaking of Aberdene, and hade the office of Comissary in Murray at Leathen, and was captaine somtyme under the guidman of Stroane.

“Donald m<sup>c</sup>Phersone in Presmükkarach confessed being drawn hither against his will ; he was at ye intaking of Aberdene, and at Lethen.

James Shaw in Dunachtan-beg confessed he was at the fight of Jonstoune, the intaking of Aberdene, and at Lethen.

“Donald m<sup>c</sup>James m<sup>c</sup>intosche confessed he was at the fights of St Jonstoune and Afurd, and at the intaking of Aberdene.

“*Januär 13, 1648.*”

“After incalling the name of God, the malignants of Badyenoche *comperend* they might receive thair censure according to the measure of thair guilt, were classed as follows :—

“L. -Coll. Ewen m<sup>c</sup>Phersone ; James m<sup>c</sup>intosche, a Cōmisary ; Captaine Thomas m<sup>c</sup>Phersone of Innertromie ; Captaine Donald m<sup>c</sup>Phersone, fear of Phones ; Angus m<sup>c</sup>intosche in Bannachar, Captaine in absence of Stroane. The abouēnamed for a part of thair censure were ordained to tak on sackloth, which they did accordinglie, acknowledging their heartie sorrow upon thair knees, willinglie subscriyed the *confessione* emitted be the cōmission of the *generall* Assemblie at Aberdene, as they were ordained, and solmnlie promised in tyme coming to amend thair former miscariage.

“Lachlane m<sup>c</sup>Phersone of Delfouë ; Williame m<sup>c</sup>Phersone of Pitchryne ; Donald m<sup>c</sup>Quein in Dunachten ; Williame m<sup>c</sup>Phersone in Pitmeane ; Williame m<sup>c</sup>Phersone in Bannachar ; Angus m<sup>c</sup>Phersone in ye bray of Badzenoch ; Jhone m<sup>c</sup>Phersone in Boilid moir ; Alexander m<sup>c</sup>Phersone in Crobinbeg ; Jhone m<sup>c</sup>Phersone in Innerawin ; Malcome m<sup>c</sup>Phersone, Bellinespick ; Donald m<sup>c</sup>Phersone,

Malignants  
classed.

Leaders.

Malicious  
bloodie  
enemies.

Presmukkarach ; James Shaw in Dunaghtan-beg ; Donald m<sup>c</sup>James m<sup>c</sup>intosche. These, in respect they were not leaders bot joynd in ye rebellione under the cōmand of others, y<sup>r</sup>for were ordained in thair owne habits on thair knees to acknowledge thair deep sorrow and humiliatone for thair rebellione, and to confess thair earnest purpose and resolution to amend and refrain from such wicked Courses in tyme coming, and presentlie subscrivye this f<sup>d</sup> confessione composed be the cōmission of ye *generall* Assemblie at Aberdene ; which all they did according to the ordinances, and such of them as could not subscrivye themselves gāue cōmand by touching the pen to the Clerk of ye Assemblie to subscrivye for them.

Milder and  
less malicious.

“Donald m<sup>c</sup>Phersone, Neede ; Lachlane m<sup>c</sup>intosche of Kinraig ; Sorle m<sup>c</sup>Phersone in Nyssentülloche ; Alexander m<sup>c</sup>Phersone in Riven ; and Donald m<sup>c</sup>Pherson in Presmukkarach, being found less malicious than the former, acknowledged thair faults *ut supra*, were ordained to subscrivye the abouementioned confession, which accordinglie was done, and to mak thair publick repentance in their own paroche kirk.

In the first and  
last rebellione  
and absent.

“Jhone m<sup>c</sup>Gregor Roy, Alexander m<sup>c</sup>Leane, Alex<sup>r</sup> m<sup>c</sup>Phersone in Kingusiebeg, and Callūm m<sup>c</sup>Koūle m<sup>c</sup>ean, having hand both in the first and last rebellione, and being absent from this meeting without excuse, The Presbyterie of Abirloūre ordained to process them with all the deligence they can use, and Intimation is ordained to be made in all Paroche churches of yis province that none receive them.

To be  
admonished.

“James m<sup>c</sup>intosche of Stroane, and Malcome m<sup>c</sup>Phersone of Phones, being found of anie others in Badyenoche least guiltie of complyance and joyning with the enemies, were graūlie admonished to look narrowlie to thair ways in time coming, and to mak thair repentance in thair paroche kirk.

Absents  
excused.

“James m<sup>c</sup>Phersone, fear of Ardbrylache, and Alexander m<sup>c</sup>intosche of Kinrara, thair absence was excused in respect they ar in Edinburgh.

“Angus m<sup>c</sup>intosche of Gargask ; Bane m<sup>c</sup>Phersone of Strāmassie ; Ewen m<sup>c</sup>Phersone of Corie-earnisdeall, being detained in Ruthven as pledges, thair absence also excused.

“Andrew m<sup>c</sup>Phersone of Clūnie ; Angus m<sup>c</sup>Phersone of Inneressie ; Jhone m<sup>c</sup>Phersone in Druminard ; Jhone m<sup>c</sup>Phersone of Neede ; Alexander m<sup>c</sup>intosche in Pittoūrie, excūsed for thair ages and inabilityie to travell.

“Donald m<sup>c</sup>Pherson of Dunachtan moir, and Angus m<sup>c</sup>intosche in Eisterreate, thair absence also excused becaus of thair present sickness.

Absents w<sup>t</sup>  
out excuse.

“Alexander Gordoune in Rait ; Lachlane m<sup>c</sup>intosche in Pittourie ; Donald m<sup>c</sup>Phersone in Oevie ; Jhone m<sup>c</sup>Pherson of Crathicroy ; Ewen m<sup>c</sup>Phersone of Tirfadowne ; Williame Shaw in Belnastl ; Jhone m<sup>c</sup>Phersone in Sherabeg ; Jhone m<sup>c</sup>intosche in Crathimoir ; Malcome m<sup>c</sup>Phersone in Kingūsie ; Williame Gordon in Kingusie beg ; Farq<sup>r</sup> m<sup>c</sup>homach, y<sup>r</sup> ; Andrew m<sup>c</sup>Phersone in Need ; Jhone and James m<sup>c</sup>Phersones in Innermarkie ; Donald m<sup>c</sup>Phersone in Dunachtan-moir ; and Malcome m<sup>c</sup>Phersone in Pythirne, being absence without excuse, together with all others not now censured, were referred to the Presbyterie of Abirloure to process and censure them as they sal be answerable to ye provinciall next.

Referred w<sup>t</sup>  
Ds. to ye  
Presb. of  
Abirloure.

“L.-Coll. Ewen m<sup>c</sup>Phersone ; James m<sup>c</sup>intosche, Cōmisary ; Thomas m<sup>c</sup>Phersone of Innertromie, a Captaine and in ye last rebellione ; Donald m<sup>c</sup>Phersone of fiar of Phonas, and a Captaine and in ye last rebellione ; Angus m<sup>c</sup>intosche, also a Captaine ; Lachlane m<sup>c</sup>Phersone of Delfoüre ; William m<sup>c</sup>Phersone, Pitchyrne ; William m<sup>c</sup>Phersone in Bannachar ; and Jhone m<sup>c</sup>Phersone in Innernahaan, having confessed they were with the enemies at the fight of Auldearne, Theirfor were ordained first to mak thair repentance in sackcloth in the kirk of Auldearne, where Mr William Falconer is appoynted to preache Sunday next for that end. Donald m<sup>c</sup>Quein in Dunachten ; William m<sup>c</sup>Phersone in Pitmeane ; Angus m<sup>c</sup>Pherson in the bray of Badzenoche ; Jhone m<sup>c</sup>Phersone, Boelid-moir ; Alex<sup>r</sup> m<sup>c</sup>Phersone in Crobinbeg ; Malcome m<sup>c</sup>Phersone in Bellinespick ; Donald m<sup>c</sup>Pherson in Presmukkarach ; James Shaw in Dunachten ; and Donald m<sup>c</sup>James m<sup>c</sup>intosche, being found also to haue joyned with the enemies in bloodie fights, were ordained Sunday next to mak thair repentance in sackcloth in the kirk of Caddell : Thairafter thir, together with the rest of the bloodie enemies, sall compeir bef<sup>r</sup> the Presbyterie of Abirlour and acknowledge thair guiltiness ; and uppone the saxt day of Februār next they ar ordained to mak thair repentance in the Kirk of Kingusie, and Mr Lachlane Grant and Maister Williame Fraser appoynted to preach there that day and receive them ; and in case either of these two be sick, power is given to Mr Jhone Annand to direct either Mr Patrick Dunbar or Mr Alex<sup>r</sup> Ros to supplie thair vice, and after thair repentance they are ordained to subscriye the covenant and league at Kingüsie.”

Bloodie  
enemies  
y<sup>r</sup> censured.

In 1649 the castle was captured by a force under the command of Thomas Mackenzie of Pluscardine. The same year the Scots Parliament made a grant of £500 Scots to Evan Macpherson of Cluny and Lauchlan Macpherson, in consideration of their losses caused by the invasion of Badenoch by the Laird of Pluscardine. An Act was also passed regarding the garrison under the charge of Lieutenant-Colonel James Menzies, the monthly pay of the garrison being then £300. In 1650 “thirty men of the Marquis of Argyll’s Regiment were appointed to be left in the Ruthven of Badenoch ;” and by a subsequent Act of the same year the forces raised in Badenoch were to be commanded by the Laird of Lochiel, Dougall Macpherson, and the Laird of Macintosh or Lauchlan Macintosh. In July 1657 one company of foot formed the garrison.

After the battle of Worcester and the flight of King Charles II., Ruthven Castle was garrisoned by the English. In 1653 the Earl of Glencairn, who had taken up arms in the cause of the Royalists, was lying in Cromar when Colonel Morgan, who was at the time in Aberdeen, having made an attack on them, obliged them to retreat through a long narrow glen leading to the forest of Abernethy, when Morgan, overtaken

by night, desisted. Glencairn remained in Badenoch for about five weeks, till he was joined by Lorn and a large gathering; but Lorn had scarcely remained a fortnight when he left the army, together with his men, and took the way to Ruthven Castle on New-Year's Day 1654. Glengarry was despatched either to bring them back, or to attack them in case of refusal. He came up with them within half a mile of the castle. Lorn and most of his horse escaped, but the foot halted on a hill, beat a parley, and offered to return. They laid down their arms, took an oath to serve the king, but within another fortnight they had all disappeared!

“After Worcester, Cromwell's soldiers overran the greater part of Scotland, and ruled the country, establishing, among other garrisons, one at Inverness—at the Citadel or Sconce—and another at Brahan. Certain Highland chiefs, however, including Lochiel and Glengarry, still held out for the Stewarts, and when the Earl of Glencairn raised the royal standard in 1653, they hastened to join him. Glencairn wasted time in aimless marches, and before long he had to yield the chief command to the more energetic General Middleton. Lilburne, who commanded Cromwell's forces in Scotland, proved, notwithstanding the famous Colonel Morgan's assistance, unable to suppress the Royalist rising. Cromwell, therefore, resolved to put a stronger man in his place, and in April 1654 Monck arrived at Dalkeith in the capacity of Governor of Scotland, and armed with the fullest powers. He at once prepared to follow the Royalists into the Highlands. In May he moved to Stirling, from whence he advanced into the district of Aberfoyle, where, after repeated repulses, he dispersed the forces of Glencairn. He then marched northward to meet Middleton, having arranged that he should be joined by Morgan, who was stationed at Brahan, and by Colonel Brayne, who was despatched to bring 2000 men from Ireland to Inverlochy. His movements were extraordinarily rapid. He started from St Johnstone's [Perth] on Friday, 9th June, with a force of horse and foot, which included his own regiment, now the famous Coldstream Guards.”<sup>1</sup>

Here is the despatch which Monck addressed to Cromwell from Ruthven Castle in July 1654:—

“MAY ITT PLEASE YOUR HIGHNESSE,—

“Wee are now returned back thus farre after the Enemy under Middleton, who by a teadious march have harras't out their horse very much; both Highlanders and Lowlanders begin to quitt them. They are now about Dunkell, but wee heare they intend to march towards the Head of Lough-Lomond. Wee shall

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<sup>1</sup> *Vide* The Highland Monthly for May 1892.



doe our best to overtake them in the Reare, or putt them to a very teadious march, the which wee hope will utterlie breake them. I desire your Highnesse will be pleased to give order That care may bee taken that the Irish forces that are att Loughaber may continue there, for a yeare: I finde they are very unwilling, being they were promist (as they say) to returne within 3 or 4 monthes; but being that providence hath ordered That that partie should come into those parts itt will bee a great deale of trouble to shippe them away, and to shippe other men to Releve them in that place; and truly the place is of that Consequence for the keeping of a garrison there for the destroying of the stubbornest enemy wee have in the Hills, that of the Clan Cameron's and Glengaries, and the Earle of Seafort's people, that wee shall not bee able to doe our worke unlesse wee continue a garrison there for one yeare; For in case we should withdraw that Garrison towards the winter from thence, these 3 clans doe soe over awe the rest of the clans of the Country that they would bee able to inforce them to rise, in case wee should withdraw our garrisons, and nott find them employment att home the next Summer before there will be any grasse for us to subsist in the Hills: In case we should putt in some of our owne forces there and return the others into Ireland wee shall not have shipping to doe both, besides the unsetling of one and setling the other will be a great inconvenience to us: This I thought fitt humbly to offer to your Highnesse, concerning which I shall humbly desire to have your Highnesse speedy Answer what you intend to doe with the Irish forces, and in case you doe intend the Irish forces shall stay there, I desire you will please to write to L. Col. Finch who commands the Irish Forces under Col. Brayne that they may stay there, for I finde they are something unwilling unless they putt your Highnesse to that trouble, and therefore now the letter may be speeded to him as soone as may be if your Highnesse thinke fitt. Col. Morgan is att present about y<sup>e</sup> Bray of Marre, and Col. Twisleton neere Glasgowe with Col. Pride's Regiment.—I remain, &c.,           GEORGE MONCK.

"CAMPE AT RUTHVEN IN BADGENOTH,  
7th July 1654."<sup>1</sup>

In the narrative of Monck's "Proceedings in the Hills from June 9 to 29 July 1654," it is stated that "the Enemy having quitt Garth Castle, a small Castle and nott considerable, leaving 30 armes (most charged) behinde them, order was given for the burning of itt. From thence I marched to Ruthven in Badgenoth, where I had notice of Middleton's being with his whole force about Glengaries Bounds, which hasten'd my March the 20th to Cluny, and from thence the next day to Glenroy, which being the first Bounds of the Clan Camerons I quarter'd att, and they being uppe in armes against us, wee began to fire all their houses. I had there notice Middleton was in Kintale."

<sup>1</sup> The Highland Monthly for May 1892.

## CHAPTER III.

THE LAST MARQUESSSES OF HUNTLY—THE FIRST DUKE OF GORDON—  
INCIDENTS CONNECTED WITH THE CASTLE—THE RISING OF '45.

GEORGE, the second Marquis of Huntly, before he succeeded to the marquisate, was captain of the Scots *Gens-d'Armes* to Lewis XIII. of France, was a staunch adherent of Charles I., and was beheaded by the Covenanters on that account on the 30th March 1649. Lewis, the third Marquis, was restored to his honours and estates by Charles II.; and his successor, George, the fourth Marquis, was elevated to a dukedom, as Duke of Gordon, on 1st November 1684. The Duchess, who was a daughter of the Duke of Norfolk, retired to a convent in Flanders, and in 1711 excited no small attention by sending to the Dean and Faculty of Advocates a silver medal with a head of the *Chevalier de St George* on one side, with the British Isles and the word *Reddite* on the other. This medal they accepted, and a deputation who waited on her Grace to return their thanks, expressed a hope that she would soon have an opportunity to compliment the Faculty with another medal on the *Restoration*. Of Alexander, the second Duke, who was a zealous adherent of the Stuart cause in 1715, the following anecdote is related: A Protestant tenant, having fallen in arrears, had his stock seized by the steward and advertised for sale. The farmer, having waited on his Grace and told his sorrowful tale, had the satisfaction of receiving an acquittance of the debt. As he was withdrawing, he expressed a wish to know what the pictures and statues were that adorned the ducal hall. "These," said the Duke, "are the saints that intercede with the Saviour for me." "My Lord Duke," replied the tenant, "I went to little Sawney Gordon and muckle Sawney Gordon, but had I not come to your Grace's self, I and my bairns would have been turned out o' house an' ha'; would

it not, then, be better for your Grace to go directly to the one Mediator Himself?" It has been asserted that this was the means of converting his Grace to the Protestant faith; but whilst it is probable that such a conversation may have had its effect, yet it is more likely that this important change was brought about by his Duchess, who was a daughter of the Earl of Peterborough, and who brought up her numerous family in the Protestant religion.

But to return to Ruthven Castle. By an Act of 1685, "the Castle and Burgh of Barony" were appointed "to be called St George's Castle and Burgh, with a weekly market and six yearly fairs and a fair at Bellamore" (Biallidmore). The proposed change of name appears never to have been adopted, and in reference to this Dr Anderson of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland writes me as follows:—

"The entry you refer to occurs in a Ratification of the Marquisat, Earldom, and Lordship of Huntly in favour of George, Duke of Gordon. It occurs first as 'Kingussie-beg, with the Burgh of Barony of Ruthven and weekly mercat there on Friday.' It again occurs further on in the document as 'The said lands and Lordship of Lochaber and Badenoch—upon the resignation of Robert, Earle of Southesque, . . . together with *the clause* of novodamus of the said haill lands, &c., . . . and *the clause* ordaining the Castle of Ruthven to be called now and in all time coming St George's Castle, and the Burgh of Barony of Ruthven to be called now and in all time coming St George's Burgh, and the new erection of ane weekly mercat there upon Friday—and six free faires yearly to be holden there . . . [the names by which they were to be called are not filled in the blanks], each standing for the space of three dayes, and, moreover, two free faires yearly to be holden on the lands of Bellamore.' It seems to me to be merely reciting from a previous deed. At all events, it is not an Act of Parliament, and the probability is that the proposal to change the name was never carried out. There are two of the proposed changes just before it—viz., the Bogue to be called Gordon Castle, and the Burgh of Barony of Inverlochie to be called now and in all time coming Gordon's Burgh."

In the same year (1685) a ratification was granted to the Duke of Gordon of the lordship of Badenoch, specifying the lands comprehended therein; of the patronage of the kirk of Kingussie; and of the burgh of barony of Ruthven, with a weekly market in the burgh on Friday. In 1689, General Mackay of Scourie, who had that year been appointed by William and Mary "Major-General of all forces whatever within our ancient kingdom of Scotland," placed a garrison of the royal troops in the castle under the command of John Forbes, brother of Culloden. Soon afterwards a detachment of the army of Graham of Claverhouse

laid siege to the castle, and the garrison being in want of provisions, capitulated on the condition that their lives should be spared, and that they should be allowed to return to their homes on parole.

“In the end of May or beginning of June about sixty of the Clan Grant, under their Captain, John Forbes of Culloden, marched into Mackay’s camp, bringing the intelligence that the Castle of Ruthven in Badenoch, which they had lately garrisoned, was now a smoking ruin. On the 29th May, Dundee had summoned the Castle to surrender; and a few days later, after a sharp encounter, the defenders, weakened by want of provisions and succours, yielded to Keppoch. The garrison were allowed to march out with the honours of war, but the Castle was given to the flames.”<sup>1</sup>

In an Act of that year it is mentioned that “the house of Ruthven was burnt in the second week of June 1689, by Viscount Dundee.”

The following letter, addressed by “Lieutenant Mackay of the garrison of Badenoch to the Dutches of Gordone,” is, says Dr John Stuart, “very characteristic, as evincing the amount of regard paid by the Highlanders of Badenoch to a Royal Order as compared with that which they were ready to accord to one from their feudal superior”:—

“RUTHVEN CASTLE, *the 3d day of Januarie, 1691.*

“MAY IT PLEASE YOUR GRACE,—

“The king my master haveing wrytten to severall cheifes of clans, and among the rest to the laird of Clunie, to raise a companie for reducing of the rebels (as your grace may perceive by the inclosed copie of his letter), I cannot but own that Clunie has shoven himself very forward; only his kinsmen out of respect and reference to your grace, and the family of Huntly, to whom they are vassalls, refuse obedience without your grace’s order; and seeing the McPhersons are a considerable family, and that ther carrage heerin may be leading and exemplar to others, I wer much wanting to the dutie I ow your grace, and the family your grace represents, as a friend and a wel wisher, and to my master as a subject, especiallie in the statione I now hold, if I did not by ane expresse, acquaint your grace wher the matter strikes at. Give me leave then, with that submissione suits my mean qualitie and statione, to suggest to your grace that it seemes convenient for his majestie’s service, your grace send forthwith your positive order to your bailies in this country to raise a companie of wel-armed men, in termes and for the ends expressed in his majestie’s letter. Your grace sees the matter requires hast, and the sooner the bearer is dispatched with your grace’s order, the mor you show your affection to ther majestie’s government. In all things that may concerne the welfare of your illustrious family [I shall be ready]

<sup>1</sup> The Chiefs of Grant, 1883, i. 313, 314.

to aquit myself as becomes, Madam, Your Grace’s most humble and affectionatt servant,  
ALEXANDER MACKY.”<sup>1</sup>

The following “vindication” by the Macphersons to the Duke of Gordon in 1699, with reference to what is described as “one of the most wicked, malicious, and notorious lyes” which could be invented by the “serpentine witt” of M’Intosh of Borlum, the Duke’s bailie in Badenoch at the time, is certainly remarkable for its pungency and force of language:—

“Whereas we are informed that William M’Intosh of Borlum, Baillie of Badenoch, hath reported one of the most wicked, malicious, and notorious lyes that his serpentine witt could invent, or the devell could indyte to him, to witt, that the country men of Badenoch, of the name of M’Phersone, and particularly the fewers, hade sent message to him with John M’Pherson, younger of Dalrady, declairing that thair only ground of quarrell with him, and accuseing him of malversations, wes be reason of his close noticeing his grace the Duke of Gordone’s interest against them, and in particular his marches with the saids fewers; and if he did forbear so to doe, that he would be as acceptable to them as any baillie that ever they hade, and now seing such a pernicious and malicious lye (which certainly wes never hatcht or contrived without the concourse and inspiration of the father and author of lyes) might tend to the raising sediton twixt the superior and his wassells, and to the utter and quite depriving of the wassells of there superior’s countinance and favor, and might incite him to enmitie against them (which certainly wes their malicious enemie’s designe), theirfoir, and in confutation of the said hellish intension, we have thought fite to declair, lykas we underscribers do hereby declair, upoun our soul and conscience, and as we hop to be saved at the great day of judgment, that we never sent any such message to him, nor so much as talked of any such matter to the said John M’Pherson or any else. Lykeas, I, the said John M’Pherson, hereby solemnly swear upoun my soul, and as I expect to be saved, that I never received any such message from the country, or any one of them, nor did deliver the samen to the said baillie, nor hade the least ground to doe it from them, neither did I it of my own accord.

WM. M’PHERSONE of Noid.	R. M’PHERSONE of Crathiecroy.
MALCOME M’PHERSONE of Breakachie.	J. M’PHERSON of Balchron.
ALEX. M’PHERSONE of Phones.	J. M’PHERSON of Cullinlind.
J. M’PHERSONE of Ardbrylache.	J. M’PHERSON of Weaster Glen- benchor.
J. M’PHERSON, younger of Dalraddie.	J. M’PHERSON of Pitmean.
E. M’PHERSONE in Dellifour.	A. M’PHERSONE of Kyllihuntly.
J. M’PHERSONE of Pitterhirne.	JOHNE M’PHERSONE of Dalradie.
A. M’PHERSON, Stramasie.	
ALEX. M’PHERSON of Etterishe.” <sup>2</sup>	

<sup>1</sup> The Miscellany of the Spalding Club, iv. 164, 165.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid., 165, 166.

Shaw, who had when a youth attended the school of Ruthven, and had seen the last castle entire, thus describes it :—

“It stood on a green mount, jutting into a marshy plain. The mount is steep on three sides, and tapering to the top, as if it were artificial ; the area on the top, about an hundred yards long and thirty broad ; the south wall was nine feet thick, through which the arched entry was guarded by a double iron grate, and a portcullis ; the other walls were sixteen feet high, and four thick, and in the north end of the court were two towers in the corners, and some low buildings, and a draw-well within the court.”<sup>1</sup>

Such was the old castle to which it is said Queen Mary frequently resorted to enjoy the pleasures of the chase. Spottiswood mentions in his history that the Queen “took the sport of hunting the deer in the forest of Mar and Atholl in the year 1563.” Barclay in his ‘Defence of Monarchical Government’ gives the following interesting particulars :—

“The Earl of Atholl prepared for her Majesty’s reception by sending out about two thousand Highlanders to gather the deer from Mar, Badenoch, Murray, and Atholl, to the district he had previously appointed. It occupied the Highlanders for several weeks in driving the deer to the amount of two thousand, besides roes, does, and other game. The Queen, with her numerous attendants, and a great concourse of the nobility, gentry, and people, were assembled at the appointed glen, and the spectacle much delighted her Majesty, particularly as she observed that such a numerous herd of deer seemed to be directed in all their motions by one stately animal among them ; they all walked, stopped, or turned as he did—they all followed him. The Queen was delighted to see all the deer so attentive to their leader, and upon her pointing it out to the Earl of Atholl, who knew the nature of the animal well, having been accustomed to it from his youth, he told her that they might all come to be frightened enough by that beautiful beast. ‘For,’ said he, ‘should that stag in the front, which your Majesty justly admires so much, be seized with any fit of fury or of fear, and rush down from the side of the hill, where you see him stand, to this plain, then would it be necessary for every one of us to provide for the safety of your Majesty, and for our own ; all the rest of those deer would infallibly come with him as thick as possibly they could, and make their way over our bodies to the mountain that is behind us.’ This information occasioned the Queen some alarm, and what happened afterwards proved it not to be altogether without cause ; for her Majesty having ordered a large fierce dog to be let loose on a wolf that appeared, the leading deer, as we may call him, was terrified at the sight of the dog, turned his back, and began to fly thither whence they had come ; all the other deer instantly followed. They

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<sup>1</sup> History of the Province of Moray, 208.

were surrounded on that side by a line of Highlanders, but well did they know the power of this close phalanx of deer, and at speed ; and therefore they yielded, and opposed no resistance ; and the only means left of saving their lives was to fall flat on the heath in the best posture they could, and allow the deer to run over them. This method they followed, but it did not save them from being wounded ; and it was announced to the Queen that two or three men had been trampled to death. In this manner the deer would have all escaped, had not the huntsmen, accustomed to such events, gone after them, and with great dexterity headed and turned a detachment in the rear ; against these the Queen's stag-hounds and those of the nobility were loosed, and a successful chase ensued. Three hundred and sixty deer were killed, five wolves, and some roes ; and the Queen and her party returned to Blair delighted with the sport."<sup>1</sup>

Ruthven Barracks, of which the ruins now exist, were built in 1718 by the government of the day on the site of the old castle for the purpose of overawing the people of Badenoch after the Rising of "Mar's Year." With regard to its garrison and their intercourse with the inhabitants of Badenoch, various legends survive. Indeed certain families are still pointed out as bearing names that connect them with the English soldiers. A singular league between one of its officers and Macpherson of Banchor forms an amusing story. Even in its degradation the mound of Ruthven long continued to be regarded as a rendezvous for the surrounding country, and it was to its summit that the people of the district flocked to hold high jubilee when the news arrived of the victory of Waterloo.

In MacGibbon and Ross's able and interesting work, 'Castellated and Domestic Architecture of Scotland,' the existing ruins are thus described :—

"The building as it stands is entirely of the eighteenth century. Not a vestige of any earlier work can now be traced. . . . The approach is by a steep slope up the south-east side of the hill. There are here traces which may perhaps have been formed in connection with older works. A separate entrance led to the central court, between the main building and the out-buildings to the west. The whole platform was surrounded with a wall, of which only some portions now remain. It is not over two feet thick, and in this respect, as well as its want of durability, it presents a striking contrast to the walls of enceinte of the early castles. The main building consists of a courtyard, seventy-five feet long by forty wide, surrounded with buildings, those on the north and south sides being barracks, three storeys in height, for the troops, and those on the east and west sides being enclosing walls with a series of open arched recesses on the inner sides. These

<sup>1</sup> Scrope's Deer-Stalking in the Scottish Highlands, 49, 50.

were intended to support a wide platform (in the position of the old parapet-walk) on which guns might be worked. The principal entrance is in the centre of the east wall, and the access to the platform of the wall was by outside stairs at the north and south ends. Access to the platform of the west wall was obtained by a wide open staircase facing the principal entrance. The portion to the stable-court was under this staircase. The barracks contained two rooms on each floor with a central staircase. The windows are all towards the courtyard—the opening in the outer walls on each floor being loop-holes for musketry-fire. The enclosing walls are all similarly loop-holed. The outside faces of the walls are enfiladed from two towers at the north-east and south-west angles of the quadrangle, exactly on the same principle as in the old **Z** plans. The north-east tower appears to have contained the guard-rooms, and the south-west tower the kitchen. The latrines were at the north-west and south-east angles. Between the quadrangle and the detached building to the north there is a large level grass-grown court suitable for drill. The northern building has walls one storey high, with wide doorways, above which there seems to have been a great loft in the roof approached by an open staircase in the centre. These out-buildings were probably the stables, with hay-loft above. The walls are loop-holed on the ground-floor like those of the barracks, and have large windows in the gables. The small rooms adjoining the stables were probably guard-rooms and harness-rooms. In this eighteenth-century barrack we find a complete departure from almost all the ideas which prevailed in earlier times. We also see here the more complete carrying out of some of the ideas of which we have met with some partial examples, as at Mar Castle and Corgarff.”

When the Rising of the '45 broke out, the company of the royal forces stationed in the barracks of Ruthven at the time joined Cope on his march to Inverness, the barracks being left in charge of Sergeant Molloy and fourteen men of the 6th Regiment of foot. So well adapted was the place for purposes of defence that the sergeant's party, small as it was, successfully resisted the first attempt to oust them made by 200 of Prince Charlie's followers. Early in the following year, however, a more determined attack to obtain possession of the barracks was made by 300 of the Prince's adherents on their way to Culloden, under the command of Gordon of Glenbucket; and although the small band of Royalists were obliged to yield, yet for three days they made so gallant a defence that they obtained an honourable capitulation, and the dauntless sergeant was soon preferred to the rank of a lieutenant.

The account of the defence of the barracks on the occasion given by the gallant sergeant in a communication to his general is worth quoting :—



“HONOURED GENERAL,—This goes to acquaint you that yesterday there appeared in the little town of Ruthven above 300 men of the enemy, and sent proposals to me to surrender this redoubt, upon condition that I should have liberty to carry off bag and baggage. My answer was, ‘That I was too old a soldier to surrender a garrison of such strength without bloody noses.’ They threatened hanging me and my men for refusal; I told them I would take my chance. This morning they attacked me about twelve o’clock (by my information) with about 150 men. They attacked ‘fore-gate’ and ‘sally-port,’ and attempted to set ‘sally-port’ on fire with some old barrels and other combustibles, which took place immediately; but the attempter lost his life by it. They drew off about half an hour after three. About two hours after, they sent to me that two of their chiefs wanted to talk to me. I admitted, and spoke to them from the parapet. They offered conditions—I refused; they desired liberty to carry off their dead men—I granted. There are two men since dead of their wounds in town, and three more they took with them, as I am informed. They went off westward about eight o’clock this morning; they did the like march yesterday, in the afternoon, but came back at nightfall. They took all the provisions the poor inhabitants had in the town, and Mrs Macpherson, the barrack-wife, and a merchant of the town, who spoke to me at this moment, and who advised me to write to your honour, and told me that there were 3000 men all lodged in the corn-fields west of the town last night, and their grand camp is at Dalahinny. They have Cluny Macpherson with them prisoner, as I have it by the said information. I lost one man, shot through the head, by foolishly holding his head too high over the parapet. I expect another visit this night, I am informed, with their peteraroes; but I shall give them the warmest reception my weak party can afford. I shall hold out as long as possible.

“I conclude, honourable General, with great respect, your most humble servant,  
MOLLOY, *Sergeant.*”

The last historical incident in connection with Ruthven Castle, as the building continued to be called, was the meeting of the remnant of Prince Charlie’s followers after the battle of Culloden. In the expectation that the Prince would still make a stand, Lord George Murray and the other chiefs who remained with the army retired to Ruthven Castle, where, including Cluny’s men, there assembled a force of from 2000 to 3000 men. The Chevalier Johnston, who was an eyewitness of what occurred at the time, writes in his ‘Memoirs’ of the ’45 as follows:—

“I arrived on the 18th at Ruthven, which happened, by chance, to become the rallying-point of our army, without having been previously fixed on. There I found the Duke of Athol, Lord George Murray, the Duke of Perth, Lord John Drummond, Lord Ogilvie, and many other chiefs of clans, with about four or five

thousand Highlanders, all in the best possible disposition for renewing hostilities, and for taking their revenge. The little town of Ruthven is about eight leagues from Inverness, by a road through the mountains, very narrow, full of tremendously high precipices, where there are several passes which a hundred men could defend against ten thousand, by merely rolling down rocks from the summit of the mountains. Lord George Murray immediately despatched people to guard the passes, and at the same time sent off an aide-de-camp to inform the Prince that a great part of his army was assembled at Ruthven; that the Highlanders were full of animation and ardour, and eager to be led against the enemy; that the Grants and other Highland clans, who had till then remained neutral, were disposed to declare themselves in his favour, seeing the inevitable destruction of their country from the proximity of the victorious army of the Duke of Cumberland; that all the clans who had received leave of absence would assemble there in a few days; and that instead of five or six thousand men, the whole of the number present at the battle of Culloden,—from the absence of those who had returned to their homes, and of those who had left the army on reaching Culloden on the morning of the 16th, to go to sleep,—he might now count upon eight or nine thousand men at least, a greater number than he had at any time in his army. Everybody earnestly entreated the Prince to come immediately, and put himself at the head of this force. We passed the 19th at Ruthven without any answer to our message, and in the interim all the Highlanders were cheerful and full of spirits, to a degree perhaps never before witnessed in an army so recently beaten, expecting, with impatience, every moment the arrival of the Prince; but on the 20th Mr M'Leod, Lord George's aide-de-camp, who had been sent to him, returned with the laconic message, 'Let every man seek his own safety in the best way he can.' This answer, under existing circumstances, was as inconsiderate in Charles as it was heart-breaking to the brave men, who had sacrificed themselves in his cause. However critical our situation, the Prince ought not to have despaired. On occasions when everything is to be feared, we ought to lay aside fear; when we are surrounded with dangers, no danger ought to alarm us. With the best plans we may fail in our enterprises; but the firmness we display in misfortune is the noblest ornament of virtue. This is the manner in which a Prince ought to have conducted himself, who, with a rashness unexampled, had landed in Scotland with only seven men."

It has been supposed that the inconsiderate orders to disperse given by Prince Charlie were due to bad advice. After receiving his despairing and heart-breaking message, the officers assembled at Ruthven, held a brief council of war, and resolved to set fire to the building to prevent its falling into the hands of the Royalists. They then, we are told, "took a melancholy leave of each other," apparently realising that the "day of dool" on dire Culloden had rendered all their sacrifices and

enthusiastic devotion to the cause of him whom they had regarded as their rightful king altogether in vain, and that nothing awaited them but absolute ruin and lifelong exile from their native hills, or perhaps even death on the scaffold.

1.

“The moorland wide, and waste, and  
brown,  
Heaves far and near, and up and down—  
Few trenches green the desert crown,  
And these are the graves of Culloden!

2.

What mournful thoughts to me they yield,  
Gazing with sorrow yet unhealed  
On Scotland's last and saddest field—  
O, the desolate Moor of Culloden!

3.

Ah me! what carnage vain was there!  
What reckless fury, mad despair!  
On this wide moor such odds to dare—  
O, the wasted lives of Culloden!

4.

For them laid there, the brave and young,  
How many a mother's heart was wrung!  
How many a coronach sad was sung!  
O, the green, green graves of Culloden!

5.

What boots it now to point and tell,  
Here the Clan Chattan bore them well,  
Shame-maddened, yonder Keppoch fell—  
Lavish of life on Culloden.

6.

Here Camerons clove the red line through  
There Stuarts dared what men could do,  
Charged lads of Athole, staunch and true,  
To the cannon-mouths on Culloden.

7.

In vain the wild onset—in vain  
Claymores cleft English skulls in twain—  
The cannon fire poured in like rain,  
Mowing down the clans on Culloden.

8.

Through all the glens, from shore to shore,  
What wailing went! but that is o'er—  
Hearts now are cold, that once were sore  
For the loved ones lost on Culloden.

9.

The Highlands all one hunting-ground,  
Where men are few, and deer abound,  
And desolation broods profound  
O'er the homes of the men of Culloden.

10.

That, too, will pass—the hunter's deer,  
The drover's sheep, will disappear;  
But when another race will you rear,  
Like the men that died at Culloden?”<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> Shairp's *Glen Dessaray and other Poems*, 85-87.



SELECTIONS FROM THE MSS.

OF THE

LATE CAPTAIN MACPHERSON ("OLD BIALID")

“ Dear to me is the chase of the stag  
When I sweep the moor with the range of my eye ;  
Sweeter the bay of the hounds than the flap  
Of the sail, when the breeze comes whistling by.

As long as breath in my breast may be,  
As long as my limbs my body may bear,  
On an autumn morn when the heather is brown,  
And the breezes keen, would I be there.

But woe is me, 'tis past, 'tis past !  
The men who rejoiced shall rejoice no more  
In the stir of the chase, in bay of the hounds,  
The laugh, and the quaff, and the jovial roar ! ”

—From the ‘ *Lay of the Old Hunter* ’ (“ *A'chomhachag* ”)  
as translated by Professor BLACKIE.

SELECTIONS FROM THE MSS. OF THE LATE  
CAPTAIN MACPHERSON ("OLD BIALLID").

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CHAPTER I.

THE OLD DEER-FORESTS OF BADENOCH.

“ And since I am talking of you this day,  
Farewell is the word I must tack to your praise ;  
Farewell, farewell, farewell for ever,  
Dear Ben and Glen, and bonnie green braes !  
  
Sad, oh sad, to say farewell  
To the joy I knew in your breezy bounds !  
Never again till the day of doom,  
With my bow 'neath my shield, shall I go with the hounds.’



THE following papers have been selected from manuscripts of the late Captain Lachlan Macpherson of the 52d Regiment, long so popularly known in Badenoch as “Old Biallid,” who died at Biallid, in the parish of Kingussie, on 20th May 1858, at the ripe old age of eighty-nine, and whose memory is still cherished with pride by every native of the district.

Of superior mental capacity and force of character, and as upright and true-hearted a Highlander as ever trod the heather, Captain Macpherson was widely known and honoured far beyond the limits of Badenoch as one of the ablest and most patriotic men of his time in the north.

No less distinguished—as he was—for his intimate and accurate knowledge of the history, traditions, and folk-lore of the central Highlands, the manuscripts left by him possess considerable historical interest, and have been kindly given to me by his grandson, Mr Macpherson of Corrimony, with permission to have such portions thereof as might be deemed suitable printed in this volume.

The selections which follow have accordingly been made, embracing—(1) The Old Deer-Forests of Badenoch; (2) Macniven's Cave, or the Old Cave of Raitts, in Badenoch; (3) The Clan Battle on the North Inch of Perth in 1396; (4) The Battle of Glenfruin; (5) The Retreats of Cluny of "the Forty-five"; and (6) Colonel John Roy Stewart. To the account of the Badenoch deer-forests there is appended a jotting in pencil to the effect that it was written in 1838, "at Cluny's request, for a gentleman who intended to write a history of the Scottish forests." That account is, with sundry imaginary dialogues, narrated in Scrope's 'Deer-Stalking in the Scottish Highlands'—originally published about half a century ago—the narrative being prefaced by the remark that "the account I am about to relate, *as well as I can from memory*, was most obligingly given to me by Cluny Macpherson, Chief of Clan Chattan, a very celebrated and accomplished sportsman." The author of that work, in giving the particulars of the Badenoch forests, lets his imagination run riot in the way of prefacing and interlarding the narrative with the most absurd gibberish put into the mouth of an apocryphal "Gown-Cromb, or blacksmith of some village in Badenoch." In a colloquy between an Athole man and the so-called "Gown-Cromb," the Athole man is represented as speaking the most refined Saxon, while the Badenoch "Gown" is represented as holding forth in the most incongruous Highland-English, after the following fashion:—

"'Hout-tout! ye're a true Sassenach, an' the like o' ye chiels aye ca' liftin' stealin', which is na joost Christian-like.'

"'Well, what would you give for such bonny braes, and birks, and rivers as are in the forest of Athole, if they could be transferred to your wild country?'

"'And are there nae bonny braes and birks in Badenoch? Ye're joost as bad as our minister; but fat need the man say ony thing mair about the matter, fan I tell 'im that I'll prove, frae his ain Bible, ony day he likes, that the Liosmor, as we ca' the great garden in Gaelic, stood in its day joost far the Muir o' Badenoch lies noo, an' in nae ither place aneth the sun; isna there an island in the Loch Lhinne that bears the name o' the Liosmor to this blessed day? Fan I tell you that, an' that I hae seen the island mysel', fa can doot my word?'



“‘But, Mac, the Bible says the garden was planted eastward, in Eden.’

“‘Hout, aye! but that disna say but the garden might be in Badenoch! for Eden is a Gaelic word for a river, an’ am shaire there’s nae want o’ them there; an’ as for it’s bein’ east o’er, that is, when Adam planted the Liosmor, he sat in a bonny bothan on a brae in Lochaber, an’ nae doot lukit eastwar’ to Badenoch, an’ saw a’thing sproutin’ an’ growin’ atween ’im an’ the sun, fan it cam’ ripplin’ o’er the braes frae Athole in the braw simmer mornings.’

“‘But, Mac, the Bible further says, they took fig-leaves and made themselves aprons; you cannot say that figs ever grew in Badenoch.’

“‘Hout-tout! there’s naebody can tell fat figs grew in Badenoch i’ the days of the Liosmor; an’ altho’ nae figs grow noo, there’s mony a bonny *fiag* runs yet o’er the braes o’ baith Badenoch and Lochaber. It was *fiag*’s skins, an’ no fig-blades, that they made claes o’. *Filag*, I maun tell you, is Lochaber Gaelic for a deer to this day; an’ fan the auld guidman was getting his reproof for takin’ an apple frae the guidwife, a’ the beasties in Liosmor cam’ roon them, an’ among the rest twa bonny raes; an’ fan the guidman said, “See hoo miserable we twa are left; there stands a’ the bonny beasties weel clad in their ain hair, an’ here we stand shamefaced and nakit”—aweel, fan the twa raes heard that, they lap oot o’ their skins, for very love to their sufferin’ maister, as any true clansman wad do to this day. Fan the guidman saw this, he drew ae *fiag*’s skin on her nainsel’, an’ the tither o’er the guidwife. Noo, let me tell ye, thae were the first kilts in the world.’

“‘By this account, Mac, our first parents spoke Gaelic.’

“‘An’ fat ither had they to spake, tell me? Oor minister says they spoke Hebrew; and fat’s Hebrew but Gaelic, the warst o’ Gaelic, let alane Welsh Gaelic?’

“‘Well done, Mac! success to you and your Gaelic!’”

The following account of the old Badenoch forests is exactly as given in “Old Biallid’s” MSS., the spelling simply of the names of places in a few instances being modernised:—

#### I.—THE OLD DEER-FORESTS OF BADENOCH.

“The Earls of Huntly possessed by far the most extensive range of hills as deer-forests in Britain. They commenced at Ben Avon in Banffshire, and terminated at Ben Nevis near Fort-William—a distance of about seventy miles—without a break, except the small estate of Rothiemurchus, which is scarcely two miles in breadth, where it intersects the forest. This immense tract of land was divided into seven distinct divisions, each of which was given in charge to the most influential gentleman in its neighbourhood. The names of these divisions or forests

are—1st, Ben Avon; 2d, Glenmore, including Cairngorm; 3d, Brae Feshie; 4th, Gaick; 5th, Drumuachdar; 6th, Ben Alder, including Farron; and 7th, Lochtreig, which extended from the Badenoch March to Ben Nevis. The extent of these divisions was nearly as follows: Ben Avon about 20 square miles, Glenmore 20, Brae Feshie 15, Gaick 30, Drumuachdar 25, Ben Alder 50, and Lochtreig 60 square miles—in all, 220 square miles. The whole, however, were not solely appropriated for the rearing of deer, for tenants were allowed to erect shielings on the confines of the forest, and their cattle were permitted to pasture as far as they chose throughout the day, but they must be brought back to the shieling in the evening, and such as were left in the forest overnight were liable to be pointed. These regulations did very well between Huntly and his tenants, but they opened a door for small proprietors who held in feu from the Gordon family to make encroachments, and in the course of time to acquire a property to which they had not the smallest title. The old forest laws in Scotland were exceedingly severe, if not barbarous. Mutilation and even death was sometimes inflicted. It is related that Macdonald of Keppoch hanged one of his own clan to appease Cluny Macpherson of the time for depredations committed in the forest of Ben Alder; and it is a well-known fact that another hunter (called *John Our*) had an eye put out and his right arm amputated for a similar offence. It is also said that he killed deer even in that mutilated state. No alteration took place until after the Rising of 1745, when the whole forests were let as grazings except Gaick, which the Duke of Gordon continued as a deer-forest until about the year 1788, when it was let as a sheep-walk, and continued so until 1826, when the late Duke of Gordon (then Marquis of Huntly) re-established it. It is now rented by Sir Joseph Radcliffe; but as he takes in black cattle to graze in summer, the number of deer is not great, perhaps not more than two or three hundred. The deer in this forest are small, and are principally hinds; but in all the other named forests it was not uncommon to kill harts that weighed twenty-four and even twenty-seven imperial stones.

“The forest of Ben Alder is now rented by the Marquis of Abercorn; but as the sheep were only turned off in 1836, there are not many deer as yet: however, as the Marquis of Breadalbane’s forest is not far distant, they will no doubt accumulate rapidly. This forest lies on the north-west side of Loch Erricht, and contains an area of from 30 to 35 square miles. Its lie is in a south-west direction. The boundary on the

south-west is the small river Alder, on the north-west Beallachnadui (the dark vale) and the river Caalrathy, and on the north-east it is bounded by Lochpatag and Farron. The mountains are high, probably near 4000 feet above the level of the sea; and there is a lake, about two miles in circumference, at an elevation of at least 2500 feet, abounding with trout of excellent quality. It is called *Loch Beallach-a-Bhea*. The legends connected with this forest are many, and some of them are interesting; for in Ben Alder is the cave that sheltered Prince Charlie for about three months after he made his escape from the Islands, where he very imprudently entangled himself. When he came to Ben Alder he was in a most deplorable state, full of rags, vermin, &c., &c.; but there everything was put to rights, and during that period he made considerable progress in the Gaelic language. It is unnecessary to add that Cluny Macpherson and Lochiel were his companions, attended by three or four trusty Highlanders, who brought them every necessary and many of the luxuries of life.

“Cluny Macpherson had generally the charge of this forest in olden times, and upon one occasion a nephew of his (a young man) met a party of the Macgregors of Rannoch on a hunting excursion. There were six of them; but Macpherson having a stronger party, demanded their arms. To this the Macgregor leader consented, except his own arms, which he declared should not be given to any man except Cluny personally. Macpherson, however, persisted in disarming the whole, and in the attempt to seize Macgregor was shot dead upon the spot. The Macgregors of course fled, and effected their escape, except one that was wounded in the leg, and who died through loss of blood. This unlucky circumstance, however, was not attended with any further bad consequences. On the contrary, it had the effect of renewing an ancient treaty between the two clans for mutual protection and support. When Cluny Macpherson resolved on going to France on account of the share he had in the Rising of 1745, he called upon a gentleman with whom he was intimate, and who was a noted deer-stalker (Mr Macdonald of Tulloch), and said that he wished to kill one deer before quitting his native country for ever. The proposal was quite agreeable to Macdonald, and they accordingly proceeded to Ben Alder. They soon discovered a solitary hart on the top of a mountain, but just as they got within shot of him, he started off at full gallop for about two miles. He then stood for a few minutes as if considering whether he had had any real cause for alarm, and then

deliberately walked back to the very spot from where he first started, and was shot dead by Cluny, a circumstance that was considered a good omen, and which was certainly not falsified by future events. Mr Macpherson of Breakachy had the charge of this forest at one period. He went upon one occasion, accompanied by a servant, in quest of venison, and in the course of their travel they found a wolf-den (an animal very common in the Highlands at that time). Macpherson asked his servant whether he preferred going into the den and destroying the cubs, or to remain outside and guard against an attack from the old ones. The servant said he would remain without; but no sooner did he see the dam approaching than he took to his heels, without even advising his master of the danger. Macpherson, however, being an active man, and expert at his weapons, killed the old wolf also; and on coming out of the den, he saw the servant about a mile off, when he beckoned to him, and without hardly making any remark upon his cowardly conduct, said that as it was now late he intended to remain that night in a bothy (*Dalintluncart*) at a little distance from them. They accordingly proceeded to that bothy, and it was quite dark when they reached it. Macpherson, on putting his hand on the bed to procure heather for lighting a fire, discovered a dead body, and without taking any notice of the circumstance, he said, 'I don't like this bothy; we shall proceed to such a one, about a mile off (*Callag*), where we shall be better accommodated.' They accordingly proceeded to the other bothy, and on arriving there Macpherson, pretending that he left his powder-horn in the first-mentioned bothy, desired the servant to go and fetch it, and said that he would find it in the bed. The servant did as he was desired; but instead of the powder-horn, he found a dead man in the bed, which to one of his poor nerves was a terrible shock. He therefore hurried back in great agitation, and on reaching the second bothy, to his dismay found it dark and empty, his master having set off home as soon as the servant set out for the powder-horn. Terrified beyond measure at this second disappointment, he proceeded home, a distance of twelve miles of a dreary hill, which he reached early in the morning; but the fright had nearly cost him his life, for he fevered, and was many weeks before he recovered. This Macpherson of Breakachy was commonly called *Callum-beg* (little Malcolm), and there is reason to believe that he was one of those who fought the famous battle of Perth in the reign of King Robert III.

“Two children of tender age strayed from a neighbouring shieling,

and were found after a lapse of many days in Ben Alder locked in each other's arms. They were dead of course, and the place is still called the Affectionate Children's Hollow. It is confidently asserted that a white hind continued to be seen in Ben Alder for two hundred years.

“*Gaick*.—There are many circumstances connected with this forest that give it an interest. Its lie is in a south-west direction, bounded on the south by the Braes of Athole, on the north by Glentromie, on the east by Corry Bran, and on the west by the Glentruim Hills. In the centre of Gaick there is a plain of about eight miles long, and in this plain there are three lakes—Loch-an-t-Seillich, Loch Vrotain, and Loch-an-Dùin—all abounding with excellent trout and char, and another species of fish, called dorman by the country-people. This fish called dorman is large, with a very big head, and is believed to prevent salmon from ascending into the lakes. Some of them weigh from twenty to thirty pounds. The hills on each side of this flat are remarkably steep, with very little rock, and of considerable height, and in the south end there is a hill of a very striking appearance. Its length is about a mile. Its height is at least 1000 feet above the plain, and its shape is that of a house. This hill is called the Doune, and is the southern boundary of the forest. It was in Gaick that Walter Comyn was killed by a fall from his horse. He was probably a son of one of the Comyns of Badenoch, and certainly a very profligate young fellow. Tradition says that he determined on causing a number of young women to shear, stark naked, on the farm of Ruthven, which was the residence of the Comyns in Badenoch. He was, however, called on business to Athole, and the day of his return was fixed for the infamous exhibition. The day at last arrived, but instead of Walter, his horse made his appearance, with one of his master's legs in the stirrup. Search was, of course, made instantly, and the mangled body was found with two eagles feeding upon it; and although nothing could be more natural than that birds of prey should feed upon any dead carcass, yet the whole was ascribed to witchcraft, and the two eagles were firmly believed to be the mothers of two of the girls intended for the shearing exhibition. The place where Walter was killed is called *Leum na Feinne*, or the Fingalian's Leap, and a terrible break-neck path it is. The fate of Walter is still proverbial in the Highlands, and when any of the lower orders are very much excited

without the power of revenge, 'May the fate of Walter in Gaick overtake you!' is not an uncommon expression. Stories of witches and fairies connected with Gaick are numberless, but the following two may serve as specimens. A noted stalker was one morning early in the forest, and observing some deer at a distance, he stalked till he came pretty near them but not altogether within shot, and on looking over a knoll he was astonished to see a number of little neat women dressed in green milking the hinds. These he knew at once to be fairies, and one of them had a hank of green yarn thrown over her shoulder, and when in the act of milking the deer the animal made a grab at the yarn with its mouth and swallowed it. The fairy in apparent rage struck the hind with the band with which she had its hind-legs tied, saying at the same time, 'May a dart from Murdoch's quiver pierce your side before night!' Murdoch was the person listening, from which it may be inferred that the fairies were well acquainted with his dexterity at deer-killing. In the course of that same day Murdoch killed a hind, and on taking out the entrails he found the identical green hank that he saw the deer swallow in the morning. It is said that it was preserved for a long period as a very great curiosity; and no wonder! for it would make a most valuable acquisition to one of our museums, had it been preserved till now. Upon another occasion the same person was in the forest, and having got within shot of a hind on the hill called the Doune, he took aim; but when ready to fire, he observed that it was a young woman that was before him. He immediately took down his gun, and then it was a deer. He took aim again, and then it was a woman; but when the gun was lowered it became a deer. At last he fired, and the deer fell in the actual shape of a deer. No sooner had he slain the hind than he was overpowered with sleep, and having rolled himself in his plaid he laid himself down in the heather. His repose, however, was not of long duration, for in a few minutes a loud cry was thundered in his ear, saying, 'Murdoch! Murdoch! you have this day slain the only maid of the Doune,' upon which Murdoch started up and replied, 'If I have killed her, you may eat her,' and immediately quitted the forest as fast as his legs could carry him. It may be remarked that this man was commonly called Murrach MacIan, or Murdoch the son of John. His real name, however, was Macpherson. He had a son that took holy orders, got a living in Ireland, and it is said that the late celebrated Mr Sheridan descended from a daughter of his. The most extraordinary

superstition, however, was that of the belief in a *Leannan Shith*, or a fairy sweetheart, and all inveterate deer-stalkers that remained for nights and even weeks in the mountains were understood to have formed such a connection. In these cases the earthly wife was considered to be in great danger from the machinations of the fairy mistress. The forest of Gaick has also acquired notoriety from a melancholy event that happened in the year 1800. A Captain John Macpherson with four attendants and several fine greyhounds were killed by an avalanche. The house in which they slept (a strong one) was swept from the very foundation, and part of the roof carried to the distance of a mile. This catastrophe also was ascribed to supernatural agency, and a great deal of exaggeration and nonsense were circulated in consequence, to the annoyance of Captain Macpherson's family and friends.

“The principal quality required in a deer-stalker is patience, and a capability of enduring fatigue as well as all kinds of privations. No animal is more wary than a deer, particularly the hinds. It is not enough that the stalker is concealed from their sight, but he must also pay particular attention to the wind, for they scent at a very considerable distance. They will also discover their enemy by the notes of the lark and the singing of various other little birds, so that it requires great caution and experience to become an expert stalker. The old stag greyhound is now nearly extinct, if not wholly so. It was an animal of great size, strength, and symmetry, with long wiry hair, and exceedingly gentle until roused. Its speed was great, and far beyond that of the common greyhound, particularly at a long run and in rough ground.”

The following particulars of the later measurement and divisions of the old deer-forests of the Duke of Gordon are given in Scrope's ‘Days of Deer-Stalking’ :—

“*Glenfeshie*, in the parish of Kingussie and county of Inverness, is bounded on the south and south-east by the forests of Mar and Atholl, on the west by the forest of Gaick, and on the south by the estate of Invereshie; by survey in 1770 it contained 13,706 Scots acres. It was let in 1752 to Mr Macpherson of Invereshie, and continued to be rented by that family until 1812, when it was purchased from the Duke of Gordon by Mr Macpherson of Invereshie and Ballindalloch. It has been pastured by cattle and sheep since 1752.

“*Gaick*, in the parish of Kingussie and county of Inverness, is bounded on the south and west by the forest of Atholl, on the east by the forest of Felaar and

the estate of Invereshie, and on the north by the lands of Invertruim, Ruthven, Noid, Phoness, and Glentruim. It contains three lakes stocked with char and large trout, and salmon are occasionally found in them, ascending by the water of Tromie from the Spey. By survey in 1770 it contained 10,777 acres. It was let in 1782 as a sheep-walk to Robert Stewart of Garth for nineteen years. In 1804 it was let to Colonel Gordon of Invertruim [Invertromie?], who occupied it as a grazing till 1814, when the Marquis of Huntly got it from his father as a deer-forest. In 1830 it was purchased by Mr Macpherson-Grant of Ballindalloch, from the Gordon trustees, and it is now let to Sir Joseph Radcliffe, Bart., who strictly preserves it as a deer-forest, and has an excellent shooting-lodge near the centre of the range.

“*Drumouchter*, in the parish of Kingussie and county of Inverness, is bounded on the south by the vast forest of Atholl, on the west by the Duke of Atholl’s and Sir Neill Menzies’s properties, and on the north and east by the lands of Glentruim and Cluny. By survey in 1770 it contained 5782 Scots acres, exclusive of Ben Alder, which forms a part of it, and contains 14,927 acres. It was let for pasture to Lachlan Macpherson in 1773. In 1829 it was purchased from the Gordon trustees, along with the lands of Glentruim, by Major Ewen Macpherson of the H.E.I.C.S., and is occupied as a sheep-walk and grouse-shooting range. Ben Alder is now the property of Ewen Macpherson, Esq. of Cluny, and has recently been let to the Marquis of Abercorn as a deer-forest.

“*Glenmore*, in the parish of Kincardine and county of Inverness, containing 10,173 acres, was formerly a great pine-forest. It is bounded on the south by the forests of Glenavon and Mar. It is used now for pasturage. Cairngorm forms part of this forest.

“*Glenavon*, in the parish of Kirkmichael, county of Banff, contains 22,086 Scots acres. Since 1773 it has been occupied as a grazing, but it is said that the Duke of Richmond contemplates restoring it to a deer-forest. It adjoins the forest of Mar.

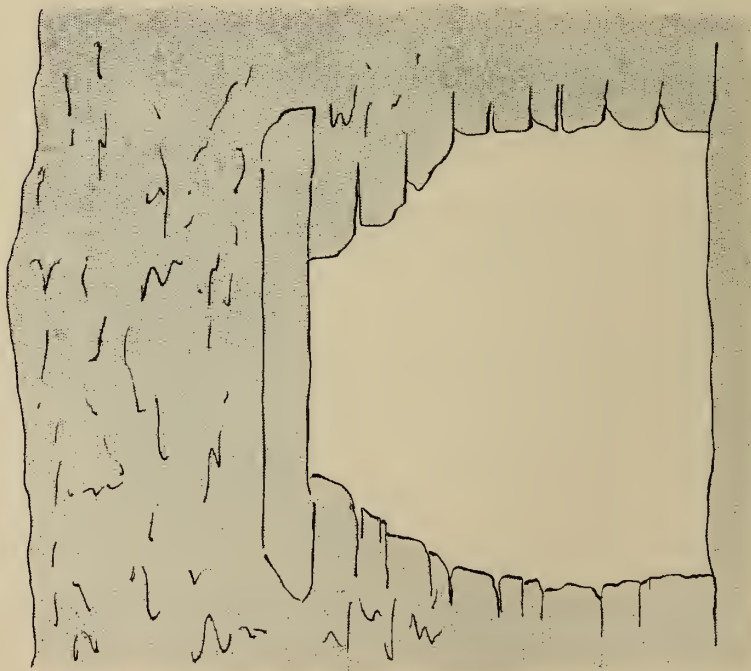
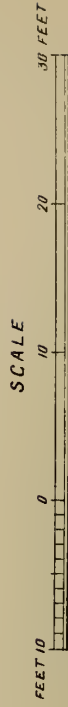
“*Glenbuilg*, adjoining Glenavon, 3396 acres.

“*Glenfiddich*, parish of Mortlach, county of Banff, 5522 acres, is possessed by the Duke of Richmond as a deer-forest, and has always been retained as such by the Gordon family.

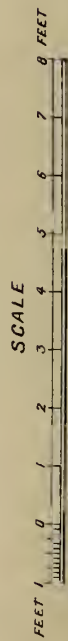
“Of all these ancient forests, the last and Gaick are the only ones now strictly preserved for deer; the others are pastured by black cattle or sheep, and are therefore only partially stocked with the noble animals.”







SECTION OF ERDHOUSE



## CHAPTER II.

## II.—THE OLD CAVE OF RAITTS, IN BADENOCH.

THE distinguished philosopher, Sir David Brewster (the son-in-law of the translator of Ossian's poems), while resident at Belleville in 1835, made a careful exploration of this remarkable cave, and in a communication to the Society of Antiquaries in 1863 (when he was Principal of the University of Edinburgh) he thus describes it:—

“This cave is situated on the brow of a rising ground in the village of Raitts, on the estate of Belleville. It is about two miles from Kingussie, and about half a mile to the north of the great road from Perth to Inverness. In 1835, when it was first pointed out to me, it was filled with stones and rubbish taken from the neighbouring grounds. Upon removing the rubbish I was surprised to find a long subterraneous building, with its sides faced with stones, and roofed in by gradually contracting the side walls and joining them with very large flattish stones. The form of the cave was that of a horse-shoe. Its convex side was turned to the south, and the entrance to it was at the middle of this side by means of two stone steps, and a passage of some length. The part of the cave to the left hand was a separate apartment with a door. A lock of an unusual form, almost destroyed by rust, was found among the rubbish. The formation of the roof by the gradual contraction of the side walls is shown in the drawing. There is no tradition among the people respecting the history of this cave, and, so far as I know, it had not been previously noticed.”

In stating that there was no tradition among the people at the time regarding the cave, Sir David must have been misinformed. “Old Biallid's” account of it appears to have been written prior to 1835, and in a quaint diary in my possession, which belonged to the Rev. William Blair, who was minister of Kingussie from 1724 to 1786, there is the following

reference to the cave in a description of a journey from Edinburgh to Inverness:—

“We visited the Cave of Clan Ichilnew, which is not far from the side of the highroad. We descended into it, and found the greater part of it fallen in, and could only perceive a dark hole through which we could not see the farther end. The stones that support the roof are of an enormous size—in length about twelve feet. The accounts given of this subterranean mansion are various. The people there give this account: That in primitive ages, when anarchy prevailed throughout the island, the country was infested with men of a gigantic stature who had often made fruitless attempts to conquer the island. Being repulsed at a time when they made their last and most formidable attack, such as were not either killed in the flight or escaped by sea fled into the mountains, and being closely pursued by the enemy until night stopt the pursuit, they advanced so far as the Spay, and in a night’s time finished the said cave, and lived there for some time, till, by the continual searches of the conquerors, they were at last discovered and every man killed.”

Here is “Old Biallid’s” account of the cave, under the title of “The Macnivens’ Cave”:—

“This artificial cave is on the farm of Raitts in Badenoch, and is still nearly entire. Its history is as follows: When the Clan Chattan lost their patrimony in Lochaber by the marriage of the heiress of the clan to the son of the Thane of Fife, the Macphersons, who opposed the pretensions of the husband to the chieftainship, were gradually expelled their possessions, and found an asylum in Badenoch, then occupied by the Macnivens, as vassals of Comyn Earl of Badenoch. The emigration from Lochaber continued for several years, but it was not until the restoration of Robert Bruce and the downfall of the Comyns that the Chief of the Macphersons made a purchase of the lands of Cluny, &c., and came to reside there. In consequence of that event the Macnivens became alarmed, and took every opportunity of insulting Cluny, who was not then sufficiently strong to resent or punish their conduct. An occurrence, however, happened which brought matters to a crisis. The Chief of the Macnivens, who resided at Breakachy, and was Cluny’s next neighbour, pointed Cluny’s cattle, and as there was much bad blood between the parties, it was considered dangerous that the men should come in contact. It was therefore resolved to send Cluny’s daughter to relieve the cattle; but instead of paying that deference due to the rank and sex of the young lady, she was treated in the most brutal manner: her petticoats were cut off, and in that state she was sent home to her

family. The cattle were also sent home, but the bull's tongue was cut out, which in these times was considered as a direct challenge. Such a gross outrage could not but inflame the Macphersons to the highest pitch, and as they were not equal to their adversaries in point of numbers, one called *Allaster Caint* collected a band of one hundred resolute men, with whom he set out at night, and before the sun rose next morning there was not a living male Macniven in the lordship of Badenoch except eighteen that contrived to conceal themselves in the woods of Raitts. These men managed to elude the vengeance of *Allaster Caint* until they constructed a cave under the floor of their dwelling-house, and which they did with such skill and secrecy that they were enabled to keep possession of the place for several years. They slept securely in the cave at night, and in the daytime they kept so good a look-out that their enemies could never get them into their power until the cave was discovered by the following stratagem: *Allaster Caint* concealed himself under pretence of sickness until his beard grew to a great length. He then disguised himself in the habit of a beggar, and came in that character to the house of the Macnivens late of an evening, when he was kindly treated by the women, but refused lodgings for the night. He begged hard to be allowed to remain, and when they attempted to remove him by force, he pretended to be afflicted with gravel, and uttered such piercing shrieks that they had pity on him, and allowed him to lie at the fireside, where, after a great deal of mock moaning, he pretended to fall sound asleep, and by this artifice discovered the cave; for, believing him to be really asleep, the door was opened to give the men their supper. He left the house early in the morning, and in a few days thereafter he returned with a strong party, and beheaded every one of the unfortunate Macnivens upon the stump of a tree before the door. The most singular circumstance connected with this tragic affair is, that every one of the descendants of *Allaster Caint* to this very day has been afflicted with gravel."

The cave was well known to the old natives of Badenoch under the name of *An Uaimh Mhòir*—i.e., *the Great Cave*. It is now generally known in the district as *The Robbers' Cave*, but it is evidently of a much older date than common tradition assigns to it. I am indebted to Mr David MacGibbon, architect, Edinburgh, one of the accomplished authors of 'The Castellated Architecture of Scotland,' for the following particulars and for the plan of the cave given at page 407.

It is curved as shown on the plan. The side walls are built with large

stones, those towards the top being pushed inwards so as to diminish the space, and the top covered in with a long stone, as shown in section. The entrance is very narrow, and has apparently sloped down from the surface to the doorway, which is composed of massive stones, the jambs of which incline inwards towards the top. This doorway has been defended either by a stone or wooden door strengthened by a strong sliding-bar on the inside, the holes or slots for which are still visible. The portion of the roof next the entrance has fallen in, but the greater part of the stone roof still exists.

A cave or earth-house most closely resembling the one at Raitts was found in 1869 at Crichton Mains, in Mid-Lothian, as described by Lord Rosehill in the Proceedings of the Society of Antiquaries, vol. viii. p. 105, of which sketches are given by Dr Joseph Anderson in his learned and able work on 'Scotland in Pagan Times.'

"Whatever," says Dr Anderson, "may have been the actual purpose or purposes to which they were applied, the fact which is of importance in our investigation is that these earth-houses, though ranging in area from Berwickshire to the north coast of Sutherland, are all of one special character, long, low, narrow galleries, always possessing a certain amount of curvature, sometimes greatly and at other times doubly curved, always widening and increasing in height from the low and narrow entrance inwards, usually built with convergent walls and roofed with heavy lintels, which are always lower than the surrounding level of the ground, so that the whole structure is subterranean. Occasionally they present variations in structure, as in the case of one at Murroes in Forfarshire, which, instead of being built, has its walls constructed entirely of flagstones set on edge. Similarly, the example at Kinord, in Aberdeenshire, has its walls constructed of single boulders set on edge or on end; and it presents the further peculiarity of the chamber being divided into two branches at the farther end. One at Pirnie, in the parish of Wemyss, in Fife, and another at Elie, had steps leading down to the entrance.

"Like the Scottish examples, the earth-houses of Cornwall are long narrow galleries of dry-built masonry, but they are not so strongly marked by the peculiar feature of single or double curvature which distinguishes the Scottish group. They are comparatively few in number, and any indications of the period of their occupation that have been observed point also to a time not far distant from the close of the Roman occupation of the country. No other group of such underground structures is known in any other part of Europe, or indeed anywhere else in the world. These excavated chambers, possessing the characteristics which have been described, are peculiar to the Celtic area, and the specially typical form with the strongly marked curvature is found only in Scotland.

“Of the culture and civilisation of the people who constructed these strange subterranean cells it may be impossible, in the present condition of our knowledge, to form an adequate estimate; but we can say this of them with certainty, that whatever may have been the special motives and circumstances that induced them to give this peculiar expression to their architectural efforts, they exhibit in other respects evidences of culture which, though it may be held to be inferior in range and quality to the culture of the Christian time, compares not unfavourably (so far as it goes) with that which is exhibited in connection with the superior architecture of the brochs.

“And while on all these lines of investigation we have traced the manifestations of these early forms of culture and civilisation up to points at which they seem to touch the culture and civilisation of the Roman empire, it is to be observed that they do no more than touch it—they are not merged in it. In all their distinctive features they are still Celtic, and Celtic exclusively. There is nothing Roman in the forms of the prevailing types; there is nothing Roman in the art that decorates these forms; there is nothing Roman in the typical character of the structures in which they are found. The forms, the art, and the architecture are those of Scotland’s iron age—the Pagan period of the Celtic people.”

### III.—THE BATTLE OF THE NORTH INCH OF PERTH.

According to Shaw, the historian of Moray, a quarrel regarding precedence between the Macphersons and Davidsons in connection with the battle of Invernahaven in 1386 gave rise to such strife and fatal discord as ultimately led to the memorable conflict of the North Inch of Perth ten years later. Here is “Old Biallid’s” account of that conflict—

“There are a great many versions of this battle in circulation, but none of them strictly correct. It was fought in the reign of Robert III., and the belligerents were the Macphersons and the Davidsons. George Buchanan says that it was fought between the Clan Chattan and the Mackays, and he has been copied by almost every individual that wrote on the subject; but this is evidently an error, for the Clan Chattan and the Mackays were at such a distance from each other that it was almost impossible they could come in contact. The substituting the Clan Chattan for the Macphersons can hardly be called a mistake, for it is well known that the Macphersons are the senior branch of that clan; but the error with regard to the Mackays was owing to the similarity of that name to Davidson in the Gaelic language (Mackays = *Clanichcaie*, Davidsons = *Clandai*), and the grounds of the quarrel were as follows:

On the marriage of the heiress of Clan Chattan, although the husband succeeded to the whole of her property, yet the bulk of the clan refused to acknowledge him as chief. He therefore commenced upon a new foundation, and took the name of *Mackintoashich* (which signifies a beginner), a very applicable name for one in his situation; and the modern definition attempted to be given to it, as signifying first or foremost, is quite absurd, and will be scouted by every unprejudiced person possessing a competent knowledge of the Gaelic language. The ancestor of the laird of Cluny (although admitted to be the senior branch in the male line) also changed his name to Macmurdoch, and afterwards to Macpherson, and both names are given to the clan indiscriminately to this day. A third party took the name of Macgillivray from their ancestor, and a fourth that of Davidson, as descendants of David *dubh*, who was brother to Macgillivray, and both of them were the younger brothers of the ancestor of Cluny Macpherson. Thus the Clan Chattan was all at once split into at least four clans, and under circumstances, as may be supposed, that left very little cordiality among them. Such as did not adopt the name of MacIntosh were ejected from possessions, and the Macphersons and Davidsons took possession of Badenoch on the ruin of the Comyns. MacIntosh having admitted Camerons in their place, soon learned that he had to deal with refractory tenants, and it was not long before his authority was set at defiance. He was therefore obliged to have recourse to arms for the recovery of his rents; but his own followers were quite inadequate to the task, and he was compelled to implore the assistance of the very clans his ancestors had expelled from their ancient patrimony. Nor did he implore in vain; for although they regretted that the clan estates should devolve on a stranger, and felt indignant at their own expulsion, yet they considered (the then) MacIntosh in some degree as their relation, and could not stand by and see him trampled upon by a clan with whom they had no connection whatever. The Macphersons and Davidsons agreed to join him in his expedition to Lochaber; but Lochiel had intimation of their plans, and resolved to anticipate them by assembling his clan and marching straight to Badenoch. By this movement he would preserve his own country from the ravages of war, and it is very probable that he had also in view to attack the enemy in detail, and to overpower the Macphersons before they could be joined by MacIntosh. In this, however, he was disappointed; for MacIntosh was in Badenoch before him, and awaiting his



arrival at Invernahaun, the place of Davidson the chief of that branch of the Clan Chattan. When the Camerons made their appearance and the order of battle was about to be formed, Cluny, as a matter of course, claimed the post of honour, and was very much surprised to find his claim disputed by Davidson, and still more so when MacIntosh pronounced in Davidson's favour, and added, that as the battle was to be fought on his (MacIntosh's) account, none but Davidson should take the right. Upon this Cluny indignantly marched off his men, and crossing the river Spey below Craig Dhu, they halted and stood on a small hill at the river-side as unconcerned spectators. The battle was short but bloody. MacIntosh was beaten with great slaughter. Davidson and his seven sons were killed, and those that fled were only saved by crossing the Spey directly where the Macphersons stood, and the Camerons did not consider it prudent to follow them. After this the contention between the Davidsons, supported by MacIntosh and the Macphersons (with regard to precedency), was carried on with such rancour and so much bloodshed as to attract the notice of Government, and accordingly commissioners were sent to endeavour to effect a conciliation. These commissioners, finding that both parties were obstinate and bent on carrying their point at whatever sacrifice, proposed that the dispute should be settled by thirty men on each side—the fight to take place on the North Inch of Perth, before umpires chosen by his majesty, and the combatants to use no other weapon but broadswords. This proposition was eagerly accepted by both parties, and the men destined to be sacrificed appeared on the North Inch on the appointed day. The result of the battle is well known. The Davidsons were all killed except one, who fled and swam across the river Tay, and the Macphersons had nineteen killed. Tradition ascribes the decided superiority of the Macphersons to the extraordinary valour of the *Gobhainn-crom* (or stooping Blacksmith), whom they engaged as a substitute for one of their own men who fell sick, and which was rendered necessary as the Davidsons refused to withdraw one of theirs."

#### IV.—THE BATTLE OF GLENFRUIN.

In an account of this battle, which was fought in 1603, it is stated that early in that year Allaster Macgregor of Glenstra, followed by 400 men,

chiefly of his own clan, but including also some of the Clans Cameron and Anverich (?), armed with "halberschois, pow-aixes, twa-handit swordis, bowis and arrowis, and with hagbutis and pistoletis," advanced into the territory of Luss. Alexander Colquhoun, under his royal commission, granted the year before, had raised a force which some writers state to have amounted to 300 horse and 500 foot. In Sir William Fraser's interesting work, 'The Chiefs of Colquhoun and their Country,' published in Edinburgh in 1869, the following description of the battle is given:—

"On 7th February the Macgregors were in Glenfruin in two divisions, one of them at the head of the glen, and the other in ambuscade near the farm of Strone, at a hollow or ravine called the Crate. The Colquhouns came into Glenfruin from the Luss side, which is opposite Strone—probably by Glen Luss and Glen Mackurn. Alexander Colquhoun pushed on his forces in order to get through the glen before encountering the Macgregors; but, aware of his approach, Allaster Macgregor also pushed forward one division of his forces, and entered at the head of the glen in time to prevent his enemy from emerging from the upper end of the glen, whilst his brother, John Macgregor, with the division of his clan, which lay in ambuscade, by a detour took the rear of the Colquhouns, which prevented their retreat down the glen without fighting their way through that section of the Macgregors who had got in their rear. The success of the stratagem by which the Colquhouns were thus placed between two fires seems to be the only way of accounting for the terrible slaughter of the Colquhouns and the much less loss of the Macgregors. The Colquhouns soon became unable to maintain their ground, and falling into a moss at the farm of Auchingaich, they were thrown into disorder and made a hasty and disorderly retreat, which proved even more disastrous than the conflict, for they had to force their way through the men led by John Macgregor, whilst they were pressed behind by Allaster, who, reuniting the two divisions of his army, continued the pursuit. All who fell into the victor's hands were instantly slain; and the chief of the Colquhouns barely escaped with his life after his horse had been killed under him. Of the Colquhouns 140 were slain, and many more wounded, among them a number of women and children."

Here is "Old Biallid's" account of the battle, written, it is believed, about fifty years ago:—

"It is rather singular that so little should be known of the particulars of the battle of Glenfruin, and the causes that led to it, when it is considered that it is comparatively of a late date, having been fought between the Clan Gregor and the Colquhouns in the reign of James VI.

No correct account has, however, been published, from which it may be inferred that the true history is lost among the Macgregors, for every version of the affair is more unfavourable for them than the facts would have been. One account says that it was an accidental *rencontre*, and another that the Macgregors were treacherously waylaid by the Colquhouns. These statements are both unfounded. The battle was deliberately resolved upon, for it was fought in the heart of the Colquhoun country, which of itself is a proof that it was not an accidental *rencontre*; but what places the matter beyond a doubt is, that Macgregor applied for and obtained assistance from the Clan Macpherson (with whom he had a treaty of alliance offensive and defensive) for the very purpose of invading the Colquhouns. There were fifty picked men sent from Badenoch to assist the Clan Gregor; but the action was over a few hours before their arrival, which perhaps was rather a fortunate circumstance, for had they taken part in the battle, it is more than probable that they would also share in the proscription. Another account states that the massacre of the boys was unintentional—that a house in which they took shelter was accidentally set on fire. That the massacre of the boys was unintentional on the part of the Macgregors is very true; but still it was the deliberate act of one individual, and no doubt the Clan Gregor were in a certain degree responsible for the conduct of that individual, for although he was not of their name, yet he was under their banner at the time. He was a man, or rather a monster, of the name of Cameron, and foster-brother to Macgregor, who was sent to take charge of the boys in order to keep them out of harm's way; and strange and unnatural as it may appear, he massacred the whole of them to the number of forty, some say sixty.

“The origin of the quarrel with the Colquhouns was as follows: A party of twelve Macgregors entered the Colquhoun country in quest of stolen or strayed cattle, and in a dreadful stormy night came to a sequestered farmhouse, the landlord of which refused them admittance, although it was quite evident that they must perish in the event of attempting to reach any other inhabited place. They, however, acted with extraordinary temper and forbearance; for in place of using force (which under the circumstances would be quite justifiable), they merely took possession of an outhouse, where they lighted a fire, and having in vain applied for provisions, for which they offered payment, they had no alternative but to take a sheep from the churl's flock, which they killed,

and handed its value in at a window. Having thus provided themselves with food, they were sitting round a large fire and broiling the mutton, when the savage landlord stole quietly to the top of the house and dropped a large stone into the fire through the vent-hole, which burned several of the Macgregors severely. One of them, smarting with pain, made a spring to the door, and when the landlord was in the act of descending from the house he shot him dead. After this accident (for it cannot be called by any other name) the Macgregors returned home, but the Colquhouns having seized several of that clan (who were on their own lawful business and knew nothing of the other affair), they hanged them like so many dogs. So gross an outrage could not be overlooked, but still the Macgregors acted with the greatest coolness, and sent a regular embassy to demand satisfaction; but every proposition was rejected by the Colquhouns, and after much negotiation Macgregor intimated to Colquhoun of Luss that he must hold him and his whole clan responsible for the slaughter of the Macgregors, and he accordingly prepared to put his threat in execution. The Clan Gregor entered the Colquhoun country with fire and sword, and when they came to Glenfruin, and in sight of the enemy, they fell in with a number of boys who came out from Dumbarton to see the fight. They were principally schoolboys, and many of them of good families that probably had no connection whatever with either of the belligerents. Macgregor, in order to keep them out of harm's way, directed that the boys should be confined in a church or meeting-house that happened to be close by, and sent his foster-brother (one of the name of Cameron) to take charge of them, who, from what motive it is impossible to divine, massacred the whole of them as soon as he found the armies engaged. The battle of Glenfruin was soon over. The Colquhouns were defeated with great slaughter. Their chief was killed, and the Macgregors scarcely lost a man. When they returned from the pursuit Macgregor's first inquiry was for the boys, whom he intended to liberate and dismiss with kindness; but learning the horrid fact that they were all butchered, he struck his forehead and exclaimed, 'The battle is lost after all.' The fate of the Dumbarton scholars was so very revolting to the feelings of every person possessing any share of humanity, that it is no wonder that it created a deep and powerful prejudice against the Clan Gregor; and yet they were, at least, morally innocent, and it must for ever be a matter

of regret that such heavy calamities should be heaped upon the bravest clan in the Highlands for the act of one madman.

“The Clan Gregor, however, were doomed to be unfortunate, as will appear by continuing their history a little further. Gregor *Our*, or Gregor the Swarthy, was the second in rank to the chief, but in deeds of arms he had no superior nor perhaps an equal in all the Highlands. Argyle was his maternal uncle, and his valour in defence of his clan and country, when outlawed and assailed by multitudes of foes, would appear more like romance than real facts. After various desperate actions, in which the Clan Gregor displayed incredible prowess, but which considerably reduced their number, they learned with amazement that Argyle, at the head of an overwhelming force, was advancing to attack them. Upon the receipt of this intelligence Gregor *Our* proposed to stop his uncle’s progress, and having communicated his plan to his chief, he set out alone and in disguise. After several narrow escapes he succeeded in making his way into Argyle’s tent at midnight (by telling the sentry that he was the bearer of despatches from Government, the delivery of which admitted of no delay), and after upbraiding him for his cruelty and injustice, told him plainly that his life was forfeited unless he instantly agreed to relinquish the expedition. Argyle knew the determined character of his nephew, and it is also possible that he might be influenced by affection towards a relative of whom he might very justly be proud; but be his motives what they may, he at once agreed to the proposed terms, and conducted Gregor safely out of the camp, and soon after disbanded his troops. Nor did his good offices cease there, for he became an advocate of the Clan Gregor at Court, and obtained an armistice for them as well as a protection to Gregor *Our*, with instructions to him to appear before the Privy Council to explain every circumstance relating to the battle of Glenfruin and the massacre of the scholars. Gregor *Our* accordingly set out for Edinburgh with the concurrence of his chief, but he was no sooner gone than suspicions began to arise as to the purity of his intentions. Dark hints were first thrown out, and afterwards stated boldly as a fact, that Gregor, through the interest of his uncle and his own address, had obtained a royal grant of the chieftainship, as well as of the estates of Macgregor for himself. By these insinuations and reports (which no doubt had great plausibility in them) Macgregor was driven to a state of absolute distraction, and having

learned that Gregor *Our* was on his way back from Edinburgh, he went to meet him, and without the least inquiry or explanation, shot him through the heart with a pistol. On examining his papers it was discovered that there was not a vestige of truth in these reports. The pardon to the Clan Gregor was addressed to Macgregor. His estates were restored to himself, and Gregor *Our* did not secure a single benefit to himself but what he got in common with every individual of the clan. This discovery drove Macgregor to madness, and he actually became deranged. The pardon was recalled, and the proscription was enforced with greater rigour than before, nor is it at all surprising that Argyle should become their bitter (as he was their most powerful) enemy.”

## CHAPTER III.

## V.—THE RETREATS OF CLUNY OF THE “FORTY-FIVE.”

“**A**FTER the proscription of 1746, and the burning and sacking of their dwellings, such of the outlawed superiors and dependants as could not escape out of the country lived upon the hills in caves or huts, and often the unsheltered heath. . . . Many such concealments are remembered in the remote glens; but the most remarkable, both for time, fidelity, and the resources employed in its preservation, was that of the gallant Chief of Clan Chattan, Macpherson of Cluny. For nine years he remained concealed upon his own property, in caves, vaults, and huts, supplied with all necessaries, and even comforts, by his clansmen, who not only endangered their liberty in his service, but for his support paid their rents twice over—once to the Government factor, and once to their chief. His first principal retreat was a cave dug by his people opposite to Craig-Dhu, in the woody bank on the south side of the little loch of Ùbhaidh (Loch Ovie): the excavation was carried on during the night, and its entrance concealed by the trees and bushes; being close to the margin of the lake, the earth was conveyed into the water, and all appearance of its passage carefully removed from the brae. After this retreat had remained long unsuspected, wearying of its confinement, and thinking it safer to have a change of haunts, Cluny caused other cells to be prepared for his reception, so that he might never spend many nights in the same place, nor his people attract attention by going often in the same direction. One of the most secure of his recesses, and which exists at the present day, was a square vault under the house of Dalchully, three miles from Cluny Castle. It is about eight feet square and seven feet deep, wainscoted with deal planks, and entered by a trap-door in the floor, which being covered by a carpet,

there was no suspicion of its existence. From the dryness of the gravelly soil, it is perfectly free from damp, for which reason it is now used as a store-closet for cheeses. No doubt its trap, and perhaps the scantling, has been renewed oftener than once, but in other respects it is exactly in the same state as when last inhabited by its noble refugee. But the most remarkable and ingenious of all the retreats used by Cluny, or any of his unfortunate contemporaries, was the romantic and singular construction called 'The Cage.' . . .

"In this romantic retreat Cluny entertained the Prince in his last distresses, previous to his escape from the Highlands; and here the royal fugitive received intelligence of the arrival of the ships destined for his departure. The site of his last remarkable retreat with his faithful adherent is in the heart of the ancient deer-forest of Ben Alder, one of the most secluded and magnificent ranges of mountain scenery, as well as one of the finest—perhaps to be hereafter the finest—deer-country in the Highlands. It was a part of the great territory of the Clan Chattan, from the time that the early ancestors of the male line, represented by the present chief Cluny Macpherson, held it in a hereditary descent which probably owned no dependence on even the Crown, and was derived from an era disappearing into the twilight of history which veils the antiquity of the Celtic tribes.

"In the deep wilderness of 'The Cage' Cluny found refuge after an almost miraculous escape, in which he owed his safety to the vigilance, fidelity, and vigour of his clansmen. Towards the latter time of his seclusion the success with which he had so long baffled all danger produced some relaxation of extreme caution, and even a degree of confidence, through which, in very bad weather, or the absence of the enemy's patrols, he sometimes ventured to visit his lady, and pass a night in the house which she inhabited, and which, formerly the residence of the grieve, stood near the ruins of the destroyed mansion of Cluny. These dangerous ventures were not without suspicion from the officer who commanded the troops of the district, Ensign (afterwards General Sir) Hector Munro. The activity of this subaltern for the apprehension of Cluny was distinguished by a vindictive pursuit beyond the vigilance of mere military duty, and inspired by a spirit of revenge against the whole Clan Pherson, by the fire of whose battalion his father and uncle had been killed at the battle of Falkirk. It is probable that, for his known desire of revenge, he was appointed to the command of the troops



directed against the clan, and he performed the cruel service with unremitting severity and persecution.

“Upon a stormy, dark, and freezing evening in the depth of winter, suffering from continual exposure to cold, wet, and privation of every kind, and trusting perhaps to the inclemency of the night for keeping the detachments in their quarters, Cluny ventured to return to his temporary home. By a singular coincidence, Munro had determined to make a deliberate and particular attack upon the house in the course of the same night. During his pursuit of the chief, however, he had discovered, that whenever he made a movement for his surprise, the troops were everywhere preceded by secret information.

“On the present occasion, therefore, he retired to rest as usual, and when all others were asleep, he leaped out at a back window, awakened his men, who lay in a barn, and, without any disturbance or observation, put them under arms, and took the road for Cluny. Other parties had previously been detached to Dalwhinnie, Garvamòr, and Dalnashalg, and had orders to march in such concert that all the parties should unite at the same time round the house inhabited by Lady Cluny. The main body, under the ensign, was within seven miles of its destination, when, passing a cottage belonging to a man named Iain dónn Macpherson, he heard in his bed the heavy tramp of the soldiers and the clink of their equipments, and immediately observing that they were passing towards Cluny, he sprang up, and, without any clothes but his shirt and kilt, ran off at full speed to give notice of the advance. The path being occupied by the detachment, he had to make a considerable circuit, and proceeded with such speed, that, by the time he was half-way to Cluny, he was seized with a stitch in his side, which obliged him to stop at a cottage, and call another man out of his bed to carry forward the alarm. Meanwhile Munro had gained some distance in advance, and it was only by very great exertion that the messenger reached Cluny ten minutes before the soldiers. When he arrived, the chief was surrounded by a circle of his friends, in whose reunion he indulged a brief forgetfulness of their misfortunes, which was suddenly interrupted by the appearance of the *carnach*, who rushed breathless into the room with an exclamation that the ‘Saighdearan dearga’ were at hand. All present started from their seats, and immediately scattered in various directions. Cluny, accompanied by two stout men, proceeded towards the northern hills;

but they had not gone far when they heard the approach of the detachment from Dalnashalg, and, to avoid them, turned hastily to the west, when at a little distance they discovered the advance of the party from Garva. In this jeopardy they determined to cross the Spey, and descended towards an uncertain and little-frequented ford called '*Beul-àth tart,*' and nearly opposite to Cluny Castle. They gained the river without interruption, but just as they reached the bank, heard the division from Dalwhinnie entering the water on the other side. It need not be told that both the chief and his two clansmen were excellent deer-stalkers: immediately crouching on the grass, they glided away on their breasts, as they would have drawn themselves up to a deer, and in a few moments were several yards down the bank, where they lay flat under the brink by the water-side. In this ambush they heard the cautious plash of the soldiers passing through the stream; but as soon as their quick tramp receded across the field, they started up, cleared the ford, and finding some horses grazing on the opposite meadow, Cluny mounted on one of them, and the little party taking the western hills, never halted until they reached Ben Alder."<sup>1</sup>

#### VI.—COLONEL JOHN ROY STEWART.

John Roy Stewart was born at "Kincardine in Badenoch"<sup>2</sup> in 1700. A celebrated Gaelic poet, he was also a distinguished soldier, and became one of the colonels of Prince Charlie in the "Forty-five." On the first breaking out of that war, he was in Flanders actively engaged in belligerent operations against the British Government, when the Duke of Cumberland was called home to lead the Hanoverian forces against the Prince. Roy Stewart also hurried to his native country, now distracted with intestine broils and civil war; and when at Culloden, he signalled himself in hewing and cutting down the red-coats, and spreading havoc and death on all hands. The Duke, pointing to him, inquired who he was. "Ah," replied one of his aides-de-camp, "that is John Roy Stewart." "Good God!" exclaimed the Duke, "the man I left

<sup>1</sup> This narrative by "Old Biallid" of the Retreats of Cluny of the '45 is given in the '*Lays of the Deer Forest,*' published by Messrs Blackwood in 1848.

<sup>2</sup> Although now forming part of the parish of Abernethy, Kincardine was for a long period embraced in the old lordship of Badenoch.

in Flanders doing the butcheries of ten heroes! Is it possible that he could have dogged me here?"

It is told of Colonel Stewart that he strongly urged for a day's truce before attacking the Government forces at Culloden. This, however, Lord George Murray overruled, and the prognostications of the colonel were but too fully verified in the result of a precipitate and unequal combat. Having escaped from the field of Culloden, he concealed himself for some years in the forests of Glenmore and Rothiemurchus. It was when thus under hiding, and while resting himself with a sprained ankle beside a cataract, keeping his foot in the water, he composed in Gaelic "Urnaigh Iain Ruaidh,"—John Roy's prayer; and in English the following stanzas entitled

JOHN ROY STEWART'S PSALM.

"The Lord's my targe, I will be stout,  
With dirk and trusty blade;  
Though Campbells come in flocks about,  
I will not be afraid.

The Lord's the same as heretofore,  
He's always good to me;  
Though red-coats come a thousand more,  
Afraid I will not be.

Though they the woods do cut and burn,  
And drain the waters dry,  
Nay, though the rocks they overturn,  
And change the course of Spey:

Though they mow down both corn and grass,  
And seek me under ground;  
Though hundreds guard each road and pass,  
John Roy will not be found.

The Lord is just, lo! here's a mark,  
He's gracious and kind;  
While they like fools grop'd in the dark,  
As moles He struck them blind.

Though lately straight before their face,  
They saw not where I stood;  
The Lord's my shade and hiding-place—  
He's to me always good.

Let me proclaim, both far and near,  
 O'er all the earth and sea,  
 That all with admiration hear  
 How kind the Lord's to me.

Upon the pipe I'll sound His praise,  
 And dance upon my stumps ;  
 A sweet new tune to it I'll raise,  
 And play it on my trumps."<sup>1</sup>

After many hairbreadth escapes, Colonel Stewart, with other faithful adherents of Prince Charlie, ultimately escaped to France, where he paid the debt of nature, "leaving behind him an imperishable fame for the genuine characteristics of a warrior and a poet."

Here is an amusing account narrated by "Old Biallid" of an attempt to capture the popular outlaw:—

"Colonel John Roy Stewart was an outlaw like many others after the battle of Culloden. He was a native of Kincardine in Strathspey, where he was exceedingly popular and a great favourite with the Grants, although they were opposed to the Stewart interest. Notwithstanding the colonel's popularity, there was one Grant who undertook to apprehend him for the sake of the blood-money offered by Government. This Grant ought to have been a man of some consideration (in Strathspey) from his ancestors and connections; but nevertheless he was known to be far below par in point of intellect, and as to courage, he was considered (in the ring phrase) mere dunghill. He paraded through Strathspey with a party of twenty-four men, some of whom joined him because they were his subtenants, some because they had nothing else to do, but for the most part to make game of him; and perhaps one and all of them would give intimation to John Roy if they thought him in danger from such a leader and such a party. John Roy Stewart had no great cause to be alarmed, although friends felt some indignation at even a show of hostility to a man so universally beloved. Things went on in this manner for some time, to the amusement of some and the annoyance of others, until a wag took a bet of a pint of whisky that he would so frighten Grant as to make him cease tormenting John Roy for ever. He therefore proceeded to Grant's house, and having asked and obtained

<sup>1</sup> Mackenzie's *Beauties of Gaelic Poetry*, 1882, 268.

a private audience, he told him with great gravity that he had information of great importance to communicate, that he knew where John Roy was to sleep that night, and that he would conduct Grant and the party to the spot provided they gave him a share of the reward. This of course was agreed to. The party assembled, and when the night became dark they set out armed and accoutred, the wag having mentioned some sequestered dwelling at a considerable distance. When they were drawing near the place the leader began to ask a great many questions. Was he sure that John Roy would be there? Did he know if he had anybody along with him?—‘for,’ added he, ‘should he have a stronger force than ours, it would be madness in us to attack him;’ to which the wag replied that John Roy never had more than one or two along with him, and that it would be a terrible disgrace if six-and-twenty would be afraid to attack two or three men, however powerful and desperate they might be.

“Grant then turned upon another tack. He began to express apprehensions that the outlaw was not there; ‘for,’ said he, ‘if we go to the house and not find him, it would put him on his guard, and there will be less chance of getting hold of him at a future period.’ ‘That is very true,’ replied the wag; ‘and as it is not known that I have joined your party, and therefore will not be suspected, I shall go to the house and see, while you remain here until I return and bring certain intelligence.’ This plan was agreed to, and the wag set out at a good pace until he got out of sight, and then set himself down until a reasonable period had elapsed in which he might perform the journey. He then returned, and when he got to the party he began to caper and dance, exclaiming in an undertone of voice, ‘Great news, my lads! glorious news! what lucky dogs we are! our fortunes are made!’ The leader now eagerly inquired as to the nature of the great and glorious news, and if he had seen John Roy; to which he replied, ‘Yes, I have; and, what is still better, Cluny Macpherson is along with him.’ ‘Cluny Macpherson!’ exclaimed Grant. ‘Yes, Cluny Macpherson!’ replied the wag. ‘We shall be the richest men in Strathspey—that is, the survivors of us!’ He was then questioned as to how many attendants there were; to which he answered that there were only four, but that they were the largest and roughest fellows he had ever seen, and armed to the very teeth. The whole party now began to suspect the drift of their new associate, and eagerly demanded to be led on, saying that such an opportunity of making their

fortune would never again arise, to which the wag added, 'Tis very true that at least one-half of us will be killed, but still so much the better for those that live.' Grant now began to show the most unequivocal symptoms of terror, and proposed that they should wait till daylight before they surrounded the house; but his tormentor declared that Cluny and Stewart were never known to remain in their quarters till daylight, and the whole party as with one voice opposed the delay. At last the unfortunate Grant fell down in a state of insensibility, and when he partly recovered it was found necessary to wash him in the nearest stream before he was carried home. The news of the expedition circulated like wildfire, and continued to be the subject of conversation and jocular remark throughout the district for many a long day."

APPENDIX





## APPENDIX.

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### “THE CLAN FARSONS BAND,”

*Dated May 16, 1591.*

From ‘The Spalding Club Miscellany,’ iv. 246.

BE it kend to all men be thir presentis, that we quhais nameis are heir onder wretin hes maist voluntarlie bund and sworne, and be the tenour heirop bindis and sweiris theme selfis upone the sacrat euangell, in presence of the witness heir onderwretin, lealalie, faithfullie, and treulie to serue in all actioun and causs aganis quhat-sumeur ane noble and potent lord George erll of Huntlie, lord Gordoun and Badzenocht, &c., onder the danger of treuthe and lautie, and tinsell of all richtis and takis of our rowmis and possessionis presentlie to expyr, efter we fail in our faithfull seruice ; in faithe and witness quharof, we haue sworne and subscriuit thir presentis witht our handis, at Huntlie the xvi. of May, 1591, befor thir witness.

Androw Makfersone in Cluny, Jhone Makfersone in Brakaucht, James Makfersone, Pawll Makfersone, Donald Makallester Roy, William Mak ane wic William Kynache Makconald wic Nele, with our handis at the pen led be Jhone Makfersone in Brakauche at our command, becauss our selfis culd nocht wryt. Alester Mor M‘Farquhar M‘Thomas with my hand at the pen, Allester M‘Farquhar with my hand led, and Thomas M‘Farquhar with my hand at the pen led be Allester Oig M‘Farquhar at their command.

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### COVENANT BY MEMBERS OF THE CLAN,

*Dated May 28, 1628.*

From Stewart’s ‘Highlands and Highlanders,’ second series, pp. 216-218.

WE, under subscribers, being sensible of the bad consequences and effects of discord, animosities, and jealousies, amongst relatives, and neighbours, against the law of God and man, have thought fit for prevention of that and the like evil,

to give our oaths each of us to other, and hereby do swear that we shall behave to one another as brethren, maintaining, supporting, and defending one another's interests, and the one of us not encroaching upon the other in his means, fame, interest, or reputation, but to the contrary behaving to one another in brotherly love and unity, as God's Word and nature do require at our hands; and in further preservation of the unity and amity amongst ourselves, it is conditioned betwixt us that in case of any contravertible debates arising betwixt any two or more of us about marches, controvertible debts or any delict or wrong done by one of us to another, that the same and all such cases as may fall in controversie (excepting heritable rights whereon infeffment has followed), shall be submitted to the decision of two friends of each side, and an oversman in case of variance to be chosen by the Arbiters, and in case of variance betwixt the arbiters in the choosing of the oversman our chief Cluny to be oversman; and if the matter be so intricate that it cannot be decided by untried men, that it shall be referred to one or two lawyers, with power to them, in case of variance, to choose an oversman; and for the more security we consent to the registration hereof in the Books of Council and Session or others competent therein to remain for preservation, and if need be that all execution necessary may pass hereupon in form as effeirs, and to that effect constitute our pro'rs. In witness whereof these presents (written by John Macpherson of Strathmashie) are subscribed by us at Cluny, the Twenty-eighth day of May Sixteen hundred and Twenty-eight, *Sic Subscibitur*, La. Macpherson of Clune; Jo. Macpherson of Strathmashie; Paul Macpherson of Clune; And. Macpherson of Noide; Don. Macpherson of Cullenlin; Don. Macpherson of Pitcherine; Jo. Macpherson of Ovie; Jo. Macpherson, Benchar, yr.; Jo. Macpherson, Killihuntly; Mal. Macpherson of Phoiness; Mal. Macpherson of Ard-brylach; Jo. Macpherson of Crathie; James Macpherson of Invernahavon; Alex. Macpherson of Ordhumore; Murdo Macpherson of Eterish; Jo. Macpherson of Invernahavon; Jo. Macpherson, yr. of Clune; Tho. Macpherson in Pitoure; Evan Macpherson of Press; Angus Macpherson of Garvabeg; Chas. Macpherson of Coraldine; La. Macpherson of Lagan; Danl. Macpherson of Midcoul; Don. Macpherson of Midcoul; Jo. Macpherson, yr. of Eterish; Don. Macpherson in Strathmashie; Evan Macpherson in Balidbeg; Jo. Macpherson of Gaskmore; Jo. Macpherson, elder of Benchar; Angus Macpherson of Killihuntly; Mal. Macpherson, Gargask; Alex. Macpherson of Crager; Jo. Macpherson in Dullanich; Don. Macpherson in Phoness; Malcolm Macpherson in Nessintulech; Duncan Macpherson, broyr. to Phoiness; Jo. Macpherson in Nessintullich; Andrew Macpherson in Noidmore; Mal. Macpherson, son to Mal. in Nessintullich; Tho. Macpherson in Dalreach; Alex. Macpherson of Crubinebeg; Duncan Macpherson, Dumtallolach; Alex. Macpherson in Lagan; Murdo Macpherson of Shiramore; Jo. Macpherson of Crubine; Ro. Macpherson of Blarbulorey.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> After the proof-sheets of this book were in type, I found, on further examination, "the just double" of the original "Covenant" in the Cluny charter-chest. The document as given by Stewart is a copy of the original with the spelling almost entirely modernised.

BOND OF COMBINATION BETWEEN THE LAIRD OF  
GRANT AND THE MEN OF BADENOCH, ETC.,

*Dated 30th March 1645.*

From the 'The Chiefs of Grant,' iii. 238, 239.

"WE wndir subscriyweris, in respect of eminent dangeris vchiche is lyk to ensue wnto ws be the crueltie of theis our enemeis now joned against his Majestie, our dread Sowerane, haw, be the tenour heiroff, solemlie wowed and suorne, lyk as be the tenour heirof, solemlie woves and suearis, as we mone ansuer to the great God at the day of judgment, quhen the secreittis of all haitis salbe discloisit, that we all and eweri ilk ane of ws, with our assistaris, forces, freindis, and followeris, as hawing burding for them, sall ryise in armes wpon suche adwertisment as may or can possiblie be send from ather of ws to wtheris wpon anye occasione that sall happine to ather of ws, offensive or defensive, against our enemies; and also, that quhatewer injurie or harme salbe done hinc inde to ane of ws, salbe reput and holdin be ws all wndirsubscriyweris as done to ws all and our forsaidis; And lykways that we sall extend our selfis and our forsaidis for reparatioun therof with the haisaird of our lywes and estaitis, according to our powaris wnder the paine of perjurie, defamatioune, tinsell of credit and honour, and newer to be holdin famous thereafter, bot to be estemed as enemie to the keiperis of this combinatioune; as also that we all eweri ane of ws sall stand in armes at ane head at quhatewer tyme we happin to be conwenit, aie and quhill they be disbandit be commone consent of ws wndersubscriyweris wnder the painis abow mentioned. In witnes quherof, we haw subscriywit thir presenttis, at Muchrache, the penult day of Merche j<sup>m</sup> vi<sup>e</sup> fourtie and fyw zeires. Wreittin be Ferquherd Cuming, notar publict."

The first signature to this bond is "James Grant of Freuquhye," and the second is "M'Phersone of Clynie." The other twenty-one Macphersons signing the bond are the following:—

"Donald M'Phersone of Nuid; James M'Pherson of Ardbrylach; Williame M'Phersoune in Beandagar; James M'Phersone, Dellradie; Wm. M'Phersone in Dalradie; Lachlan M'Pherson in Dalradie; James Mackpherson in Miltoune; Angus M'Pherson in Inwereschey; Alexr. M'Phersone of Pitcherine; Hugo M'Phersone in Breackachie; Donald M'Phersone, his brother; Sorlle M'Phersone in Essintullich; James M'Phersone in Inwermarkie; Thomas M'Phersone, his brother; Malcolme M'Phersone of Phones; Jhone M'James Dui of Inwernahawin; Jhone M'Phersone of Crathie; Donald M'Pherson in Stramasie; Donald M'Pherson in Tiersodon; Jhone M'Phersone in Pitindine; Wm. M'Angus M'Inla in Bellide."

BOND AND ACKNOWLEDGMENT BY LAUHLIN M'INTOSH OF TORECASTLE TO CLUNY, DATED SEPT. 12, 1665; SIR CHARLES ARASKINE, LYON'S CONFIRMATION OF CLUNY'S ARMS IN 1672; AND THE LORDS OF PRIVY COUNCIL'S DELIVERANCE ON CHIEFSHIP.

From the Cluny Charter-Chest.

"I LAUHLIN M'INTOSH of Torecastle doe declare, That Andrew M'Pherson of Clunee, Lauchlin M'Pherson of Pitmeans and John M'Pherson of Invereshie, and their friends and followers, have out of their meer good will and pleasure joyned with me at this time for recovering of my lands of Glenlay and Locharkag from the Clan Chameron and other violent possessors thereof (according to the King's commission granted for that effect), and therefor I bind and obledge me and my friends and followers to assist fortifie and joyn with the said Andrew, Lauchlin and John M'Phersons in all their lawful and necessar adoes (being thereto required) by the saids. Subscribed at Kyair the twelfth day of Sept. jajoj and sixtie-fyve years by me before these witnesses, Alex. M'Intosh of Cannodge, and Alex. M'Intosh, notar publick in Inverness, and William M'Intosh of Carrybrough. *Sic subscribitur.*

(Sig<sup>d</sup>) L. MACINTOSH of Tore Castle.

Alex. M'Intosh, *witness.*

Alex. M'Intosh, *witness.*

William M'Intosh, *witness.*"

This is a just double of a declaration granted by the laite Macintosh to the laite Andrew Macpherson of Clunie when he joyned for recovery of Glaslay and Locharkag from Locheall.

Here follows the writ subjoynd to the Coat of armes.

"This is the Coat armour apertaining to the laird of Clunie M'Pherson, the only and true representer of that ancient and honorable familie of the Clanchattan, extracted and confirmed *ut infra.*

"The antient baron above named his atchievement is this blazoned: he bears parte per fesse, or and azure, ane Lumfad or Gallie of the first, mast, oares, and tackling proper flaged, betwixt ane hand cup<sup>d</sup> fess ways holding a dagger pale ways, and in the sinister Canton a Cross Croslet fitchie Gules; above the sheild and helmet befitting his degris Gules doubled argent next it placed on ane Towe or wreath of his Coulers, ane Catt sejant proper, and for his motto in ane Escrole above, 'Tutch not the catt but a glove,' aproven of and confirmed unto said bearer by Sir Charles Areskine of Cambo, Knight Baronet, Lyon King-att-arms, as witness our hands and seals of office appoynted hereto att Ed<sup>r</sup> the twelfth day of March 1672. *Sic subscribitur.* JOSEPH STORY, Herauld & herauld painter.

CH. ARESKINE."

The deliverance of the Lords upon the debait betwixt the Laird of M'Intosh and Clunie M'Pherson anent the securing of the peace as follows:—

“*Edr the 25th of November 1672.*—The Lords of Privie Counsell upon consideration of a Petition presented by Duncan M’Pherson of Clunie and the laird of M’Intosh doe ordain M’Intosh to give bond in these terms, vizt. those of his clan his vassales these descendit of his familie, his men tenants and servants or dwelling upon his ground, and ordain Clunie to give bond for these of his name of M’Pherson, descendit of his familie and his men tenants and servants but prejudice allways to the Laird of M’Intosh to have letters of releif off such of the name of M’Pherson, who are his Vassals.

(Subscribed) “ROTHES, Cancell *I.P.De.*”

Here follows the Lyon’s confirmations of the said Coats armour posterior and contrar to the Lyon’s declaration in favours of M’Intosh :—

“To all and sundry whom it effairs I Sir Charles Araskine of Cambo, Lyon king of arms, testifie and make known that the Coatt armour appertaining and belonging to Duncan M’Pherson of Clunie approven off and confirmed be me to him is matriculat in My publick Register upon the day and dait of this presents and is Blazoned as follows, vizt. : The said Duncan M’Pherson of Clunie for his armorial and ensigne bears perte per fesse, or and azur, ane Lumfad or Gallie of the first, mast, oares, and tacklings proper flaged, betwixt ane hand cup<sup>d</sup> fess ways holding a dagger pale ways, and in the Senister Canton a Cross Crosslet fitche gules, and for his Crest a Catt Sejant proper. The Motto is (‘Tutch not the Catt but a Glove’) which Coatt above Blazoned I ordain to be the said Duncan M’Pherson his true and unreapeallable Coatt, and bearing in all tyme comeing. In testimony whereoff I have subscribed this extract with my hand and have caused append my seal of office Yr. to. Given at Edr the 26 day November of the Reigne of our Sovereign Lord Charles the second, be the Grace of God King of Scotland, England, France, and Ireland the twentee-fourth year 1672. *Sic subscribitur.*

“CH. ARASKINE, Lyon.”

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## LETTERS FROM LORD HUNTLY TO THE MACPHERSONS.

From the Cluny Charter-Chest.

GENTLEMEN OUR VERY GOOD FRIENDS,—

*Last of March 1674.*

The Laird of M’Intosh his arrogant demeanors in severall affairs wherein my Lord Huntly is concerned, and particularly of the Teinds of Badenoch has brought us to a clear understanding of these differences between the Laird of Cluny and him anent the Chieftenry and what endeavours have been used be him to frusterat Cluny of the Benefide of the Counsellis just determination ; and seeing we now understand that most sureptitiously M’Intosh did borrow our names not only in the prosecution of that action, but always since when occasion offered as a mean, to rent yourselves and devyde you ; we have therefore upon Consideration of the justness of Cluny’s cause (whereof the emptiness of M’Intoshs arguments

does sufficiently convince us) Cluny's and his predecessors constant fidelity to the family of Huntly, thought fitt to make known both to you and him our dislike to his proceedings togeder with the resolutions we have now (on just grounds) put on to espouse your quarrell against him and whatever may emargin upon that point, and that these may be the more manifest we desire this to be communicat to all your friends of your severall famelies wishing hereby all the name of M'Pherson and all others called the old Clanchattan, and whatsomever name and designation within my Lord Huntlys Bounds or ours to follow our faith herein and the said Laird of Cluny as Chieffe and to pay the same respect and defference to him that becomes kinsmen ; Certefieing any lieving within the bounds above specified that does in the contrary they shall be looked upon not only as unnatural to their chieffe, but likewise as Complyers with those who have no kyndnes for the family of Huntly (judged unworthy to hold of or depend upon the same) and assuredly taken notice of as such by my Lord Huntly, and Gentlemen, your reall and most asured friend

(Signed) ABOYN.  
HEL. URQUHART.

Directed to John M'Pherson of Invereshy, Lachline M'Pherson of Pittmean, Donald M'Pherson of Nied and the rest of the surname of M'Pherson.

*Last of March 1674.*

SIR,—You will find by the enclosed and your Cousine Mr Angus Information our inclination to doe you all the favour we Can ; whereto we expect a continuation of that faithfull service your predecessors have shoen to the family of Huntly, which will be the greatest obligation you can put upon, Sir, your most reall friend to serve you.

(Signed) ABOYN.  
HEL. URQUHART.<sup>1</sup>

Directed to Duncan M'Pherson of Cluny, Esq.

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#### FROM THE MS. GENEALOGY OF THE MACPHERSONS IN THE CLUNY CHARTER-CHEST.

THERE is one manuscript written in the year 1680 (which partly treats of the Clan Vurich), wherein the author designs himselfe ane impartiall hand ; but by reading of several passages thereof it will evidently appear to be written be one of the name of M'Intoshe ; for that manuscript wrytes seldom or never good of any family but of the family of M'Intoshe.

And forasmuch as the author gives himself the designation of ane impartiall hand, I think it not amiss to set down here one instance of his partiality, which upon ane consideration will make any man give the less credite to severall other

<sup>1</sup> Helen Urquhart, who signs both letters, was the Dowager-Marchioness of Huntly, and "curator or curatrix" to the Marquis of Huntly of the time.

passages of the said manuscript of greater concernment. His partiality extends so high, that in plain terms, one part thereof contradicts the other, which will appear in the following discourse, &c., &c.

Said Andrew of Cluny in 1644 to Macintosh:—

*First*, In the year 1370 (1386?), my predecessor Kenneth did disown your predecessor at Invernahaun.

*Secondly*, My predecessor Donald More was with my Lord Marr against MacDonald at the battall of Harlaw anno 1411, when your predecessor, said he, was with MacDonald.

*Thirdly*, My predecessor Donald Oig, was with the Marquis of Huntly at the battall of Corrichie anno 1562, and was killed upon the spott; but, said he, your predecessor was against the Marquis of Huntly at that time.

*Fourthly*, said he, My grandfather Andrew held out at the Castle of Ruthven anno 1594, when Argyll with 10,000 besiedged it, and your predecessor, said he, was with Argyll at the seidge; and

*Lastly*, said he, My father Ewan was constantile with Alexander M'Donald *alias* M'Coll, and with the Marquis of Montrose with 200 of his kinsmen, and never deserted Montrose till at the King's command he laid down arms, and thereafter my father joined the Marquis of Huntlie in the King's cause, &c., &c. And this shoves clearly, said he, that my predecessors joined with yours, but volutarly and at pleasure.

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## DECLARATION AND OBLIGATION BY THE CLAN REGARDING THE CHIEFSHIP,

*Dated in 1689.*

From 'The Chiefs of Grant,' iii. 358, 359.

WEE, undersub[scr]ivers, considering that Duncan M'Pherson of Cluny, our present cheife, is of full purpose and resolution to talzie not onlie his whole estate, but also the representation of us, and all others our kinsmen, by his ryteous air maill, with his daughter to a stranger, and that without all peradventure our ruine is thereby threatened, if God Almytie by ane inteir union amongst our selves doe not prevent the same, doe heirby declair and swear vpon our great oath, that we shall not own nor countenance any person as the said Duncan M'Pherson his representative, and falyieing aires maill of his bodie, excepting William M'Pherson of Nuid, who is his true lineall successor, and the aires maill of his bodie, quhilks falyieing, the aires maill quhatsomever, and sua forth successivelie, and that we shall to the outmost of our power assist and mantain the said William and his forsaid in attaining and possesseing the said estate by all just means imaginable; and furdur, that we, the saids undersub[scr]ivers, and in particular, I, the said William M'Pherson, shall second, assist, and mantain one ane other in all our just and ryteous interests against all mortall, his Majestie and

his auctoritie and our respective superioris being excepted. And we bind and obleidge us to fullfill and perform the premisses, under the paine of infamie. In witnes quhairof, we have subscrivit thir presents (writtin be John M'Pherson, writer in Edinburgh) with our hands, at Beanchar and the four-teen days of j<sup>m</sup>vj<sup>c</sup> and eightie nyne years

WM. M'PHERSONE of Noid.

D. M'PHERSONE, yo<sup>r</sup> of Invertromie.

A. M'PHERSON, Pitmean.

JA. M'PHERSONE in Raits.

JA. M'PHERSON of Balachroan.

ALEXR. M'PHERSON of Phones.

MUR. M'PHERSON of Clun.

JAMES M'PHERSON, Invernahaine.

JOHN M'PHERSON of Cronach.

Jo. M'PHERSONE of Bencher.

M'PHERSONE, yo<sup>r</sup> of Kyllihuntly.

JOHN M'PHERSONE in Strone.

J. M'PHERSON in Beille.

WILL. M'PHERSONE, brother to Invereshie.

E. M'PHERSONE, brother to Benchar.

WILL. M'PHERSON in Cloon.<sup>1</sup>

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## GENEALOGY OF THE MACPHERSONS.

From Jeremy Collier's 'Great Historical, Geographical, Genealogical, and Poetical Dictionary,' London, 1701.

M'PHERSON.—The name of a Scotch Highland Clan commonly called the Clan-Chattan, fam'd for antiquity and valour. They draw their original from the Chatti, or Catti, the antient inhabitants of Hessa and Thuringia, in Germany, whence they were expelled by the Hermondures, with the assistance of the Romans, in the reign of the Emperor Tiberius. Cattorum Castellum, one of the Landtgrave of Hesse's Palaces, and Cattorum Melibœci or Catzenellebogen, which is one of the family's Titles, do still preserve the memory of the antient Catti, who being forced to leave their Country, came lower down upon the Rhine into Battavia, now Holland, where Catwick, &c., still bears their name; thence a colony of them came for Scotland, and landing in the North of that Kingdom were kindly received by the King of Scots, who gave them that part of the Country, where they landed, which from them was called Caithnesse—*i.e.*, the Catti's Corner: Being settled here, they did many eminent services against the Picts, and other enemies of the Scots, till the time of king Alpinus, when the Chief of the Catti, called Gilly Catton Moir—*i.e.*, the great—for his extraordinary conduct and valour, being married to a sister of Brudus, King

<sup>1</sup> The original of this Declaration is in possession of Sir George Macpherson-Grant, Bart. of Ballindalloch and Invereshie. The statement in this Declaration as to the alleged resolution of Cluny of the time to "talzie" "the representation" of the Clan (which it was quite beyond his power to do) to Sir Archibald Campbell, the intended husband of Anna, his only child, would appear to have been a mere rumour or suspicion set afloat without any real foundation. The marriage contract between the parties had evidently been prepared previous to the date of the Declaration, and was executed at Cluny on 15th March 1689. By that contract Cluny simply settled a "tocher" or dowry of 6000 merks upon his daughter, and there is not the slightest reference in the deed to any such resolution as indicated in the Declaration.



of the Picts, he was in a streight how to behave himself betwixt both Kings, who in a little time after fell out, and as the best expedient resolves upon a Neutrality. In the reign of Kennethus II., who also had war with the Picts, this Gilly Catton Moir, amongst others of the Scotch nobility, was summoned to attend the King's Standard: he excused himself by reason of his age; but to evidence his loyalty, though allied to the Picts, he sent one of his sons, with half of his clan, to join the Scots, which did not a little contribute to that fatal blow that issued in the utter ruin of the Picts. Most of the Clan Chattan, with their valiant leader, falling in the battle, the old man died for grief, and the remaining part were, by the advice of their enemies, prosecuted as favourers of the Picts, expelled Caithness, and, with much ado, obtained leave to settle in Lochaber, where they remain to this day; and the son of the Captain of the clan, who fell in the battle against the Picts, was in consideration of his father's merit created Knight Marshal, from whom the illustrious family of Keith, now great Earl Marshal of Scotland, are said to be descended. The chief of those who settled in Lochaber was, in a little time after, made Hereditary steward of that Country, and the family, for some ages, had a standing Commission from the crown to suppress rebellions, by virtue of which, they ruined the family of the Cummins, one of the greatest in the Kingdom, but engaged in an incurable rebellion in the time of Bruce. Muirach M'Gilly Chattan, called Albanach abroad, where he travelled, because of his Country, was second son to Dermond M'Gillychattan, Chief of the Clan, and for his extraordinary piety had a church preferment, and was made Prior of Kingushy. Celibacy having not then obtained amongst the Scotch Clergy, he married the Thane of Calder's daughter, by whom he had Dugal Ovir, or the swarthy, his eldest son, afterwards Captain of the clan; Evan Bane, or the fair, from whom comes Clunie M'Pherson; Niel Cromb, or the stooping Smith, so called from his round shoulders and the curious works which he made in Iron and Brass, from whom comes the family of Breakoe-Smith and others. Farchard Gillybrae, so called from his swiftness and expedition, of whom are the family of M'Gillybrayes of Dunmaglash on the river of Nairn, and David Dow, or the black, from whom are descended the Davidsons of Invernahavine. These, and some others, were all Muirach's sons, and besides their petty nicknames from complexions or temper, and the Patronymicks derived by their posterity, from their several sects, they were always called Clan Wirich in memory of their father, and clan Pherson or M'Pherson from his Office. This Muirach's eldest brother dying, he succeeded as chief of the clan, and having settled his affairs, left his eldest son, Dugal Ovir above-named, in possession of the Estate, and went in Pilgrimage to Jerusalem, and arriving there on the third of May, he kept that day ever after, and bound his family in a curse to do the like, which they observe to this day. In his return he took Rome, Spain, and Ireland in his way, and happening to come thither, when there was a contest for the crown of Leinster, and being in great reputation for his quality and piety, he was applied to, for reconciling the differing factions, in which he behaved himself with such extraordinary Conduct, that though neither of them would yield to one another, they unanimously chose him a little after, being, by this time a widower and well stricken in years, he married the daughter of O'Neal, one of the Competitors, and gained so much love from the people, that they made the Succession Hereditary to his family. He died in the 23rd of his reign, and was buried in the Cathedral of Dublin. His son Evar M'Muirach succeeded, governed well, and died in the 49th of his reign. His son Dermond M'Wirich succeeded, who for his Tyranny, and particularly

ravishing the wife of Maurice O'rock,<sup>1</sup> King of Meath, was expelled his Kingdom, and restored again by Henry II., king of England, who laid claim to the crown of Ireland afterward ; so that Muirach's progeny were outed of the sovereignty, but the family of the M<sup>c</sup>Muirachs, still remaining in Ireland, derive their pedigree from him. Dugal Ovir above-mentioned, who was left Chief of the Clan in Scotland, had only one son, and he an only daughter, who marrying a stranger called M<sup>c</sup>Kintosh—*i.e.*, the Thane's son, being son or grandson to the Thane of Fife,—the estate was transferred into another family, whence the Laird of M<sup>c</sup>Kintosh is lineally descended, and that family pretended to be chief of the clan Chattan as marrying the Heiress; but the M<sup>c</sup>Donalds, who were superiour to all the Clans, determined it often in favour of the Laird of Cluny's predecessors, and it was finally determined on his side, by the Council of Scotland, in the reign of Charles II., who declared the M<sup>c</sup>Kintoshes and M<sup>c</sup>Phersons different families, because M<sup>c</sup>Kintosh did not take the name and bearing of the Heiress's family. Evan Bane, before-mentioned, had for his Lady a daughter of M<sup>c</sup>Leans, by whom he had Kenneth, the eldest Cluny's predecessor ; and Gilly's, II., of whom the family of Inveressie, and one John, by another woman, of whom the family of Pitmean. This family has had many fewds with neighbouring clans, but more especially with the Clan Cameron's, having in one battle killed their chief, the Laird of Lochzell, with about 600 of his clan, and taking the rest, brought them to Cluny's house, where some were for cutting them off, but he generously set them at liberty, saying that his family would grow effeminate if they wanted an enemy to exercise their valour. It was also the M<sup>c</sup>Phersons who fought that bloody combat of thirty on a side in the Inch of Perth, in presence of the King, and came off with the Victory ; and it was that clan who held out the Castle of Ruthven for the Earl of Huntly against the Earl of Argile in Queen Mary's time. This family appeared in the field for King Charles I., with 600 Men, under the Marquis of Montrose, and Wm. M<sup>c</sup>Pherson, Laird of Inveressie, was killed under their command at the Battle of Old Earn [Auldearn]. They also declared for King James, under the Viscount of Dundee, and six-and-twenty of them were killed at Crombdale by Sir Thomas Livingston, Commander of King William and Queen Mary's Forces ; but since that time they have submitted to the Government, and their chief hath been ordered to raise men for its service. This clan can bring a regiment of well-armed men to the Field. In time of peace they are said to be as courteous and industrious as the lowlanders, and in time of war, can endure the fatigue of the rudest Highlanders. Their ancient bearing was a ship, in memory of their voyage by sea ; and the cross Croslet, in memory of the above-mentioned pilgrimage, and the bloody hand, in remembrance of Exterminating the Cummins. Their Chief's coat is now *party par pale or and azure*, in the Dexter Canton, a hand holding a dagger Saltirewise, and in the sinister a cross croslet, fitch Gules, and the supporters are two Highlanders with their slit doublets, naked from the Girdle downwards, with their shirts tied betwixt their thighs, their swords, Durks and Helmets proper, and for his crest a cat Rampant proper, with this motto, "Touch not the Cat but a Glove."

Collier adds : "This narrative was collected by a person of quality of the family, and one of its principal branches."

<sup>1</sup> [O'Rourke?]

BOND OF FRIENDSHIP BETWEEN THE FRASERS, THE CAMERONS, AND THE MACPHERSONS, EMBRACING A REVOCATION, ETC., BY THE MACPHERSONS OF THE MINUTE OF AGREEMENT BETWEEN THEM AND THE MACKINTOSHES IN 1724.

*Dated 19th April, 17th June, and 7th July 1744.*

From the Cluny Charter-Chest.

WE, Simon Lord fraser of Lovat and Simon Master of Lovat, with the special advice and Consent of the said Simon Lord fraser of Lovat my ffather, Donald Cameron of Locheil and Lauchlan M'Pherson Elder, and Evan M'Pherson Younger of Cluny, Taking into serious Consideration that faithfull friendship and amity which did of old subsist betwixt our respective families, kindreds and followings, and we being all exceedingly desirous to revive, confirm and perpetuate the same recipocall friendship and connection with each other, not only during our own Lifetimes But even to the latest posterity, Have resolved for the further Corroboration thereof To become and engag'd for ourselves, our respective successors and kindreds in manner underwritten, That is to say, we have entered and hereby enter, and engage ourselves and our foresaids In a most strict and solemn friendship and alliance with one another, and mutually bind and tye down ourselves, our respective successors, kindreds and followings by all the Tyes of honour, conscience and friendship, Truely and faithfully from this time forward To stand by and support each other and our foresaids in all and every honourable Contraversie, undertaking and Dispute which may at any time hereafter fall out or arise betwixt either of us the Covenanting Partys and any of the neighbouring Clanns or any other party or person whatsoever, except our naturall and lawfull King and superior, and shall forever henceforward look upon ourselves and our severall Tribes and followings to be all so strictly Unite and Cemented, That the honour and Interest of any one shall be the Common Cause of the whole, and which we hereby Engage for us and our foresaids faithfully and strenuously to support and defend with all our might and skill: And further, we, the said Lauchlan and Evan M'Phersons, Elder and Younger of Cluny, with the special advice, consent and approbation of our Clann, and particularly of the severall Cadents of our family afternamed, seriously considering that we were sometime ago most unjustly and insidiously induced To own and declare by a Writing under our hands That our family of Cluny and the Clann M'Pherson are Cadents of the family of M'Intosh, and on that account to bind and engage ourselves and our following and Clann forever after to recognize and acknowledge the Lairds of M'Intosh to be our Chief, and to act the part of dutifull Kinsmen to them and to their family, as the said writing more fully bears. But as we, the said Lauchlan and Evan M'Phersons, Elder and Younger of Cluny, do now see and perceive how dishonourable and injurious this Deed and Transaction is and must be to us, our family and kindred, who never descended from the family of M'Intosh and have no manner of dependence upon it, But, on the contrary, are the true and lineall

male descendents of the head of Clan Chattan, and consequently their real Chief, Therefore, and in support and maintenance of our just and naturall Rights, We, the said Lauchlan and Evan M'Phersons, with the speciall advice, consent and approbation of George M'Pherson of Inverishie, James M'Pherson of Killyhuntley, John and Donald M'Phersons, Elder and Younger of Crubin, John M'Pherson of Stramashie, Malcom M'Pherson of Phoyniss, John and Andrew M'Phersons, Elder and Younger of Banchar, Donald M'Pherson of Culline, John M'Pherson of Garvamore, James M'Pherson of Invernahaven, James M'Pherson of Crathie Croy, and William M'Pherson in Killarchile, Have resolved and be the Tenor hereof Revoke, rescind and annull the Deed and writing above mentioned Elicite from us by the family of M'Intosh In manner foresaid, and hereby renounce and abjure all manner of Dependence on or Cadency from the said family, and all attachment, deference and respect which they may anyways claim or demand as pretended Captain of Clan Chattan, or in consequence of the Deed and Writing already mentioned. And we hereby promise and solemnly engage that we will have no connection with them hereafter, Nor look upon them in any other view than as kindly neighbours upon an equall footing with ourselves, And we, the hail forenamed persons, bind and oblige us and our foresaids upon honour, soul and conscience, To implement, perform and fullfill the premises Ilk one to another as we stand severally engaged In manner foresaid : And we consent to the Registration hereof In the Books of Councill and Session, or in any other competent Register within this Kingdom, therein to remain for preservation, and to that effect Constitute  
our, &c.

In Witness Whereof, written upon stamped paper by Hugh ffraser, Secretary to the said Simon Lord ffraser of Lovat, We have subscribed this presents, consisting of this and the three preceding pages, in manner underwritten, vizt.: We, the said Simon Lord ffraser of Lovat, Donald Cameron of Locheil, and Evan M'Pherson, Yong<sup>r</sup>. of Cluny, at Beaufort this nyneteenth day of April, One thousand seven hundred and forty-two years, Before Witnesses Thomas ffraser of Gortuly and the said Hugh ffraser, Writer hereof, Witnesses also to the marginal note on the second page, which is sign<sup>d</sup> by the said Lauchlan and Evan M'Phersons for and in name of the haill other partys as above ; And we, the saids Lauchlan M'Pherson, Elder of Cluny, Donald M'Pherson of Breckachie, designed above Younger of Crubine, Andrew M'Pherson of Benchar, Donald M'Pherson of Cullinline, John M'Pherson of Garvamore, James M'Pherson of Crathiecroy, and William M'Pherson of Kyllerchile, at Cluny the seventeenth day of June and year of God above written, before Witnesses Andrew M'Pherson, Tacksman of Auchmore of Ovie, and Patrick M'Pherson, Grieve to the said Evan M'Pherson of Cluny. As also I, the said Simon Master of Lovat, at Beaufort, this seventh day of July and year of God above written, Before Witnesses the said Thomas Fraser of Gortuly and Hugh ffraser, Writter hereof.

(Signed)

LA. M'PHERSON.

EN. M'PHERSON.

DON. M'PHERSON, Breakachie.

JAMES M'PHERSON of Crathie Croy.

JOHN M'PHERSON of Garvamor.

DONALD CAMERON. LOVAT.

DON. M'PHERSON of Culline.

AND. M'PHERSON of Benchar.

WILL. M'PHERSON of Kylerchil.

SIMON FRASER, Master of Lovatt.

LETTER ADDRESSED BY JAMES MACPHERSON OF KILLIHUNTLY  
TO LORD LOVAT,*Dated April 1742.*

From the Cluny Charter-Chest.

MY LORD,—After an offer of my most sincere and dutifull respects to your L<sup>OP</sup>. and lovely family, I beg leave to inform you that I have had the perusal of a Bond of friendship entered into by your L<sup>OP</sup>. & Donald Cameron of Locheill and Lauchlan and Evan M'Pherson, Elder and Younger of Cluny, of the date the nyneteenth day of Aprile last, upon honourable and equitable grounds, as the said Bond itself bears, To which is subjoined a Desclimation by the said Cluny Elder and Younger of a Transaction sometime ago entered into by the Deceast Lauchlan M'Intosh of that ilk and the said Lauchlan M'Pherson of Cluny Elder, wherein the said Lauchlan M'Pherson has been so far circumveened and imposed upon as to have acknowledged the said Lauchlan M'Intosh to have been his Chief and that of the whole Clan Chattan as descendents of the said Lauchlan M'Intosh's family, and promising for himself and successors to act the part of dutifull kinsmen to the said Lauchlan M'Intosh and the Representatives of his family in time coming, which Transaction and Write Cluny certainly has all the reason in the world to disclaim as dishonourable, disadvantageous, falsely and circumveeningly founded. It being evident and never contraverted that the family of Cluny were and still are the reall Lineall Representatives of the Heir Male of the Head of Clanchattan, and consequently Chief of the whole Clan. I say, my Lord, this being the fact, I not only agree, but also approve of and consent to Cluny's Disclaiming the said Transaction and Write to all intents and purposes so as he may still be esteemed as Independent of the Family of M'Intosh, at least as they are of him, and I assure your L<sup>OP</sup>. that I will not be wanting to support him in this his just right, as that is certainly my Indispensible and unavoidable duty. And nothing in time can be more agreeable to me than that Cluny and we all should be united in the strongest Terms and tyes of amity to your L<sup>OP</sup>. and Clann to latest posterity, as also to the honourable Donald Cameron of Locheill and his Clann in like manner being by repeated former good offices and Demonstrations of friendship to us all besides the principall one now intended from your L<sup>OP</sup>., fully convinced of your sincerity and unalterable good wishes toward us, and particularly towards, My Lord, Your L<sup>OP</sup>.. most obliged, most faithful and obedient humble servant

(Signed) JAMES MACPHERSON.

KILLIHUNTLY, *Aprile 1742.*

Directed on the back, "To the Right Honourable Simon Lord ffraser of Lovat."

A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF THE WATCH UNDERTAKEN BY EVAN MACPHERSON OF CLUNY, ESQUIRE, IN THE YEAR 1744, FOR THE SECURITY OF SEVERALL COUNTRYS IN THE NORTH OF SCOTLAND FROM THIFTS AND DEPREDACTIONS.

From 'The Miscellany of the Spalding Club,' ii. 87-89.

As the generality of the Highlands of Scotland, and of the countries adjacent to them, have for severall years past been greatly oprest by many wicked ganges of lawless thives and robbers, inhabitants of the remote Highlands, who steal, or most audaciously rob, ther horses and cows; and as the countrie of Bedenoch, in particullar, lyes adjacent to the severall countries where these ruffians have there residence, great numbers of its inhabitants have by them been intyrlly ruened and reduced to beggarie. The gentlemen of that countrie made severall attemps to obviate this evil, by a watch at there own expence; but as that countrie was not able of itself to raise such a fund as would support a sufficient number of men for its protection, these watches turned out to be of litle or no service.

Therupon they did frequently in by-past years apply to Cluny, on whoes inclination and capacity to protect them they greatly relyed, offering him for doing his endeavour to save them as much encouragement as they could afford to give any other who would becom lyable for ther losses; to which Cluny honestly answered, that as he had no reasonable prospect of protecting them with the small funds the country of Bedenoch could afford, he would not pick ther pockets by pretending to do them that service he was not capable of.

That country therafter suffered most incredible losses; some possessions who did not exceed £15 sterling yearly rent, haveing been damnadged by theft no less than £100 sterling. Nor was ther any prospect of reliefe, till at a generall meeting of the gentlemen of that countrie, in March last, Cluny was most strongly and earnestly pressed to undertake ther reliefe; they fully evidencing to him that unless they were imediately supported, they would be quite ruened, and there countrie layd west, and that his friends and neighbours in severall of the adjacent countries were like to rune much the same fate. Cluny, deeply affected with the miserable circumstances of the countries, told the gentlemen that without his Majesty would protect them, he could see no mean for there relief but one—viz., a conjunction of all the neighboring opprist countries towards making a sufficient fund for setting up a strong watch for the mutuall security of them all; and that if after the proper intimation were made for finding an undertaker in the neighboring countries, who would becom layable for the losses of all such as would contribute, no other person would be found to undertak, on whoes security the countries could depend; in that case (and that only), for the want of another proper undertaker, he would himself becom bound and undergoe the payment of what losses these of the conjunction would happen to sustaine: the gentlemen did unanimously approve of the proposall, and caused mak this intimation; yet as a multitude can never be got of on mind, and have allways different byasses wherby they will not unite in any thing, though tending wastly to all there interests, severall considerdable persons who were used to suffer by thefts and depredations abstracted themselves and ther people from the sckame. However, as no other person was found for the relief of the countries, Cluny, in persuance of his generous intention,

gave his obligation to pay the contributors whatever damages they would happen to sustain during his undertaking, though the funds were evidently so small as that he behoved to be out of pocket, without the least prospect of advantage, other than the general welfare of his distressed countrymen. He set out his men on the tenty-second of May last, 1744, whom he picked out honest, and every way adapted to their charge, and regularly stationed them on such passes and inlets through which the thievish set used to make their incursions, giving them most strict orders that these passes should be punctually travelled and watched night and day, for keeping off, intercepting, seizing, and imprisoning the villains, as occasion offered, and as strictly forbidding and discharging them to act less or more in the ordinary way of other undertakers, who instead of suppressing theft, do greatly support it, by currying the favour of the thieves, and gratifying them for their diverting of the weight of theft from such parts of the country as pay the undertaker for their protection, to such parts as do not pay them.

This most wicked though constant practise of other undertakers, differs from Cluny's method, who cuts at the root, and studies the intyre extirpation of the hellish trade, not suffering the thieves on any pretext to pass or repass even to or from those he's not bound to protect.

The thieves finding themselves so strictly hemd in, that though they were starving at home, they durst not adventure abroad to rob or steal in any way formerly practised, devised a new way against which they knew Cluny could not have been guarded. They stoll a parcel of cows from a town in Strathnairn, and, instead of driving them by land as useually, they ferried them over Lochness by boats; however, Cluny has in this detected them, whereby the goods may be recovered, and the villains prosecuted. But this new device of the thieves subjects Cluny, who was formerly too much out of pocket in his generous undertaking, to the additional and unexpected expence of guarding the many boats of Lochness, which is tenty-four miles longe.

The danger of thift is now over for this season; and, except the few cows above mentioned, which will be recovered, there has not been, since Cluny's undertaking, one cow or hors stolen in the bound of his district; whereas in former years some thousand pound sterling woud not pay their yearly losses. There has, indeed, been severall attempts of carieing off of cows and horses from bounds which Cluny has not undertaken to protect; but he generously caused his watch intercept them, and restored them to the owners. For instance, he recovered and restored a sett of horeses blonging to the Laird of Grant's tenants in Strathspey; at another time, he intercepted and restored som horses belonging to some persons in the shire of Banff; and did the like with respect to cows belonging to persons in Strathallan, near Stirling; as he did also with respect to horses belonging to the Laird of Luss his tenants, about Dumbarton. These instances may suffice to show what a generous part Cluny acts in favour of all the countries, without the least notice or resentments against such as have not acceded to the conjunction. The thives being this reduced to the gratis straits by Cluny's undertaking, found means, by second hands, to propose to him that if he would give up being concerned for the protection of any other countrys but that of Bedonach, where he dwells, there woud be security given him for the safety for his own and that country's goods. This proposition Cluny has rejected, and not only has intyrlly stoped their wicked trade, but has committed the persons of severalls of them to prison, whereby they may be tryed for their detestable practises.

MANUSCRIPTS IN THE CLUNY CHARTER-CHEST RELATING TO THE CLAN CHATTAN AND CLUNY OF THE '45.

NOTE.—The three following documents appear to have been all written in France about the year 1760, but the writer's name is not known. The first two are narratives relating to the Cluny family, and of what Cluny of the '45 did and suffered for Prince Charles Edward. The third document appears to be a petition to the King of France for the royal bounty on behalf of Cluny.

THE PUBLISHER'S PREFACE.

Having often heard of the Scots Highlanders as a people remarkable brave and singular in their way; that I read also in our Histories of France, and in most of the Histories of Europe, that the Scots were always esteemed brave, and that no longer than ten years agoe a handful of them performed actions which surprised Europe, I acknowledge I have long had a great desire to learn something more particular concerning these Highlanders, who had not only drawn on themselves the observation of the world, but had likewise raised the apprehensions of the British Government so far as to oblige them to make several Acts of Parliament expressly with intention to disarm them, and afterwards several other Acts in order to change their dress and their customs. But my curiosity in that respect was never in any degree satisfied until I happened to become acquainted with the Sieur Macpherson, Siegneur de Cluny, chieff of one of their tribes, who, in many different conversations, informed me that they inhabit the large tract of mountains in the north of Scotland, which run from the west to the east seas, which surround the island, and likewise inhabit the small islands which ly on the west and north of Scotland, which, in all, may be computed about a third part of the extent of that kingdom; That their language, which has always been termed Gaulick, and which has no other name amongst them to this day, was once the language of the whole kingdom, until the course of time, and the immediate connections many of the Scots in low countries with England, by degrees introduced the English language into the lower parts of the kingdom. They have a tradition among them that their origine was from Sihithia. Sir William Temple, a very distinct English writer, who was ambassador from King Charles the Second to the States General, is of that opinion, and says that an island in the north of Scotland wher they first landed from Schithia took thence the name of Schitland, which it retains to this day; and that wher they advanced further and took possession of the larger continent, it, for distinction, and by an easie transition, got the name of Scotland. Chevalier Temple's opinion is further supported by an observation that patrenimicks were from the beginning in use amongst them, and continues still to be so, most tribes having no way to distinguish one person from another but by the name of his father, such as MacDonald, the son of Donald, MacGrigor the son of Grigor, MacPherson, the son of Pherson, &c. So in Russia and Poland, parts of ancient Schithia, these patrenimicks still continue, such as Peter Alexoivitz, Alexander Petroivitz, &c., which is not known to have been the custom in any other countries of the World. Yet others are of opinion their origine is



from the ancient Gauls, by reason that there language was always termed Gaulick, and that many of their original words have an affinity to the ancient Gaulois. But whatever their origine may happen to have been, it is certain they have posses'd that part of the World for so long a time, and without any mixture of foreigners, that few countries can, in that point, compare with them. For when the Romans invaded and overran most of Brittain, they found the resistance of the Highlanders so formidable that they judged it prudent to leave them in the manner they found them. Ever since that time, and how long before non can tell, they have been divided into clans or tribes, each tribe governed by its respective chieff or head of family, and make in all such a body that, if they cou'd be united under one head, from thirty to fourty thousand men might be brought together in a few weeks, and are so formidable a militia, that few, if any, regular troops in Europe could withstand their shock, supposing numbers equall. Their dress, which, as well as their language, continues the same from the beginning, is all woollen, of party colours, consisting in a surtout and vest under it, both reaching only down to near the tope of the thygh. Hose of the same, which reach no further up than below the joint of the knee, without any breeches, which are supplied by a plaid girded by a belt round the waste, the lower part whereof surrounds their thyghs, in some manner like a woman's pettycoat, but reach only down to the knee, which is always left bare; the upper part of the same plaid is fastened to the shoulder, and waves floating round in some resemblance to the Roman mantle. Their arms are a pistold, and often two, fixed in their belt, a durk or poignard, which they never incline to want, a large sabre slung in the horseman manner from the shoulder, and a fusil, which they generally wear under their arm.

I wou'd have been extremely pleas'd to have had a distinct account of all the tribes of a people so remarkable, but Mons. de Cluny found himself in no condition to afford me it, yet he entertained me very agreeable, often with many circumstances of his own tribe, and indeed of his own life, which I found so singular, and even so curious, while they were told by him without any ostentation or vanity on his part, that after every conversation I took notts of it in writing, which when all were put together, I found would bear printing; accordingly I resolv'd to put it in the press as an entertainment for the curiosity of many, without asking his consent or even communicating to him my intention; and I hope that when it shall come to his knowledge he will forgive me, having intended no offence to him or to any person. I hope, at same time, no other person can take offence at it, for I'm certain he intended non. I am persuaded that he will find likeways that I have not deviated from the truth of his narration, for I shou'd be greatly concern'd if the publishing of it should even happen to give any shock to his modesty.

The Sieur Macpherson, Seigneur de Cluny, Chieff of one of the most remarkable clans of Scotland, is male representative of the Clan-chattan or Clan-cattan, the most distinguished and most numerous clan that ever was in Scotland, and which tradition, handed down from father to son, and well knowen over all that kingdom, says came hither from Shithia in a considerable body, others say more probablie from Germany, and landed in the north of Scotland, where two extensive provinces took their names from them, that of Cathness, or the cat's nest or bay

where they first landed, and that of Catto, where they afterwards extended themselves; which last-mentioned province, in more modern times got the name of Southerland, to distinguish it from Cathness, as lying to the south of it, but still retains the name of Catto in the Gallick language, which is to this day the language of the Highlands, and happened during the reign of the Roman Emperor Tiberius Cæsar.

In these times, and long after, no surnames were in use, so the clan went by the name of the chieff or leader, and of consequence were named Clan Catan. After having settled in the country, they interchanged marriages with the first houses in the kingdom, and several very considerable houses there are of that origine, particularly the honourable and ancient house of Keith, the present representatives whereof are the two illustrious brothers, well known in Europe, Signeur George Keith, Hereditary Earle Marishal of Scotland, late Envoye Extraordinary from the King of Prussia to the King of France, and now Governour of the town and Province of Neuffchatel in Suisse, with Signeur James Keith, Felt-Mareschal of his Prussian Majestie's forces and Governour of Berlin, whose predecessor, a son of the chieff of Clan Caton, had distinguished himself in the year 839, when King Kenneth the Second of Scotland conquered the kingdom of the Picts, for his valour on which occasion King Kenneth gave him lands, and dismissed him with the rank of one of the great barrons of Scotland, about which time, by a very small transition, either by accident or with intention to distinguish themselves, their name changed from Chatan to Keith, and their barrony took the name of the family. The representatives of that house of Keith farther distinguished themselves several ages after, about the year 1020, in the reign of Malcolm the Second, by defeating the Danes upon an invasion they made in Scotland, and by killing Camus, their king or leader, at the battle of Barry, in the province of Angus, where the burying monument of Camus is still to be seen, and a village there takes the name of Camustown from it, for which brave action they deservedly obtained farther dignities from the kings of Scotland. So have ever since those times continued to enjoy very extensive lands and possessions in Scotland, and have been always considered a house of great dignity and honour. The house of Sutherland, Earls of Sutherland, whose family name and title are from the provinces, is likewise very ancient, springs from the same clan, and is term'd in the Gallick language the Earle of Catto, besides several other houses which would be too tedious to mention.

In the year 1291, the chieff of the Clan Catan hapened to have no son, so his only daughter married a son of Macduff, Thane or Earl of Fife, the then most powerfull signeur in the kingdom, and made use of his power to carry off the family lands of Clan Caton in favor of his son, who had married the daughter, and in prejudice of the male heir, who by some accident had got the name of Pherson; various reasons are assigned for its being given him, but non of them with such certainty as can be relyed on at this distance of time. But however it happened, having continued to his death, of consequence his descendants and followers were named Macpherson, which in that language signifies the son of Pherson, and which name, thus got by accident, the clan still retains. The son of Macduff, who had married the daughter and got possession of the family fortune, was likewise ambitious, and considered it his greatest honour that the clan Caton should acknowledge him for chieff, so with that intention dropt the name of Macduff, and would willingly have taken that of Catan. But in those times it

was no easie matter to assume or change a name at pleasure, for people then were in use to term a son by the name or some distinguished tittle of the ffather, so even against his inclination they continued to name him son of the Thane, which in the language of the country is Machk in Dochich, which name of MacIntosh his descendants and followers keep to this day. In this manner was the numerous and ancient tribe of Catan divided into two great branches, and afterwards suffered still further subdivisions in smaller trybs of Davidsons, Farquharsons, MacGillivrays, Murdochs, Smiths, and others, non of whom bearing the ancient name of Chattan, it is now almost entirely lost, yet the houses of both MacPherson and MacIntosh bear a catt for the cryst of their coats of arms, with the moto "Touch not the catt but a glove," which was the cryst and moto of the ancient house of Catan. Those two houses had a dispute for many ages which shou'd be the chieff of the whole Clan Catan, and the matter was warmly debated before the Privie Councill of Scotland, at no small expense to both, and no longer ago than the reign of Charles the Second; but the Council wisely reflecting that the name of Chattan being lost, and the clan divided in so many branches carrying many different names, it might make any single house too powerfull to be esteemed the head, and have the direction of the whole, so disappointed both, and determined that each should keep his own name, and be chieff of his own clan. But no family ever made any pretensions to be chieff save those of Macpherson and MacIntosh. Yet the house of Macpherson Signeur de Cluny is by all the World acknowledged to be the male representative, and the house of MacIntosh only the female line of the ancient Catan.

The Sieur Evan Macpherson de Cluny, and reall representative of the ancient line of Catan, was born at Cluny in 1707, from his earliest years lait to heart the well-being of his country, and regreted much that it was not improv'd to the degree that it might easily bear. He had long observed that industrie and diligence were greatly discouraged by incursions of louse ungovernable people from different parts of the mountains, who carryed off in droves the cattle of people of all ranks in the lower and better cultivated provinces. The too general calamity gave him real uneasiness, and he was shocked to see those pernicious remains of ancient barbarism reach down to modern times; he was certain it proceeded only from the remains of barbarism, for he had many convincing proofs that in other respects the disposition of the people in those parts were generally as benevolent, humain, and even generous, as those of any country whatever; but agriculture having been at all times neglected in those parts, the almost only employment of the common people were in attending their flocks, in hunting, and in fishing, which too naturally gave them habits of irregularity and idleness, handed down from father to son, and not easie to be chequed, so he often regreted that earlier pains had not been taken to turn their minds to agriculture, and other usefull industrie. He had observed that mankind are generally the same in all countries, too susceptible of being led into bad practices by custom and example, that even in the most civilized governments, besides the precepts of the preacher and the authority of the magistrate, the whipe, the gibet, and the rack, must be too frequently made use of, and even come short in regulating the morals of many, whereas these countries were too far removed from the lash of any of these checks. He had likeways observed that in vice opportunity and conveniency are great temptations, and so great were these in their favours by vast unfrequented mountains, reaching almost in ridges from the west to the east sea, and by their dis-

persed lonely habitations, that he is convinced if the most civilized society in Europe were established in that country and disengaged from any check on their morals, their descendants wou'd in time be infected and tempted to make use of the conveniences and opportunities the natural situation affords. The affection he bore his country in general often suggested to him these and such reflections, and prompted him to lay the abuse earnest to heart. But it still affected him more sensible when he too frequently observed his own herds, and those of his friends, followers, and dependants, become the prey, which generally landed in the entire ruin of the poorer sort, and in the no small loss of those who were better able to bear it. He determined, therefore, that he wou'd endeavour to put a stop to so pernicious a practice in so far as concern'd his own lands, and the possessions of his clan; accordingly he rais'd and established a watch or safeguard of his own trustee followers, and at his own and their expense, which for several years had a remarkably good effect over that part of the country where he or his friends and descendants had any possessions. The neighbouring signeurs, and noblesse, and even many at a greater distance, such as the Duke of Gordon, Ogilvie Earle of Airly, Stewart Earle of Murray, Gordon Earle of Aboyne, Gordon Earle of Aberdeen, Fraser Lord Lovat, Duff Lord Braco, Brodie Lord Lyon; Forbes of Culloden, Lord President of the Session; Campbell of Calder, Barron Farquharson of Invercald, Sir Ludovic Grant of Grant, The Barron MacIntosh of MacIntosh; The Barron Albert of Castlehill, at that time Sherrif of Inverness-shire; Sir Robert Gordon of Gordonstown, Barron Rose of Kilravock, Barron Brodie of Lethen, and Campbell Duke of Argyle, his vassals in the province of Angus, being either all chieffs of their respective clans, or of very distinguishing rank in the country, with innumerable others too tedious to repeat; but however high their rank was, they laboured still under the hardship of haveing their cattle and those of their farmers carried off. They were surpris'd at Cluny's success, and enveyed so much his happiness that they applyed to him with one accord to take them under his protection, and cheerfully offered to join in a voluntary subscription towards the support and augmentation of his scheme, and in acknowledgment for his own labour and industrie in a work so laudable and so universally beneficial. He listened, and in consequence doubled his diligence, and his success was in proportion. He never failed to find out, and bring back, even from the most distant parts, all cattle which from that period happened to be carried off, in so much that not one single person in the provinces which he had undertaken to protect suffered in a sixpence, and he also very effectually serv'd on many occasions even those who had never applyed to him. The Farmers then followed their industrie in peace and tranquillity, blessing him in their hearts for the happiness they enjoyed, and every day brought letters full of grateful acknowledgements from the signeurs and noblesse for the remarkable and surprizing change he had so speedily and so effectually made over the whole country. The subscriptions towards so good a work amounted at that time in his favours to above twentie thousand livres yearly, yet so many were the contributors, that it was next to nothing to any particular, and would soon have been very considerable more by the addition of the Dukes of Athol and Perth, with the noblesse to the southward, and by the addition of the Earle of Seaforth and his clan of Mackenzie's with the Monros and Rosses, and the noblesse to the northward. Yet altho' his success gave general pleasure to most people, it did not fail to draw upon him the jealousy and envy of some particulars, all whom, however, he in

a short time reconciled by reason, and by a steady firm conduct, so that those who had been his most inveterate enemies soon became his firmest friends, gaining the goodwill of all, nor was his name ever mentioned on any occasion but with esteem; neither does he omitt doing justice to all the clans of Scotland in general, for he affirms, that not a single chieff or leading man amongst them but cheerfully and readily gave him their assistance in curbing these lawless practices, so destructive as well as dishonourable; and such was his success in it that the whole kingdom were witnesses of his doing, more alone in the course of a few years towards polishing and civilizing the Highlanders in that respect, than all the power and endeavours of the Government had ever been able to do by their repeated tryalls, at very great expense, for many generations back, in so much that he had the agreeable satisfaction to see the agriculture of his own country, which had in all former times been neglected, augment at least two-thirds in his own. It may not be amiss to take notice of a pleasant enough occurrence which happened about this period, and which afterward became a common saying in the country. A preacher in the Highlands haranging a numerous audiorie of the common people in their own language, reproved them for, and exhorted them warmly against, their too well-known practices, when to his surprise he was interrupted by a gray-hair'd reverend-looking veterane, and an old transgressor, who rose up in the middle of the assembly and desired him to save his labour upon that point, for Mons. de Cluny alone wou'd gain more souls to heaven in one year than all the priests in the highlands cou'd ever do in fifty. This reputation in that respect reach'd the ears of the ministrie, who to his great surprise, having never once thought of engaging in military or government matters, sent him, to his own house, unask'd for a commission to command a company in the regiment my Lord le Comte de Loudin, the same who presently goes to America charg'd with the general command of all the colonies, had at that time authority to raise, and which company wou'd by its advantages have produc'd him at least six thousand livres a year. At same time the most remarkable signeurs in the country agreed among themselves, without his knowledge, to sollicite the Government that he and his company might have liberty to stay at home in order to protect the country, so that he had reasonable well-founded prospects to have enjoyed betwixt thirty-and-six thousand livres yearly, besides the whole yearly produce of his own fortune, which he found daily improve under his own eye, and whereof neither he nor his predecessors would either know or reap the full value untill the regulations he had lately made enabled him by degrees to do both.

This was his situation, living in peace, in affluence, and in esteem at his own house, at the period the Prince landed in Scotland. The Prince sent him an invitation to join him with his followers; and as his principles, and those of his household at all times led them towards a faithfull attachment to the rightfull royall line of Stewarts, he did not hesitate in sending back his captain's commission to the Government in six weeks after he received it, rais'd his clan, left all, and followed his Prince, who received him with a hearty welcome, and with a due sense of his merit. He from that time accompanied the Prince through all his fatigues, during the long course of a severe winter campagne, during which he had frequent opportunities to observe, and be much pleased with, many great quallities in so young a Prince. In deliberations he found him ready, and his oppinion generally best; in their execution firm, and in secrecy impenetrable;

his humanity and consideration show'd itself in strong light even to his enemies, whom he cou'd not help still to consider subjects, and, as he us'd to say, his countrymen. In application and fatigues non cou'd exceed him. Dress'd like a highlander, he march'd on foot at the head of his army from Edr to Derby, at least 300 miles by the root taken, sometimes 20 miles a day, often over mountains of heath in snow and rain; nor was any single person in his army so alert, never failing to be on foot in the morning before the appointed hour, and by his own example giving life and motion to the whole, in so much that Mons. de Cluny's attachment to the house of Stewart was very soon augmented by a personal veneration and esteem; and in the return of the army from England, Cluny at the head of his own single clan attack'd the Duke of Cumberland and his cavalerie at Clifton near Penrith, and repuls'd them with great loss, on which occasion my Lord George Murray, lieutenant-general, who had the command off, and brought up the rear of, the army, gave the orders, went on with Cluny, and fought sword in hand on foot as keenly as a common soldier. The other actions of the Prince and his army are well known to the World. Cluny never failed his share in all of them, untill the fatal battle of Culloden, on the 16th April 1746, dispers'd the whole, and oblig'd every single man in it to shift for himself. The Prince then retired privately to the Western Islands, where he dayly ran great risques of being discovered and apprehended by those who earnestly sought his life. But Cluny, trusting to the faithfull attachment of his people, went directly to his own country, where he found means to conceal himself in safety, as well as Donald Baron Cameron, Lord Locheil, who had been severely wounded at Culloden, and believing himself far from safe in his own country, which was too open to the enemy, came to Cluny for protection, accompanied by Sir Stewart Threpland, who with great attention acted both the part of a phisitian and surgeon to him, as did severall others of the Prince's faithfull friends, who happened to be strangers in that part of the World, to all whom Cluny afforded entertainment and security in their greatest distresses. Soon after he had the mortification to see his own house of Cluny, which he had not long before built from the ground with great attention, care, and expense, as a seat for his family, and was by much the best in these parts of Scotland, all in flames by Cumberland's orders. Nor was that his only mortification, for his Lady, only daughter of Lord Lovat, who lost his head the year after on Tower Hill for the same cause, with his young family were thereby turn'd out to the inclemency of the weather without knowing where to put their heads in safety; and a worthy father, who in the 1715 had acted the same part the son did in the 1745, unable to bear at his years the misfortunes of his royall master, of his country, and of his own family, grieff brought his gray hairs to the grave in a month after. Those melancholly circumstances were soon followed by others of the same kind, for he had the grieff to be spectator from the mountains and woods of his country being ravaged more than once by the military, many of his own farms and those of his friends reduced to ashes by fire, their cattle and other effects carried off beyond a possibility of being recovered. Yet still he was far from being discouraged, nor ever lost hopes, believing firmly that providence wou'd sooner or later send relieff, and put an end to oppression. But forseeing at same time that no relieff cou'd happen soon, he thought of regulating his manner of living. He had a certain number of a faithfull watch who always attended him, and waited

his orders; by their means he and such as were with him were supplied in provisions, by their means he kept a correspondence with his friends, and by their means he had dayly intelligence of what passed even in the enemy's camps which lay round him in the neighbourhood. In this manner he spent the summer, and about the beginning of August, to the great satisfaction of all who wish'd the cause well, he was again joined by the Prince, who from the time they had parted had undergone innumerable hardships, had been almost dayly traced and pursued from place to place, often faint with hunger and fatigue, often without sufficient cloaths to defend him from the cold damps, and still oftener without a shoe on his foot. But after many miraculous escapes having at last reach'd Cluny, who had Lord Lochiel with him, he then found a retreat which might be considered safe, a comfortable bed, and plenty of provisions, which made so great a difference from his late uncomfortable way of life, that he cheerfully used to say Cluny made him live like a Prince. In this manner he pass'd the time in ease, or at least in quietness. No surmise or notice was ever so much as hinted of the place of his retreat, nor a single person ever appeared to disturb him. In so much that the Government, who never slackened their earnestness to find him out, having quite lost the least information, were making keen searches and enquiries about him in countries, and at places hundreds of miles distant from where he then happened to be. The season, however, advanced, the nights became long and cold, so Cluny became anxious for a more comfortable residence for the Prince during the winter, in the event that no better fate shou'd befall him. He accordingly laid a plan for that purpose, which he directly caused execute, and communicated to the Prince; who having long entertained earnest thoughts of means to get beyond sea, pleasantly answered that his plan would do very well for a last resource. But happily about the middle of September notice came to Cluny that some ships were arrived from France in search of the Prince; he urg'd his speedy departure, afforded him guides, provisions, and everything necessary for a considerable land journey he had to make on foot towards the place where the ships attended, and which he reached on the 19th day of September. Lord Lochiel; his broy'r, Archibald Cameron, colonel of Infantrie in the Spanish service, who was executed at London in June 1753; Macdonell of Lochgarrie, present lieutenant-colloncl to the Scots Regiment of Ogilvie, in the service of France, with several others, attended the Prince beyond the seas, and were thereby relieved of their fatigues and dangers. But on Cluny he laid his commands to stay in Scotland, both by word and in writing, as the only person in whom he cou'd repose the greatest confidence; assureing him that he should pay him a visit soon in a way better supported than formerly, and that at no rate he shou'd leave the country to such time as he shou'd see himself, or at least have orders to that purpose under his own hand. Cluny, who well knew the dangerous situation, wou'd willingly have excused himself, and have accompanied him along with the others to France. But the Prince being urgent he obeyed, trusting to providence and a good cause, and was willing to risque everything rather than fail in his duty. The Prince took accordingly his departure and arrived safely in France, whereof Cluny had the agreeable notice by the voice of fame soon after. Long afterwards did he impatiently look for the promised visit, but to his great grief it never happened; at last

he had messages from the Prince that he had been disappointed in his intended return to Brittain, and that, being entirely sensible of his faithful attachment, it gave him real concern that it was not in his power to provide for him in the manner he wished, but that in the meantime, having obtained a regiment from the King of France in favours of Lord Locheil and his family, he had named him Lieutenant-collonel, which wou'd afford him about five thousand livres a year as small bread for him and his family to such time as it might be in his power to do more for him. But still that he behooved to remain in Scotland, and that his appointments wou'd be paid him from the establishing of the regiment as faithfully and punctually as if he were in France. Cluny complied with no small reluctance, and in consequence of his obedience underwent innumerable hardships for a course of nine tedious melancholly years : woods, mountains, and caves were generally his best lodgings, and the depth of night the only time of his movements. The Government were solicitous to find him out, and for that purpose troops were dayly employed in keen warm searches after him ; garrisons continually lay in his country, using every means to obtain informations about him both by threats and promises ; even large sums and high preferments were repeatedly offered to any person who wou'd make the least discovery ; yet so remarkable was the attachment of his people, and the great good will of his other countrymen, together with his own prudent conduct and directions, that it never was in the power of the Government for any premium to trace him so much as one single step, or to discover where he lodged one single night, which affords an instance of a private person standing out against the violent resentment of an enrag'd powerful Government for so long a course of time as no historie or tradition can paralel. In this manner time passed lonly on from year to year ; during the uncomfortable severity of every tedious winter he consol'd himself with hopes of relieff in the spring or summer, but to his grieff he even then found his hopes disappointed, and another melancholly winter overtake him. Here justly may be observed the effects of habite on the humane constitution, for during the course of nine years in a remarkablie cold climate, Cluny never once put on a pair of breeches, or a pair of gloves on his hands, nor scarce ever found he had use for them, while at the same time he scarce cou'd ever have the conveniency of a fire.

His family fortune had been taken possession of by the Government from the fatal day of Culoden, but as estates of that kind had always upon such former occasions been by time brought to a publick sale, his friends encourag'd him with hopes that it shou'd be purchased for account of his family. Yet beyond all precedent, and to his lasting concern, resolutions were taken by Parliament to annex it unalienably to the crown, and he thereby deprived of all prospects of recovering it, even his relations who possessed part of it were severely oppress'd from no other motive than the heat of the Government's resentment against him, and altho' he has now been ten months in France, yet twenty-four gerrisons still lie in that country in the houses of gentlemen of his blood and name, where they use all the hienuous liberties of a revengefull enemy and command as masters. At last, in the beginning of May 1755, the Prince's orders to come abroad, wrote by his own hand, reach'd him, which tho' they mortified him in one respect, by convincing him that the hopes of a restoration were at a greater distance than he



wished, yet he obeyed with pleasure, in regard that continued fatigues and hardships had greatly impaired his health, and an advancing age made him less qualified to suffer more. He accordingly sett out directly, happily made his way, and arrived in France the beginning of June. He then never doubted but that his lieutenant-colonel's appointments would afford him and his family some reasonable subsistence, and that the punctual payment of the arrears which were due him upon it wou'd put him in condition to clear some debts he had been obliged to contract, and provide him and them in becoming necessaries suiting their rank. But his surprise and mortification cannot easily be imagined when he was inform'd that the only regiment which had been rais'd at the Prince's request had been reform'd immediately after the Prince left France, a regiment which had been granted by the King at the earnest desire of the Prince in favours of the family of Donald Cameron, Lord Locheil, who was the first who sett footing, made figure, and showed example in the Prince's expedition in Scotland, and without whoes particular active endeavours, and appearing directly in his favours with nine hunder of his followers, it wou'd never have deserv'd the name of an expedition, and the Prince behoved to have return'd directly to France. Yet he finds this regiment reform'd, and John, the present Lord Locheil, the extremely promising son of a worthy father, and who is well qualified to act the same part in Scotland his father had done, in some respects even better qualified by haveing earlier knowen the world and languages, not only deprived of all hopes of recovering the seat, and large, extensive, and improveable lands of his ansesters, which can be trac'd back at least 800 years in their family, besides the following of a very numerous clan, but likeways deprived of the very regiment that had been expressly rais'd for the family, and to which his pretentions are but too well founded, and be reduced to act as Captain reform'd in the regiment of Royall Scots. By the reduction of the said regiment Cluny finds himself likeways deprived of the far larger part of the bread the Prince believed he had provided for him and his family, and gave him full grounds to depend on. This unexpected stroke bore harder on him than all he had ever hitherto suffered, and made him almost ballance in his own heart whether he had not better suffered death in Brittain than live in France, and see his family and friends in want. Reason, however, and patience by degrees took place, and the school of sufferings which he had so long been prov'd in qualified him to suffer more. He then did not in the least question but the arrears of his appointments of 1800 livres a year as lieutenant-colonel *en suite* of the regiment of Royall Scots, to which regiment he was told he had been annexed upon the reduction of Locheil's regiment, wou'd be ordered him upon asking it. Accordingly he made out a memoire of his request, Lord Lewis Drummond of Melfort, colonel of the Royall Scots, presented him and it to the minister, who received both with goodness and affability, and gave such assurances that he wou'd soon consider the case as left Cluny no room to think there wou'd be the least hesitation in a matter where justice appear'd so much in his favours that there could be no grounds for hesitating. He waited an answer for some considerable time with patience, but his patience, tho' it had been so often tryed, began at last to wear out; so he then followed the Court, renewed and continued his solicitations for several months with no better success, during the intervalls whereof he found so much time on his hands that many anxious reflections intruded on his mind, even against his inclinations.

He cou'd not help comparing his present with his former situation ; he saw himself reduced to sollicite low bread at a foreign court ; whereas the time had but lately been that he wou'd not have moved a step from his own house for the best regiment France cou'd afford him, and that no nation in Europe could put him at the head of a better regiment than that which his birth and the custom of the country had given him an unquestionable right to command. These mortifying reflections were soon after augmented by nortice being given him that the minister had all the inclination in the world to do him service, but that he found his hands tyed up by rules which admitted of no claim to arrears by any person, who had never join'd his regiment. He then found himself worse than ever ; and altho' he did not doubt but these rules might be right in their foundation, and very applicable to such as out of folly or wantonness forbore to join their regiments, yet that being far from his case, he cou'd not conceive by what rule, either in reason or in justice, these rules cou'd be applyed to him, who had been made lieutenant-colonel of Lord Locheil's regiment, for no other reason than in consequence of his ready obedience to his Prince's commands. In consequence of his obedience to the same commands he stayed in Scotland, and was thereby absolutely debar'd from having it in his power to join the regiment, and in obeying these commands underwent a continued nine years' compagne of hardships and sufferings beyond comparison severer than any officer in the French service cou'd possibly have occasion to undergo even during the warmest war ; so that it may easily be conceived his stay was no choice in him, for so obnoxious are he and his followers to the Government that to this hour they continue their searches for and resentment against him, scarce allowing themselves to believe that he has left the country, or that, if he has, he may not still return during these times of disturbance, and give them more trouble than ever. He is conscientious that the Prince well knows his zeall, and that of his followers, as well as their sufferings, and that if it were in his power to provide for them he wou'd allow non of them to be in want. He readily agrees that disobedience to commands deserves punishment ; but to his surprise his punishment comes from giving a ready obedience to the person who he believes had the best and only right to command him, particularly while he remained in Scotland. At last, however, after eight months' attendance and almost daily solicitations, notice was given him by my Lord Clare that the minister had condescended to give him 6000 livres by way of gratification out of the extraordinaries of war, but even that not to be payed him to such time as he shall join the regiment ; from which time, and not till then, was to have access to the course of his pension of 1800 livres. He acknowledges himself under so great obligations to my Lord Clare that he never mentions his name without all the warmness of gratitude, believing he owes even the 6000 livres to his sympathysing disposition and endeavours, tho' at same time it scarce exceeds a third part of his well founded claim, and still its not being payed him while at Paris leaves him in as great straits as ever. By a nine months' stay and solicitations he had contracted debt to near the value, and is still obliged to contract more before it can be in his power to put himself in a condition to join the regiment. But yet necessity behoovd to be complied with, and fate submitted to, however hard ; so by the assistance of friends he is equipt and gone to the regiment, where he is sorrie to find himself tyed down to an inactive melancholly life, having no command nor the least thing to do ;

much the reverse of what has always been his practice. But what affects him most is the present situation of a deserving lady with whom he has long lived affectionately in great ease, in plentie, and in honour, with perhaps a hundred servants attending their commands, now reduced to live in a cottage in Scotland with her young family continually disturb'd with a captain's command of the military, one of the 24 garrisons before mentioned, as speys on her, and he so far from being in a condition to bring her or them hither, or to support them if brought, that he finds 1800 livres of appointments, which by retentions scarce exceeds 1600, with difficultie will allow himself bread, without affording a single servant to clean his shoes.

Before concluding, perhaps the reader would be anxious to have some short account of Badenach, the country in which Clunie's estate lies, and in what manner the Prince lived while there. Its name, Badenach, signifies, in the language of the country, bushes of wood, by which the face of it in former times was mostly covered. It lies in the province of Inverness, about midway betwixt the east and west seas, by which the island of Brittain is surrounded. It is computed from 28 to 30 miles in length east and west, and in some places 18 to 20 in breadth south and north, mountains and valleys included, each of which computed miles may be considered near a league in France. It is inhabited mostly by his clan and followers, who are generall observed by strangers to be the tallest and most robust men in Scotland. Somewhat to the westward of the centre of this country was the seat of the family, the Chateau de Cluny, now reduced to ruins by Cumberland, is situated in an agreeable manner on a rising ground on the north bank of the river Spey, which traverses the country from west to east, the south front of the chateau overlooks the river, making many delightfull serpentine windings along severall miles of the largest beautifull meadows that are to be found in these parts. The river afforded salmond and other fishes for his table, the neighbouring mountains and forests afforded him venison and game of all kinds, and his own flocks and heards boucherie meat at command. Round this chateau at different distances were the seats and habitations of his friends and followers, who respected and rever'd him as their common father; with pleasure they received his commands, which from the ties of affection and from a personal esteem they obeyed as a duty. In points of property his decisions were acquiesced in with chearfullness; he was the arbiter of their differences, the reconciler of their animosities, nor was there any one marriage or a death-bed settlement believed valid without his approbation.

About five miles to the south-westward of his chateau comenc'd his forrest of Benalder, plentifully stock'd with deer—red—hares, moorfoal, and other game of all kinds, beside which it affords fine pasture for his numerous flocks and heards. There also he keeps a harras of some hundred mares, all which after the fatal day of Culoden became the pray of his enemies. It contains an extent of many mountains and small valleys, in all computed about 12 miles long east and west, and from 8 to 10 miles in breadth, without a single house in the whole excepting the necessary lodges for the shepherds who were charg'd with his flocks. It was in this forrest where the Prince found Cluny with Locheill in his wounds and other friends under his care. Cluny observed on this occasion an instance of the Prince's never-failing prudent caution and presence of mind. Lord Locheill, he,

and the others advanced to receive him in the respectfull manner justly due his Royal Highness; "My dear Locheill," says he immediately, "no ill-plac'd ceremony at present I beg of you, for it is hard to say who may at this moment eye us from these surrounding mountains."

How soon the joy conceived on seeing the Prince in safety and in health gave room for cooler reflections. Cluny became anxious about his future health and safety. He was afraid that his constitution might not suit with lying on the ground or in caves, so was solicitous to contrive a more comfortable habitation for him upon the south front of one of these mountains, overlooking a beautifull lake of 12 miles long. He observed a thicket of hollywood; he went, viewed, and found it fit for his purpose; he caused immediately wave the thicket round with boughs, made a first and second floor in it, and covered it with moss to defend the rain. The uper room serv'd for *salle à manger* and bed-chamber, while the lower serv'd for a cave to contain liquors and other necessaries; at the back part was a proper hearth for cook and baiker, and the face of the mountain had so much the colour and resemblance of smock, no person cou'd ever discover that there was either fire or habitation in the place. Round this lodge were placed their sentinels at proper stations, some nearer and some at greater distances, who dayly brought them notice of what happened in the country, and even in the enemie's camps, bringing them likewise the necessary provisions, while a neighbouring fountain supplied the society with the rural refreshment of pure rock water. As, therefore, an oak-tree is to this day rever'd in Brittain for having happily sav'd the grand-uncle, Charles the Second, from the pursuits of Cromwell, so this holly thicket will probablie in future times be likeways rever'd for having saved Prince Charles the nephew from the still more dangerous pursuits of Cumberland, who show'd himself on all occasions a much more inveterate enemy. In this romantick humble habitation the Prince dwelt. When news of the ships being arrived reached him, Cluny convoyed him to them with joy, happy in having so safely plac'd so valuable a charge; then return'd with contentment, alone to commence his pilgrimage, which continued for nine years more. And now notwithstanding the very great difference of his present situation and circumstances to what they once were, he is always gay and chearfull; consious of having done his duty, he defys fortune to make him express his mind unhappy, or so much as make him think of any action below his honour.

This not being intended as a historie of the Prince's expedition, the small beginning it arose from, the two surprising battles he gain'd, the taking the city of Edinburgh, capitale of Scotland, the taking the city and citadale of Carlisle, those of Inverness, and Fort-Augustus, besides many oy<sup>r</sup> smaller advantages, and marching on foot from the north parts of Scotland carrying all before him to the city of Derby, a short way of London, where he made the Ministrie and Government tremble, the publick funds fall, for non wou'd buy them, the Bank of England stop payments, and his rival shake upon the throne, in so much that terror seis'd the whole and shipping was prepared to carry the Prince and Princess of Wales with their young family to Hanover, and kept the field for near nine months against all the powers of Great Brittain, which was assisted even by a considerable foreign force both of Hessians and Hollanders, while he was supported only by so few that at

no time his army exceeded six thousand men ; and money, the sinnows of war, was even wanting to pay these, while at sametime his rival had the whole treasure of England at command. Glorious as these facts are, both for the Prince and those who assisted him in performing them, I shall leave them to some other hand who is better provided in materials, so shall only mention one action in which Mons. de Cluny and his tribe haveing been the only performers, and being a remarkable instance of what the Highlanders are capable off, sufficiently answers my present purpose.

In the Prince's return from Derby back towards Scotland, my Lord George Murray, lieutenant-general, chearfully charg'd himself with the command of the rear, a post which, altho' honourable, was attended with great danger, many difficulties, and no small fatigue ; for the Prince being apprehensive that his retreat to Scotland might be cut off by Marischal Wade, who lay to the northward of him with an armie much supperiour to what H.R.H. had, while the Duke of Cumberland, with his whole cavalerie, followed hard in the rear, was obliged to hasten his marches. It was not therefore possible for the artilerie to march so fast as the Prince's army in the depth of winter, extremely bad weather and the worst roads in England, so mi Lord George was obliged often to continue his marches long after it was dark almost every night, while at the same time he had frequent allarms and disturbances from the Duke of Cumberland's advanc'd parties. Towards the evening of the 28th December 1745 the Prince entered the town of Penrith, in the province of Cumberland. But as Lord George Murray could not bring up the artilrie so fast as he wou'd have wished, was obliged to pass the night six miles short of that town together with the regiment of Mons. MacDonel, Baron de Glengarrie, which that day happened to have the arrear gaurd. The Prince, in order to refresh his army, and to give mi Lord George and the artilerie time to come up, resolved a sejour the 29th at Penrith, so ordered his little army to appear in the morning under arms, in order to be reviewed, and to know in what manner the numbers stood from his having entered England. It did not at that time amount to 5000 foot in all, with about 400 cavalerie compos'd of the noblesse, who serv'd as volunteers ; part of whom formed a first troop of guards for the Prince, under the command of mi Lord Elchoe, now Comte de Weems, who being proscribed is presently in France. Another part formed a second troupe of gaurds, under the command of mi Lord Balmirino who was beheaded at the Tower of London. A third part serv'd under mi Lord le Comte de Kilmarnock, who was likeways beheaded at the Tower. A fourth part served under mi Lord Pitsligo, who is also proscribed ; which cavalerie, tho' very few in numbers, being all noblesse, were very brave, and of infinite advantage to the foot, not only in the day of battle, but in serving as advanced gaurds on the several marches, and in patrolling durence the night on the different roads which led towards the towns where the army happened to quarter. While this small army was out in a body on the 29th December upon a rising ground to the northward of Penrith passing review, Mons. de Cluny, with his tribe, were ordered to the Bridge of Clifton, about a mile to the southward of Penrith, where, after haveing pass'd in review before Mons. Pattullo, who was charged with the inspection of the troops, and was likeways quartermaster-general of the army, and is now in France, they remained under arms waiting the arrival of mi Lord George Murray with the artilirie, whom Mons. de Cluny had orders to cover in passing the bridge. They arrived about sunsett, closely pursued

by the Duke of Cumberland with the whole body of his cavalerie, reckoned upwards of 3000 strong, about a thousand of whom, as near as might be computed, dismounted in order to cut off the passage of the artillirie towards the bridge, while the Duke and the others remained on horseback in order to attack the rear; mi Lord George Murray advanced, and altho' he found Mons. de Cluny and his tribe in good spirits under arms, yet the circumstance appeared extremely delicate. The numbers were vastly unequal, and the attack seem'd very dangerous, so mi Lord George declined giving orders to such time as he ask'd Mons. de Cluny's opinion. "I will attack them with all my heart," says Mons. de Cluny, "if you order me." "I do order it then," answered mi Lord George, and immediately went on himself along with Mons. de Cluny, and fought sword in hand on foot at the head of the single tribe of Macphersons. They in a moment made their way through a strong hedge of thorns under the cover whereof the cavalerie had taken their station; in the struggle of passing which hedge mi Lord George Murray, being dress'd *en* Montagnard, as all the army were, lost his bonnet and wig, so continued to fight bareheaded during the action. They at first made a brisk discharge of their firearms on the enemy, then attacked them with their sabres, and made a great slaughter a considerable time, which obliged Cumberland and his cavalerie to fly with precipitation, and in great confusion, in so much that if the Prince had been provided in a sufficient number of cavalerie to have taken advantage of the disorder, it is beyond question that the Duke of Cumberland and the bulk of his cavalerie had been taken prisoners. By this time it was so dark that it was not possible to view or number the slain who filled all the ditches which happened be on the ground where they stood, but it was computed that, besides those who went off wounded, upwards of a hundred at least were left on the spot, among whom was Colonel Honeywood, who commanded the dismounted cavalerie, whose sabre, of considerable value, Mons. de Cluny brought off, and still preserves, and his tribe likewise brought off many arms; the colonel was afterwards taken up, and his wounds being dress'd, with great difficultie recovered. Mons. de Cluny lost only in the action men, of whom having been only wounded, fell afterwards into the hands of the enemy, and were sent as slaves to America, whence severals of them returned, and one of them is now a sergeant in the regiment of Royal Scots. Here soon the accounts of the enemy's approach had reach'd the Prince. H.R.H. had immediately ordered mi Lord le Comte de Nairne, Brigadier, who, being proscribed, is now in France, with the three batalions of the Duke of Athol, the batalion of the Duke of Perth, and some other troupes under his command, in order to support Cluny, and bring off the artillirie. But the action was entirely over before the Comte de Nairn with his command cou'd reach nigh to the place. They therefore return'd all to Penrith, and the artillirie march'd up in good order. Nor did the Duke of Cumberland ever afterwards dare to come within a day's march of the Prince and his army during the course of all that retreat, which was conducted with great prudence and safety when in some manner surrounded by enemies.

Altho' the Prince, however, acted wonders which astonished all Europe, and thereby had drawn against him the whole British troupes from their campagnes in Flanders, also the Hessians and Hollanders above-mentioned, yet it was not possible for him to resist so great a force with his small army, and whom he had not even money to pay, nor sufficient arms to put in their hands, neither was he supported by any foreign troupes, excepting a very few from France, which joined

him towards the end of the expedition—viz., the batalion of Royal Scots commanded by mi Lord John Drummond, which did not consist of full five hundred men, and which, having been form'd only that season, cou'd scarce be so good as his own militia, or at least no better, and a few picquets from the Irish brigade, many of whom had been intercepted and taken prisoners by the British fleet in their passage. So it need be no surprisè that the fatal day of Culloden put a period to the whole, and oblig'd every single man to shift in the best manner he cou'd for himself.

Mr Macpherson, Baron of Cluny, a Scotsman, Chief of the clan of his name, is so bold as to implore the king's favours, beseeching him to vouchsafe to hear the relation of what he has done and what he has suffered in the sight, and to the knowledge of all those of his nation.

He received from his predecessors an inviolable attachment to the Royal house of Stewart, and having despis'd very advantageous offers which were made him by the Government for himself, his family, and his clan, before Prince Edward's arrivall in Scotland in 1745, he took arms and accompanied him at the head of his clan during all his expedition.

His R.H., who had advanc'd the length of Derby, within thirty leagues of London, having at that time General Wade behind him in the County of York, and the Duke of Cumberland coming down to meet him, both with forces infinitely superior to his, was oblig'd to retire. This Duke pursued him with all his cavalry, and had overtaken his rear guard at Clifton, when the Baron of Cluny fell in upon him sword in hand at the head of his Highlanders and entirely routed him, which was the Preservation of the Prince's army, and enabled him to make a safe retreat into Scotland.

After the unfortunate day of Culloden, the 27th April 1746, which was so fatal to the just hopes of the Prince, the Baron of Cluny retired to his mountains of Badenoich, from the top of which he soon had the displeasure to see his country cruelly ravaged, the houses of his kindred and vassals reduced to ashes, their effects and their cattle plundered and carried off, the castle of his predecessors totally committed to the flames.

His wife, and children in the cradle, were reduced to wander from cottage to cottage, scarcely finding a place to shelter themselves from the injurie of the weather, his aged father, venerable and respected throughout the whole country, soon sunk under the weight of so many misfortunes, and he was deprived of this so valuable a comforter in his adversities.

His R.H. had wandered a long time in the mountains and desarts of the western isles of Scotland, almost always alone or accompnyed with some common Highlanders, without cloaths or shoes, often lacking even the most homely subsistence, and in continual danger of falling into the hands of his enemies. At length having got back to the continent of Scotland, he with much difficulty in the month of August joined the Baron of Cluny in his Badenoch hills. He found there at least the necessaries that he had for a long time stood in need of, and especially a secure azilum into a hutt of water willows which was made up for him, and where he stayed several weeks in so great secrecy that he was suppos'd to be

at the same time eighty miles from thence, and where the soldiers made the most diligent searches for his person.

The Baron of Cluny form'd even then a plan by which his R.H. might be kept in safety all winter in his mountains, secure from being surpris'd by those who sought after him, and having propos'd it to him, he answered, in a tone which denoted his satisfaction, that he reserv'd that for his last resource.

Happyly it was not necessary; the Prince got intelligence that two French ships were arriv'd upon the coast for to transport him, whereupon the Baron of Cluny sent immediately to advertize the Prince's scattered partisans, such as my Lord Locheill, Colonel Cameron, his brother, and other gentlemen of note, that he had conceal'd amongst his kinsmen in divers places of his mountains in eighteen or twenty miles round. He got them together again about his R.H. in 24 hours time, and having provided himself with provisions and guides, he accompany him on foot for the space of sixty miles—that is to say, near to sixty leagues French—to the place of his embarkation, the 30th September 1746.

He himself would have wished to attend his R.H. into France, but he commanded him to stay in Scotland, and to wait there till he shou'd hear from him; he obeyed his commands, altho' he foresaw all the dangers and inconveniences to which he exposed himself, and he return'd to his Badenoch mountains.

About a year after his R.H. found means to send him word to remain still in Scotland untill he himself shou'd write to him; that in the meantime, for to help to support himself and his family till he could procure him a more suitable situation, he had caused him to be appointed lieut.-colonel of his cousin my Lord Lochiel's regiment in France, which salary shou'd be punctually payed him.

He remained then exposed, both he and his family, to the most horrid miseries, in perpetual danger of falling into the hands of the troupes, of whom there were many detachments night and day in search of him, with positive orders to bring him in dead or alive, and great rewards were promised to any one who shou'd discover the place of his retreat, and at length finding no other means to make themselves easie in regard to him, the officers of the troupes caused proposals of accommodation to be convey'd him, which his loyalty made him always reject with disdain.

He lived wandering in the mountains, lying in the woods, in the caves, and in the rocks, amongst the wild beasts his fellow inhabitants of those savage places, receiving provisions by some of the most affectionate of his own clan, who found means in the night from time to time to steal away from the soldiers to succour; he struggled thus for nine years consecutively without almost ever setting his foot within a house, without fire, in the hard winters in the north of Scotland, not changing his place of refuge, but in the night time, and always afoot, it being impossible to conceal a horse in his places of retreat, during which time his wife daily suffered all sorts of hard usage and reproaches from the troupes.

Perhaps it will be thought that this recital is exaggerated; nevertheless, his fellow countrymen, and even his enemies, know that it comes much short of what he really suffered, and the extraordinary accidents that he has escaped in the course of these nine years wou'd be subject for a whole volum. There is perhaps no example to be found of a man who has been able to remain so long in a country in spite of all the means that a powerfull and incens'd Government cou'd employ for to catch him, and at the same time always in a capacity of rendering important services to his R.H. if the occasion had offer'd.



In the autumn of 1752, Colonel Archibald Cameron, who was executed at London the year after, and Mr MacDonell of Lochgarry, now lieutenant-colonel of my Lord Ogilvie's regiment, arrived secretly in Scotland charged with particular orders from his R.H. directed positively to the Baron of Cluny, by which he recommended to him over again to remain in Scotland.

At length, in the month of May 1755, he received a letter from his R.H., wherein he signified to him his concern for the dangers and sufferings to which he had exposed him for so many years, and enjoined him to take all imaginable measures and precautions for to endeavour to escape and get into France; he complied with his orders; found the means to arrive here in the month of June 1755.

But at his arrivall he found that his long absence had made him lose the small resource that his Royall Highness' bounty had procured for him in this country. The Albany regiment, which was supposed to have been kept on foot, both in time of peace and war, by the capitulation granted to my Lord Lochiel at Fontainebleau the 30th October 1747, had been reform'd after the death of the said lord; and perhaps his Majesty might have kept it up for his family if the Baron of Cluny, his cousin germain, had not then happened to be absent, conform to the Prince's orders, and at the continual peril of his head in Scotland, and consequently at too great a distance, and perhaps unknown to this Court, for to represent their misfortunes and their services. The king, indeed, granted a pension to my Lady Locheil, and to her children, but nothing to the baron of Clunie's lady or children, of whom there was no mention made by anybody.

He hoped at least, as his R.H. had assured him, to be entirely clear'd off for the bygones of his appointments as lieutenant-colonel *à la suite* of the Royal Scots. Notwithstanding, and after having followed the Court for nine months, at the end of which all the favour he obtained was a gratification of six thousand livres, the most part of which he could not but have spent beforehand, and that perhaps after what he had lost, and what he had suffered, he might have expected to receive from the king's bounty, independent of his bygone appointments, what his Majesty had been pleased to grant to almost all those who had served in his R.H. expedition; he therefore flatters himself his Majesty will not despise his singular misfortunes.

He is personally outlawed; and having entirely lost all the lands and possessions that he had of his ancestors, he has no other resource but in his Majesty's bounty, his salary as lieutenant-colonel reform'd being too small and insufficient to subsist him and his family.

The foresaid detachments were continued in the manner formerly mentioned amongst his kinsmen and vassals after the Government knew that the Baron of Cluny was in France, ravaging them with the utmost cruelty and eagerness; being more exasperated against him than any other of his R.H. party, and being bitterly stung that after having dar'd them so very long he has at last been able to escape them. In revenge of which they so inveterately harass'd and persecuted his wife that she was forced to apply to the most affectionate of her friends, by whose assistance she has found means to get out of their hands, and arrived with her family at Dunkerque in May 1757.

She deserves some attention on her own account, if there is any granted to the memorie of those who have been martyrs of their loyaltie, she being only daughter to the late Lord Lovat, beheaded in the tower of London in the year

1746. So she is in the singular case of seeing her father's family, and her husband's both ruined for one and the same cause, and nobody of her name, nor of her clan, no more than of the Baron of Cluny's, have since these sorrowful adventures sued for any favour at his Majesty's hands.

*Note.*—From the terms of the following letter in the Cluny Charter-Chest, addressed to Cluny of the '45 by Mr James Edgar, "Secretary to the Chevalier de St George," it would appear Cluny's Petition or Memorial to the Court of France was quite unavailing:—

ROME, *Decemr. 12th 1758.*

S<sup>r</sup>,—The King commands me to acknowledge the receipt of your letter to him of the 2d Novemr., and of a Memorial inclosed in it, and, in making you a kind compliment in his name, to let you know in return that, being well acquainted with your merit and sufferings, he would be very glad did he think he could obtain for you at present, by his good offices at the Court of France, such a pension as you want, but M. is much affrayed that they would have no effect at this time when the affairs of their Finances are in so bad a condition. As M., however, would willingly befriend you in this particular, he would take it into his consideration, and if anything can be done in it in your behalf I shall do myself the honour to inform you of it. I beg you would do me the justice to be well persuaded that I shall be always glad of occasions where I can serve you, and where I can, and that I am with great respect, S<sup>r</sup> your most obedient and most humble Servant,

(Signed) JAMES EDGAR.

LETTER INTIMATING THE DEATH OF CLUNY OF THE '45 AT DUNKIRK ON 30TH JANUARY 1764, AND HIS BURIAL IN THE GARDEN OF THE CARMELITES THERE.

*From the Cluny Charter-Chest.*

*Note.*—The following letter communicating particulars of the closing scene in the life of the brave and devoted Chief—worn out by his terrible sufferings in the cause of "the hapless Stuart line," and "sick unto death" of the long and weary exile from his native hills—is very touching, indicating, as it does, his dying solicitude for his wife and daughter, and his anxiety as to the payment of any debts he might be owing at Dunkirk. The letter is addressed to "Archibald Campbell Frazer, Esq<sup>r</sup>, Craven Street, London," of the family of Abertarff, and an intimate friend of the Cluny family. The letter was found among the Abertarff papers, and transmitted by the late Mr Fraser of Abertarff to "Old Cluny" (the father of the present Chief), on 12th June 1869, "to remain, where it should be, at Cluny Castle:—"

DUNKERQUE, 31st *Janry.* 1764.

DEAR SIR,—Ever since I wrote you last, your frind Cluny has been gradually declining, till, quite attenuated, he at lenth breathed his last yesterday morning between 8 and 9 o'clock. Some days before his death he sent for Mr Haliburton, Mr Blair, and me, and recommended his Lady and Daughter to our care, begging

as his last request that we would send them over to London, as soon as could decently be done after his decease, and that we should, after their departure, dispose of the Houshold furniture in order to pay any debts he may be owing on this side. The lady seems resolved to follow this injunction, and will probably set out in about 14/d. hence, but shall let you know more exactly when once the time is settled. I need not discribe to you how disconsolate both she and her daughter are upon this melancholy occasion. I regret 'tis not in my power to be of such use to them as I could wish, being still confined with my legg, but both Mr Haliburton and Mr Blair are acting the part of reall friends towards them. The Corps is to be burried this evening in a private manner in the Garden of the Carmelites, which the Lady prefers to a Publiek buriall attended with the honours of War. Be assured nothing in my power shall be wanting to assist your distressed frinds, and that I am with great Sincerity, Dear Sir, your most obedt. and humb. Servt.,

(Signed)      DAVID GREGORIE.

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### THE CLAN CHATTAN.

From Skene's 'Highlanders of Scotland,' published in 1837.

WHEN the almost universal extinction of the Highland earls threw the Highland clans into the independent and disunited state in which they latterly existed, we find few of them in possession of such extensive territories as the clan Chattan. The whole of Badenoch, with greater part of Lochaber, and the districts of Strathnairn and Strathdearn, were inhabited by the various septs of this clan, and previous to the grant made to Comyn these districts were held of the crown by the chief of the clan.

From the earliest period, this clan has been divided into two great branches, respectively following as leaders Macpherson of Cluny and Macintosh of Macintosh, both of whom claim the chiefship of the whole tribe. The descent of the former family from the old chiefs of the clan, has never been doubted, but the latter family has hitherto considered itself as possessing a different descent from the rest of the clan Chattan. The earl of Fife, of the name of Macduff, is claimed as its ancestor, alleging that the chiefship of the clan Chattan was obtained about the end of the thirteenth century by marriage with Eva, the daughter and heiress of Gillepatrick, the son of Dugall dall, son of Gillichattan, the chief of the clan.

But independently of the manifest unlikelihood of a tale so clearly opposed to the Highland principles of succession and clanship, the mere fact of this family styling themselves captains of the clan, claiming a foreign origin, and asserting a marriage with the heiress of its chief, leads to the strong presumption that they were the oldest cadets of the clan by whom the chiefship had been usurped, while the manuscript of 1450 puts it beyond doubt that this story is not only an invention,

but one subsequent to the date of the MS., and that the Macintoshes are as radically a branch of the clan Chattan as the Macphersons; for that invaluable record of Highland genealogies deduces the Macphersons and the Macintoshes from two brothers, sons of Gillecattan Mor, the great founder of the clan Chattan. That there has long existed a keen dispute with regard to the chiefship of the clan Chattan between the Macphersons and Macintoshes is certain, and while the Macphersons have hitherto rested their claims upon tradition alone, the Macintoshes have triumphantly brought forward charters and documents of every description in support of their alleged title. But the case is now altered, and the investigations which we have made into the history of the tribe of Moray, as well as into the history and nature of Highland tradition, show that the fact of the Macphersons being the lineal and feudal representatives of the ancient chiefs of clan Chattan rests upon historic authority, and that they possess that right by blood to the chiefship, of which no charters from the crown, and no usurpation, however successful and continued, can deprive them.<sup>1</sup>

The MS. of 1450 puts it beyond all doubt that the Macphersons and the Macintoshes are descended from Neachtan and Neill, the two sons of Gillecattan Mor, the founder of the race; while the title of captain, the assertion of a foreign origin, and of a marriage with the heiress of the former chiefs, as certainly point out that the Macintoshes were a usurping branch, and that the Macphersons, whose descent from the old chiefs is not denied, alone possessed the right of blood to that hereditary dignity. The history of the earls of Moray is equally conclusive that the descendants of Neachtan, from whom the Macphersons deduce their origin, were the eldest branch and chiefs of the clan. The son of Neachtan is Head, or Heth, and although he married the sister of the last Maormor of Moray, yet that in his own person he possessed a right to the earldom, independently of his marriage, appears from the fact that he must have succeeded in 1085, before the title of earl or the feudal succession was introduced. His grandson, by his eldest son Angus, was Malcolm Macheth, whose title to the earldom, and consequently to the chiefship of his clan, was acknowledged by all the Gaelic part of the population of Scotland, and even by the Norwegian earl of Orkney, while his grandson by his younger son Suibne, was Muirich, from whom the Macphersons take their name of the clan Vuirich. On the death of the last descendant of Angus, his claims were taken up by Gillespie, and as he unquestionably possessed the districts of Badenoch and Lochaber before the feudal barons acquired possession of it, he must have been chief of the clan Chattan, the ancient possessors of these districts. This is singularly corroborated by the fact that the oldest traditions styled Gillichattan, the grandfather of Gillpatrick, whose daughter is said to have married Macintosh,

<sup>1</sup> Alexander Mackenzie of Inverness, the editor of 'The Celtic Magazine' and of 'The Scottish Highlander,' so well known as the author of so many clan histories, and intimately conversant with the subject, gives similar testimony. "There has been," he says, "a long and warm controversy between the Chiefs of Mackintosh and the Chiefs of Macpherson, and others interested in them, regarding the Chiefship of the great Clan Chattan, with the result that it is allowed by all disinterested parties that Cluny is undoubtedly the Chief and male heir of that powerful and numerous clan, while the Mackintoshes were for centuries its actual leaders or 'Captains,' in virtue of the marriage of Angus Mackintosh, sixth Chief of that Ilk, with Eva, daughter and only child of Dugall Dall, the undoubted and acknowledged Chief of Clan Chattan in his day. There are various instances in Highland history where the husband of the heiress of the Chief became the leader or 'Captain' of the clan, but we are not acquainted with a single instance where the Chiefship descended through a female."—*Vide* 'Celtic Magazine,' iii. 1878, 202.

For Skene's latest views as to the descent of the Mackintoshes, see his 'Celtic Scotland,' vol. iii., second edition, 1890, pp. 356-358.

MacGillespie, or son of Gillespie, while he must have lived at that very time. Gillespie was certainly not a descendant of Angus, Earl of Moray, but his claim to the earldom proves that he must have been a descendant of Head. The identity of the Macheth family with the chiefs of the clan Chattan is therefore clearly established, and at the same time the descent of the clan Vuirich or Macphersons from these chiefs is proved by the MS. of 1450.

This statement, supported as it is by the MS., and by documentary evidence of an antiquity far greater than any which the Macintoshes can produce, at once establishes the hereditary title of the Macphersons of Cluny to the chiefship of clan Chattan, and that of the Macintoshes to their original position of oldest eadets of the clan.

The circumstances which led to the establishment of the Macintoshes as captains of clan Chattan can likewise be traced, and tend still more strongly to confirm the position which has been adopted.

As the whole territory of Moray was at this period in the possession of different Lowland barons, in virtue of their feudal rights only, we know but little of the history of the various clans inhabiting that district till the fourteenth century; nevertheless, it is certain that the clan Chattan, with its different clans, continued to acknowledge the rule of one common chief as late as that period, for the historian, John Major, after mentioning that the two tribes of the clan Chattan and clan Cameron had deserted Alexander of the Isles after his defeat by King James I., in the year 1429, adds, "These two tribes are of the same stock, and followed *one head of their race as chief.*" From other sources we know that these clans were at this time separate from each other, and were actually engaged in mutual hostilities. But, notwithstanding, the passage distinctly proves that these clans had very shortly before followed one chief as head of their respective races.

It appears, therefore, that some event must have occurred about this time to occasion disunion among the different branches of the clan, and it is impossible to avoid being struck with the remarkable coincidence in point of time between this rupture and the singular conflict between the chosen champions of the two clans upon the North Inch of Perth in the year 1396, which the works of Sir Walter Scott have recently made so generally familiar, but which has nevertheless baffled every enquirer into its cause or as to the lineage of its actors.

According to the oldest authorities, the names of these clans were clan Yha and the clan Quhele, not the clan Kay and the clan Chattan, as they have generally been called. At the end of the contest it was found that only one of the clan Yha had survived, while eleven of the clan Quhele were still existing although severely wounded, upon which it was determined by the king that the clan Quhele were the victors. Now there are but three clans in which any tradition of this conflict is to be found, that of the Camerons, the Macphersons, and the Macintoshes, and it is obvious that the memory of so remarkable a circumstance could never have been suffered to escape the enduring character of Highland tradition. The circumstance which attended the conflict, however, clearly indicate the Macphersons and Macintoshes as the actors. From the brief but contemporary accounts which have reached us, we can only learn two facts connected with its cause: first, that the dispute had broken out very shortly before; and secondly, that the singular mode of determining it was carried into effect by Sir David Lindsay and the earl of Moray. In ascertaining

who the clans were who were engaged in this conflict, we must therefore look for some change in their situation immediately before the conflict, and for some especial connexion with the two noblemen who were principally interested in it. These are to be found in the clan Chattan only; for first, by the death of the Wolfe of Badenoch, in 1394, that district, which was nearly equally inhabited by the Macphersons and the Macintoshes came into the crown, and thus those clans were suddenly relieved, but two years before the conflict, from the oppressive Government of that ferocious baron; and the attention of the clan would be at once turned from the necessity of defending themselves from the tyranny of their feudal superior, to their own dissensions, which, if such existed among them, would then break out; and secondly, it so happens that at that very period the remaining possessions of these two families were held of these two barons as their feudal superiors, the Macphersons holding the greater part of Strathnairn under Sir David Lindsay, and the Macintoshes being vassals of the earl of Moray, in Strathdearn. Every circumstance, therefore, leads us to suppose the Macphersons and Macintoshes to have been the parties engaged in that celebrated conflict. Soon after this period the chief of the Macintoshes assumes the title of Captain of clan Chattan, but the Macphersons have always resisted that claim of precedence, and at this period also the Camerons seem to have separated from the clan Chattan. I am inclined to assume from these circumstances that the Macintoshes were the *clan Quhele*. In the MS. of 1450 the Macphersons are stated to be descended of a son of Heth, and brother of Angus, earl of Moray, and it will be observed that the name Heth is a corruption of the same Gaelic name which has been changed by these historians to *Yha*. Clan Heth must have been the most ancient name of the Macphersons, and it follows that they were the *clan Yha* of the conflict. The leader of the clan Yha is styled by the old authorities Sha Fercharson, that of the clan Quhele Gilchrist Johnsons, and in the old MS. histories of the Macintoshes we find Gilchrist Mac Jan, at the period, while according to the MS. of 1450, the chief of the Macphersons was Shaw, and his great-grandfather's name is Ferchar, from whom he probably took the patronymic of Fercharson. From all this we may reasonably deduce, that previous to the fifteenth century the various tribes forming the clan Chattan obeyed the rule of one chief, the lineal descendant and representative of Gillecattan Mor, the founder of the clan Chattan; that in consequence of the rebellion of Gillespie, then chief of that race, territories of the principal branch were forfeited and given to the Comyn, and consequently that the family of the chief gradually sunk in power while that of the oldest cadet of the clan,—*i.e.*, Mackintosh, who was in consequence, after the chief, the most powerful, and whose principal lands were held under the easy tenure of the bishop of Moray and the good earl of Moray—gradually rose in power, until at length they claimed the chiefship, and from this cause arose the first disunion among the branches of this extensive tribe.

They became divided into distinct factions; on the one side there was ranged the Macphersons and their dependants, together with the Camerons; on the other side were the Macintoshes, with the numerous families who had sprung from that branch of the Clan Chattan; and they were about to settle their difference by open war when the interference of Sir David Lindsay and the earl of Moray produced the extraordinary conflict which resulted in the defeat of the faction

adhering to the family of the ancient chiefs, and to the establishment of the Macintoshes as captains of clan Chattan.

In this manner the Macintoshes became the *de facto* chiefs of the clan, and consequently acquired the title of Captain, a title which at once indicates the absence of any right by blood to the chiefship, and from this very circumstance is their name derived; Toshoch being unquestionably the title anciently applied to the oldest cadets of the different clans, and having no connexion whatever with the Saxon title of Thane, as has generally been asserted.

The conflict by which they finally established themselves in the power and dignity of head of the clan Chattan took place in 1396. From this period until the latter part of the sixteenth century, they remained as leader of the clan, willingly followed by the cadets of their own house, and exacting obedience from the other branches of the clan, often refused, and only given when they were in no condition to resist. Soon after this period they appear to have become dependent upon the Lords of the Isles, and to have followed them in all their expeditions.

The first of the Macintoshes who appears in the records is Malcolm Macintosh, who obtained from the Lord of the Isles in 1447 a grant of the office of baillie or steward of the lordship of Lochaber, and the same office was given to his son, Duncan Macintosh, in 1466, along with the lands of Keppoch and others in Lochaber.

It is probable that he likewise obtained from the same lord that part of Lochaber lying between Keppoch and Lochaber, for on the forfeiture of the lord of the Isles in 1475 he obtained a charter from James III.: "Duncano Macintosh, capitano de clan Chattan, terrarum de Moymore, Fern, Chamglassen, Stroneroy, Aucheneroy, &c.," dated 4th July 1476; and afterwards, in 1493, he obtained a charter from James IV., "terrarum de Keppoch, Innerorgan, &c., cum officio Ballivatus earundem."

Macintosh having probably rendered the government considerable assistance on that occasion, these grants were the cause of long and bitter feuds between the Macintoshes and the Camerons and the Macdonalds of Keppoch, the actual occupiers of the land.

From this period may be dated the commencement of the rise of the Macintoshes to the great influence and consideration which they afterwards possessed. Two causes, however, combined to render their progress to power slow and difficult, and at times even to reduce the clan to considerable apparent difficulties. These causes were, first, the dissensions among the Macintoshes themselves; and secondly, the continued feud which they had with Huntly in consequence of their strict adherence to the earl of Moray. The dissensions in the clan commenced in the early part of the sixteenth century, with the accession of William Macintosh of Dunachton to the chiefship. His title to that dignity appears to have been opposed by John Roy Macintosh, the head of another branch of the family; and after having in vain attempted to wrest the chiefship by force from William, John Roy at length murdered him at Inverness in the year 1515. The perpetrator of this treacherous deed did not, however, attain his object, for having been closely pursued by the followers of William Macintosh, he was overtaken at Glenesk and slain, while Lachlan, the brother of the murdered chief, was placed in possession of the Government of the clan. But Lachlan was doomed to experience the same fate as his brother, for, according to Lesly, "sum wicked persones being impatient

of vertuous leving, stirrit up ane of his awn principal kynnesmen, callit James Malcolmsone, quha cruellie and treasonable slew his said chief." On Lachlan's death his son was under age, and therefore the clan, in accordance with the ancient system of succession, chose Hector, a bastard brother, to be their chief.

The earl of Moray, who was the young chief's uncle, became alarmed for his safety, and in order to secure him against his brother's ambition, he carried him off to be brought up by his mother's relations. But Hector was determined to repossess himself of the person of the young heir, and with that view invaded the lands of the earl of Moray at the head of the clan; he besieged the castle of Petty, which he took, and put the Ogilvies, to whom it belonged, to the sword. Upon this the earl obtained a commission from the king, and having raised his retainers, he attacked the Macintoshes and seized 300 of them, whom he instantly executed. Hector escaped and fled to the king, to whom he surrendered himself, and received from him a remission of his former offences, but he was soon after slain in St Andrew's; and the young heir, William Macintosh, after having been brought up by the earl of Moray, was put in possession of his inheritance.

According to Leslie, "William wes sua well braught up be the meanes of the earl of Murray and the laird of Phindlater in vertue, honestie, and civil policye, that after he had received the government of his countrie, he was a mirrour of vertue to all the Heiland Captains in Scotland; bot fortune did envye his felicite, and the wicket practises of the dissoluit lives of his awne kin sufferit him nocht to remaine long amang them; but the same factious companie that raise againis his fader wes the cause of his destructionne."

Soon after the accession of William Macintosh to the chiefship, the feud between the Macintoshes and the earls of Huntly commenced, and it appears to have been instigated by the acts of Lachlan Macintosh, the son of the murderer of the last chief, who had been received into favour, but who was still bent on the destruction of the family of the chief. But however the feud may have originated, a subject upon which the accounts given in the different families are much at variance, it would appear that Macintosh commenced the hostilities by surprising and burning the castle of Auchindoun. Huntly immediately moved against the clan, with all the retainers which his extensive territories could furnish, and a fierce, though short struggle ensued, in which any clan less powerful than the Macintoshes would have been completely crushed; as it was, Macintosh found himself so unequal to sustain the conflict, that despairing of obtaining any mercy from Huntly, he determined to apply to his lady, and for that purpose presented himself before her at a time when Huntly was absent and surrendered himself to her will. The marchioness, however, was as inexorable as her husband could have been, and no sooner saw Macintosh within her power than she caused his head to be struck off.

The death of William Macintosh occasioned no further loss to the clan, but, on the contrary, relieved them from the continuance of the prosecution of the feud with Huntly; for that nobleman found himself immediately opposed by so strong a party of the nobility who were related to Macintosh that he was obliged to cease from farther hostilities against them, and also to place the son of the murdered chief in possession of the whole of his father's territories. The government afterwards found the advantage of restoring Macintosh to his patrimony, and preserving so powerful an opponent to Huntly in the north; for when the queen nearly fell into Huntly's hands at Inverness in 1562, when that ambitious noble-



man wished to compel her majesty to marry his second son, John Gordon of Findlater, the timely assistance of Macintosh assisted in defeating this plan. Soon after this the feud between Huntly and Macintosh once more broke out, and this circumstance was the cause of the final separation of the Macphersons from the Macintoshes, and the loud assertion by the former of their right to the chiefship, which they have ever since maintained; for Huntly, unable to meet the united force of the clan Chattan, took advantage of the claims of the Macphersons to cause a division in the clan; and in consequence of the support of this powerful nobleman the Macphersons were enabled to assert their right to the chiefship, and to declare themselves independent of the Macintoshes, if they could not compel the latter to acknowledge them as their chief. The history of the Macphersons posterior to the unfortunate conflict on the north Inch of Perth becomes exceedingly obscure. As they hold their lands of subject superiors, we lose the assistance of the records to guide us, neither do they appear in history independently of the rest of the clan. And it is only when at a late period they began to assert their claims to the chiefship, that they again emerge from the darkness by which their previous history was obscured. Previous to this period, finding themselves in point of strength altogether unable to offer any opposition to the Macintoshes, they had yielded an unwilling submission to the head of that family, and had followed him as the leader of the clan; but even during this period they endeavoured to give to that submission as much as might be of the character of a league, and as if their adherence was in the capacity of an ally, and not as a dependent branch of the clan. In consequence of Huntly's support they now declared themselves independent, and refused all further obedience to the Captain of clan Chattan, as Macintosh had been styled.

In this they succeeded as long as the feud continued between Huntly and Macintosh, but when at length Huntly became reconciled to his adversary, and consequently gave up his unfortunate ally Macpherson when he could derive no farther benefit from him, the Macphersons found themselves unable to withstand Macintosh, and many of them were obliged in 1609 to sign a bond along with all the other branches of the clan Chattan acknowledging Macintosh as their chief. But the long-continued hostilities in which Macintosh soon after became engaged with the Camerons and other Lochaber clans enabled Macpherson again to separate from him; and during the whole of these wars Macintosh was obliged to accept of his assistance as of that of an ally merely, until at length in 1672 Duncan Macpherson of Cluny threw off all connexion with Macintosh, refused to acknowledge his authority as chieftain of the clan, and applied to Lyon office to have his arms matriculated as "Laird of Clunie Macpherson, and the only and true representer of the ancient and honorable familie of the clan Chattane," which he obtained; and soon after, when the privy council required all the Highland chiefs to give security for the peaceable behaviour of their respective clans, Macpherson obtained himself bound for his clan under the designation of Lord of Cluny and chief of the Macphersons; but his legal proceedings were not so fortunate as his resistance by arms had been, for no sooner was Macintosh aware of what had taken place, than he applied to the privy council and the Lyon office to have his own title declared, and those titles given to Macpherson recalled.

Both parties were now called upon to produce evidence of their assertions, but while Macintosh could produce deeds during a long course of years in which

he was designated captain of clan Chattan, and also the unfortunate bond of Manrent which had been given in 1609, Macpherson had nothing to bring forward but tradition, and the argument arising from his representation of the ancient chiefs, which was but little understood by the feudalists of those days. The council at length gave a decision, which perhaps was as just a one as in the circumstances of the case could be expected from them. The judgment was in the following terms: "The lords of privy council, upon consideration of a petition presented by Duncan Macpherson of Cluny, and the laird of Macintosh, doe ordain McIntosh to give bond in these terms, viz. :—for those of his clan, his vassals, those descendit of his family, his men, tenants and servants, or dwelling upon his ground; and ordaine Cluny to give bond for those of his name of Macpherson descendit of his family, and his men, tenants and servants, but prejudice always to the Laird of McIntosh, bonds of relief against such of the name of Macpherson who are his vassals. (Sub<sup>d</sup>) ROTHES." Upon this decision the arms were likewise recalled, and those of the Macphersons again matriculated as those of Macpherson of Cluny.

After this the Macintoshes remained in quiet possession of their hereditary territories, frequently at feud with Huntly and at other times at peace, and they appear to have constantly maintained the high station which they had acquired among the Highland clans with respect to power and extent of territory. Their feuds with the Camerons, with the accounts of which the earlier parts of their traditional history abound, terminated by the place of that clan becoming supplied by another whose possessions in the Braes of Lochaber placed them too near to the Macintoshes to avoid collision, and their natural disposition was of too turbulent a character not to give speedy cause of feud betwixt them. This clan was that of the Macdonalds of Keppoch, and the circumstance which gave rise to the feud was this, the Macdonalds had no other right to the lands they inhabited than that of long possession, while the Macintoshes held a feudal title to the property which they had obtained from the lord of the Isles, and which had been confirmed by the crown on their forfeiture. This feud continued for several years with various success, but was finally brought to a close by the last considerable clan battle which was fought in the Highlands. Macintosh had come to the determination of making an effort to obtain something more than a mere feudal title to these lands, and with that view if possible to dispossess the Macdonalds. He accordingly raised as many of the clan as still adhered to him, notwithstanding the separation which had taken place not long before between the Macintoshes and the Macphersons, and marched towards Keppoch with the assistance of an independent company of soldiers furnished him by the Government.

On his arrival at Keppoch he found the place deserted, and he was engaged in constructing a fort in Glenroy, in order to leave a garrison behind him, believing himself secure from any opposition in the meantime, when he learnt that the Macdonalds of Keppoch had assembled together with their kindred tribes of Glengarry and Glenco, and were stationed in great numbers at a place called Mulroy for the purpose of attacking him at daybreak. Macintosh immediately resolved upon anticipating this design, and forthwith marched upon the enemy, whom he found prepared for the conflict. The Macdonalds were stationed on the upper ridge under Coll. Macdonald of Keppoch, and the Macintoshes had nearly surmounted the height of Mullroy when the battle began. The contest though fierce, and maintained with great obstinacy on

both sides, was not of long duration, and ended in the defeat of the Macintoshes, the capture of their chief and the death of the commander of the independent company. But the battle had not been long closed when a large body of the Macphersons, who considering that the honour of clan Chattan was compromised, had forgotten all former feelings of rivalry, suddenly appeared and prepared to assail the victors. Keppoch, although victorious, was in no condition to renew the contest with a fresh party, and he therefore agreed to surrender Macintosh to them, who accordingly had the double humiliation of having been captured by the Macdonalds, whom he despised as mere refractory tenants, and rescued by the Macphersons, whom he had treated with so little forbearance or consideration.

The Macphersons did not take any advantage of the chance which had placed Macintosh in their hands, but escorted him safely to his own estates, and from that time forward Keppoch remained undisturbed in his possessions, while the Macintoshes and Macphersons continued as separate and independent clans, the one possessing the title of captain, and the other claiming that of chief of clan Chattan; for, notwithstanding the decision of the privy council, the Macphersons have ever since maintained themselves altogether distinct from the Macintoshes, and took an active share in the insurrections of 1715 and 1745 as a separate clan, refusing to acknowledge the title of Macintosh to be either chief or captain of clan Chattan, and asserting their own preferable title. In the latter insurrection the name of Macpherson has become celebrated for the distinguished part which their chief took in that ill-fated expedition, but perhaps still more so for the conduct of the clan to their chief after the defeat of Culloden had terminated the hopes of the Stuarts, and exposed Cluny to the vengeance of the government.

There is perhaps no instance in which the attachment of the clan to their chief was so very strikingly manifested as in the case of the Macphersons of Cluny after the disaster of "the forty-five." The chief having been deeply engaged in that insurrection, his life became of course forfeited to the laws, but neither the hope of reward nor the fear of danger could induce any one of his people to betray him. For *nine* years he lived concealed in a cave at a short distance from his own house; it was situated in the front of a woody precipice of which the trees and shelving rocks completely concealed the entrance. This cave had been dug out by his own people, who worked by night, and conveyed the stones and rubbish into a neighbouring lake in order that no vestige of their labour might appear, and lead to the discovery of the retreat. In this asylum he continued to live secure, receiving by night the occasional visits of his friends, and sometimes by day when time had begun to slacken the rigour of pursuit.

Upwards of one hundred persons were privy to his concealment, and a reward of one thousand pounds sterling was offered to any one who should give information against him; and besides, as it was known that he was somewhere concealed upon his own estate, a detachment of eighty men was constantly stationed there independent of the occasional parties that traversed the country throughout with a view to intimidate his tenantry and induce them by force or persuasion to disclose the place of his concealment, but although the soldiers were animated by the hope of reward, and their officers by the promise of promotion for the apprehension of this proscribed individual, yet so true were

his people, so inflexibly strict to their promise of secrecy, and so dexterous in conveying to him the necessities he required in his long confinement, that not a trace of him could be discovered, nor an individual base enough to give a hint to his detriment. Many anecdotes are still related in the country of the narrow escapes he made in eluding the vigilance of the soldiery, and of the fidelity and diligence displayed by his clan in concealing him, until after ten years of this dreary existence he escaped to France, and there died in the following year.<sup>1</sup>

After his death the estate was restored to the present family, in whose possession it remains, and who are the lineal representatives of the ancient chiefs of the clan Chattan.<sup>2</sup>

*Arms.*—Parted per fess, or, and azure, a lymphad or galley, her sails furled, her oars in action, of the first; in the dexter chief point a hand coupée, grasping a dagger pointed upwards, gules, for killing Cummine, Lord Badenoch; in the sinister point a cross croset, fitchée, gules.

*Badge.*—Boxwood.<sup>3</sup>

*Principal Seat.*—Strathnairn and Badenoch.

*Oldest Cadet.*—Macintosh of Macintosh is oldest cadet, and was captain of the clan for a period of two centuries.

*Chief.*—Cluny Macpherson.

*Force.*—In 1704, 1400; in 1715, 1020; in 1745, 1700.

## CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN MACKINTOSH AND CLUNY OF THE '45 REGARDING THE COMMAND OF THE CLAN CHATTAN.

WHEN Cluny of the '45 joined the forces of Prince Charlie, the Prince nominated him to the command of the Clan Chattan. That appointment appears to have roused the jealousy of Mackintosh of the time to such an extent that on 1st October 1745 he wrote Cluny the following letter:—

DEAR SIR,—As I am now fully determined to command my own people and run the same fate with them, having yesterday rece<sup>d</sup> a letter from the Prince and

<sup>1</sup> This statement is quoted by Skenc from the "Sketches" of General Stewart of Garth. In point of fact Cluny survived till 1764—a period of nearly *nine* years after his escape to France in 1755. See letter on pp. 462, 463.

<sup>2</sup> "According to the 'History of the Mackintoshes and Clan Chattan,' by Alexander Mackintosh Shaw, 1880, Ferquhard, the ninth chief, 'gave up a position which he had neither the ability to fill nor the wish to retain.' It would thus appear that the subsequent *de facto* heads of the Mackintoshes are not the legitimate chiefs of their own clan, to say nothing of their claim to be the chiefs of Clan Chattan. All Ferquhard's sons had issue, and they are said to have several descendants now living."—*Mackenzie's History of the MacLeods*, 1889, p. 288.

<sup>3</sup> The Macphersons have for a long period used *white heather* as a badge.

another from the Duke of Atholl, I hope, notwithstanding of the order you have obtained from the Prince, you will not offer to meddle with any of my men, as wee are booth designed on the same errand. I am resolved to maintain the rank due to my family, and if you think proper to accept the nixt rank to me youl be very wellcome. If you judge otherwise, act as you have a mind. But do not put me to the necessity of requiring my men of you in a more publick maner, the consequence of which may be disagreeable to booth. My kind compliments to Lady Cluny and Miss Fraser, and I am, Dear Sir, your most humble Serv<sup>t</sup> and affectionate cousine  
(Signed) ÆNEAS MACINTOSH.<sup>1</sup>

INVERNESS, 1st October.

To that letter Cluny made a vigorous but courteous reply by way of protest. The original of that reply is in possession of Sir George Macpherson-Grant, Bart., at Ballindalloch Castle, and so far as I am aware has not hitherto been published. It is in the following terms :—

10th October 1745.

DEAR SIR,—It is my intention to undertake the command of the Clan in terms of the order received from the Prince, and as the custom has been heretofore. I know nought of the respect due to your family beyond that which has been customary among the Chattans, and I know that it is not my duty to accept the rank second to you, notwithstanding the commands of Athole. The Clunies have ever held the foremost position, and I as the head of the family cannot see my way to withdraw from the customary privileges.—I wish all respect to yourself privately and also to your family, and the public manner to which you refer in the letter now under answer of resorting to the choice in public of the clan is not outwith my own ideas. I therefore send you this protest that you may not pleade ignorance when the time has arrived for a settlement. I send this letter by your own kinsman, the bearer of the letter to me.

(Signed) EVAN MACPHERSON.

ÆNEAS MACINTOSH, Esq., Inverness.

Whether in consequence of this decisive rebuff, or, as suggested by Mr Mackintosh Shaw, of the “somewhat weak and vacillating character” of Mackintosh, the latter would appear to have subsequently considered “discretion the better part of valour,” and to have held aloof from the Rising. His famous wife, however (a daughter of Farquharson of Invercauld), exerted all her influence in aid of the Jacobite cause. While the brave and noble conduct of this heroic lady on behalf of Prince Charlie excited general admiration, Mackintosh himself, by “sitting on the fence” more guardedly than “his friend Lord Lovat” did, “preserved his estates,” and escaped the sad fate which ultimately overtook Cluny in the cause in which the latter so devotedly risked life and fortune.

<sup>1</sup> Shaw's Mackintoshes and Clan Chattan, 462.

THE BATTLE OF INVERNAHAVEN IN 1386, AND THE  
CONFLICT ON THE NORTH INCH OF PERTH IN 1396.

From 'Lays and Traditions of the Clans,' &c., by the Sobieski Stuarts. Published in 1848.

THE rout of the Camerons through the hills of Loch-Laggan followed that action of the clans which gave origin to the desperate and mortal feud decided by the ordeal of battle on the Inch of Perth in the year 1396. The chroniclers who have recorded this event, though they have amplified the horrors of the civil war by which it was preceded, have given no hint of its cause; and by their barbarous orthography have so far disguised even the names of the conflicting clans, that to those otherwise unacquainted with their identity they are entirely equivocal, or wholly unintelligible. By Wyntoun they are named the "*Clahynnhe-Qwhewyl*," and the "*Clachinyha*." These words are confused compounds, in which the appellations of the tribes are blended with their general designation, "*Clann*," and should be thus divided—" *Clahynn-he-Qwhewyl*," and "*Clachin-y-ha*"—meaning those names pronounced by the Highlanders, "*Clann-'ic-Kül*," and "*Clann-'ic-Käi*," but written in Gaelic "*Clann-'ic-Dhùghaill*," and "*Clann-'ic-Dhaidh*"—"The Clan-Dugaldson," and the "Clan-Davidson." The transition in the false orthography is sufficiently natural to an ear ignorant of Gaelic; for the final "*c*" of "*'ic*" in both patronymics being blended with the aspirated sound of the same letter in the initials of the succeeding names pronounced almost as "Kül," and "Käi"—according to the Gaelic articulation, and the value of letters in the days of Wyntoun, should leave to the preceding vowel "i" a sound nearly expressed either by the synonymous letter "y" or the aspirated vowel "h-e," irregularly used by Wyntoun. This reading is corroborated by the universal tradition of the mid Highlands, according to which the belligerent tribes were the "*Clann-'ic-Dhaidh*," or Davidsons of Badenoch, and the neighbouring "*Clann-a-Pherson*," or male and chief branch of the "*Clann-Chatan*." This is confirmed by the history of Boethius, and the Chartulary of Moray: The first of which gives the names as the "*Clan-Kay*" and the "*Clan-Chatan*," and the last the "*Clan-Hay*" and the "*Clan-Qwhwle*." In both these authorities the names for the first party are evidently the same with the "*Clann-y-Ha*" of Wyntoun, and all are visibly errata from the oral communication of the Gaelic appellation pronounced "*Clann-'ic-Käi*": for the letter "*c*" in the word "*'ic*," and the similar initial sound in the name by which it is followed, are so blended, that to unfamiliar ears they would seem indifferently "*'ic-Käi*" or "*'ic-Ai*," which accidental modification in the organs of the hearer reconciles to an identity the different modes of expressing the sound used by Wyntoun, Boethius, and the Chartulary of Moray. The various names given for the second clan are equally deducible from the traditional original; for while by Boethius it is designated after the general blood-title of the race through all its branches, by the others it is given in its own local patronymic; when, at an early period, the "*Clann-a-Pharsoin*" bore for a time the appellation of the "*Clann-'ic-Dhughail*" from one of its chiefs named "*Dughall*." The oral transmission of this title, "*Clann-'ic-Cül*," is—for middle-age orthography—expressed rather more accurately than usual in the names "*Clann-he-Qwhewyl*"

and "Clan-Qwhle," pronounced in the old Scots "Clan-'ich-Kùil," and "Clan-Kùle." The repetition of the letter "w," equivalent to "u," having been used to represent the long accent of that vowel in the Gaelic "Dhùghaill."

Without, however, discussing these details, in which none but Highland genealogists will take any interest, we will relate the tradition of the first event which gave origin to the celebrated and sanguinary feud so fatal to the central clans.

When the direct line of the great Clan-Chattan had terminated in the daughter of Dugald-dàll, the estate was conveyed by marriage to the Cean-tigh of the Mac-Intoshes, the *eldest cadet* of the race, and consequently the *farthest* removed from the succession of the chieftainship. The clan being thus left without a head in the lineal male line, was divided into several cadet branches, of which the principals were the Macphersons, the Davidsons, and the Macgillivrays, three septs descended from three brothers, the nearest male branches from the stem antecedent to the last direct chief, and of whom, as well as of the whole race and name of the Clan-Chattan, the head of the Siol-Pherson, coming from the elder brother, by all the laws and usages of clanship was the indisputable chief. MacIntosh, however, as possessor of the great body of the clan territory, acquired by his ancestor through marriage with the heiress, being much more powerful in estate, was ambitious to be acknowledged chieftain of the blood as well as of the land; but this assumption being wholly repugnant to the salique law of the clans, was repelled as an untenable usurpation, and appears to have lain dormant for a considerable time. All those, however, who adhered to the just superiority of the Clan-a-Pherson, were by degrees expelled from the domains of the pretender, and upon the ruins of the Cummings in Badenoch the Macphersons and the Davidsons acquired a large portion of their territory in that lordship, where they finally established themselves. By these desertions, however, the lands of MacIntosh became so much depopulated, that to recruit his tenants he transplanted from Brae-Mar and the adjoining country a considerable number of Camerons, whom he settled on the lands of Loch-Eil, Loch-Lochie, and Loch-Arcaig, and who there laid the foundation of the present Clan-Cameron. In the course of time, however, these feudatories desired to acquire independence, and resisting the superiority of MacIntosh, refused to continue the payment of their rents and services. In the period which had followed their colonisation, they had become so numerous and powerful that their "owr-lord," deserted as he was by the *male* branches of the Clan-Chattan, was unable to reduce them; and in his apprehension of losing both his tenants and their lands, he was compelled to seek assistance from the "Clann-a'-Pharsoin" and the "Clann-'ic-Dhaidh." These clans, prompted by the strong claims of their blood, would not refuse aid to the oldest cadet of their tribe, against a race entirely stranger, and an unjust insurrection; and, having promised the junction of their forces, a plan was formed for a united expedition into Loch-Aber. Upon intelligence of this coalition Mac Dhomhnull-duibh resolved to anticipate the invasion, and, assembling his clan, marched into Badenoch. Before his arrival, however, the allied tribes had united, and awaited his approach at "Inver-na-h-Amhann," a small plain at the junction of the Truim and the Spey, and immediately in front of the residence of the chief of the Clann-'ic-Dhaidh. When the Camerons appeared, and the order of battle was forming, it was the universal understanding that the chieftain of the Clann-a'-Pharsoin should take the general command, as the undoubted male-heir and blood-chief of

the whole race of the Clan-Chattan. By an artful policy, however, MacIntosh defeated this acknowledgment of his rival. Without provoking his defection by the unseasonable advancement of his own pretensions, to compromise the supremacy of Macpherson, and maintain the appearance of an arbitrating superiority in himself, he prompted the Ceann-tigh of the Clann-'ic-Dhaidh to claim the command in the battle, not on account of personal title, for, being descended from a younger brother to the ancestor of Mac-a'-Pharsoin, that could not be proposed, but as an appointment from MacIntosh. The chieftain of the Davidsons, flattered by this precedence, without perceiving the policy of his adviser, advanced his claim, which, as might have been expected, was indignantly repelled by the Mac-a'-Pharsoins. MacIntosh endeavoured to compromise the question by citing his own concession in yielding the command of his own people to MacDhaidh, adding, that, as principal in the quarrel, it was reasonable that he should have choice of the leader of the forces assembled for his aid. The MacPhersons, however, penetrating his views towards the chieftainship, insisted upon the blood-right of their own head; and, upon the obstinate combination of the two "pretenders," the Clann-a'-Pharsoin abandoned the line of battle, crossed the Spey at its confluence with the Truim, and retired to a small eminence about four hundred yards from the field, where they remained during the ensuing action. The conflict was short, but very sanguinary; the MacIntoshes and Davidsons were routed with great slaughter. MacDhaidh and seven of his sons were killed within two hundred yards of his own house, and the defeated party only escaped a greater loss by crossing the Spey under command of the hill occupied by the Macphersons, where the Camerons did not think it prudent to pursue. Immediately after the battle the victors passed the Truim, advanced along the right bank of the Spey as far as Beann-Bhreachd; and, with the evident intention of invading MacIntosh's country, crossed the Spey below Ballachroan, and halted for the night, in a fine position, upon the height of Briagach. Meanwhile, MacIntosh, having collected his broken followers, retreated by the west side of Craig-dhubh, and established his bivouac in the glen between Clunie and Dalnashalg, at a place called ever since "Reidh an Tòiseaich," "MacIntosh's plain." Burning with revenge both against the Macphersons and the Camerons, and perceiving, by the march of the last, their intention of invading his country, he conceived a design for embroiling them with each other, and checking the advance of the enemy into his territories. For this end he summoned a bard, and, instructing him to compose a villanous verse against the Macphersons, directed him to proceed immediately to their head-quarters, and repeat it to their chief as a message from MacDhomhnull-duibhe. The bard departed on his mission, and, having reached the gathering of the Macphersons, and obtained access to the chief, announced that he had something to deliver from the Clan-Cameron, and claimed freedom and personal safeguard whatever he might have to repeat. Having received an assurance of full license, he pronounced the following verse:—

" Bha luchd na foille air an tóm  
 'Sam balg-shuileach do na draip,  
 Cha b'è bhur càirdeas a bha rium  
 Ach bhur lamh bhì gu tais."

"The traitors stood on the knoll  
 While the dismayed were in jeopardy—  
 It was not your friendship for me,  
 But your cowardice which restrained you."



These lines had the desired effect. The chief and his clan were exasperated in the highest degree at the wanton insult and challenge thus thrown in their face, and immediately determined to pursue and attack the Camerons before daylight. According to the customary respect for the inspired order, the bard was not only protected but hospitably entertained, and dismissed with sufficient evidence that the stratagem of his master was about to take effect. The hours of darkness being short—for it was in the month of May—immediate preparations were made for pursuit, and about midnight the Macphersons set forward in silence and with great speed. They arrived at Briagach before daylight, but when they reached the position which had been occupied by the Clan-Cameron, they found it deserted, and soon obtained intelligence that they had suddenly abandoned the height and were in full retreat towards the west. The cause of this abrupt decampment has never been understood. By some it has been supposed that the Camerons had received exaggerated intelligence of a reunion of all the septes of the Clan-Chattan, and a combined movement to surprise them; by others, that they feared to penetrate into a hostile country, leaving the whole Clan-Chattan assembled on their rear, and that, disagreeing among themselves, they fell into discordance, and broke up for their return home. As soon as the Macphersons ascertained the route which they had taken, they pursued them with all possible speed, marching by the south of Phoiness, Etrage, and Dalanach. They overtook their rear above the latter place, and immediately attacked them. The Camerons appear to have been seized with one of those sudden panics which sometimes accompany a night retreat, and their loss was great in the first onset. The death of one of their remarkable leaders, named Charles, is still commemorated in the name of the place where he fell, and which is yet called “Coire-Thearlaich”—Charles’ Coire. From this place a running fight was maintained for about fifteen miles through the mountains to Loch Patag, where the pursuit was discontinued from the weariness of the pursuers and the entire dispersion of the pursued. Along the whole line of the flight from Dalanach to Loch Patag there is scarcely a burn or a coire which is not distinguished by the name of some remarkable individual there killed in the chase. The last distinguished person who fell was the chief of the Camerons himself. He was remarkable for his skill in archery, and to the last continued in the rear of his flying people, picking off the pursuers with his arrows, and protecting the retreat of the fugitives at every burn and ravine. He was thus engaged when they were overtaken by a celebrated Ceann-tighe of the Macphersons called Mac Iain Ceann-dubh, the best bowman of that clan, and perhaps, in some degree, from their common propensity for the same art, an intimate friend of Mac Dhomhnull-duibhe. In the pursuit he had severely harassed the fugitives, and killed several of their best men; but, when he saw his friend before him, as he drew the bow he cried—“*Tharam, ’us tharad a Thearlaich!*” “Over me—and over you, Charles!” Cameron, seeing the arrow fall beyond him, immediately understood the signal, and returned his shot with the same forbearance. A few arrows were then interchanged, but with deadly effect at indifferent persons; when Mac-a’-Pharsoin coming up, and seeing the fatal shots of the chief, and the misdirected shafts of Mac Iain, cried out indignantly—“Where is your old hand, Ceann-dubh? Had you a Cameron to your mother?” Stung with that sarcasm from his chief, Mac Iain called to his friend—“*Umam, ’us umad a Thearlaich!*” “For me—and for you, Charles!”—and both fell transfixed by the next arrows. Not far from Loch Patag, at Dal-an-Luncart, by Loch-Errach side, the place where the

chief of the Camerons fell, is still marked by a cairn, called “Carn-Mhic-Dhomhnuill-duibhe.”

Such was the origin of the deadly and sanguinary feud, which, afterwards engaging all the neighbouring clans in its animosity, involved the central Highlands in an exterminating war. According to the traditions which we have gathered, upon the discovery of the treachery practised by MacIntosh, and executed by his bard, a reconciliation was effected between the Macphersons and the Camerons; but the insult offered to the former by the Clan-Daidh was immediately followed by hostilities of the most desperate nature, in which MacIntosh assisted the Davidson; and the Camerons, to advance their own quarrel against their superior, joined with the Macphersons. In the deadly contest of these four clans, all their inferiors, kindred, and allies were soon associated, and a period of vindictive conflicts and fierce devastation spread desolation through the mid Highlands, until terminated by camp-fight or ordeal of battle on the Inch of Perth. During the progress of the feud, the Davidsons, then a very powerful race, were almost exterminated, and ever since that period they have ceased to exist as a clan; while the Macphersons were so reduced that for many generations they were unable to make any considerable head among their neighbours. Meanwhile, the strength of the great auxiliaries having been much less impaired, MacIntosh availed himself of the reduction of the two principal male branches of the Clan-Chattan to advance his pretensions to the chieftainship, which have since been maintained by his descendants—a claim contrary to the laws, usages, and genius of the Highland clans, and never assumed but in usurpation—precisely similar to that of Edward the Third to the crown of France, and as justly repudiated by the male lines of the Clan-Chattan as the dominion of the English by the people of Philippe de Valois.<sup>1</sup>

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#### PRINCE CHARLIE'S RETREATS IN BADENOCH WITH LOCHEIL AND CLUNY OF THE '45 AFTER CULLODEN.

From Chambers's 'History of the Rebellion,' 1745-46. First published in 1840.

[AFTER the battle of Culloden, Prince Charlie, while in a fastness in the fir-wood of Auchnacarry, belonging to Locheil] received a message from that Chieftain and Macpherson of Cluny, informing him of their retreat in Badenoch, and that the latter gentleman would meet him on a certain day at the place where he was, in order to conduct him to their habitation, which they judged the safest place for him. Impatient to see these dear friends, he would not wait for the arrival of Cluny at Auchnacarry, but set out for Badenoch immediately, trusting to meet the coming chief by the way, and take him back. Of the journey into Badenoch, a long and dangerous one, no particulars have been preserved, excepting that, as the

<sup>1</sup> Lays of the Deer Forest and Traditions of the Clans, 1848, ii. 472-481.

Prince was entering the district, he received from Mr Macdonald of Tullochroam (a place on the side of Loch Laggan) a coarse brown short coat, a shirt, and a pair of shoes—articles of which he stood in great need. It was on this occasion, and to this gentleman, that he said he had come to know what a quarter of a peck of meal was, as he had once lived on such a quantity for nearly a week. He arrived in Badenoch on the 29th of August, and spent the first night at a place called Corineuir, at the foot of the great mountain Benalder. This is a point considerably to the east of any district he had as yet haunted. On the opposite side of Benalder, Loch Ericht divides Badenoch from Athole. It is one of the roughest and wildest parts of the Highlands, and therefore little apt to be intruded upon, although the great road between Edinburgh and Inverness passes at a distance of a few miles. The country was destitute of wood; but it made up for this deficiency as a place of concealment by the rockiness of its hills and glens. The country was part of the estate of Macpherson of Cluny, and was used in summer for grazing his cattle; but it was considered as the remotest of his *grassings*.

Cluny and Locheil, who were cousins-german, and much attached to each other, had lived here in sequestered huts or sheilings for several months with various friends, and attended by servants, being chiefly supplied with provisions by Macpherson, younger of Breakachie, who was married to a sister of Cluny. Their residence in the district was known to many persons, whose fidelity, however, was such, that the Earl of Loudoun, who had a military post at Sherowmore, not many miles distant, never all the time had the slightest knowledge or suspicion of the fact. The Highlanders did, indeed, during this summer exemplify the virtue of secrecy in an extraordinary manner. Many of the principal persons concerned in the insurrection had been concealed and supported ever since Culloden in those very districts which were the most thoroughly beset with troops, and which had been most ravaged and plundered. After the escape of the Prince through the cordon between Loch Hourne and Loch Shiel in the latter part of July, the military powers at Fort Augustus seem to have scarcely ever got a ray of genuine intelligence respecting his motions. His friends, all except the very few who attended him, were equally at a loss to imagine where he was, or how he contrived to keep himself concealed. His enemies “sometimes thought he had got himself removed to the east coast through the hills of Athole, and laid an embargo upon all the shipping from that quarter. At other times they had information that he lurked in the shires of Angus or Mearns, and a search was made for him in the most suspected places of those shires; and particularly the house of Mr Barclay of Urie in Mearns, whose lady was aunt to Locheil by the father, and to Cluny by the mother, was most narrowly searched; while he was quite safe and unconcerned in Benalder.”<sup>1</sup>

Next day, August 30, Charles was conducted to a place called Mellaneuir, also on Benalder, where Locheil was now living in a small hut with Macpherson, younger of Breakachie, his principal servant Allan Cameron, and two servants of Cluny. When Locheil saw five men approaching under arms—namely, the Prince, Lochgarry, Dr Archibald Cameron, and two servants—he imagined that they must be a military party, who, learning his retreat, had come to seize him. It was in vain to think of flying, even though the supposed military party had been more

<sup>1</sup> Narrative written by Donald Macpherson, youngest brother of Cluny.

numerous, for he was still a cripple, in consequence of the wounds in his ankles. He therefore resolved to defend himself as well as circumstances would permit. Twelve firelocks and some pistols were prepared; the chief and his four companions had taken up positions, and levelled each his piece, and all was ready for saluting the approaching party with a carefully aimed volley, when Locheil distinguished the figures of his friends. Then, hobbling out as well as he could, he received the Prince with an enthusiastic welcome, and attempted to pay his duty to him on his knees. This ceremony Charles forbade. "My dear Locheil," said he, "you don't know who may be looking from the tops of yonder hills; if any be there, and if they see such motions, they will conclude that I am here, which may prove of bad consequence." Locheil then ushered him into his hovel, which, though small, was well furnished with viands and liquors. Young Breakachie had helped his friends to a sufficiency of newly killed mutton, some cured beef sausages, plenty of butter and cheese, a large well-cured bacon ham, and an anker of whisky. The Prince, "upon his entry, took a hearty dram, which he pretty often called for thereafter, to drink his friends' healths; and when there were some minced collops dressed with butter for him in a large saucepan that Locheil and Cluny carried always about with them, and which was the only fire-vessel they had, he ate heartily, and said, with a very cheerful and lively countenance, 'Now, gentleman, I live like a prince,'"<sup>1</sup> though at the same time he was no otherwise served than by eating the collops out of the saucepan, only that he had a silver spoon. After dinner, he asked Locheil if he had still lived, during his skulking in that place, in such a good way; to which Locheil answered, "Yes, sir, I have, for now near three months that I have been here with my cousin Cluny and Breakachie, who has so provided for me, that I have still had plenty of such as you see, and I thank heaven that your royal highness has come safe through so many dangers to take a part."

Cluny, on reaching Auchnacarry, and finding Charles gone, immediately returned to Badenoch, and he arrived at Mellaneuir two days after the Prince. On entering the hut he would have knelt; but Charles prevented him, and taking him in his arms, kissed him affectionately. He soon after said, "I'm sorry, Cluny, that you and your regiment were not at Culloden; I did not hear till lately that you were so near us that day."

Cluny, finding that the Prince had not a change of linen, caused his three sisters<sup>1</sup> to set about making some shirts for him. They did so with good-will, and soon furnished him with what was wanted. The gentlemen whom Charles here met for the first time in his wanderings were, like all those he had met previously, astonished at the elasticity of mind which he displayed in circumstances of so much discomfort and danger, and under prospects, to say the least of them, so much less brilliant than what had recently been before him.

The day after Cluny's arrival, it was thought expedient that there should be a change of quarters. They therefore removed two Highland miles farther into the recesses of Benalder, to a sheiling called Uiskchilra, "superlatively bad and smoky," as Donald Macpherson has described it, but which the Prince never once complained of. It may here be remarked, that the precautions which Locheil and Cluny had formerly taken for their safety were much increased after the Prince had joined them. Breakachie had formerly been intrusted with the power of bringing

<sup>1</sup> Isabel, widow of Mackintosh of Aberarder; Christian, wife of Breakachie; and Anne, then unmarried, but afterwards the wife of Macpherson of Dalraddy.

any one to them in whom he could trust ; but no one was now introduced till after a council had been held, and formal permission given. Trusty watchmen were planted on the neighbouring hills, to give notice of the approach of any strangers or military ; and Cluny even contrived to have spies in the Earl of Loudoun's camp.

After spending two or three uncomfortable days in the smoky sheiling, they removed to "a very romantic and comical habitation, made by Cluny, at two miles' farther distance into Benalder, called the *Cage*. It was really a curiosity," says Donald Macpherson, "and can scarcely be described to perfection. It was situate in the face of a very rough, high, rocky mountain called Letternilichk, which is still a part of Benalder, full of great stones and crevices, and some scattered wood interspersed. The habitation called the *Cage*, in the face of that mountain, was within a small thick bush of wood. There were first some rows of trees laid down, in order to level a floor for the habitation, and as the place was steep, this raised the lower side to equal height with the other, and these trees, in the way of joists or planks, were entirely well levelled with earth and gravel. There were betwixt the trees, growing naturally on their own roots, some stakes fixed in the earth, which, with the trees, were interwoven with ropes made of heath and birch twigs all to the top of the *Cage*, it being of a round, or rather oval shape, and the whole thatched and covered over with fog. This whole fabric hung, as it were, by a large tree which reclined from the one end all along the roof to the other, and which gave it the name of the *Cage* ; and by chance there happened to be two stones, at a small distance from [each] other, next the precipice, resembling the pillars of a bosom chimney, and here was the fire placed. The smoke had its vent out there, all along a very stony part of the rock, which and the smoke were so much of a colour, that no one could have distinguished the one from the other in the clearest day. The *Cage* was only large enough to contain six or seven persons, four of which number were frequently employed in playing at cards, one idle looking on, one baking, and another firing bread and cooking."<sup>1</sup>

The hopes of the Prince for an escape from the country were still resting in the prospect of the arrival of some French vessel in the lonely estuaries of the west coast of Inverness-shire. He knew that Colonel Warren was exerting himself to fit out a small armament for this purpose ; but still many accidents might occur to mar the consummation of the design. It would appear that two other plans were formed for getting him shipped away from Scotland. The Rev. John Cameron was despatched by his brother to Edinburgh, there to exert himself to get a vessel hired, to come to some appointed station on the east coast, and there lie in readiness to take the party on board. Such a vessel actually was provided ; it went to the station ; and Mr Cameron returned to Benalder to bring away the party, but found them gone. Breakachie was also sent from Uiskchilra to find out John Roy Stuart, who was skulking somewhere in the country, with orders to go in company with John directly to the east coast, and there hire a vessel. Lest both schemes should fail, and the Prince be obliged to spend the winter in the

<sup>1</sup> "All about his royal highness, during his abode in Benalder of Badenoch, were Lochcil, Cluny, Lochgarry, Dr Cameron, and Breakachie ; one Allan Cameron, a young genteel lad of Calard's family, who was principal servant to Lochcil ; and four servants belonging to Cluny, particularly James Macpherson, his piper, Paul Macpherson, his horse-keeper, Murdoch and Duncan Macphersons. This Murdoch the Prince generally called *Murick*, who, and Paul, could speak no English, and were commonly employed in carrying provisions from Breakachie."—*Donald Macpherson's Narrative MS.*

Highlands, Cluny, who seems to have had a constructive genius, fitted up a subterranean retreat, boarded thickly all round, and otherwise provided against the severity of the season. But all of these precautions, though wisely taken, proved useless, in consequence of the arrival of Colonel Warren's expedition.

Two vessels of force, *L'Hereux* and *La Princesse de Conti*, had been fitted out by the exertions of this gentleman, who was promised a baronetcy by the old Chevalier in the event of his bringing off the Prince. Setting sail from St Malo in the latter part of August, they arrived in Lochnanuagh on the 6th of September. Next day four gentlemen, including Captain Sheridan, son of Sir Thomas, and a Mr O'Beirne, a lieutenant in the French service, landed to make inquiry about the Prince, and were received by Macdonald of Glenaladale, who had taken his station in that part of the country, for the purpose of communicating to Charles any intelligence of the arrival of French vessels. He now lost no time in setting out to the neighbourhood of Auchnacarry, expecting there to find Cameron of Clunes, who was appointed to be a medium for forwarding the intelligence to the Prince wherever he might then be. When Glenaladale arrived at the place where he expected to see Clunes, he found that gentleman removed he knew not whither, in consequence of some alarm from the military, who had destroyed his hut. Being himself altogether ignorant of Charles's present hiding-place, Glenaladale was thrown by this accident into a state of great perplexity and distress, for he reflected that, if the Prince did not quickly come to Lochnanuagh, the vessels might be obliged to sail without him. He was wandering about in this state of mind when he encountered an old woman, who chanced to know the place to which Clunes had withdrawn. Having obtained from her this information, he immediately communicated with Clunes, who instantly despatched the faithful Maccoilveen to convey the intelligence to Cluny, that it might be by him imparted to the Prince. Glenaladale then returned to inform the French officers that they might expect ere long to be joined by the royal wanderer.

Charles, meanwhile, had despatched Cluny and Dr Cameron on some private business to Loch Arkaig. Travelling in a very dark night through the outskirts of Badenoch, these two gentlemen, by great good fortune, met and recognised Maccoilveen, as he was proceeding with his message. Had they missed him, they would have gone on to Loch Arkaig, and as Maccoilveen would have communicated with none but Cluny, it would not have been till after their return, and probably then too late, that Charles would have heard of the arrival of the vessels. It thus appears that he was favoured by two remarkable chances in obtaining this important information, without either of which the design of his embarkation would have probably been defeated.

Cluny, though he now turned back with Dr Cameron, was so anxious to forward the good news to the Prince, that he immediately procured a trusty man, one Alexander Macpherson, son of Benjamin Macpherson in Gallovie, to run express with it to the Cage. He and Cameron arrived there about one in the morning, September 13, when they found the Prince already prepared to start on his journey. They immediately started, and before daylight, had reached their former habitation in Uiskchilra.

From the place where he met Maccoilveen, Cluny had also sent off a messenger, one Murdoch Macpherson, a near relation of Macpherson of Inverchishie, to stop young Breakachie on his mission to the east coast, and to desire him to return to the Prince's quarters. "The said Murdoch came to Breakachie when going to

bed;<sup>1</sup> and then Breakachie's lady, one of Cluny's sisters, finding out the matter, began to talk of her dismal situation, of having so many children, and being then big with child. Upon which Breakachie said: 'I put no value upon you or your bairns, unless you can bring me forth immediately thirty thousand men in arms ready to serve my master!'

"Instantly Breakachie set out on his return to the Prince, and took along with him John Roy Stuart (whom the Prince used to call the *Body*), but did not allow John Roy to know that the Prince was in Badenoch, but only that they were going to see Locheil, &c. When the Prince heard that Breakachie and John Roy Stuart were coming near the hut Uiskchilra, he wrapped himself up in a plaid and lay down, in order to surprise John Roy the more when he should enter the hut. In the door of the hut there was a pool or puddle, and when John Roy Stuart just was entering, the Prince peeped out of the plaid, which so surprised John Roy, that he cried out, 'O Lord! my master!' and fell down in the puddle in a faint.

"Breakachie likewise brought along with him to Uiskchilra three fusees, one mounted with gold, a second with silver, and the third half-mounted, all belonging to the Prince himself, who had desired Breakachie to fetch him these pieces at some convenient time. When the Prince saw the fusees, he expressed great joy, saying, 'It is remarkable that my enemies have not discovered one farthing of my money, a rag of my clothes, or one piece of my arms'—an event which the Prince himself did not know till he came to Benalder, where he was particularly informed that all the above things were still preserved from the hands of his enemies.

"The Prince (as is already observed) arrived at his old quarters in Uiskchilra, in his way to the ships, against daylight, on the morning of September 13, where he remained till near night, and then set off, and was by daylight, the 14th, at Corvoy, where he slept some time. Upon his being refreshed with sleep, he, being at a sufficient distance from any country,<sup>2</sup> did spend the day by diverting himself and his company with throwing up of bonnets in the air, and shooting at them, to try the three foresaid favourite fusees, and to try who was the best marksman; in which diversion his royal highness by far exceeded. In the evening of the 14th he set forward, and went on as far as Uisknifichit, on the confines of Glenroy, which marches with a part of the Braes of Badenoch, in which last place he refreshed himself some hours with sleep; and, before it was daylight, got over Glenroy, the 15th, and kept themselves private all day. As they were approaching towards Locheil's seat, Auchnacarry, they came to the river Lochy at night, being fine moonshine. The difficulty was how to get over. Upon this Clunes Cameron met them on the water-side, at whom Locheil asked how they would get over the river. He said: 'Very well; for I have an old boat carried from Loch Arkaig, that the enemy left unburned of all the boats you had, Locheil.' Locheil asked to see the boat. Upon seeing it, he said: 'I am afraid we will not be safe with it.' Quoth Clunes: 'I shall cross first, and show you the way.' The matter was agreed upon. Clunes, upon reflection, said: 'I have six bottles of brandy, and I believe all of you will be the better of a dram.' This brandy was brought from Fort Augustus, where the enemy lay in garrison, about nine miles from that part of Lochy where they were about to cross. Locheil went to the Prince, and said: 'Will your royal highness take a dram?' 'Oh,' said the Prince, 'can you

<sup>1</sup> The original language of the narrative by Donald Macpherson is here used.

<sup>2</sup> Meaning any inhabited district.

have a dram here?' 'Yes,' replied Locheil, 'and that from Fort Augustus too'; which pleased the Prince much, that he should have provisions from his enemies. He said: 'Come, let us have it.' Upon this, three of the bottles were drunk. Then they passed the river Lochy by three crossings: Clunes Cameron in the first with so many; then the Prince in the second with so many; and in the last Locheil with so many. In the third and last ferrying, the crazy boat leaked so much, that there would be four or five pints of water in the bottom, and in hurrying over, the three remaining bottles of brandy were all broken. When the Prince called for a dram, he was told that the bottles were broken, and that the common fellows had drunk all that was in the bottom of the boat, as being good punch, which had made the fellows so merry, that they made great diversion to the company as they marched along.

"After the morning of the 16th, the Prince arrived in Auchnacarry, Locheil's seat, where he was as ill-off as anywhere else for accommodation, as the enemy had burned and demolished the place. All the 16th he stayed there, and set out at night, and arrived, the 17th, at a place called Glencamger, in the head of Loch Arkraig, where he found Cluny and Dr Cameron, who had prepared for him, expecting him. By a very great good chance, Cluny, understanding that he himself and others of them would be necessarily obliged to travel often betwixt Badenoch and Locheil's country, and knowing that it was scarce possible for people travelling that way—even those that could be seen, and much less they that could not—to find provisions in their passage, as all was rummaged and plundered by the enemy, planted a small store of meal, carried from Badenoch, in the house of one Murdoch Macpherson, in Coilerig of Glenroy, a trusty man, and tenant to Keppoch, in the road and about half-way, to be still a ready supply in case of need; from which secret small magazine he and Mr Cameron brought some with them as they went forward from Benalder, and had it made into bannocks against the Prince's coming to Glencamger; and when he and his company arrived, there was a cow killed; on which bannocks and beef, his royal highness, with his whole retinue, were regaled and feasted plentifully<sup>1</sup> that night. On the 18th he set out from Glencamger with daylight, and upon the 19th arrived at the shipping; what was extant of the Glencamger bannocks and beef having been all the provisions till then."

Cluny and Breakaehie now took leave of the Prince, and returned to Badenoch, for it was the inclination of this chief to remain concealed in his own fastnesses, rather than seek a refuge on a foreign soil.

Before the arrival of the Prince, a considerable number of skulking gentlemen and others had assembled, in order to proceed in the vessels to France. Amongst these were young Clanranald, Glenaladale, Macdonald of Dalely and his two brothers. They had seized Macdonald of Barrisdale on the suspicion of his having made a paction with the enemy to deliver up the Prince; and this gentleman was actually carried to France, and there kept for a considerable time as a prisoner. Charles waited upwards of a day, to allow of a few more assembling, and he then (Saturday, September 20) went on board *L'Hereux*, accompanied by Locheil, Lochgarry, John Roy Stuart, and Dr Cameron. From the vessel he wrote a letter to Cluny, informing him of his embarkation, and of the excellent state in which he found the vessels. Twenty-three gentlemen, and a hundred and seven men of

<sup>1</sup> At this place Prince Charlie gave Cluny the letter quoted on p. 290, the original of which is preserved in Cluny Castle. The Prince appears to have used new style in his date.



common rank, are said to have sailed with him in the two ships. "The gentlemen, as well as commons, *were seen to weep*, though they boasted of being soon baek with an irresistible foree."

## GENEALOGY OF THE MACPHERSONS.

From 'Douglas's Baronage of Scotland,' published in 1798.

### MACPHERSON OF CLUNIE.

THE head or ehief of this family appears to be the male representative and real ehieftain of that brave and antient rae of Highlanders, well known by the name of the Clan Chattan.

They deduee their deseent from a warlike people in Germany ealled the Chatti, who long resisted the Roman power; but being at last forced from their habitations by the Emperor Tiberius Cæsar, they embarked for Britain, and, by stress of weather, were driven to the north of Seotland, where they landed at a plaee called, after themselves, Chatti's-ness or Point, which afterwards gave the name of Caithness to all that part of the eountry. This is said to have happened in the reign of king Corbred II., about the 76th year of the ehristian era.

These foreigners greatly increased and multiplied, and soon overspread the north of Seotland.

The inhabitants of the more southern parts were ealled South Chatti, and the eountry they possessed was ealled Suther-land, which name it retains to this day.

The Chatti, or elan Chattan, continued several ages in both these eountries (Caithness and Sutherland). Some of them joined the Piets and some the Seots.

From these last, those of the names of Keith and Sutherland deduee their origin.

After the deeisive battle gained by king Kenneth II. over the Piets, the inhabitants of Caithness were foreed to leave their eountry, and by the mediation of friends, got liberty to settle in Loehaber, where some of their posterity (still ealled the clan Chattan) now subsist.

That they were a rae of brave and gallant people, suffieiently appears from all our Seots histories.

There is a curious MS. aeount of this family, eollected from the bards and senaehies, who were faithful repeaters of the transaetions of their ehieftains and forefathers, which may be as mueh depended on as any other traditional history, as they were particularly eareful and exaet in their genealogies.

This eollection was put into order by the ingenious Sir Æneas Maepherson, advoeate in the reign of king Charles II., is looked upon as a most authentic aeount of this great elan, and is still preserved in the family.

Though in this history their descent is deduced as far back as the reign of king Kenneth II., yet we shall here begin with

Sir Æneas Macpherson's history of the family, *penes* M. Macpherson de Clunie.

I. GILLICATTAN MOR, head or chief of the clan Chattan, who, on account of his large stature, rare military genius, and other accomplishments, had the epithet Mor assigned him.

He lived in the reign of king Malcolm Canmore, and left a son,

Ibidem.

II. DIARMED or DORMUND, captain of the clan Chattan, who succeeded his father about the year 1090, and was father of

Ibidem.

III. GILLICATTAN, the second of that name, captain of the clan Chattan.

He flourished and made a considerable figure in the reign of King David I., and left issue two sons.

1. Diarmed.

2. Muriach.

He was succeeded by his eldest son,

Ibidem.

IV. DIARMED, captain of the clan Chattan, who did not long survive his father; but dying without issue, anno 1153, was succeeded by his brother,

Ibidem, and Nisbet, vol. i. p. 424.

IV. MURIACH or MURDOCH, who being born a younger brother, was bred to the church; and was parson of Kingousie, then a large and honourable benefice; but, upon the death of his elder brother without issue, he became head of his family and captain of the clan Chattan.

He thereupon obtained a dispensation from the Pope, anno 1173, and married a daughter of the thane of Cawdor, by whom he had five sons.

1. Gillicattan, his heir.

2. Ewan or Eugene Baan, of whom the present Duncan Macpherson, now of Clunie, Esq., is lineally descended, as will be shown hereafter.

3. Neill Cromb, so called from his stooping and round shoulders. He had a rare mechanical genius, applied himself to the business of a smith, and made and contrived several utensils of iron, of very curious workmanship, is said to have taken his surname from his trade, and was progenitor of all of the name of Smith in Scotland.

4. Ferquhard Gilliriach, or the Swift, of whom the Macgillivrays of Drumnaglash in Inverness-shire, and those of Pennygoit in the isle of Mull, &c., &c., are descended.

5. David Dow, or the Black, from his swarthy complexion. Of him the old Davidsons of Invernahaven, &c., &c., are said to be descended.

Muriach died in the end of the reign of King William the Lion, and was succeeded by his eldest son,

Hist. of the family, and Nisbet, p. 424.

V. GILLICATTAN, third of that name, captain of the clan Chattan.

He lived in the reign of King Alexander II. (who succeeded to the crown of Scotland anno 1214) and left issue only one son,

Ibidem, and history of the family of Macintosh.

VI. DOUGAL PHAOL, or, according to Mr Nisbet, Dougal Daol, who succeeded him, and was captain of the clan Chattan.

He died in the reign of king Alexander III., leaving issue a daughter,

Eva, his only child and sole heiress, who, anno 1291 or 1292, was married to Angus Macintosh of that ilk, head or chieftain of the clan Macintosh, who, with her, got a good part of the clan Chattan estate, as has been already fully shewn under the title Macintosh of that ilk.

Dougal Phaol dying without sons, as above, in him ended the whole male line of Gillicattan the third, eldest son of Muriach, No. IV. of these memoirs. The representation, therefore, devolved upon his cousin and heir-male—viz., Kenneth, son of his uncle Ewan, before mentioned, to whom we now return.

V. EWAN or EUGINE, called Baan, from his fair complexion, was second son of the said Muriach the parson.

He lived in the reign of king Alexander II., and, as surnames about that time were become hereditary, he was called Macparson, or the son of the parson, and from hence the surname of the family, which his posterity have enjoyed ever since, and his clan hath been promiscuously designed Macpherson, Macurichs [Mac-mhurichs], and clan Chattan.

Sir Æneas  
Macpherson's  
history.

This Eugene left issue three sons.

1. Kenneth, his heir.
2. John, progenitor of the Macphersons of Pitmean, &c.
3. Gillies, ancestor of the Macphersons of Inneressic, &c.

The cadets and descendants of these two brothers will be mentioned under their proper titles.

Eugene was succeeded by his eldest son,

VI. KENNETH MACPHERSON, who, upon the death of his cousin Dougal Phaol without issue-male, became undoubted male representative of the family, and captain of the clan Chattan.

But, as the family of Macintosh, by marrying the heir of line, got possession of their Lochaber estate, the inhabitants thereof behoved to follow the chief of the Macintoshes as their superior and master, who was thereupon designed captain of that part of the clan Chattan, of which he had the command.

The rest of the clan who followed this Kenneth as their true chieftain and heir-male, retired to Badenoch, where they settled, and where, for their special services to their king and country, they soon got large possessions, as will be shown hereafter, and have been always designed Clan Macpherson and captains of the clan Chattan.

History of  
the family,  
and Nisbet.

We must here observe, that there have been frequent contentions between the Macphersons and Macintoshes about the chieftainship of the clan Chattan, and many bonds of manrent and friendship have been entered into by both parties at different periods with their most potent neighbours, with which we shall not trouble our readers, but submit to their own judgment, whether the heir-male or heir of line ought to have the preference.

We shall only further observe, that some of the noble warlike exploits performed by the clan Chattan in general, have been claimed by both Macphersons and Macintoshes as being done by themselves, some whereof we shall have occasion to mention afterwards.

We now return to our genealogy.

Kenneth Macpherson of Clunie, heir-male and captain of the clan Chattan, in

Ibidem, and  
history of  
the clan  
Macintosh.

the reign of king Alexander III. married Isabel, daughter of Ferquhard Macintosh of that ilk, by whom he had two sons.

1. Duncan, his heir.

2. Bean or Benjamin, of whom the Macphersons of Brin and several others are descended; and captain Alexander Macpherson, late secretary to Admiral Boscawen, appears to be the heir-male and representative of the family of Brin, &c.

He was succeeded by his eldest son,

Writs of the  
family, and in  
pub. archiv.  
and Nisbet,  
p. 424.

VII. DUNCAN MACPHERSON of Clunie, who, with his posterity of Clunie, have always been designed captains of the clan Chattan. He lived in the reign of king Robert Bruce; and being a man of a noble spirit, a steady loyalist, and particularly known to king Robert, obtained a commission from that great prince (as head of his clan) to reduce the Cumings, and others his rebel subjects in Badenoch, to his obedience, which he performed so effectually, that he got a grant of several of these lands to himself, which were long enjoyed by his posterity; and had also for his special services against the Cumings, a hand and dagger added to his armorial bearing, &c.

He was succeeded by his son,

History of  
the family.

VIII. DONALD PHAOL MACPHERSON of Clunie, who adhered always firmly to the interest of king David Bruce against the enemies of his country, and was father of another,

Ibidem.

IX. DONALD MACPHERSON of Clunie, who succeeded him, and was called Donald Moir.

In the beginning of the reign of king Robert II. there happened a bloody conflict between the Macphersons and the clan Cameron at Invernahaven in Badenoch, where the greatest part of the clan Cameron were killed on the spot, those who survived were taken prisoners; but Donald generously gave them all their liberty.

In this Donald's time, the dissensions betwixt the clan Chattan and the clan Kay run so very high, that they took up the attention of the whole court. The king and the duke of Albany sent the earls of Crawford and Murray (then two of the greatest men in the kingdom) to try to make up their differences, and, if possible, to bring about a reconciliation, but all to no purpose. It was at last proposed, that each clan should choose thirty of their own number to fight in the North Inch of Perth, with their broad-swords only, and thereby put an end to all their disputes. The combat was joyfully agreed to by both parties. They met accordingly on the day appointed. The king and an incredible number of the nobility and gentry were spectators. Prompted by old malice and inveterate hatred, they fought with inexpressible resolution and fury. Twenty-nine of the clan Kay were killed dead on the spot; the one who remained was unhurt, but made his escape by swimming over the river Tay; and, 'tis said, was put to death by his own clan when he came home, for not choosing to die in the bed of honour with his companions, rather than save his life by flying, &c.

Fordoun, v.  
ii. p. 420;  
Abercrombie,  
vol. ii. p.  
201, &c.

Of the clan Chattan nineteen were killed dead in the field, and the other eleven so much wounded, that none of them were able to pursue their single antagonist who fled. This happened on the Monday before the feast of St Michael, anno 1396; and the victory was adjudged in favour of the clan Chattan.

We must here observe, that the family of Clunie, with good reason, contends that the thirty combatants of the clan Chattan were all Macphersons ; because (say they) their antagonists, the clan Kay, were followers of the Cumings of Badenoch, and envied the Macphersons the possession of their lands, which was the cause of their constant feuds.

The Macintoshes also alledge, that these thirty were of their part of the clan Chattan, and all Macintoshes. *Vide* title Macintosh, &c.

Donald Moir married a daughter of — Macintosh of Mammore in Lochaber, by whom he had two sons. History of the family.

1. Donald Oig, his heir.

2. Gillicattan-Beg or Little Malcolm, of whom the Macphersons of Essich, Breakachie, &c., &c., are descended. For which *vide* their proper titles.

He was succeeded by his eldest son,

X. DONALD-OIG MACPHERSON of Clunie, who, in the reign of king James I. married a daughter of — Gordon of Buckie, by whom he had two sons. Ibidem.

1. Ewan or Eugene, his heir.

2. Paul, of whom the Macphersons of Dallifour, &c., &c., are descended : Ensign John Macpherson of Colonel Fraser's regiment of Highlanders, is of Dallifour.

He was succeeded by his eldest son,

XI. EUGINE MACPHERSON of Clunie, who died in the end of the reign of king James III., leaving issue a son, Ibidem.

XII. DORMUND, who succeeded him, was captain of the clan Chattan, and got a charter under the great seal from king James IV., *Dormundo Macpherson, terrarum de Strantheaune, Garnamuck, &c., &c.*, dated 6th of February 1509. Chart. in pub. archiv.

He died in the reign of king James V. and was succeeded by his son,

XIII. EWAN MACPHERSON of Clunie, a man of singular merit, and a firm friend of the unfortunate queen Mary. History of the family, penes Clunie.

He married a daughter of — Macintosh of Strone, by whom he had two sons.

1. Andrew.

2. John.

He was succeeded by his eldest son,

XIV. ANDREW MACPHERSON of Clunie, &c., who dying soon after his father without issue, was succeeded by his brother,

XIV. JOHN of Clunie, captain of the clan Chattan, who got a charter under the great seal from king James VI. *Johanni Macpherson villarum et terrarum de Tullich, Elrich, &c., in vicecomitatu de Inverness, dated anno 1594.* Chart. in pub. archiv.

In October that same year, he was with the earl of Huntly at the battle of Glenlivet, where the king's troops were defeated under the command of the earl of Argyle ; but he suffered nothing on that account, for Huntly and all his adherents were soon thereafter received into the king's favour.

He married a daughter of — Gordon of Auchanassie, and died about the year 1600, leaving issue a son, Writs of the family.

Chart. in  
pub. archiv.

XV. JOHN MACPHERSON of Clunie, &c., who succeeded him, and got a charter under the great seal, *Johanni Macpherson filio Johannis, &c., terrarum de Tullich, Elrick, &c., in Inverness-shire, dated anno 1613.*

He was succeeded by his son,

Ibidem.

XVI. EWAN of Clunie, who got a charter under the great seal, *Eugenio Macpherson terrarum et villarum de Tullich, Elrick, &c., &c., dated anno 1623.*

He married a daughter of Duncan Forbes of Culloden, by whom he had three sons and one daughter.

1. Donald, his heir.

2. Andrew, who succeeded his brother.

3. John of Nuid, who carried on the line of this family, of whom afterwards.

His daughter, —, was married to John Macpherson of Inneressie, Esq.; and had issue.

Ewan died about the year 1640, and was succeeded by his eldest son,

Ibidem.

XVII. DONALD MACPHERSON of Clunie, &c., who got a charter under the great seal, *Donaldo Macpherson, &c., of the lands of Middle-Moir, Middle-beg, &c., dated anno 1643.*

Minutes of  
parliament in  
pub. archiv.

He was a steady friend of king Charles I., and suffered much on account of his sincere attachment to the interest of the royal family, but dying without issue, was succeeded by his brother,

Writs of  
the family.

XVII. ANDREW MACPHERSON of Clunie, &c., who married a daughter of — Gordon of Erradoul, by whom he had a son.

Ewan or Eugene, his heir.

This Andrew was also a great loyalist both to king Charles I. and II.

Ibidem.

He succeeded to the estate of Brin as heir of entail, anno 1666, and dying soon thereafter, was succeeded by his only son,

Ibidem.

XVIII. EUGENE MACPHERSON of Clunie, &c., who in the reign of king Charles II. married a daughter of Donald Macpherson of Nuid, a cousin of his own, by whom he had two sons.

1. Andrew.

2. Duncan.

Andrew, the eldest son, died unmarried, and was succeeded by his brother,

XIX. DUNCAN MACPHERSON of Clunie, &c., second son of the said Eugene, who was captain of the clan Chattan, and married, 1st, a daughter of — Rose, provost of Inverness, by whom he had a son, who died in infancy, and a daughter.

Anne Macpherson, married to sir Duncan Campbell, knight, uncle to John Campbell of Calder, Esq., to whom she had a numerous issue.

He married, 2dly, a daughter of — Gordon of —, by whom he had another son, who also died unmarried.

Duncan died in an advanced age in the year 1721 or 22, without surviving male issue, and in him ended the whole male line of Donald and Andrew, the two eldest sons of Ewan Macpherson of Clunie, No. XVI. of this genealogy; the representation therefore devolved upon Lauchlan of Nuid, the next heir-male, being

lineally descended of John, the third son before mentioned, to whom we now return.

XVII. JOHN MACPHERSON of Nuid, third son of Ewan Macpherson of Clunie by a daughter of Duncan Forbes of Culloden, in the reign of king Charles I. married a daughter of — Farquharson of Monaltrie, by whom he had four sons and two daughters.

1. Donald, his heir.

2. William, who married twice, and of him there are a great many descendants, particularly the celebrated Mr James Macpherson who translated Ossian's poems, &c., and is now secretary to the province of West Florida, &c. Of this William are also descended several officers of the name of Macpherson both in the sea and land service, too numerous to be here inserted.

3. Andrew, ancestor of the Macphersons of Crathy-Croy, and many others.

4. Murdoch, of whom there are no male descendants.

1st daughter, Janet, married, 1st, to — Fraser of Fouirs in Stratherick; 2dly, to Angus Macpherson of Dalraddie; 3dly, to — Grant; 4thly, to Angus Macpherson of Inneressie; 5thly, to — Macqueen, and had issue to them all.

2. Bessie, married to Donald Macpherson of Phoness, to whom she had five sons and one daughter.

He was succeeded by his eldest son,

XVIII. DONALD MACPHERSON of Nuid, who in the reign of king Charles II. married, 1st, a daughter of Hugh Rose of Kilravock, by whom he had three sons and seven daughters.

1. William, his heir.

2. James, who married and had two sons, Andrew and Peter, who both married, and had several sons and daughters.

3. John, of whom Donald Macpherson of Cullenian, and Lauchlan Macpherson of Rawliah, &c., &c., are descended.

1st daughter, —, married to — Grant of Laggan.

2. —, married to — Macgregor of —.

3. —, married to — Macintosh.

4. —, married to Robert Macintosh.

5. —, married to Ewan Macpherson of Clunie.

6. —, married to John, son of Malcolm Macpherson of Phoness.

7. —, married to Robert Innes of Midkeith.

Donald of Nuid married, 2dly, a daughter of — Gordon of Knockspeck, by whom he had no issue.

He was succeeded by his eldest son.

XIX<sup>1</sup>. WILLIAM MACPHERSON of Nuid, who in the reign of King James VII. married Isabel, daughter of Lauchlan Macintosh, Esq., by whom he had four sons and six daughters.

<sup>1</sup> There appears to be some confusion as regards the consecutive numbering from XVII. onwards, but the genealogy, including the numbering, is reproduced exactly as given in 'Douglas's Baronage.' —A. M.

1. Lauchlan, his heir, afterwards of Clunie, &c.
2. James, who died unmarried.
3. Andrew, of whom James Macpherson of Crath-Croy, &c., are descended.
4. William, bred a writer in Edinburgh, and an agent before the court of session, who married Jean, daughter of James Adamson, merchant in Edinburgh, whose surviving sons are all mentioned below.<sup>1</sup>
  - 1st daughter, Isabel, married to Angus Macpherson of Killiehuntly.
  2. Margaret, married to — Macintosh of Linvulg.
  3. Jean, married to Ewan Macpherson of Pittourie.
  4. —, married to — Macdonald of Keyltierie.
  5. —, married to — Macintosh of Pharr.
  6. Mary, married to Donald, son of Malcolm Macpherson of Brakachie.

William of Nuid died in the end of the reign of queen Anne, and was succeeded by his eldest son.

XX. LAUHLAN MACPHERSON of Nuid, who upon the death of his cousin, Duncan of Clunie, without issue-male, succeeded to the chieftainship, &c., &c., anno 1722, and was ever afterwards designed by the title of Clunie, as head of the family, and chief of the clan.

He married Jean, daughter of the brave Sir Ewan Cameron of Lochyell, chief of the Clan Cameron, by whom he had seven sons and three daughters.

1. Ewan, his heir.
2. John, major to the 78th regiment of foot, commanded by Simon Fraser, Esq., eldest son of Simon, late lord Lovat, tutor and guardian to his nephew, Duncan of Clunie, during his minority.
3. James, was a lieutenant in the army, but died unmarried.
4. Alan, died in Jamaica, also unmarried.
5. Lauchlan, a lieutenant in the army, is married, and hath two sons.
6. Andrew, a lieutenant in the queen's royal regiment of Highlanders, commanded by general Graham of Gorthy, is married, and hath issue.
7. Donald, died in the East Indies, unmarried.
  - 1st daughter, Isabel, married to William Macintosh of Aberarder.
  2. Christian, married to Donald Macpherson of Brakachie.
  3. Unah, married to Lewis Macpherson of Dalraddie.
 They all had issue.

Lauchlan of Clunie died anno 17—, and was succeeded by his eldest son,

<sup>1</sup> I. James, bred a hosier. II. Angus, merchant-taylor in Edinburgh, who hath a son, David, a merchant in Kingston in Jamaica. III. David, bred a scholar, and now master of a grammar school in Edinburgh. IV. John, who having been bred to the sea, was commander of the Britannia privateer of Philadelphia during the late war, when, by his conduct and bravery, he did honour to himself and his country. He took many French privateers, and Dutch smugglers with French property, besides other valuable prizes, and had from the merchants of Antigua, a present of a sword richly ornamented, as an acknowledgment of their sense of his signal services, in protecting their trade, distressing their enemies, &c. He assisted at the reduction of Martinico, where, at the admiral's desire, he run his ship into shallow water, and dislodged the French from a battery that obstructed the landing, for which he had many tokens of the admiral's regard. He lost his right arm in a desperate engagement with a French frigate, where both vessels were totally disabled. He has made a handsome fortune, and is now settled near Philadelphia. V. Robert, was bred a writer and accomptant, and is now assistant-secretary to the honourable trustees for fisheries, manufactures and improvements in Scotland. He is inventor of some new machine of great use in the dressing of flax and hemp, &c. VI. Norman, a watchmaker in Edinburgh.



XXI. EWAN MACPHERSON of Clunie, captain of the clan Chattan, who married Janet, daughter of Simon, eleventh lord Fraser of Lovat, by whom he had a son, Duncan, his heir,—and a daughter, Margaret.

He died anno 176—, and was succeeded by his only son,

XXII. DUNCAN MACPHERSON, now of Clunie, descended from Gillicattan Moir (the first of these memoirs) in a direct male line, as above deduced, and undoubted captain of the clan Chattan.

He is now a captain on half-pay in the queen's royal regiment of Highlanders, commanded by general David Graham of Gorthy, Esq.

ARMS.—Parted per fess, or and azure, a lymphad or galley with her sails furl'd up, her oars in action, of the first. In the dexter chief point a hand coup'd, grasping a dagger, point upwards, gules (for killing Cuming), and, in the sinister chief point, a cross crosslet fitched of the last.

*Crest* ; a cat sejant proper.

*Motto* ; Touch not a cat but a glove.

*Supporters* ; two Highlandmen with steel helmets on their heads, thighs bare, their shirt tied between them, and round targets on their arms.

CHIEF SEAT.—At Clunie in Badenoch, Inverness-shire.

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Follow such of the cadets of the clan Macpherson as have come to our knowledge.

#### MACPHERSON OF PITMEAN, &c.

According to sir Æneas Macpherson's history of this clan, EWAN BAAN MACPHERSON, the fifth generation of the preceding title, was the immediate ancestor of this family, &c.

He left issue three sons.

1. Kenneth Macpherson of Clunie.
2. John, progenitor of Pitmean.
3. Gillies, ancestor of the Macphersons of Inneressie. *Vide* next title.

Sir Æneas Macpherson, and Nisbet, p. 424.

I. JOHN MACPHERSON, second son of Ewan Baan, lived in the reign of king Alexander III., was called John Macewan or the son of Ewan, and was designed of Pitmean. History of the family.

He left issue a son,  
Alexander, his heir.

He had also another son, called John Macewan after his father, of whom several good families of this clan are descended—viz., the Macphersons of Balladmore, now represented by captain Alexander Macpherson in Tilburyfort in England ; Ibidem.

also the Macphersons of Balladbeg, now represented by Duncan Macpherson of Balladbeg, who is married and hath four sons; and of Balladbeg are descended the Macphersons of Inneraven, Carnbeg, &c. Of the said John Macewan are also descended the Macphersons of Craigarnell, the Macphersons in Banchor, and many others.

John of Pitmean was succeeded by his eldest son,

II. ALEXANDER MACPHERSON of Pitmean, who lived in the reigns of king Robert Bruce and his son king David.

Ibidem.

He was a brave and gallant man, and was assisting in expelling a lawless tribe called MacGillimores, out of that part of the country. They were followers of the Cumings, and had been very troublesome to the Macphersons.

He left issue two sons.

1. John, his heir.

2. Paul, progenitor of the Macphersons of Strathmassie. *Vide* that title.

He was succeeded by his eldest son,

III. JOHN MACPHERSON of Pitmean, who lived in the reigns of king Robert II. and III., of whom was lineally descended,

Thomas Macpherson of Pitmean, who lived in the reign of king James V., and left issue several sons.

1. Donald Macpherson of Pitmean, whose male line failed in the reign of king Geo. II.

2. Ferquhard, progenitor of the Macphersons of Invertromeny, of whom several families of the name of Macpherson are descended. Alexander Macpherson, the present representative of this family, married Anne Macintosh, by whom he had several children. Ferquhard, his eldest son, is an officer in the royal Americans, &c.

3. Donald, who was progenitor of the Macphersons of Pitchern, Clune, Pitgowan, and many others. The present representative of the family of Pitchern is John Macpherson of Pitchern, Esq., &c., &c.

The Macphersons of Garvamore are also descended of the house of Pitmean, whose representative in the male line is Angus Macpherson, manufacturer in Berwickshire, who is married and hath issue.

#### MACPHERSON OF INNERESSIE.

Nisbet, vol. i. p. 424, and Sir Æneas' history of the family.

GILLIES or ELIAS MACPHERSON, third son of Ewan Baan, as in the preceding title, was the first of the family of Inneressie, and lived in the reign of king Alexander III.

His posterity were designed Slioch Gillies, or the offspring of Gillies, &c.

Tho' there are many considerable tribes of the clan Macpherson descended of the family of Inneressie, yet we cannot exactly deduce their succession; but of this Gillies was lineally descended,

Ibidem

I. WILLIAM MORE-MACPHERSON of Inneressie, who lived in the reigns of queen

Mary and king James VI., and married, 1st, a daughter of — Troup of that ilk, by whom he had no surviving issue.

He married, 2dly, a daughter of John Stewart of Appenby, by whom he had a son.

II. JOHN MACPHERSON of Inneressie, who succeeded him, and married a daughter of — Shaw of Dalivert, by whom he had a son and successor, Ibidem.

III. ANGUS or ÆNEAS MACPHERSON of Inneressie, who got a charter under the great seal, *Angusio Macpherson de Inneressie, terrarum de Inneressie, &c., &c., &c., anno 1643.* Chart. in pub. archiv.

He married a daughter of — Ferquharson of Bruickderg, by whom he had three sons.

1. William, his heir.
2. John of Dalraddie, whose posterity and succession will be mentioned in the next title.
3. Thomas, of whom the Macphersons of Killihuntly, &c., are descended. William of Killihuntly, now representative of that family, has the command of a battalion of seapoys in the East Indies.

Angus of Inneressie married, 2dly, a daughter of — Ferquhardson of Monaltrie, by whom he had two sons.

1. William, father of Mr John Macpherson, who married Christian, daughter of John Rollo of Muirtown, by whom he had a son, William Macpherson, who married Jean, daughter of John Kincaid of Saltcoats, by whom he had a son, John, residenter in Edinburgh, who married Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas Spens of Lathallan in the county of Fife, by whom he hath a daughter, Janet.

2. Angus, the other son, also married and had issue.

Angus of Inneressie was succeeded by his eldest son,

IV. WILLIAM MACPHERSON of Inneressie, who married Margaret, daughter of — Ferquhardson of Wardes, by whom he had three sons.

1. John, his heir.
2. Æneas, afterwards Sir Æneas, a man of great parts and learning, and highly esteemed both by king Charles II. and king James VII. He collected the materials for the history of the clan Macpherson, which is thought a valuable MS., is much esteemed, and is still preserved in the family. He was made sheriff of Aberdeen by a charter under the great seal from king Charles II., dated in 1684. His only son died a colonel in Spain, without issue.

3. William, who carried on the line of this family, of whom afterwards. He was succeeded by his eldest son,

V. JOHN MACPHERSON of Inneressie, who married, 1st, Marjory, daughter of Ewan Macpherson of Clunie by a daughter of Duncan Forbes of Culloden, and by her he had a son,

VI. GILLIES or ELIAS MACPHERSON of Inneressie, who succeeded him.

He sold his estate of Inneressie to John Macpherson of Dalraddie, his grand-

uncle's son, as will be further mentioned in the next title, and having betaken himself to a military life, was an officer in the service of the states general, and died in Holland, unmarried, anno 1697. His uncle, sir Æneas, having no surviving issue, the representation of the family devolved upon the descendants of his uncle William before-mentioned, to whom we now return.

Attestations  
from the  
ministers and  
justices of the  
peace in the  
neighbour-  
hood.

V. WILLIAM MACPHERSON, Esq., third son of William Macpherson of Inneressie, No. IV. of this genealogy, married Janet, daughter of Alexander Macintosh of Kinrara, by whom he had only one surviving son—viz.,

Ibidem.

VI. THOMAS MACPHERSON, Esq., who married Elizabeth, daughter of John Grant of Culquhoich, by whom he had a son,

Ibidem.

VII. JOHN MACPHERSON of Inverhall, Esq., undoubted male representative of the ancient family of Inneressie, and is now barrack-master at Ruthven in Badenoch.

He married Anne, daughter of Hugh Macpherson of Ovie, by whom he hath two sons and one daughter.

1. Æneas, his apparent heir.
  2. John.
- His daughter Margaret.

#### MACPHERSON OF DALRADDIE, AFTERWARDS OF INNERESSIE.

IV. JOHN MACPHERSON, second son of Angus Macpherson of Inneressie, No. III. of the preceding title, was the first of this family.

He acquired the lands of Dalraddie, and was designed by that title.

He married a daughter of — Grant of Garviemore, by whom he had two sons and four daughters.

1. John, his heir.
2. Robert, father of Lewis, the present wadsetter of Dalraddie, who is married and hath a numerous issue.
  - 1st daughter, Elizabeth, married to John Macpherson of Banchor.
  2. Marjory, married to Malcolm Macpherson of Breakachie.
  3. Anne, married to Kenneth Mackenzie of Delnamore.
  4. Isabel, married to Alexander Macpherson of Pitmean.

They all had issue, and he was succeeded by his eldest son,

V. JOHN MACPHERSON of Dalraddie, who, having acquired the lands of Inneressie from Gilleas of Inneressie, his uncle's grandson, as before observed, was afterwards designed by that title.

He married Isabel, daughter of John Cuthbert of Drakes, a branch of the house of Castlehill, by whom he had two sons and four daughters.

1. John, who died unmarried.
2. George, who became his father's heir.
  - 1st daughter, Jean, married to Ludovick Grant of Knockando.

2. Elizabeth, married to Robert Rose, merchant in Inverness. Both had issue.

3. Magdalene, married, 1st, to Malcolm Macpherson of Nessintilloch, and had issue; 2dly, to Mr William Gordon, *alias* Macgregor, minister of the Gospel at Alvie, without issue.

4. Isabel, married to Thomas Gordon of Fetherletter, and has issue.

He was succeeded by his son,

VI. GEORGE MACPHERSON of Inneressie and Dalraddie, who married Grace, daughter of colonel William Grant of Ballindalloch, by whom he hath two sons and four daughters.

1. William, his heir.

2. John.

1st daughter, Isabel, married to Andrew Macpherson of Banchor.

2. Anne, married to Dr John Mackenzie of Woodstock.

3. Jean, married to William Grant of Burnside; and all had issue.

4. Magdalene.

He was succeeded by his eldest son,

VII. WILLIAM MACPHERSON, now of Inneressie, who is an officer in the British service.

#### MACPHERSON OF PHONESS.

This is an ancient cadet of the house of Inneressie.

We find MALCOLM MACPHERSON of Phoness, in the reign of king James II., of whom was lineally descended another,

I. MALCOLM MACPHERSON of Phoness, who was father of

II. DONALD MACPHERSON of Phoness, who left issue three sons.

1. Malcolm, his heir.

2. Thomas Roy Macpherson of Edress, who had two sons—1. Malcolm;

2. John Macpherson of Lininallan. Malcolm of Edress, the eldest son, was father of John Macpherson of Edress, who is married and hath issue.

Donald of Phoness's third son, Alexander Macpherson, settled in Jamaica, where he acquired a handsome estate, married, and had issue two sons, Malcolm and William Macphersons.

He was succeeded by his eldest son,

III. MALCOLM MACPHERSON of Phoness, who married Anne, daughter of Angus Macpherson of Killihuntly, by whom he had two sons.

1. Donald, his heir.

2. Angus Macpherson, of whom afterwards.

Malcolm was succeeded by his eldest son,

IV. DONALD MACPHERSON of Phoness, who married, 1st, Isabel, daughter of

Ludovick Grant of Knockando, without issue. He married, 2dly, a daughter of John Macpherson in Lininallan, by whom he had only one daughter, and dying without issue male, anno 1766, the representation devolved upon his brother,

IV. ANGUS MACPHERSON, before-mentioned, who is an officer in general Marjoribanks's regiment in Holland.

He married Elizabeth, daughter of James Macpherson of Killihuntly, by whom he hath a son,

William, and two daughters, Townshend and Grace.

Lieutenant John Macpherson in major Johnston's Highland regiment, and Donald Macpherson, his brother, who is married and hath issue, are descended of Phoness.

#### MACPHERSON OF BRIN.

BENJAMIN MACPHERSON, second son of Kenneth, the 6th generation of the house of Clunie, was progenitor of the Macphersons of Brin.

Chart. in  
pub. archiv.

Though we cannot deduce the succession of this family, yet 'tis certain they made a good figure in the north of Scotland from the reign of king David Bruce to that of king Charles II., when Ewan Macpherson, the last laird of Brin, having no male issue, made an entail of his estate (failing heirs-male of his own body) in favours of Andrew Macpherson of Clunie his chief, who succeeded thereto accordingly, anno 1666.

Captain Alexander Macpherson of London, late secretary to admiral Boscawen, was a cadet of the house of Brin, &c.

#### MACPHERSON OF STRATHMASSIE.

Sir Æneas  
Macpherson's  
history of  
the family.

I. PAUL, second son of Alexander Macpherson of Pitmean, eldest son of the first John of Pitmean, called John Macewan, was the first of this family.

He lived in the reigns of king Robert II. and III., and married a daughter of — Kennedy of Lininallan in Lochaber, by whom he had a son,

Ibidem.

II. NEIL MACPHERSON of Strathmassie, who succeeded him and left a son and successor,

Ibidem.

III. DONALD MACPHERSON of Strathmassie, who left issue three sons.

1. John, his heir.
2. Kenneth.
3. Donald.

He was succeeded by his eldest son,

Ibidem.

IV. JOHN MACPHERSON of Strathmassie, who married a daughter of — Macbean of Kinchyle, by whom he had two sons.

1. John, his heir.
2. Ewan, of whom the Macphersons of Ferfodoun, &c., are descended.

Paul Macpherson, the last representative of that family, was married at St Christopher's, and left issue two sons.

He was succeeded by his eldest son,

V. JOHN MACPHERSON of Strathmassie.

He married, 1st, a daughter of — Macintosh of Strone, by whom he had a son.

Benjamin, his heir.

He married, 2dly, a daughter of — Macintosh of Killacie, by whom he had no issue.

He was succeeded by his son,

VI. BEN or BENJAMIN MACPHERSON of Strathmassie, who married a daughter of — Macqueen of Clunie, by whom he had four sons.

Sir Æneas Macpherson's history of the family.

1. Donald, his heir.

2. John—without succession.

3. Angus, of whom the present Angus Macpherson of Drummanard, Pittounie, &c., are descended.

4. Murdoch, of whom there are also male descendants.

Benjamin died in the reign of king Charles I., and was succeeded by his eldest son,

VII. DONALD MACPHERSON of Strathmassie, who was engaged with his chiefs Donald and Andrew Macphersons of Clunie in the service both of king Charles I. and II.

*Ibidem.*

He married Anne, daughter of Mr Lauchlan Grant, minister of the gospel at Kinguissie, by whom he had two sons and one daughter.

1. Alexander, his heir.

2. Benjamin, grandfather of Donald Macpherson of Kinlochlagan, &c., who hath issue two sons and five daughters, &c.

His daughter, Christian, was married to William Macpherson, brother to Inneressie, and had issue.

Donald died in the reign of king Charles II., and was succeeded by his eldest son,

VIII. ALEXANDER MACPHERSON of Strathmassie, who married Catharine, daughter of Archibald Macdonald of Keppoch, by whom he had a son,

IX. JOHN MACPHERSON of Strathmassie, who succeeded him, and married Jean, daughter of Lauchlan Macintosh of that ilk, by whom he had a son.

Lauchlan, his heir, and four daughters.

1. Catharine, married to John Campbell of Auchmaddie in Lochaber, and has issue.

2. Anne, married to John Macpherson, wadsetter of Maccoul, who left issue three sons and three daughters.

3. Florence, married to Alexander Macpherson in Strathmassie, and hath issue.

4. Rachel, married to James Macpherson, schoolmaster in Knoydart, and hath issue.

He was succeeded by his only son,

X. LAUCLAN MACPHERSON of Strathmassie, who married Mary, daughter of Archibald Butter of Pitlochrie in Athole, by Helen his wife, daughter of sir Alexander Ogilvie of Forglen, baronet, one of the senators of the college of justice, by whom he has two sons and two daughters.

1. Alexander.
2. Henry.
- 1st daughter, Agnes.
2. Jean.

#### MACPHERSON OF BREAKACHIE.

Sir Æneas  
Macpherson's  
history of  
the family.

IX. DONALD MORE MACPHERSON of Clunie, No IX. of the memoirs of that family, had two sons.

1. Donald-Oig of Clunie, his successor.
2. Gillicallum-Beg, or Little Malcolm, progenitor of the Macphersons of Breakachie, Essich, &c.

Ibidem.

I. GILLICALLUM-BEG MACPHERSON lived in the reign of king James I. and married a daughter of — Macdonald of Shian, by whom he had three sons.

1. Gillicallum More, or Beg Malcolm, progenitor of the Macphersons of Breakachie.
2. Dougal Derg, or Red Dougal, of whom the Macphersons of Essich are descended.
3. Ewan, ancestor of the Macphersons in Breadalbane or Argyleshire.

Though the descendants of Gillicallum More and Dougal Derg contend for precedency; yet we here, from the traditional history of the family, begin with

Ibidem.

II. GILLICALLUM MORE MACPHERSON, who appears to have been eldest son of Gillicallum-Beg, second son of Donald of Clunie, was designed by the title of Breakachie, and married a daughter of — Robertson of Aulich in Rannach, an ancient cadet of the family of Strowan, chief of the name, by whom he had six sons and seven daughters.

MS. history  
of the family.

1. John, his heir.
2. Soirl or Samuel.
3. Donald.
4. Huiston or Hutcheon.
5. Dougal.
6. Gillicallum Oig.
- 1st daughter, married to Donald, brother to — Cameron of Little Finlay.
2. —, married to — Macpherson of Pitmean.
3. —, married to — Macpherson of Drummanard.
4. —, married to — Macpherson of Balladmore.
5. —, married to Donald Macpherson of Phoness.
6. —, married to — Macgregor of Liaraygach in Rannach in Athole.
7. —, married to — Gordon, a son of Abergeldie.



He was succeeded by his eldest son,

III. JOHN MACPHERSON of Breakachie, who in the reign of king James VI. married a daughter of — Macpherson of Phoness, by whom he had two sons. MS. hist. of the family.

1. Donald, his heir.
2. Ewan, whose posterity are extinct.

He was succeeded by his eldest son,

IV. DONALD MACPHERSON of Breakachie, who married a daughter of — Ibidem. Stewart of Drumchan in Athole, by whom he had two sons.

1. Hugh or Hutcheon, who married, but left no surviving issue.
2. Donald Oig, who carried on the line of the family.

V. DONALD MACPHERSON of Breakachie, married a daughter of — Macpherson of Pitowrie, by whom he had four sons. Ibidem.

1. Malcolm, his heir.
2. Alexander.
3. Soirl or Samuel.
4. John of Ovie.

He was succeeded by his eldest son,

VI. MALCOLM MACPHERSON of Breakachie, who married, 1st, a daughter of Donald Macpherson of Phoness, by whom he had four sons.

1. John, his heir.
2. Alexander, married and had issue.
3. Donald, married a sister of Lauchlan Macpherson of Clunie, and had issue.
4. Duncan—no succession.

He married, 2dly, Marjory, daughter of John Macpherson of Dalraddie, by whom he had two sons.

1. Malcolm of Crubin-more, who married Isabel, daughter of James Macpherson of Invernahaven, by whom he has a daughter, married to Donald, second son of Donald Macpherson of Kinlochlaggan.
2. Thomas Macpherson of Messintullich, who married Elizabeth, daughter of John Macpherson of Banchor, by whom he has sons and daughters.

Malcolm was succeeded by his eldest son,

VII. JOHN MACPHERSON of Breakachie, married, 1st, Mary, daughter of John Macpherson of Banchor, by whom he had a daughter.

Elizabeth, married to — Macintosh of Dalmigivie, and had issue.

He married, 2dly, Marjory, daughter of Angus Macpherson of Killihuntly, by whom he had four sons and three daughters.

1. Donald, his heir.
2. Angus of Phlihivy, who married, 1st, — Macintosh, by whom he has a son and two daughters: he married, 2dly, Anne, daughter to the reverend Mr William Blair, minister at Kingussie, and has issue.
3. Alexander, an officer in the British dragoons, who married Margaret,

daughter of William Beatie, an officer in the British dragoons, by whom he has a son and a daughter.

4. Hugh of Ovie, who married Margaret, daughter of John Macpherson of Banchor, by whom he has two sons and three daughters.

1st daughter, Isabel, married to — Macintosh of Linvul, and has issue.

2. Helen, married to John Macpherson of Invernahaven, and has issue.

3. — married to a son of — Macpherson of Phoness, and has issue.

He was succeeded by his eldest son,

VIII. DONALD MACPHERSON of Breakachie, who married Christian, daughter of Lauchlan Macpherson of Clunie, by Jean his wife, daughter of Sir Ewan Cameron of Lochyell. By her he had four sons and one daughter.

1. Duncan, his heir.

2. Lauchlan, who was bred a surgeon, is now a lieutenant in one of the British independent companies in Senegal in Africa.

3. John, a merchant in North America.

4. Ewan.

Marjory, only daughter.

He was succeeded by his eldest son,

IX. DUNCAN MACPHERSON of Breakachie, who went a captain in colonel Morris's regiment of foot to the East Indies, anno 1760, and returned to Breakachie 1766, and is still unmarried.

There are several considerable families of the name of Macpherson descended of Breakachie—viz., the Macphersons in Glenorchy, and Glenfine, in Argyleshire; the Macphersons in Larig, &c.; the Macphersons of Culcherine, Bockaird, &c.

Alexander Macpherson, wadsetter of Culcherine, who acquired the estate of Gartincaber, &c., married Isabel, daughter of Hugh Campbell, Esq., a cadet of the family of Ardkinlass, by whom he had four sons.

1. Gilbert, who was bred to the law at Edinburgh.

2. James, a captain on half-pay in the queen's royal regiment of Highlanders, is married, and hath issue.

3. Colin, who died young.

4. Ewan, a captain in lord John Murray's regiment, was killed in Ticonderago, anno 1758.

#### MACPHERSON OF ESSICH.

The first of this family was,

I. DOUGAL DERG, so called from his being a brave and gallant man, and often engaged in warlike exploits. He was the son of Gillicallum-Beg, and brother of Gillicallum-More, first of the family of Breakachie.

Though this was long a considerable, numerous, and flourishing family, yet as we are not furnished with materials whereby we can deduce their genealogy, we shall here briefly mention such of their cadets as have come to our knowledge.

The Macphersons of Ballichroan in Badenoch, and of Powrie in Forfarshire, are of the family of Essich.

Alexander Macpherson of Essich was a man of particular distinction, anno 1715.

John Macpherson, late an officer in Captain Colin Campbell's independent company of Highlanders, was a son of this family.

The Macphersons of Ardbrylich are of Essich; Mr John Macpherson, a parson in Virginia in North America, is a son of Ardbrylich; also Donald Macpherson, merchant in Inverness, &c., &c.

The present representative of this family appears to be Malcolm Macpherson, now a cadet in lord John Murray's regiment of royal Highlanders, being son of William, brother-german of the late Essich, who died without male issue.

THE RENTALL OF THE LORDSHIPE OF BADZENOCHE  
AT VITSONDAY, 1603.

From the Original Document in the Charter-Room at Gordon Castle.

PAROCHINE SKEAREALAVEY.

*Note.* — The additions made in the way of *Summas* in the copy of the Rental given in vol. iv. of 'The Miscellany of the Spalding Club,' are placed within brackets.

ESTER LAMBULGE, four pleuches, payis yeirlic :

Maill . . . Fywe lib. sex sh. aucht d.  
Multer . . . Four bollis.  
Custom . . . Tua martis, tua wadderis, ilk tenent ane kyid or ane lamb, viij. pultre, withe areaidge and careaidge and due seruice.

WASTER LAMBULGE, tua pleuches, payis yeirlic :

Maill . . . Thre lib. sex sh. aucht d.  
Multer . . . Tua bollis.  
Custom . . . Ane marrt, ane wadder, four pultre, ilk tenent ane kyid or ane lamb, with careaige and dewe seruice.

KYNRARA MOIR, four pleuches, payis yeirlic :

Maill . . . Fywe lib. sex sh. aucht d.  
Multer . . . Four bollis.  
Custom . . . Tua martis, tua wadderis, aucht pultre, ilk tenent ane kyid or ane lamb, with careaige and dewe seruice.

GORTINCREIF, tua pleuches, payis yeirlic :

Maill . . . Fyftie thre sh. four d.  
Multer . . . Tua bollis.  
Custom . . . Ane marrt, ane wadder, four pultre, ilk tenent ane kyid or ane lamb, withe areaidge, careaidge, and dewe seruice.

## DALPHOUR, four pleuches, payis yeirlic :

- Maill . . . Fywe lib. sex sh. aucht d.  
 Multer . . . Four bollis.  
 Custom . . . Tua martis, tua wadderis, aucht pultre, ilk tenent ane kyid or ane  
 lamb, withe areaidge, careaidge, and dewe seruice.

## PETTECHAERNE, four pleuches, payis yeirlic :

- Maill . . . Fywe lib. sex sh. aucht d.  
 Multer . . . Four bollis.  
 Custom . . . Tua martis, tua wadderis, aucht pultre, ilk tenent ane kyid or ane  
 lamb, with areaidge, careaidge, and dewe seruice.

## DALREADYE and KNIGTÀCHAR, four pleuches, payis yeirlic :

- Maill . . . Fywe lib. sex sh. aucht d.  
 Multer . . . Four bollis.  
 Custom . . . Tua martis, tua wadderis, aucht pultre, ilk tenent ane kyid or ane  
 lamb, with areaidge, careaidge, and dewe seruice.

## PETTOURYE, tua pleuches and the third of tua pleuches, payis yeirlic :

- Maill . . . Thre lib. alewin sh. tua d.  
 Multer . . . Tua bollis, tua firloittis, tua pecks, and tua part pecks.  
 Custom . . . Ane martt and third part martt, ane wadder, ane third part wadder,  
 sex pultre, ilk tenent ane kyid or ane lamb, withe areaidge, care-  
 aidge, and dewe seruice.

## KYNCRAGYE, four pleuches, payis yeirlic :

- Maill . . . Fywe lib. sex sh. aucht d.  
 Multer . . . Four bollis.  
 Custom . . . Tua marttis, tua muttoun, aucht pultre, ilk tenent ane kyid or ane  
 lamb, withe areaidge, careaidge, and dewe seruice.

Malcolme-  
tosche occupis  
this toum  
in fie.

## ESTER REATT, four pleuches, payis yeirlic :

- Maill . . . Aucht libs.  
 Multer . . . Four bollis.  
 Custom . . . Tua marttis, tua wadderis, aucht pultre, ilk tenent ane kyid or ane  
 lamb, withe areaidge, careaidge, and dewe seruice.

## MIDLE REATT, four pleuches, payis yeirlic :

- Maill . . . Fywe lib. sex sh. aucht d.  
 Multer . . . Four bollis.  
 Custom . . . Tua marttis, tua wadderis, aucht pultre, ilk tenent ane kyid or ane  
 lamb, withe areaidge, careaidge, and dewe seruice.

## WASTER REATT, four pleuches, payis yeirlic :

- Maill . . . Fywe lib. sex sh. aucht d.  
 Multer . . . Four bollis.  
 Custom . . . Tua martis, tua wadderis, aucht pultre, ilk tenent ane kyid or ane  
 lamb, withe areaidge, careaidge, and dewe seruice.

*Suma of the Parochin of Skeraluay.*

Maillis . . . . .	£60 4 6
Multer . . . . .	42 bollis 2F. 2½P.
Martis . . . . .	21⅓
Muttoun . . . . .	21⅓
Lambis or kyds . . . . .	12
Pultre—Seivin do <sup>n</sup> tua . . . . .	86

PAROCHINE OF KYNGUSIE.

KINGUSIE BEIGE, four pleuches, payis yeirlic :

- Maill . . . . . Fywe lib. sex sh. aucht d.
- Multer . . . . . Four bollis.
- Custom . . . . . Tua martis, tua wadderis, aucht pultre, ilk tenent ane kyid or ane lamb, with areaidge, careaidge, and dewe seruice.

ARDBRELACHE, four pleuches, payis yeirlic :

- Maill . . . . . Fywe lib. sex sh. aucht d.
- Multer . . . . . Four bollis.
- Custom . . . . . Tua martiis, tua wadderis, aucht pultre, ilk tenent ane kyid or ane lamb, withe careaidge, and dewe seruice.

KYNGUSIE MOIR, four pleuches, payis yeirlic :

- Maill . . . . . Thre lib. sex sh. aucht d.
- Multer . . . . . Tua bollis, tua firlotts.
- Ferme . . . . . Tuentie four bollis.
- Ferme . . . . . Auchtein bollis.
- Custom . . . . . Ane mart, ane wadder, ane lamb, aucht pultre, withe seruice, areaidge, and careaidge.

Gillechallum m'soirll, ane quarter thairof, sett for fywe yeirs, sex bollis tua pecks of his wictuall sauld to him the yeirs conteint in this sett, at tua marks the boll. Entres 1603.

MYLNE OF KYNGUSIE, payis yeirlic :

- Maill . . . . . Aucht libs.
- Custom . . . . . Ane dosan capones.

Sett for nyne bollis wictuall, to Alexander Gordoun of Beldornye. Mylne of Kyngusie, and the Abbey croiftis sett to Ingram Scoit for thre yeirs, his entres at Witsunday, jaj vi and sewin yeirs, for yeirlic payment of ane chalder wictuall.

Sett for thre yeirs, entres at Witsunday 1603 yeirs. Garsome thre yeiris, tua hindrethe libs thairof ane half at mertimes next, and the wther half at bartholme day thairefter.

PETMEANE, tua pleuches, payis yeirlic :

- Maill . . . . . Fyiftie thre sh. four d.
  - Multer . . . . . Tua bollis.
  - Custom . . . . . Ane martt, ane wadder, ane kyid or ane lamb, four pultre, ane stein buttir, tua stein cheis, withe areaidge, careaidge, and dew seruice.
- Thomas m'allester v<sup>t</sup>thomas, tenent to the haill.

## BELLOCHROAN, four pleuches, payis yeirlic :

Maill . . .	Fyftie thre sh. four d.
Multer . . .	Tua bollis, tua firlottis.
Ferme . . .	Tua chalderis.
Ferme . . .	Tuentie four bollis.
Custom . . .	Ane martt, ane wadder, ane lamb, aucht pultre, withe careaidge, and dewe seruice.

## STROYNE, four pleuches, payis yeirlic :

Maill . . .	Fywe lib. sex sh. aucht d.
Multer . . .	Four bollis.
Custom . . .	Tua marttis, tua wadderis, aucht pultre, ilk tenent ane kyid or ane lamb, withe careaidge and dewe seruice.
	James glas alias m <sup>c</sup> intosche, tenent.

Malcolm-  
tosche hes this  
dauche in fie.

## CLONE, four pleuches, payis yeirlic :

Maill . . .	Fywe lib. sex sh. aucht d.
Multer . . .	Four bollis.
Custom . . .	Tua marttis, tua wadderis, aucht pultre, ilk tenent ane kyid or ane lamb, withe seruice, areaidge, and careaidge.
	(Payes in lambes.)
	Lauchlan m <sup>c</sup> intosche, tenent.

Malcolm-  
tosche hes this  
dauch in fie.

## BANNACHAR, four pleuches, payis yeirlic :

Maill . . .	Fywe lib. sex sh. aucht d.
Multer . . .	Four bollis.
Custom . . .	Tua marttis, tua wadderis, aucht pultre, ilk tenent ane kyid or ane lamb, withe careaidge and seruice.
	(Payes in lambes.)
	Lauchlane m <sup>c</sup> intosche, tenent.

Malcolm-  
tosche in fie.

## MYLNE and CROIFTIS thairof, payis yeirlic :

Maill . . .	Sex lib. thraten sh. four d.
	Lauchlane m <sup>c</sup> intosche, tenent.

## BALLETMOIR, four pleuches, payis yeirlic :

Maill . . .	Fywe lib. sex sh. aucht d.
Multer . . .	Four bollis.
Custom . . .	Tua marttis, tua wadderis, aucht pultre, ilk tenent ane kyid or ane lamb, withe areaidge, careaidge, and dewe seruice.

## BALLETBEIGE, tua pleuches, payis yeirlic :

Maill . . .	Fyftie thre sh. four d.
Multer . . .	Tua bollis.
Custom . . .	Ane martt, ane wadder, four pultre, ilk tenent ane kyid or ane lamb, with seruice and careaidge.

NESINTULLICHE and INNERNAVINE, four pleuches, payis yeirlic :

Maill . . . Fywe lib. sex sh. aucht d.  
 Multer . . . Four bollis.  
 Custom . . . Tua martis, tua wadderis, aucht pultre, ilk tenent ane kyid or ane lamb, withe seruice, areaidge, and careaidge.

ESTER CROBINE, tua pleuches, payes yeirlic :

Maill . . . Fyiftie thre sh. four d.  
 Multer . . . Tua bollis.  
 Custom . . . Ane martt, ane wadder, four pultre, ilk tenent ane kyid or ane lamb, withe seruice, areaidge, and careaidge.

WASTER CROBINE, tua pleuches, payes yeirlic :

Maill . . . Fyiftie thre sh. four d.  
 Multer . . . Tua bollis.  
 Custom . . . Ane martt, ane wadder, four pultre, ilk tenent ane kyid or ane lamb, withe seruice, areaidge, and careaidge.

PRESMUKRA, tua pleuches, payis yeirlic :

Maill . . . Fyiftie thre sh. four d.  
 Multer . . . Tua bollis.  
 Custom . . . Ane martt, ane wadder, four pultre, ilk tenent ane kyid or ane lamb, withe seruice, areaidge, and careaidge.

DALLANDACHE, tua pleuches, payis yeirlic :

Maill . . . Fyiftie thre sh. four d.  
 Multer . . . Tua bollis.  
 Custom . . . Ane martt, ane wadder, four pultre, ilk tenent ane kyid or ane lamb, withe seruice, areaidge, and careaidge.

ETTRAS, tua pleuches, payis yeirlic :

Maill . . . Fyiftie thre sh. four d.  
 Multer . . . Tua bollis.  
 Custom . . . Ane martt, ane wadder, four pultre, ilk tenent ane kyid or ane lamb, withe seruice, areaidge, and careaidge.

James m<sup>c</sup>intosche m<sup>o</sup>nilglas tenent to the hail, reseruand aluayes the fischinge to serue the place.

FOYNES and LAICHLANYE, tua pleuches, payis yeirlic :

Maill . . . Fyiftie thre sh. four d.  
 Multer . . . Tua bollis.  
 Teynd . . . Aucht bollis.  
 Custom . . . Ane martt, ane wadder, four pultre, ilk tenent ane kyid or ane lamb, seruice, areaidge, and careaidge.

NUIDMOIR, four pleuches, payis yeirlic :

Maill . . . Fyiftie thre sh. four d.  
 Multer . . . Tua bollis, tua firlottis.  
 Custom . . . Ane martt, ane wadder, ane lamb, aucht pultre, ilk tenent ane kyid or ane lamb, withe seruice, areaidge, and careaidge.  
 Ferme . . . Thratie tua bollis ferme.  
 Wictuall . . . Auchtein bollis ferme wictuall.

## NUIDBEIGE, four pleuches, payes yeirlie :

Maill . . .	Fywe lib. sex sh. aucht d.
Multer . . .	Four bollis.
Custom . . .	Tua martis, tua wadderis, aucht pultre, ilk tenent ane kyid or ane lamb, withe seruice, areaidge, and careaidge.

## RUTHVEN, thre pleuches, payes yeirlie :

Maill . . .	Four libs.
Multer . . .	Three bollis.
Custom . . .	Ane martt, ane half martt, ane wadder, ane half wadder, sex pultre, ilk tenent ane kyid or ane lamb, seruice, areaidge, and careaidge.

## MYLNE RUTHVEN, payis yeirlie :

Maill . . .	Four libs.
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## INNERTROMYE, four pleuches, payis yeirlie :

Maill . . .	Fywe lib. sex sh. aucht d.
Multer . . .	Four bollis.
Custom . . .	Tua marttis, tua wadderis, aucht pultre, ilk tenent ane kyid or ane lamb, withe seruice, areaidge, and careaidge.

## KEILLEHUNTLYE, four pleuches, payis yeirlie :

Maill . . .	Fywe lib. sex sh. aucht d.
Multer . . .	Four bollis.
Custom . . .	Tua marttis, tua wadderis, aucht pultre, ilk tenent ane kyid or ane lamb, withe seruice, areaidge, and careaidge.

## CROIFT thairof, payis yeirlie :

Maill . . .	Tuentie sex sh. aucht d.
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## INNERRUGLAS, tua pleuches, payis yeirlie :

Maill . . .	Fyiftie thre sh. four d.
Multer . . .	Tua bollis.
Custom . . .	Ane martt, ane wadder, four pultre, ilk tenent ane kyid or ane lamb, withe seruice, areaidge, and careaidge.

*Summa of the Parochin of Kyngusie.*

Maillis . . . . .	£110
Multer . . . . .	73 bollis, 2 fir.
Ferne . . . . .	173 bollis
Teynd . . . . .	8 bollis
Marttis . . . . .	33½
Muttoun . . . . .	33½ wedders
Lambis or kids . . . . .	22
Capones . . . . .	12
Pultre—XII. do <sup>n</sup> tua . . . . .	146
Butteir . . . . .	1 stone
Cheis . . . . .	2 stone



PAROCHINE OF LAGANE.

OWEY and COREALYDE, four pleuches, payis yeirlic :

- Maill . . . Fywe lib. sex sh. aucht d.
- Multer . . . Four bollis.
- Custom . . . Tua marttis, tua wadders, aucht pultre, ilk tenent ane kyid or ane lamb, withe seruce, areaide, and careaidge.  
Ewin m<sup>c</sup>farsen,<sup>1</sup> ane quarter.

CLOVNYE, thre pleuches, payes yeirlic :

- Maill . . . Four lib.
- Multer . . . Thre bollis.
- Custom . . . Ane martt and half martt, ane wadder and half wadder, sex pultre, ilk tenent ane kyid or ane lamb, withe seruce, areaidge, and careaidge.  
Andro m<sup>c</sup>farsen,<sup>1</sup> tenent to the hail.

PETTEGOVAN, tua pleuches, payes yeirlic :

- Maill . . . Fyiftie thre sh. four d.
- Multer . . . Tua bollis.
- Custom . . . Ane martt, ane wadder, four pultre, ilk tenent ane kyid or ane lamb withe seruce, areaidge, and careaidge.  
James m<sup>c</sup>intosche, tenent.

Wedsett in James m<sup>c</sup>intosche handis.

GASKMOIR, four pleuches, payes yeirlic :

- Maill . . . Fywe lib. sex sh. aucht d.
- Multer . . . Four bollis.
- Custom . . . Tua marttis, tua wadderis, aucht pultre, ilk tenent ane kyid or ane lamb, withe seruce, areaidge, and careaidge.  
James m<sup>c</sup>intosche, tenent.

Wedsett in James m<sup>c</sup>intosche handis.

<sup>1</sup> In the Badenoch Rental of 1603, as printed in vol. iv. of 'The Miscellany of the Spalding Club,' the names Ewin m<sup>c</sup>farsen and Andro m<sup>c</sup>farsen are, through an error on the part either of the transcriber or the printer, inserted "Ewin m<sup>c</sup>Farlen" and "Andro m<sup>c</sup>Farlen." Mr Fraser-Mackintosh founds upon this palpable error the inference that "so little known does he" (*i.e.*, the Cluny Macpherson of the time) "seem to have been, that Huntly's chamberlain, who made out the Badenoch Rental in 1603, calls him Andro M<sup>c</sup>Farlen." In view of the historical fact, among others, that in the interests of Huntly the same Cluny Macpherson had at the head of his clan in 1594—only nine years previously—successfully defended Ruthven Castle when besieged by the Earl of Argyll with 10,000 men (among whom was Mackintosh of the time), it is abundantly obvious to all unprejudiced critics that such an inference is utterly baseless. Mr MacBain of Inverness, in a recent article on the Clan Chattan in 'The Highland Monthly,' practically homologated that inference, but in that Magazine for May 1892 he has made the *amende honorable* in the following terms:—

"The correction which I have to make on my Clan Chattan articles concerns this Andrew Macpherson of 1591-1648. In the Huntly Rental of 1603, as printed in the 'Spalding Club Miscellany,' vol. iv., he is called 'Andro M<sup>c</sup>Farlen.' In commenting on this blunder, I said, 'Perhaps Mr Fraser-Mackintosh's inference is right as to the national importance of Cluny Macpherson then, when he says, "So little known does he seem to have been that Huntly's chamberlain, who made out the Badenoch Rental in 1603, calls him Andro M<sup>c</sup>Farlen."' I have lately, through the good offices of, and in company with, Mr Macpherson, banker, Kingussie, had an opportunity of seeing the original document from which the above was printed. There, plainly enough, the name is Andro M<sup>c</sup>Farsen, and the *M<sup>c</sup>Farlen* of the book is either a printer's or a transcriber's error. Mr Fraser-Mackintosh's inference is therefore wrong. The Macphersons and the Marquis of Huntly were especially friendly, as their defence of Ruthven Castle in 1594, when the battle of Glenlivet took place, and other facts amply prove. Huntly and his estate officials were well acquainted with the Macpherson chiefs, so that a mistake like M<sup>c</sup>Farlen for M<sup>c</sup>Farsen could only happen through carelessness. As a matter of fact, however, the mistake did not occur; and I take this opportunity of correcting the error into which I fell, and of withdrawing the inference deduced therefrom."

## BLAIROVEY MOIR and GARGASK, four pleuches, payis yeirlie :

Maill . . . Fywe lib. sex sh. aucht d.  
 Multer . . . Four bollis.  
 Custom . . . Tua marttis, tua wadderis, aucht pultre, ilk tenent ane kyid or ane  
 lamb, withe seruice, areaidge, and careaidge.

## CRATHEMOIR and GARGASKAR, fywe pleuches, payis yeirlie :

Maill . . . Sex lib.  
 Multer . . . Fywe bollis.  
 Custom . . . Tua marttis and half mart, tua wadderis and half wadder, ten  
 pultre, ilk tenent ane kyid or ane lamb, with seruice, areaidge, and  
 careaidge.

## MYLNE thairof.

## CRATHECROYE, tua pleuches, payis yeirlie :

Maill . . . Fyiftie thre sh. four d.  
 Multer . . . Tua bollis.  
 Custom . . . Ane martt, ane wadder, four pultre, ilk tenent ane kyid or ane lamb,  
 withe seruice, areaidge, and careaidge.

## KYILARNOCHE, thre pleuches, payes yeirlie :

Maill . . . Four lib.  
 Multer . . . Thre bollis.  
 Custom . . . Ane martt and half martt, ane wadder and half wadder, sex pultre,  
 ilk tenent ane kyid or ane lamb, withe seruice, areaidge, and  
 careaidge.

## GARVEY BEIGE, tua pleuches, payes yeirlie :

Maill . . . Fyiftie thre sh. four d.  
 Multer . . . Tua bollis.  
 Custom . . . Ane martt, ane wadder, four pultre, ilk tenent ane kyid or ane lamb,  
 withe seruice, areaidge, and careaidge.

## GARVEY MOIR, tua pleuches, payis yeirlie :

Maill . . . Fyiftie thre sh. four d.  
 Multer . . . Tua bollis.  
 Custom . . . Ane inartt, ane wadder, four pultre, ilk tenent ane kyid or ane lamb,  
 withe seruice, areaidge, and careaidge.

## WASTER SCHYROCHE, tua pleuches, payis yeirlie :

Maill . . . Fyiftie thre sh. four d.  
 Multer . . . Tua bollis.  
 Custom . . . Ane martt, ane wadder, four pultre, ilk tenent ane kyid or ane lamb,  
 withe seruice, areaidge, and careaidge.

## ESTER SCHIROCHE, tua pleuches, payis yeirlie :

Maill . . . Fourtie sh.  
 Multer . . . Tua bollis.  
 Custom . . . Half a mart, half a wadder, four pultre, ilk tenent ane kyid or ane  
 lamb, withe seruice, areaidge, and careaidge.

TEARFADDOUNE, four pleuches, payis yeirlic :

Maill . . . Fywe lib. sex sh. aucht d.  
 Multer . . . Four bollis.  
 Custom . . . Tua marttis, tua muttoun, aucht pultre, ilk tenent ane kyid or ane  
 lamb, withe seruice, areaidge, and careaidge.

ORD, tua pleuches, payis yeirlic :

Maill . . . Fyiftie thre sh. four d.  
 Multer . . . Tua bollis.  
 Custom . . . Ane martt, ane wadder, four pultre, ilk tenent ane kyid or ane lamb,  
 withe seruice, areaidge, and careaidge.

STRAMASIE, tua pleuches, payis yeirlic :

Maill . . . Fyiftie thre sh. four d.  
 Multer . . . Tua bollis.  
 Custom . . . Ane martt, ane wadder, four pultre, ilk tenent ane kyid or ane lamb,  
 withe seruice, areaidge, and careaidge.

BLAIROVEY BEIGE, tua pleuches, payis yeirlic :

Maill . . . Fyiftie thre sh. four d.  
 Multer . . . Tua bollis.  
 Custom . . . Ane martt, ane wadder, four pultre, ilk tenent ane kyid or ane lamb,  
 withe seruice, areaidge, and careaidge.

GASCOLONYE, tua pleuches, payis yeirlic :

Maill . . . Fyiftie thre sh. four d.  
 Multer . . . Tua bollis.  
 Custom . . . Ane martt, ane wadder, four pultre, ilk tenent ane kyid or ane lamb,  
 withe seruice, areaidge, and careaidge.

CATTELLEITT, tua pleuches, payis yeirlic :

Maill . . . Fyiftie thre sh. four d.  
 Multer . . . Tua bollis.  
 Custom . . . Ane martt, ane wadder, four pultre, ilk tenent ane kyid or ane lamb,  
 withe seruice and careaidge.

BRACKACHYE, tua pleuches, payis yeirlic :

Maill . . . Fyiftie thre sh. four d.  
 Multer . . . Tua bollis.  
 Custom . . . Ane martt, ane wadder, four pultre, ilk tenent ane kyid or ane lamb,  
 withe seruice, areaidge, and careaidge.

*Summa of the Parochine of Lagane.*

Maillis . . . . .	£66 18 4
Multer . . . . .	43 bollis.
Marttis . . . . .	25
Wadderis . . . . .	25
Lambis . . . . .	19
Pultre—aucht do <sup>n</sup> sex . . . . .	102

## PAROCHE SKEIRINCHE.

DAUCHE BREIS COUNTELAWE AND COREARNISTAILL MOIR,  
four pleuches, payis yeirlie :

Maill . . . Sewin lib. sex sh. aucht d.  
Multer . . . Four bollis.  
Custom . . . Tua marttis, tua wadderis, aucht pultre, ilk tenent ane kyid or ane  
lamb, withe seruice, areaidge, and careaidge.

FERLATT AND COREARNISTAILBEIGE, four pleuches, payis yeirlie :

Maill . . . Fywe lib. sex sh. aucht d.  
Multer . . . Four bollis.  
Custom . . . Tua marttis, tua wadderis, ilk tenent ane kyid or ane lamb, withe  
seruice, areaidge, and careaidge, aucht pultre.

INNERMERKYE, four pleuches, payes yeirlie :

Maill . . . Fywe lib. sex sh. aucht d.  
Multer . . . Four bollis.  
Custom . . . Tua marttis, tua wadders, aucht pultre, ilk tenent ane kyid or ane  
lamb, withe seruice, areaidge, and careaidge, tua dosan pultre.

(Summa)	
Maill . . . . .	£5 6 8
Multer . . . . .	12 bollis.
Marttis . . . . .	6
Wadderis . . . . .	6
Pultry . . . . .	16

RENTALL of MACKINTOSCHE fie landis within the LORDSCHIP  
of BADZENOCH, sett at Witsonday, jaj vic and sewin yeirs.

DUNACHTANES, MEKLE AND LYTILL, MYLNE AND CROIFTIS  
THAIROF, AND THE THIRD PARTT LANDIS OF PETOURYE,  
NINE PLEUCHS, and third part pleuche.

Sett to Johne m'intosche, for the spaice of thre yeirs, his entres beginand att  
Witsonday, jaj vic and sewin yeirs, for yeirlie payment of ane hundrethe libs money.

*Mem.* My lord hes gewin to him ane discharge for the yeir of God jaj. vic and  
sewin yeirs.

DALLAVERTT, ane dauche, payes yeirlie :

Fourtie markis.

KYNNRARANAKYILL, ane dauche, payes yeirlie :

Maill . . . Fywe libs. sex sh. aucht d.  
 Multer . . . Four bollis.  
 Custom . . . Tua marttis, tua muttoun, tua lambes, aucht pultre, withe service.

	(Summa)	
Maill . . . . .		£148
Multer . . . . .		4 bollis
Marttis . . . . .		4
Wadders . . . . .		4
Lambis . . . . .		2
Pultry . . . . .		32

NOTE.

Cosmo Innes in his 'Lectures on Scotch Legal Antiquities,' published at Edinburgh in 1872, gives the following interesting and instructive commentary on the Rental of the Lordship of Huntly of 1600, and of the Lordship of Badenoch of 1603 :—

"After another considerable interval, we have a very minute account of the management, tenures, and rents, and customs of the great estates of the noble family of Gordon in the Northern Counties. Beginning at the Enzie on the Banff coast, the Gordon territory at that time went in a broad stripe through Strathbolgy, Strathspey, Badenoch, and Lochaber to the west sea. This rental shows us the agricultural holdings—very often about two ploughgates each—set to eight tenants in joint-occupancy, each holding two oxgangs, and contributing two oxen to the common plough.

"The payments, like the labour, were in common. A very small sum was paid in money, distinguished as *maill* or *silver-maill*. Next come certain bollis of oatmeal and bear, which is always distinguished as *ferme*—that is, the real and solid part of the rent, producing on a barony of moderate extent such a quantity of oatmeal and bear fit for malting, as to require distinct barns for holding the lord's share.

"Under the head of 'Customs' are included several commodities in small quantities. These are generally a *mart* or ox to be killed at Martinmas, two or three wedders or muttons, as many lambis, grice or young pigs, geese, capons and poultry, chickens, eggs, and almost universally the ancient tax of a *reek hen*, or a hen for every fire-house. A very little tallow is paid from the alehouse of the barony, and there are customs of butter and cheese in very small quantities. Besides these commodities for the kitchen, the low-country farms often pay a few ells of cloth, not of *wool*, but linen cloth of three-quarters broad for my lady's napery. I observe it might be commuted at ten shillings an ell.

"Let me give you a few specimens of the rental. The farm of Wttingstone in the parish of Dunbenane in Strathbogy, was set for five years from 1600. It consisted of two ploughs, and was held by three tenants, one of whom held eight oxgangs, and the other two each four oxgangs. They paid a ferme victual of 4 chalders, 8 bollis, and 12 bollis custom meal, 4 wedders, 2 dozen chickens, a reek hen for every fire-house, and a leit of peats.

"Take another farm, Kirktown of Cabrach, measuring one plough of land, was set for a money rent of 40 pounds maill and 2 stone of butter; no *ferme* is payable from this tenancy, and the Cabrach is still better adapted for dairy than corn cultivation.

"Now to notice a much wilder country. In Lochaber the tenancy is measured in marklands. Mamoir in Lochaber measures 40 marklands, and every markland pays to my lord 'tua markis.' The land is possessed by Allan Macolduy. I suppose he is the head of the clan Cameron—the Locheil of his day. Gargavach consists of 40 marklands, but it pays only 40 marks. Glenavis is a ten markland, and pays only ten marks;

but I think these rents cannot be taken as the value of the holdings, but probably as some remainder of an old compact between the Gordons and Camerons.

"In Badenoch we have again the measurement by ploughs. Kingussie Beig was four ploughs, and paid yearly £5, 6s. 8d. of money maill; and of custom, two marts, two widders, eight poultry, each tenant (the number not given) paying a kid or a lamb, with 'areadge and careadge,' and due service.

"I observe through all the lordship of Badenoch a small money-rent, which, I told you, was not the case so commonly in the low country. Even now the harvest is very uncertain in Badenoch, and the landlord chose to have the cattle-produce in money, except such marts as he could consume himself.

"The most prominent items in the rental of the lordships of Huntly and Enzie are the *silver maill* and *ferme victual*, Huntly paying yearly in silver maill a sum of £1777, 3s., and of ferme victual 2385 bolls. Enzie making a return yearly of £462, 16s. 8d. in silver maill, and of ferme victual 968 bolls, 2 firlots, 2½ pecks. From the lordship of Badenoch a rent of £261, 2s. 10d. was obtained, while only 173 bolls of ferme victual seems to have been paid, and *that* from one parish only, Skearlvey. A large quantity of bear was paid in multure in the lordship of Badenoch, and stands a fair comparison with that derived from the lordship of Huntly—the former returning 185 bolls, 2½ pecks; the latter 218 bolls, 3 firlots. Wheat is to be found only once in this rental. It formed a small item in the return made as ferme victual by the lordship of Enzie. Badenoch being a pastoral country, makes a great return in marts, the number being 925/6. Huntly comes next, its number being 423/4, and Enzie last, the number being 211/8. Huntly again makes a return of 1673/4 gryse—the other lordships making no return in this species of revenue. Capons, geese, poultry, chickens, and eggs also form a considerable item in the revenue, more especially in the lordship of Huntly. In the lordship of Enzie a quantity of *brew* tallow was paid. This duty seems to have been specially exigible from alehouses, one of which appears to have been attached to every farm in this lordship.

"But to enable you to judge more definitely of the difference in rents between a Highland and a Lowland country, I shall take as good specimens the parishes of Kingussie and Bellie.

"In the parish of Kingussie there are altogether 23 holdings, each generally held by several joint-tenants. There are 73 ploughgates, 4 mills, with their crofts, and the return is as follows:—

Maills in money	.	.	.	.	.	£110.
Multer	.	.	.	.	.	73 bolls, 2 firlots
Ferme	.	.	.	.	.	173 bolls
Teynd	.	.	.	.	.	8 bolls
Marts	.	.	.	.	.	33½
Mutton	.	.	.	.	.	33½ widders
Lambs or kids	.	.	.	.	.	22
Capons	.	.	.	.	.	12
Poultry	.	.	.	.	.	146
Butter	.	.	.	.	.	1 stone
Cheese	.	.	.	.	.	2 stoness

"You may take a rough average of the rent of this parish per ploughgate—the ploughgate being the work of 8 oxen, that is, equal to eight times 13 acres Scotch, or 104 acres.

"Taking the average, then, in the parish of Kingussie, every ploughgate paid as follows: £1, 1s. 1d. of silver maill; one boll of multure; two bolls, one firlot of ferme; two pecks of teind; half a mart; a third of a lamb; one-sixth of a capon; two poultry fowls; also a small portion of butter and cheese, and everywhere 'areadge and careadge, and due service,' which I can only explain as the carriage required for my lord's house, and the agricultural service at seed-time and harvest.

"Turning now to the parish of Bellie, which is in the lowest part of the lordship of Enzie, I have summed the whole of the farms, and the different items exigible from the tenants in the name of rent, and I find there are about thirty ploughgates in this parish, and the aggregate rent may thus be stated:—

Silver maill . . . . .	£72
Ferne victual . . . . .	590 bolls, 2 fir., 3 pecks
Multer bear . . . . .	39 bolls, 2 firlots
Marts . . . . .	8 $\frac{3}{8}$
Muttons . . . . .	54 $\frac{1}{2}$
Lambs . . . . .	39 $\frac{1}{2}$
Swine . . . . .	4
Capons . . . . .	259
Geese . . . . .	44 $\frac{1}{2}$
Poultry . . . . .	283
Chickens . . . . .	136
Eggs . . . . .	1044
Tallow . . . . .	17 stones
Custom linen . . . . .	141 ells, 5 nails
Salmon . . . . .	40 barrels

“You will keep in view that in this parish the rent is not derived from land alone—by far the largest item of silver maill being that derived from the fishing, and that the mills, of which there are six, with their respective crofts, and the alehouses, ten in number, contribute a proportion of the custom exactions.

“By taking, again, the average rent of a ploughgate, including the rent paid for mills and alehouses, the result may approximately be thus stated: £2, 8s. of silver maill; twenty bolls of ferme victual; one boll and a half of multer bear; one-third of a mart; two wedders; one swine; eight capons; one goose; nine poultry fowls; four chickens; thirty eggs; half a stone of butter; three ells of custom linen; one barrel of salmon.

“You will remember that we calculated £1, 1s. 1d. to be the average rent of a ploughgate of land in Kingussie, whereas in the parish of Bellie the same measure of land paid £2, 8s. This difference in rents between the two parishes can only be accounted for by supposing that the patriarchal relation between the chief and his clansmen counted more in Kingussie than in Bellie, or that the two districts were in different states of agricultural improvement and occupation; or, again, that the lands of Bellie were *twice* as productive as those of Kingussie—which is the most probable reason for the difference of rents. The fishings of Bellie pay a rent of £323 in silver maill. One does not expect to find the fishings of a small north-country parish yield four and a half times more in silver maill than the revenue derivable from the land. But the cruives of Spey are in Bellie.

“In all that vast estate, reaching from sea to sea, and across ranges of mountains—now everywhere pastured by sheep and cattle—there is no payment of wool or woollen cloth, nor of hides or skins, nor any amount of sheep and cattle, beyond the occasional mart or wedder for the lord’s table.

“In fact there were at that time no cattle or sheep reared in large flocks and herds in our Highlands. The space and pasture were the same as we know them now, but the thousands and millions of sheep which graze them now had not yet taken possession. The first introduction of large flocks of sheep into the Highlands was in the last quarter of last century. Gough the antiquary, writing in 1780, says that Mr Loch’s plans for introducing sheep had been ‘attended with some success,’ and that the sheep promised to thrive very well in the Highlands.

“But at this time—1600—there was nothing but the petty flock of sheep or herd of a few milk-cows grazed close round the farmhouse, and folded nightly for fear of the wolf or more cunning depredators.”<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Innes’s Lectures on Scotch Legal Antiquities, 1872, 256-264.





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