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THREE NIGHTS IN PERTHSHIRE

WITH A

DESCRIPTION OF THE FESTIVAL

OF A

"SCOTCH HAIRST KIRN"

COMPRISING

LEGENDARY BALLADS Etc.

IN

A LETTER

FROM

Percy Yorke
PERCY YORKE JR. TO J. TWISS Esq.

Thomas Yorke

GLASGOW

PRINTED FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION

1821

REPRINTED 1887

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following pages were penned for the amusement of a private circle of acquaintances, and are printed for their use.

There is little chance of their finding their way beyond the precincts of that circle; if, however, they should accidentally catch the eye of a candid stranger, or a distant friend, in forming an opinion of them their author would beg permission to suggest for the consideration of those, that what *they* may with propriety hold to be radical faults were unavoidable from the nature of the writer's aim; and may probably best serve his purpose with that circle for whose temporary entertainment they were written.

To delight the world is the wish of most authors. I have in the following sheets limited my desires to the pleasing of a few of my friends; if *that* is attained, I am successful.

"In every work regard the writer's end."

GLASGOW, 5th Nov., 1821.

PREFATORY NOTE TO NEW EDITION.

IT may be explained that this little work is a description by the well-known Thomas Atkinson of a visit which, in company with his friend and afterwards partner in business, David Robertson, he paid to the farm of Ledard, on the shores of Loch Ard, in Perthshire.

"Three Nights in Perthshire" was originally published in 1821, the issue being limited to one hundred copies, and it was, as the advertisement states, "penned for the amusement of a private circle of acquaintances." It is also included in volume 3 of "The Chameleon," published in 1833, but in this republication some changes are made; the names of the writer's companions are altered, much of the narrative and a good many of the songs are (perhaps wisely) omitted, and the writer purports to be PERCY WENTWORTH, addressing TREVYLYAN MAYNARD, Christ Church, Oxford.

The sketch itself is forcible and attractive. The description of the scenery and mountain effects is true and powerful, the delineation of character and customs is fresh and graphic, and the whole presents a picture of a Highland festival worthy of permanent preservation.

The present limited edition has been printed at the request, and for the satisfaction, of the children of the "dramatis personæ," and others connected with the country around Loch Ard. To enhance the interest of this reprint to the present generation, the names of the members of the handsome and hospitable family at Ledard, and of the various persons alluded to *incognito*, are here given, together with such details of their after career as are now obtainable or thought necessary, as well as notes regarding other allusions in the text; but, as it seemed desirable and proper to give fuller particulars regarding the two chief characters in the play, biographical notices of these have been added.

Aberfoyle and Loch Ard are now visited by crowds of travellers from all quarters of the globe, owing to the greater facilities of railway communication; but it is well to remember, that in 1821, when Atkinson penned this sketch, "Rob Roy" had but recently been given to the world by Sir Walter Scott, and the country of the Red MacGregor was then a *terra incognita* to the general public. Under these circumstances, a description of the impressions which its attractions made on the mind of a sensitive and intelligent observer, is well worthy of being conserved in more modern guise, hence this reprint.

THOMAS ATKINSON, the author of the brochure, was a native of Glasgow, where he was born in 1801. His father was in a good way of business, and well connected. His early and slender education was superintended by his mother, a woman of considerable intellectual ability, of which Thomas had the full advantage in his training, and from her he inherited an imaginative disposition and much of his versatile ability.

After his education was completed he was apprenticed to Messrs. Brash & Reid, the well-known booksellers in Glasgow, in whose employment he remained for a considerable time. Severing his connection with this old and respectable firm, in 1823 he entered into partnership with David Robertson, and under the style of Robertson & Atkinson they took over and carried on the important and high-class bookselling business of William Turnbull, who had recently died. The new firm existed for seven years, and enjoyed considerable prosperity. The partnership was dissolved in 1830, when the two members of it separated to carry on business on their own account, Mr. Atkinson in the warehouse of the old firm at 84 Trongate, opposite to the Laigh Kirk, under the name of Atkinson & Co., whilst Mr. Robertson removed to new premises at 188 Trongate.

As a man of business Atkinson was shrewd and enterprising, alert in disposition, and active in his habits. He was, moreover, gifted with an attractive manner and a fascinating address which, quickened, as these qualifications were, by self-esteem, amounting to vanity, advantaged him greatly in his career in commerce as well as in his pursuits outside of his business.

From childhood he dabbled in literature, and wrote essays, and sketches in prose and poetry which saw the light in various periodicals of the time. His literary ambition was exalted, his efforts after its realisation untiring, and in his maturer years he produced some works of considerable imaginative power and ability. Amongst these were "The Sextuple Alliance," a poetical effusion, and many contributions to "The Western Luminary," "The Emmet," and other serial publications. He was sole Editor of "The Ant," a weekly periodical treating of the literary and general topics of the day. It extended to two volumes, the first being composed of original articles entirely from his own pen, the second comprising selections made by him from the works of other authors.

In "The Chameleon" he collected together his various literary productions for permanent preservation, and in the preface to the limited edition, published in three volumes in 1833, he states that these contain "all that I care my friends should remember was mine."

In addition to his literary powers he was possessed of great fluency and considerable talent as a public speaker and debater, which he displayed on every possible occasion, public or private. He was a prominent member of "The Literary and Commercial Society," a debating "institution" of some renown in Glasgow sixty years ago, in the ranks of which were then to be found many young men who afterwards became leaders in the literary, political, and commercial coteries of the city. Atkinson was a keen politician, and took an ardent part in the political discussions and agitations of his day. In the general election following on the passing of the Reform Bill in 1832, he became a candidate for the representation of the Stirling Burghs in opposition to Lord Dalmeny, father of the present Earl of Rosebery. In this contest, from which he eventually retired, Atkinson displayed great activity and determination, and the consequent heavy strain on his energies undermined the strength of his constitution and developed in him the seeds of consumption, which before long terminated his career. In order to regain strength and to recuperate his energies he was recommended to try a sea voyage.

Accordingly, after realising his business and effects, he sailed from Liverpool in the ship "*Gratitude*," commanded by Captain Hawkins, for Barbadoes, but he never reached that port, for the Destroyer overtook him on 10th October, 1833, and he was buried at sea, in an oaken coffin, which he had taken with him.

DAVID ROBERTSON, who is also a prominent character in this narration, was born in 1795 on the farm of Easter Garden, on the Cardross estate, in the parish of Kippen, where the family had long been settled, and in addition to farming the later members of it carried on successfully the business of maltsters.

His father, along with a younger brother, afterwards an esteemed minister of the Secession Church, was educated at the University of Glasgow, but in place of following out, as had been intended, a professional career, he returned to Easter Garden, which he farmed till a short time before his death in 1816. He found an excellent wife in Jane Robertson, a native of Thornhill, in Perthshire, a woman who, with the inheritance of gentle blood, was possessed of much intelligence and personal dignity.

Their son David was thus born under circumstances which materially influenced his tastes and pursuits in after life. His education was conducted by William Buchanan, a man of much originality of character, well-known in the district as the "dominie," and whose educational career extended over the first half of the present century.

After some experience of country life, David Robertson was apprenticed in 1810 to the late William Turnbull, bookseller in the Trongate of Glasgow. Turnbull, who was a connection of his family, was a type of the stately old style of bibliopole prevalent in the days when hessian boots and "ruffles of the cambric fine" were *de rigueur* in daily life, and his business was a leading one in the city. Under him David Robertson was thoroughly trained in all the minutiae of "the trade," and on the demise of Turnbull in 1823, entered into a co-partnery with the subject of the previous memoir to carry on his business. As before mentioned, this connection continued for seven years, when they separated.

Turnbull's warehouse fronted the Tron Kirk, and here Atkinson remained while David Robertson opened new premises at

188 Trongate. His place of business soon became the lounge of the literati of Glasgow, and he gathered around him the chief literary men of the city, and his business flourished apace. Here he published works of local and general interest, notable amongst which were "The Laird of Logan" and "Whistle Binkie," both of which were his own planning and inception. Of these two books an accomplished critic writes thus: "Their literary character stands deservedly high, so much so that they occupy a place amongst our choicest national classics. 'The Laird of Logan' is the cleverest book of its class, while as a repertory of 'homely Scottish song of the nineteenth century 'Whistle Binkie' is simply without a peer. But it remains to be noted that both of these works are not less elevated in their moral tone than in their literary character. When we bear in mind that it is now (1878) close upon fifty years since they were given to the world, we cannot fail to be struck with the decided practical Christianity of the man who contrived to utilise all the living talent of his time in the song-writing and story-telling departments, without printing a line to which objection can be taken even by the most fastidious taste of to-day. We hold that this was an achievement of no ordinary character, and which entitles the person by whom it was accomplished to everlasting honour. How much his works must have tended to purify the popular taste!"

Though not a literary man in the strict sense of the term, David Robertson possessed one of the more rare of the literary powers,—the faculty of putting into suitable words stories of wit and humour which he met with in conversation; as evidenced by the fact that a large portion of "The Laird of Logan" was the product of his pen alone. He had, in addition, a critically keen appreciation of poetry in all its forms, and much of "Whistle Binkie" was edited by him.

He had an intense appreciation of and relish for fun, and whatever was ludicrous; and accumulated an inexhaustible store of anecdote and story, of which he was an admirable *raconteur*, and when in congenial company, he was always ready to communicate it. As a consequence, poets and poetasters, wits and humourists were attracted to him, and his place of business became, for nigh a

quarter of a century, a centre towards which authors and wits, bards and story tellers were drawn, in common with many who, without belonging to any of these classes, might be placed under the separate and suggestive category of "Characters."

As a man of business, David Robertson was enterprising and sagacious, active in his habits, shrewd in forecasting, and possessed of great tact. He was known as a liberal publisher, his relations with song-writers and authors being of the most pleasing kind, indeed he has been called the "John Murray" of Glasgow.

In his private and family relations he was an unpretentious though pronounced and consistent Christian, taking an active part in the religious and philanthropic work going on around him, and ever ready to help others by sympathetic word or kindly deed, as well as with his means. In social intercourse he ever comported himself as a genial Christian gentleman, and attracted on all sides an amount of genuine and hearty affection and respect, such as falls to the lot of few.

In 1837 he was appointed Her Majesty's bookseller for Glasgow, a distinction which he duly appreciated, and which was all the more honourable in that it was unsolicited on his part, besides being the first upon whom it was conferred. Repeatedly during his lifetime public testimony was borne to the high esteem in which he was held, and when in 1854 he was cut down by a sudden attack of cholera, his death was mourned as a public loss.

D. R.

GLASGOW, *November, 1887.*



THREE NIGHTS IN PERTHSHIRE.

YOU ask me, my dear T——, what has occurred that such indications of buoyancy and happiness of spirits are observable in my last hasty note to you? Being this evening confined to my chamber by a slight cold, I have no objection to answer your question, and fulfil your request of explaining the cause of my unwonted good humour.

I have *not* mastered another book of Euclid, as you suppose, nor finished my German studies in good time, before I must resume my Metaphysical ones at this university. You may tell Ballard, if he enquires, that I have neither done one nor t'other; but I have, as I informed you in my last, for I had nothing else to communicate, returned from a tour in Perthshire, in which I had a peep into another variety of "life," and acquired some knowledge of the traditions and manners of the inhabitants of that romantic district.

You know, my dear T——, that I hold pleasure to be incomplete until it be communicated, and I think your participation in my present happiness, by being made acquainted with its causes, is the only thing wanted to make it perfect. My letter or letters will be long, but I have less fears of it or their being tiresome, than I have often had; although I am, while I write, pricked by the recollection of the axiom which we laid down among ourselves as established, that there are pleasures and enjoyments which, though they delight and enrapture in reality, are devilish dull when pinned to paper in a prosy description. Perhaps I may be now about to furnish an additional example of this; but preliminaries are always tiresome, so—*allons*.

In the first week of September, I set out from this city, alone, on a pedestrian excursion to the Trossachs. An umbrella, a small oiled silk knapsack with some linens, a copy of "Horace" and of the "Lady of the Lake," with a few sovereigns, were the only articles I

burthened myself with. The weather was serene and delightful, and I was in a mood for enjoying with zest every scene or adventure that came in my way.

The road to Callander by the Port of Menteith, was the one I selected for approaching Loch Ketturin. On the evening of the second day of my tour, I descended towards the shores of the lovely Lake of Menteith. The sun—but *this* letter was commenced for the purpose of giving you a sketch of my *last* night's adventures in the Highlands, which though not more pleasing than my *first* night's sojourn there, are better fitted for amusing you in the description. I must, therefore, reluctantly keep you ignorant of my introduction to the warm-hearted and enchanting inmates of Auchyle;* of my day at Inchmahoma, in company with the fair Lady of the Lake, on which *that* lovely island lies; of my acquired intimacy with the facetious "Pouf Jock" and his whisky; of my tumble into the stream of Lubnaig; of the old Sybil of the foot of Ben-Ledi; and of my being lost in the wilds of Glenfinglass; and carry you with me at once to the farm-house, or rather hostelry, of ———,† at the head of Loch Achray, where I passed the night before I pierced the wild gorge of the Trossachs, and sailed on the silver bosom of Loch Ketturin.

The air of the mountains gives me anything rather than a disinclination for "provant," as our friend Sir Dugald Dalgetty has it; so I was tolerably sharp set when I arrived at the half-highland, half-lowland place of entertainment, where I spent the evening. I asked what I could have for supper, and was agreeably astonished to hear a bill of fare volubly run over, in which I could distinguish "lamb chops," "deer's tongue," "roast fowl," and "cold pye." Where all was excellent it was difficult to choose; so I only named lamb chops, and left the rest to the discretion of mine hostess, enquiring at the same time if there were any sojourners for the night who would be willing to share the repast with me; for, though I am enthusiastically fond of a

* The family at Auchyle was named Lyle, and was afterwards settled in Gartinstarry. Atkinson wrote some beautiful verses in honour of Miss Jeanie Lyle, the young lady here alluded to. See page 27.

† Now the Trossachs or Ardcheanacrochan Hotel.

solitary stroll, I am far from being equally so of a solitary meal after it. I was told there were two other strangers in the house, young men; so I immediately requested to be allowed to introduce myself to them, and was speedily ushered into the apartment in which they sat waiting for supper, as I afterwards learned. I was politely received on announcing myself; I say politely, tho' there was a somewhat haughty modesty in their demeanour at the first, which one seldom meets with in English travellers or tourists of their age, for, as I said, they were both young. But I must describe them, for they will be often mentioned in the course of my letter. The elder of them was about five and twenty; the other but a year beyond his teens. The former (his name I afterwards learned was David R——, tho' I never heard him addressed but by his Christian appellation, or an endearing diminutive of it) was tall and pale-faced, with griesly locks, but a finely developed forehead, and an eye of uncommon fire when lighted up by animated discourse. The latter was also pale-faced, but a blue-eyed and red-haired descendant of a Saxon stock, of middle stature, and voluble discourse, after you get familiar with him. Our conversation naturally turned upon the romantic scenery that surrounded us; and, in the course of it, I perceived that Tom A——, the younger of the two, was an enthusiast in everything, a passionate admirer of external nature and fine poetry, and—but this I had not from him—a small dabbler in versification himself.

The other had a fine vein of sterling sense, a keen perception of the ludicrous, and an occasional felicity of expression and description, sometimes *outré* to an Englishman because national; but sparkling and witty and amusing. Supper was at length brought in—and never did a bill of fare yield a crop so unlike its promise. But we made up in laughing what we wanted in comfort, for the chops alone were tolerable. We supped off them, and cracked jokes, and made similes on the *cold pye*, as it was called—we could not have known what title to give it—that was placed at the foot of the table. Its resemblance to a fleshless skull, embrowned by exposure and the earth, was striking; while its odour contrasted finely with the highly rarefied air of the mountains which we had that day inhaled. Tom, after laughing

till he was tired, wrote some admonitory lines with his pencil on a slip of paper and placed it beneath the sombre crust, that the next cutter of it, in case his sense of smell was not acute, might still run as little risk as possible of having a cholic from eating any of the internal stuffing. A tumbler of fine whisky punch prevented our hilarity from abating till we retired to rest, after agreeing to start at an early hour and ramble round the Lake. We were up with the sun, which that day beamed forth with a lustre and power extraordinary at the advanced period of the season—strolled round the margin of the lovely Loch Achray, and returned to an excellent Highland breakfast, to which, doubt not, we did ample justice.

We next procured a guide, who afterwards acted as boatman. We were led by him through the far-famed Trossach Glen, and rowed on the no less celebrated Loch Katherine, or Ketturin, as my Celtic lore now enables me to say is the correct orthography. A feeling of disappointment was strangely felt by all of us, after traversing the defile I have before so often named. It certainly does not *now* equal the description of it I have read in prose or the beautiful view of it through a Claude Lorraine glass, which the Wizard of the North has given. I hardly think it ever did to common eyes, although it is not easy to speak decidedly on this point, as Benvenue, the most sublime feature in the scene, is now completely denuded of the thousand pines which once luxuriantly clothed its frowning brow. I have not room here to indulge myself in a description of the Loch, of the gloomy bay at its foot, of the bursting beauty of its rapid expansion into a large and unruffled body of water, nor of the lovely islet which reposes on its tranquil bosom, and which now possesses so many adventitious attractions in addition to its native loveliness.

But I forget my companions. The younger of them was absolutely intoxicated with delight, while the other was more staid in his expressions, but probably felt the beauty of the scene around him with no less nicety of perception. Yet, I must confess, I admire enthusiasm when so excited, for I have often felt the rapture it communicates overflow, in myself, perfect sobriety of expression.

We had a Gaelic "croon" from our boatman, and returned

through a less frequented, but immeasurably finer—no, that word is now so misunderstood that I must not use it in this case—through a path more rugged, but also infinitely more sublime, than the one we had approached by.

I must not forget thee here, thou fine specimen of the hardy, well-informed, and well-bred Celt, Andrew Maclean; thou “glass and model” of all Highland guides! I was content with giving thee a crown of silver; Tom, forsooth, besides, gave thee one of verse, in the shape of a certificate, which (it was the only indication of weakness of mind that I saw about thee!) thou sillily preferred’st to my convertible proof of satisfaction! May’st thou live yet to act as guide to my first-born when he follows his father on a hunt after the Scottish picturesque!

It was now “high noon,” and we had a long and rugged road before us; so after having got, through Andrew’s instrumentality, a bottle of the sublimated dew of these mountains, in other words, aquavita or usquæbaugh, and some bread and cheese, we bade him farewell, and winding round the head of Loch Achray, began the ascent of that succession of hills intervening betwixt it and Aberfoyle, of which Craig Vad is the highest. The mountain ratty track was frightfully rugged, and the heat of the day perfectly tropical, yet we climbed one height after another, with an alacrity to you hardly credible, which the excellent spirits we were in, and the no less excellent spirits we had with us (of which we drank bumpers every half hour), together with the fine pure air of the mountains that we inhaled, and the inexhaustible humour of the unfailingly facetious D——, all contributed to produce.

On many a heathery knoll we sat to recover our breath and drink our whisky, and forget the length of road still before us. Long before we reached the summit of the range of hills, our “Skreigh bottle,” as D. & T. named our spirit flask, was “as dry as a whistle,” to use another of their Doric phrases. The mountain streamlets furnished us with hermit’s beverage indeed, but we unphilosophically and ungratefully regretted that we had nothing more exhilarating to mix along with it.

You and I, T——, have more than once managed three bottles of claret each after dinner; I verily believe, a respirer of the

heather breezes of this district might discuss a dozen at a sitting; for even *I* took bumper after bumper of the strongest usquæbaugh without feeling the most remote approach to intoxication.

Many were the laments of our trio on the absence of the bottled mountain dew; many the jokes, witticisms, and similes that were sported on the occasion. At one time, on my exclaiming "Oh for some Highland whisky, for water alone increases my thirst!" my youngest companion replied, "Thank ye, sir; ye hae just gien me a hint, whilk is a' we rhymers sometimes want to set us aff in a bleeze;" and, after a single moment's pause, walked on, and began singing the following "*rant*," a copy of which I afterwards prevailed upon him to write, and secured as a remembrance of our journey:—

CONVIVIAL SONG.

AIR—"Green grow the rushes, O!"

Gie me but Hielan whisky, O!

Gie me but Hielan whisky, O!

I never fash mysel' wi' care,

Gin I hae routh o' whisky, O!

It cheers the spirit, warms the bluid,

And mak's us skeigh and vauntie, O!

The very look o't does me guid!

The thocht o't mak's me canty, O!

O! for Hielan whisky, O!

O! for Hielan whisky, O!

Friends it creates, and southens strife:

Auld Gilead's balm was whisky, O!

This life is but a tiresome road;

To gang alane is eerie, O!

What, whan we meet in Friendship sweet,

But whisky, mak's us cheerie, O!

A waught o' Hielan whisky, O!

A waught o' Hielan whisky, O!

When owre life's brae we haud our way,

There's naething cheers like whisky, O!

An' sic its power, it mak's ane brave,

And firm, and bauld, and frisky, O!

Ae waught gies freedom to the slave,

An' poortith's drowned in whisky, O!

Just routh o' Hielan whisky, O !
Just routh o' Hielan whisky, O !
I'd face a hunner deils or mae,
Weel primed wi' Hielan whisky, O !

The view from Craig Vad, though certainly very fine, is hardly so much so as the guide books of the district would have one believe. However, I have seen few landscapes that surpass it in sublimity and grandeur ; so much are these its characteristics, that many patches of quiet and beauty that are interspersed, are lost in the vaster features which surround them. Turning to the north and north-west, the eye takes in an immense picture of hill and valley, loch and glen, framed in ranges of mountains, whose summits were yet whitened by the snows of the past winter, and were kissed by the majestic clouds that sailed along the distant horizon.

The range of vision in this direction is prodigious—but I forget that this is not a quarto tour, but a friendly epistle. Without further prosing, then, I will carry you with us to “The Clachan of Aberfoil.” Do not these words ring like the voice of an old friend in your ears? Do not the peerless Diana—the poetical Osbaldiston—the dauntless freebooter Rob Roy—the worthy and facetious Saltmarket Bailie Jarvie, start up before you at the bare repetition of these words? I am sure they do ; such is the power of genius, even though we do not *certainly* know who is the possessor of it ; and such the influence of association !

The descent to the valley of the Avendhu, as the Forth is called at Aberfoyle, is as frightfully rugged as the ascent on the other side of the hills. The track of wheels is in many places visible ; but how any animal can drag a carriage, of any description, through these wild passes, is more than I can readily conceive. The “Clachan” is a few miserable houses, with a venerable church and respectable manse, whose present occupier* is no less venerable and respectable, scattered near the only bridge over the Forth in the

* Patrick Graham, A.M., D.D., ordained 1787, died 3rd August, 1835, in his eighty-first year. He was a profound scholar, an able divine, and an accomplished author, and was held in great respect. Sir Walter Scott paid him a visit at Aberfoyle, and during his stay was taken to see Loch Ard. Sir

immediate neighbourhood. A ford once was the medium of communication between the high and low countries, which the bridge now supplies. This was probably the origin of the village independently of its most romantic situation.

For the accommodation of the crowds of tourists who now visit this district, His Grace of Montrose has built a tolerably good inn at this place; and here we entered to refresh ourselves after the fatigues of the morning and noon. I had determined upon pitching my tent for the night, and proceeding to Glasgow next day; but was, despite of remonstrance, obliged to yield to the entreaties of my two new friends, and to accompany them five miles further west to the farmhouse of Ledard, with the possessors of which they were intimate, and from whom they had a special invitation.

In vain I objected to this plan; that I was a total stranger, though *they* were acquaintances, and that I was in a manner a foreigner, while they were countrymen. "Hoot, man," was their reply, "gae wa' wi' your havers,—d'ye think that Hiellan hospitality's sae scrimpit i' the nieve, that even-down strangers wouldna' be glad to gie baith routh o' meat and drink to antrin bodies like us; besides, that them whase caller sheets we hae rowed in, and whase aumry gear we hae aften pree'd afore now, wouldna' mak' ony frien' o' ours a hantle mair than bare welcome? Ledard's a bonnie house an' a bien ane; but neither bonnier than *them wha are in't*, lad, nor a warmer bield than the hearts o' its dwellers. Come awa' and mak' nae mair fikes, man!"

Shall I confess to you, T——, that the strange way in which this pressing invitation was given, and the unceremonious friendliness with which my two companions treated and spoke to me (they talked good English when we were only *acquaintances*), no less than the sly emphasis they gave to the words I have interlined, excited my curiosity so much, that I at last consented, almost with alacrity, to go to a house to which I had no invita-

Walter also visited Ledard, along with Dr. Graham, who was himself a frequent and welcome guest there, and under Mr. Macfarlane's guidance inspected the celebrated waterfall, a description of which he has introduced into two of his novels, as mentioned at page 32.

tion from its owners ; whom I had never seen ; and, by implication, demand provant and quarters for the night !

We set off in high glee, turning our faces to the sun, whose beams, where now slanting in the west, following, upwards, the course of the Avendhu, which sails along in black and unripping speed through its deep channel down the vale which we tracked, from the spot where it is precipitated over a rocky ledge of considerable height, shortly after it emerges from its "parent lake"—Loch Ard. It is joined, a little above Aberfoil, by the true "Water of Forth," which rises near the base of almost the only hill in Scotland that we Englishmen know anything about, even by name—Ben Lomond. At the distance of two miles from the inn, we left the banks of the stream and the margin of the lower division of Loch Ard, which had just opened on us, and plunged into a wild and woody vale, the sublime solitude of which was imposing in the extreme. The lake was hid from us by some high knolls on the left ; and on the right, the range of precipitous hills, which we had crossed in the morning, rose abruptly from the long strip of level meadow which lay at their feet, on which numerous trees were scattered in small patches, rather than concentrated in groups. Scarcely a sign of population was now visible—the last we had seen was the woodman cutting down, without selection, and without mercy, the whole of the trees at the gorge of the pass, for the purpose of having them distilled into vinegar, in a work erected for the purpose in an adjoining field ! The habitations of man were here few and far between ; and on the face of the hill were seen the lonely summer shielings of the tenders of the flocks, whose bleatings floated wildly through this valley of quiet, rather agitating than dispelling its solitude.

At length we emerged from this seclusion, and the whole expanse of upper Loch Ard burst upon our enraptured gaze, with all the force of contrast, and with all the sublime and glorious accessories of a gorgeous sunset and a balmy eve. Imagine to yourself a sheet of the most pellucid water, three miles long and half-a-mile broad, hemmed in by, here, precipitous rocks fringed with mountain ash and heather bushes, and there, by many a shelving bay of purest sand and small round pebbles, sparkling beneath

the golden ray of sunset, and gently rippled by the western breeze of the evening. Imagine, for the canopy an unclouded sky; for the vista, a vast conical mountain, now thrown into a shade of the deepest, yet most ethereal purple. Imagine all this, and a thousand accessories and hues which no description can help you to, and after all, my dear T——, you have but an imperfect idea of the mingled magnificence and beauty of Loch Ard at sunset!

Thou loveliest combination of mountain, and wood, and water, that ever my eyes beheld, or my teeming fancy pictured, and was I about to return to "the populous city" to tell I had gazed on Nature's fairest scenes without having seen thee? Seldom visited by fashionable tourists, thy charms are not known to half of, even, the devoted worshippers of external nature who pass near thy boundaries!

But I had better come down from my high horse; not, however, before I tell you that you must come to Scotland next summer, were it but to see Loch Ard, and those who dwell upon its banks to whom I can introduce you. Thank D—— and T—— for this; but for them I never should have seen either. New beauties caught our gaze every step we advanced. The road now wound round the very border of the loch, and occasionally dipped in its pure waters; indeed, in more than one place, the passage for wheel carriages was actually *laid across* a nook of it for a considerable distance, a perpendicular ledge of rock, fifty or sixty feet high, jutting up from its margin, and forming a high wall on our right, as we proceeded onward. From the summit of one of these rocks* did the exasperated wife of Rob Roy actually precipitate a person in the employ of Government to an instantaneous death below. This tradition, still prevalent in the neighbourhood (need I remind you?), has given the hint for one of the most powerful pieces of description in the whole range of fictitious writing.

The pass of Loch Ard must at one time have been impregnable, and indeed would yet afford fine shelter for a corps of partisans. The place is still pointed out where some of

* See "Rob Roy," chapter xxxi.

Cromwell's men were worsted * in the attempt to force their way through it.

On Ledard appearing in sight, my two companions burst out into the finest spontaneous jubilation you can imagine. It really did one's heart good to see those

“Who, long in populous city pent,
Where houses thick and sewers annoy the air,
Forth issuing on a summer's morn to breathe,”

so delighted ; besides, their carolling led to our discovering an astonishingly fine and distinct double echo, which clearly repeats nine or ten syllables, first from the opposite shore, and next from a wood to the east of the spot where the performer stands. “Yonder,” cried D——, “is Auld Skie ;”† and “Yonder,” echoed Tom, “is Ledard !” The latter we soon arrived at. I shall take a pleasure in describing it to you, and will send you a sketch of it when I have leisure to copy it from my note-book. Ledard, then, is a large, beautiful farm-house—I say beautiful, because its architecture finely harmonises with the surrounding scenery—situated at a short distance from the head of the loch, of which its site commands a complete view.

The hills rise in wild grandeur immediately behind the house, and seem either to spread a protecting shade or to frown angrily over it, as the feelings of the spectator or the state of the atmosphere chance to be. A wild mountain “burn” dashes past its western end, as if it panted to repose its turbulence in the quiet mirror-like reservoir to which its waters hasten. Some fine and fertile fields and meadows stretch away to the right and left, and gently slope towards the Loch, on which fields, at the period I saw them, plentiful crops, already cut, were smiling like heart-soothing mirth amid more grand and impressive displays of feeling. A row of tall trees stretch before the house, which shelter it in winter, without impeding the prospect it commands in the fine season ; and, in fact, I know of no place where the comfortable and the picturesque are so well combined. But I keep you longer on

* Cromwell's troops were defeated by Graham of Deuchrie. See Appendix.

† Auld Skie was a dwelling in the immediate neighbourhood of Ledard.

the outside than you would be allowed to stand, without an invitation to enter, from some member of Mr. M——'s family.* My two new friends quickened their pace as they approached their bourne till at last they actually ran, and leapt into the "trance" or lobby, dragging me along with them. The noise we made brought Mrs. M—— and her eldest and youngest daughters; the one a fine and gracefully modest young woman; the other a lovely little girl—the only inmates the house then contained—all the rest being out in the fields. "Go' de mar ha'u?" cried D——, while he nearly shook off the hand of the matron, whose face beamed a welcome. "A thousand times how's a' wi' ye?" said Tom, as he more gently pressed the fair hand of the elder young lady, and kissed the ruddy cheek of the younger one. "A frien' to the Gregarach; in short an

* The following is a list of the members of the family at Ledard :—

Father's name—Donald Macfarlane.

Mother—Catherine Telfer.

Christina Macfarlane, married Malcolm Macfarlane, farmer, Achray.
Died 6th January, 1863, aged 72.

John Macfarlane, Ledard, unmarried. Succeeded his father in the tenancy of Ledard in 1831. Died 10th April, 1856, aged 63.

Catherine Macfarlane, married William Forrester, wine and spirit merchant, alluded to in the text. Died 2nd July, 1880, aged 83.

Duncan Macfarlane, tweed merchant in Glasgow, married Miss Ridsdale.
Was captain of the Highland Corps of Rifle Volunteers at its foundation in 1859. Died 4th January, 1867, aged 57.

Donald Macfarlane, M.D., married Miss Rooke. Retired from practice and settled at Dalilongart, near Kilmun. Died 6th November, 1857, aged 56.

Jeanie Macfarlane, married Alex. M'Donald, farmer, Rinagour, Aberfoyle.
Died 1st March, 1873, aged 70.

Agnes Macfarlane, unmarried. Died 4th December, 1882, aged 78.

Mary Macfarlane, married Duncan Macfarlane, Canadian merchant.
Died 22nd June, 1884, aged 77.

Walter Macfarlane, merchant in Montreal, Canada, married Miss Bennett, a Canadian lady. He was drowned in America, 2nd July, 1873, aged 56.

Jessie Macfarlane, married Duncan Stewart, Parochial teacher of Buchanan and Markinch Parishes. The latter position he resigned at the Disruption, and continued his professional work at Bridge-of-Allan. On retiring from his profession he was appointed agent for the Union Bank there, and died in 1867, but Mrs. Stewart, the last survivor of this interesting and attractive family, is still (1887) alive.

acquaintance of ours, Mrs. M——, that we made bauld to bring along wi' us," said David, introducing me. "Ony frien' o' yours, Mr. R——, will aye be welcome," was the kind and graceful reply of the mistress of the house. I made my acknowledgments with as much warmth, and as little ceremony, as you ever saw me do. We were ushered into a parlour, the very picture of neatness, hung round with proofs of the taste and superior education of the young women of the family; and were, greatly to the joy of D—— and T——, ay and even of your humble servant, now a critic in whisky, served by the fair Miss M—— with bumpers of that beverage. "Whar's J——, and D——, and J——, and N——, and Mr. M——, the guidman?" asked David. Being answered, "Gude sake, come awa, Tam, an' we'll astonish them!" he cried, and off they set the two. I had no inclination to break up the interesting conversation I had entered upon with the young lady before mentioned, so did not accompany them. Miss M——, to a fine person and lovely countenance, adds a cultivated mind and elegant taste. She had resided long in Glasgow, and unites in herself the polish of the town with the bewitching simplicity of a young and unsophisticated country maiden.

The manner of my getting acquainted with D—— and T——, and the surrounding scenery, furnished us with ample topics of conversation till the return of my two friends with the rest of the family, who had been out with the reapers, as spectators or superintendents. I was speedily named to the father of the fine family I saw round me, a tall and venerable old Scotsman, and to his two sons; the elder, a free and hearty young man, who looked spirit and hospitality itself; the other, a graceful and polished youth, whom I immediately recognised as my fellow pupil in the logical studies in this university last year. This circumstance, as you may guess, did not diminish the heartiness of my welcome. Mr. D. M—— introduced me to his two remaining sisters, who had returned from participating in the cheerful labours of the last days of harvest. They were the very *beau ideal*, my dear T——, of rural beauty, blooming health, and retiring modesty. They were arrayed in the simply graceful dress of this district, what you and I have often read of in poetry, but what I never saw in perfection till I looked

beneath the veil-like bonnets that shaded the faces of J——, N—— and M——.

The conversation soon became animated and interesting. I was alternately charmed with the sweetness of the young women, and diverted by the eccentricities of Tom and David, whose loud laughter, incessant jokes and bantering, told audibly enough how happy they were. The latter sported a new oval hat of tip-top fashion—an accident that had happened to which in Glasgow, by being blown off while he made his *congé* to a lady, he described with genuine humour, and excited great merriment; while the former expressed a thought that it would afford a good subject for an epic poem, and proposed to write one on it. "Try a sang, rather, my braw chiel," said David, "that's as muckle as ye can master, for it's a hantle easier, ye ken, to hap ower a dib than to flee to the moon, ony day!"

Mr. D. M—— and I fought our logical disputes over again, and conversed about the last campaign of study. I found that he intends to come out in the Scotch Kirk. His figure and voice, over and above his talents, will make him a popular preacher.

To the tea, that was now served, we three travellers sat down with an appetite which enabled us to do justice to its substantial excellencies—goat's ham, deer's tongue, and delicious ewe milk cheese. You and I, T——, used to sneer at tea parties in general. We must (at least I will) do so only at fashionable ones in future; and those where I have been at in Auchyle and Ledard would be enough to redeem even these. From old Mr. M—— I picked up a prodigious mass of information regarding Scottish agriculture, sheep farming, and the localities, history, manners, and superstitions of this wild and romantic part of the country. I am now quite at home in its legendary lore, and in my knowledge of Urisks or Goblin-men, the legitimate descendants of old Pan and the Satyrs of ancient Arcadia; and of the poetical race whose very name has something inexpressibly wild and beautiful in it, the *Daione Shi', or *Men of*

* "Daione Shi'." For a most interesting reference to the Men of Peace and their dwellings near Loch Ard, see Note A, "Rob Roy," 48 vol. edition of Waverley Novels.

Peace. The Men of Peace!—spiritual, kind, and gentle—the doers of all good offices, and the givers of all happy dreams! Still near Ledard, on the banks of the dark and gloomy Chon, the green knoll they hallowed amid the surrounding brown and barren desolation, is pointed out; and still it is believed that any too curious wight may, by walking nine times round it on Hallow-eve, gain admittance, and become a denizen of Coin Shi'an or the Cove of Peace. The ancient Highlanders thought hell must be a place of mists and storms, because these were greatest inconveniences on this side of the grave: so did the dwellers of old in this troubled border country, where no man's shieling was secure from destruction, nor his flocks from plunder, think with longing on the "peace" of futurity, and embody their wishes as mankind have universally done in all ages in their superstitions. The Men of Peace and the Daione Matha, or Good Men, were alternately objects of reverence and envy to the turbulent Highlander, who knew the blessings of tranquillity only by superstitious tradition.

But I was amused fully as much as I was informed. The irresistibly comic extravagances of my original friend Davie contributed to this. He is the most astonishing mimic, in the best, or if you will allow me the term, intellectual, sense of the word; for he seizes less on individual peculiarities than on generic ones, and though he can give a perfect picture of voice and manners, he does what many of those who excel in becoming *outside* fac-similes cannot do; he also gives a portrait of the prevailing and characteristic habits of thought of the *personage* or the *class*. He sketches out the Celt surrounded by Lowland wonders, and expressing himself in broken Saxon, with a skill and tact that must be seen to be believed. With some of these *speaking etchings* he excited our risibility between tea and supper. J—and D. M——, and he and Tom, kept up a continual fire of joking and bantering with us all, and particularly with the young women, whose laughter had in it the very soul of Doric and innocent enjoyment. Heavens! how it lighted up their eyes, and bloomed and dimpled upon their rosy cheeks! The oval Nathaniel Dando & Co. of David gave birth to as many similes as moonlight has ever done. It was like a butter-boat—a kirm—a balloon—and

a fish creel. "A weel, a weel, mak' a deevil o' the hat as ye like. I'm content, gin ye but say naething against the noddle that it hauds. But are ye no gaun to gie us a bit sang, K——, or J——, or N——? I ken ye canna do as well as me, but I'll no be hard on you," said David. There was none of that stiffness shown, which so often tires one by its display in town parties, as if it were an indispensable symphony to the air asked for, so both J—— and N—— sung, and with much sweetness and taste. The song of the latter was new to me, and I wrote it down. I annex a copy—

I'll meet thee at the trystin' tree,
 Whan gloamin' gray steals ower the hill;
 The noisy hallan glad I'll lea'
 For yon quiet glen an' wimplin' rill.
 An' will ye, Nancy, whan the moon
 Mak's bricht the broomy heights and howes,
 Come yont the burn, I'll meet ye soon.
 As I hae faulded in my ewes?

What were this yirth, didna we ken
 Some moments' rapture wi' its toil;
 What were this life, if upon men
 Ne'er lichtit woman's saft, kin' smile?
 Oh, Nancy! fools may sneer at love
 That haena hearts its warmth can cheer,
 I'm sure it cam' frae heaven above
 To mak' us fit for *that* e'en here.

Then meet me at the trystin' tree,
 I'll hap thee wi' my plaidie roun',
 I'll play my pipe to pleasure thee,
 An' love shall speak in ilka soun'.
 The laverock blythe at dawnin' sings,
 An' sweetly scents the heather bell;
 But gloamin's balmy hour aye brings
 Mair joy to me than I can tell!

"Now that I hae granted your request, Mr. R——," said J——, "hae I liberty to mak' ane mysel'?" Davie was busy talking to me, and did not hear her; but Tom, with characteristic gallantry, told her that "there was nae doubt but her requests were as binding as laws, though proclaimed at the market cross."

"Tak' care what ye say, Mr. A——, for my request concerns yoursel'; according to your ain rule ye *maun* now repeat to us yon ballad that we got a copy o' frae Davie,—for I wish and desire you to do so." In vain Tom, who was caught in his own net, pleaded the appearance of affectation that it had for an author to spout his own works. All would not do, for Mr. D—— M——, himself a good speaker, praised his elocution. I insisted upon him, and Davie said, "Dinna mak' sae mony hum's and ha's; we ken ye like weel enough to be praised, an' think yoursel' better than the Laureate, gude preserve us!" We all expected that Mr. A—— would have repeated the "Lady Lyle or the Flower of Menteith," a legendary ballad which he had written some time before; but he surprised us with a novelty, and recited amid a "pin-drop silence" the following ballad :—

THE YOUNG GRÆME.

A BALLAD.

"Rouse, my merry men, rouse ye—up, up to the chase,"
 Cries the young and the gallant Græme.
 Oh ! on his noble brow it was easy to trace
 The stamp of high birth and old name !
 "Up ! up ! the red deer walks thro' Salochie wood,
 And the sun gilds the loch's waters blue ;
 A good hour on the *Ben he has shone, by the rood,
 Yet ye sleep, and such sport in your view."
 'Twas hardly yet day, but the Græme thought 'twould never
 Have dawn'd,—for in hope and in love 'tis thus ever.

And *he* was in love—and it was not to chase
 The red deer, nor the heath cock to fright
 That he mounted that morn his black steed with such grace,
 And he sat on his saddle so light.
 But it was to meet 'mong the woods of Loch Ard
 With one he had lov'd when a boy.
 "Why hunts the young Græme so oft up by Ledard ?
 Why in chase every moment employ ?"
 Thought, but said not, his sire, since Græme victor returned
 From the battles for which his young bosom had burned.

* Ben Lomond.

THREE NIGHTS IN PERTHSHIRE.

While yet his true heart knew no guile, pomp nor pride,
 He had seen, and to see was to love
 Fair Helen ; he woo'd, and, whate'er might betide,
 He had sworn by the heaven that's above
 That she should be his when to manhood he came ;
 And he pledg'd her his troth on his sword.
 "A—— my Helen, may wed with a Græme,
 And be bride to the noblest lord !
 Though my father should swear, and my mother cry shame,
 Thou, my Helen, shalt yet share my rank and my name ?"

The bugle hath blown, and the steeds seem to fly,
 Blairvockie re-echoes their tread ;
 Millarach sends backwards the bandog's wild cry,
 And the startled deer bounds from his bed !
 "De Howard !" cries Græme to his friend, "tight your rein,
 Callum, Brawn, turn with me to the north,
 Let the hunters go westward, while *we* cross the plain,
 For this morn I must ride to the Forth !"
 And he whispered De Howard, "My Helen you'll see."
 Cries the Saxon, "The wild roe may rest then for me !"

Fleet, fleet were the coursers, and Græme spurr'd them on,
 Till they flew like the wild rushing wind,
 Of those that were with him, De Howard alone
 Could match him in chase—far behind
 Brawn and Callum were left—ah ! how blest was their speed !
 Spur on as your knighthood ye prize,
 Nay spare not the flank of your proud panting steed ;
 Hark ! hark ! oh ! what means these wild cries ?
 Duchray—Rushna are past and Blairchulichan, Stron
 Is behind, now they dash o'er the stream of the Chon ;

"Nay rest not, De Howard—oh ! heard ye that wail ?
 See the omen bird hover behind !"
 "I *will* ride with you, Græme !—but I heard but the vale
 Re-echo the hoarse northern wind."
 "Bear with me, my friend, for I thought 'twas the cry
 Of one who is dearer than life—
 Again !—yes, and nearer ! De Howard, I fly,
 Come thou out my good brand for the strife."
 Down the glen he dash'd wildly, his friend followed near,
 But what were two broadswords to helm, shield, and spear ?

Grim Donald's fierce clansmen with targe, dirk and sword,
 Gather round in their dark scowling mien
 The still blacker fierceness that marks where their lord
 Chaf'd to madness in wild ire is seen.
 "Peace ! peace with these cries, silly maiden, ye're mine,
 Though your sire scorned my proffers of love.
 I have reft the old dotard of thee and his kine,—
Now the eagle shall roost with the dove ! "
 "Heaven alone is my aid—I in vain call each name
 That is dear. They are distant, sire, brother, the Græme ! "

Though as modesty timid—than mercy more mild,
 Gentle Helen, driven brave by despair,
 Thus awoke the hoarse echoes of yon mountain wild,
 Which to love and to heaven bore her prayer.
 It was heard—Heaven-sent—love-inspired Græme appeared,
 His eye flashing lightning—his good faulchion reared.
 "The Græme heard thy cry, and he comes to thy aid,
 Dark traitor, kneel—kneel for thy life ! "
 "Grim Donald for hundreds was never afraid,
 And he, shall he shun a *boy* in the strife ?
 No ! thy house long I've hated—now—now, thou shalt feel
 The might of my arm and the strength of my steel."

"First take mine to thy heart !" the chief's buckler received
 The fierce blow—but no shield had the knight.
 "Turn thee ! turn thee !" cries Howard, "the day is retriev'd."
 His home-thrust was the last of the fight,
 For before it sank Donald, as if righteous heaven
 Had withered his soul with its blue forked levin,
 And the panic-struck clansmen heard far up the glen
 The neigh and the trample of horse,
 Then flew from the vengeance of Græme's gallant men.
 But Helen?—she clasp'd a cold corse !
 Such she then deem'd the Græme—but the damp chill of pain
 She kiss'd from his brow—and he liv'd—breath'd again !

All gently they bear him to yon lofty towers
 That frown o'er the loch's placid wave,
 Oh ! the smile of his love woke to vigour life's powers,
 And her voice stayed his course to the grave !
 Grief's first transport o'er, said his mother, "Why lean
 On the breast of that maiden ? Say what may this mean ?"

"That maiden's my love, sire and mother," he cried ;

"Do you wish that the Græme should survive?"

"Why doubt it, thou hope of our house?" they replied.

"To my Helen your blessing then give!"—

His friend and *her* look, like a seraph's, won those,

And young Helen the fair was the bride of Montrose!

When the ballad was ended supper was brought in, and such a delightful supper! Long's of London, Mrs. Noon's of Lancaster, Oman's nor Barclay's of Edinburgh, nor even Gardner's of Glasgow (a devilish fine house, by the bye), will ever furnish me with one I will enjoy more. On a snow-white cloth was laid sweet and ewe milk cheese, some of the delicious trout for which the neighbouring lochs are famous, basons of curds, with bowls of sour and sweet cream, and piles of crispy oatcakes, together with rolls and butter, which had about it some of the perfume of the heathery knowes on which the cattle that yielded it had fed. The repast finished, we prepared to retire, and I hinted the necessity of my proceeding, at an early hour, on my journey. This I found I would not be permitted to do, for every one vied with the other in "pressing" me to stay. "Mr. Yorke," said Miss M——, "if our rustic manners do not tire you, I must insist on your remaining all to-morrow; for, having finished cutting our crops, in the evening we will hold our annual festival of the 'Hairst Kirn,' and you will have an opportunity of comparing English and Highland merry-makings." "Deed will ye, an' mair forbye," added Davie, "for three o' my dandý frien's frae Glasgow are to be out the morn, and it's worth while, were there nae mair, to wait and see Jamie and his plaid."

Mr. M—— and his sons overhearing us, added that there was nothing but the most important business on his part that would induce them to permit any stranger to pass their door on the morrow without joining the merriment; how much more a guest? There was no resisting this; so I agreed to stay and retired to my chamber, where linens as pure as the mountain snow, and as "fresh" and "caller" as the mountain air, and a bed of the down of the blackcock and the ptarmigan, assisted the fatigues of the day in lulling me to repose.

The most refreshing slumbers are not the longest in duration, so I was up before dawn, and sallied out with my sketch-book and a volume of poetry to be a spectator of the coronation of the hill tops which surrounded me with the beams of the rising sun. The loch was yet shrouded in darkness, and the first purple streaks of light were just beginning to expand into larger and redder masses in the east. I climbed an eminence at the head of the loch, where the brown and rippling stream of the Chon, leaving the sheet of water that gives it a name, brawls angrily into Loch Ard, as if fretted that its lovely waters should be debased by the use and intrusion of man, who has fettered them in one place for the purpose of turning a mill. Behind me rose the rugged height of Benoghrie, yet scarcely visible, and far to the west were dimly seen the wilds of Skianuir, where the heron builds its lonely nest. Hesperus, in pale beauty, beamed o'er the summit of Ben Lomond, which, in the doubtful twilight of dawn, appeared from its conical shape like some vast pyramid.

The chirp of the awakened birds, and the exhalations of the morning dews that rose like mist from the hills, answered the rapidly dilating beams of the god of day, whose disk was now visible. Craigvad, Benvenue, and Benchochan, at their summits, were successively decked out in purple and gold, while the whole orient now flamed with stupendous magnificence.

The "Summer Isles" and "Islands of the Blest," whose shores are golden sands and whose seas are purple, seemed to float in the eastern sky. The streaks of light now glided down the mountain's sides, and now skirted their base; the sun has commenced his career through the blue vault of heaven, and the loch and the valley now glitter in its beams. The seclusion of Dalchone, and the sheltered beauty of Blairchulichan, were lighted up with it, and the bleat of the sheep, the pipe of the shepherd, the carol of the soaring lark, and the voice of distant reapers hastening to their labour, ushered in the new-born monarch, Day. Picture to yourself this scene and my feelings, but you cannot—you cannot, lively though your imagination be. I was *drunk with rapture*;—I was thrilled by the very spirit of gladness! Never, never shall I forget that balmy hour, and "that hour's influence." He who has

ne'er seen sunrise enacted in the amphitheatre of Loch Ard knows not nature—knows not devotion—devotion in its *essence*.

I pencilled in my sketch-book the following lines, which are only another proof that exalted feelings often find but poor expression :—

SONNET ON SUNRISE.

'Tis dawn,—the birth of day !—far i' the west
 Hesper, now pale, seeks shelter with the night
 From morn's approach, that o'er yon mountain crest
 Peers faintly yet !—but see !—the flood of light
 O'ertops the summit—it's hoar sides are drest
 In purple beauty, and the breath of morn
 Is dallying with the heath-bells' dewy sweets,
 And now it leaves them laden with perfume
 And o'er me comes like memories, long worn
 In the soul's deep recesses !—There's not room
 For all this rapture in my breast !—Now meets
 The lake's clear bosom with the orient ray,
 And curls in gladness !—O'er its surface play
 The new-born sunbeams—bright—bright—brighter, and 'tis *day* !

At this moment a roe dashed down the glen on my right, and like a monarch, fearlessly plunged into the loch, and gallantly did he breast its waters. Undisturbed and unpursued he swam majestically over, and I saw him shake the moisture from his side, after he had leaped on the opposite shore. On awaking from the reverie into which I had been thrown, and descending to the loch, I found my friend and fellow-student, who had been some time in search of me, upon its shore. After morning salutations, he obligingly pointed out and named the most remarkable places within our range of vision. With many of these I was before acquainted, from the exclamations of recognition which my two friends uttered on the preceding night, as we advanced up the vista formed by the road and loch. He mentioned that a few miles westward from where we then stood, there was a remarkable and almost totally unknown and unnoticed cascade,* one thousand feet in perpendicular height ! But unfortunately it is only in the inclement season that the body

* For exquisite descriptions of Ledard waterfall, see "Waverley," chapter xxii., and "Rob Roy," chapter xxxvi.

of water precipitated over the ridge is at all proportionate to the height from which it falls.

After a bathe in the loch, we rambled up the glen behind the house, and explored its modest and retiring beauties. It is a sweet and secluded spot, whose solitude is broken only by the stream which glides through it, dashing over a pile of rocks rising perpendicularly about 50 feet from its bed. On its flower-enamelled margin grow the *Hypericum* *Androsaemum*, and the singularly beautiful *Viccia Sylvatica*.

A melodious voice now echoed through the glen; it was to call us to breakfast, and the music of the spheres itself, my dear T——, could not have had a more welcome sound; for walks before sunrise and raptures at it, somehow or other, when joined to bathing in water not high in the temperature, make one feel anything rather than a disrelish for the realities of bread and butter.

At breakfast the same personages were assembled as at the tea and supper of the preceding night. It was itself a relishing combination of those two meals. Among the dainties was delicious jelly, made from the juice of the berries of the mountain ash, which when we were school boys, T——, our parents used to fancy were poisonous! I followed my volatile companions, after our own repast was finished, into the kitchen; as I had begun to enjoy highly their homely and boisterous fun. *There* we saw such vast platefuls of oatmeal stirabout and milk, prepared for the reapers, that I fancied they intended to supply the whole labourers of the Strath with a breakfast; but, on inquiry, I found that each dish, holding at least a gallon, was the morning repast of an individual!

Mr. M——'s oldest son now announced to us that a boat was ready for our reception if we had any fancy for an excursion on the lake. A party was soon formed, consisting of all the youngsters of the family, together with we three visitors, and, in high glee, speedily set sail. The day was clear, cool, and calm. The odour of the blooming heather floated on the gentle breeze which hardly rippled the lake, with as sweet a perfume as e'er was scented in "Araby the blest."

Gently did we glide round many a bold headland, and into many a silvery stranded bay, now in the centre of the loch, and now

hid behind some of its projecting capes. It was a circumnavigation of delight, and we laughed and talked and sung, till the sun I had seen rise in the east was westward of its meridian altitude. Before coming ashore we landed on one * of the numerous little islets that begem the bosom of the loch. It was a fairy retreat, and might have been a good site for a land palace of the Naiads. A ruin was still discernible upon it, though nearly o'erwhelmed with the luxuriant verdure of the place. It is all that remains of a retreat which the ambitious and turbulent Murdoch, Duke of Albany, in James I. of Scotland's time, built for himself; to which, probably, he fancied that in a green old age he might retire from the intrigues of courts and the cares of state, and end a life of ambition and guilt by an old age of tranquillity, retirement, and penitence. This hope which he, perhaps, cherished long and often, which may have soothed him in disappointment and calmed him in turbulence, was never fulfilled. He died as he had lived—a man of the world, and in the world!

On our leaving the boat, and proceeding towards the house, we found all the reapers who had been engaged in Ledard's harvest, which had furnished employment to about twenty stout Highlanders, men and maidens from the interior, for the space of three weeks, assembled in the field in which they had wrought on the preceding day. They, with their venerable employer at their head, were busy in going through the ceremony of "cutting the last pickle" or "maiden," which was a few stalks of oats they had purposely left standing the night before, that they might in form finish the "Hairst" on the day of the "Kirm." These ears of corn being now cut with all due ceremony, were divided into two portions, and neatly tied up and ornamented with streamers of ribbon, silk, etc. One of them was the badge of triumph given to him who first concluded cutting his "rig" or furrow of the last remaining field. The other was the property of whatever ruddy maiden happened to be joined with him in the labours of the

* The island is named Dundochil, and the ruins are scanty and uninteresting. The castle was built by Murdoch, Duke of Albany, cousin of James I., and who was beheaded, by order of that king, on the Heading Hill at Stirling, along with two of his sons, in 1424.

harvest ; for the reapers are all assorted in couples at the commencement of their autumnal toils.

The successful competitor was a fine tall and manly youth from the wilds of Glenlyon, who could hardly speak three words of the Low Country language. His partner had been a buxom widow from Balquhiddy, but she, not being a maiden, resigned her badge of honour to blooming J——, the daughter of our host, who received the coronal into which it was formed, with a bewitching grace and an unfeigned blush, that would have outblazoned the rarest jewels of Golconda, though she had been bedecked with them.

The ceremony over, the whole marshalled themselves into a line of procession, and one of the Highlanders being a piper, of which there is almost always one with every band of mountaineers who descend at harvest time to the Low Country, he headed them, and struck up a “pibroch” of triumph. On arriving at the barn door they separated, and as no work was done that day betook themselves to various amusements to pass the interval from dinner till the hour of six o’clock, the appointed time of assembling to the Kirn-supper.

A party of the Celts amused themselves, and me, among others, by their extraordinary feats in “putting the stane,” hopping, leaping, and running. Their agility far surpasses that of the Low Country hinds ; but these in strength, if not in dexterity, are their equals. The speed with which some of them ran up the face of a hill was quite wonderful. Fiery in their tempers, they were, during their “strives,” more than once on the point of breaking out into hostilities, and their skein-dhus, a small dirk-like knife, which all Highlanders in this part of the country carry (sheathed), betwixt their leg and hose, were sometimes held up in the attitude of defiance. While I was a spectator of their trials of skill, my two waggish friends, with Ledard’s old son, were picking up extraordinary diversion in visiting the rustic toilets of the Highland queans, and quizzing their decorative habiliments without mercy.

“In the barn,” said David to me, “we fan half-a-dizzen great big hizzies, ilka ane wi’ a bit o’ a broken looken-glass in her nieve, or

a bowlfu' o' clean water to serve its purpose, on her kist, greasin' her hassocks o' sheep's woo', that she ca'd hair, wi' a daud o' butter she had scrimpit her breakfast o', or the doup o' a candle she had coft at the clachan for the occasion. Whar the deil they got the paper to curl the locks they had creished, is mair than I can fathom. There was mair than ae single carritch* torn down for the purpose—that I'll mak' aith to!" "The soot o' the kitchen lum, an' an orra drap sour milk," added Tom, "was doing a' for their half tanned brogues that Day & Martin themselves could hae done; an' whan they didna' polish weel aneugh, a slake o' their lang tongues on the greasy calf skin finished the business. Curches an' boddice, snoods an' girdles, were lyin' throughither wi' the granny's weel keepit lammer beads, an' the only ance worn cotton hose. Guid Lord! they set up sic a yellochin whan we meddled wi' them, that we were as fain to put our feet in our pouch an' walk aff, as ever a ploughman was for a haggis bag!"

As we adjourned to the farm parlour on being told dinner awaited us, in passing the stable I caught a glimpse of about a dozen strapping fellows who were very busy, some reaping their black beards, and others adjusting their shoe buckles and showy hose, or displaying with care the attractions of long red garters tying up flaming sky blue stockings. All was hurry and preparation among the labourers. No ball at Almack's ever caused greater attention to the toilet, or excited warmer expectations than this rural festival.

The conversation at the light repast, which, on an occasion like this, forms a farmer's family dinner, chiefly regarded the arrangements of the evening, till Tom and Mr. D. M—— looking out of the window, espied the approach of some individuals, whose advance to the house was announced by the former's bawling out, "As I'm bailie, there's the Knicht o' the Plaid, and Willie the Weel-faurt, and his brither, John Genteel, the King's own draper!"

On hearing this, David, first standing a second on the seat of his chair, bolted out, and in a moment was seen in front of the window, throwing up his immortalised skull case, and rending the

* Shorter Catechism.

air with shouts of recognition and welcome. The whole of us got infected by the obstreperousness of his mirth; and in a body we proceeded outside to welcome the addition to our numbers. There was no ceremony, but much warmth in the reception. Mr. M'N——* was the name of the gentleman Tom had knighted, and his companions I learned were the Messieurs F——. All the three were from Glasgow. Their frank but polished manners promised an addition of enjoyment, as well as of numerical strength to the guests of the feast, the hour for which was then at hand. The surrounding farmers and their families now began to assemble in great numbers, and from very distant points. The name of the farm in this district becomes the cognomen of its occupier, so there were successively ushered into the parlour, Achray, Drumlane, Blairchulichan, Braval—a strange old original who often quotes an epitaph which he had once written on himself—Blairvuick and Trombouie.† The latter was married to the eldest daughter of Mr. M——, our host, and with his wife and their smiling child, the favourite of its grandmother, came eight miles over the mountains to do honour to their father's "kirn."

Among those who were noticed in approaching the house was a half-blind, merry looking fiddler, led by an old mendicant, with more of the rogue than the fool in his eye. "Bauldy M'Rosat‡ and

* The following are the names of the gentlemen above alluded to, and whose appearance and bearing fully justified the author's description of them :—

Walter M'Nee, from Auchrigg, Port of Menteith, manufacturer in Glasgow.
Died 30th December, 1848, aged 65.

John Forrester, from Wester Frew, merchant tailor in Glasgow. Died 9th April, 1860, aged 64.

William Forrester, brother of the foregoing, wine and spirit merchant in Glasgow. Died 11th March, 1848, aged 50.

† The tenants of the farms thus alluded to were in 1821 as follows :—Achray, Malcolm Macfarlane; Blairchulichan, Duncan Graham; Braval, Malcolm Macfarlan; Blairvuick, George Macfarlan; Drumlane, Walter Miller; Trombouie, Malcolm Macfarlane. Mr. Malcolm Macfarlane was tenant of Achray and also Trombouie.

‡ Bauldy M'Rosat was a shoemaker in the district, and as a local Paganini his services were much in request at merrymakings.

Will Shore* I was sure wad scent our kirk twenty mile awa'," said the Master of Ledard, as Tom, who was as fond of giving titles as a newly crowned monarch, had named the oldest son of our entertainer. "But they're mair than welcome. I sent a man to scour the kintra for Bauldy yesterday ; it's as weel, however, that he's come o' himsel'."

Supper time had now arrived, and it having been announced to Mr. and Mrs. M—— that all was ready, they, arm in arm, led the way to the vast barn, always the place where a kirk is held, which had been neatly seated and fitted up for the occasion.

Mr. W. F—— placed J——'s arm within his own, I gave mine to K——, Tom squired N——, and we three thus ushered into the expecting crowd as beautiful partners as ever graced a king's assembly. They were simply and gracefully attired. The blue bell and the heather's bloom seemed fairer among their tresses than the richest jewels would have done. As soon as the venerable heads of the house had crossed the threshold, all within stood up to receive them, while a buzz of respect and gladness ran through the apartment. "My frien's," said Ledard, "it's no ane o' the least blessins o' Providence that I hae to be humble an' thankfu' for the seein' o' ye a' anither year aroun' my table. My benisons upon ye, —ye are aye welcome!" "A guid hairst e'en to you, Laird, an' mony o' them. Hech sirs! gaberlunzie though I be, I'm blythe to see ye again at yer ain Kirk!" cried the figure that was pointed out to me, as the privileged semi-idiot, called Will Shore. "Thank ye, Will,—now sit down an' get your wamefu!" "I'll get caper-noitie, Ledard ; and deevil a spring will I play the nicht, gin ye dinna say, How's a' wi' ye, Bauldy?" said M'Rosat, as he felt his way forward to grasp the hand of the master of the feast.

An immense table stretched down the whole length of the centre of the barn. It groaned beneath the load of wholesome viands that were placed upon it. Around its lower part, at a signal from the head, the men and the maidens of the sickle, in all the blushing

* Will Shore was a person of disordered intellect who wandered about in the Strath of Menteith. He was sturdy in form but lazy in disposition, and resorted to many shifts to escape labour or exertion. Many stories in regard to him were current illustrating this and other characteristics. He died in 1837.

honours of the toilet, D—— and T—— had described, now eagerly gathered. The family of the master, with his invited guests, sat at the top, “aboön the saut,” as Bauldy said.

Your devoted was happy enough to get a seat purposely provided for him, betwixt his fellow logician and his sister J——, who explained to him all the customs, and named the dishes of the banquet. Fare, such as an Englishman is supposed to relish, was especially provided for my use—but I was now accustomed to Scottish plenty, and declined the distinction.

Grace was said in an impressive manner by Mr. M——, and in a moment the clatter of spoons and trenchers was deafening. Fine Scotch kail was the first dish in our bill of fare.

“Gude safe us, Will, are ye gaun to rive yersel’, ye cam-shauchel’d deevil?” cried Bauldy M’Rosat to his neighbour. “Steek your gab, and min’ yer ain pins, ye lan’ loupin’ thairm scraper ye! I’ve room for as muckle again yet, an’ maun hae my kitefu’ at a kirn, though the Marquis himsel’ were here,” answered the ready tho’ half-witted glutton, greatly to the diversion of those around him.

“How like ye hotch-potch, Maister Yorke,” cried David over the table. “Gude faith,” answered his caroty companion, “speir that an’ him at his third ladlefu!”

You see from this remark that I relished the dish as much as Dr. Johnson did.

Boiled beef with its Scottish accompaniment, oatmeal bannocks, an inch thick, came next. Another remark of the facetious M’Rosat here kindled the ire of his mendicant neighbour; but it subsided, as by magic, on the appearance of the bumpers of usquæbaugh, which now circulated round, as a relish to the solidities which had preceded them. Two large boynes were next placed in the centre of the table, which from the gradation of rank from the top to the bottom, reminded me strongly of the feudal times and feasts of our Saxon forefathers. Those two immense dishes, Mr. D. M—— informed me, were peculiar to this night’s feast, and were emphatically called “The Kirn.” One of them was filled with curds and *sour* cream, the other contained curds also, but with a *sweet* cream accompaniment. They were speedily emptied

and "curds and butter," amalgamated in a singular manner till they formed a delicious jelly, succeeded them in attracting my notice.

"See that Elspeth Errolside's * attended to down there, will you, John?" said Mrs. M—— to her son, in a tone which fixed attention on my part. Elspeth, I found on inquiry, was a lonely and aged widow, whose husband and children, though they boasted of the blood of chieftainship in their veins, had fallen, in the humblest rank, in their country's battles. Elspeth was said to possess intelligence above her station, and was a depository for all the legendary lore of the district.

Will Shore had contrived to gain Elspeth's seat, and had secured all the substantials intended for her, in addition to his own share; but he had now to relinquish his conspicuous situation, and the old son kindly and carefully seated the modest Elspeth Errolside in a convenient situation, where I had a full view of her uncommonly interesting features.

Thanks were now returned to the Giver of all good; the table was cleared and the jars and glasses placed.

Mr. M—— and his partner drank the healths of all their guests, which was answered by everyone present enthusiastically drinking to the health and happiness of the family of Ledard. Now began the swell of heart-easing mirth; now the loud and unrestrained laugh and the ready joke were heard in every corner, as the bumpers of warm toddy or cold whisky, according to the fancy or constitution of the drinkers, circulated. Happiness

* Elspeth Errolside was no fancy character, but a lady who lived in Ledard for more than twenty years, and died there. Her maiden name was Margaret Strang, and she was connected with two prominent Glasgow families—the Monteiths and the Thomsons—the well-known Neale Thomson, of Camphill, being a near relative of hers. She was married to William Baillie, manufacturer in Paisley, and afterwards in Glasgow. She had a family of two sons and one daughter. The elder son William was an officer in the Royal Navy, and was held in much respect. He was accidentally drowned at sea, off the Banks of Newfoundland, on 27th November, 1812. Her younger son was the well-known George Baillie, founder of Baillie's Institution. He became a member of the Faculty of Procurators in Glasgow in 1811, and was appointed Sheriff-Substitute of Perthshire in 1825, which position he resigned four years after. He died 8th February, 1873. Mrs. Baillie's only daughter was celebrated as a beauty in her day.

seemed to have allowed herself, under the guidance of merriment, to pitch her tent for the night beneath the roof-tree of Ledard. My three new acquaintances rivalled my older ones in their frankness and humour, and many a joke and banter passed between them. "Sir James" took especial pleasure in plaguing old Braval, and quoting the first line of his epitaph, "Here lyes the banes o' auld Braval," besides honouring him as the founder of a school of extemporaneous poetry, of which he said he was professor. Singing, at length, for a while, took the place of sheer laughter, and many sweet and touching, many a comic and *outré* melody was characteristically sung. I was forced to try my pipe, and gave them the fine and chivalrous ballad, published in the *Border Minstrelsy*, "If doughty deeds," etc., principally because it was written by the father of one of the greatest proprietors in this neighbourhood, Mr. Grahame* of Gartmore.

With many of the pieces sung, though all Scotch, I had been long familiar, as from their merit every lover of song must be. But here I heard "Tam Glen," "My Nannie O!" "Last May a braw wooer," and "Whistle, an' I'll come to ye, my lad," given with a gusto akin to the spirit they were conceived in, and which can only be found around "a farmer's ingle." Many, however, were new to me, and of some of these I was successful in procuring copies, which, as you are an almost indiscriminate admirer of Scottish Music and Song, I send for your inspection.

Mr. R——, as I before mentioned, is extraordinarily successful in his delineations of Celtic character. He sings a species of song, semi-Gaelic and broken English, with remarkable originality and humour. In the course of the evening he delighted and amused us, and enraptured his Highland hearers with several of these, both serious and comic. I transcribe one of those he sung, not the best, but the easiest spelt:—

* Robert Grahame of Gartmore; born 1750. He was a man of rare culture, and an elegant scholar and poet. He was elected Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow in 1785, and became M.P. for Stirlingshire, 1794-96. Of him Robert Burns wrote:—"He is the noblest instance of great talents, great fortune, and great worth that I ever saw in conjunction." He died 4th December, 1797. He was great-great-grandfather of the present popular and accomplished proprietor of Gartmore.

THREE NIGHTS IN PERTHSHIRE.

AIR—The Highland Laddie.

"What hae ye brocht frae the toun
 To me, Callum, to me, Callum ;
 Is 't a curch or silken gown
 Ye hae coft me, Callum ?"

"It's neithers silks, nor gowns, nor curch,
 But a spinnin' wheels tat you may works,
 An' a plaidie whan you'll herd the stirks,
 Tat I procht frae ta toun, Matam."

"An' brocht ye no nae gowden rings
 To me, Callum, to me, Callum ;
 Nae ribbans, trinkabouts, nor strings,
 Nor lace, nor muslins fine, Callum ?"

"I procht for you a pair o' progues,
 Twa luggies, an' some tree-gird cogues,
 An' huggars, whan you'll wade ta pogs,
 Far frae your pritefu' frien's, Matam."

"The coffee, tea, an' sugar fine,
 Whar i' the', Callum, i' the', Callum ;
 The china cups an' red, red wine,
 Hae ye forgot them too, Callum ?"

"I'll no forget tem, put you'll hae
 Ewe milk, an' fish, an' usquepae,
 Green kail, an' crowdy, ay and mae ;
 Oich fat wou'd ye pe at, Matam ?"

"Is this the way ye keep your word
 To me, Callum, to me, Callum ?
 Ye woo'd, and said you were a lord,
 But you are but a loon, Callum."

"I said I was a prutty man,
 Ta lairds o' half a hill o' lan',—
 Betters tan you I might hae fan
 Amang ta lalan queans, Matam."

"But no wi' warmer hearts than me.
 No, my Callum, no, my Callum ;
 I tried ye but for sport a wee,
 But O ! I lo'e ye weel, Callum."

—"Here, Mary, is your silken snood,
 Your tea, and a' tats praw and good,

Both { We'll ne'er cast oot while life's red blood } *Mary.*
 { Rins thro' thy heart an' mine." } *Callum.*

Before the young part of the company left the table for the other barn, which had been fitted up for dancing, the J——, whom I have so often mentioned in this letter, sang with exquisite feeling a song upon the Trystin' Tree, which is the appointed place for the meeting of the lovers of a clachan or a district.

THE TRYSTIN' TREE.

Thou bonny hawthorn trystin' tree,
 What blythesome hours I've spent near thee ;
 For whar does time sae lightly flee,
 As 'neath the weel-kent trystin' tree ?
 The Spring's first gowans roun' thee blaw,
 The balmiest dewes upon thee fa' ;
 Green, green's the knowe aneath thy shade,
 Whar aft ~~he~~ happ'd me wi' his plaid.

Thou bonny, etc.

The Norian blast, though e'er sae bauld,
 Near thee, at gloamin's never cauld,
 Or else the hearts are warm an' leal
 O' them, at e'en wha to thee steal.

Thou bonny, etc.

O' sic was Jamie's ! Surely mine,
 At least I hope sae, was as kin' ;
 For though he now be far awa',
 It yet is his, whate'er befa' !

Thou weel-kent, weel-lo'ed trystin' tree,
 What hours beside thee now I dree ;
 But tho' I sab an' lanely be,
 Thou'rt dear to me, thou trystin' tree.

Though ye forget me, Jamie, no !
 I ne'er will lo'e anither jo ;
 But ye'll come back frae ower the sea,
 An' meet me at the trystin' tree !

Thou ne'er forgotten trystin' tree,
 A heart I tint, an' wan near thee ;
 The lave can in ye naething see,
 But mem'ry mak's ye dear to me.

This was followed by Mr. W. F—— singing a song in praise of the beauties of the country, in contradistinction to the belles of a city. I subjoin it:—

THE WALE O' THE NORTH.

Oh! talk na o' townsfolk, they're lordly an' saucy,
An' nane o' them a' e'er like thee, my dear lassie ;
They're pert, an' they're pridefu',
They're vauntie and spitefu',
Aweel!—let them e'en keep the crown o' the caussie.

Their gauds an' their gay things,
Their trinkets and playthings,
Will charm but the heartless, the silly an' vain,
Gie me nature enchanting,
Nae art am I wanting ;
And nature an' beauty and Nancy are ane.

Oh! talk na o' townsfolk, they're skeigh an' they're saucy,
Yet want a' the charms o' my ain bonny lassie ;
They're fickle an' heartless,
She's constant an' artless,
Oh! wha 'mang them a' is sae trig as my lassie?

Her bricht e'e that flashes,
Frae neath her lang lashes,
Might shame a' the jewels an empress can wear ;
An' I wadna e'en even
Yon fair star in heaven,
To *that* whan it glistens thro' pity's saft tear.

Then talk na o' townsfolk, they're lordly an' saucy,
Wha o' them can match wi' my dear Hielan' lassie ?
She's kind an' she's canty,
No gaudy nor vaunty,
The Wale o' the North is my ain bonnie lassie.

Oh! wha wad na mair sip
The dew o' her ripe lip,
Than quaff o' the nectar, dazed poets aft feign ?
Her cheeks' modest flushing
Whan artless she's blushing,
Gars me think on their "roses" an' "dews" wi' disdain.

Then boast na o' town's folk, tho' braw, rich, an' gaucy,
 For aft they are haughty, an' spitefu' an' saucy,
 Their tongues too are bauldrife,
 Their hearts unco cauldrie,
 But the bield o' warm luvie is the breast o' my lassie.

After heaven an' my hame,
 An' my dear country's fame,
 I adore my sweet lassie, an' leal aye will be ;
 When the Kirk mak's her mine,
 Let the yaumerin' repine,
 An' the wardlings gang gyte,—she's worth warlds to me !

Then awa' wi' your town's people, they're idle and gaudy,
 The butterfly beauties that glint on a braw day,
 But drink aff the tassie,
 To my blue e'ed lassie,
 That dwells 'mang the heather, far north 'yont Craigmaddie.

We now heard the cheerful twang of Bauldy's fiddle, and hastened out to enjoy the merry dance, of which the Highlanders and the whole of the female part of the company were passionately fond. Your humble servant led through the first reel, to the chivalrous old Jacobite melody "Kenmure's on and awa'," with Miss M——, and was joined by all his new friends. I thought old D'Egville had tutored me pretty well in the use of my feet, but I found strathspey dancing was a national amusement; and I was fairly eclipsed by Mr. W. F—— and more than one of the Highlanders at the bottom of the room. The spirit with which the Scotch reel is kept up through its long protraction is wonderful. Life and soul seem to enter and be absorbed in it. The "thairm scraper," as the gaberlunzie called the fiddler, was an original, a fellow of much experience of the world, and "infinite humour," clever at a joke, and "full of wise saws and modern instances." He seemed to have every old Scotch rant and reel locked up in his fiddle, which he drew forth, always improving in vivacity as the number of his "skreigh" potations increased. He was at the desire of the Celts relieved by their own piper, and immediately adjourned to the eating room for a replenish of provant. I followed him and endeavoured to pick up somewhat of his history, but he

was an old cock, and too well employed in demolishing cold beef to say very much. He, however, sung me the following song, which I pencilled down as he proceeded. "It's a' my ain, Sir," said he, and there was not merit enough in it to make me doubt him.

THE FIDDLER'S SONG.

Wha's blyther than me though the world hauds me poor,
 An' thinks I'm ill aff, that I lie on the floor
 O' a barn mony a night, but I just sleep as soun'
 As some wha maun toss on a bedfu' o' down.
 Daunerin' up an' daunerin' down,
 I keep daunerin' aye 'tween the kintra an' town.

Let me gang whar I like, aye a welcome I fin',
 For folk think fun an' me maun be very near kin,
 Since whene'er I screw up my thairm pins for a reel,
 The warl's cankerin' cares are pack'd aff to the deil.
 I gang daunerin' up, an' daunerin' down,
 An' mak' blythe in their turn baith the kintra an' town.

Gie's a waught o' yer nappy, *that* rosins my bow
 An' gars me play wi' bir tho' it whitens my pow,
 But music is drouthy,—the muses like drink,
 Castaly was punch—Helicon whisky skink.
 Nocht's like lifting *this* up, an' pourin' *this* down.
 Oh! it's that keeps me daunerin' sae blythe up and down.

When I returned to the dancing apartment, I found that Dugald Mac Mic Alastair, emulous of M'Rosat's fame, and the applause he had received, had blown till he burst his pipe-bag and a young Highlander was covering the retreat of his countryman by singing an old Scoto-Gaelic song on the escape of one who was once possessor of the woods and the glens around Ledard. He was a MacGregor. I annex his mountain melody.

THE CHIEFTAIN'S RETURN.

The Gregarach is come again,
 The Gregarach is come again;
 Soun' the pibroch through the glen,
 Roy Gregarach's come back again.

The Lowland chain, the braid claymore,
The Sidier's gun, the dungeon door,
The roarin' stream, the langsome mile,
Or Sassenach wi' Southron wile,
The Gregarach they coudna keep,
He swam the river, climbed the steep,
An' to his clan an' Hielan glen
Roy Gregarach is come again.

The Gregarach is come again,
The Gregarach is come again,
Soun' the welcome down the glen,
Roy Gregarach is hame again.

The sons o' Gregor now will shame
The mongrel blood o' Saxon Graeme,
And pour like Endrick's winter roar,
Down "far Lochowe" on Callum More,
As eagle from his eyrie driven
We'll pounce, we'll scathe like forked levin,
And harry mail frae hill and plain,
For Gregarach is come again.

Roy Gregarach is come again,
Roy Gregarach is come again,
*Craigcrostan now shall be his ain,
For he's got free and back again.

The lanesome cave he'll haunt nae mair,
Nor couch beside the red deer's lair,
Nor shelter in Balquidder's braes
Frae bandog's yell, or Saxon faes.
There's no a Southron laird shall sleep
Secure in clachan, tower, or keep,
His mail unpaid M'Gregor's men,
For Gregarach's come hame again.

Roy Gregarach's come back again,
Roy Gregarach's come back again,
Tell the news on hill—in glen,
Gregarach's sel' is back again.

* His family estate, taken from him by Montrose.

Till M'Rosat finished his repast, we amused ourselves by song and story. Tom, after much entreaty, gave us one of his own lays, which the beauty of Mr. M——'s second unmarried daughter had inspired. It is as follows :—

O ! my sweet lassie,
Gin I were a laird,
How blythely my maillins
Wi' thee wad be shared ;
I'd mak' ye a lady,
An' keep ye aye braw,
At kirk an' at market
Ye'd shine ower them a'.

But aften, my lassie,
Whan gear is maist rife,
Love dwines an' is withered
By dorts, pride, and strife ;
A leal heart an' true love
Are better than a',
O ! what war the Indies
If these be awa !

Wi' you, bonny Jeanie,
The lowliest fate
Wad be dearer than want ye
An' be rich an' great ;
Love's saft sweet endearments
Are walth for us twa,
These dwell in the cottage
Mair aft than the ha'.

If fortune should bless me,
An' gear e'er be mine,
Believe me, dear lassie,
It a' sall be thine ;
But be that as it may,
Still whatever befa',
I'll never forget thee,
Tho' far, far awa'.

Another of his productions was sung with greater taste than it deserved, by the young gentleman whom Davie designated as "Draper, etc., to His Majesty the King of ——."

SONG.

AIR—*Lassie wi' the lint white locks.*

Lassie wi' the bricht blue e'e,
Bonny Katty, canty Katty;
Wilt thou lea Ledard for me,
An' aye be mine, my Katty?

I canna' promise muckle gear,
Nor silk nor crammassie to wear,
My a's my troth—that's thine, my dear,
Then will ye lea Ledard, Katty?
Lassie, etc.

Although Loch Ard be bonny blue,
An' Norlan hearts be warm and true,
I'll mak' amends for a' to you,
Gin ye'll but lea Ledard, Katty.
Lassie, etc.

Ye weel may like the heather brae,
Loe weel ower Hielan hills to stray;
A heart that's leal's worth mair than they,
Sae will ye lea Ledard, Katty?
Lassie, etc.

Tho' boon Loch Ard the lift's aye clear,
An' the sun beams bonny a' the year,
An' wimplin' burnies murmur near,
As if they sought thy stay, Katty;
Lassie, etc.

Tho' gently there the western breeze,
Like music whistles thro' the trees,
Yet what are a' sic joys as these,
To leal an' constant truth, Katty?
Lassie, etc.

THREE NIGHTS IN PERTHSHIRE.

The music o' the burnie's moan,
 The soughan breeze frae dark Loch Chon,
 What are they to the saft warm tone,
 The melody o' love, Katty?

Lassie, etc.

O, come! the town without thee's drear,
 What's a' its gauds whan you're no near,
 What's a' its sports whan you're no here?
 Sae wilt thou lea Ledard, Katty?

Lassie, etc.

The above piece is an invitation which hundreds, I doubt not, would willingly repeat from their heart to Miss K—— M—— to join the "flaunting town."

The fiddler now appeared—"immortal," as David said—*i.e.*, nearly as drunk as a lord. In these moments he never fails to remind his hearers of an early crony, and dear boon companion of his, whose exploits will prevent him from being soon forgot in this part of the country: "Oh! he was a blythe chiel, the miller o' Chon. Ye're a' but doityfied bodies compared wi' him! He—he—he—was the King o' Bangsters—but I'll sing ye my sang about him"—which he did—and here it is:—

THE MILLER OF CHON.

AIR—Harper of Mull.

Na, talk na o' laughing, ye ken na't ava',
 Since he wha was king o't, is cauld an' awa';
 The best o't himsel' in the hale kintra-side,
 Wi' his jokes he rax'd gabs till they a' got as wide
 As his ain sonsy mou'. O! there ne'er was a chiel,
 That had jibes half sae ready, or sang lilts sae weel;
 The deil wi' the lasses couldna better come on,
 For four wives, gaucy queans, had the Miller o' Chon.

Fair, wedding, or waking, tryst, draigy, or kirm,
 Without him, was but like a wat ravell'd pirn;
 He drank out the elders and auld carles bliin',
 Then rade in the broose, an' was aye sure to win;

He danced wi' the bride, the auld kimmers he kist,
While the youngsters were mad if for fun he them missed ;
Dinna whinge that he's gane, drink to him and dance on,
A loud laugh's the best dirge for the Miller o' Chon.

Wha like him birred the bag-pipes ? wha sang ? but, indeed,
He had mair in his heels, than the feck in their head !
O ! he weel lik'd a joke, and he kept a bien house,
Meat an' maut an' a mairt, a bit grilse, and a grouse,
An' whan he shot *that*, his auld mither would shu
Him a while up and down in a scull, to mak' true
What he swore ance, that tho' grinning corn was a trade ill,
He poach'd nane since his mither rock'd him in a cradle.
Toom a stoup on his yird, like him dry, an' dance on,
Whisky tears are the best for the Miller o' Chon.

"Gude faith, Bauldy, gin ye sing," said Will Shore, "no even
the Marquis will keep me frae haeing a screed o' my pipe ; my
kite's packed sae !—I'll e'en gie ye, dawties, the sang that Bauldy
himself, the blin' deil, made for me." He here ranted, with some
humour, the following farrago :—

THE BLUE-GOWN'S RANT.

AIR—Coggie, thou heals me.

At Beltane, or Lantryne, or hairst time, I'm blythe,
For routh o' good gabfu's are then to be got ;
An' cheery I'm aye gin but onything kythe,
Be't fresh, or be't saut, frae the gaucy kail pot.
Spoon, coggie an' bicker, spoon, coggie an' bicker,
O ! ye mak' me sicker, O ! ye mak' me sicker ;
Gie me you rinnin' ower, an' the storm it may nicher,
I care na a plack, gin there's crowdie for me.

Gudewife, whar's the yill cask ? Gudeman, whar's the skreigh flask ?
Gude eating mak's drouthy, an' fat brose are dry ;
Whist, bairns ! a hale kistfu' o' questions ye would ask,
But, Gudesake, wha'll eat an' speak baith ? faith no I.
Spoon, bicker an' coggie, spoon, bicker an' coggie,
It's ye mak' me vogie, it's ye mak' me vogie,
What care I tho' I lie in a barn or a bogie,
Gin there be but plenty o' crowdie for me !

THREE NIGHTS IN PERTHSHIRE.

Sheep's head, haggis, kail-brose, fish, or flesh mak' me cantie,
 Gin there's o' them eneugh, O they never come wrang,
 I'm no unco dainty, gif I hae but plenty ;—
 Gae wa' ye daft gowks, for I'm done wi' my sang,
 Cheese, crowdie or bannock, cheese, crowdie or bannock,
 Gin they cram but the stomach, gin they cram but the stomach,
 Are a' ane to me ;—the auld carle o' Gargunnock
 Said, " Divots fill holes up, as weel's weel can be."

The dance was again renewed with as much vigour as ever, but my English constitution could not stand the exercise longer, so I retired with Mrs. and Mr. M——. Elspeth Errolside was smoking her pipe in the kitchen as we entered. I conversed a long time with her, and was much interested in, and got some instruction from, this venerable relic of clanship. She still looked back with reverence to feudal times, and doated on feudal manners. Mr. M—— knew how to touch the cord of her sympathy, and on being reminded of a tradition of the neighbourhood, she looked out, and seeing the harvest moon beaming on the blue loch in placid beauty, exclaimed, "Bonny, but deceitfu' moon, and smooth, but deep, deep water. Mony a braw and gallant ane sleeps aneath your skinkling waxies. Your Water Lady is heard nae mair, but yet she'll surely come back again ! Your kelpies are frichtened awa'—but they're no dead, for they canna die. Sir Malcom Errolside was the last, and the best, ye ever whammlet in your waves."

Here she repeated, as if totally unconscious of our presence, the following rude and wild ballad, which had been made on one who once bore the name of her husband.

BALLAD OF SIR MALCOM.

"Whar ride ye, Sir Malcom, *why* ride you so fast,
 Your steed's flanks are covered wi' faem ?
 Light ye down, gude Sir Malcom, for cauld is the blast,
 And this night it's ower late to reach hame."

 "Lord Gartmore, I maunna light down frae my steed,
 Tho' it's spur-gor'd and covered wi' faem ;
 An' tho' the cauld blast sairly rairds round my head,
 This night I *maun* ride to my hame ;

“For I plichtit my word to my ladye love
That *this* morrow I should return ;
An’ I swore by the moon an’ the sterns above,
That our bridal lights should burn.

“Ere this at the altar o’ holy St. Bryde ;
Ere this that the mass should be sung ;
Ere this, she’d be aye mine, whate’er nicht betide,
Yet I’m here tho’ the vespers have rung !

“For oh ! I hae wasted wi’ wassail and wine,
In Buchanan’s stately keep,
The hours,—will they never come back?—that were thine,
My Jeanie, and left thee to weep ?

“Oh ! I hear thy saft sab ring like guilt in mine ear,
For ye think me fause, fause and man-sworn ;
But no ! whate’er tempt me, thou still shalt be dear,
And still in my heart’s core be worn !”

Sir Malcom for answer stay’d not ; o’er the sward
Like the levin bolt wildly he flew ;
But yet, ere his horse got his speed, he has heard
What, alas ! his heart tells him’s too true.

“Aye, ride ye, Sir Malcom,” said Gartmore, “aye ride,
For your word and your fame as a knight ;
But the love that at wassail could cool, wae betide !
Would on sairer temptation tak’ flicht.”

Oh ! he stopp’d not for stream, bush nor brake, rock nor knowe,
Till his steed drank frae deep Avendhu ;
“Speed, speed, gallant Oscar, for never I trow,
Till this hour hung such hopes upon you.”

Oscar speeds him, Sir Malcom spurs eagerly on—
The stream’s parent loch is in view,
’Neath the gleam of a watery moonshine it shone
Like beauty’s cheek bathed in grief’s dew.

The clouds in dark masses sail’d sullenly o’er
The arch of the star-gemm’d heaven,
And afar dim and wildly was heard the faint roar
Of the loch’s waves that shoreward were driven.

THREE NIGHTS IN PERTHSHIRE.

Oh! chill was the ripple that curled on its breast,
 Stirr'd up by the still chiller breeze
 O' the old age of Autumn, that shook the sear vest
 Of, and drearily croon'd thro' the trees!

What pale light is yon on Benchochan's rough steep?
 See! it glitters far down the lone strath.
 Ay start! for such red omen meteors sweep
 Round the hills, as the light of heaven's wrath!

Lo! the cold misty moonbeam and yon lurid ray
 Dance in dalliance upon the grey cairn;
 Round the grave of the wizard they whirl as in play,
 Hark! the wind growls more hoarse, deep, and stern.

In vain rose those terrors, Lord Malcom was brave,
 Not alone in the fight, but in mind;
 "To my Jeanie," he cried, "tho' I ride thro' the grave!"
 And Oscar sped on swift as wind.

"Glashart's past, and Blairvuick is near—Oscar, on!
 Why pause ye? why prick up each ear?
 Ha, music! stay—list—oh, it dies!—it is gone;
 No! again its wild breathings I hear!

"Can this be the harp in my fair lady's bower,
 Or the pipe in my father's hall?
 No, these are far off—oh! no! ne'er till this hour
 Heard mine ear such a dying fall.

"Oscar—on to the beach—'tis some barge skims the lake,
 Yet no oar's splash, nor boatman I hear—
 Nay, plunge not in, Oscar! why should music wake
 In thee—or such rapture and fear?

"Again that wild cadence!" The moon burst the shroud
 That had wrapt it awhile, and its ray
 Showed Sir Malcom, who, speechless with wonder, low bowed,
 A ladye in queen-like array.

"Welcome, brave knight,
 From the revel or fight,
 Chief still at the board or the foray,
 The wine cup runs o'er,
 And I wait at my door,
 To woo thee to light and to stay."

"Oh ! I may not licht down frae my steed, ladye fair,
 For tho' it be covered wi' faem,
 An' tho' that your voice is like Summer's saft air,
 This nicht I maun ride to my hame."

"Oh ! then fare thee well,
 But, Sir Knight, ere ye go,
 Take this harp of the shell,
 And this shield, helm, and bow,
 And give me in token that bright emerald ring,
 And I will again my wild lake ditty sing."

"That harp, shield, bow, helmet ! and shall they be mine,
 Mine for aye, ladye fair, and anew
 Shall I hear thy wild melody? No ! Jeanie, *thine*
 Was the ring—pledge of love warm and true.

"But yet ere I go, let me taste the clear dew,
 That on thy coral lips hangs like *balm*."
 "The ring then !" "Oh ! take it ; a moment with you
 Is worth ages of life's sleepy calm."

He has sprung from his steed : "God ! what rapture is this !"
 He exclaimed as he pressed her soft cheek ;
 For she was the image of heaven and bliss,
 And her look was like angel's meek.

The ring,—it is given, and his Jeanie's forgot,
 Then wild shriek'd the wind and the wave ;
 The Loch Kelpies howled, and *that* moment the thought
 Of his vow was like death and the grave.

But one minute pass'd, and the water sprite's form,
 Was grim as the dreamings of guilt ;
 "My bridegroom," it screech'd, "come away, for the storm
 Sings thy dirge—now—nay—nay—but thou wilt !"

Wild, wild rung his cries in the gale o'er the wave
 As they floated : but ah ! all in vain ;
 For the Loch Lady bore him to her rocky cave,
 And Sir Malcom was ne'er seen again.

Gallant Oscar sped on to his Jeanie and home,
 And his blank saddle bow told the tale ;
 Oh ! wildly he snorted and sweat bloody foam,
 When again ring the cries thro' the vale,
 As they did when fair Jeanie was wed to Glentyne,
 Who ne'er broke a vow for "Sprite, Wassail, or Wine."

I was deeply affected by this ancient legend ; so much so, that every line was impressed upon my memory sufficiently to enable me to write it down when I retired to my bed chamber. Before doing so, I returned to take a last look of the homely festivities with which I had been so much amused and delighted. Simple pleasures are, after all, the best. Epicures, in enjoyment, may refine and sublimate as they will, but happiness is too ethereal and subtle not to escape the most dexterous operator, if too much experimented upon, strained and enquired into. What is often deemed its coarse parts are inseparable from its most exquisite essence.

The dancers, though it was now daylight, continued their sport with untired vigour and undiminished spirits. I took a farewell reel, bade them a good morning, and retired.

"I've seen waur Saxons on this side o' Craigmaddie, than that Maister Ercy Pork, or what d'ye ca' him?" I heard Will Shore remark to his *fidus Achates* Bauldy M'Rosat, as I left the door ;—and rude though the tribute was, shall I confess I was weak enough to be pleased with it? It seemed to me a proof that I had been as successful as I wished to be, in the difficult task of suiting *my* manners to those of the place I sojourned in, since even the prejudices of the gaberlunzie against "a' land loupin' and antrin Englishers," seemed through me to be overcome. It's a foible of mine to wish to stand well even with the most humble.

The day, as you may believe, was pretty far advanced before I left my pillow. After breakfast, I began to make preparations for my departure, but neither without opposition on the part of my kind friends nor without reluctance on my side. But my engagements in Glasgow were of an imperative nature, and I dragged myself away from my hospitable entertainers and new acquaintances with a sensation of pain as keen as the relish of my former pleasure.

I was not suffered to depart without many a hearty shake of the hand, and more than one bumper of the heather dew. After reiterating my promises to visit Ledard in winter, I bade it farewell, and Mr. D. M—— rode along with me over to Aberfoyle, thus giving me, not only a horse to Glasgow, but a "Scotch convoy" of five miles on my road. Never,—never, my

dear Twiss, shall I forget, or remember without delight, the days whose history I have now related to you. In the busy haunts of a city life their memory will refresh me, like an ever bubbling fountain amid a dreary waste.

In sickness and pain the recollection of these past joys will cheer and soothe me. In solitude they will be company; in crowds,—a retreat.

Fare thee well thou lovely Loch, and you ye dwellers on its banks! For the green fields of my own "merry England" I have a filial love. Many a nook of sequestered beauty amid them I will revisit with heartfelt delight. Yet even surrounded by their smiling plenty, I will not cease to remember the blue hills,—the rushing burn, and the clear Loch near Ledard.—No! nor *its* warm-hearted inmates. No! my dear T——, nor in any place my friendship for *you*, which no chance nor change can eradicate from the bosom of your ever faithful and affectionate

PERCY YORKE.



APPENDIX.

Defeat of Cromwell's Troops by Grahame of Deuchrie, p. 21.

As this defeat is but little known, it has been thought desirable to give here the account of it as written by Grahame in detail, in his "Account of the Earl of Glencairn's Expedition as General of His Majesty's Forces in the Highlands of Scotland in the years 1653 and 1654." Edited, with notes, by Sir Walter Scott. 4to, 1822.

"His lordship left his house of Finlayston in the beginning of the month of August, 1653, and went to Lochow (Lochearn), where several of the chiefs of the clans met him, viz., the Earl of Athole,¹ the Laird of Glengarry,² Cameron of Lochiel, ordinarily called M'Ilduig,³ John Graham of Deuchrie,⁴ Donald M'Grigor, tutor of M'Grigor; the Laird of Inuery,⁵ Robertson of Strowan, the Laird of M'Naughton, the Lord of Lorn,⁶ and Colonel Blackadder of Tulliallan.

"These gentlemen, after some days of consideration with his lordship, promise to bring him out what forces they could, with all expedition.

"His lordship, in the meantime, lay to and from the hills, not having with him but three servants and the writer of this history, for the space of six weeks.

"The first forces that joined him were forty footmen, brought by the Laird of Deuchrie. In two or three days after came the tutor of M'Grigor with eighty foot.

"With this force his lordship went to the house of Deuchrie, where within

¹ John, second Earl, and afterwards first Marquis of Athole.

² Aeneas M'Donell of Glengarry, a chief of great gallantry and influence. After the Restoration he was created a peer by the title of Lord M'Donell and Aros.

³ MacDhonuill Duibh—*i.e.*, son of Donald the Black; the patronymic title of the chief of the Camerons. He in question was the redoubted Ewan Dhu, or Black Sir Ewan.

⁴ John Grahame of Deuchrie, a gallant soldier, and believed to be the author of the narrative.

⁵ Farquharson.

⁶ Archibald, afterwards Earl of Argyll.

a few days, Lord Kenmure joined him with about forty horse from the west. Colonel Blackadder came with about thirty horse, which he had got together in Fife. The Laird of M'Naughton came with twelve horse. There were between sixty and eighty of the Lowland men without horses, but well provided in arms, who were attending for command, under the conduct of Captain James Hamilton, brother to the Laird of Milnburn—they all were called to a nickname—Cravats.⁷

“Colonel Kydd, Governor of Stirling, being informed that the King's forces were come so near him, marched with most part of his regiment of foot, and a troop of horse, to a place called Aberfoile, within three miles of Lord Glencairn. His lordship, having intelligence, did march with the small force he had, to the Pass of Aberfoile, and drew up his foot on both sides very advantageously; and the horse, which were commanded by Lord Kenmure, formed the wings. He gave orders for Captain Hamilton's Cravats and Deuchrie's men, to receive the first charge, which they did very gallantly; and at the very first made the enemy retire.

“The General, perceiving this, commanded the Highland forces to pursue, as also Lord Kenmure's horse. On this, the enemy began to run in earnest;—they lost about sixty men on the spot, and, it was said, about eighty in the pursuit. No prisoners were taken on either side.”⁸

In the same volume as that from which the foregoing has been taken there is an account of another skirmish, between the Republican and the Royal troops, near the same locality as the former one, but with a different result. It has been thought proper to add the notice of it here:—

“⁷ Croats, as probably resembling those Austrian light troops in their dexterity of depredation.

“⁸ The romantic Pass of Aberfoyle begins at the first opening of the lake, after leaving the little inn, and as the path runs betwixt the water and the mountain, it formed a pass, where, to use the language of Cromwell on a similar occasion, ‘one man might do more to hinder, than three to make way.’ The tradition of the spot preserves some particulars. Grahame of Deuchrie's castle, situated about a mile to the eastward of the pass, was burnt by the English the morning before the action; but the gallant owner was already in arms with his followers. A spot, marked by a clump of trees, where a distinguished English officer fell by a shot from the opposite side of the river is still called ‘*Bad an Shassenich*,’ or the Saxon's Clump.” [From Sir Walter's description of the position of Deuchrie's Castle, it has been supposed that Dounans Castle was the building burnt by Kydd's force. It is situated about a mile east of the pass, and close by is the clump of trees alluded to, which is still known by the designation here given. Duchray (Deuchrie) Castle is about two miles to the south-west of the pass.—ED.]

"Dalkeith, April 6, 1654.—Upon Monday night last the enemy had a party returning from the south towards Aberfoyle (Aberfoyle) Pass, to which joyned another partie of the enemy, of about sixty horse and sixty foot, commanded by Colonel MacNaughton; at which time Cornet Keys, with about twenty horse from Dumbarton, and Lieutenant Francis Young, of Captain Callant's company of Colonel Read's regiment, with eighteen horse and thirty foot from Buchannan, made after them. The enemy got the pass first; nevertheless they were totally routed by ours, who killed one captain and twelve private soldiers; took Lieutenant-Colonel George Herriot, William Buchannan, Captain Robert Campbell, Cornet Hugh Wells, quartermaster, above forty private souldiers, and about twenty horse. MacNaughton fled, with sixteen horse; all of them being killed and taken save himself and three others. We had only one killed and one wounded, and two horses killed."

The Amenities of a Scottish Baptismal Ceremony at Aberfoyle in the Seventeenth Century.

The following notice of an occurrence at Aberfoyle, about the same time as the previous one, is so characteristic of the state of life and manners at the date, and possesses so much interest for natives, and others acquainted with the district, that it seemed appropriate to reprint it, as given in "Chambers' Domestic Annals of Scotland," vol. 2, page 309 :—

"The Earl of Airth had procured letters of caption against John Graham of Duchrae and Thomas Graham, his son, and studied to obtain an opportunity of putting them in execution. Learning that Thomas Graham was to have a child baptised at the kirk of Aberfoyle, and judging that the whole family might probably be found together on such an occasion, he proceeded thither (February 13, 1671), with Alexander Mushet, messenger, and a strong party of his friends and dependents, all well armed. Duchrae, though he considered himself in possession of a sufficient protection from the King, deemed it necessary that his christening party should also be well armed. Where debt and Highland blood were concerned, there could scarcely but be bloodshed in such circumstances. At the Bridge of Aberfoyle, the Duchrae party—including, by the way, the ministers and elders of the parish—met Alexander Mushet, who had come forward

with a few attendants to execute the writ, while the Earl of Airth remained with some others of his party at a little distance. When Mushet told Duchrae to consider himself as his prisoner, the latter took out a protection, which he held forth with words of scornful defiance, calling out: 'What dar ye do? This is all your masters!'—the truth being, that the paper was not a protection from civil debt, but merely bore reference to another question, regarding the removal from certain lands. Meanwhile the baby was set down upon the ground, and the Duchrae party prepared their swords, guns, and pistols for a conflict, avowing to Mushet and his friends that they would kill the one half of them, and drown the other. They did accordingly press, first upon Mushet, and then upon the Earl and his friends who quickly gave way, but rallied, and stood upon their defence. It was alleged that the Earl was narrowly missed by several bullets, and it was certain that some of the servants were wounded—one, Robert M'Farlane, losing two of his fingers. With great difficulty, they were allowed to get off with their lives. Duchrae, notwithstanding an attempt at counter action, was condemned to go into Edinburgh Tolbooth, and give ample caution that he would keep the peace towards the Earl of Airth and his tenants."

