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LEGENDS  
OF  
THE BRAES  
O' MAR.

"Tales of the times of old - of the  
deeds of the days of other  
years." — Ossian.

ABERDEEN  
LEWIS AND JAMES SMITH  
1861.

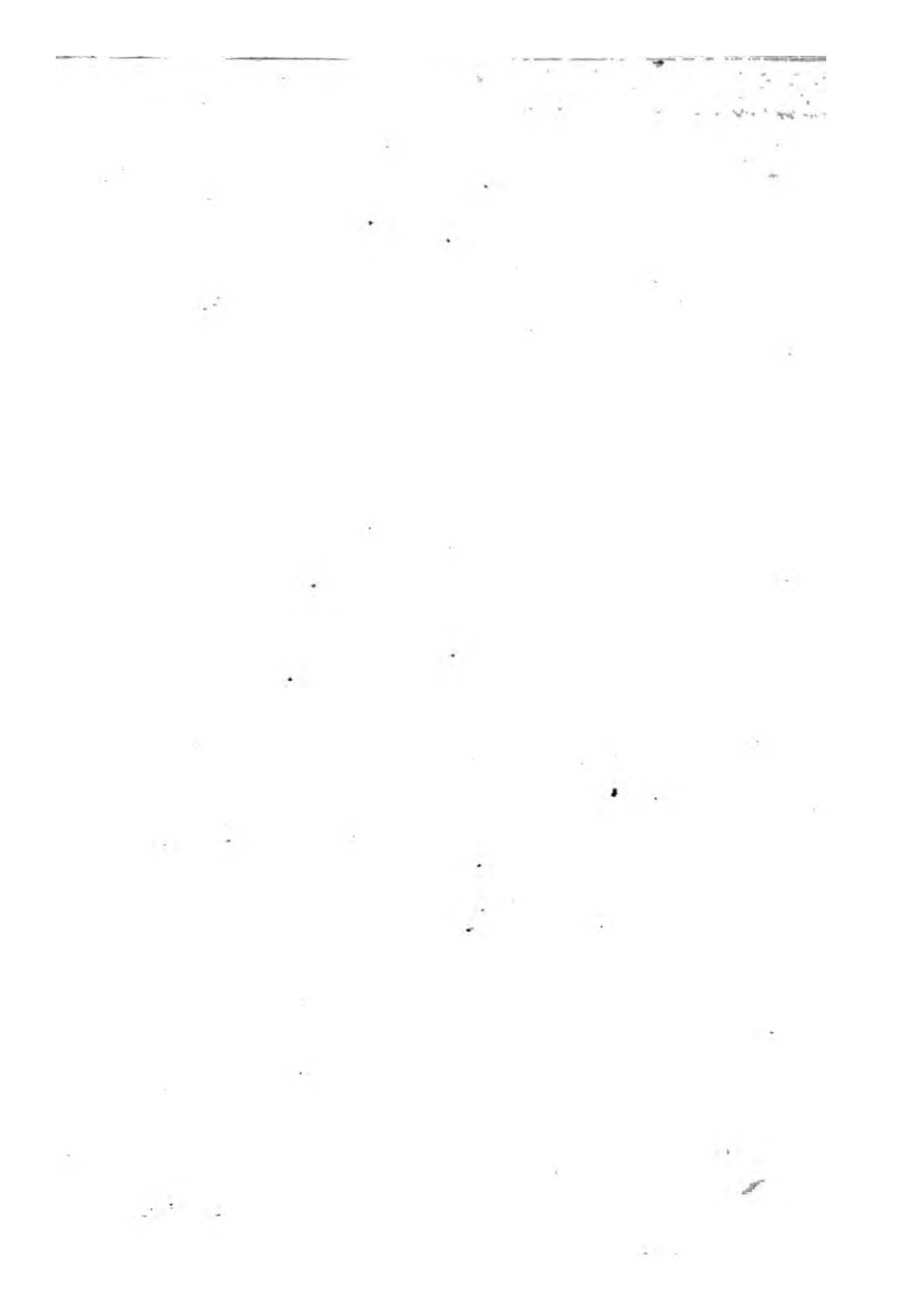
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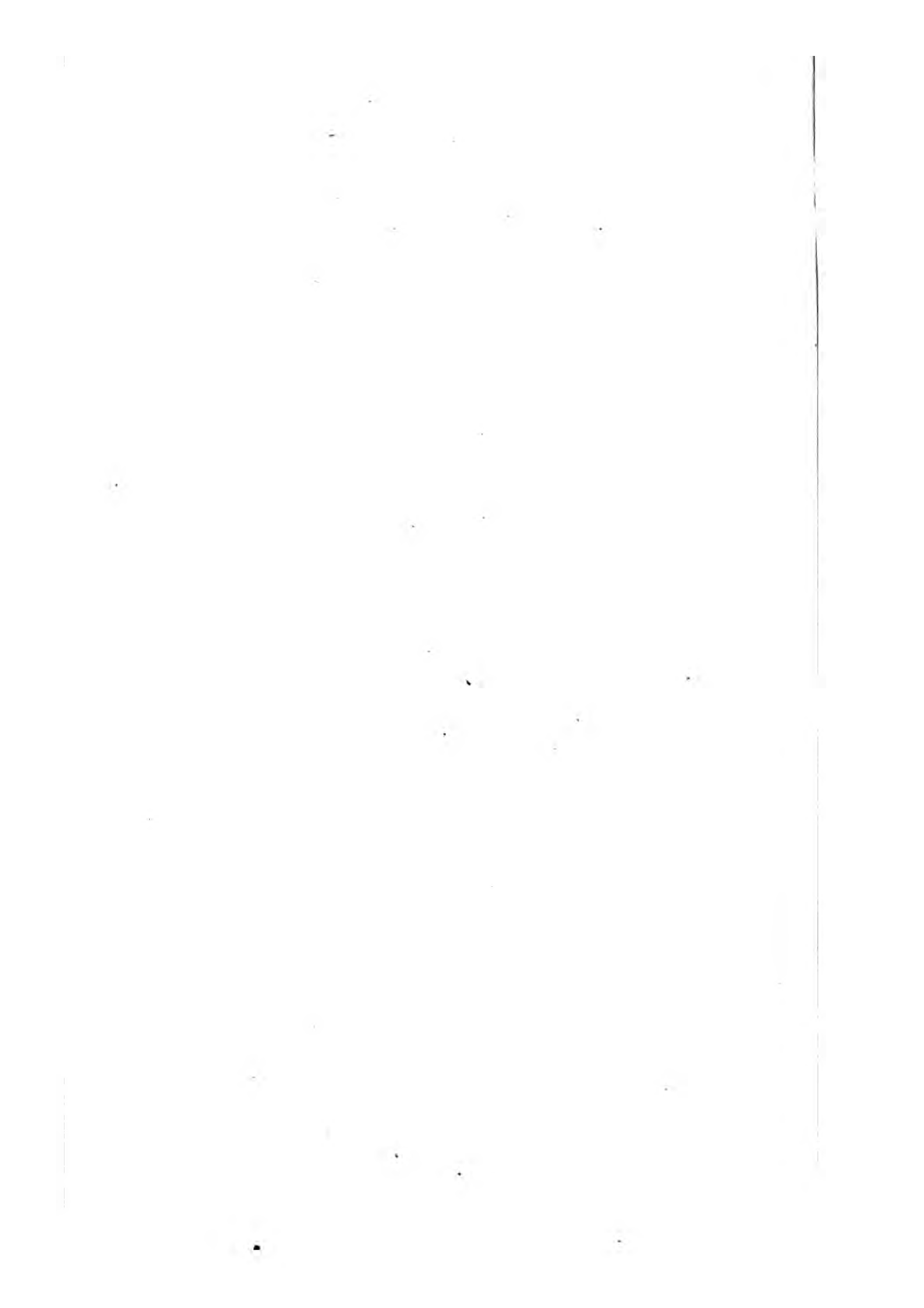
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ABERDEEN :

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# LEGENDS

OF

## THE BRAES O' MAR.



ONE who has spent a winter in Mar need not be informed what is meant by the word "Forenicht." From mid-autumn until Spring—sweet maiden—has well-nigh sped her welcome course darkness falls earlier, and morning dallies longer than most people would wish. The time, then, which intervenes between nightfall and bedtime is what is called the "Forenicht."

We have no theatres in the Braes o' Mar, nor those many entertainments which in towns aid multitudes in whiling away what otherwise might be thought weary hours. Yet our winter is not the dull, languishing time which many may imagine it to be. From early childhood we have thought of, and longed for, the songs, the dance, the ghost tales of the winter evening. The "forenicht" is a joyous, laughing, right merry time. How merrily the peats blaze in the wide kitchen-chimney! How cheerful, red and rosy with healthful life, those that sit round that bright fire! The goodwife, seated on her low bench in her own cosy corner, plying bravely the knitting-wires, ends the semicircle: the goodman heads it, gathering lore from the newspapers, or from some venerable old tome. One of the blithe young daughters will be at the spinning-wheel; the others, with canny skill and busy fingers, guide the tiny needle; while the sons keep life in them by their merry talk. The joke, and the laugh, and the gay prattle go round and round, and make time speed lightly by.

The "forenicht" circle includes not merely the members of the family, but visitors from the neighbourhood. Young and old receive and return these visits as a matter of course, and this serves much to add to the mirth of those evenings. The pack of cards, well browned with smoke and frequent usage, is generally in request on these occasions, and becomes the source



of unending merriment. The draft-board, too—"dam-brod," they call it—a faded, dusty, traditional heirloom, is brought forth. Many the hard battles, much the skill, craft, and cunning, innumerable the victories and defeats it has witnessed. Or the politics of the day are spoken of—the wars, the skill of generals, the conduct of the soldiery—all the news of the time are talked over and discussed with no small degree of shrewdness and intelligence. The past furnishes anecdotes innumerable, ghost-stories, tales of fairies, glorious exploits of heroes ancient and modern, to pass amusingly the long winter evenings. To some few of those "forenichts," good reader, you owe the pleasure—I hope I may call it pleasure—of reading these Legends of the Braes o' Mar.

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## LONG, LONG AGO.

LONG, long ago, Braemar was famed over all Scotland for its romantic scenery, splendid forests, abundance of all kinds of game; but most of all for the beauty and grace of its women, and the bravery and strength of its men. These were the times of the race of iron—barbarous in its manners, it is true, but still maintaining an open hospitality, bearing a frank heart, and rigid in the execution of its promises.

Long, long ago, in those times, an old man, wearing a strange costume, and speaking a strange tongue, came journeying painfully up the "water o' Dee." He went from door to door begging a crust of bread and the hospitality of the owner; but his suffering march, and the sad, sunk, and melancholy air of his face, showed that he was sparingly supplied and little pitied.

Still the old man toiled on, and one summer evening, thirsty and tired, entered Inverey leaning twofold over the long staff, with round head of horn, that supported his steps. He spoke of a new doctrine and a new religion, trying to explain it to them in a few words of barbarous Celtic, which he had learned by the way. His new views found little credit with the people, and the poor old man was refused even a drink of water to quench his thirst.

He went on, crossing the Ey, which was tepid with the heat, and nauseous with the juice of mountain "mosses" and bogs; he went on, and, climbing the *brae* on the other side, he found the waters of a small fountain that sprung up in a hollow on

the top. He seated himself on the green grass, and drank copiously of the pure water. In the effusion of his gratitude he dedicated the well to the Blessed Virgin, and, as the name fell from his lips, he thought of his fair France, and the rich swells of beautiful Champagne. The memory of its happy days, the memory of its tender ties, and perhaps the regret of those times, and the depth of those affections, filled even his old eyes with tears, and wrapt his spirit, so that he did not perceive the approach of another personage.

"Curse the fountain," exclaimed rudely the new-comer, "that gave thee the life-continuing draught."

"Curse it not," said the stranger, with mildness, "for I have blessed it, and it shall be blessed."

"And I," cried the countryman, furiously—"I curse it with a thousand curses, and I insult it and the blessing thou hast given it." At the same time he bent down, and, taking a handful of the slime and mud of the rivulet, he dashed it into the eye of the fountain as he finished the malediction. The eye for a moment seemed to sparkle with anger, clear and pure, through the muddy water, and then it bubbled up no more.

"Friend, the fountain did thee no harm, and I have done thee no wrong; why shouldst thou curse or insult us?"

"I am a Druid priest, and thou tellest the people of another religion."

"As the fountain shall spring up again," said the stranger, rising, and speaking like a prophet, "through the dark mass of earth that covers it, pure and sparkling, so shall the ancient truth and the unchangeable word that I speak as a servant, and as one unworthy, shine with primal lustre to you as to the whole world."

The fountain at this moment burst open a new source in a better place, fairer, purer, and sweeter than ever.

"Oh! master," cried the Druid, falling at the stranger's feet, "the power and the truth of the Great Being is with thee."

God prospered the efforts of the French priest, others came to help him, and the Druid became one of the most ardent in propagating the good work. So the well of St Mary at Inverey is always mentioned in connection with the conversion of the Braes of Mar to Christianity.

Long, long ago, in the times of the days of old, as Ossian would have it, years after the French missionary had slept with his fathers, the Braes of Mar became a new land. The seed which had been sown found a grateful soil. The Druidical superstitions vanished, little chapels arose in every rugged glen, and Christianity assumed its beneficent sway.

In those days, one Nathalan, an illustrious scion of a noble house, was born at Tullich. His education was particularly attended to, and he grew up an accomplished scholar, as well as a distinguished saint. His warm heart was inflamed with the love of God. He yearned after a better world, and spent his time in the contemplation of heavenly things. Nature spoke to him of the Almighty alone. The trees with their rich foliage, the flowers of various hue and sweet of perfume, the fruits and crops of the earth, the very grass of the field, proclaimed to him the marvellous might of the Creator. And though of noble birth, he became a cultivator of the soil, as he found that employment most suited to raise his every thought to God. With his own hands he tilled a little farm, and sowed and reaped his crops in due season.

A famine came, and sorely pressed upon the neighbourhood, and starvation brought the poor to the verge of the grave. Nathalan opened his little stores, and distributed amongst them the produce of his fields to the last grain, so that on the return of spring, though his fields were ready, he had not wherewith to sow them. His farm was close by the Dee, and on its banks lay fine beds of sand. This he gathered, and had his fields all sown over with sand, as if it had been the best of grain. And, lo! wonderful to tell, never did Tullich witness such plentiful crops. Barley, oats, and the different grains he was wont to sow, grew up and ripened in amazing abundance. One autumn morning, a goodly array of men and women went out with Nathalan to reap the ready harvest; the heavens, however, suddenly darkened, rain fell in torrents, the wind blew a hurricane, the mountain streamlets waxed large, and rushed down headlong in frothy fury. The Gairn, red with clay and sand, making deafening riot, raged its utmost. The Dee raised its dark swollen waters, over-flooded its banks, and began to inundate Nathalan's golden fields. Alas for poor human nature! the reapers, Nathalan too, murmured against the goodness of the Most High. It was but the complaint of a moment, and in that moment the heavens became serene. The day waxed bright and beautiful as before. The angry waters subsided. Heavily did Nathalan's conscience smite him with grief. Straightway he bound an iron chain round his right ankle, and made it fast with lock and key, vowing that it should not be unlocked until he craved forgiveness for his sin, an humble pilgrim before the shrine of the Apostles, at Rome. He vowed, and, as he ended his vow, threw the key into the neighbouring Dee. The spot, bearing out the truth of our story, is to this day called the Key Pool.

After a long painful pilgrimage we find Nathalan reached

the Eternal City. Asking pardon, revolving pious thoughts, he knelt and prayed at the many shrines of Rome, and then only he went in search of some meagre food. He met a little boy, from whom at a low price he procured a fish. The fish was opened, and in it was found, still unruined, the very key he had thrown into the Dee, far away amidst the hills of Mar. With pious gratitude he received it, as a mark from God that his sin was cancelled, and unlocked the iron of a long penitence. The fame of the Scottish pilgrim's sanctity pervaded Rome, and became known to the Pope, by whom, shortly after, Nathalan was consecrated bishop. Until a good old age he edified all Rome by his humility, piety, and the exercise of many virtues. He bethought him, however, of his native hills, and with the Pope's blessing and consent he sought again the banks of the Dee. We may imagine the joy and rapture of his countrymen. Before his death, he built at his own expense three churches—one at Tullich, one at Coull in Cromar, and one at Bothelim; and, rich in many virtues, he rendered his soul to God. The Reformation has almost swept the memory of St Nathalan from amongst us. The Mason Lodge of Ballater bears his name—an honour by no means, we dare make bold to think, much to St Nathalan's liking. St Nathalan died on the 27th of January, and on that day his feast was celebrated with much piety and devotion in these parts. Down to the days of Knox he was held in much veneration; and many the sick, many the diseased, many the afflicted, who came in humble pilgrimage to the Church of St Nathalan at Tullich, and, through God's mercy and his intercession, returned home cured, and comforted, and—Nathalan is the Saint of the Braes o' Mar.

Long, long ago, the Braes o' Mar were the favourite hunting bounds of the kings of Scotland.

They had a hunting-seat on Donside at Kildrummy, one in Cromar, on an island of Loch Kinnord, and one in Braemar at Castletown.

*Creag Choinnich*, or Kenneth's Craig, had its name from King Kenneth, who used it as a heading hill, and sometimes as a lookout to see how his royal hunts through the strath below were conducted.

Macbeth's last flight was through the Braes o' Mar. The stone where he was slain by Macduff is seen to this day in Lumphanan.

But most remembered of all the early Scottish monarchs is Malcolm of the Big Head.

Long, long ago, during his first stay in Cromar, some of his turbulent thanes, taking exception to his big head, wished to

have it off. It is not distinctly known whether they intended to replace it by a neater piece of workmanship. The scheme went wrong, through the blundering of Allan-Mac-Ian-Dhorsair-'Ic-Dhaulain (Allan the son of John the door-warden, the son of Daulin). This fellow was door-warden to Malcolm, a huge fellow as you could have seen. When the thanes in a body came to Malcolm's chamber, he shut the door in their faces, and though ten or twelve of them applied shoulders and feet to it, Allan-Mac-Ian-Dhorsair-'Ic-Dhaulain, with his shoulder on the other side, kept it closed against them all. Malcolm, not relishing this squabbling, called through a window down into the court on his guard, who speedily hastened to his presence. Not having time to wait for the dispersion of the thanes, who blocked up the door, they hacked them down with their halberds, and thus put a stop to their proceedings relative to Malcolm's big head.

Malcolm had a taste for the big—natural that he should; and so, having proof of the bigness of Allan-Mac-Ian-Dhorsair-'Ic-Dhaulain—the man, not the name—in the affair with the thanes, he made him lord of Coull and Migvie. The people of the country, however, having no idea of the grand and big, instead of continuing his old name to the laird, called him simply after his former office, Allan Doorward. From him came the family of the Durwards, once so mighty on the Braes o' Mar.

The Durwards were long in Cromar. They built two splendid castles, the ruins of which are yet seen, and, to connect them, constructed a causeway through the low grounds of the country, then mostly under water, from Coull to Migvie. The old hospital for the sick and wounded at Kincardine O'Neil was due to them. They were great warriors too, and fought in the holy wars. Like every family, they had many feuds, but the most bloody was with the Ogilvies. The bravest races, however, like the simplest individual, are only for a time. There were wild things done in the two castles. The sounds of mad revelry disturbed the silence of the night, and the uproar at one castle could be heard at the other—for the sons of Allan-Mac-Ian-Dhorsair-'Ic-Dhaulain were giants. Their substance ran down like the casks of wine they quaffed so freely of, and their lands were sold to the Menzieses. The representative of the family went to Gairnside, where some of his descendants yet live. But they did not cease to have connection with Cromar, for still "the kirk-bell of Coull" tolls of itself at a Durward's death.

Long, long ago, far from relishing the exception to his big head, Malcolm thought so well of it, that he determined to publish some more editions, and took to himself a wife. The year

following, while in Cromar, he had the luck, with other game, to bag a ptarmigan, and when deep in his cups after dinner, dangling the bird by its legs, exclaimed,—

“Oh that I had all the Danes thus! I would cut off their heads at one blow, and seize the Danish crown.”

“Would you venture, my liege,” said the queen-mother, going up to him, “to repeat those words in my brother’s court?”

“Certes, with all my heart,” cried the king.

Twelve of his best men were picked out, and they accompanied the queen and himself to Denmark, where they met with a hearty welcome.

When they sat down to dinner, each of the twelve had a dagger thrust into his sleeve, and was by Malcolm seated between two Danes. He was a jolly fellow, and soon told over the story. The Danes leapt to their feet; but his faithful twelve did each for their two, and they sailed immediately for “auld Scotland.”

Cleverly as Malcolm had managed, the Danes did not see the beauty of the affair, but, waxing very wroth, landed an army of thirty thousand men in Scotland under Mulloch. Malcolm could only muster seven thousand. He marched them through Athole, Glen Tilt, and Braemar, to Culblean. On Saturday afternoon, twelve scarecrows presented themselves before him, informing him they were the Thane of Argyle’s contingent. Malcolm in a fury ordered them home straightway, and, resolving to meet the Danes with what force he had, pushed forward a few miles that same evening. The twelve lanky Argyle men, wearied and worn, felt no heart to recommence their long journey back on the day of their arrival, and therefore concealed themselves among the camp-followers in the rear. The Scots occupied the then wooded moor that stretches from Loch Dawin to the hills rising eastwards, and the Danes the heights sloping from these hills down to Mill o’ Dinnet. Both armies respected the Sunday, and on Monday morning the battle began. Then came the tug of war. The twelve Argyle men, anxious to get a good view of the fight, and casting about for this purpose, arrived at the top of a hill overlooking the plain. Here the Danish general had perched himself to watch the enemy’s movements. Luckily for his future glory, the Argyle men despatched him at once, and he had the honour of giving his name of Mulloch to that hill. The Danes had now pushed forward into the plain, and were on the point of gaining the day, but, receiving no orders, stood still a breathing-space. At this moment the Argyle men, showing themselves, gave a loud cheer. The Danes began to waver. The Scots pushed on, led by our friend Allan the door-warden. There was no resisting them now. Malcolm left his station—named, after the battle, Monday of the Dawin,

and contracted Monandawin—and rushed forward with his nobles. The heights were taken. The Danes fled. At the hill of Mortlach they attempted to make a stand. The burn which runs down from it is called even now the “Bleedie Burn.” They were again routed. Further down they faced round again, and were again put to flight. Here Malcolm, in transports, exclaimed to his warriors, “Bu sibh-fhein na Gaisgich” (you are indeed heroes). Thence the name of Drum-na-gaisge (the height of heroism). The pursuit continued to the sea-side, where the Danes were exterminated.

In those times great numbers of the houses were still of the kind called Picts' houses—excavations in a dry brae, with side-walls of the rudest masonry inclining inwards, and capped over with long stones. A low narrow passage, with a bend, led from this to the upper world, and a hole through the roof permitted the escape of smoke. In a hole of this kind one of the poor Danes hid himself. When the fury of the people had passed away, he crept out, made himself friends, married, and settled in the country, under the appellation of Lum's Dane (Lumsden), a name that has been continued to his descendants.

Malcolm was much fatigued when he returned to his shooting-box in Loch Kinnord; and when he laid down his big head to sleep, not a wink could he get from the continued howling that assailed his ears; so he called on our friend Allan Durward, now captain of his guard.

“Go, Allan,” said he, “and coutts these dogs, for I can't sleep a bit with their howling.”

Allan, with some of the guard, went away, and found the howling proceeded from some dozen babies, whom it was not easy to “coutts,” or still. They were queer customers in those times, and kept up a joke. This one got spread through the country, and the babies were named “Couttses,” that being the only way they could “coutts” them. But Malcolm, though he rather liked a joke of his own, could not be bothered with the Couttses' constant nightly chorus, and in disgust set off for Braemar. The old Roman road, over Culblean and up Deeside, was then in good repair, and he soon arrived at his castle of Ceann Drochaide, in Castletown of Braemar, where he afterwards generally put up during the hunting season.

The Couttses, though they had not the honour to please his gracious majesty, continued to thrive, strange to tell. In a short time they came to possess the greater part of the west side of Cromar, and became a mighty clan. Among the feuds which they thought it honourable to maintain, was one with the Clan Allan of Corgarff. After it had continued for many years, the Couttses resolved to root out their foes, and gathered, young and

old, for that purpose. They came good speed, and beat the Clan Allan at the Burn of Uaigh-an-t'saigh-dear (the soldier's tomb); but, too rashly squatting down in the places of those they had ousted, they allowed the vanquished to reassemble in the upper glens. Hearing of this, the chief of Clan Coutts hastily assembled a few followers and hurried away, leaving orders for the mass to follow close after. The Clan Allan met this small party on the Vannich, and cut them to pieces. There is a stone, called Clach a 'Chouttsich, where they fell. The Couttses, "like ilka dog," had their day. The loss of their chief caused their ruin. All the clan except one very poor man perished. He luckily had three sons, and at his death apportioned them his goods and chattels as follow:—To the eldest, "an lair bhan" (the grey mare), and from him, therefore, came "Couttsich na larachbaine" (grey mare Couttses); to the second, "bolla 'mhin eorna" (a boll of bear-meal), thence father of "Couttsich a' bholla 'mhin eorna" (the boll of bear-meal Couttses); and to the third, all the worthless traps he could pick up about their bothy, the progenitor of "Couttsich cac choin" (the dog-dirt Couttses), dog-dirt being an elegant term to imply the worthlessness of the last son's inheritance.

Long, long ago, to return to Malcolm. He took strange notions into his head, and indeed there was plenty of room for them there. He felt an enormous fancy to the taming of a huge monster, called the "Tad-Loggann;" others say a wild-boar; and the people round about were taxed, each in turn, a cow or bullock, for its maintenance. Some years previous to this time, a poor man, a MacLeod, had established his household gods in a cottage on the castle plain. He died, leaving his widow with an only son, who grew up a sturdy youth. Imitating the fashions of his fathers, he married, and in due time had a son. When the widow's turn to supply the tax in favour of the monster drew near, having but one cow and few merks to purchase another, she cried out in sorrow and rage—

"Nach truagh nach 'eil ah'aon de shiol Thorcuill beo, a'mharbheadh an Tad-Loggann!" ("What a pity there is not one of the Siol Torquil alive to kill the Tad-Loggann!")

This hint at degeneracy from his father's valour fired the young man's blood, and on the morning for the surrender of his mother's cow, it was found the Tad-Loggann had bid adieu to the land of the living—not, by any means, of his own accord. The king frowned and fumed and stormed, and doomed the murderer of his monster to the death. A gibbet, high and strong, awaited him on Creag Choinnich. He was led out by the north gate. The king attended in state. A crowd of nobles



surrounded him, and the poor country-folks hung timidly on their flanks. Just at the moment the procession was to set forward, a woman, with an infant in her arms, rushed shrieking through the crowd. She threw her arms round MacLeod.

"Spare him, spare him," cried she, turning to the King, "and take everything else we have."

When the soldiers offered to separate them, she clung to him more firmly.

"My love," said the poor fellow, "go in peace, and my blessing go with you."

"No, no," exclaimed she, frantically, "I will not leave you; I will die with you."

Malcolm was moved to compassion for the wife's sake, but he hated the fellow.

"It's a pity," said our friend Allan Durward, "to hang such a splendid archer."

"A splendid archer, eh, Allan?" replied the king; "I've an idea."

He had indeed a few, and no wonder, with such a head. The procession wended slowly down to the Dee. Arrived on the nearer bank, the young wife, with her child in her arms, was put across on horseback, and placed on Tom Ghainmheine. MacLeod must pierce with an arrow an apple placed on the head of his son in his wife's arms. The width of the Dee must separate him from his mark. He asked for a bow and three arrows, all of which he examined with the greatest care. Of the spare two, one he took between his teeth, and the other he stuck into his belt. He aimed; but his body trembled like the leaves of an aspen, and he drew back, crying out, "This is hard." Again he placed himself; but he trembled still. He turned round to the king, and repeated in a low voice, "This is hard." There was no relenting in the king's face. For the third time he fell into the attitude. A voice, hoarse, and lowly distinct like the roll of distant thunder, uttered, "This is hard." Every one of the spectators trembled, and withheld their breath. His son stretched out his arms on the opposite bank, and the mother covered her eyes with her hand. His sinews stiffened like tightened cords, and stood out from the surrounding flesh like willow-wands: the arrow parted like a ray of moonshine—the apple fell from the child's head in two equal halves; the mother seized her child with a cry of delight, pressed him to her bosom, and covered him with kisses. The murmur of applause rose into a shout of triumph. The king approached, and, seeing the last traces of agony passing from the face of MacLeod—

"Why," demanded he, "did you ask for three arrows—you so sure of hand, and keen of sight?"

“Because, if I had missed the apple, or hurt my wife or son, I was determined not to miss you.”

The king turned pale; but imagining that a man like this would perhaps be as valuable to him as the Tad-Lozgann—

“Friend,” said he, softening his voice, “I receive you into my body-guard, in which you will be well provided for.”

“I can never love you enough,” answered the undaunted Celt, “to fight in your defence, after the painful proof you have put my heart to.”

The king turned away in amazement, crying out, “Hardy thou art, and Hardy thou shalt be.”

The descendants of this MacLeod were called Hardy's son, which, in Gaelic, is MacHardy.

Long, long ago, the men of the Braes o' Mar were mighty men. The flower of our days are children to the heroes of those times. They speak of the mettle, the sinews, and breath of the present generation. What are they to those of the days of old? M'Gregor of Ballochbuie's oldest son left home in the morning after a boar. He pursued him through Glen Callater, Glen Cluny, and the Baddoch—over the hills, through Glen Ey—over the hills, and through Glen Geaully—over the hills, and up by Ben Vrotan, Cairntoul, and Ben Muicduie—through the Glen Luibeg and the Derry—over the hills, through Glen Cuaich, past Ben-na-bord, through Glen Candlic—over the Ballochdearg, and drove him down to the Dee at Pol-ma-nuire, a little above Balmoral.

“Did you see,” asked he at a man working near by, “a wild boar pass this way a little ago?”

“You yourself,” replied the man, looking at the wild appearance of the excited M'Gregor, “are the wildest boar I am likely ever to see.”

“You speak truth,” replied the fiery hunter, driving his spear through him in revenge for his insulting language.

They were nowise particular in those days. A little further on, he came up with the now exhausted boar, and served him as he had the workman. As the sun was disappearing, he reached his father's door, bearing his prize on his shoulders. This was something, and yet not the best of what the mettle of the times gone by could achieve. Need I speak of another feat? Yes, let it be so.

Malcolm of the Big Head got another queer idea into it. Next year, when he came to Braemar, he must needs prove the speed and endurance of a vigorous young Celt. His notion was to establish a post system for the kingdom, and this he meant to do by means of foot-runners. All his tenants and subjects of

Braemar were therefore assembled on the mound of the plain whereon the present castle is built. A splendid baldric and sword, besides a purse of gold, was to be given to the youth who should first reach the summit of Creag Choinnich, as seen from the rendezvous. Among the assembled competitors stood conspicuous the two eldest sons of M'Gregor of Ballochbuie. The runners were ranged. The king held the *glass* ready to be turned. Three lord judges waved the flag on the hill to signify they were ready. The king struck his shield; the trumpet sounded; the tartans streamed and whistled in the wind; the ground trembled beneath their tramp; the eye seemed to carry them forward, not to follow them; they rose and fell again, bounding like the motion of the swift sea. Just as they reached the foot of the hill, another young man, perspiring profusely, scarlet with heat, breathless with haste, broke into the circle where the king stood viewing the competitors.

"Oh! will you let me run," cried the youth—"will you let me run?"

"You are too late, my good fellow," observed the king.

"Oh! no, no; let me run, let me run;" and, unbuckling as he spoke, he had already thrown aside his sword, dirk, and skian, tightened the belt of his kilt, and now stood leaning forward on one foot, looking imploringly at the king, and casting every moment an unquiet glance at the racers, who were now toiling up the hillside.

"Go, if you wish," said the king; "but you are too late."

The youth did not wait to answer.

"Who is he?" inquired Malcolm at his forester.

"The youngest of M'Gregor of Ballochbuie's sons. His two brothers are among those that compete." The youth cleared the plain fleet as the stag. The foremost were hanging on the face of the hill above him, diminished to children, and seeming scarcely to move. Young M'Gregor appeared to leap up like the vigorous goat; now climbing on all fours, now seizing the long heather with his hands, and drawing himself up, always up. He stopped no breathing-space; he looked not behind; he missed never a step or hold. He reached the last of the line of white that marked the progress of the runners through the long heather and scattered bushes.

"The springal will beat them all," exclaimed Malcolm; "look how he ascends!"

"More power to him," exclaimed our huge old friend Allan Durward, looking as if he meant it.

The race became more and more exciting. Some of the hindermost had indeed given over; but all those who were not despairingly far behind put forth thew and sinew, and pressed close

after each other, ready to take advantage of every accident. The two M'Gregors had indeed left the others considerably behind, but they might both fail; now was the critical moment. Young M'Gregor sprang forward with unabated energy, passing the others one after one. They were now hanging on the brow of that steep which stands as a wall to a kind of steppe sloping from the east westwards, and from behind which rises the last elevation seen from the castle plain. The youth was now next to his brothers. They had gained the steppe, but as the last was disappearing to the spectators on the mound, his form rose erect on the edge, and he was seen plunging, it seemed, into a gulf. Now close behind them, he cried out—

“Halves, brothers, and I'll stop.”

“Gain what you can,” replied the hero of the boar-hunt, “and keep what you gain. I will do the same.”

The second was too breathless to speak. The young lad never halted; even while he spoke he rushed onwards, and the first, who had taken a breathing-space, saw him pass the second, and bound within a few paces of the place where he himself was. They were now engaged on the last steep, and as they reappeared to the spectators, there were two abreast, both equally ardent, both exerting themselves to the utmost.

“Now, brother,” said the youngest again, “halves and I will yield.”

“No, never,” returned he; “keep what you gain.”

They felt their heads dizzy, their eyes dim and painful—the breath rolled quick through their nostrils like fire—their hearts beat louder than the sound of their footsteps—every muscle and sinew was tightened to breaking—the foam in their mouths seemed dried into sand—their bleeding lips, when closed, glued themselves together—the sweat pearled on their skin in cold drops—and their feet rose and fell mechanically more than otherwise. Now they come in sight of the goal—now the judges encourage them by their cheers—now they seem renewed again in vigour. The youngest put his whole soul forth; the oldest summoned up all the strength of his tougher frame. Terribly pressed, he was yet determined to gain, and stretched out his arm to impede the motion of his rival, but felt nothing. They had only four yards to go. He looked to his side, expecting to see him on the ground. At that moment the tartans grazed the skin of his knee. His brother had leaped forward below his outstretched arm. Furious, he bounded on and fell, his hand clutching with iron grasp the kilt of his rival. He was yet two yards from the flag, and his strength was exhausted. He could not drag the other's prostrate body one step, and now he saw the hindermost fast approaching, encouraged by this incident.

Quick as thought loosening the belt of his kilt, he resigned it to the hero of the boar-hunt.

"I have yielded everything to you hitherto," quoth he, "and I will that also."

He reached the signal with three feeble springs, seized the staff and threw it into the air; then, falling down, buried his face in the fresh heather and damp earth. A loud shout from the plain told that the spectators had seen some one gain. But the victor and his vanquished brothers heard it not. They lay all three, within a few paces of each other, unable to move arm or limb, but they panted so strongly that their bodies seemed to rise of themselves from the ground. When they rose up, their faces were deadly pale, checkered with livid black lines and spots. The youngest had reached the top in three minutes. Thus the origin of the Braemar games attaches itself to the days of Malcolm of the Big Head.

The time came when the Big Head was carried to the narrow house, and Ceann-Drochaide Castle had other visitors. In it some of Robert the Bruce's wounded friends found refuge until able to take the field anew, and from it Robert II. dated some of his decrees.

Long, long ago, wild and ferocious beasts roamed through the forests of the Braes o' Mar—the wolf, the boar, the wild-cat. They are all away now, like the people with whom they contended for possession, save a few cowed-down and spiritless wild-cats.

The child of a widow M'Donald, crawling about the door—a very naughty imp, no doubt—was snatched away by a wolf or wild-boar in quest of a tender bit for his young, and tossed heedlessly by him among the brood. Strange to tell, the mother, on arriving, did not discover the intruder, nor chew him down into "crowdie" for her legitimate offspring, as a sensible affectionate mother ought to have done. In a mistake, I will hope, she used him as one of the family, allowed him the due as to suckling, and treated him to all the tit-bits that came in the way, as a rather delicate nursling. He must have astonished the good lady in various ways, and no doubt been considered a prodigy among the race. What I know is that he came on well with his companions, grew up a hairy monster, joined in all their plundering expeditions, and had dogs at his heels—his proper mother not unfrequently the hounder-on—so often that he was a credit to his teachers. It is not, indeed, known to what a height of glory and power he might have brought his republic, for he was unfortunately taken captive by the people of a farm adjoining the one he was stolen from.

They were not a little astonished by the discovery of this novelty in the fauna of the country, and kept him carefully as a wondrous "ferlie." He got tamed down a bit, in time picked up some phrases, and, thus far civilised, was recognised by his mother, one time she called at the farm, from a certain mark on his face. He took no offence at his re-establishment among the human race, to which, it was proved, he belonged; but he had a decided objection to return to his mother, choosing rather the society of a young damsel of his captors' family, in a bothy put up on their behoof. He reproached that mother in after-time thus:—

“ Bhean 'ud auns a' Bhaile thall,  
 Chuir' coin a' Bhaile aig mo lorg,  
 Ged' dh' òl mi bainne do chioch,  
 'Is laidh mi naoi mios 'do bholg.”

(Wife of the farms younder,  
 You put the dogs of the town on my track,  
 Though I drank the milk of your breast,  
 And lay nine months in your womb.)

This union became the cause of a wild but brave race appearing in the country. Both Glen Muic and Glen Cluny claim the legend, with this difference:—Glen Muic, true to its name, attributes the taking away of the child to a wild-boar, and furthermore bestows on that child the name of Andrew, deriving from him the M'Andrews in the three united parishes; Glen Cluny stands by the wolf, and holds that the M'Donalds, long called "Sliochd a' Mhadaidh-Alluidh," of whom there are yet three families in Braemar—viz. one at Altchlar, one at Ardearg, Corriemulzie, and the third in Glen Cluny itself—are the descendants of this hero. I will not decide between them, in dread of the "reddin' blow;" but it is possible that an occurrence of nearly the same kind may have taken place in both glens.

Long, long ago, Donald Balloch of the Isles threatened a second invasion of Scotland, to revenge the defeat of his forces at the Harlaw. The Earls of Mar and Caithness raised their men to oppose him, and, marching through Lochaber, encamped by an inlet of the sea, on the opposite side of which lay the invaders. The earls, thinking precaution in their position useless, went to sleep without stationing any outposts or sentinels. The Isles' men at dead of night passed over the inlet in their currachs, surprised the enemy, and cut them to pieces. Caithness fell with many others, but Mar effected his escape on horseback and alone. He wandered for a night and day through the wilds of Lochaber, ignorant of his whereabouts, and in

what direction to bend his steps. As evening began to fall, he came on some huts, the owner of one of which—a middle-aged man, with a wife and some bairns—offered him hospitality for the night. It was a wild and lonely place, and the people seemed to partake of the character of the country. Mar sat by their fire while darkness fell, tired, hungry, and ill at ease. He was none the more cheered from witnessing an open altercation between the host and his wife, carried on in the most outrageous Erse, and every word of which was unknown to him. He was not at the end of his trials. The man, having seemingly carried the day, from the wife's silence, brought forward to his startled view a long dirk, and commenced sharpening it on the hearth-stone.

“Rather queer hospitality,” thought the earl; “but if you think, my boy, to get that into me without a word or two with my sword here, I expect you're under a dreadful delusion, oh! son of the hills”—and he seated himself a little aside, with his hand on the pommel of his sword, which was concealed below his cloak. The sharpening was continued very deliberately till the edge was restored; whereupon the son of the hills, rising up, cast a very queer glance at the earl, and walked off to the other end of the house. Shortly the cause of all this ado became clear. The altercation related to the killing of their only cow, and she had now fallen a victim to the suspicious dirk. Two or three huge collops from Crummie, duly disposed in a comfortable locality, and moistened with a strange liquor made from the flower of the heather, made the earl himself again. The hearth was then very cleanly swept, covered over with a layer of soft heather and moss, and the cow's skin, fur up, spread over that again, and behold a bed for a king. Mar rejoiced in its comforts till morning, when he had another refresher of the strange liquor and collops *en masse*. Fitted thus for the road and under the guidance of his host—whom he learned, from the little English and Gaelic that was common property with them, to delight in the name of Omeron Cameron—he was by mid-day well on his way, and surely directed to Mar.

“Friend,” said the earl before parting, while he threw over Omeron's shoulders a costly chain of gold, “should any evil betide thee for thy kindness to me, come to Kildrummy Castle in Mar, and then ask after a certain Sandy Stuart. Be sure I will not forget your services.”

Omeron's wife was not a bit better than she should have been. First, she plagued him to the death about the loss of her cow, the prime support of certain bairns before-mentioned. Then, when her husband showed her the gold chain to propitiate her, and told what the stranger had said at their parting,

she went wild with pride and vanity. In an hour or two she had given her story all possible publicity, not omitting to declare her certainty that the stranger could be no other than the king himself. You wouldn't, then, hinder Donald Balloch from coming in a twinkling to hear of the affair, and still less from sending a party of men to put Omeron's house in a blaze about his ears, for harbouring the foe. The poor man, his wife, and family, managed to escape by some back outlet; and, favoured by night, got beyond recognition in good time, and duly arrived at Kildrummy-yetts. The "bauld porter" refused admittance to the wild troupe, and a loud altercation arose. Mar, who was just sitting down to dine, "looked owre his castle wa'"; Omeron's eye caught a glimpse of his head; he held up the gold chain, and claimed acquaintance with his "dear Sandy Stuart." The earl ordered the staring menial to show him up; and, after the kindest welcome, made him, his wife, and bairns, sit at his own table, and partake of the good things going. He gave him the lands of Brux "to have and to hold," &c., himself and descendants, from that time and for evermore; and if they're not there to-day, it is nowadays his fault. The Muats are to blame for it. The Muats in days of yore possessed the Castle of Abergeldie and that of Badenyon in Glen Bucket; and you would have thought there was room enough in the world for them and the Camerons of Brux, increased and multiplied greatly from the times of Omeron as they were. It was not so; and to settle a disputed march-question, the interested lairds agreed to meet with twelve horses each at Druim Gardrum on the lands of Brux. But Muat—a liberal in his way—explained twelve horses to mean the said number of those animals with two men on each of their backs; whereas Cameron—a much more narrow-minded mortal—tied himself down to twelve men and horses. The advantages of liberalism of the Muat's style became apparent; for while the last one of the Camerons decked the field, Muat's two sons, M'Fadden, Gent, and eleven men, alone kept them company.

Catherine, sole heiress of Brux, under the guardianship of Mar, grew up "fair to the eye," like other sweet flowers or fruits, and was sought after by all the Donean youth; but when she avowed that the favoured suitor would be the avenger of her father and brothers' death, Robert, second son of Lord Forbes, alone dared the adventure. Muat and he met by mutual consent on the fields of Badenyon, backed each by six hundred men, to put doubtful interpretations out of question.

"Come forward, Muat," cried Forbes; "let us two decide the fight. Why should we occasion the death of hundreds for private feuds? Let the men on both sides promise to give reason to the victor."



“With all my heart, Forbes,” replied Muat; “accursed be he who would say thee nay.”

In a few minutes Muat was laid low; in a few days Robert Forbes led his bride to the altar; in a few years a whole race of Forbeses gladdened the halls of Brux.

Before the extinction of the Camerons of Brux, a cadet of that family had obtained a little lairdship in Corgarff—the farms of Dalachaish, Dalabhainne, and Altdamh—which his descendants sold not very long ago. The family thereupon came to Gairnside, where many of the race are yet living, having now branched out over the country round about.

Long, long ago, Fearchar Shaw, *alias* Fearchar cam nan Gad (one-eyed Fearchar of the Wands), a poor man, came from Speyside into Braemar. He employed himself in the working of twigs into the various articles for which they were then used, such as reins, harness, currachs, baskets, &c. By dint of hard labour, he managed to gain a scanty livelihood for himself, his wife, and a young ranting urchin, who, ornamented with two eyes, promised to be a better man than his father. Unluckily, it so came about that Fearchar Cam, while one day cutting twigs about the Linn of Dee, tumbled into the river, twigs, reins, harness, currachs, baskets, and all, clean out of sight. People came and searched, and went away again—Fearchar's remains were not to be found. His wife wept the whole day, but neither was that of any avail. When night came she felt lonely and woe-begone, and, rising up, sought the water's bank. No candle burnt to show the spot where her husband lay dead. Wearied, weeping, and faint with fatigue, she returned to Tobar Mhoire, or the Well of St Mary of Inverey, to wash her face and refresh herself. There a good thought came into her mind. She took her beads into her hands, and told them over and over, making it her request that the Virgin Mother should intercede with her son to discover the body of Fearchar Cam, and she wandered round the well till morning. Her piety went not unrewarded; for on the morrow, when she repaired to the side of the deadly river, thereby, on a low bank of sand, called to this day Sliabh Fhearchair (Fearchar's plain), the body of her husband lay rolled in his plaid. When the remains of the object of her affections had been interred in the churchyard of Inverey, she came with Donald, the only pledge of his love, to the Cluny, and lived in a cottage at Cnoc-Muican. Young Donald grew up betimes to be a seemly lad, and entered the service of Stewart, Laird of Invercauld, as herd. Now, it so happened that this same laird had no children but a daughter, a bonnie young lass in her teens; and it furthermore happened that

Donald, wily rogue, wore himself into the young heiress's good graces. Indeed, it was natural for the lassie to keep a "*lithe*" side in her heart for a fine-looking lad about the same age as herself, and, for my own part, I think it was good too; but mind ye, I'm no theologian. Well, Donald, wonderful to relate, soon came to perceive that the heiress had some conceit of him, and she, at the same time, that he was altogether as fond of her. Then followed secret "trystes," and there was much dealing in winks and nods, eke in shakes of the hands, and certain glances and sweet faces were at a premium above conception—and all this behind the old folks' backs. So love prospered, and laughter and light-heartedness accompanied it. But e'en "wae worth" that love, it often brings grief and care for all its fair beginnings. Gossip—confound it!—said ugly things, and the lassie, poor thing, lost all her cheerfulness. Donald, too, became thoughtful. What was to be done? They consulted together, and one day set off up Glen Candlic. In the Sluggan or den Donald built a shieling, and supported his young wife and himself by hunting. Winter came, and she felt an interesting event approaching. It was a furious night, but Donald must go for some "skeelie" wife to attend the ceremony. Ere he had been long away—marvellous to hear of such novelties—three ugly old "wivies" entered the hut, and an heir was born to Donald Fearchar's son. The "wivies" performed everything that is done on such occasions. When handing the child into bed to the young mother—

"Let no mortal," said the first,

"Touch the boy," continued the second,

"Till our return," ended the third.

Morning came, and with morning Donald and some of the good wives of Braemar. They, of course, must set everything to rights anew, especially as they had been disappointed in the principal part of their errand. So they had an extra number of attentions to bestow on the mother, and a great many more on the child. Donald's wife endeavoured to keep her son from their touch, but in vain, and they had everything their own way. Ere the lady had yet risen from her sick-bed, it came to pass that she was again left alone of a winter evening. In came the three strange ugly old "wivies," very wrathful in countenance and word. They seized the child, and angrily demanded why their direction had not been followed. She excused herself. Then they entered into a long conversation, talking loudly, though unintelligibly, to the young lady. Each in turn took the child into her arms, and seemed to weigh him. Then, as they were about to depart, they asked each other what "weird" they should leave.

“The third part,” said one, “of his fortune is taken away,”

“By the touch,” continued the second, “of mortals ;”

“But,” ended the third, “he will prosper to the tenth generation.”

This boy was Fionnladh Mor. The Laird Stewart became reconciled to the young family. They returned to Invercauld, and when the old man died, his son-in-law Donald became laird ; and from his father's name he and his offspring were called M'Fhearchar and Farquharson. But from the name of his son, the celebrated Fionnladh Mor, the family is called by the Celts, Clan Fhionnladh—the Children of Finlay.

These fragments are not very complete, but they are likely all that remain of very far back times, and all that is to be known of the history of the Braes of Mar before the rise of Clan Fhionnladh.

To end this long series of origins, I may tell of the destruction of the old castle of Ceann-Drochaide, or Bridgend, causing another origin—that of the present castle on the plain, erected by John Stewart, Earl of Mar, in 1483, as a hunting-sheil.

Long, long ago, the Galar Mor—the great disease, the plague—ravaged Scotland with terrible severity. It was a dreadful affliction, which, once infesting a country, spared none. Like a blue “Haesp,” it hovered in the air, and lowered inevitably on its victim. The only prevention, where it broke out, was to knock down the houses on all the inmates, infected or not, and bury it with them in the ruins.

Well, the Galar Mor broke out at the old castle. A company of artillery was ordered from Blair Castle. They came up through Athole. The road cut to allow the cannons to pass is yet pointed out by the old people in Glenfernat. On they came over the Cairnwal, and their way is again visible from cuttings above the Coldrach—on over to Corriemulzie. Then they turned down Cornam-muc, and the cannons were put into position at Dalvreckachy. The queen stood in the castle door, combing her hair. The first round brought the walls down about her. None of those within escaped, and the noble towers were levelled to the ground.

Many long years—ay, ages after—when the red-coats were stationed here, one of the soldiers was prevailed on, for a large sum of money, to explore the vaults. There was a hole open like a flue—the mouth is yet to be seen—into which, when a stone was thrown, it could be heard descending a flight of steps a long, long time. Down this hole he was lowered by a rope to the first steps, whence he proceeded, torch in hand, on

his adventure. Pale and trembling, he was brought to the upper world again, and he vowed he had seen queer things, dreadful things, and that nothing should induce him to go back again. In one room or vault he had come on a ghastly company. They all sat round about as if living, with glittering ivory faces, dressed in strange garb, and silent, motionless, breathless, and dead.

Years again afterwards, the Watsons—a wealthy family, then living in Castletown—began to clear out the ruins, and found numbers of old coins, broken vessels, iron doors, smashed grating, immense quantities of deers' horns, and bones of various animals. But a little old man, with a red cap, appeared to them and bade them desist if they valued their own welfare.

Tradition reports that there are very many entire vaults below as yet; especially the stables, and a subterranean passage from them, by which the horses of the Castle could be watered at the Cluny without coming outside.

From amongst the ruins, and around them, grew up a few trees to shelter the fallen greatness of Ceann-Drochaide Castle.

The narrator of this legend, an old worthy of Braemar, concluded:—I feel honoured by the attention given to my wandering narrative. My memory is failing me now, and I seem to recall the old tales of the country dimly—as it were a glimpse through the mists of time. But no wonder. Like the old Castle, my best days are over, and my broken words are as the sounds issuing from the inner vaults, where many things unwot of may lie hid under the ruins of age.

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## LEGEND OF FIONNLADH MOR,

### OR FINLAY THE GREAT.

YOU have heard of the origin of the Farquharsons, the birth of Fionnladh Mor, and the "weird" connected with his descendants. In taking up the history of the family, I shall necessarily have to relate that of the country, as the two go hand in hand.

The Earls of Mar, near relatives of the royal family, were, as they had long been, Lords Superior.

Gordon of Cocklarachie had just been turned out of Invercauld, which thus came entirely into the possession of Donald, Finlay's father.

Clunie Gordon possessed the Castleton, and "Cock Lairdies" swarmed over the country. Donald's eldest son Fearchar, by marriage or purchase, came to succeed one of these in the Coldrach, so that Finlay was installed into the Invercauld property.

Seumas na Gruaig (James of the flowing locks), Laird of Rothiemurchus, laid claim to Invercauld on the death of the Laird Stewart, who was nearly connected with the Grants, believing he had a better right than the Farquharsons. In those times there was but one way—a sensible one—of settling disputes. Fionnladh Mor prepared on his side to make good his claim. Seumas na Gruaig, with a body of followers, came over to Braemar, and the two rival parties met on the banks of a small stream, where, after a sharp fight, victory declared for Fionnladh Mor, owing, no doubt, to his own prowess. The stream was known thereafter as Alt Challa (the burn of the loss or defeat), and hence the name of Inverchalla—in English, Invercauld (the mouth of the burn of the defeat). The Rothiemurchus men were pursued up the Dee, and Seumas na Gruaig fell at the Craggans, and the feud ended.

Finlay had, however, to settle some scores with very troublesome neighbours. The Cock Lairds of Aberairder, for the greater part Stewarts and far-off relations of Finlay's godfather, had been the cause of bringing over Rothiemurchus by their solicitations, envious of the rise of the Farquharsons. Among them flourished perpetual broils, petty strifes, thefts, depredations, burnings, and battles, the consequences of rivalry and vainglory. Desolation spread over the land, and Finlay, who was administrator of justice, and chief man of business for the Earl of Mar, annoyed by continual complaints, resolved at length to look into the affair, the rather as he knew what part these lairds had in the Rothiemurchus feud. He therefore summoned them all to convene in a certain large barn in Aberairder, where meetings of all kinds were held. The lairds, to the number of nineteen, did not fail to keep the appointment. The Farquharsons came in great strength to enforce obedience to their decrees. The trial commenced, and the guilt of all, implicated in some foul deed, was clearly proven. Sentence was passed against them, and at the same time eighteen were strung up to the rafters of the barn. As a partition divided the building, thus leaving a waiting-room outside, and then the inner court-room, where, as each one was sentenced, he was "justiced," the nineteenth, seeing none of the others reappear, suspected all might not be right, took leg-bail, and so escaped. The friends of the lairds made an outrageous stir against the Farquharsons, and succeeded so far

as to have them cited before a court sitting at Aberdeen. Finding, however, they could not make out a case of assassination, as those executed really deserved their doom, their agent, a cunning lawyer, brought in against Finlay a charge of private administration of justice, and secret execution. This was equal in guilt to a charge of murder, for it implied that the proceedings had not been fair, nor such as to serve the ends of justice. "Not so," replied the defenders, with equal acuteness; "the trial and the execution took place where were more windows than are days in the year." The assertion, if openings in a wall be windows, was literally true; for the barn, like most houses of the time in the Highlands of Aberdeenshire, was a construction of wickerwork, and, in consequence, must have had openings without number. The accused were therefore discharged, and the Earl of Mar, highly content with his deputy's vigorous measures, gave him the lands of Aberairder. This manner of dealing justice terrified the turbulent, and preserved the internal peace of the Braes of Mar while Finlay lived.

One evening, about dusk, a stranger came to claim the hospitality of Invercauld. He was wrapt in a wide cloak, and covered with a slouched kind of brigand hat—rather an ugly customer, one would have taken him to be, the more so as he seemed desirous of concealing his person as much as possible. In the Highlands, a claim of this kind could not be refused, and the lady, with no very good grace, went about preparing supper. During these doings, Finlay came home, and, after a brief inspection of the physiognomy of his guest, as far as visible, gave a quiet hint to his wife to mend her manners, which she rather reluctantly did. The best cheer that could be afforded was provided for the hungry stranger, who did full justice to the dainties put before him, and retired to rest the happiest of men after a few bumpers of the "native." Next morning Finlay accompanied him on his way a long distance, showing him how to attain Strathaven by the Bealach Dearg and Inchrory route. The two discoursed as they went of Finlay's present standing and future prospects, of the Rothiemurchus' claim to the lands, and so on, and parted with professions of mutual esteem. Some months after, a letter, sealed with the royal seal, was forwarded to Invercauld, creating the laird Royal Standard-Bearer for Scotland, confirming to him the possession of all his property, and making over to him, besides, what remained of crown-rights in Braemar, in consideration of the hospitality shown to his Majesty—for no less a person had the guest been.

The origins of many families and names in this country have been already explained to you; others, that made their appear-

ance here about the times of Finlay the Great, may as well now be brought to your notice.

Stewart, it is unnecessary to say (when you reflect that Braemar was first a royal forest, and then a possession of the Earls of Mar), was then one of the most predominant names.

The Lamonts, once large proprietors in the shires of Perth and Argyle, had come, as you will hereafter see, into the possession of Inverey and Allancuaich. One branch was called the M'Gille dubh Lamonts (the black-haired), the other, the M'Gille buidh (the yellow-haired), from the two brothers who first settled in Braemar.

We have two M'Intosh families of different origins. The Tir-Igny M'Intoshes had the lairdship of that name near Blair-Athole, while the Big Cumming held sway. Wild, lawless, and deceitful was the race of the Cummings. We have still a proverb to this effect:—"Fad 'sa bhitheas cnò sa choille, bithidh-foill 'sna Cuimhnic" ("While there is a nut in the wood, there will be guile in the Cummings"). As one sample of the unprincipled conduct which gained for them this reputation, it is said that the father of the Big Cumming put to death, on the Tarff, no less than sixteen lairds in one day, in order to possess himself of their lands. Coming down Glentilt, after this praiseworthy exploit, with a party of followers, the pony on which he rode misbehaved; "And well you may," cried the Big Cumming, in great glee, "with sixteen barons on your back." The words were scarcely uttered, when an eagle, fluttering for a moment overhead, swooped down and struck the pony with its wings. The terrified animal gave a bound forward; a cleft rock which it grazed past caught one of the Cumming's feet, and he was torn asunder. The pony never stopped till at Blair Castle "yetts," dragging along with it one part of its master's corpse. The remainder stuck fast in the cleft rock, and the spot is still known as Ruidhe na leth choise (the place of the foot). The son of this worthy had married a lady of peculiarly aldermanic taste. A "choppin" of beef marrow must needs be served every day for her dinner. Cumming the Big's stores of good red gold and white money were in the fair way of being exhausted, and it was therefore with great joy that the advent of Christmas was hailed. Then—*tempora mutantur*—the lady or lord superior went the rounds of the retainers begging their "Christmas." M'Intosh of Tir-Igny, knowing the tastes of Lady Cumming, presented her on this occasion with a bull and twelve cows. Tir-Igny must be the place for rearing cattle, thought the laird of Blair Castle, and would be a prize worth the mint under present circumstances. When might was right, nothing easier than to acquire the

lands of Tir-Igny. Cumming the Big, with a body of retainers, surprised the mansion in the night, and every soul within was put to the sword:—nay, not every soul—the cradle containing a young boy was upset in the scuffle, and he alone escaped. Thus the lands of Tir-Igny were added to the estate of Blair. Among the murdered M'Intosh's tenants was a certain Croit-bhoineide (he of the croft of the bonnet)—so called because for his croft he gave the laird the yearly rent of a new bonnet, getting back at the time the old one for himself. He, good soul, coming with his rent early next morning to the mansion, was horror-struck at the butchery. One consolation he found in the surviving child, weeping under its cradle. With the greatest secrecy he had it conveyed to its mother's relatives, Campbells, in Argyle. There the child was brought up and well educated,—visited by Croit-bhoineide, who passed for its father, every Christmas-tide. Among his numerous virtues, as he grew up, was that of being a famous archer, and, when at the age of eighteen, the worthy crofter saw him fill the bull's-eye with arrows,

“Bravo! Tir-Igny,” cried he, no longer able to contain himself: “broader far than the round on that target, the brow of the murderer of your father.”

“The murderer of my father!” said the astonished youth; “are you then not my father?”

Half willing, half unwilling, Croit-bhoineide related his sad tale. Their plans were soon matured. With a band of chosen men, given, some say by the Campbells, others by Moy, the young Tir-Igny and his trusty saviour stole privily into the Braes of Athole. The men were concealed in his father's old barn; while he, with Croit-bhoineide, applied for shelter at the house of his father's foster-nurse. At first she refused admittance; but on the reiterated assurance that the son of her foster-child stood at the door,

“Let him then breathe through the key-hole,” said she; “for I would know the breath of a M'Intosh.”

The youth did as requested.

“Yes, yes!” cried the gladdened old woman, as, undoing the bolt, she admitted them, “a true M'Intosh—my foster-child's son indeed.”

The nurse and Croit-bhoineide shortly after went out separately to reconnoitre. The latter, on his way to Blair Castle, met near by an old woman, who inquired,

“What armed band of men was that I saw at the big barn of Tir-Igny?”

“An armed band that you will never see again,” replied Croit-bhoineide, as he plunged his dagger into her heart. He



threw the body into a ditch, out of the way. Remember, gentlemen, she was only an old woman ; and Croit-bhoineide feared her chattering might lead to discovery, and mar their plans.

Some have it that the nurse had learned the Big Cumming was honouring by his presence the marriage of one of his retainers ; that the M'Intosh partisans got between him and the castle ; that the alarm was given, and that Cumming rushed to his stronghold, but, finding himself intercepted, directed his flight up Glen Tilt. Others say that an ambush was laid near the castle ; that a party of M'Intoshes came forward to make a feint assault, and afterwards fled, drawing out the Cummings in pursuit ; that the ambush intercepted their retreat ; and that those who escaped from the short combat that ensued, fled with their leader up Glen Tilt.

The streams that join the Tilt, all the way to its source, recall, by their names, the places where some of the fugitives fell. Thus we have Allt na Mareig (pudding burn) ; Allt na Stroine (the nose burn) ; Allt Lurg na Smeara (the burn of the shin of marrow), and so forth.

Alone at last, Cumming the Big turned away by Loch Loching, east of "Ben-y-Gloe nan eag" (Ben-y-Gloe of the clefts). But young M'Intosh and Croit-bhoineide still pursued. They kept on one side of the loch, the murderer the other. As he sat down to rest a moment on a large stone, raising his hand to wipe away the perspiration, an arrow from the bow of Tir-Igny pinned that hand to his brow, and the Big Cumming fell dead. Carn a' Chuimhnich still marks the spot.

Some stragglers of the vanquished party escaped into Braemar, and from them are descended the Cummings to be still found there.

So the M'Intosh was re-established at Tir-Igny. As the saying goes, "Cha bhi Toiseach ann Tir-Igny, agus cha bhi Tir-Igny gun Toiseach" ("There will not be a M'Intosh in Tir-Igny, and Tir-Igny will not be without a M'Intosh"). But the Cummings had an evil eye on him ; and some years after, the Lord of Badenoch invited him to a hunt in Gaig Forest. Invitations in those times were not always easily declined, and Tir-Igny accordingly hied off to Ruthven Castle. When "lords and lairds, and siclike folk o' hie degree," were assembled in the court for the hunt, the lady, looking "owre her castle wa'," desired some "braw gallant" might remain to keep her "companie," and M'Intosh was made the honoured man. The hunters, returning from the hills, met the lady—modest dame—near the castle, in torn dress and dishevelled hair, avowing that M'Intosh had attempted her violence. Short shrift and high halter was the

meet reward of such a deed: and so died, the victim of an infamous plot, the last of the gallant M'Intoshes of Tir-Igny. His friends fled to Mar, to escape the snares of the treacherous Cummings, and from them came one branch of the clan in this country.

The other families of the name claim descent from the Shaws. Mad though the deed were, in Badenoch, at one time, to "cruik" a finger at a M'Pherson, Shaw, laird of Glen Markie, Invermarkie, and Glen Feshie, in a broil happened to kill some one of that name. As was to be expected, the whole clan turned out to wreak their vengeance on him. With a few followers he fled by Rothiemurchus and Abernethy. Turning south, up the banks of the river, a stand was made at the head of the Nethy, and Fortune, as she has been often known to do, favoured the strongest. Shaw, after this reverse, an outcast and alone, came by the Larig Ru to Braemar, and assumed the name of M'Intosh to avoid detection. M'Pherson, however, having got cheap possession of the fugitive's domains, made little search after him. The descendants of Shaw are still known among us as the "Mareich M'Intoshes" from Glen Markie. Among them was long kept up a succession of poets, and the whole race followed the Invereys.

Nearly in the same way came the "Giuthais M'Donalds" to Braemar. One of them from the "West Countrie," living in Strathspey, had the misfortune to extinguish a relative of the chief of the Grants. Of course, hot pursuit followed through glen, corrie, moor, forest, and moss; nights and days, and still it went on; ay, for months. It so happened, at length, that the chief, with twelve stalwart followers, wearied scouring the hills, lay down on the heather, and fell fast asleep. M'Donald, who had seen them, crept up to the spot, and, laying the laird's sword across his throat, retired as noiselessly as he had approached. On a knoll near by, he stood and gave a loud cry. The Grants started to their feet, and saw the fugitive. The laird at once understood matters, and, full of admiration at the forbearance of his foe, bade him draw near, shook hands with him, and the pursuit ended. M'Donald saw, however, that Strathspey might not now agree with his constitution, and came to the Braes of Mar. From having long skulked among the woods, he was called Seumas Ghiuthais (James of the Fir), and the name distinguishes his descendants still—the Giuthas, or Fir M'Donalds.

Let me, while in the vein, tell you how yet another family came to this country. No clan was so noted for lording it over weak neighbours as the Campbells. Formerly they were wont to come the rounds of Glenshee to exact tribute, "in

goodlie array," riding on ponies, to the heads of which bells were fixed, that the people, thus warned, might, without more trouble to my gents, bring forth their contributions. Andrew Stewart, farmer of Drumforkat, by no means admired this sort of proceeding—more to the liking, no doubt, of the Campbells, than to the profit of his country; and, gathering a few gallant fellows, he fell on a party of the insolent oppressors, cut off their heads, and rolled them into a burn, still called Feith nan Ceann (the bog of the heads). For this brave deed Stewart had to fly. Closely pursued, he entered a mill, exchanged his clothes for a dusty suit of the miller's, and was calmly picking away at the millstone, when those in search of him arrived.

"Did any one enter here a little ago?" was demanded.

"There is none here," Stewart made ready reply, "but the miller."

And they passed on. He and his descendants have therefore ever since been called Miller. After this narrow escape he took a fancy to the scenery of Braemar, as much more the thing than that of Glen Shee, and bethought himself he would honour it by removing his household gods thither.

During these incidents, which brought so many new names to Braemar, happened the strife between Finlay the Great's son, Mr James, and his cousin, Donald of the Coldrach. I mentioned before that one branch of the family had their residence on the Cluny. Now, when Clunie Gordon sold the Castleton to Mr James, the two cousins could not agree about marches. In a broil on this account, Mr James killed Donald, who left a son, Farquhar. Donald's death put an end to the feud only for a time. Farquhar of Coldrach, when he grew up, married Abergeldie's daughter, and the troubles broke out anew. He himself, indeed, "was lost on the Dee in a corrach, having overset it with the weight of his arms and utensils, with which he was passing over to labour a piece of controverted land;" but his son, William Buidhe, continued the contest, and it was on his losing his life in it that the affair was definitively concluded. For on this, the rest of the Coldrach family went over to Athole, leaving the lairdship for a trifle of money to William Buidhe's eldest sister, who had married William Farquharson.

I have gone on to the end of this matter, though much of it took place after Finlay the Great's death, to make the whole more intelligible. And to complete all that relates to Finlay's children by his first wife, the daughter of the Baron Reid of Kincardine Stewart, I may add that William, the eldest, married Beatrix Gordon, daughter of Lord Sutherland, by

whom he had a daughter, married to Thomas M'Intosh of Finnigard.

Mr James, the second son, who figures in the troubles with the Coldrachs, married the Goodman of Newe's daughter, by whom he had three daughters, married respectively to Alexander Gordon, Wateradie; Charles Ross, Tullisneachd; and Middleton of Boreland.

Alexander, the third son, lived in Glen Tilt, and married the Goodman of Tillinett Stewart's daughter, by whom he had Lachlan, who died without issue. He had also a natural son, who went to the wars.

John, the fourth son, passed from his interest in Braemar, and acquired possession of Craigniety in Glen Isla, from whom sprung the Farquharsons of Craigniety.

Unfortunate in the children of his first wife, who all, except the last, left no male issue, Finlay had by his second wife, Beatrix Garden, daughter of Banchory, a band of brave men, destined to transmit the family name with no small lustre to after ages.

The first of these was Donald of Castleton, who succeeded his half-brother, Mr James, in this property.

Robert, the second son, was thus left in Invercauld, where his descendants still remain.

I told you a short time since, in what way the Campbells and Glen Shee men did business. After the beheading affair at Feith nan-Ceann, things were so little to the liking of Crunan that he was glad to give Broughdearg, with his daughter Grisel Campbell, to Lachlan, Finlay's third son. Hence the Broughdearg Farquharsons.

George, the fourth son, got Deskry and Glenconry with his wife, Niel Forbes's daughter.

And Finlay, the youngest son, received such a tocher with Isabella Lyall, the daughter of Murthle, that he was enabled to buy Achreachan in Glenlivat. One of his sons was the founder of the Allergue family.

His eldest daughter, called, after her mother, Beatrix, when in the flower of youth, was considered the finest damsel on Dee. It is needless therefore to say that many young men "cam seekin' her to woo." Her father would have been glad to see her choose a partner suitable to her rank. Unfortunately for this consummation, devoutly to be desired, a fine young lad, one of his shepherds, found more favour in Miss Farquharson's eyes than the bravest gallants in Mar. How this Kenneth M'Kenzie—for so the youth was called—had strayed hither, or whether he were a reduced descendant of King Kenneth, whose progenitors had ever since dwelt on Dee, it is not for

me to say, but it was "doom's pity" he should be the marring of high expectations. When Finlay got into the secret, he pested and stormed, and said some very ugly Gaelic words. But remembering the standing in days of yore of a certain Fearchar Cam nan-gad, and the later doings at Invercauld of a certain Donald M'Fhearchar, he consoled himself with that most philosophic axiom, "It's weel it's nae waur," and had the couple married.

"Now, my lad," quoth Finlay, "if there's any bit land you would like to live on more than another, just say the word, and welcome to it."

"If that be the case," quoth the knowing Kenneth, "we will go and build our house 'air an Dail Mhor goram ud fada shuas'" (on that big green haugh far west), "where we can get a bite for the 'beasties.'"

So the young couple pitched their tent there, and begat sons and daughters, and waxed great and mighty. This was the origin of the M'Kenzies of the Dalmore. The place is now called Marlodge.

Of his other daughters, Elspeth, the second, married Robertson of Killochivie; Janet, the third, Malcolm Stewart of Boesbick; and Isabell, the fourth, James Forbes of Ledmacoy.

It will be easily perceived that, what with family alliances, properties purchased, and their own good management, the Farquharsons were bidding fair for that high position they so soon attained.

These family transactions stretched over a certain number of years, and did not, perhaps, happen in the order I have given, but they will thus be easiest understood.

Fionnladh Mor rendered himself famous by the many fights and skirmishes he sustained against the Lochaber, Rannoch, and Speyside katerans, or kern. This word is derived from the Gaelic *cath*, battle; and *fear*, plural *fearan*, man, men, battlemen, or soldiers. Every able-bodied man in the Highlands was naturally a soldier. As the hills did not always afford a sufficiency for the support of the inhabitants, and as it is, in my mind, lawful to spoil the spoiler, the fighting-men organised expeditions against the farmers of the Lowlands—Saxons, who, it was considered, had deprived the Gael of his heritage, and driven him back to perish in the mountains. In general, it was only when two clans were at feud with each other that those heroes plundered people of their own race, though it must also be allowed that mistakes did happen from time to time; and that the longer the practice of cattle-lifting continued, the less scrupulous did the kern become as to whom they left empty pens and folds.

The shepherds brought information to Invercauld one evening that they had seen a party of gentlemen, of this kind apparently, prowling about the hills for some time. Alone the laird set out to reconnoitre, and surprised the strangers, coming up behind them in the Bealach-buidhe. Almost before they could draw, Finlay had them disarmed, and drove them—five fine young fellows—home prisoners before him.

"Now, my men," quoth he, with a sinister ogle, "I see no reason why you should not be forthwith 'justiced.'"

"Spare us," prayed one, "spare us; we have 'scaithed' no one."

"But, my fine man," observed the laird, "armed strangers don't prowl about any place for nothing."

"It is true, oh chief!" pleaded another; "our design was to bring away some cattle, for we were in hard straits at home. But as we have as yet done nothing, have pity on us."

"And," continued a third, "we will depart and come hither no more."

"Your promise of that, then, shall make you free," and the fellows were allowed to depart.

Not long after this, Finlay, while out hunting, descended by chance into a hollow, to quench his thirst at a well. As he stooped to drink, a gigantic fellow leaped on him from the heather. Our hero jerked himself half round, and seized his man.

"Grip hard," muttered he between his clenched teeth; "you will find that now you have a man."

"A man!—why, a cowardly dog," replied Finlay, "who steals behind to attack his foe."

"An advantage," retorted the stranger, "that Finlay the Great does not despise when he attacks boys."

"Ah! I understand; and now this boy wants to repay me."

While these few sentences passed, the two were tightening their holds, and scanning each other's appearance. The tug of war now commenced—the kern above, Finlay below—in the bog formed by the stream of the fountain. They struggled, turned, and twisted, rolling down the slope through mud, till at last, besmeared from head to foot, they emerge on a little level dry spot, where it seemed the duel must end from fatigue. Again the wondrous power and activity of our hero prevailed in spite of the gigantic strength of his antagonist, and he held him pinned down to the ground, exhausted and breathless.

"I am at your mercy," exclaimed the stranger. "Do your pleasure."

"Do you yield prisoner?" demanded Finlay.

"Yes, since better may not be."

He thereupon released him, and they bent their steps to Invercauld.

"May I know," inquired the laird, "to what I owe this surprise on your part?"

"Certainly," said the stranger. "I was to marry the daughter of a chief, myself a chief; but I had done nothing to prove myself a man. At that time the five young men you made prisoners returned to our country. One to five—the feat seemed surprising; and I judged you to be a very 'clever,' powerful man, and was confirmed by them in my idea. I thought at the same time, never having met my equal, that, could I contrive a private meeting, I might outdo Fionnladh Mor. I announced, accordingly, to my future father-in-law my project of capturing you, and exacting a ransom, to prove myself worthy of his daughter. I had watched you, therefore, several days, when — well, you know the rest."

"It will be punishment enough for you, then, to have failed in your object," remarked Finlay; "but I would not promise any more adventurers the same leniency."

"When people hear I lost with you," quoth the stranger, "I don't think there are other two in the Highlands likely to seek trial."

Of course, the hospitality of Invercauld rendered it imperative to shelter and feast the young chief for a night, and he went his way on the morrow, a great admirer of the laird.

I have only related the most interesting anecdotes relating to kern affairs. You will understand that many a fray of bloodier nature took place, but seldom with loss to the Mar men. It is not on record, indeed, that they ever were plundered of a single flock or herd during the days of Fionnladh Mor.

After the assassination of Cardinal Beaton, you will remember, the English king thought to profit by this act of his party, possess himself of Scotland, and marry the Princess Mary to his son, so to unite the crowns. The Regent called the Scots to resist the invasion, and Finlay, with the flower of Strathdee, hastened to join the army, as Royal Standard-Bearer of Scotland.

As they lay at Edinburgh, while the troops were assembling, our hero happened one night to be perambulating the streets at a rather late hour. Some one, coming in an opposite direction, wished to "crop the causey" on him, which desire he saw no reason to yield to, until proved good by something better than force. Accordingly the two drew their swords, and a brawl got up in a moment. The unknown had a suite—Finlay was alone; but, planting himself firmly in the way, he drew his claymore, and the circle it described round him no one had the temerity to come within, while the puny weapons put forward to parry were sent dancing in the air or splintered to shivers. A private signal, however, was increasing the num-

bers of the adversary to an alarming extent; while Finlay's shout, though loud and shrill, "Braemar! Braemar!" got no response, and he had to back per force. The enemy thickened round, denser and denser; from thirty to forty men they seemed. At this critical moment the door of a neighbouring hostelry opened, and some one came forth to see what caused the stir. "Braemar! Braemar!" cried Finlay once more. Immediately this new personage—a tall, stout, mighty fellow—rushed forward and placed himself at the side of the chivalrous Farquharson, raising while he did so his own war-cry. It brought a whole swarm of Highlanders to the rescue, and hereupon the enemy at once retired. Finlay was then conducted to his quarters by his unknown friends; and on parting, when he desired to know to whom he owed so great an obligation, was answered, "Oh! chunnaic suin Fionnladh Mor roimhe so" ("Oh! we have seen Finlay the Great before this").

It was not until they were gone that he recalled the voice of the young chief who surprised him at the fountain, and thought, the faces he seemed to recognise by torch-light must have been those of the five fellows he had taken prisoners in the Bealach-buidhe.

A few days after was fought the battle of Pinkie. Foremost, bearing the royal standard of Scotland, surrounded by the men of Strathdee, was Fionnladh Mor, clearing the way with his huge claymore, before which man and horse went down. The English cavalry, under Lord Grey, were in a moment overthrown, and the general himself wounded. But then the main body of the invaders advanced, pouring in volleys of musketry, and Fionnladh Mor fell on the field, shrouded in the royal banner he had borne with such honour. He lies interred at Musselburgh, happy, we doubt not, in that he did not live to see the triumph of England.

There was "dule and wae" in Braemar when the remnant of the brave band returned bearing news of the defeat and disaster, and long lamented was the loss of the country.

The good men do sometimes lives after them; and in proof, popular still in Braemar, among memories most dearly cherished, in a beautiful Gaelic song, is the name of Fionnladh Mor.



## LEGEND OF DONALD OF CASTLETOWN

(MAC FHIONNLADH MHOR, THE SON OF FINLAY THE GREAT).'

It is well known in what a wild and lawless state the Highlands of Scotland were for many a long day after the death of James V.; and you may rely on it, Braemar and Strathdee formed no exception.

Donald Farquharson, on succeeding to the property of his half-brother, James of the Castletown, about the year 1541, was made bailie of Strathdee by George, the fourth Earl of Huntly, who considered him no less brave and determined than wise and prudent, the most fit person to curb the fiery spirits of the district.

Some of Donald's sons were well grown up, and now of no little service to him. By his first wife, Jean Ogilvie, daughter of Newton, he had Donald, his successor; Robert, Alexander, James, John, George, and Thomas, besides a daughter, Ann, who was married to John M'Pherson of Nuid, now Cluny. By his second wife, Elspet Ogilvie, daughter of Inverquharity, he had David, Archibald, and Lachlan, and two daughters, one of whom was married to Donald M'Pherson of Bellachluan; the other to John M'Intosh, son of Stron. His son, William, begot of the Lord Forbes's brother's daughter, with whom Donald had a treaty of marriage, espoused Beatrix, the eldest daughter of Fearchar of Coldrach, and became laird there, after his brother-in-law, as before said. He was fiscal to his father, Donald, while he exercised the famous Bailiary of Strathdee.

Robert, the second son of Donald, from some disagreement in the family,

“Departed from his father's halls,”

then, turning round three times, as was proper and decorous of a man in his position, with his eyes closed, threw his stick into the air, and, following the direction indicated by its fall, arrived necessarily at Dundee. There he betook himself to the study of mechanics, and became an expert carpenter. Some time after, the M'Intosh, with his daughter Margaret, the widow of Glogarry, came to that town on a visit to some of their relatives. Now, as was in his star, Robert passed daily under the young widow's window, going to and returning from work; and the young widow, seeing him, was very curious to know whom he could be, and puzzled herself out of her wits about him. Love

—how it comes I am afraid doctors even cannot always tell—for the mysterious unknown soon penetrated the lady's heart, and the perversity of woman is such, the seeming impossibility of success only added to its charms. This passion, fed day by day by the sight of the handsome carpenter, soon began to tell on Margaret; and, not knowing what better to do, she pined away, and got worse, and then worse. Naturally, none of all the leeches in Dundee, consulted by turns, could cure her, or even make out the nature of her malady. But the M'Intosh was a man of war, not to be outdone by any womankind, and made up his mind to cure her himself. With this determination, he sought her bower, and insisted on being informed o' what ailed her. Denial being out of the question with a veteran of his kind, she confessed all.

"Then," quoth the chief, drawing himself up in battle array, "you just tell me when you see him pass to-morrow morning."

The morn, accordingly, our hero was arrested by a tall, fine, old Highlander as he passed the house, and bid enter; on doing which, he was informed of the havoc he had been occasioning, but—oh, ungallant man!—showed in return little disposition to favour the views of the M'Intosh.

"Ho, ho," quoth the undaunted warrior, "stop until you see Maggy, and then you can give herself the denial."

And he ordered his daughter to make her appearance. The M'Intosh, as was natural in a man of war, knew strategy, and slipped out when the blushing lady tripped in. What, therefore, passed between the young folks is unluckily lost, though the result became clear, for in a very short time Robert led the fair widow to the altar. Marvellous to behold the success of military tactics! It was flattering to the veteran to have carried Robert by storm, and in consideration of having thus humbled the foe, he paid down a very handsome dower on the marriage-day.

Robert, now an accomplished artisan, returned with his wife to his native place, and set up as a miller in Crathie. But the trade of the country, then of little agricultural value, barely repaid his trouble; wherefore he descended the Dee to a more fertile spot, and erected a mill in Birse, on the Finzean estate. The laird, not unlike the unworthy heir of Linne, was a fast man. Every tenant known to be possessed of cash was applied to for a loan, while repayment was a thing long expected, but unknown. Mrs Farquharson, aware of this weakness in the laird's character, sent her husband on the rent day, much against his will—oh, naughty Robert!—with an overflowing purse. The laird did not fail to perceive the circumstances of his new tenant, and it was not long before he applied for a loan. Mrs

Farquharson took after her father, and could see as far into a millstone as the best of millers, perhaps a little farther. The loan was granted on the security of the mill and adjoining farm. Well and good, is business to stop for trifles? Not, I expect. No sooner was the first loan expended, than a new one was asked for. Same conditions, same result: "I give you the money, you mortgage another farm."

"Enough o' that trade," quoth the miller, when the laird departed rejoicing, not a little frightened at the rapid rate in which his money was disappearing.

"Not at all," quoth Mrs Farquharson

Robert's eyes opened wide and wider, till the thing came home to him like the "Mouter Bow on the Chalder."

"I see," he at length exclaimed to the fair Maggy; "most capital!"

From that day you would not have seen a happier man in Mar than the miller. In fact, if I remember aright, what my grandmother—rest her soul!—used to tell, on him, or by him, was composed at this time the famous ditty—

" There was a jolly miller  
Lived on the river Dee," &c.

The borrowing and mortgaging system, therefore, went on from good to better. At length, the laird found he had no more farms to mortgage, and it so happened, at the same time, that Mrs Farquharson had no more money to lend. In fact, as she told him, she was just going that day to the castle to get back some of that already lent. The only way she could repossess herself of this was by the laird departing, and the miller and herself taking his place as proprietors of Finzean; and so began the Farquharsons of that place.

I may as well now mention all that relates to the rest of Donald's family, who do not again figure in my tale.

John, his fifth son by his first wife, married Robert M'Intosh of Tom's daughter, and became the founder of the Tullycairn family.

George, his sixth son, resided in Milltown of Whitehouse, Cromar, and married the daughter of one Fleming in Strathelc. A descendant of his began the firm of Farquharson & Co., Aberdeen.

Thomas, his seventh son, went to the wars.

Of his family by his second wife there is little to say.

David, the first son, married Isabell Forbes, daughter to Ardmurdo, of the house of Towie, by whom he had a large family.

Archibald, the second son, married first Janet Archie, and

after her death Agnes, daughter of Bagills, and had issue by both wives.

Lachlan, the third son, married the daughter of Mr Davidson, minister of Auchindore, and had two sons. "He was killed himself, at Inchmarno, turning a hership."

In those far-off times lived in Braemar a certain John Avignon, or Owenson, known, from his diminutive stature, among the people as a "Sagart Beag," or the little priest. He was a very holy, good soul, and, it is held, endowed with the gift of prophecy. Well it was for the wild folks of the times that they possessed so excellent a pastor.

Young folks nowadays laugh at many of us, as well as at their forebears, for believing in ghosts. Let them have their laugh by all means, gentlemen; but notwithstanding their pretended superiority over us, I prefer the heroes of the days of old, and the ideas and the deeds of the times of old. For, after all, what do they know, marvels of wisdom? I, for my own part, gentlemen, believe in ghosts, in spirits, in apparitions, and such-like; yes, and I am not ashamed to own it, for I have my reasons.

Well, Creag-an-aibhse, or the rock of the ghost, as the name implies, was haunted by a ghost—a wicked, malicious, mischievous ghost. From sundown till sunrise the way up by the foot of the hill was rendered impracticable. The malignant spirit would roll down huge stones, or cast showers of small ones on the passers-by; and the fearful cries, dreadful noises, and unutterable yells that were heard, made their hair stand on end, and their flesh creep in inexpressible horror. Something seemed to move along the hillside as they went in threatening attitude—loathsome, black, shapeless, monstrous, huge—so that no one in Braemar—and, mind you, these were then the bravest of men—durst pass that way. The inconvenience this troublesome ghost caused may be well imagined, and the Sagart Beag was earnestly besought to drive it away, if it were possible. The pious man, therefore, went to the top of the hill, where an altar was erected, and a large cross of pine wood fixed in the cairn. Before it the holy man said mass, and thenceforth no evil spirit has ever been seen on Creag-an-aibhse.

You know a great deal better, I have no doubt, than I can rehearse, were it necessary, the history of the feud between the Gordons and the Forbeses. Shortly after Corrichie (fought on the 28th October 1562), learning the usage Huntly had met with from the men of Don, Donald repudiated the Lord Forbes's brother's daughter, by whom he had William of Coldrach, as before said; and it is reasonable to place his open rupture with her clan about that date. On the occasion of first taking

arms in the cause of the gay Gordons originated the war-cry of "Càrn a' chuimhne," and likewise, as many will have it, the cairn itself, though, for my own part, I am inclined to believe it had from time immemorial, or if not, at least from the birth of Finlay the Great, been the spot where the men of Strathdee assembled for war. At such times the practice among the clans was, each man bringing one stone, to raise, on a clear space of ground, a cairn or pile, from which, on their return, the survivors took each a stone, those that remained indicating the number of the fallen; and these were, at each successive expedition, counted on to the first pile of that kind. So that "Càrn a' chuimhne," as long as this practice was followed—till the Restoration, I believe—would represent the number of Strathdee men killed in battle, or at least that of the Farquharsons, until the end of the wars of Montrose, and was, in consequence, really the Cairn of Remembrance. It does not appear, however, to have been used before this period as the war-cry of the Farquharsons.

After assembling here, the clan proceeded to Donside, and a fierce battle seems to have been fought on Lonach, "Càrn a' chuimhne" bearing the palm away. The Forbeses, wishing us to believe that the cairn was wholly raised on the one occasion in question, point with no little exultation to the immense pile, which, unless we knew its history better, would seem to indicate that a complete massacre of Clann Fhionnlaidh had taken place. But everything tells against this inference. Beside the history already given, we know that Castle Gairn, then building for a hunting-seat to the Lord Forbes, was abandoned, the lands around, with those of Abergairn, being wadset to John of Invercauld, Donald's nephew; and the Strathgirnoc Forbeses gradually dwindled away till their final overthrow, and the footing that clan began to take on Deeside was lost for ever; whereas,

"Moored in the rifted rock,  
Proof to the tempest's shock,"

Clann Fhionnlaidh, shooting up, increased its branches, and became a mighty name.

Grigor Riach, alluding to well-known traditions in his time, very sarcastically asks the Forbeses, who were then crowing over him, not supposing they had reason to boast of any memory connected with it—

"Ciamar bhiodh iad cho bruidhneach,  
'S carn a' chuimhne air an aire."

How can they talk in such a way,  
Remembering Càrn a' chuimhne?

When, in 1672, this feud, long repressed, broke out anew, at the instigation of Black Arthur and Alexander Forbes of Strathgirnoc, Donald, bright ensample of faith, stood by Adam of Auchindown when Black Arthur was laid low, and when his nephew John was so shamefully routed at the Crabstones. Here Henry Gordon of Knock's brother took prisoner the neighbouring Laird of Strathgirnoc, one of the most violent of his name, as I have said, in stirring up these troubles. He was therefore sentenced to death, but the gallant Adam, after a short detention in Auchindown, set him, unfortunately, as we shall see, at liberty.

The old ballad, with the note prefixed in this book, will narrate far better than I can one of the incidents in this struggle, more particularly relating to the Braes of Mar.

## EDOM O' GORDON.

[“This ballad is founded upon a real event, which took place in the north of Scotland in the year 1571, during the struggles between the party which held out for the imprisoned Queen Mary, and that which endeavoured to maintain the authority of her infant son, James VI. The person here designated Edom o' Gordon, was Adam Gordon of Auchindown, brother of the Marquis of Huntly, and his deputy as Lieutenant of the North of Scotland for the Queen. This gentleman committed many acts of oppression on the clan Forbes under colour of the Queen's authority; and in one collision with that family, killed Arthur, brother to Lord Forbes. He afterwards sent a party, under one Captain Car or Ker, to reduce the house of Towie, one of the chief seats of the name of Forbes. The proprietor of this mansion being from home, his lady, who was pregnant at the time, confiding too much in her sex and condition, not only refused to surrender, but gave Car some very opprobrious language over the walls; which irritated him so much that he set fire to the house, and burnt the whole inmates, amounting in all to thirty-seven persons. As Gordon never cashiered Car for this inhuman action, he was held by the public voice to be equally guilty; and accordingly we here find a ballad in which he is represented as the principal actor himself. Gordon, in his *History of the Family of Gordon*, informs us that, in the right old spirit of Scottish family feud, the Forbeses afterwards attempted to assassinate Gordon on the streets of Paris. ‘Forbes,’ he says, ‘with these desperate fellows, lay in wait in the street through which he was to return to his lodgings from the palace of the Archbishop of Glasgow, then ambassador in France. They discharged their pistols upon Auchindown as he passed by them, and wounded him in the thigh. His servants pursued, but could not catch them; they only found, by good chance, Forbes's hat, in which was a paper with the name of the place where they were to meet. John Gordon, Lord of Glenluce and Longormes, son to Alexander Gordon, Bishop of Galloway, Lord of the Bedchamber to the King of France, getting instantly notice of this, immediately acquainted the king, who forthwith despatched *le grand prevost de l'hôtel*, or the great provost of the palace, with his guards, in company with John Gordon and Sir Adam's servants, to the place of their meeting, to apprehend them. When they were

arrived at the place, Sir Adam's servants, being impatient, rushed violently into the house and killed Forbes; but his associates were all apprehended, and broke upon the wheel.' This dreadful incident would surely have made an excellent second part to the ballad."—  
CHAMBERS.]

It fell about the Martinmas,  
When the wind blew shrill and cauld,  
Said Edom o' Gordon to his men,  
"We maun draw to a hauld.

"And whatna hauld sall we draw to,  
My merrie-men and me?  
We will gae to the house o' Rhodes [Rothes],  
To see that fair ladye."

She had nae sooner buskit hersel',  
Nor putten on her gown,  
Till Edom o' Gordon and his men  
Were round about the toun.

They had nae sooner sitten down,  
Nor suner said the grace,  
Till Edom o' Gordon and his men  
Were closed about the place.

The lady ran to her touir heid,  
As fast as she could drie,  
To see if, by her fair speeches,  
She could with him agree.

As sune as he saw the ladye fair,  
And hir yetts all lockit fast,  
He fell into a rage of wrath,  
And his heart was aghast.

"Come down to me, ye ladye fair,  
Come down to me, let's see;  
This nicht ye'se lie by my ain side,  
The morn my bride sall be."

"I winna come down, ye fause Gordon;  
I winna come down to thee;  
I winna forsake my ain deir lord,  
That is sae far frae me."

"Gi'e up your house, ye fair ladye,  
Gi'e up your house to me;  
Or I will burn yoursel' therein,  
But and your babies thrie."

"I winna gi'e 't up, thou fause Gordon,  
To nae sic traitor as thee;  
Though thou suld burn mysel' therein,  
But and my babies thrie.

"And ein wae worth you, Jock, my man!  
I paid ye weil your fee;

Why pou ye out my grund-wa'-stane,  
Lets in the reek to me?

“ And ein wae worth you, Jock, my man!  
I paid ye weil your hyre;  
Why pou ye out my grund-wa'-stane,  
To me lets in the fyre?”

“ Ye paid me weil my hire, ladye,  
Ye paid me weil my fee;  
But now I'm Edom o' Gordon's man,  
Maun either do or die.”

O then bespake her youngest son,  
Sat on the nurse's knee,  
“ Dear mother, gi'e ower your house,” he says,  
“ For the reek it worries me.”

“ I winna gi'e up my house, my dear,  
To nae sic traitor as he;  
Come weel, come wae, my jewel fair,  
Ye maun tak' share wi' me.”

O then bespake her daughter deir;  
She was baith jimp and sma';  
“ O row me in a pair o' sheets,  
And tow me ower the wa'.”

They rowed her in a pair o' sheets,  
And towed her ower the wa';  
But on the point o' Edom's speir  
She gat a deidly fa'.

O bonnie, bonnie was her mouth,  
And cherry were her cheiks;  
And cleir, cleir was her yellow hair,  
Whereon the reid blude dreips.

Then wi' his speir he turned her ower,  
O gin her face was wan!  
He said, “ You are the first that eir  
I wist alyve again.”

He turned her ower and ower again,  
O gin her skin was whyte!  
He said, “ I micht ha'e spared thy lyfe  
To been some man's delyte.

“ Backe and boon, my merrie-men all,  
For ill dooms I do guess;  
I canna luik on that bonnie face,  
As it lies on the grass!”

“ Them luiks to freits, my master deir,  
Then freits will follow them;  
Let it ne'er be said brave Edom o' Gordon  
Was dauntit by a dame.”

O then he spied her ain deir lord,  
As he came o'er the lea;



## LEGENDS OF THE BRAES O' MAR.

He saw his castle in a fyre,  
As far as he could see.

“ Put on, put on, my michtie men,  
As fast as ye can drie ;  
For he that's hindmost o' my men  
Sall ne'er get gude o' me.”

And some they rade, and some they ran,  
Fu' fast out ower the plain ;  
But lang, lang, ere he could get up,  
They a' were deid and slain.

But monie were the mudie men  
Lay gasping on the grene ;  
For o' fifty men that Edom brought,  
'There were but fyve gaed hame.

And mony were the mudie men,  
Lay gasping on the grene ;  
And mony were the fair ladyes,  
Lay lemanless at hame.

And round and round the wa's he went,  
Their ashes for to view ;  
At last into the flames he ran,  
And bade the world adieu.

“ Subsequent to this tragical affair,” says Picken, in *The Traditional Stories of Old Families*, “ a meeting for reconciliation took place between a select number of the heads of the two houses, in the hall of an old castle in these parts, probably Drimnor. After much argument, the difference being at length made up, and a reconciliation effected, both parties sat down to a feast in the hall, provided by the Forbes chief. The eating was ended, and the parties were at their drink—the clansmen being of equal numbers, and so mixed, as had been arranged, that every Forbes had a Gordon seated at his right hand. ‘ Now,’ said Gordon of Huntly to his neighbour chief, ‘ as this business has been so satisfactorily settled, tell me, if it had not been so, what it was your intention to have done.’ ‘ There would have been bloody work—bloody work,’ said Lord Forbes—‘ and we would have had the best of it, I will tell you: see, we are mixed one and one, Forbeses and Gordons. I had only to give a sign by the stroking down of my beard, thus, and every Forbes was to have drawn the skein from under his left arm, and stabbed to the heart his right-hand man;’ and, as he spoke, he suited the sign to the word, and stroked down his flowing beard. In a moment a score of skeins were out, and flashing in the light of the pine-torches held behind the guests. In another moment they were buried in as many hearts; for the Forbeses, whose eyes constantly watched their chief, mistaking this in-

voluntary motion for the agreed sign of death, struck their weapons into the bodies of the unsuspecting Gordons. The chiefs looked at each other in silent consternation. At length the Forbes said, 'This is a sad tragedy we little expected, but what is done cannot be undone, and the blood that now flows on the floor of Driminor will just help to sloaken the auld fire of Corgarf!'

When tracing up the course of a river, one likes to know what relates to each tributary as it joins, before continuing the upward march of discovery. In the same way, before resuming the main thread of the history of the Braes of Mar, it will be better to finish with the Forbes feud. This, then, is the last incident occasioned by it, connected with this country.

After the death of Henry Gordon of Knock, in 1591, his brother, the capturer of Forbes of Strathgirnoc, at the battle of the Crabstanes, succeeded as laird. Forbes, in whose heart the injury was treasured up, watched his time for revenge. Knock's seven sons went out one day to cast divots, and unwittingly set to work on Strathgirnoc's land. This was enough. Forbes, with a party of his tenants, surrounded and caught them. With his own sword he struck off their heads, and then had them attached, one by one, to the cross-top of the "flaughter-spade" each had been using. The spades in a line were then stuck into the ground on the hillside, and this dreadful sight presented itself to the servant, sent with the young men's dinner from Knock Castle. No wonder that he hastened back the way he came. His sudden return and exclamations of horror brought the laird to the stairhead. Informed suddenly of the fearful fate of his sons, and overcome with agony, he fell over the bannisters, and was killed. And so the lands of Knock, as well as those of Strathgirnoc, fell into the hands of Abergeldie, who hanged Forbes in his own house, to avenge the murder of his relatives.

The Lamonts, you are aware, had the lairdships of Allancuaich and Inverey. In those days, a drover of the name of Rory, a wealthy man, and doing a large trade, was in the habit of lodging with Allancuaich on his way to and from the south markets. After an unusually great sale and large profit at Amulree, he arrived with his gilly at the laird's, and was, as usual, cordially received and well entertained. Those were the times of real Highland hospitality. On the morrow he departed, accompanied by the laird's only son, a youth of great promise, who was to show him a near cut to the Bealachdearg and Strathaven route. Some days after, the drover's body was found by two shepherds at a place thence called Inchrorie—*i. e.*, Rory's plain—with a deep cut in the back of his head. Who committed the murder? Donald of Castletown, in discharge of his duty,

cited young Allancuaich to appear, as the person who had been last in the drover's company. Rivalry between the Lamonts and Farquharsons had long existed. The former distrusted all the actions of the latter, good or bad. Animated by this spirit of antagonism, the young man refused to compear before Donald, fearing he might not have a fair hearing; at the same time he was well aware that the Lamonts could not withstand their powerful neighbours, and that he would be immediately searched after by the indefatigable William of Coldrach. He therefore fled to the hills. As he anticipated, a party of the Farquharsons, led by the fiscal, was soon in movement, and from their knowledge of the district ferreted out, pursued, and hemmed him in beside the deep Pol-ma-nuire, formed by the Dee a little west of Càrn a' chuimhne. Desperate, he leaped into the water to escape to the other side, but was drowned. His father, an old frail man, died of grief, and the confiscated lairdship was given to Alexander, Donald's third son. Long afterwards, but too late for his kin to benefit by it, the innocence of young Allancuaich was discovered. Among a number of Highland freebooters apprehended in Moray on a charge of cattle-lifting was the drover's servant, who, before his execution at Elgin, confessed that, after parting with their guide, young Lamont, sorely tempted by the large sum of gold in his master's spörran, as he was walking on behind, he drew his sword, and with one blow felled Rory to the ground. After the murder and robbery he durst not show his face in his own country, and therefore joined a band of kern.

Our hero was now advanced in years, and not so well fitted to bestir himself during those troublous times, in the beginning of which he had been largely an actor. One event—the change of religion which about this time, 1576, took place in Braemar—found him unwillingly a passive actor. It will be best to let his grandchild relate the matter in his own way.

“SHORT ACCOUNT OF THE CHANGE OF RELIGION IN BRAEMAR.

“While Mary, our Queen, was in France, our nobles in Parliament, having promise of the church-lands and goods from the Reformers, passed an act to banish all parish priests (1560). Mr John Avignon (Owenson), priest in Braemar, would not obey, especially as this act was not subscribed by our Queen at Paris. He was a very pious, holy man, and was thought to have the spirit of prophecy. He threatened God's judgment on the first who should lay hands upon him. Meantime, while he preached with great zeal against the new religion, Beatrix Farquharson,

daughter to Invercauld, and sister to Donald Farquharson of Castletown, 'a bold rough woman,' having cast out with the priest, arrived at kirk at the end of the first sermon. Some people, going out, told her the priest preached terribly against the new religion. 'Why,' says she, as she was coming in, 'don't you send him away with the rest, as the law orders?'—'We are afraid,' replied they, 'as he threatens God's judgments on him who lays hands upon him first.'—'I'll take my chance of that,' answered she, and went in and struck him on the shoulder. Then the hired people took hold of him just as he was beginning mass. After a little exhortation to stand firm to the doctrine he taught them, and teach it to their children, never to have any spiritual commerce with those new upstarts—self-commissioned heretics—he said that with time God would send them a priest commissioned by Jesus Christ and his holy church.

"Those hired by Government brought him down the way of Aberdeen. About forty of the oldest men followed him: among these was Donald of Castletown, above mentioned, my great-grandfather. At the march between the parish of Crathy and that of Braemar, Mr John told my grandfather to sit down, saying, 'I see by your tears you are sorry that I am banished, and I'll tell you something.'

"The forty old men of the company sat close to hear what he would say.—'I baptised a child to you last day, and of that child there shall come some who will be a support to religion until I get liberty again. This is the last parish that turned its back on the true religion of the five parishes next it; and it shall be the first that will receive it again. I am not content with your sister, Mrs M'Kenzie, or Mrs Davidson of Dalmore; and in token she has offended God, the hand that struck me to-day will rot, and be cut from her shoulder before a year and a day pass.' This prophecy was spread far and near. The person concerned despised it. Some time thereafter she felt an intolerable pain in her right arm: she sends to Aberdeen for a physician. The foreman and another were sent, and on their way they told their errand. They were told of the holy man's prophecy, and that what he used to foretell came exactly to pass. They went on, and after examining her arm, said, 'We see no sign of disease in this arm; but if your pain is from God, it is in vain to apply plaisters to it; yet, if you please, we will cut it off.' This she refused. Her arm turned blue and then black, and had such a stench that she got a room to herself. Before the year was ended, she was forced to cause it to be cut at her shoulder; and I heard my father, Lewis Farquharson, say, he knew old men that saw her sleeve waving with the wind. I knew a gentleman descended lineally of that woman, who told

me and others he did not doubt of the truth of that story. Very few in Braemar, come to any age since her time, have been ignorant or doubted of it, either Protestants or Catholics."

The sequel of the father's quaint story will more properly come in when we speak of the Auchindrynes.

It is high time to close this long-winded legend, and I will conclude, with one other tale, the history of Donald of Castle-town. But to begin from the beginning.

In 1572, when Adam Gordon was besieging the Castle of Glen Bervie, hearing that a party of the king's friends were in Brechin, he set off, surprised them in the morning, and cut them all to pieces. It befell one night during his expedition that he had to quarter his forces in the Braes of Balfour. He had with him a natural son in command of a party of horse. It was made known to the countrymen that compensation would be allowed for the forage and all else required by the troops, and it was therefore natural that the farmer on whom Adam's son was billeted should have requested the right and due from the young man. He took a different view of the question, judging the money allowed him for expenses would jingle more agreeably in his privy purse than in the peasant's pocket. Both flew into a rage, and a good row got up; but at length Gordon's dagger ended the dispute and the farmer both together. The report of this trifle clouded Adam's brow. He ordered his son to appear.

"Brute!" burst from his lips, "you have disgraced me and my arms by your violence and accursed greed of gold. I will not have a murderer to aid me in doing battle in a just cause; for I verily believe the anger of God would in such a case give victory to the foe. To my sorrow and shame you are my son—thank that for restraining my arm; but depart, wretch, for ever from my sight, else, as God lives, my own hand will string you up to the first tree by the wayside."

The young man rushed from his father's presence, and wandered far away.

Years after, one evening, as the sun was going down, he descended from the Month Keen route on Brachlie. The laird was an old gentleman—a kind, good, honest soul, universally beloved and esteemed. Unluckily he had married a young wife, a neighbour laird's daughter.

When Gordon presented himself, he was, as usual in the Highlands, hospitably received, and invited to pass the night in the castle. The evening was spent in agreeable converse—so agreeable, indeed, that the laird would not allow him to depart on the following morning. And morning after morning he did not depart—no, not at all. He was a taking fellow—one accom-

plished in all courtly acquirements, manly exercises, and winning gallantry—and the old laird was more and more pleased with him, and the young lady not a bit less, perhaps more. Queer things began to be whispered of the stranger and the gay lady, and

“ Word went to the kitchen,  
And word went to the ha’.”

But the good old laird saw nothing and said nothing; and things went on as if things were right, till they ended in a dreadful tragedy. But I anticipate.

You will all recollect the feud between the Clan Chattan and Huntly, which, long smouldering, burst out anew at the instigation of Huntly's enemies, by those vassals refusing to assist in the erecting of Ruthven Castle. The Grants for another reason became the allies of the M'Intoshes; but we have nothing to do with them. The irritation on the part of the M'Intoshes getting the better of all prudence, they fell into the Braes of Mar, plundering, robbing, and carrying away the flocks, herds, and valuables of the people whom they knew to be Huntly's allies and friends. Lamont of Inverey, thinking this a fit time to have his revenge for the evil treatment he considered his relatives of Allancaich had met with from Donald of Castletown, and wishing to humble his rivals, joined the M'Intoshes. They not finding Braemar fat enough, descended the Dee through Crathie, and fell like a torrent on Glen Muick, Glen Gairn, and Tullich, whither some spies had preceded them.

About this time Adam Gordon's natural son chanced to be wandering about the Milltown, where was then an hostelry, revolving the various turns of fate below, and as the dusk of even came down, accidentally saw two strangers drawing near. He followed them into a private apartment of the hostelry. He treated them liberally to the best of the good things there. They became great friends. He drew out of them that they were the spies of the Clan Chattan; and they became jolly and free. Cup succeeded cup, and he took out handfuls of gold, and flashed the pieces before their eyes. How their eyes opened! Their thoughts became deadly, their glances deadlier.

“ Do you wish gold then ? ” inquired he.

The answer was in their faces.

“ Look here then,” exclaimed Gordon, pointing through the window to a light in the Castle of Brachlie; “ there is an old man and a young lady in the room where that light is burning. If you wish to get gold, look at this purse here, you will have it all. Don't lay a hand on the lady, but kill the old man—kill the old man.”

The ruffians departed with wild looks, and the dread deed

was done. They came back with wilder looks to claim their hire. There were terrible cries on their footsteps. Gordon met them a little before they reached the hostelry, with some men behind him.

“Wretches, what have you done?” demanded he.

“The gold, the gold! We have killed him,” replied they.

“Killed the laird!!!” burst from Gordon, in feigned horror and surprise. “You hear them, men; fall on them; kill them, spare them not; kill them.”

The servants from the castle now came up; the united party fell on the two murderers and beat them to death. Gordon thought his crime would for ever remain unknown. As soon after the laird's tragical death as decency would permit, he married Brachlie's widow, and became laird himself. Time went on. In spite of all his precautions, the knowledge of his crime wormed out. The love of his wife turned to loathing. She sat alone in the castle, a mother that found no consolation in the embraces of a murderer's children; and she was desolate—yes, more than if he were dead. The tenantry met him with stern cold faces and hard eyes—returning no smile—accepting no favour—and he died accursed. His descendants were the second Gordons of Brachlie.

To end with the raid of the Clan Chattan, in revenge for the slaughter of their spies, they treated Glen Muick with the greatest severity. Henry Gordon of Knock, Alexander Gordon of Toldou, and Thomas Gordon of Blacharrage, fell victims to their ire, and Knock Castle, with the whole country, was burnt. Brachlie, being better fortified, and well garrisoned by the flying tenants, held out.

I know it is currently reported that the Baron of Brachlie was killed by Colonel John Farquharson of Inverey, and so forth, though the colonel was not born in 1590, nor his father before him, as you will soon learn. There is in the whole tale a confusion of dates and circumstances. The descendant of the intriguer, whom we have just seen acquiring so foully the lands of the worthy baron, was indeed killed in a skirmish between the Glen Muick men under his command, and the Inverey men headed by the colonel; but this happened about one hundred years after the date in question, and will be fully explained hereafter.

To continue. On the retreat of the M'Intoshes, hastened by the report that Aboyne, Cromar, Birse, and Glen Tanner were arming to march against them, Lamont of Inverey, who had assisted the marauders in all their depredations, found himself in an evil plight. It is pretended that the Farquharsons, after employing some agent to conceal a few sheep in his “kill-

logie" (the entry to the furnace of kilns for drying grain), came on him all of a blow, discovered the sheep, and apprehended him on a charge of sheep-stealing. That story, however, like some of the inventions of Jamie Fleeman, Esquire, winna tell. Donald of Castletown, now a very old man, if still living, had resigned his bailiary, and Abergeldie was now Huntly's lieutenant for Strathdee, Strathaven, and Badenoch. So when Huntly assembled his forces to repress the revolt of the Clan Chattan, Abergeldie was called upon to gather those of the countries intrusted to his charge, and chastising the offenders as he marched along to meet the earl at Pettie in Moray.

To gain the assistance of the Farquharsons, old and stanch friends of the Gordons, Abergeldie offered the hand of his daughter Catherine to James, fourth son of Donald of Castletown. The proposal was the more acceptable as the Farquharsons had suffered by the raid of the Clan Chattan, and Clan Fionnladh at once turned out its strength. Of course, the first offender to be dealt with was Lamont of Inverey, whom the assembled forces had little difficulty in seizing. So open had been his guilt, that no proof was needed; though perhaps some of the stolen "muttons" of Glen Muick may have been found in his "kill-logie," thus giving rise to the accounts I have mentioned. He was therefore led to a stout pine, on a little knoll a short distance west of Marlodge Bridge, and hanged on one of its branches. One painful circumstance attended the execution. His mother, a widow, followed the party that marched him off, praying them in the most moving terms to spare her only son, and take all else whatever they wished. But seeing that her tears and entreaties availed nothing, and naturally considering the Farquharsons prime agents in the matter, she cursed the clan, and predicted their downfall in a Gaelic rhyme, one verse of which I have thus translated by a friend:—

" This tree will flourish high and broad,  
Green as it grows to-day,  
When from the banks o' bonnie Dee  
Clan Fionnladh's all away."

And this prophecy is regarded as now accomplished. Any one will show you the dark doom's pine; but where are the Monalties, flowers of chivalry; the Invereys, indomitable in war; the Auchindrynes, stout and true; the Balmorals, glorious as fleeting; the Allanquoichs, ever worthy; and the Tullochcoys, heroes to the last? All and every one of them are gone. Invercauld became extinct in the male line, and this, it is held, sufficiently fulfils the prophecy. Finzean, as not at all concerned in the transactions of that time, may be fairly held not to come within the scope of the malediction. James Farquharson, as proposed,



married the fair Catherine Gordon, and got the confiscated lairdship of Inverey with his lady, and he was the first of the Farquharsons of that name, as well as ancestor of the Auchindrynes and Tullochcoys. It is not my intention to follow the avenging march of Abergeldie and the Clan Farquharson, joined shortly by the M'Ronalds; suffice that they laid waste the lands of the Grants in Strathspey, and those of the M'Intoshes in Badenoch, and, after their junction with Huntly, devastated all Pettie, and returned laden with booty. With your leave, gentlemen, I would bring in here an illustration of the lawless spirit of the times, given by one of our historians, as it relates to the transactions I have just mentioned, though a total misrepresentation of the case. Here it is:—

“The Farquharsons of Deeside, a bold and warlike people inhabiting the dales of Braemar, had taken offence at and slain a gentleman of consequence, named Gordon of Brachlie. The Marquis of Huntly summoned his forces to take a bloody vengeance for the death of a Gordon; and that none of the guilty tribe might escape, communicated with the Laird of Grant, a very powerful chief, who was an ally of Huntly, and a relation, I believe, to the slain Baron of Brachlie. They agreed, that on a day appointed, Grant with his clan in arms should occupy the upper end of the vale of Dee, and move from thence downwards, while the Gordons should ascend the river from beneath, each party killing, burning, and destroying without mercy whatever and whomsoever they found before them. A terrible massacre was made of the Farquharsons, taken at unawares, and placed betwixt two enemies. Almost all the men and women of the race were slain; and when the day was done, Huntly found himself encumbered with about two hundred orphan children, whose parents had been killed. What became of them you shall presently hear.

“About a year after this foray, the Laird of Grant chanced to dine at the marquis's castle. He was, of course, received with kindness, and entertained with magnificence. After dinner was over, Huntly said to his guest that he would show him some rare sport. Accordingly he conducted him to a balcony, which, as was frequent in old mansions, overlooked the kitchen, perhaps to permit the lady to give an occasional eye to the operations there. The numerous servants of the marquis and his visitors had already dined, and Grant beheld the remains of the victuals, which had furnished a plentiful meal, flung at random into a large trough, like that out of which swine feed. While Grant was wondering what this could mean, the master-cook gave a signal with his silver whistle; on which a hatch, like that of a dog-kennel, was raised, and there rushed into the

kitchen, some shrieking, some shouting, some yelling—not a pack of hounds, which in number, noise, and tumult they greatly resembled, but a large mob of children, half-naked, and totally wild in their manners, who threw themselves on the contents of the trough, and fought, struggled, bit, scratched, and clamoured each to get the largest share. Grant was a man of humanity, and did not see in that degrading scene all the amusement which his noble host had intended to afford him. 'In the name of Heaven,' he said, 'who are these unfortunate creatures that are fed like so many pigs?'—'They are the children of those Farquharsons whom we slew last year on Deeside,' answered Huntly. The laird felt more shocked than it would have been prudent or polite to express. 'My lord,' he said, 'my sword helped to make these poor children orphans, and it is not fair that your lordship should be burdened with all the expense of maintaining them. You have supported them for a year and a day—allow me now to take them to Castle Grant, and keep them for the same period at my cost.' Huntly was tired of the joke of the pig-trough, and willingly consented to have the undisciplined rabble of children taken off his hands. He troubled himself no more about them; and the Laird of Grant, carrying them to his castle, had them dispersed among his clan, and brought up decently, giving them his own name of Grant; but it is said their descendants are still called the 'race of the trough,' to distinguish them from the families of the tribe into which they were adopted."

Now, gentlemen, I need hardly tell you that no such thing ever happened to the inhabitants of the Braes of Mar. The Clan Chattan, joined perhaps by the Grants and Lamonts of Inverey, were the people who killed the Baron of Brachlie and the other gentlemen of Glen Muick. Then the Grants were in bitter feud, as indeed they were often, with the Gordons; and the Farquharsons were from the beginning to the end their faithful allies. In fine, the Grants' and M'Intoshes' lands were plundered and laid waste by the Gordons, Farquharsons, and M'Ronalds, and not the contrary. Whether the orphans of the M'Intoshes or Grants suffered a captivity and treatment of this kind I have never heard; but it is likely the tradition mentioned is not without some foundation.

I have done, gentlemen, and no doubt your patience is exhausted. The Brave Donald of Castletown died about the time of the M'Intosh raid, being great, good, and glorious, no less than his father Finlay Mor, the founder of the Clan of the Braes of Mar.

## LEGEND OF DOMHNULL OG NA H-ALBA

(YOUNG DONALD OF ALBION).

AFTER the death of Donald of Castletown, his successor exchanged Castletown with the Earl of Mar for Monaltrie, about the end, it is said, of the reign of Queen Mary. This Donald the second married Beatrix Gordon, daughter to Knockespie, and had by her five sons—Donald Og, Mr James, Robert, Alexander, and David. Mr James was bred a writer at Edinburgh, and purchased Whitehouse in Cromar, and from him is descended the present family of Whitehouse of Tough. Robert married first a daughter of Monimusk's, and afterwards one of Burnet of Craigowr's, by whom he had a son. Alexander married Janet Grant of the house of Divey, by whom he had a son, Alexander, and a daughter. He had also a natural son, William. David married Isabell Gairden, daughter to Bellamore, by whom he had two daughters—married the one to William Farquharson of Towie, the other to John Farquharson in Alford.

Our concern is with Donald Og. He married Margaret Gordon, daughter to Abergeldie, by whom he had two sons, Donald and Charles.

The first time Donald Og appears in history is in connection with the story of that "dolorous tower" of Fren draught in 1630. The circumstances of that fire are too well known to be here repeated. In the strife that followed between the "factions," he, as Bailie of the Marquis of Huntly's lands of Strathaven, it would appear, was suspected of being "a hounder-out of broken men" against Fren draught. When the Gordons made their appearance at Edinburgh, therefore, "Donald Farquharson being charged with the rest, and having set caution under the pain of one thousand pounds fled; but his brother, who was cautioner, was warded, and paid his fine before he won his liberty." Donald acted thus by Huntly's persuasion. His interests in the north would have suffered too much by the bailie's absence, and the Marquis and Mr James settled the affair quietly between themselves. Perhaps the wadset of Whitehouse in Cromar was James's recompense.

The broken men were none other than my beloved hero, Seumas an Tuim (James of the Hillock) otherwise James Grant of Carron, and his followers. Poor fellow, he was grievously ill dealt with in those canting, Covenanting times.

You may remember, when they tired persecuting him in every imaginable way, how they employed a pack of rascally Gers, *alias* Dugars, *alias* Gilleanruadh—red loons, *alias* Gilderoy's, *alias* M'Grigors—to hunt him down. These same Gers, as my much-approved Spalding hath it, "were notorious limmars, and did great oppressions in divers parts," under pretence of seeking out the good James. When they did find him, it was little to their profit, for he knocked five or six of their heads into shivers.

"As for taking me," quoth Seumas an Tuim, cutting his stick, "that's quite another story."

True for you, James, and it's quite another story I have to tell of them likewise. Culbleen and Easter Morven were principal haunts of the Gillean-ruadh—the lithest and couthiest they had—the Vat Cave their choice dwelling-place. From their retreats here they vexed the country all round; and it would appear they, probably by accident, burnt the then well-wooded forest of Culbleen. An old saying has it—

"Dowie was the day Jock Tam married,  
For Culbleen was burnt and Cromar harried."

Jock Tam lived at the Leys, it appears. On that occasion, it is handed down by tradition that the pipers took their stand on Knock Argaty, and the wild pibroch rang through the whole country, while Gilderoy and his men drove off the inhabitants' herds and flocks. They took their way with these over the Rore and Drum; the largest of the despoiled proprietors followed to offer ransom. They could not, however, come to terms, as the laird would give but one half-crown a-head of redemption for the cattle. Whether about those times, or somewhat later, I cannot say, but on an errand similar to Irving's, Coutts, one of the Auchterfoul or Westercoul family, with a neighbour—likely another Coutts—was despatched with all the money the country could raise to buy back their cattle. The rogues absconded with these monies, and it is asserted the progenitor of the great Coutts & Co.—one of the pair—first raised the wind in this manner.

These katerans dealt with Gairnside in much the same way. The "Feile Macha," or Mungo's Fair, once a considerable market, was then yearly held on the longest day in summer, in that hollow, pass, or cut of the ridge of hill behind the farmstead of Abergairn. Numberless ruins of houses, walls, and enclosures remain yet to show that a considerable village must have once existed there. But one market-day the Gillean-ruadh descended from the hills, and drove away every beast on the stance; and, in consequence, the fair was ever after

held on the shortest day in winter. The spoilers do not appear to have contented themselves with the cattle: they made free with the ladies also, for the Nighean Gobhaiun Obergharain (the daughter of the smith of Abergairn), wife of one of the farmers of the same place, disappeared with the Gillean-ruadh. The poor husband composed a pretty little pathetic song and tune still well known among our strathspeys.

“Nighean Gobhaiun Obergharain  
 Do rìre' bu toil leam fhein i  
 Gur boidheagh, laogh, ceanalt i  
 Ceann adhairt 'si g'èirigh  
 Gur fada dubh, gur fada dubh  
 Gur fada dubh mo Leinag,  
 Gur fada dubh, gun nigheadh  
 Gun bhean, gun nighean re rium,” &c.

Years after—some seven, I've heard—as the desolate farmer was reaping on the red croft, on lifting his head he beheld his wife standing before him—no doubt much changed from that “nighean” he lamented. He felt himself an injured man, and would not speak to her. She asked for the keys of the house, but he set to his reaping as if he did not know she was there. She spoke long, imploring him in the tenderest terms to have pity on her; but he was obdurate. At length the poor thing, way-worn and weary, hungry and thirsty, sat down, and in bitterness of heart wept pitifully, and sobbed herself asleep. As she lay thus, the farmer drew near and was moved. The traces of “beauty, grace, and neatness” were still marked enough to recall vividly former times. The sun was beating strongly on her face—painfully strong. He drew off his coat, and, spreading it gently over her, set to work again. When she awoke, it occurred to her to search his coat-pockets for the keys, and, having there found them, she departed rejoicing. The farmer came home at meal-time, and found a nice dish prepared for him. He saw the house considerably sorted up—he noticed a knack and neatness in the arrangements, that gave an air of comfort long wanting to his home. Then, by Jupiter, the smith her father was a rich man, and had no other children to inherit his riches, besides excelling in strength and in the use of arms. So the farmer concluded it would be the better way to let by-gones be by-gones, and tradition hath it that Nighean Gobhaiun Obergharain was not by a long way the worst gudewife in Abergairn Wester—ay, or Easter.

Of the Gillan-ruadh whose depredations and evil deeds figure so long and largely in the “Troubles,” probably came the “Griog, airich na Smùide” (M'Grigors of the Smoke) of the Braes of Mar.

And now the Troubles show signs of beginning in earnest. Huntly, Lord-lieutenant in the North, furnishes his most trusty followers with arms provided by the king to make ready for the evil day. "About this time—the beginning of April 1639—Donald Farquharson of Tilliegarmouth, bailie of the marquis's lands of Strathaven, having gotten some muskets, pikes, and other armour frae him, while he was dwelling in Aberdeen, and his servants bringing home their armour to him out of Aberdeen at his direction, Alexander Strachan of Glen Kindie, a great Covenanter, masterfully took them by the way, whereat the said Donald took great offence." This notable Alexander was none other than a descendant of that pitiful harper "that harpit to the king," and was so done by "Gib my man." No wonder Donald's bile was embittered by an insult from such a seed. As the Earl Marischal took the lead in the north-eastern counties in Covenanting affairs, it was believed, with good reason perhaps, that he had egged on Glen Kindie to that action. So about the end of April of the same year, "Donald Farquharson and some Highlandmen of Brae of Mar came down to the Mearns and plundered the Earl Marischal's bounds of Strathauchen (Strachan), whereat the earl was highly offended," forsooth.

When it had been "trotted at Turriff" on the 16th May 1639, he and the Laird of Abergeldie joined the barons in the Mearns with "a thousand footmen, all fyrelockes and archeres, brought from the neirest of the marquiesse his Hylanderes, of the country of Straithawon, Strathdye, Glen Muicke, and Glen Tanner." After accompanying his friends during their visits to Durris, Echt, Skene, and Monymusk, he made it a point of honour not to forget "the great Covenanter" of Glen Kindie, and wonderfully lessened his cares for the "mammon of iniquity" by taking all the valuables of the place under his own charge.

"Alexander," quoth Donald Og, departing, "short accounts make long friends."

Naturally this rising of the royalists brought on an inroad of the southern Covenanters—Montrose and Marischal at their head—but before they could retaliate on the barons, they were recalled south, from the "fear and dreadure" of the king's army, now advanced to Berwick, and of the king's fleet riding in the Forth. No sooner are they gone than Aboyne, with several other royalists, land from England, and forthwith the king's party show fight again. Of course, our hero Donald Farquharson arms and joins his lordship. But the treachery of Crowner Gun causes this second rising to end in utter failure on Meagra Hill and at the Bridge of Dee. Now

followed the pacification between the king and Covenanters—a breathing-space—during which the Covenanters have everything their own way; the heads of the royal party having all gone to England. So we find that “on Monday, 19th October 1640, Skipper Findlay embarked within his ship the Lord Ogilvie, the lairds of Pitfoddels, elder and younger, the young laird of Drum, Donald Farquharson of Tilliegarmouth, Mr James Sibbald, minister at Aberdeen, and to the sea for England go they.”

Not long after their arrival in London, the Lord Ogilvie made acquaintance with a gambling-house, and in very short space “no gude red gold, no white monie,” made music in his “sporrán.” To add to his misfortune, he had to make over a bond on his “braw braid lands” to cover the debt of honour. Pacing the streets disconsolate and sad, he met the gay companions of his voyage, and to them communicated his untoward hap.

“Show me the house,” cried the indignant Monaltrie. This he did, and Gilbert Menzies was to remain with Ogilvie in a certain room till summoned by their friend. Donald had not been long among his new acquaintances when he agreed to a game of piquet, and they retired to a private room he had previously got prepared. There were three gamblers, and it was agreed the winner was to play successively with the remaining two, and double the stakes at every game. Of course Donald was made to gain the two first.

“You have such luck, Farquharson,” said the third, dealing out the last card, “that I suppose you won’t object to match this:” and he threw down the Lord Ogilvie’s bond.

Donald had glanced over his cards without affording the two vanquished partisans who stood behind him an opportunity of being able to telegraph any intelligence to the enemy, and he told down his gold.

The “jetté” and “reprise” ended, Monaltrie rang the bell, the signal for Gilbert Menzies and Lord Ogilvie to appear.—“The game’s mine, cards tabled,” said he.

“Impossible!” murmured his opponent, turning pale.

Donald’s friends now entered, and, pushing away the gamblers, stood behind their countryman.

“Look here, then; eight cards, and all following each other, count twenty-six; four aces make a hundred; playing, adds thirteen, and forty for *capo*—*i. e.*, all the tricks—in all, one hundred and fifty-three: the game was at one hundred and fifty. Take your bond, Ogilvie.”

And Donald’s own gold, and that he had gained from the two blacklegs, showered down into his sporrán. You may be sure

none dared meddle with the "bonnie Scots laddies" as they marched away.

"I did as you were done by," remarked Donald Og to the grateful Ogilvie on their way home.

"*Mille bombes!*" cried one of the gamblers, pointing out to the other two—for the glitter caught his eye—a mirror hanging up behind the chair each of them in turn had occupied, and in which the astute Celt must have seen every card in their hands.

An Italian came to London, a wonderful man, a wizard, a magician, a necromancer, having communion with the prince of darkness, and he "cropped the causey," and none durst impede; and he challenged the bravest cavalier in the kingdom to combat—and he slew all those that came forth against him—and he lived like a prince magnificently—and the burden of his living fell upon the city—and it was grieved greatly—and the laws of chivalry were, that he might so live until vanquished by the champion of the challenged city—and the city offered a measure of gold to the man who would do its battle successfully—and no man could be found—and the king was troubled exceedingly for the burden weighing on his good subjects—and the stranger passed daily before his palace proudly—and a drummer preceded him, inviting some gallant knight to the ordeal—and the cavaliers of the court hung down their heads—and many a lady clothed in black shuddered at the sound—and the daughter of Henry of Navarre lifted up her proud head, and looked sneeringly on the assemblage of goodly knights around her—"And is there none," said she, "in all our realms, for love of king and country, for love of lady fair, or yet for love of me, would draw his sword against this stranger knight of Italy?" and an eldren lord replied, "No, there is none, except a certain Scot—Donald Og of Monaltrie." And the king said, "Go, summon him to our presence;" and a messenger was sent.

All were now anxiously awaiting his return with the "certain Scot," curious and impatient to see him, who was presumed to be the first sword in Britain. But, alas! instead of their welcome tread on the stair, the sound of the hateful drum struck on their ears from without, and the challenge sounded clear in the noon-tide air: and nearer it came, and nearer still.

A king's messenger, accompanied by a tall Highlander, met the procession. The challenge was just repeated, and the drum was to beat; but—

"There," exclaimed Donald Og, thrusting his sword in at one end, out at the other, "hae done with your din."

The Italian stepped up before his drummer, demanding who he was that dared presume to offer this insult.



“ Sir Stranger, I am Donald Farquharson of Monaltrie and Tilliegarmont, the Chief of ‘Clann Fhearchair,’ and ready and willing to meet thee in such wise, and when and where it listeth thee.”

Our hero was no little deal amused to find he had anticipated the queen’s wish and the king’s request ; and no less amazed to hear for the first time of the fame and deeds of the southern knight. But the gallant Donald Og only rejoiced the more that he had an opponent worthy of his sword. Brave Donald Og, need we wonder if, at thy departure, from that “high hall,” the tears sparkled like diamonds in many a bright eye—the deep sigh was heaved by many a fair bosom, and the fond wish, the earnest prayer, preferred by many a lip for thy success ?

That evening Donald, in disguise, repaired to the hotel wherein the Italian lived. After the master had retired to rest, he made acquaintance in the hall with his servant—a pot, a keep-it-up, a rollicking, a brandy-and-wine acquaintance.

“ Friend, thou art a man among a hundred,” said the Celt, stretching out his hand to the valet ; “ but how art thou employed in this great city ? ”

“ Carissimo,” replied he, working Donald’s arm like a pump-handle, “ I’m in the great Italian swordman’s service.”

“ Indeed ! A wonderful man, and invincible, I hear ; is it so ? ”

“ As thou sayest, mio caro,” assented the valet ; “ but such is the foolishness of the youth of the age, that after having slain whole hecatombs of them, another has again challenged him for to-morrow.”

“ Comrade, that youth had well say his *confiteor* to-night. Fill your glass.”

The valet emptied it also.

“ My master bears a charmed life ; no man of woman born can kill him ; no man whose person bears iron can hurt him ; no man who treads in leather shoes can prevail against him ; no sword that iron ever touched or leather sheath received can pierce him ; in fine, if the sword be withdrawn from the wound, he revives again ; and while fighting he has a shade on each side, which leads his opponent to believe that he has three fighting against him.”

That night, a poor officer’s widow made a scabbard of the finest silk knitting, with all gorgeous and quaint devices in raised embroidery, and thenceforth she was rich.

That night, a needy neglected tailor undid a splendid suit, and made it up again, supplying what lacked after an unusual manner : and from that time customers trooped to his door, and he sported golden angels.

That night, the most fashionable shoemaker made a pair of fine blue velvet slippers, sewn over with seed-pearls in the form of a thistle, and strangely soled with the prepared bark of a tree; and he paid a visit to the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street in the morning.

That night, the descendant of the best armourer of Grenada, an exiled Moor, fashioned a sword on a stone anvil with flint hammers, caring greatly that it should touch no iron, and handed it, polished and finished, wrapped up in a linen cloth, to a man who had watched him untiringly from evening till grey dawn; and that Moor spoke of the pilgrimage to Mecca through the day, and of a shop in the Bezestein of Grand Cairo.

Bright and early Donald Og rose from refreshing sleep, and found in attendance a goodly array of his friends and countrymen. The fashion of his garb struck them not a little; but there were other things to speak of, and it passed uncriticised. The rendezvous gained, the Italian was there, and a throng of the most celebrated persons of the time. If Donald Og's raiment seemed strange to his friends, it did no less so to his antagonist. He felt for the first time in his life alarmed, and tried to touch his adversary's sword with iron, but failed in the attempt.

"When thou touchest my sword, stranger, it shall be in thy body," exclaimed Donald Og.

They at once engaged, and three opponents appeared before young Monaltrie; but he only heeded the mid one. It was a desperate fight, and the spectators looked on in silence, and their eyes felt sore and dazzled by the rapid flashing of the steel, as it were by lightning. The Italian, though alarmed, felt that his was a charmed life, and at every onset would, with his two shadows, leap shoulder high, and fall on his enemy with dreadful downward plunge. But the Celt parried and thrust undauntedly, and the sharp rattle of the steel grated on the spectators' ears, and their eyes, fascinated by the terrible struggle, stared on unwinkingly. And the combat continued desperate and relentless, the swords jarring together, and the wrists stiffened into iron. Again and again came the dread downward thrust, and again the quick sure parry, and the Scot's sword glittered through the Italian's side.

"I have it," said he, "withdraw thy sword, Scot."

"Let the spit go with the roast," replied Donald Og.

"The devil," groaned the Italian, "hath kept ill faith with me, or man of woman born should never have overcome me."

"The devil hath kept good faith with thee, for I was cut out of my mother's side."

Loud applause rent the sky while these words passed between

the combatants, and the Italian fell back and expired. The measure of gold was brought forward and handed to the victor. But some envious, sordid wretches exclaimed, "See how the Scots beggar pockets our English gold!" Donald, overhearing this brutal observation as every other one present, scattered the gold among the crowd, crying out, "See how the English dogs gather up the gold which they could not themselves win, but which a Scot won for them!" The English pocketed the affront with the gold, and Donald Farquharson of Monaltrie was thence styled, "Domhnull Og na h-Alba."

If we may believe tradition, Donald Og's adventures at court did not end here. He is held to be the hero of the tale in the *Legend of Montrose*, relative to the superiority of Scottish over English candlesticks. The story has indeed been current on the Braes of Mar before the novel was written, and the whole would well agree with Donald's well-known pride of country and ready wit. The *denouement* is said to have taken place in London, some recruits from Aberdeenshire to the "Garde Ecosaise" to have officiated as candlesticks, and Donald to have both made the bet and fallen on the scheme to gain it.

Then Donald Og na h-Alba returned home, and the family bard composed, and the whole clan assembled and met him singing—

"Welcome home, Domhnull Og na h-Alba,  
Welcome to your lady and children," &c.

In England he left a higher name and reputation than any other head of family or chief of our country. Some of the English gentry, indeed, hearing him so much spoken of, wished to see in what style this brilliant cavalier lived at Monaltrie, and set out for the north. Through his friends, Donald heard of their purpose. Monaltrie House would ill accord with their notions of grandeur and magnificence. But the reputation of the Highlands shall not suffer through Monaltrie. Ordering his servants, if any strangers called, to admit them to the hall only, but there treat them with the best of everything on silver plate, Donald left home, and directed his course over the Cairn-wall, by which route he understood the Englishmen were to come; and truly he met them on the hill, and learnt from their own mouths with what intention they had come. He regretted that business, brooking no delay, called him south; but if they wished to prove the hospitality of Monaltrie, they had simply to call at the kitchen, taking care not to let the servants know who they were, or what they wanted.

"And," quoth he, "as your expenses hither must have far surpassed expectation, accept this trifle to provide against mis-

adventure on your return home." At the same time the munificent Monaltrie gave them with his right hand a purse of gold, and with his left a purse of silver. The Englishmen were treated like princes at Monaltrie, and returned home perfectly astonished. Of course they were questioned on every hand.

"How looks Monaltrie House, and what treatment met you there?"

"Monaltrie House is small indeed; we saw, however, only into the kitchen; but its hospitality passes belief, for even there we were treated like princes. What would it then have been had we sat at the laird's own table?"

"And who was your best friend in Scotland?"

"Donald Og's right hand."

"And the next best?"

"Donald Og's left hand!"

And the fame of our hero still increased.

The only other mention we find of Monaltrie, before the renewal of the war, is in Spalding: "On the 16th February 1643, he, with Gordon, laird of Craigie, and Gordon, younger of Arradoul, brought into Aberdeen a party of soldiers, who were shipped for France to recruit the 'Garde Ecossoise.'"

The fiery spirits of the royal party finding it impossible to make the Marquis of Huntly rise while the Scots Covenanting army is in England, succeed with Drum and Haddo. Those two, with a few horse, surprise Aberdeen, take prisoners the provost, the Commissioner-General for the Estates, and some other chief Covenanters, bring them to Huntly, and thence have them sent to, and incarcerated in, Auchindown. This, as was anticipated, forces Huntly to action. He appoints a rendezvous of the Royalists at Aboyne—Spalding says Kintore—and on the day agreed finds there assembled about a thousand foot and two hundred horse, at the head of which he marches into Aberdeen. Here information is received of the miscarriage of Montrose, and Aboyne's attempt in the west of Scotland, and of their retreat to Carlisle; and at the same time of Argyle's return from England with a body of troops directed against the Gordons. Huntly's men dwindle away on the intelligence; young Drum is sent south to reconnoitre. Our hero, Donald Farquharson, joins him at the North Esk with three hundred Highlanders, and the small party chivalrously storm Dundee on the 20th April 1644, returning to Aberdeen with little loss. Huntly, understanding he is too weak to cope with Argyle, retires, deserted by Haddo and Gight, and, finally disbanding, retreats, himself and a few followers, into Strathnaver. Argyle takes possession of the three counties—Banff, Aberdeen, and the Mearns. And then it was that John Grant, the Cam-Ruadh

—"that heauine-dasleing sparke," as Patrick would say—shone forth among the

"Brave bowmen of Mar."

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## THE LEGEND OF THE CAM-RUADH, OR THE ONE-EYED RED-HAIRED MAN.

THE Cam-Ruadh was as ugly a five-foot-high "carlie" as you could wish to see on the longest summer day's journey. He had a provoking warty little nose, that came out between his eyes broad and flat like my thumb, and turned up into the air in a most impertinent pug, just as if it was not worth its pains to smell anything earthly. A pair of broad cheeks, whereon you could see every rough, red, knotted vein, like the ditches of a corn-field on a dry summer, ended on each side of the nose with a hump below the eyes, in a thin crop of red whiskers, the *birse* of which went away scrambling everywhere, as in a desperate search for their neighbours. I said his eyes—pardon me, he had but one that could be called an eye. In place of the other was a lump of unseemly matter, covered with a bluish transparent skin, streaked with blotches of blood, and staring wide open. His thin lips seemed to have fasted and dried a year or two in the *roost*, such a couple of ghost instruments they were; and when determinedly pressed together, the strong broad tusks within showed their inequalities through them, in a way to make a tender person's flesh creep. Had a dry tuft of rushes, mixed with *waterwrack*, been substituted for his hair, the crop, to outward appearance, would have been the same. As the head stood, then, like a kind of hedgehog, it appeared impossible to make any sense of it. I must, however, I think, make an exception in favour of his seeing eye—a large border of red surrounding a bright circle of blue—so bright indeed that it shone like a star, defying mortal vision to withstand its glance. The frame of the Cam-Ruadh, though rather short, was strong as a block of oak, and as to his arms and hands, not Sampson, Goliath, Gog, or Magog, rejoiced in better. His legs were shockingly banded, I grant you, and his feet as flat as shingles. What of that? "A man's a man for a' that;" and the Cam-Ruadh was possessed of many enviable qualifications and acquirements. He could have distinguished a bluebottle on a greyish stone at a distance of twenty yards,

one-eyed as he was. He could send an arrow twice as far as an ordinary person, with force to kill an ox, and accuracy to hit a midge. I am not aware that he considered his bandy legs or flat feet personal beauties; but not hind, hound, or hare could beat them at a long race, and but little at a short one. No person can say much of the Cam-Ruadh's sentiments or opinions, for he seldom said more than three words at a time. As to his character, he was a snappish, crusty, snarling cur, who would put up with nobody, as obstinate as a pig, and a deal more cunning than a fox. Such as he was, he found the way of winning one fair damsel's heart, and descendants of theirs are still amongst us.

The Glen Shee folk would have us believe that the Cam-Ruadh dwelt in Glen Taitneach, a little above the Spittal; but it has been preserved as a family tradition with us, that he lived and died at Aldmhaidh in Glen Cluny. Many other good authorities will tell you the same. He was unquestionably a contemporary of Donald Og na h-Alba.

You all know about the Argyle men called the Cleansers, who ravaged the Highlands of Aberdeenshire from the beginning of May 1644 to the beginning of July. They were afraid to show themselves often above Crathie, but at times wandering parties pounced on the cattle and flocks of the lower parts of Braemar, and made several rather extensive raids into Glen Shee and Glen Isla.

For offences, defaults, and misdemeanours of this kind against his goods and chattels, the Cam had conceived an inexpressible hatred to these gentlemen, as indeed to all kern kind in general, and he shot them down like "houdie-craws," till every corrie and glen smelt with carrion, and *gleds* and birds of prey rejoiced and grew fat on the dead. One night, however, as he returned from the hills, disgusted with the sights that met him on every hand, the Cam-Ruadh vowed his hand should not, for the space of one whole day, be lifted against human life, Cleansers and kern included, unless in self-defence. Unfortunately, that very night the Cleansers made an inroad from Cromar, and cleansed Glen Shee and Glen Isla of hoof and horn. Glen Shee was furious, and Glen Isla in a ferment: the men of both countries rose, and it was agreed that, marching from opposite directions, they should simultaneously surround and destroy the enemy. To make surer work, a messenger was despatched to M'Coinnich mor na Dalach (Big M'Kenzie, Laird of Dalmore), praying him to haste with his Braemar men to their assistance. By the grey of morning the different parties were in march. Unfortunately, no leader was chosen and no rendezvous appointed, and the Glen Shee men went forward in small straggling bands, as they hap-

pened to meet on the way. Thus the Cleansers fell on them separately, and destroyed them as they came up, with little or no loss to themselves. This skirmishing fight continued upwards of three hours. The Glen Isla men, having prudently stationed themselves in a body on the Moal-Odhar, and considering it "best to sleep with a hale skin," did not advance to the assistance of their neighbours. Had they not been a pack of miserable cowards, the arrival of the brawny miller, his seven sons, and the strongest party of the Glen Shee men that had yet appeared, gave them an excellent opportunity of attacking the common foe in the rear, while hotly pressed in front by their valiant neighbours. During all this time the Cam-Ruadh, who had early intelligence of the raid, hung hovering like a ghost on the flanks of the Cleansers. Sorely did he repent him of his rash oath, and often did he look up to the heavens, measuring the distance which the sun had yet to go, ere he could deem himself free. Meanwhile the miller and his seven sons did prodigies of valour, cursing the cowards of Glen Isla, and often turning their expectant eyes in the direction of Braemar. One after one of the seven sons fell, and as death after death was told to the father, he pressed on more hotly, crying out, "Fight to-day, lament to-morrow." All were gone, but still he repeated the cry, standing over the body of the last one. At length he fell himself on his knees. A stout Cleanser engaged him, but, after some strokes, stept back, well knowing that he had but a few moments to live, and fearful of risking himself against the last nervous efforts of so terrible a foe. It was mid-day. His arms fell powerless by his side, and he cast a last longing look with his fast-dimming eyes in the direction of Braemar. He saw nothing there; but the strange movement of a bush of rushes attracted his attention. There he perceived peering a red eye, whose insufferable light seemed to enter his brain. His eye, too, brightened up—his vigour returned. There was a twang heard—a hiss in the air. There was a white streak shot like lightning before all eyes. The Cleanser, who had returned, and stood with uplifted sword to deal his antagonist the *coup de grace*, shrieked and leapt up convulsively from the ground. The miller sprang to his feet. The two clasped each other in their arms, and, with their daggers driven to the hilt in one another's backs, fell dead together.

Consternation seized on the Cleansers. Arrow after arrow—they knew not whence—came dealing sure death in their ranks. Not a single one missed its mark. Man after man fell fast around. The Glen Shee men kept up a feeble discharge, and helped to distract their attention. They yelled in fury, but the avenging hand still smote them. Eighteen of their number lay

stretched on the ground. A blast of wind swept over the heather, and, catching the Cam-Ruadh's plaid, raised it in the air. The dark object caught the Cleansers' eyes. A whole swarm rushed yelling to the place. The last arrow was adjusted, the bow twanged, but the missile snapped and started uselessly up from his fingers. "Curse you," cried the Cam in fury, throwing the bow after the broken arrow. He leaped from his hiding-place. A flight of missiles from the Glen Shee men covered his retreat. He was cut off from them and fled down the hill, bounding heels over head and head over heels, through the heather, through the rushes, over the juniper-bushes, now clearing a bog, stream, or large stone, like the mountain-roe. He distanced his pursuers every moment. The foremost of the Cleansers, seeing this, bent his bow and sent an arrow after the fugitive. It flew with unerring aim, and entered the Cam's back but it in no way abated his speed. On he went like the wind, fleet and fast. The pursuers despaired of coming up with him, and after sending a shower of arrows, which fell far short of the mark, as a parting salute, they returned to their comrades. But a shout, echoing and re-echoing among the hills, mingled with the bleating of sheep and lowing of herds, struck their ears. It was answered by the Glen Shee men with a hearty cheer. "Hurrah! M'Coinnich Mor na Dalach and the Braemar men!" And a feeble cry from the Moul-odhar testified that the Glen Isla men were not asleep. The Cleansers fled amain, leaving the flocks and herds they had captured.

When the Braemar men arrived, and were told the various incidents of the fight, their indignation against the Glen Isla men knew no bounds. As these drew near, making a thousand excuses and flattering phrases, they were told in the sternest way to take what belonged to them and begone. The M'Kenzies who stood by regaled them with the most biting sarcasms; and from that time, for many a long year, the brave men of Glen Shee and Braemar would not even speak to any one from Glen Isla. The Glen Shee men went sorrowfully home with their flocks and herds so dearly won, and the M'Kenzies set off in pursuit of the flying Cleansers.

The poor Cam-Ruadh, as he went trudging down the Cluny, was saluted by every old woman he passed with, "Cham-Ruaidh, Cham-Ruaidh! tha saighead na do thoine" (Cam-Ruadh, Cam-Ruadh, there's an arrow in your back); to which he would testily reply, "Tha fios agam fhein air sin" (I know that myself), and pass on. Arrived at home, the difficulty was to have the arrow extracted. His wife pulled, and better than pulled, like the better half as she was, but all was of no avail. At length the fertile brain of the Cam found an expedient, which I would re-



commend to every one in similar circumstances. Lying down on his face at full length, his wife stepped upon his back, and, placing a foot on each side of the missile, gave a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together, and out came the arrow, bringing along with it a whole screed of the Cam's flesh. This deficit he had care immediately to supply by falling to a plentiful dinner of venison, without one word on the subject of his wound, having taken a second bow and a quiver full of arrows from the "roost," to prevent all unpleasant interruptions to his meal.

Among the Cleansers shot by the Cam-Ruadh at the battle of the Cairnwall was the Baron M'Diarmid, chief of a sept of Clan Campbell, who left a family of seven sons, stout and bold, to avenge his death. Before leaving Aberdeenshire they had ferreted out who the terrible archer was, and they did not go without the firm purpose of returning to make the Cam suffer for their father's death.

One misty drizzly day the Cam was herding his sheep and cattle, and the sheep and cattle of every person who had no other to herd for them. It is a rule that all odd and out-of-the-way jobs fall to some odd and out-of-the-way being. He had an old blanket tied round his body, and looked a pitiful sight, dripping with wet. Standing muttering to himself like a fool, as every one would have taken him to be, he felt a tap on his shoulder, and, turning round, beheld—yes, he knew them at once—a dozen of the Cleansers. His eye blazed like a bonfire, but he saw no means of escape or defence. "Let us go on," said one; "there's no use talking to that fool."

"It matters little," said another, "fool or not, if he tell us what we want."

"My lad," interrupted the captain, "can you show us where the Cam-Ruadh lives?"

"Perhaps I can," answered the Cam, in his blandest tone.

"Is it far hence?"

"Perhaps it is," replied the Cam, and a grin gave his face such an abominable look, that the Cleansers could hardly restrain themselves from knocking him on the head. Fortunately, had the attempt been made, that article was double-proof-patent. The Cam now took a fit of affection to bows and arrows, and the admiration he bestowed on them excited the risibility of the men. The captain, thinking to gain him, took one and handed it to him. He could no longer contain himself, for his wonder at the new fashion of the walking-stick was extreme, and he played off a thousand tricks, frolics, and capers, chuckling in his sleeve all the while.

"Come, my lad," said the captain, coaxingly; "I'll give you one of these pretty things if you tell me where the Cam-Ruadh lives."

"Which of them?" said the Cam, turning his eye scrutatively on the bows displayed before him.

"Whichever you please," replied the captain, "and a quiver full of arrows along with it. But remember, you must find out for us the Cam-Ruadh."

"Ou ay; but what's their use?" demanded the Cam, bashfully, eyeing the captain askant over the flat bridge of his nose.

"I'faith, a very sensible question," exclaimed one of the band. "Teach him that, captain."

The Cam opened his mouth like a *sneeshin*-horn, and his eye like a saucer, when he saw the chief adjust an arrow to his bow, and send it to the other side of a rivulet that ran near by them. He seized a bow, and, emptying the quiver on the bent beside him, set to work. At first he held the bow close to his breast with his left hand, and the string outwards, pulling it with his right. He was prevailed on to rectify this trifling error, as by a persistence in it he was likely to shoot himself. The Cam thought that the danger threatened rather the chief, who stood by his side, had the arrow taken a wrong direction. His mentor proposed as a mark a large white stone, which he himself had almost touched. One arrow went hissing after another, some in one direction, and some another; but the chief fell as far wide of making an archer of the Cam as the arrows did of the butt. He was, however, an obedient fellow, and one that would take an advice withal, was the Cam-Ruadh. At first he took the trouble to run after the arrow and fetch it; but at length he corrected himself of this vice, and by continued exercise managed to send a whole quiverful to the other side of the rivulet, excepting one that he had already brought to his eye. A bird at that moment alighted on the big stone—the arrow flew, and the bird fell dead from its resting-place.

"A splendid shot!" cried the Cam, and he bounded from his place carrying the bow along with him to take up his victim. The Cleansers considered this as a sheer chance hit, and suffered him quietly to collect the arrows he had shot. He increased their security by approaching the stone ever and anon, lifting up the dead bird with the arrow still sticking in it, and repeating again and again, "O splendid! splendid!!" When the arrows were all collected, he stepped behind the large stone, and, holding up the dead bird in one hand and the bow with a menacing arrow in the other, cried out,

"I'm the Cam-Ruadh."

After this brief though startling announcement he bent down behind the stone, and the poor Cleansers saw the upper end of the bent bow and the point of an arrow directed against them.

"Mercy," exclaimed the chief, "and we'll retire without harming any one."

"If you don't," replied the Cam, and he drew the bow to its full stretch. The Cleansers waited no longer—every one made for himself. The Cam followed in their rear, driving them before him like a flock of sheep, and from time to time hastening their speed by a loud shout. When he had thus driven them beyond the boundaries of Braemar, and assured himself that they were not likely to return, he measured his way back again to his charge, chuckling immensely, and muttering, "The fools, the stupid fools." Then he would take the thong of the bow and give it a twist, uttering with a leer—such a roguish leer as would have made you murder him for certain had you but seen him—"The fools, it was wet." The bow-string, being a thong of dried skin, was of course utterly useless after getting wet.

This last exploit exasperated the Cleansers, and during the winter that followed the seven brothers set out to balance accounts with the Cam. If it was a bad night when they met him last, it was now doubly worse. The snow, drifting with the wind, blinded the travellers' sight, and the frost bit their bare faces and legs like a blunt razor on a bushy beard. The Cam and his wife sat by their fireside, blessing themselves that they had a home, whatever kind it might be—and it was nothing to brag about. A little hut, with windows, where "turffs" supplied the place of glass, was the habitation of the Cam-Ruadh. One end was devoted to the purposes of barn, byre, and stable, the other served as kitchen and bedroom. There was a little low addition to the gable of this end, which was the pantry. A door cut out beside the fire-place gave entrance to this pantry; but there was no communication from it to the outside. In this shealing the Cam considered himself little worse lodged than young Monaltrie.

As the worthy pair were warming and basking themselves, the better half asked—

"What would you do, Cam, if the Cleansers came to-night?"

"Give them meat," replied the Cam.

"And then?" continued his wife.

"Let them sleep," said the Cam.

"And at last?" persisted the dame, astonished at the extraordinary moderation of her husband.

"Let them begone," answered he, testily.

"Be as good as your word," cried a gruff voice from the outside, "for I am sure we were never in greater need of what you promise."

"Surrender arms first," replied the Cam, who had little ex-

pected this strange turn to his matrimonial converse and happiness. He was, however, armed in a moment, and ready for an obstinate defence.

"Send out your wife, then, Cam-Ruadh," cried the chief, "and we will give up our arms to her."

The Cam and his wife retreated into the pantry, carrying with them the arms of the enemy, and the Cleansers were admitted to thaw their frozen limbs at the kitchen-fire. They were allowed a sheep from his fold to satisfy the cravings of their stomachs, eke a "cogie" of good ale to wash it down withal. Things went on well. A peace was agreed upon, and before the Cleansers left next morning, an alliance offensive and defensive was entered into. They shook hands cordially, and bade each other good-bye the best friends possible.

Some time after, the sept to which the seven brothers belonged came to open war with another tribe. The Cam was sent for, and, according to the terms of the alliance, set off to their assistance. He was rather late—they were all gone. The Cam, however, asked their mother the way they went. She looked at the strange creature before her in astonishment, and exclaimed—

"Are you going to help them?"

"Yes," said the Cam-Ruadh.

Certainly the Cam did not look much of a hero.

"If they do with you, they'll do without you."

"That may very well be," quoth the Cam-Ruadh, drily, "but I'll go and see."

She carelessly pointed out the way, and he arrived in the very nick of time—his friends the Campbells were in flight. Sheltering himself in a hollow, his unerring shafts began to fly in every direction, and certain death accompanied each, into the ranks of Clan Diarmid's foes. Their courage fell, and that of our hero's allies rose. The fight was renewed, and the Cam-Ruadh's friends, owing to his prowess, came off victorious.

Their mother, when told how the fight went, was all honey and sweetness to the Cam-Ruadh; but yet maintained, with the obstinacy peculiar to the sex, that his appearance did not indicate the warrior.

Little more is told of our hero, saving his adventure in Strath-eardle. The Baron Reid, of Balvarran, had his cattle continually stolen from the folds, and hearing of the deeds of the Cam-Ruadh, requested the favour of a visit, to try what could be done. Of course, the robbers chose the darkest nights for their operations: the Cam defeated them, however, by having enclosed in the fold among the other cattle a white ox or cow. The manner in which the *denouement* of this adventure was brought

about is not well known; suffice it to say that the robbers were quite scared from ever after annoying the Baron Reid.

After serving, as well as the other brave bowmen of Mar, with Donald Og and William of Inverey, the Cam-Ruadh died in peace at a good old age, the pride of his country.

It is supposed the Cam's sword and several of his weapons were those found by the poacher Gruar in Ben Gulbing, in a small cave, built up in a cairn, the sword lying on a shelf or ledge of a rock. The other articles were so decayed as not to be recognisable. The *trouvaille* was sold to an English gentleman, much to Invercauld's chagrin, who threatened to raise a law process; but the affair quieted down and was forgot, the Englishman retaining his purchase.

Very soon after the battle of the Cairnwall, another bright and sharp, though two-eyed gentleman, came to the rescue. Montrose, after the two victories of St Johnston and the "Twa-mile-cross," reached Aberdeen; and on Monday, 16th September 1644, when about to leave it, there came "into him Gordon of Abergeldie and Donald Farquharson of Tilliegarmont, with divers other friends and followers, all gentlemen distressed for favouring the house of Huntly." The Marquis, followed by Argyle, who laid all waste as he went, marched through Mar, Garioch, Strathdon, Strathavon, and Badenoch, into Athole. There M'Donald left him for a time, and he fell down into Perth and Angus, burning the possessions of the most rigid Covenanters, and charging all and sundry to rise for king and country under pain of fire and sword. Going thus onwards through the Mearns also, he arrived again at Aberdeen, destroyed the lands of the Forbeses round about, and passed to Huntly, to raise the Gordons. He was no sooner there than he heard of Argyle's arrival at Aberdeen, and therefore he retraced his steps, and encamped at Fyvie. Here Donald Og, who had joined him with two hundred men out of Strathdee and Aboyne, and a hundred out of Strathavon, distinguished himself. Patrick Gordon, in his *Britane's Distemper*, recounts the affair thus:—

"He had but on troupe of light horsemen, and thir ware gone to bring in provision for the campe whan Ardgyle was come in sight, who draws up his armie upon ane hill without distance of schote, and sends first a regiment of foote to force them, or draw them from their strenth. This regiment wins a fald hard by them, and from thence beginnes to play upon them. But the marquies sends Donald Farquharson, a brave and weil-resolved gentleman, with those of Straithaven and Strathdie, whom he commanded, as being Huntlyes bailzie in those pairts. This gentleman acted his pairt so bravely, as he dryues them from

their hold, and beats them backe with great losse and discredit, and to the no small incouragement of the Royalistes."

After the fight at Fyvie, Montrose returned again to Huntly, where several skirmishes came off to the advantage of the Royalists; but as the Gordons could not be prevailed on to join, the marquis, deserted by Colonels Nathaniel Gordon and Sibbet, marched up through Mortlach, and joined Colquitto in Atholè.

Meanwhile the Estates, November 1644, assigned to Lord Fraser, Monaltrie, Abergeldie, and Brachlie's rents, to compensate him for the "spulzie" of his lands by Montrose; but his death shortly after made the grant of no avail.

After due deliberation, the Royalists determined on the invasion of Argyle and Lorne. Enumerating the chiefs then with Montrose, Patrick Gordon mentions "Donald Farquharson also, Huntly's baillie of Strathawan, having three hundredth of Strathawan and Diesyd, whom he commanded there, stood constantly to him while [he] lived." They entered Argyle then, and plundered, wasted, and destroyed all before them. Lorne next shared the same fate, and here an adventure befell, which the delicious Patrick recordeth thus:—

"When they hade waisted Ardgyl, and leaft it lyke ane deserte, they mairche to Lorne; but the Stewarts, who had beine the ancient possessores of that countray, although now wnder forced obedience to Ardgyl, comes in to the generalle, promisseing from hencefurth to be good and faithful subjectes, as many others of good quality, wupon whose submission they were spared; one of the which was M'Condachie Anrain, who, altho he was Ardgylles wassall, for he had forced all the heritoures who formerly held of the king to renunce there regall holding, and take there lands haldin of him. This M'Condachie being secreetly a male-content, as the rest ware, dealt with Donald Farquharson, betwixt whom and him there had beene long familiaritie and friendsheepe, that he would deall for his peace with the generall, which he did, and fand the generall gracious, free, and merciefull to all that would submitte and become loyall subjectes; but this man was but a craftie and subtill dissembler, who, with a forseeing and politicke prouidence, esteemes this but a wiolent tempest which should haue ane end, and that Ardgyl would againe be maister of all; whose favour to obtaine, he watches a fitte tyme whan a partie was sent out to bring in prouision for the campe, and being double their number, sets upon them whan they were separet, and dryueing in some heardes of cattelle. This partie was leade by Donald Farquharson, who could not be persuaded at the first that his friend would intend any such treacherie till he sawe them commeing furiously to charge him, who had but

a small number about him; yet seeing there was no remedie, he with great courage stands to his defence, till the reportes of the muscates brought backe some of those who throw the hills ware gathering of there pray, defending himselfe walliantly till they returned; at whose comeing he charged forward so rudlye, as his enemies are forced to giue ground. M'Condachie himselfe is soire wounded, and, not able to stand, is caryed of with a shamefull retreat, altho he was twyse there number."

From Lorne Montrose returned through Glencoe to Lochaber. At Lochness, on his way to Moray, he was informed of Argyle's entry into Lochaber at the head of 3000 men. Immediately he returned, and in the desperate battle of Inverlochy gained a complete victory on the 2d February 1645. Although "Donald Farquharson," as Patrick tells us, "was gone to raise more forces in Banzenoch and the reste of Huntlye's Highlandes," still tradition has it that the Braemar men fought there under William of Inverey. Donald did not join the army till Montrose reached Moray. Here also Lord Gordon, abandoning the Covenanters, took arms for the king. The deserter, Col. Nathaniel Gordon, returned to his allegiance; and Seaforth, Grant, and several other gentlemen of Moray, made professions of loyalty. In retaliating on the Covenanters, as they marched along, "Cullen," Spalding tells us, "was given to the Farquharsons of Brae of Mar to plunder, which they did pitifully," on the 4th March 1645. At length headquarters were advanced to Kintore. I now bid farewell to Domhnall Og na h-Alba, and leave him to the pens of the worthy Spalding and the graphic Patrick. Thus they relate the disaster of the 25th March 1645:—

"Ye heard," says Spalding, "how Major Nathaniel Gordon went from Aberdeen to the camp, upon the foresaid 12th of March; he comes frae the camp back again to Aberdeen, with Donald Farquharson, Captain Mortimer, and some others—about eighty well-horsed brave gentlemen. They, fearless and careless of the enemy, went to their merriment without closing of the ports or setting of watches, against the order of war. Their careless security is spied by some of their unfriends in the town, as was said, and posts speedily to Major Hurry, now lying at the north-water bridge with the Lord Balcarras's regiment, and other foot regiments, desiring him with diligence to come to Aberdeen where he should have a fair hazard of his enemies, lying without order. Hurry, informed of all, takes the occasion, and comes with about one hundred and sixty horse and foot out of Balcarras's regiment of horse, and others, besides brave troopers and musketeers, and in great haste, upon Friday the 25th of March, about eight hours at even, came down the gate of Aberdeen, and set watches to the ports, as they came in, that none

should escape. The other party, dispersed through the town, drinking carelessly in their lodgings, and hearing the horse feet and great noise, were astonished, never dreaming of their enemy. However, this Donald Farquharson happened to come to the causey, where he was cruelly slain anent the Court de Guard—a brave gentleman, and one of the noblest captains amongst all the Highlanders of Scotland. Two or three others were killed, and some taken prisoners, had to Edinburgh, and cast into irons in the Tolbooth. Great lamentation was made for this gallant, being still the king's man for life and death.

“Hurry having done this exploit in Aberdeen, the gentlemen were sorry, but could not mend it. They returned back to Montrose, some on horse and some on foot, ashamed of this accident. Montrose was highly offended for the loss of Donald Farquharson more than the rest, through too great carelessness.

“Upon the morn, being Saturday, the said Donald Farquharson's corps was found in the street stripped naked, for they turred from off his body a rich stand of apparel, but put on the samen day. His corps was taken up, and put in a close chest, and carried to the chapel, there to ly in the castle-hill. The other dead corps were taken up, and put into their chests, and carried to the samen chapel on the castle-hill, while they should all be buried.

“The town of Aberdeen, fearing this accident should be interpreted their fault, sent out two commissioners to Kintore to signify their innocency to Montrose. He heard them patiently with a woe heart, yet knew well enough who were innocent or guilty in this matter within the town; wisely kept up his mind, and gave the commissioners an indifferent answer, and so they returned to Aberdeen, not knowing what should be the event.

“Upon the morn, being Sunday, this gentleman, with the other three corps, was lifted out of the castle foresaid, and conveyed to their burial. Donald was buried in the laird of Drum's aisle, with many woe hearts and doleful shots.”

Patrick Gordon has it thus:—“Some of the cawalyres, while they stayed there, went to Aberdeene with Collonell Gordonne and Collonell Farquharsonne, who, out of Strathawin (where he was bailzie to Huntly), and Aboyn and Diesyd, had always a standeing regiment. This mane's affable, naturall, and weel-composed condition had so much oblidgeed all men that ever he was acquainted with, as generallie he was beloved of all sortes of people, and could not be otherwayes, for he was of such a harmlesse and innocent carriage, as there was non alyue whom he could hate: he was never seene to be angrie, nor knew he



what that wnrulie passion meant, and yet he gawe prooffe of also much true curraige as any man could hawe: he was so farre from pryd and waine glorie, as he was all men's companion, not out of sillie simplicity, but out of a gentle and myld freedome, in a nature which did always dispose him to a jowial alacritie; for his conwersatione, even in the sadest and most desperat tyme, was ever jocund and cheirefull. He was so little ambitious of honour, and so cairelesse to accumulate riches, as in both he strowe with the Capussian, for there was no man more humble—no man, sawe a prodigal, that cared lesse for to-morrow. In all his lyfe he was never fund to disoblidge any of his acquaintance, in so much that only to his friendes but wnto straungers, and those whom he had neuer seene before. All his actiones ware obledgements. He spent his patrimony, not lauishly, for he was no prodigall, but with such freedome, and such a kynd of naturall bountie, as one that knew that money was coyned for men, and not men for money; and treuly he was only wanteing to himself in this poynt of good husbandrie; and therein only was esteemed faultie, if a liberall, courteous, and bountifull disposition, which in great men is called a wertue, in him might be called a fault. But I should rather lay the fault on fate, or the constellations of his birth, that made not his fortune equall to his merite; yea, if the sade fate of his wntymely death had not brock the chaine of his wertues, he had assuredly been as great als he was good, and he had adorned nobilitie, nobilitie not him. He was upon a sax monthes stay at court, so became so weel lyked of, and in so good grace with his soueraine lord, as he ever after called him his man; and at the Parlement in Edinburgh, his Majestie heareing of a fray, and how he, by some malitious Couenanters, was threatened in it, became suddenly inflamed, and cryed out, 'Who dars be so bold as to touch my man, Donald Farquhar-sone?' This alone was a sufficient character of him, that a prince, superior to all princes for wisdom and wertue, had him in such esteeme. He was never hated for any action of his owne, but so generally well beloued, as his seruants, with whom he was neuer sein to be angrie, did not ther service for fear of punishment or rewarid, but for mere love, altho' it be the nature of a slave to serve best wher he is most awed, yet the calm sweetness of his disposition did change the ruche and blunk nature of a slaue, that serves for hope of rewarid or fear of punishment, to a more subleam obedience for love of vertue and goodness.

"In fine, neither is my judgment nor my experience able to give a true charectore to the lyfe of this gentleman's singular and most commendable parts; only I can say, that as he never

purchased ane enemy through his owne procurement, so his faithfull adhearance to the king's cause, and his constant following of the Marques of Huntly from the begining in that cause, procured some malicious Covenanters to tak this occasion of his coming to Aberdein, that he might be taken out of the way, although he had bein a great friend to that town at the late battel foughen ther; yet was Sir John Hurrie sent for, who, leiving the Covenanting armie at Monrose, conveyes himselfe with a choosen troope of horse to Aberdein under night. Collonell Gordon, and som that feared the worst, conveyed themselves away; som kept their lodgings, and wer not sein wpon the streats. Only Collonell Farquharson stayed, who had done them so many good offices, and had ever profesed such freindshipe towards them, and was not conscous to himself that euer he had disobeleidged them. Wherefor, wpon the allarum in the streat, he comes boldly forth, with som of his freinds and servands; and seeing a band of armed men, who, at his approache, inquiryes his name, least they might mistake, he, who hatted no man, and therefore looked for hattred of no man, teles them plainly, becaus he had not yet learned to lie; wpon the which they incompass him and his small train on all syds. They wer wnarmed, and had no weapones but swords, which, when they drew, this neuer-enough-praised gentleman is shot dead with a pistole; a neir cussing of his grievously wounded and taken prisoner; the rest they let go, having gotten him whom they sought; for this cruell assinat is constantly reported to be done by the procurement of the provest, a most mallicious man against the Royalists in those dayes.

"When this newes cam to the camp, their was non that was not struck with sadnes, sorrow, and extreim grief, for the losse of so brave a caveleire, so reall a friend, and so solatiuous a commrade. The generall himselfe and my Lord Gordon wer both very sensible of this loss. The Majore Colquitto procured order for himselfe to tak a stronge party with him, and goe for Aberdein, wher, they could not overtake the murderers, he might sie him honorably interred. Hurrie, forseing the danger, made no stay in the towne, but reteired back, who was followed, but could not be overtaken. The major gave to this weell-deseruing gentleman the interment of a soldger, with the trailing of pickes, and thundering vollie of muskets, and then advanced towards the armie, which at that tym marched towards the Mearnes, to get Marchell now at lenth to tak armes for the king."

Montrose mourned for our hero the same length of time he did for his own son. Donald Og's eldest son, Donald, died in France. He had probably a command in the "Garde Ecossaie."

His father's interest in supplying that corps with recruits would be easily explained on this supposition. The second son, Charles, his brother having never married, then came to be laird. He married for his first wife Marjory Farquharson, Overhall's widow, daughter to Invercauld, by whom he had no issue, and for his second wife Elizabeth Farquharson, daughter to Inverey, who left him only daughters. Charles had also a natural son, Adam, who married, and left a son and a daughter. From the sacrifices made in the royal cause by his father, Charles was obliged, in 1702, to sell Monaltrie, which was bought by Alexander Farquharson, younger brother of Invercauld. And so the race of the first chiefs of Clan Farquharson became extinct.

Did the title of chief fall to the nearest connection, it ought undoubtedly to belong to the family of Whitehouse, descended of James, brother of Donald Og, and second son of Donald of Monaltrie.

Be the title whose it may, the Invereys on the one hand assumed the power, and were Jacobites to the end; the Invercaulds, on the other, prudently took part on most occasions with the ruling powers.

At first the star of the Invereys gained the ascendant, and their deeds should therefore now occupy your attention.

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### LEGEND OF THE INVEREYS.

WELL, my heart warms when I think of them, the brave Invereys; it does indeed, and natural. Alas! they are all, all away, and the stranger is in their place. A blackened wall alone remains of their kindlie hame,—of their castle and their towers. They only live in the tales of our forebears—the tales of the times of old.

You have heard how James, the fourth son of Donald of Castletown, came to the lairdship, and married Catherine Gordon, daughter to Abergeldie, some time between 1592 and 1600. He had two sons, the fruit of this marriage, William and John.

William was the second Inverey, and will shortly be spoken of.

John married Elspet Reid, daughter to the minister of Banchory, and by her had two sons, William and James, and some daughters.

William, the first son, left five sons—James, William, Alexander, Peter, and Lewis, and two daughters.

James, the second son, left three sons—James, Finlay, and Peter, and two daughters; also a natural son, Donald.

And the Tutor of Broughdearg says no more about this branch.

James, first of Inverey, was sixty, it is said, when he thought of courting his second wife, a young damsel of sixteen, Miss Agnes Ferguson, daughter to the minister of Crathie. He seems to have been a simple enough sinner. Imagine only the sending his eldest son to court for him, when the young man must have been past his teens. William, of course, did his best, not in truth to gain his father's suit, thinking in his heart the old man could have little need for such a piece of goods, but to win the lovely girl for himself. Alas! who can fathom the perversity of the sex? Quoth the charmingly innocent damsel, with most fascinating smile,

“Yes, William, your father is an old man, but I would any day prefer him to his son.”

In those days, broken hearts, love-sickness, puling, and pitifulness were unknown in the Highlands; and the good William, instead of dying, went to the wars, as behoved a manly fellow.

James began to suspect the purity of his son's intentions, and set about the matter himself. He was a hale old carle, had braw braid lands, &c., and “wha could refuse the laird wi' a' that?”

By this second wife he had three sons—Lewis, the first Auchindryne; James, the first Tullochcoy; and Donald, who died without issue; and three daughters, married—the first to Andrew Small, the second to John Robertson of Fowlis, and the third to Angus Du M'Pherson.

“James of Inverey,” says Broughdearg, “had also a natural son, Allastair Odhar, who had three sons; one of whom, Donald, left two sons, Finlay and Michael, who both had children. There only remain of the other, two sons and some children of John's.

“This Alastair Odhar's last wife had never a tooth in her head, and lived to be an old woman.”

Strange, that after so promising a beginning, in four generations not a male heir could be found to Inverey and Auchindryne!

We have no means of knowing when James died. We find him mentioned in the “Book of Annual Rentaris and Wadsetaris within the Schirrefdome of Abirdein” in 1633.

He was probably now an old man, and not fitted to move in the troubles that were soon to commence.

Patrick Gordon, by mistake of name, would attribute to him a large share in the victory of Alford, which indeed is due to his son William.

William—called William Maol, that is, Bald William, or William the Bald—followed Donald Og from the beginning of the troubles. The day after the sad tidings of Monaltrie's death reached the camp, Montrose, holding up Donald Og's sword before his troops,

“What gallant,” said he, “wishes to wear this glorious weapon, and tread in the footsteps of a hero?”

“I claim the sword,” replied William of Inverey, “as nearest of kin, and trust it will never be dishonoured in my hand.”

Montrose handed him the weapon, and made him colonel of the “Braw Lads of Braes of Mar.” Montrose then marched south through the Mearns, and, after nearly surprising Dundee, was obliged to retreat before Baillie into Athole. He was there joined by Aboyne, and, passing the Grampians, descended into the vale of Dee, and gained additional succour in the coming in of the Lord Gordon at Aboyne. Thence the young Aboyne started with two or three troops of horse, surprised the town of Aberdeen, and brought back a supply of powder, of which Montrose stood in great need. The marquis then continued his march to Auldearne. Here our old acquaintance Hurry, as you will remember, had a bad day of it, on the 9th May 1645.

“For that which made the slaughter more cruell and merciless, was the murthering of Donald Farquharstone in Aberdein, and James Gordonne of Rynie in Murray, which had incensed them to a revenge. How Donald Farquharstone was cruellie massacred, you haue hard in the second booke; and this James of Rynie, being eldest sonne to George Gordonne of Rynie, a werie hopfull and gallant youth, was wounded as they went throw Murray, beateing up Hurrie's reire; wherefor they leift him in a labourer's house, and one to attend him, till they should the nixt day send for him; but some of old Innes souldiours was send that night out of Spynie, and cruellie murthered that wounded gentleman in his bed. Those two cruell murtheres ware so deeply recented by the whole armie, as whille they ware at the execution of there enemies, [to] the end that no quarteres might be granted, the word at this battell was, ‘Remember Donald Farquharstone and James of Rynie,’ and this was the only cause of the great slaughter; for ther lay tuantie-eight hundreth, many sayes three thousand, dead one the plase; and of the Royalistes saxteine.”

To meet Baillie, Montrose now returned south, and, manœuvring on Speyside for some time without any result, on finding the enemy would not accept battle, he passed on into Angus,

to be again disappointed by Earl Lindsay's retreat into the impracticable position at Newtill. Meanwhile, Baillie was laying waste Mar, &c., with fire and sword, and the marquis retraced his steps, and by a feint forced him to fight at Alford on the 2d July 1645.

On this occasion Patrick Gordon tells us—"The maine body of the Royalists' battell was giwen to Inverray, called James Farquharstone, and was cusine-girmane to Donald, for that they consisted for the most part of Huntlie's Hylanders, a mane whom they both lowed and understood, for he had there language, and who weell deserved to succeed in his cusine Donald his place, both for his lowe to the cause, and that his father was a dependder and a wassell of the house of Huntlie; as also, for his owne meritte, being a gentleman of ane indefatigable disposition, euer readie to hazart, and full of currage and action. Some alledges that the marquise joyned with him in command the generall quarter-maister, Balloch; but if it was so, I think his part in command could not be much, since he wanted the language, and for the most part was unknowne of all the Hylanders."

Montrose now marched south, crossed the Tay, was joined by Aboyne at Dunkeld, forced the Earne, entered Fife, and, on his way to Stirling, burned Castle Campbell. To hinder the entry of the Royalists into the Lothians, Baillie advanced to Kilsyth, where he was again beaten, 15th August 1645. Although the delightful Patrick Gordon makes no mention of Inverey, a Gaelic song, in commemoration of that victory, speaks of him in high terms—

"William Mhaoil, thog thu an claidbeamh  
'Is chuir thu an latha ud gu ceutach  
Thug thu dhachaidh suaicheantas an onair  
Ge b'oil le luchd na Beurla e."

"William the Bald, thou didst raise up the sword  
(That of Donald Og), and turned the fortune of that day  
Very cleverly; and thou didst bring home the  
Standard of honour, despite the Saxon host."

Scotland seemed now gained; submissions were made on every hand; the Major-General, with the Irish and some parties of Highlanders, were sent to pacify the "West Countrie," and a Parliament called to meet in Glasgow in September. Yet just at this time the cause was ruined. The Clan Donald, discontented by Montrose's refusal to sack Glasgow, deserted. Aboyne, slighted, says Patrick Gordon, returned home. Probably Inverey came with him, for the Tutor of Broughdearg mentions that he was in all Montrose's battles, save the last—fatal Philiphaugh. Montrose struggled a while after, and several skirmishes were

fought, and several attempts made to solder up the discord of the partisans of the royal cause, but it would not be.

The only other mention of William is to be found during the last efforts of Montrose and the Gordons. Crouner Barklay, in 1646, occupied Aberdeen with 700 horse and 500 foot, and raised contributions on the country all around. One of his outposts seems to have established itself about Maryculter.

“The young Laird of Drum, with a troupe of horse, and William Farquharson of Inuerray, with twa hundreth foote, beates up their quarters one Die Syd, within sex myles of Aberdeen ; takes threescore ten prisoners, with all there horses, there baggage, and provision for the toune. This makes them to retyre there quarters, and retrinch themselves within the toune, where many of their horses ware lost for want of prouender, themselves ware famished for want of wiuers, and pestered for want of ludgeing.”

I should also think that William was with the Gordons when they so gallantly stormed Aberdeen. About this time the king surrendered to the Scots army, and his partisans laid down their arms. Huntly's attempt at Banff but brought on his own ruin a short time after his king had perished. The Marquis of Montrose also soon after mounted the scaffold. One thing I may mention in connection with this country. After Leslie had reduced the royal garrisons in the north, Patrick Gordon continues, “Only Aboyne's fortification, within the Loch Candor, stood out certain days till they got honourable conditions, Captain Agitant Gordon being the commander.” It, as well as the others, was then garrisoned by Leslie.

The glorious sword of Donald Og, given to William of Inverey, was from that time carried on the coffins of all the Invereys to the grave. It is not known what became of it in the end. “After the Restoration, William went to London to the king, and got an order to be refunded all his expenses and losses by the civil war, but was put off by one of the ministers desiring a composition of him ; in consequence, neither he nor his family were ever benefited by it. By his first wife, Isabel, daughter to Invercauld, he had John, his successor, and four daughters ; married the first to Reinie, the second to Daldownie, and the third to Runnavay. By his second wife, Ann, daughter to Abergeldie, he had Charles of Balmoral and five daughters.”

Before continuing the legend of the Invereys, it will be proper to give some account of the Balmoral branch.

In the year 1564 we find, by the charter of Queen Mary to the Earl of Moray, that Balmoral was part of the earldom of Mar, then granted to her brother by that queen.

Again, in 1633, we learn from the “Book of Annual Rentaris

and Wadsettaris within the Schirrefdome of Abirdein" that Balmoral was in possession of the Gordons, probably of Abergeldie.

It is probable, likewise, that the James Gordon of Balmoral, mentioned therein, a cadet of the Abergeldie family, had left no issue, and that William of Inverey having married his sister, the rights to that estate had been made over to her and her heirs. This is the only plausible way in which to account for the Farquharsons having first got possession there. The Balmoral branch will be duly commemorated in time and place as we proceed, so *revenons à nos moutons*—the Invereys, even to John the Black Colonel, the successor, as formerly said, of William the Bald—the great Inverey, and so renowned that all the deeds of his family are referred commonly to him. He likely served himself heir a little before 1690, and had followed Dundee to Drumclog and Bothwell Bridge. A real cavalier was the Black Colonel—a rough, raging, roaring, roystering, rioting, robustious rascal. Everybody knew him, and indeed, in many instances, they were not proud of the acquaintance. "Deil scoop wi' Fuddie" passed into a saying with the Covenanters, implying that the negro gentleman himself would have enough ado to keep his own with the Black Colonel, so masterful the style in which his forays on them were conducted. They honoured him with the title of Fuddie on account of his restless, hurried disposition, and the headlong torrent of his utterance. The Black Colonel was a second Hotspur.

He was black but handsome, O daughters of the hills! he was wild but gallant, O Sassenach maid! He had truly, in the highest degree, the good looks characteristic of the Farquharsons, and the tall commanding figure of the Invereys.

John married, first, Mary Gordon, of the family of Leacachy, and by her had two sons, Peter, his successor, and Charles, writer to the signet, who bought Auchlossan; and four daughters. Jean, the first, was married to Peter Strachan, writer, Edinburgh, and Elizabeth to Charles Farquharson of Monaltrie. By his second wife, Marjory Leith, daughter to Oberhall, he had four sons, William, John, Alexander, and James. "The first three were all bred seamen: William, after he had become a sturdy, handsome tar, when he was just about to get command of a ship, died at . . . The other two were 'prentices to Gavin Crookshank, who sailed from Aberdeen, and was no more heard of." James, the fourth son, thus succeeded to his uncle Charles of Balmoral.

Knowing, in his campaigning against the Cameronians, of what mettle John was made, when Dundee summoned forth the Jacobites in 1690, he sent a letter appointing him colonel



of the Mar men, and requesting he would join with all speed. John, honest man, was perusing the missive at the castle door with a grim smile, when his henchman, Alastair M'Dougal, walked up to him.

"What news now, laird?" inquired he.

"Good news, good news," replied the colonel, rushing through the words like the Linn of Dee: "we are going down to the Lowlands to harry the Sassenach."

In high key was Glen Dee and Glen Ey—in higher key Inverey, the little and muckle, and Corriemulzie—in highest key Glen Cluny, Auchindryne, and Balmoral—when the fiery cross was hurried through their bounds, and rendezvous appointed at the colonel's castle. Up came Major Charles of Balmoral with his hundreds, up came Captains Lewis of Auchindryne and Donald of Coldrach with their tens, out marched the men of the clachan with Alastair M'Dougal, henchman, down rushed the lads of the glens; while from the top of the castle streamed the standard of the colonel, and before the door screamed "a hundred pipers an a'." Well-a-day! those were the glorious times!

The men of Mar arrived luckily in time for Killiecrankie. They had no loss of consequence at that stirring fight; Major Charles of Balmoral alone was wounded. Inverey had little faith in the general who succeeded in command to "Ian dubh nan cath" (Black John of the Fights), wherefore he withdrew, and the rising was suppressed.

When the Farquharsons returned, there was a little private business to transact. It befell thus: the Baron of Brachlie did not live on the best terms with the Earl of Aboyne, and any reasonable pretence for vexing each other was eagerly sought for by these gay Gordons. The baron was a huge, red-faced, portly, paunchy character, and the earl was a wee, thin, jaundiced creature—in fine, a poet, I believe. When Aboyne's water-bailie informed him that his enemy prided himself in fishing on that part of the river that belonged to his lordship, he waxed immensely wroth.

"The next time this happens," said he, "go to him and say I will allow nothing of the kind."

An opportunity for delivering the message was not long a-coming.

"Tell your white-faced lairdie," replied Brachlie, with a sneer, while his red face grew like a pipe of claret in colour, "that I will fish where it likes me; and tell him, too, I should feel great pleasure in pitching him into the river for a feast—a poor one, indeed—to the 'gads,' dared he only come hither himself."

Huge became the earl's wrath when the faithful water-bailie reported the baron's speech.

"The claret-faced brute," muttered the earl, "shall pay it me yet."

Determined on revenge, the earl applied to his friend Inverey some time before that worthy went to the assistance of Dundee.

"John, my dear fellow, your tenants in Tullich are hard-up for fuel. I have a nice bit of moss in Easter Morven that would suit them amazingly, and I think we might manage to come to an agreement about it. What say you?"

"If I have one earthly desire," returned the colonel, "it is to get my poor Tullich tenants a bit moss."

John of Inverey loved his Tullich tenants. He took a fancy to them for the spirited way in which they got up the world-wide-famed "Reel of Tullich." It may be interesting to you to hear its origin. In those days the parsons catered after creature-comforts even as much as now, and on winter days of more than usual inclemency had no service in the churches. Now, it came to pass on a stormy winter morning, that a number of the parishioners thought fit to attend on chance at the Kirk of Tullich. The present ruins are of another building on the site of the one in question. The folks got weary waiting for his reverence, who then lived at Milton of Tullich; and while he doubtless coddles himself by his cozy ingle, think you that his Christian brethren are to perish of cold? By no means of nations.

They blew in their fists, and thumped them against their breasts and sides, to set the blood a-circulating; then they kicked against the pews and stamped, till it was a wonder their feet did not fly asunder in bits of ice.

And now, as they went wandering through the church, the lads began to poke fun at the lasses; nay, as time passed, some of the bolder rogues would give them a half-twirl round; and you may well judge, the lasses wouldn't stand any such impudence, and swung the lads round and off, as much as to say, Keep your distance, sir. And, bless you, sirs, the auld carls and the younger married folks wouldn't stand it; and, bless you, too, the auld "wivies" and matrons had mettle in their toes as well as the lasses. So, by and by, there was capering and vapouring of a rather lively kind throughout the "auld" kirk.

"Well, what think you of a sensation—a suspicion, say—of the real dew to keep dear life in?" whispered some one.

"By St Nathalan, we were never in greater need," chorused a whole company; "let us have a 'jine.'"

Accordingly, a stockingful of placks and bodles was collected, with which one of the party hied away to the change-house at the Stile of Tullich. You know where the road winds round

the mount, on which stands the monument to the late Monaltrie. Well, there, just as you come in sight of the village, is the Stile of Tullich. The first "jine" so rejoiced the hearts of the company, that, belyve, a second, third, and fourth came off in quick succession, and with all "eclat." "Jines" became the order of the day. And aye the ale was getting better; and, well I wot, the company cantier, vauntier, ay, and friskier. Philosophers—I am none, thank heaven—will explain how "gude ale keeps the heart abune"—how it lightens the heels as well as the head, and even how it reverses the common standing of mortals. The "gude ale" had its usual effects at the Kirk of Tullich, and a little shuffling led naturally to the heel-and-toe, and the back step, and countless other steps, and those again to twirling, and wheeling, and side-cutting, till it was dizzying to look on. Hae mercy on us! men must live, ay, and even women. And why, it was only to keep the heat in—"peskily" cold it was that Sunday, depend upon it. Now, once set a-dancing, they thought it as well to dance in orderly manner as not, so they would have a head-set or reel. A musician was wanted; but Tullich, ever "fertile in fiddlers," soon supplied the want; and then, having placed sentinels to give the alarm should the parson enter an appearance, at it they went with a will, and kept it up with high, higher, and highest glee.

You should have heard the old kirk ring with the whoops and hurrahs, the clapping of hands and snapping of fingers, and the laughing, and whistling, and the music—yes, that was the music. The fiddler had caught the infection—when ever are they the extinguishers of mirth or jollity?—perhaps—perhaps did I say,—put it down for certain, and sure, and true—he had partaken of a sprinkling of the proceeds of the "jines." His bow danced, galloped, whirled, flew, and jumped on the strings. And still the splore grew more uproarious.

A cobbler ascended the pulpit and held forth with an energy worthy of Knox. Two weavers and three tailors installed themselves as elders, and some couples of pretended defaulters were immediately sessioned; meantime the blacksmith had taken the precentor's desk, and was trolling forth that "gude and godly ballad:"—

" John, come kiss me now,  
John, come kiss me now,  
John, come kiss me by-and-by,  
And mak nae mair adow."

And wilder still became the dance, faster the fiddler drew his bow, louder from the pulpit thundered the cobbler, more un-earthly roared the blacksmith, and the session—"tell it not in Gath"—till the kirk could contain them no longer, and a

number of couples scrambled up on the thatched roof of the edifice and madly danced,

“Owre the kirk, and owre the kirk,  
And owre the kirk to Ballater.”

Or as the Gaelic song says—

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Inspired, excited, in a frenzy, the fiddler who officiated, then improvised the “Reel of Tullich.”

It is said that eighteen pairs of Ritchies were present on that occasion; but—and it was thought a punishment of the profanation—that day next year every one of them lay in the “mools.”

John, the Black Colonel, on his way to Aboyne, came on his Tullich lads thus employed, and, exclaiming with Hannibal, “Robura virorum cerno;” or in English, “I see they are regular bricks,” ended the affair with a blow-out at the change-house.

On his way home again, John learned at Tullich the real truth concerning the poinding of his tenants' cattle by Brachlie, and also what the baron had said respecting himself at the time. The earl, in regard to these doings, had exaggerated greatly to provoke John's wrath against the baron. But it was very plain he desired the “spulzie” of Brachlie's lands, and that by nothing less would the right of the Easter Morven moss be obtained. The Black Colonel had a bit of cunning in him, as well as Aboyne. He sent notice to Brachlie that, on a certain day, the Inverey lads, with himself at their head would come down and drive away all the Glen Muick cattle, explaining at the same time the why and the wherefore; “but,” added he, “make no resistance, you shall have all safe back again, horn and hoof, in a week.” He would thus obtain the much-needed right of fuel for the Tullich estate, and injure nobody. But

“The best-laid schemes of men and mice  
Gang aft agley.”

So when John returned from the wars,

“Powder and steel!” quoth he, “we had best drive away those Glen Muick folks' cattle now we're all together, and pepper the redcoats, who, I hear, are coming up the river to pay us a visit.”

John had not, like most of the Highland chiefs, made his submission after Killiecrankie, and it was intended to fry him

and his family alive in Inverey Castle. Notice of this kindly intention was sent to Inverey by some of his well-wishers from Aberdeen. Some thousand soldiers, under the command of Colonel Cunningham, were then marching up Deeside to execute this benevolent purpose.

"Targets and battleaxes," exclaimed M'Dougall his henchman, "we could not do better."

Lewis of Auchindryne was elected major in place of Charles of Balmoral, disabled by the wounds he had received at Killiecrankie, and John of Allancuaich took his place as captain. From the assembled clan the colonel chose twelve of the best men to proceed with himself to Glen Muick. Major Lewis was directed to march the body of their forces, and, occupying some position below Tullich, resist the advance of Colonel Cunningham.

They were the most vicious wasps, those Gordons of Glen Muick, you ever had buzzing about your ears. Worse still, Peggy Fraser had seen Inverey frequently, and, many say, thought a good deal more of him than of her liege lord. But I hope Inverey couldn't help that. Well, then, Lewis of Auchindryne marched away to oppose the redcoats and Inverey—well, you have the ballad.

"Inverey came down Deeside whistlin' and playin',  
 He was at brave Brackley's yetts ere it was dawin'.  
 He rappit fu' loudlie, and wi' a great roar,  
 Cried, 'Come down now, Brackley, and open the door—  
 'Are ye sleepin', Barrone, or are ye waukin' ?  
 There's sharp swords at your yett will gar your blood spin !'  
 Out spake the brave Barrone, ower the castle wa',  
 'Are ye come to harry and spuilzie my ha' ?  
 'O, gin ye be gentlemen, licht and come in,  
 Gin ye drink o' my wine ye'll nae gar my blood spin ;  
 'Gin ye be hired widdifus, ye may gang by—  
 Gang down to the Lowlands and steal their fat kye ;  
 'There spuilzie like reivers of wild kateran clan,  
 And harry unsparing baith houses an' lan'.  
 'But gin ye be gentlemen, licht and come in,  
 There's meat and drink in my ha' for ilka man.'  
 Out spake his ladye, at his back where she lay,  
 'Get up, get up, Brackley, and face Inverey.  
 'Get up, get up, Brackley, and turn back your kye,  
 Or they'll hae them to the Highlands, and you they'll defy.'  
 'Now, haud your tongue, Catherine, and still my young son,  
 For yon same hired widdifus will prove themselves men.'  
 'There's four-and-twenty milk-white nowt, twal o' them kye,  
 In the woods of Glen Tanner, it's there that they lie.

'There are goats on the Etnach, and sheep on the brae,  
And a' will be harried by young Inverey.

'Gin I had a husband, whereas I hae nane,  
He wadna lye in his bed and see his kye tane.

'Sae rise up, John,' said she, 'and turn back your kye,  
Or me and my maidens, we will them defy.'

She called to her maidens, and bade them come in,  
'Tak' a' your rocks, lasses, we will them comman' ;

'We'll fetch them, and shortly the cowards will fly,  
So come forth, my maidens, and turn back the kye.'

'Now haud your tongue, Catherine, and bring me my gun,  
I am now going forth, but I'll never come in.

'Call my brother, William—my uncle also—  
My cousin, James Gordon—we'll mount and we'll go.'

When Brackley was buskit and stood in the close,  
A gallanter Barrone ne'er lap on a horse ;

When they were assembled on the Castle green,  
Nae man like brave Brackley was there to be seen.

'Strike dogs,' cries Inverey, 'and fecht till ye're slain,  
For we are twice twenty, and ye but four men.'

At the head o' Rineatan the battle began,  
At Little Aucholzie they killed the first man.

They killed William Gordon, and James o' the Knock,  
And brave Alexander, the flower o' Glen Muick.

First they killed ane, and syne they killed twa,  
They hae killed gallant Brackley the flower o' them a' ;

Wi' swords, and wi' daggers they did him surround,  
And they pierced bonny Brackley wi' mony a wound.

Then up came Craigievar an' a party wi' him,  
Had he come ane hour sooner Brackley hadna been slain.

Cam' ye by Brackley, and was ye in there,  
Or saw ye his ladye was makin' great care ?

Yes, I cam' by Brackley, and I was in there,  
And there saw his ladye was braidin' her hair ;

She was rantin', and dancin', and singing for joy,  
And vowin' that night she would feast Inverey.

She eat wi' him, drank wi' him, welcomed him in—  
She drank to the villain that killed her Barrone.

Wae to you, Kate Fraser, sad may your heart be  
To see your brave Barrone's blood come to your knee.

She kept him till mornin', then bade him be gane,  
And showed him the road that he mightna be ta'en.

'Thro' Birse and Aboyne,' she said, 'fly, and out o'er  
A' the hills o' Glen Tanner ye'll skip in an hour.'

Up spake her young son on the nourice's knee,  
'Gin I'll live to manhood, revenged I'll be.'

There's dool in the kitchen, and mirth in the ha'—  
The Barrone o' Brackley is dead and awa.

What sichin' and sobbin' was heard i' the glen,  
For the Barrone o' Brackley, wha basely was slain.

Frae the head o' the Dee, to the banks o' the Spey,  
The Gordons may mourn him, and ban Inverey."

To explain, you will perceive that the ballad mixes up the incidents of the murder of one baron, and the slaughter of the rest of his relations in 1592, by the M'Intoshes and Lamonts, as narrated in the legend of Donald of Castletown, with those of this affray in which unhappily fell the baron, who figures in the present story. The sad affair happened thus. With his twelve chosen followers, Inverey, as he had warned Brachlie, gathered the flocks and herds of Glen Muick, intending to drive them away for some days, and then to return them quietly back again. By this he hoped to obtain for his Tullich tenants the right of the Easter Morven moss. But the baron's lady goaded on her husband—they say she was tired of him—to resent the indignity. His relations and friends—they perhaps did not know the reasons for the sham cattle-lifting, nor how it was to terminate—joined in the clamour to be led against Inverey; and what must be, must be. They came on the Farquharsons "at the head o' Etnich." Inverey, astonished, called to the Baron's remembrance his former explanations, again assuring him that all would be returned in a week. A dispute ensued, the Gordons clamouring outrageously. One of them, at length, mad with passion, fired on the Inverey lads. That was enough, and more than enough. The swords flashed in the air, a few musquetoons volleyed forth, a wild cry of rage rent the air, and they rushed at each other like tigers. By chance the Baron and Inverey met. After a few passes, the latter gave back some steps. In so doing, the wind caught his plaid and unfurled it from his shoulders down among his feet. While thus entangled, the Baron pressed hard upon him. To move was to fall—to fall, death. As he stood thus, defending himself desperately, one of the clan perceived the danger, and exclaimed,—“Help! the chief, the chief!” M'Dougall, his henchman, who had at that moment despatched one of the Gordons with a slash of his claymore, seized the fallen man's gun, and immediately shot the Baron. Thereupon the Gordons fled.

After seeing the hership safely part of the way to Braemar, the Colonel returned with the rest of his followers through Glen Muick. The baron's lady very unnaturally invited him to pass the night at Brachlie, where they kept it up in great style, as the ballad tells you, till morning. Well, what can you expect of the sex?

Ah! Colonel, Colonel, could you but have seen the rapid advance of a dark red mass up the Dee, your revelling would have been haply less, and your vigilance and activity surely more!

Early on the following morning, Col. Cunningham and a party of Forbeses from Craigievar surprised Lewis of Auchindryne on Culbleen, and cut the Farquharsons to pieces at the much-vaunted "Race of Tullich."

Some of the Gordons, furious at the conduct of the baron's lady, and smarting under the defeat of the previous day, hastened across the Dee, and informed the redcoats of the Colonel's whereabouts. Owing to the revels of the night, John was but rising when the enemy debouched before the castle door. The alarm was given. The lady had her best steed saddled, bridled, and brought forth.

"In truth it was a noble steed."

The dragoons saw Inverey mount the coal-black mare, and lightly bounding away. Immediately they gave chase, and as they did not go near the castle, the colonel's follower's easily escaped through the hills to Braemar.

And as to himself, "a' the hills o' Glen Tanner he skipped in an hour," and far, and fierce, and furious he rode. But wild was the cry that rose behind him, and Birse gathered in alarm on his flying course, and swelled the number of his enemies. He struck across the Dee; but Aboyne joined in the "hue and cry," and fell and fast they followed, but not faster than he fled on before. With foaming steeds and blood-red heels they rattled like thunder over the muir of Dinnet and through Tullich, till the yawning pass of Ballater swallowed them up, pursued and pursuers. Then rose a terrible cry, from the far end of the pass. The party sent in pursuit of the fugitives defeated on Culbleen that morning had just returned thus far. It was the cry of the redcoats, long, strong, and triumphant, re-echoed a hundred times by the overhanging rocks. From both ends they dashed together to crush him between them. He looked to the left, he looked to the right—his steed sprang aside—he cleared the burn, cleared the masses of fallen rock—up they went. The horses of the dragoons met with a loud clash together; but louder was the storm of curses and execrations which burst from them in the rage of disappointment, as they eyed the dizzy height above them. Up went young Inverey, bounding up—his dirk served for spur—up like the goat or wild-cat; and ever it seemed, at each bound he must fall down, mangled and bruised, on the spectators' heads. Higher still he rose—his coal-black mare must have been eagle



born—up yet—his bonnet with waving plume—the coal-black steed's waving mane and fire-eyed head pierced the clouds, and both seemed to stand out from the face of an upright crag. Once more the dirk struck her reeking flanks, and—heavens! down they come—no, they are clear up into the very sky—but they must fall, and there—they come down, down—stand away—down. Yet, no, they disappeared behind the rock, and Inverey was free and safe on the summit of the craig. The pursuers looked each other in the face in speechless wonder. At length one of the officers, addressing the other who so unexpectedly barred the upper end of the pass—

“If we had been told,” said he, “that he could fly as well as run, we might have spared ourselves the roughest ride I ever had.”

Every one agreed it was useless to follow farther, and young Inverey went up the wild glen of Gairn in peace. The Farquharsons, in spite of the surprise and defeat on Culbleen, did not suffer any great loss. Not a man of any note perished. John of Allancaich was taken and detained prisoner for nine months in Aberdeen. We had better give the Tutor of Brochdearg's own words regarding Cobbletown.

“Donald of Allancoich's eldest son, Donald, by his second wife, Helen Gairden, daughter to Ballamore, had the Cobbletown of Tullich. He married Coutts, daughter to Rifantrach, by whom he had a son, Lawrence, and a daughter, married to Peter Forbes. This Cobbletown and his wife were remarkable for their great simplicity, piety, honesty, and abstemious lives. He was taken prisoner at the Revolution, and refused to drink King William's health, which the guard were obliging their prisoners to do. The commanding officer asked his reason. He answered only he was not acquainted with him. He ate but once a-day, and that of but mean country fare, for many years before he died; and his wife, besides her doing the same, did every week fast St Ninian's fast, the last five years of her life, though she had a consumptive cough which was much easier to her on that account.”

It is probable Cobbletown had been kept only nine months in Aberdeen, like his half-brother Allancaich. The troopers did not on the present occasion venture to penetrate into Braemar, so the colonel escaped further molestation. You see if you destroy the nest, you're not likely to catch the bird in it.

I think it must have been about this time the strange occurrence I am about to relate happened. A bachelor bold—one of Dalmore's tenants—wandering through the hills after his “beasties,” sat down to rest on a hillock. Around was a small patch, the heather of which had been burnt some years previously, and the stumps now lay, whitening on the ground.

In the good old times, when the "yewie wi' the crookit horn" flourished, when it was a noble deed to do the Excise, many a goodly black pot has been run primely over these same white cows. Now my bachelor fell a-considering the immense quantities of little black holes, the grotesque bends, the mathematical figures, the twists, the twirls, the oddities and whirlimagigs of these remnants of the burning. All of a blow—he saw with a start—the black holes became an ocean of little eyes looking hard at him; of a blow the ocean of little eyes began to wink very cunningly indeed; of a blow the grotesque bends formed themselves into little legs and feet, arms and hands; of a blow the diagrams, triangles, parallelograms, trapeziums, &c., shaped themselves into sprawling little bodies; and of a blow the twists, the twirls, the oddities and whirlimagigs were nothing more or less than a dance, a boiling, a riot, a tumbling, wheeling, rolling, rumbling fermentation of little folkies—the queerest sight that mortal ever saw. With great presence of mind M'Roy, for so was our hero named, seized a pebble, and, rousing himself from the fascination of the view, threw it over the spot, exclaiming, "Let all that is within be mine, in God's name."

Presto a beautiful woman stood before him, with no more clothing to spare than when her mother bare her. But the bachelor bold—his presence of mind did not fail him even here—threw his plaid over her, and, modestly turning away, waited until she had arrayed herself as well as might be. In fine, he led her home with him, and in finer he led her to the altar also and gave up bachelorship.

Some years after, a drover and his son—a boy about twelve years old—passing to the south through Braemar, asked and got leave to lodge for the night in M'Roy's house.

While the two sat at their brose, the goodwife was busy arranging things for the night. The boy, after a first earnest look at her, could not, it seemed, take his eyes from her. Ever and anon he pulled his father by the sleeve, and whispered,

"How very like mother the housewife is!"

The drover, from the first time his attention was called to the fact, endeavoured to silence the boy, though imitating him in his scrutiny of their hostess. It was impossible for M'Roy not to notice the unusual interest they took in his better half.

"You must see something," said he, in displeasure, "very strange about my wife to make you look at her in the way you do."

"Yes, indeed; for unless I had buried my own wife,"—the drover mentioned the year, day, and hour—"I would swear that were she."

Wonderful coincidence ! It happened that the time he mentioned to the very hour agreed with the date on which she had been found by the Braemar man. They went earnestly to prove and probe the matter. The woman, who chanced to be milking her kine when the dialogue took place, made her appearance. On the statement of certain facts, as one recollecting the incidents of a dream, the whole of a past life slowly dawned upon her. She recognised the drover for her husband, his boy for her child, and asked after the rest of the family by their names. The longer they sat and talked, the more vividly her former life came back to her memory ; till at length every particular of it became as clear as those of our own are to us.

The case was now clear. She had been spirited away by the fairies, and a substitute put in her place. As she sat by the fire between her two husbands, smoothing down the raven curls of her son, whose head lay in her lap, and looked dreamily into the fire, what strange thoughts must have passed through her mind !

“ Well,” quoth the drover, breaking a long silence, “ what is to be done ? ”

“ Let her decide,” said M'Roy, “ whether she will stay with me or go with you.”

“ Then,” replied she, after a long pause, “ I will go to my bairns.”

And M'Roy was once more a bachelor. Many of you will not nowadays believe in fairies—oh ! wise men, explain this story for me. It, and a thousand others no less convincing, are well known ; and who, after hearing them, continues incredulous, I must unmercifully consider no better than “ a Jew—an Hebrew Jew.”

John the colonel sat in his castle and meditated. M'Dougall, his henchman, stepped up and down stairs, and made the whole house ring with the sound of his elephantine tread. Who of men could contend in prowess with M'Dougall ? When he went to the woods to bring home fuel, he would twist his hand into the branches of a fair birch, pull it up by the roots, and drag it against the grain, the roots, the broken stumps, swingingly home at his heels. So little difficulty was there in it, that it did not matter which way were easiest. A woman, a boy, a Saxon, or the degenerate men of our times might study ways and means. Alastair M'Dougall, henchman, it interested not. His colossal bulk made him bold, and, therefore, as his step rang through the castle, so did his voice ; and aye the burden of his song was—

“ A good soldier never wanted a weapon.”

John, the Black Colonel, commanded his servant's appearance

by firing his pistols at a shield, which hung on the wall, and, when struck, resounding like a gong, answered all the purposes of our bells. The henchman entered; the colonel rushed at him with drawn sword, and the colonel's terrier jumped at him with distended jaws. M'Dougall seized the terrier by the fur of the neck and rammed him right on the point of the sword. To avoid impaling his favourite, Inverey dropped the weapon, which M'Dougall instantly picking up, flourished over his head, and resumed his song—"A good soldier, you see, colonel, never wanted a weapon."

These were the delights, the amenities, the sweet home pleasures of John the Black Colonel; and so, on every occasion, did he endeavour to cultivate the efficiency of his followers.

That day Daldownie, his good friend, stepped over to pay him a visit, and, after dinner, which they laid in strong and solid, it pleased them to be jolly, and they set about it accordingly.

That day a beggar "wifie," busily employed in her professional career, drew near Bounty or Aboyne. Just as she reached the alehouse, a squadron of dragoons rode up. The "wifie" made her best curtsy to the officers, her second best to the privates, and at heart wished them in a country as red as their coats, and very hot indeed, although they charitably threw her some placks and bodles. Hanging on their rear, fluttering on their flanks, and prowling in their van, as curiosity and the love of gossip prompted her—for the more news she could retail, the better would be her welcome to quarters, and a warm corner at some farmer's ingle for the night—the beggar overheard enough to guess the errand that brought the troopers from Aberdeen. Immediately she slunk away; at a safe distance she threw her wallet into a bush o' broom, flung from her "hose and shoon," and at it she went with supple, sturdy shanks, long wind, stout heart, and gallant purpose. The race is not, indeed, always to the swift. Besides, the commanding officer thought proper to stay where he was till the shades of evening came to cover his march, and prevent any alarm being spread. It's weary long from Bounty over the moor of Dinnet, and on through the pass of Ballater. It's a foot-bruising, blistering march through the foot o' Gairn, through Micras to Crathie. It's a wind-trying, muscle-and-sinew-straining race through Monaltrie and Aberairder to Invercauld. The Dee is cold, cold; and oh! it is wondrous strong and hard to ford. Braemar is a bonnie, bonnie glen, as ever there is in fair Scotland; but night has long set over it, and "Walawae!" quoth the poor beggar, "how will I ever win to Inverey?" But she held on grimly and reached the colonel's "yetts," as she heard the iron-armed hoofs of the troopers' horses clanging on the granite bed of the Dee. The

road then lay on the north side of the river, and they were just crossing from the haughs of Dalmore.

The colonel and Daldownie had undressed, and had but newly gone to bed, a little top-heavy, it is to be feared, for well-living Christians. The beggar was but all too late. As the colonel sprang down stairs *in naturalibus*, he heard the bridles ringing, and Captain Shaw, dressed like his friend, glancing behind as the two fled, could see a dark body looming through the night. The two made for the Ey—Inverey clearing eighteen feet every stride. It was storm-swollen and unfordable; but with one bound he leaped the furious foaming torrent. Hence the bridge over the spot is yet called Drochaid-an-Leum (the bridge of the leap). Captain Shaw, a second Samson, forced through the stream where a horse would have been swept away like a fly, and, five minutes after, he stood beside the colonel on the top of Creagan Chait.

Cautiously the soldiers drew near—for there was a considerable reward on the colonel's head—nearer—now then—a furious rush, and the castle is girt with a triple girdle of sabres. In a trice, a storming party volunteers. Smash! the gates yield. Bang! the door opens—a second rush, and every room in the castle swarms with red-coats; but oh! fallen, oh! vain, oh! fallacious hopes—"the nest is warm, but the bird has flown." In the rage of disappointment, they set fire to the building, and the whole squadron filing up, filled the court which surrounded it to feast their eyes on the conflagration. One tall, ferocious fellow stood guard at the door to prevent the colonel's exit, if perchance he lay hid within. A tall person in night-dress, escaping from the flames, with a bundle of clothes, was by him taken for the man.

"Yield or die," roared he, seizing the person by the arm.

"Gabh an Donas thu" (*i. e.*, the devil take you), was the reply, and the arm disengaged with a twist, came such a thwack over his sconce, that he went rolling down the door-steps.

The light of the burning was now sufficient to discover what manner of person they had to deal with; and a hoarse laugh from the whole band greeted the fallen hero's ears, as, jumping up, he confronted Annie Ban, the colonel's mistress, who had lightly stept over him.

"I was never disgraced before," exclaimed he, shaking his sword with rage; "but to-day, Colonel Farquharson's paramour has made a footstool of my body."

The exploit, however, so conciliated the good-will of the red-coats, that they at once allowed the intrepid heroine to depart and carry Daldownie and her lover, what they much needed, their clothes. I left my braves on the top of Creagan Chait.

With a snell breeze fanning them from snow-clad Ben Macdhui, they felt not, you will conceive, a bit over warm or comfortable. By-and-by their attention was attracted to the red light that gleamed from the castle windows. They could guess the cause. Redder still, and still more red it grew in grandeur, and Inverey liked it not. His castle halls, and towers, and battlements, and bastions given to the flames. Captain Shaw looked sadly on, as yet not venturing one word of consolation. Suddenly, up jumped Inverey, and, to the utter horror of his giant companion, set a-capering and dancing, whooping and ha-ha-ing, sputtering and roaring like a cannibal round a plump, rosy-cheeked, white "chickabidie's" head, doing all for himself at a clear fire among the Hawaii Islands.

"Ha, ha, ha," yelled the black fellow, "ciad mile molluchd orra" (*i.e.*, a hundred thousand curses on them).

"The man's mad," quoth Daldownie, "red wud mad."

"Wait a minute," holding on by the captain's shoulder, and dancing about him, "hurrah!"

"Come now, John, my man, that's just enough."

"Ha, ha, a," bellowed the Black Colonel, while the tears ran down his cheeks with mad joy, "don't you know the charter-room is full of powder?"

"Well! I don't see but that should be the last thing to rejoice about, Inverey, for it will send your castle to the dickens in no time at all."

"Ay, captain," sputtered John, "and blow those imps into broth and bones at the same time."

Ere any reply could be returned, a flash, lurid, ragged, and immense, lit up all Braemar in awful blaze; a storm-cloud rushed from its volcanic mouth; a tremendous explosion, louder than the loudest thunder, vollied through the air, re-echoed from the Monadhruaddh to Ben-na-gloe-nan-eagh, and dark Lochnagar. The earth gave a sullen shuddering murmur, and all was still save the ring of the dying echoes from glen, corrie, and rock.

The powder, instead of blowing out the walls, however, had exploded right into the air, and few, if any, of the red-coats were killed, which made the Black Colonel stamp, foam, and utter some guttural Gaelic phrases, that sounded so thunderingly ugly, you won't catch me repeating them. Besides burning Inverey, the soldiers gave the new castle also to the flames, and then, according to their instructions, withdrew. So Inverey was left a houseless wanderer, subject to their continual pursuit and snares, for, at the instigation of the Gordons of Glen Muick, they often made incursions into the country after John Farquharson.

Anna Bhuidh Bhan, his sweetheart, got shelter in a cottage at Ruigh-an-t-Seilich. His wife, with her family, went to live at Balmoral. Her husband called there on her at times. Sometimes he established headquarters in the best house in Inverey. Sometimes he foregathered with Annie in that concealed chasm on the Ey, still called the colonel's bed. But, alas! death snatched away the fair-haired, and she was laid in the churchyard of Inverey. He deeply regretted her, and at the time composed a beautiful lament, still sung among us—

“Ochadan's shiubhal Anna,  
Dh'fhag sid mise car tamuil fo bhron ;  
A Chaidh cha teid i as m' aire.  
Gus a fas mi balla raoda.

N'uir thig mi stigh an duchaich  
Bithidh mo shuil air Ruigh-an-t-seilich.  
S'n'uir thig mi, stigh an duchaich  
Bi mi 'g am-haire au t'uir 'sam beil i.

\* \* \* \* \*

Nach truagh nach eil Mairriat,  
Air charbad bheil Anna.

Anna bhuidh bhan thanig nios a Gleann-Garradh  
Bu tu m'aire agas mo shugradh ;  
'S nan tigeadh thu rithist,  
Gu faigheadh thu Glean-neidh le mo dhurachd.

Marjory Leith, his wife, though living at Balmoral, soon came to hear the lament, and thought the Black Colonel a long deal softer than he needed be.

“M'Dougal,” quoth she, the first time the henchman came an errand to Balmoral, “I don't mind giving you a bottle of wine, perhaps something better, if you would make a right good burlesque of that eternal lament.” Alastair gave a sly wink. In a day or two he had done the thing to his own delight, for he wished to make the colonel savage.

“By Jupiter,” says M'Dougal, “there he is, as large as life, and as black! A proper man to go puling about for a girl, while the red-coats are crowing over the race at Tullich, and the burning of the castle!”

Accordingly, to rouse the colonel, the henchman trolled out—

“Ochadan's shiubhal Anna,  
Dh'fhag sid mise car tamuil fo bhron ;  
A Chaidh chad 'teid ise as m'aire,  
Gus a faigh mi ime agas aran eorna.

Which is, “Alas! thou art gone, Annie, leaving me in deep sorrow; but never shall thy memory depart, until I get butter and bear bread.” Inverey did not wait to hear more. He

ordered all the butter and bear bread in the two Invereys to be brought to his presence, and the henchman to compear. On entering, M'Dougall was directed to seat himself at a table. He beheld the laird seize two loaded pistols, and to his consternation saw the barrels ominously levelled at his head.

"Take and eat," quoth Inverey, pointing to the stores of butter and bear bread.

Alastair understood all, and great was his dismay, and he ate and was filled; but the laird's look relented not. I have heard of the horrors of hunger, and wondered whether it were easier to starve or to eat to the death; and, with a little experience in the "*nimis*" and "*minus*" of the staff of life, cannot myself decide the question. When the henchman's courage flagged, the finger of the laird tightening on the trigger roused him up. Oh! aunts mine, when I think of my last visit to you, and remember—oh! memory paint the past—of my two dinners and three teas, that memorable day—teas and dinners, whereat figured as light *entremets*—boiled mutton and venison in great plenty, stewed hares and roasted hens and grouse, puddings, tarts and tartlets, and jugs full of cranberries and "avrins." Tell me not of sides of fresh sappy pork. Tell me not of kail-brose. Speak not to me of rich Scots haggis. Did I not partake of all and more on that day? When I think of this I can pity and sympathise with the poor wit. Did I, on the occasion I refer to, drop knowingly, and of *malice prepense*, a slice of loaf, buttered and jellied by the fair hand of my aunt to a thickness unthought of, before the snout of a huge collie-dog, which he contemned and rejected to the empurpling of my visage? Did I stow away in the sleeves of my coat and the breast-pocket thereof sundries intended for the immediate transference to the digestive organs? And did not my linen and bran new blacks (on the morrow) show signs and wonders perplexing in the extreme to my mother, and distressing to me? I will by no means say these things did happen, I merely offer the case as a 'supposition, and assure you that the poor servant could avail himself of no such resources.

He ate—for so he must—till stomach, throat, and mouth were crammed—till nothing more would enter—till he could not speak; and then John Farquharson kicked him out at the door. He did not die, but he never more repeated his version of the lament. The Colonel's anger was not yet appeased, if we believe all reports. It is asserted that, wishing to get rid of M'Dougall, but unwilling to incur any odium by the deed, he sent him with a letter to the baron of Brachlie's son, stating that M'Dougall was the man who shot his father. Young Brachlie simply remarked, "Well, even if he did, it was no



fault of his;" and sent him home again. The strife was soldered up, for from that time we hear no more on the subject.

If Alastair did not succeed in the end he proposed, the red-coats did it for him. As I have said, they were in the habit of making frequent incursions into Braemar in search of Inverey. On one occasion, shortly after the butter and bear-bread affair, John was quietly snoozing at Alltchlar, dreaming, perhaps, of Annie Ban. How it happened is not known; but a party of dragoons, informed of this, suddenly burst into the strath, suddenly appeared on the Allanmore, suddenly sweeping over Allancuaich, bore down on Alltchlar. The bard of the Invereys saw the danger at this instant; but finding it impossible to enter the house, he warned the colonel through the window in this strophe—

"Tha Pipan an sin na laidh  
'Sdianamh cadil gle *eisgidh*,  
Nach truagh nach eil e ann Gleannmuic  
Anns na stuic aig Baron Bhrachlich"—

*i. e.*

"Fuddie's lying there in soundest sleep,  
Pity he is not in Glenmuick, in the baron of Brachlie's stocks."

"Ma tha, cha n'fhad a bhios?"—*i. e.* "If he is, he won't long be," said John, starting awake. With a push he drove out a back window—it was too late to attempt a sortie by the door—and slipt into a thicket behind the house.

"I'm tired of this work," murmured the black chap, as he crawled away; "and what's more, I won't stand it longer from the villanous whiggamores."

Stand it or not, the soldiers would give him another trial. A larger party than any of those sent since the burning of the castle, marched into Braemar. It was late when they arrived; so, turning their horses loose into the castle park, they kindled fires and made snug for the night. In the morning early, very early, just as a faint streak of light spread in the eastern horizon, "in ane clap," a yell burst from Craig Choinnich, a rush as of many men swept down its side; the sharp report of a hundred guns echoed from the rocks, the whizz of the bullets hissed over the park; another louder, wilder yell arose, and the whiggamores—those who could, sprung on their bare horses' backs and away, away—those less fortunate, whose steeds ran wild, shifted as they best might. The slain were pitched into the Dee, and bidden bear the Black Colonel's compliments to their commandant in Aberdeen, or to Righ Uilliam na gorit (King William the cruel), in London, for the Black Colonel didn't care a bodle for either of the twa. It is to be believed that both dignitaries were perfectly satisfied, for never again did they

seek to molest him. Braemar profited by this tit for the tat of the race of Tullich, in spoils of the vanquished. Among other things the troopers' saddles left in the panic sufficed many long years for the use of the whole country, and some of them, I believe, are even yet in use.

These are the chief incidents in the life of John Farquharson of Inverey, *alias* Fuddie, *alias* the Black Colonel—he, in whose day, as the bards sing, there were mighty hunts on

“Jarnie is Dai's air da thaobh Gheaulle  
The Jarny, the Davy, and both banks of Geldie;”

on

“Beinn na ghloae nan eag, Beinn Bheag, as Beinn Bhouridh,  
Serrated Ben na gloe, Benbeg, and Ben Bourie,”

he at whose feasts sparkling, “Cupaichean airgid agus oir,”  
cups of gold and silver went round mantling with the

“Fion dearg an Ballachan Enbhireidh,  
Red wine within the walls of Inverey,”

he who raised his house to its highest renown, and in those times bore the bell on the Braes of Mar. He died—with equal foot death beats at kingly towers and poor-houses.

The relations of the laird would of course have him interred in the family burying-ground at Castletown, though he had on his deathbed expressly forbidden this, and ordered his body to be laid at Inverey beside Annie Ban. They accordingly conveyed his remains with the usual Highland ceremony to Castletown, and there interred them. But they might have spared themselves the trouble. Next morning Inverey, or rather the coffin and his body, was not below, but above ground. So, for a time, the contest went on—his relations interring every morning, and the laird's remains rising every night. This might have continued till now, and hereafter for evermore; but having been at the trouble of rising up through some six feet of gravel for a fortnight, it was child's play for the colonel to pay a flying visit to the most obstinate of his relations. So, at dead of night the furniture of their houses played up strange cantrips, jigs, and reels; horrid noises rang through the corridors, and a ghastly face, with glaring eyes, hissed till the cold breath chilled their faces, strange words and sighs over their beds. On the whole, they found him as hard a customer to deal with as he had been through life. So, not having been able to persuade him to lie quiet in the “mools” like a decent fellow where they wanted him, they e'en let the naughty man have his own way. Next morning, therefore, they were all in the churchyard without previous concert, where they found the body and coffin as usual, lying on the grave. They understood

each other perfectly. Each could see the colonel had made the round of them all in the night. Without ado they formed in procession, and marched off the body. A serious difficulty lay in the exhalations from the now putrid remains of the laird. But, having got to the side of the Dee, the coffin was boatwise towed up the stream with a horse-hair tether to Inverey, and there finally interred beside Annie Ban. As some were untying the horse-hair tether to take it away, "Leave it, leave it," said his son and heir, "my father may wish to rise again."

If so, not to visit this world, good Peter; and there still lies, we hope now in peace, Ian-Mac-Uilliam, Mac-Sheumais, Mac Dhomhunil, Mac Fhionnlaidh Mhoir; John the son of William, the son of James, the son of Donald, the son of Finlay Mor.

Peter, the fourth Inverey, succeeded his father some time about 1700. He married, first, Margaret Nairn, daughter to Kirkhill, by whom he had issue only daughters. Elizabeth, the eldest, was married to John Forbes of Kincardine O'Neil; Rachael, to John Abercromby, son of the minister of Tarrant; and Rebecca, to Turnbull, brother to Strakatrow. His second wife was Betty Black, daughter to William Black, regent, Aberdeen, and she bore him two sons and two daughters.

Peter was a quiet kind of being; nothing at all like the Black Colonel. When his wild followers were like to go beyond bounds, he would exclaim in rebuke—

"Se mhuinntir sibh, se mhuinntir sibh, agus 'sann agaibh bha mhathair mhath, a dh' ionnsiuch sibh" (Sad folks, sad folks ye are, and indeed you had a good teacher).

He referred to his father, of course. Peter did nothing very remarkable, if I except his going to Sheriffmuir; and we will now have to tell the particulars of that rising, in as far as they relate to this country. Some time before the outbreak, Mar, to find out how the clans and Jacobite families stood affected, appointed to meet the nobles and chiefs at a great hunting in Braemar on the 27th August 1715. Brown, in his "History of the Highlands," by mistake says they met at Aboyne, and, according to him, there were present the Marquis of Huntly, eldest son of the Duke of Gordon; the Marquess of Tullibardine, eldest son of the Duke of Athole; the Earls of Nithsdale, Marischal, Traquair, Errol, Southesk, Carnwath, Seaforth, Lintlithgow, and others; the Lords Rollo, Duffus, Drummond, Strathallan, Ogilvie, and Nairne; and about twenty-six gentlemen of influence in the Highlands, among whom were Generals Hamilton and Gordon, Glengary, Campbell of Glendaruel, and the Lairds of Auchterhouse and Auldbar. Taylor, the water-poet, who was also there, gives this description of the grand hunt, the pretence for the reunion:—

“ There did I find the truly noble and right honourable Lords, John Erskine, Earl of Mar ; James Stewart, Earl of Murray ; George Gordon, Earl of Engye, son and heir to the Marquis of Huntly ; James Erskine, Earl of Buchan ; and John, Lord Erskine, son and heir to the Earl of Mar, and their countesses, with my much-honoured and my last-assured and approved friend Sir William Murray, Knight of Abercarney, and hundreds of others—knights, esquires, and their followers, all and every man, in general, in one habit, as if Lycurgus had been there, and made laws of equality. For once in the year, which is the whole month of August, and sometimes part of September, many of the nobility and gentry of the kingdom (for their pleasure) do come into these highland countries to hunt, where they do conform themselves to the habit of the Highlandmen, who, for the most part, speak nothing but Irish ; and, in former times, were those people which were called the *Redshanks*. Their habit is—shoes, with but one sole apiece ; stockings (which they call short hose) made of a warm stuff of diverse colours, which they call tartan ; as for breeches, many of them, nor their forefathers, never wore any, but a jerkin of the same stuff that their hose is of, their garters being bands or wreaths of hay or straw, with a plaid about their shoulders, which is a mantle of diverse colours, much finer and lighter stuff than their hose, with blue flat caps on their heads ; a handkerchief, knit with two knots, about their necks ; and thus are they attired. Now their weapons are—long-bows and forked arrows, swords and targets, harquebusses, muskets, dirks, and Lochaber-axes. With these arms I found many of them armed for the hunting. As for their attire, any man, of what degree soever, that comes amongst them, must not disdain to wear it, for if they do, then they will disdain to hunt, or willingly to bring in their dogs ; but if men be kind unto them, and be in their habit, then are they conquered with kindness, and the sport will be plentiful. This was the reason that I found so many noblemen and gentlemen in those shapes. But to proceed to the hunting:—

“ My good Lord Mar having put me into that shape, I rode with him from his house, where I saw the ruins of an old castle, called the Castle of Kindroghit. It was built by King Malcolm Canmore (for a hunting-house), who reigned in Scotland when Edward the Confessor, Harold, and Norman William, reigned in England. I speak of it because it was the last house I saw in those parts ; for I was the space of twelve days after before I saw either house, cornfield, or habitation for any creature but deer, wild horses, wolves, and suchlike creatures, which made me doubt that I should never have seen a house again.

“ Thus the first day we travelled eight miles, where there were

small cottages built on purpose to lodge in, which they call Lonquhards. I thank my good Lord Erskine, he commanded that I should always be lodged in his lodging; the kitchen being always on the side of a bank; many kettles and pots boiling, and many spits turning and winding, with great variety of cheer,—as venison baked; sodden, roast, and stewed beef; mutton, goats, kids, hares, fresh salmon, pigeons, hens, capons, chickens, partridges, muircoots, heathcocks, caperkellies, and termagants; good ale, sacke, white and claret, tent (or allegant), with most potent aqua vitæ.

“All these, and more than these, we had continually in superfluous abundance, caught by falconers, fowlers, fishers, and brought by my lord's tenants and purveyors to victual our camps, which consisteth of fourteen or fifteen hundred men and horses. The manner of the hunting is this:—Five or six hundred men do rise early in the morning, and they do disperse themselves diverse ways, and seven, eight, or ten miles' compass: they do bring, or chase in, the deer in many herds (two, three, or four hundred in a herd) to such or such a place, as the noblemen shall appoint them; then, when day is come, the lords and gentlemen of their companies do ride or go to the said places, sometimes wading up to the middles through burns and rivers; and then, they being come to the place, do lie down on the ground, till those foresaid scouts, which are called the tinkhell, do bring down the deer; but, as the proverb says of the bad cook, so these tinkhell men do lick their own fingers; for, besides their bows and arrows, which they carry with them, we can hear, now and then, a harquebuss or musket go off, which they do seldom discharge in vain. Then after we had staid there three hours or thereabouts, we might perceive the deer appear on the hills round about us (their heads making a show like a wood), which, being followed close by the tinkhell, are chased down into the valley where we lay; then all the valley on each side being waylaid with a hundred couple of strong Irish greyhounds, they are all let loose as occasion serves upon the herd of deer, that with dogs, guns, arrows, dirks, and daggers, in the space of two hours fourscore fat deer were slain: which after are disposed of, some one way and some another, twenty and thirty miles, and more than enough left for us to make merry with all at our rendezvous.”

Aye, indeed, those were the hunts to speak of. They went out Glencluny and hunted round the whole of Braemar till they came down on Glencuaich, and there, it would seem, a little jollification was held. The deep round hole at the Linn of Cuaich was then entire, though now perforated. Some anchors of whisky, some gallons of boiling water, and some

hundredweights of honey were poured into it, and soon, you may believe, bumpered off and replenished, and bumpered off again, until the whole company felt comfortable. So the hole was, and is still named, the Earl of Mar's Punch-bowl; and a proper good utensil it was, and capacious withal.

Mar was reconducting Grant of Rothiemurchus up the Lui when he broke the news of the intended rising to him. The laird objected to the design, and an altercation ensued that was likely to end unhappily.

"Why," said Rothiemurchus, "where are your men, my lord?"

"Men!" replied Mar; "I should think you only needed look behind you to see a pretty respectable pattern in my present following."

Rothiemurchus did look round. Some hundreds of Braemar and Strathdee men accompanied them. While the discussion went on, the men stood aloof; and the followers of Rothiemurchus, tall, powerful fellows, though not very numerous, were each in turn lifting an immense block of stone that lay on the burn bank, nearly to their knees, to brag the lads of Mar; and verily they, after the most determined efforts, were unable to free it from the ground, to the great triumph of the Grants.

"Do you call those boys men, my lord?" said Rothiemurchus, taking advantage of the incident; "why, not one of them can move that stone, which my lads, you see, make a plaything of."

The earl looked exceedingly displeased; and Invercauld, who, with others, stood by, observing this, walked away to one of his following, a Finlay Mor Farquharson.

"Finlay," demanded he, "have you tried to lift up that stone?"

Of course he had not.

"Well, my lad, you just go and try."

The earl, Rothiemurchus, and the company drew near, for all felt interested and anxious. In a trice Finlay Mor walked up to them carrying the stone easily in his arms like a little baby, and asked what they wanted with it.

"Just throw it over my horse's neck here," said the earl.

Finlay did so; and then turned away lazily as if that were nothing. Sampson alive again! Ajax playing at marbles, if you please!

"Well, laird, and what think you of our Mar boys now?" inquired the earl, triumphantly. "Let me see one of your Spey lads play me that again."

Rothiemurchus said nothing; but he was one of those present with Mar at Sherriffmuir. Finlay Mor, I need not tell you, was not forgot. The "Clach thogalach" lies still on the Lui, but no one has ever yet played me that again with it; perhaps no one ever will.

Historians have over and over again narrated the particulars of the rising of 1715. Before mentioning the part taken in it by the "Bra' Lads o' Braes o' Mar," it may not be inappropriate to introduce an anecdote relating to this district, which Sir Walter Scott gave in the final edition of his novel of *Rob Roy*. Rob was, it seems, sent by the Earl of Mar in 1715 to raise the arm-bearing men of a portion of the clan seated principally on Gairnside. "While in Aberdeen, he met a relation of a very different class and character from those he was sent to summon to arms. This was Dr James Gregory (by descent a Macgregor), the patriarch of a dynasty of professors distinguished for literary and scientific talent, and the grandfather of the late eminent physician and accomplished scholar, Professor Gregory of Edinburgh. This gentleman was at the time Professor of Medicine in King's College, Aberdeen, and son of Dr James Gregory, distinguished in science as the inventor of the reflecting telescope. With such a family, it may seem, our friend Rob could have had little communion. But civil war is a species of misery which introduces men to strange bedfellows. Dr Gregory thought it a point of prudence to claim kindred at so critical a period with a man so formidable and influential. He invited Rob Roy to his house, and treated him with so much kindness that he produced in his generous bosom a degree of gratitude which seemed likely to occasion very inconvenient effects.

"The Professor had a son about eight or nine years old, a lively, stout boy of his age, with whose appearance our Highland Robin Hood was much taken. On the day before his departure from the house of his learned relative, Rob Roy, who had pondered deeply how he might requite his cousin's kindness, took Dr Gregory aside, and addressed him to this purport:—'My dear kinsman, I have been thinking what I could do to show my sense of your hospitality. Now, here you have a fine-spirited boy of a son, whom you are ruining by cramming him with your useless book-learning; and I am determined, by way of manifesting my great good-will to you and yours, to take him with me and make a man of him.' The learned Professor was utterly overwhelmed when his warlike kinsman announced his kind purpose, in language which implied no doubt of its being a proposal which would be, and ought to be, accepted with the utmost gratitude. The task of apology or explanation was of a most delicate description; and there might have been considerable danger in suffering Rob Roy to perceive that the promotion with which he threatened the son, was, in the father's eyes, the ready road to the gallows. Indeed, every excuse which he could at first think of—such as regret for putting his friend to trouble with a youth who had been educated in the Lowlands, and so on

—only strengthened the chieftain's inclination to patronise his young kinsman, as he supposed they arose entirely from the modesty of the father. He would for a long time take no apology, and even spoke of carrying off the youth by a certain degree of kindly violence, whether his father consented or not. At length the perplexed Professor pleaded that his son was very young, and in an infirm state of health, and not yet able to endure the hardships of a mountain life; but that, in another year or two, he hoped his health would be firmly established, and he would be in a fitting condition to attend on his brave kinsman, and follow out the splendid destinies to which he opened the way. This agreement being made, the cousins parted, Rob Roy pledging his honour to carry his young relation to the hills with him on his next return to Aberdeenshire; and Dr Gregory doubtless praying in his secret soul that he might never see Rob's Highland face again.

“James Gregory, who thus escaped being his kinsman's recruit, and in all probability his henchman, was afterwards Professor of Medicine in the College, and, like most of his family, distinguished by his scientific acquirements. He was rather of an irritable and pertinacious disposition; and his friends were wont to remark, when he showed any symptom of these foibles, “Ah, this comes of not having been educated by Rob Roy!”—*Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, No. 118, New Series, 4th April 1846.

Ah, well, the world has seen many more worthless characters than the good Rob! He marched bravely up Deeside, raised the M'Gregors of Glengairn, and hied on to the rendezvous. “On the 6th September 1715,” says Brown in his *Deeside Guide*, “John Erskine, the 39th Earl of Mar, having marched from Glenlivet, where he had proclaimed the Chevalier de St George under the title of James VIII., erected his standard at Castletown of Braemar, amidst a great assemblage of his vassals. The standard was made by the Countess of Mar (Frances, daughter of the Duke of Kingston), and was of a gorgeous bright blue colour, having on one side the arms of Scotland, richly embroidered in gold; and on the other, the brave thistle of Scotland, with these words underneath, ‘No Union,’ and on the top the ancient motto, ‘Nemo me impune lacessit.’ You may judge if there was not shouting and blowing of trumpets when this brave standard was upreared, and its rich silken folds unfurled to the free winds. But even in that hour of triumph there happened an occurrence which threw a visible gloom over the spirits of the superstitious Highlanders; and this was, that the gilt ball which ornamented the top fell down to the ground, as they thought, an omen of evil bode to the cause



they were that day engaging in. I should mention that the standard had two pendants of white ribbon, on one of which was written, 'For our King and oppressed country;' and on the other, 'For our lives and liberties.' . . . . .

You will observe the small knoll or mound where the standard was raised, a few yards east of the Invercauld Arms Inn, on the south side of the road: it is now planted with thriving young trees.

Then originated the Jacobite song adapted to the reel tune called the "Braes o' Mar." The words went—

"The bra' lads o' Braes o' Mar,  
The bra' lads o' Braes o' Mar,  
The bra' lads o' Braes o' Mar,  
Wha love to court on Sunday."

It will be well to give the ditty of 1715.

The standard on the Braes of Mar  
Is up and streaming rarely;  
The gathering-pipe on Lochnagar  
Is sounding lang an' sairly.  
The Highland men,  
Frae hill and glen,  
In martial hue,  
Wi' bonnets blue,  
Wi' belted plaids,  
An' burnished blades,  
Are coming late and early.

Wha wadna join our noble chief,  
The Drummond and Glengarry;  
Macgregor, Murray, Rollo, Keith,  
Panmure and gallant Harry?  
MacDonald's men,  
Clan-Ronald's men,  
Mackenzie's men,  
Macgillivray's men,  
Strathallan's men,  
The Lowlan' men  
Of Callender and Airly.

Fy! Donald, up, an' let's awa,  
We canna longer parley,  
When Jamie's back is at the wa',  
The lad we lo'e sae dearly.  
We'll go—we'll go,  
An' seek the foe,  
An' fling the plaid,  
An' swing the blade,  
An' forward dash,  
An' hack and slash,  
An' fleg the German carlie.

Surely, if justice had been done, some mention ought to have

been made of those same "Bra' Lads of Braes of Mar." Of course I shall do my best to make up for the omission. Peter of Inverey was chosen colonel of the "bra' lads," as his father had been before under my Lord Dundee ; and gallantly did he bear himself. James of Balmoral, his brother, was aide-de-camp to the Earl of Mar.

When the standard of gorgeous bright blue "was up and streaming rarely"—when Peter of Inverey summoned you out—when the fiery cross, blood-stained, shot like a meteor through your bounds, did not John of Invercauld seize the claymore and cry out, "Come follow me, my merry men?" did not John, the son of Thomas, the son of John of Kirkton of Aboyne, third son of Finlay of Riverney, first son of Robert of Invercauld, devise admirable and unthought-of schemes? and did not the veteran Harry, who had erst seen service in Queen Ann's Spanish legions—third son of Mr Arthur, only son of Finlay, first son of Allastair of Loynmor, third son of Robert of Invercauld—again bare his brave toledo with the gallant following of Morchalla?

And true to tryste was the blade of Harry of Whitehouse—first son, by his second wife, of Mr James, the writer, brother of Donald Og—mindful of fathers and family, accompanied by his sons, promise of a name of still unblemished worth, Francis, Charles, and John, and the solid and stout men of Cromar.

Splendid, too, flashed at Castletown the steel of Donald of Micras, second son of Alexander, only son of Donald, eldest son of Alexander, the first Allancuaich.

Splendid the steel of Lawrence, only son of Donald of Cobbletoun of Tullich, eldest son, by his second wife, of Donald, eldest son of Alexander, the first Allancuaich ; and splendid the steel of his brother Robert, as the three stood with the whole following of the family.

Old Louis of Auchindryne, true to the last, the worthy captain of Killiecrankie, again assumed his grade, and called forth his sons, and called forth his men : for when were ever the Auchindrynes the last?

Donald of Coldrach, captain likewise under "Ian dubh nan Cath," first son of George, second son of Donald, first son of William, son of Donald of Castletown by the Lord Forbes's brother's daughter, with his eldest son George, marched their hundreds rejoicing down the Cluny side.

And how welcome were the broadswords of the Broughdeargs ; the sword of William, first son of the Tutor Alexander, third son of David, first son of William, first son of Lachlan, seventh son of Finlay Mòr ; the sword of Alexander, the son of James, fourth son of David, first son of William, first son of Lachlan ; the sword of that gallant tar, Peter of Rochalzie,

second son of Paul, only son by his second wife of George, third son of Lachlan; and all the swords of Glen Shee and Glen Isla gleaming round the three chiefs.

Nor let me forget, last but not least, of brave "clann Fhionnlaidh"—Shaw, sixth son of Grigor, only son of James of Camdel, third son of John, first son, by his second wife, of Finlay of Achriachan, with the tough flinty lads of Strathaven and the Livet Glen.

How did the slogan "Carn-a'-Chuimhne" resound as Clann Fhionnlaidh gathered in such gallant guise! How did the pibroch of the sons of Fearchar awaken the echoes of the wild rocks and glens of the Braes of Mar! What a gallant show of waving, blooming, purple foxglove, bound in the bonnie blue bonnets by the lion gules, issuant from a wreath, armed in the dexter paw with a sword proper, as the breeze of the mountain swept over their ranks! How magnificently floated the silken tartan standard, bearing quarterly, first and fourth, or a lion rampant gules; second and third, argent, a fir-tree vert, issuant from a mount, in base, seeded proper; and on a chief gules the banner of Scotland displayed, and a dexter hand coupé, charged with a dagger. And how well did the motto, "Fide et Fortitudine"—(faith and fortitude, or, I force no friend, I fear no foe)—fit the gallant men who stood under it! So they marched away—they marched away—and the swords went out to war.

Ah, yes! but many, many never came back: many of those "bra' lads" were to see the Braes of Mar never more—alas! no. Quoth Louis of Auchindryne, "I'm old now, and can be of little use; but what reck"—pointing at his sons who accompanied him, and showing a large pistol in his belt—"if my lads should not do their duty, can I no *sheet* them?" Ah! Lewis, Lewis, there were plenty others to do that; and no wonder another old royalist of your own stamp cried out in the battle, "Oh, for one hour of Dundee!" for it was a woefully mismanaged fight. It grieves my spirit, so let us have done with it. Every one knows the history of the year 1715.

We must not, however, omit to mention that the poetical famous account of the Battle of Sherrifmuir—"There's some say that we wan, &c."—was composed by the Rev. Murdoch M'Lennan, minister of Crathie.

A great number, if not the majority, of the "bra lads" went with the Brigadier M'Intosh to luckless Preston. Peter of Rochalzie, the sailor, holding the rank of captain, "being an expert soldier, did encourage the soldiers under Brigadier M'Intosh's command to pass over Forth, and carried them close by the men-of-war that were cruising there, without hurt, but was afterwards killed at Preston by a ball through the knee."

“John, of Invercauld, was taken at Preston, where he behaved very well, and was carried up thence to London, where he was detained in the Marshalsea prison — months.”

“John, the writer of the Riverney Family, was taken at Preston, and kept prisoner at London until he brought himself off at his trial, by drawing up such a scheme for his exculpation as procured his pardon on first hearing it. ‘*Dolus an virtus, &c.*’”

“Harry, of the Loynmor Family, was taken at Preston, and transported to Virginia, as were many others.”

“Francis, son of Harry of Whitehouse, was taken at Preston, and detained at London till he endured the trial.”

“Donald of Micras was in Mar's regiment taken at Preston, and was under sentence of transportation with the rest.”

Probably Lawrence of Cobletoun of Tullich was also taken there, “for he was out in ye year 1715; and though he was a man as little inclined to the wrathful principle as his father, transported from Liverpool to the West Indies, and lived and died there.”

“Robert, of the Allancuaich Family, was taken at Preston and transported to Virginia, from which he returned, and died at home.”

Little better did those at Sheriff-Muir fare. Harry of Whitehouse was made a prisoner in his own house for being in the army at Perth, as also his sons, Charles and John, and the three carried to Aberdeen.

Shaw, of the Achriachan Family, was killed at Sheriff-Muir.

“James, of Balmoral, aide-de-camp to the Earl of Mar, suffered as others did, till the general indemnity, besides his fall over the terrible precipice of Pennin with the Lord Fraser.”

“Peter, the colonel, was forced to pass over to France till the indemnity, and narrowly escaped being forfeited by being attainted under a wrong name.”

The government shortly after sent a body of troops into the country, which they completely wasted. Not a single house was left standing in Braemar except one—that of a poor old woman at Corriemulzie. She did not, like the rest of her neighbours, fly in terror to the hills at the soldiers' approach, but set to work and extinguished the fire set to the thatch of her hut as fast as they could kindle it. Admiring her patience and courage, they at length desisted, leaving her both little damaged. The greater part of the meal in the strath—it was bear-meal, of course—the people hid in the deep chasm of the burn of Corriemulzie, a short distance below the much-admired fall. It was tied up in sacks; and when taken out after the razzia of the troops, was found perfectly dry, except a thin paste, about a quarter of an inch thick, adhering to the sacks. Shortly after,

Braemar Castle was rebuilt, and a garrison placed there. Another garrison was stationed in a house at the Dubrach, a third in the Castle of Abergeldie, and a fourth in that of Corgarff.

After many long years, Inverey came home, and time passed on, and the property and rights of the forfeited Mar came to be disposed of. The traditional account of this transaction will best be told when we come to the Auchindrynes. I prefer here to insert the transaction as given in Lord Grange's letters. He was a brother of the forfeited earl. Hill Burton, in a note to his *Narratives from Criminal Trials in Scotland*, 1852, says, "Lord Grange was one of those vile, but fortunately rare characters, a perfect hypocrite, who led two distinct lives—the one immersed in the blackest vices, the other whitewashed with a thin covering of the purest piety. He joined with extreme mystery and secrecy in the hideous debauches of Lovat, and the other profligates of the day; hatching Jacobite plots with them, while he publicly professed the strongest Hanoverian and Presbyterian principles." His conduct to his wife and sister-in-law, Lady Mar, is then commented on. It is shown how he is accepted as a saint by the zealot Wodrow, and the instance of the conversion of a barber's boy is given; and the note concludes with the virtuous man's attempt to suppress the circulating library established by Allan Ramsay the poet. From such a person, we must be disposed to take our accounts with a "grain of salt." Having warned the reader, I subjoin extracts from his letters touching the disposing of the property and other things.

LORD GRANGE TO THOMAS ERSKINE OF PITTODRY.

"EDINBURGH, 22d *March* 1730-1.

"The parting with those things in Aberdeenshire gives me a great deal of uneasiness. But what can we do? Better to part with some, and save the rest, than lose all. If Lord E——ne would have done anything tollerably, it had not come to this. But, after so much mellancholy matter, it were too much to enter on that now. The bargain about the forrest has gone so oddly, that you should know it.

"We resolved to give the offer to the gentlemen whose lands lay nearest to it—viz. Inverrey and Dallmore. The first came here himself, and the other commissioned his brother about it. Lord Dun thought fit to call Invercauld hither, to give advice; and to him he allso proposed to buy the Davach of Castletown, who was for it, but regreated he was to have no share of the

forrest for grazing to it. Dallmore's people have shunned me as afraid ever since the impertinence of James, last deceast, and applyed wholly to Dun, and Lord Dun, in this affair transacted all, both with Dallmore and Inverrey ; and the price he asked, by Invercauld's advice, was fifteen years' purchase of the rent it has been set at these two years passt. At length Dun, with Inverrey and Charles, came to me, and his share of the forrest, and what he was to pay for the souming and rouming of the sheels and glennings, came to ten thousand merks. They pretended not that it was too dear, but said they were not able for it ; and had, even on that pretence, proposed before to Lord D. to let them have all for five thousand merks, and when I was there, came up to seven thousand ; and Lord D., believing that if they did not, none else would purchase it, nine thousand merks was agreed to on both sides. The proportion of this for his part of the forrest (the same that he has in tack) was four thousand five hundred merks. Dallmore, after much jangling with Lord D. for that part which he has in tack, would not give the seven thousand five hundred merks, which, at fifteen years' purchase, it amounted to ; and Dun gave up with him, which he told me in the forenoon ; and I told my lord that I would not consent to his geting another offer of it, but let Invercauld have it, who had been more usefull to us, and might be so still, and proceeded more handsomely ; to which Lord D. agreed, and I assured Invercauld in the afternoon that he only should be the man. He no sooner parted with me than he told this to Dallmore's brother, who came to me allmost out of his wits ; said he did not think he had given up with Lord D. ; that his brother might leave the country if Invercauld got this ; and, insted of fifteen, had better give fifty years' purchase than want it ; and allmost with tears, begged me to let him have it still. I told him how unworthy he was, knowing the value of it so well, yet to strive so much to beat down the price ; that he had had it several times in his offer at that low price, and rejected. He answered that it was only to learn whether Inverrey should get an abatement, that he might ask it too. I replied that it was nothing to him though we had sold to Inverrey for sixpence, and, since he had been thus on the sharp with us, he was deservedly trapt ; that I had given my word to Invercauld, and would not break it, any rate.

“ Then Lord D. and I met with Invercauld and Inverrey ; and his brother Charles and he, and J. Thomson, were to draw minutes, and Lord D. to go from town next day. The minutes Charles made were perplexed nonsense, like his looks, and, I believe, like the inside of his head too. Therefore, just after Dun went away, I drew the minutes myself, and sent them to

the lairds and their writer, and met with them about two hours afterwards. They were displeased with them, and none more than that bitter little villain, Charles. I added some things on the margin, which pleased them; so we parted, and were to meet next day, and sign when the minutes were transcribed on stamped paper. When I came from them, a gentleman, exceeding responsible, told me he heard of the bargain; that I was vastly cheated by these villains; that he was not at freedom to tell me his man, nor did I need to care, for he would give me, for Invercauld's part, one hundred guineas above the seven thousand five hundred merks. I told him that I suspected Dallmore was his man, who, therefore, was still the greater villain, since he had strove to cheat us even of a part of the seven thousand five hundred merks. He would not tell me the man; but in short he offered me four thousand five hundred merks above the seven thousand five hundred, and to give me his own bill for it, payable at Whitsunday next; and assured me of a merchant for Inverey's part, at a price proportionally higher than Inverey's. I told him that if I had known so much when they impertinently and sawcily jangled with me about the minute, I could have broke with them, but now could not honourably do it, should he give pounds sterling for merks Scots; that I had never broke my word in any bargain, and never would.

“When Invercauld came to me next day, I told him this, and that we were ill-used by all of them, and expected it not at his hand; and would think it very odd if he came not up to the price, or at least made a handsome compliment: but he was deaf. The thing began to be talked of; and Sir H. P——ne happening to meet the two Invers., told them so, and that it filled everybody with indignation to see Lord M.'s family, in the present circumstances, treated so by those who ought, least of all men, to do so. That if some others than Lord G. was the man, he would be easy, for there being *locus pœnitentiæ* till write interveened, some others would make use of that legal privilege, which he feared Lord G. would not, believing he was tyed by his word, though not by law; and that it would not raise their characters in the world if they caught the advantage, because he is a man of honour. Inverey and his brother seemed not a bit moved. Invercauld was in a sort of agony, and his lip trembled (as you know it does when he is in great concern), and he hasted to get away from him. Much pains was taken to persuade me I was not tyed in honour; but I hate to drive too near in that point, or to do anything that looks like shirking and playing fast and loose, whatever be the consequences.

“At length I again met with the two lairds and writer, the

minutes being ready for signing. I composed myself to great calmness, and observed it, though inwardly very angry. But I told them calmly and plainly that I was a frank dealer, as they knew, and would, without any commotion, tell them the truth; that I was ill used by them, and Lord D. and I plainly imposed upon by those we thought that, as gentlemen, and who had received not a few former favours, and still profest great kindness and respect to the family, would not have hurt it so signally in its present circumstances. They said the rent would never answer in mony to the agreed price, and that they would gladly give a nineteen years' tack at a smaller rent; but they acknowledged that they valued the priviledge of killing deer and roe, being heritably deputy-forresters, and thereby entitled to the generall's warrands for carrying arms, and were afraid of strangers, and especially men of power, geting the forrest, which would hurt them vastly; and hoped I would continue so good to them as not to do it. I answered, that, as their goodness to me was very extraordinary, it was merry enough to talk so on this occasion; that if all these things were so valuable to them, and that others would pay for them, why should not they? And they knew that the family could not spare such summes at present. That by holding me to my word, Lord M. losst on the forrest about £500 sterling; and since I took not the legal priviledge of resiling if they came not up to the price or made a handsome compliment, I would declare them the most ungenerous men alive; and that I hardly believed there were other two gentlemen in the shire of Aberdeen who would use me so. Their answer was that I had made the bargain with them already. In short, we signed the minutes, and left them with that worthy gentleman, Charles the writer (whom I may probably remember), to be sent to the country to Lord D. to sign them. As I left them, Invercauld was so modest as, with a trembling voice, to entreat me still to get Alnaquoich and some servants of his kept out of the Porteous roll, which before he had desired of me without any concern. When I left those three, they got their cousin, young Finzean, and went to the tavern, and made merry.

“ Mr Erskine the solicitor and other friends got notice of this, and are downright enraged at it, and sent an express to Lord D. with letters, to show him he is not obliged to sign, and ought not to do it; that I was too nice, for a plain cheat and imposition, being discovered before signing, was sufficient in honour to loose one from a promise. That he was still at more freedom, not having been present at concerting the papers, nor having then agreed to the bargain as I had done. That there are things in them which were not talked of with him, and so



he was at freedom to sign or not, such as killing deer and roe, building in the forrest, feeding swine in it, &c. ; and these are things which they say quite evacuates the reservation we made of hunting, &c., since they must quite destroy the game. What Lord D. will do, I know not ; but I am satisfied he may, according to strict honour, refuse to sign ; and, had I thought myself so situated, I would not have signed.

“ Let me end this long story by another passage. When Lord D. proposed the Castletown to Invercauld, he made some objections to the terms, but it was plain he was for it. I told Dun we should end that with him before he got the forrest, without which he thought none would buy the Castletown, for want of grass ; and, therefore, if both were not ended at once, he might think to put his own terms on us for the Castletown. But Lord D. seemed not touched with this, and hurried out of town. When I spoke with Invercauld about the Castletown, after I saw he resolved to hold me fast about the forrest, he told me plainly that he would not come up to our terms. But he will be disappointed, for I think to get our own terms though his honour should have the forrest ; and if another will but give as much as he, can any mortall say that his honour of Invercauld should be the man after what has passt ?

“ I have wearyd myself and you with this long narration, because the affair may produce some noise, if Lord D. refuse to sign ; and I wisht you might at any rate know all particularly. Since they thus catch at advantages, what is it to us who gets the forrest, if we get the more mony ? Certain folks coming there may hurt the Farquharsons, but cannot hurt us, for they will be our vassals too ; and, be they never so strange, cannot in any occurrence endeavour to impose on us more enormously. And when these gentlemen do so now, what would they not do when they have more power in the country ? Would the breaking or diminishing their power there hurt any but themselves, since thus they proceed with us ? To pay but twelve thousand instead of twenty-one thousand merks, is a terrible odds.

“ Earl Aberdeen and others are asking grazings of us.

“ The letters from the sollicitor and others to Lord Dun were wrote, and in the hands of the express to go off with them, before I knew that any such were wrote, and to be sent to him. It was with some difficulty they told me, fearing I would stop them. But I saw not why I should ; and you may see my reasons by what is above.

“ I own my fault in not writing back to you about the mony. I knew not what to say till we should see what would become of some bargains ; but I ought not to have neglected to tell you so, for which I hope you will pardon me.

“As to what I owe on my own account to Invercauld,\* he wrote to me before he came up, and has here said to me, and indeed very civilly, that if uneasy for me to pay the wholle at Whitsunday next, he would only ask the half; and we agreed that it should be so. As to that gentleman's procedure ever since I had business with him, it makes me think him of a pretty mixt character. He seems still to be the best of them, and to have more of something like knowledge and a gentleman. But there is so confounded a predominancy of Highland vanity, want of right knowledge of the world, avarice, and a weak, jealous mind, that I cannot help thinking on four lines in Rochester—

‘Half learned, and half witty, and half brave,  
Half honest, which is very much a knave;  
Made up of all those halves, you cannot pass  
For anything entirely but an ass.’

It is not hard to see through all these gentry, for their own vile Highland maxims are become so familiar to them, that you need but set their minds and tongues a-running, without contradicting them, and in the heat and run of their discourse they will tell you all themselves. But I have known others, who by their stations and education should be wiser, yet so much immersed in knavery by long prosperous practice, and their minds so debauched and corrupted, that, as if they had losst the very ideas and notions of honesty and honour, they have blabbed out what, at least, in prudence and decency, they should have concealed of themselves. I had very strong instances of this sort from both the Invers, when in the Highlands in the year 1725. Each of them separately were at pains to explain and vindicate to me their conduct in the year 1715. I did not wonder at their conduct; I had in former affairs seen enough to make me think it like them. But till then I scarcely imagined them so hardened as to repeat their scurvey, ungenerous, dishonourable maxims by way of vindication, and showing their parts and dexterity. They are certainly such as that neither king nor country, benefactor nor friend, can rely on them: but private Highland interrest, pursued in the way of the greatest deceit and basenes, will carry them over all these. And it seems those people have not of late only been such. I was still more surprised at the account which Invercauld gave me of his grandfather's conduct, when Charles II. was at Scoon, before Worcester fight, when my grandfather by the king's command wrote to him (he showed me the letter) to bring down the men for his majesty's service. This behaviour was all the vilest double Highland cunning, which yet the laird spoke of as

\* *Note.*—“The sum of money due by Lord Grange, by what follows, appears to have been £400.”

great wisdom. And it was droll enough that, some days thereafter, talking of Clova's odd freedoms, he told how once, being his bedfellow, he awaked him to tell him that his grandfather had then behaved like a rascal.

"But pray reflect on the conduct of the late Earl of Breadalbane, Glengairy, &c., and you will see that our gentry are not singular in the Highlands.

"You will certainly conclude from this I am so angry at what has now happened, that all these things come again in my mind. I cannot deny it. But still the things are true."

## II.—OF LORD GRANGE TO THOMAS ERSKINE of Pittodry.

"EDINBURGH, 14th June 1731.

"I believe your conversation with Inverc—d has made him ashamed of the affair about the forrest, for Lord Dun tells me he gave up his minute. I am glad on't, on account of his own character; for I think him the best of the set."

## III.—OF LORD GRANGE TO THOMAS ERSKINE of Pittodry.

"EDINBURGH, 18th June 1733.

"I hear Monaltrie has owned his being in the wrong to Captain Grant, and has given bond for the bygones, &c. He might once have had a better bargain. He must certainly be what he called himself, a very weak man. But I am glad that affair is at an end, and I wish they may now be good friends."

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The end of all this ado seems to have been that the Lairds in question, Invercauld, Inverey, and Dallmore, obtained the property they wanted, and Duff of Braco, we are told, purchased the rights of the Earl as lord superior of Mar. And Peter died and was gathered to his fathers, and he sleeps in the churchyard of Inverey.

One of his sons seems to have died before him.

The other, Finlay, had some difficulty in getting himself served heir to his father, for, to speak in the mildest terms, he was a little weak or silly. The nearest heirs endeavoured to keep him out on this plea, but the "bitter little villain Charles" brought him up to Edinbro', and got him trained a little.

Quoth Finlay, when he came home laird, telling what exam-

ination he passed to prove his fitness to administer his own affairs, "I counted twenty on my hand, and got the estate."

This required a vast amount of talent and learning, no doubt, but, for all that, the accounts that reach us do not tend to make us think highly of Finlay's administration. He had wit enough to get a wife, notwithstanding all this. His own account of her, when asked what she was, seems a little vague.

"Oh!" said Finlay, "they called my wife Te bhan na bra-taich—*i. e.* the yellow-haired saddlecloth-maker."

She was dead when this lucid biography of her used to be given by her husband. She left Finlay an only son, Benjamin, the last hope of Inverey.

When the child grew up, Finlay was persuaded to bring him to Edinburgh for his education. Accordingly, bundling him on his shoulders, he went up Gleney. On the way, Benjy did something, I fear me, the sons of the Cæsars were guilty of, and altogether nonplussed his father. But Finlay was not to be out-done; the Ey was at hand, and in a nice pool he swilled Benjy up and down in all his toggery, and then spread him out to dry on the burn banks. That night the pair lodged with the Farquharsons of Stralloch, and then next day got to Edinburgh. The "bitter little villain Charles" got the young heir put to school, and his father conveyed him to it every morning, and went to fetch him home every night. As they were coming home one day, then, Finlay went, as usual, gazing into the shop windows, and, at length, some great "ferlie" arrested his steps. When he turned round again to resume his walk, Benjy was gone—kidnapped. Finlay went over all Edinburgh, crying out, "a Bhenjie, a Bhenjie!" but no Benjy was forthcoming, nor ever after forthcame.

Inverey came home—at least, he came to Braemar. He had no home; but what of that? On all those of his tenants, who fell behind in their rents, the laird quartered himself. He was not hard to deal with, poor man, but just ate with the family, and got a bed in barn, byre, or stable, if they were hard up for beds in the house. Then he made himself generally useful about the farm, especially in looking after the "*beasts.*" But, easy-going as he was, he would not put up with every sort of folks.

He hung out, for the most part, with M'Dougal of Braegarrie—a relation of Col. John's henchman. In those times the Catholics were obliged to practise the rites of their religion in private. Finlay, whether Catholic or not, went along with them. On one occasion, while at mass in the barn at Braegarrie, Finlay looked out for something to give at the collection, but found he had no small change, a condition of pockets I am often afflicted with.

"Oh! laird, laird," said the goodwife, "you should have given something for charity, in pity of your soul."

"I searched in my pockets," quoth he, "for a bodle, but could find nothing under a halfpenny. Still I feel a great deal more pity for M'Donald of the Allanmore, whose land is all flooded, than for my poor soul."

"I wonder," the wife would say by-and-by—a hint for the laird,—“who will let the poor herds home this bad night.”

"Oh! they're not so very ill off," would the laird reply; "I pity more the poor lassies who must always be out bare-legged in the cold and wet;" referring to the children of the same M'Donald, who was Finlay's very particular friend. The laird generally ended, however, after a hint of this kind, by going to the relief of the herds. Little more, save some few anecdotes in this vein, is known about him, and he died, and with him ended the Invereys.

Katie of Marlodge Bridge remembered to have seen his coffin passing to the churchyard of Inverey, for he died with M'Dougal at Braegarrie.

The estate then passed to the Auchindrynes.

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## LEGEND OF THE DALMORES.

I REGRET that I have no genealogical account of the M'Kenzies of Dalmore, now Marlodge, to guide me in this sketch of the memorables of that family. I shall, however, be able to inform you of their origin. The data I have to go on, in giving the names of the most noted lairds of the Dalmore, is principally Broughdearg's Genealogy of the Farquharsons.

When James IV. rebelled against his father, among those who aided him was Kenneth M'Kenzie, ninth Earl of Kintail. He was called earl, though never such, because his father, though alive, was so old and infirm that Kenneth had the management of everything. After his victory, and when himself king, James IV. was forced by public opinion to make a show of punishing those who had abetted him in his unnatural rebellion. Kenneth M'Kenzie then, with some others, was imprisoned in Edinburgh, whence, however, he and another nobleman, loathing durance vile, soon effected their escape. They fled north, but were intercepted by the Buchanans of Athole, and called upon to yield themselves prisoners.

"Never," cried the proud chief, "never was M'Kenzie so degraded as to yield to a Buchanan."

The Buchanans fell upon them, and in very short time slew the brave Kenneth, and took his companion prisoner. King James was sorely grieved when the tidings reached him, and asked if M'Kenzie had left no heirs, whom he might bestead for their father's services to him. It was found he had left only two natural sons. To them king James gave the estate of the Dalmore, in Braemar, and so the family settled there. To this day a M'Kenzie of Braemar bears hatred to the Buchanans; he sucks it in from his mother's breast. The first of the Dalmores, of whom we find mention made, is Kenneth, who married Beatrix, the daughter of Finlay Mor. Now assuming the date of the expulsion of the Priest Owenson to be 1606, in which transaction Beatrix figures, we may put down her husband's (Kenneth) death about that date, for we do not find any notice of him in the doings of that time.

In the Legend of the Cam Ruadh, we have a M'Coinnich Mor na Dallach figuring, probably the son and heir of Kenneth. He would have been a contemporary of Donald Og na h-Alba.

We have his son and heir probably in John M'Kenzie, whose daughter was married to Grigor Farquharson of Camdel. Grigor had six sons, the youngest of whom, Shaw, was killed in the Battle of Sheriffmuir. His grandfather, therefore, we may suppose was born about 1625 or 1630.

I would suppose that John's son and heir was Kenneth M'Kenzie, mentioned in the Poll Book in 1696. There is an item follows for his wife and two children in familia. He may have been about forty years of age at that time, and died, perhaps, about 1710.

His son and heir was Seumas Mor na pluice. This James and two of his sons were killed by the Katterans in Gleney, I should think, about the year 1725.

Then, according to Broughdearg, we have Donald Laird in 1733. He married Ann Farquharson, the daughter of Finlay of the Loynmor family, and widow of Peter of Rochalzie. He it was, probably, who sold the estate to the Duffs before the Rebellion of 1745.

This is the clearest account I can give of the Dalmore family. From the Dalmores came all the M'Kenzies now or lately dwelling in the Braes of Mar.

Very little is known of the second branch of the family—the Lairds of the Craggan. It was probably founded by the younger of Kenneth's two sons.

Donald Laird of Craggan, we know from Broughdearg, had a daughter, "Grizzel," whom Alexander Farquharson, the first

Allancuaich, espoused for his third wife. They were nearest neighbours, and the alliance must have been exceedingly convenient.

Duncan, probably son and heir of Donald, married William Farquharson of Coldrach's eldest daughter. Shortly after this, the lairdship of Craggan must have fallen to the eldest branch of the Dalmores, for we do not find any other laird spoken of.

Among the earliest traditions relating to the family of the Dalmores, is that of a feud with the Forbeses. How it originated is not known. Dalmore sent for aid to his ally, Invereshy. When the messenger from Braemar arrived, the laird was busy drying his corn in the kiln. Sweating and black with soot, he ran into his mansion, and there finding his seven sons at dinner, ordered them to equip themselves, and proceed to Braemar to do battle for his friend Dalmore. His dame, however, who was busy baking, thought proper to retain her youngest son at home. Shortly after the others had gone away, the laird re-entered.

"Ah! is it here you are, my gentleman?"

"If any misfortune should befall," pleaded madam, "surely it is little to have one lamb of the flock safe?"

"Keep him, keep him," returned the laird with a contemptuous shrug, "at your apron strings, to turn your bannocks."

The young man's cheeks reddened; he sprang to his feet, belted on his sword, and rushed from the house. Eastwards from the Dalmore a short space, the battle with the Forbeses began, and foremost in the thickest rain of blows was Invereshy's youngest son. In a few moments, the Donside men fled, and were chased over the Bealach Dearg. As the victors were returning home, they came on a wounded foe, near a small spring, who piteously begged for a draught of water. Invereshy's youngest son ran, and filling the crown of his bonnet from the runlet, hastened to give the poor sufferer a drink. As he bent down to put it to his lips, the Forbes drove his spear through him, and the young lad fell dead with a groan. His enraged brothers hacked the wretch to pieces. The well where the incident happened is still known as "Fuaran Mhic Coinnich-na-gruaig"—*i. e.* "The well of M'Kenzie of the hair." It would appear he wore his hair uncut, a practice not uncommon in bygone times. "Wae" the day and sad the Coronach when the six brothers arrived with the bloody body at Invereshy.

You will recollect the story of a certain Seumas Ghiuthais in the "Legend of Donald of Castletown." This same Seumas married and begot a Seumas the second, who attained the dignity of Gilliestreine, or groom to Dalmore. Now, in the days when Seumas roved a young Highlander, how it was I cannot

say, but so Tullochgorum would have it, that his daughter should marry a neighbouring laird—a scroggie old carle, very unlike the young lassie, and he sent Dalmore an invitation to attend the wedding feast. M'Kenzie found it would be impossible for him to have the pleasure, and therefore despatched Seumas Ghiuthais with his excuses to Speyside.

Well, the M'Donald—you know that the Giuthasaich were M'Donalds—was a bonnie boy, hardy and bold, supple and active, tall and strong, and withal as well-featured as any young lady could desire to contemplate; and though a bitter storm of snow-drift swept the mountains, he made his way bravely to Tullochgorum by nightfall. When he entered all covered with drift, who so ready as the bride herself to take his plaid, and to shake the snow from his curly black hair and brown whiskers. Oh! perilous proximity those two faces must have been in! But if that had been all. It's always the way, however; put young folks into each other's company, and off they go into love, over head and ears, like a "muirburn"—the more unreasonable the better. The old bridegroom—alas for old bridegrooms who will wed young maidens!—was only remembered in so far as that it would be a blessed deed to cheat him. Miss Grant gave James at his departure a ring, which he was to send her on the marriage day in token that their schemes had succeeded, and that all was right and ready.

"Pity!" said Dalmore, as he was discussing affairs with James on his return, "the lassie should be given to that nasty old 'bodach.'"

"What say you if I take her from him yet?"

"I say you shall have the best farm on the Dalmore."

"It's a bargain," returned the Giuthasach.

M'Kenzie and Tullochgorum were great together, so none of the Dalmore tenants were allowed to band with M'Donald in his adventure. But what of that? James slipped over to Inverey, and soon enlisted a dozen real bloods, trained under John, the Black Colonel—just the lads for a bit fun. On the marriage evening they reached a sheep-cot near Tullochgorum. There all went merry as a marriage-bell—they were keeping it up in real Highland style, for brief and the bride would leave her father's ha', and enter on a new life for better or for worse. And lo! in the height of fun and frolic, enters a stranger. On occasions of this kind, whoever chances to come the way is considered a guest, and treated as such. The stranger requested permission to tread a measure with the bride.

"Two if you like it," quoth Tullochgorum.

As the reel proceeded, Miss Grant felt a ring slipped into her hand. It was the signal ring. She escaped to her own room,



put on her outgoing raiment, contrived to get away unperceived, and reached the sheep-cot, where her welcome was sure. And now for Braemar, away, away!

Imagine the scene at Tullochgorum when the lady was missed.

“ They sought her baith by bower and ha’,  
The lady was not seen.”

At length footsteps through the snow leading to the sheep-cot excited suspicion, and off they went on the trail. When they reached the cot they found no longer room to doubt: and it was “haste, arm, arm! and away!” with all the bridal party. The bridegroom had now arrived with his party, and he joined his father-in-law in the pursuit. Meanwhile the “bra’ lads” were marching over the hills and far awa’. They crossed the Avon at Alt-nam-meann—the ford of the roes—but ever-alake! the snow was deep, and the road was rough and weary long! and the young lady was overcome with fatigue. The men had to carry her by turns, and in spite of all that men could do Tullochgorum overtook them at the Derry Dam. Drawn up on either side of the stream, both parties faced each other ready for fight.

“Go home, go home, Tullochgorum,” cried our old friend Alastair M’Dougal, Inverey’s henchman, swinging a battle-axe of the most ponderous size round his head, “for I would dare the best man that ever was in Strathspey to cross the ford in despite of me.”

“Go home, Tullochgorum,” cried M’Donald: “by her own will your daughter is here, and were you a hundred instead of ten to one, it would be a daring deed to force the passage of the stream.”

After consulting and considering, the Strathspey men thought proper to retire, fretting and fuming mightily no doubt. James of the Fir had his marriage celebrated in Braemar on the following morning. He applied to Dalmore to fulfil his promise, but he refused from fear of offending Tullochgorum. Luckily Inverey befriended the young couple, and gave them the farm of Tomlice at Corriemulzie. Ever after the Giuthasach tribe, hardy and bold, followed the banner of the Invereys.

The first Christmas after this affair Dalmore went over to pass it with his ally Tullochgorum, and the succeeding one Grant came to spend at Dalmore.

When the laird thought of returning to Strathspey,

“Why,” said M’Kenzie, “you don’t mean to go without seeing your daughter?”

“A daughter who brought shame on her father’s house little merits a visit from Tullochgorum.”

“Pooh, pooh!” quoth Mackenzie, “I carry my head as high as Tullochgorum, and yet I visit her, and so does Inverey.”

The Black Colonel hearing that Grant was at Dalmore, provided M'Donald and his wife with what was necessary to give the dame's father a worthy reception; thinking, as indeed it happened, that he might be prevailed on to pay them a visit. Accordingly, when M'Kenzie and he arrived, Mrs M'Donald, decked in her best, welcomes them in.

“A fine trick, my lady,” quoth Tullochgorum, “you played me and all your kin!”

Mrs M'Donald made no reply, but handed a nice yellow-haired boy to the keeping of Dalmore, and bounced out for her “gudeman.” M'Kenzie cunningly transferred his charge to the grandfather's knee, and his hard old heart was softened. Dalmore knew how to come about him. James of the Fir was in the barn at the “flail,” and came in wiping the perspiration from his brow. Tullochgorum, completely subdued by the gallant bearing of the Giuthasach on his entry, thus addressed his daughter, “Indeed, darling, I wonder not, that you acted as you did.” In about ten minutes after the Black Colonel dropped in, and a complete reconciliation was effected. The Colonel, with the other two lairds, held it a day of feasting and rejoicing. At parting it was agreed, that Inverey should give the young couple the farm of Ruigh-an-t-seilich in Gleney—a much larger and better one than they then held, and Tullochgorum was to stock it well with sheep and cattle. The M'Donalds prospered in their new place. The grandson of this Seumas fought at Falkirk, and his descendants held the place until very lately.

In the days of Seumas Mor na pluice the M'Kenzies went out to Sheriffmuir, and did many deeds of valour with the other “bra' lads.” In that war the family bard had his nose cut off, and ever after went by the name of Sandy Salach, or Filthy Sandy, because he was unable to keep his nose in decent trim. The jealousies and rivalry which at last ruined the Invereys and Dalmores had but begun; and the Marcaich bards prided themselves on their Tournays of Poesy with Sandy Salach. They were wont to encounter on the banks of the Dee, each party keeping his own side, and hailing across the river the praises of their own chiefs, and the bitterest satires of the rival family. On one of these occasions the Marcaich poets aptly dignified the rival bard with the title he ever after went by—Sandy Salach; to which he retorted—

“Ged thubhairt sibh Sandy Salach rium,  
Bu mhath b'aithne dhuibh mo dhaoinse  
'Stric thug iad na caoraich bhratach as ur càtan, &c.”

“ Though you call me Filthy Sandy,  
Well do you know the brave race whence I sprung.  
Often they have taken the stolen sheep from your folds,  
And threatened to break your heads besides.”

And so they waged the war of words until the strife took the more material form of feud and lawsuit under the inspiration of the Duffs.

But hold! whither away? Have I not reached the days of the Urrasachs, a cadet branch of the Dalmore family? So listen good people and give heed, you shall hear of a rival to the Cam Ruadh, mayhap to the Black Colonel himself. Our narrative will precede the beginning of the eighteenth century, and extend to somewhere about the years 1730 and 1735. I give due precedence to Gilleasbuig MacCoinnich, *alias* Gilleasbuig Urrasach, that is, Archibald M<sup>c</sup>Kenzie, *alias* Archibald the Proud or the Bold—the most renowned of the two brothers.

GILLEASBUIG URRASACH was a little person, well-shaped, with a ruddy face and light-brown hair. For his size he was wonderfully strong, and all life, activity, and vigour. No one in Braemar knew better how to manage the claymore, targe, and dirk, as no one with pistol or gun could so surely hit a given mark. In character he was remarkable for cunning, contempt of hardship and fatigue, inflexibility of purpose, great presence of mind in extreme dangers, the utmost coolness in executing the daring schemes his fertile brain instantaneously contrived, unbending fidelity to his chief, and the most implacable enmity to his foes. His daring surpasses belief, and his pride seems ridiculous. He could never bear to be employed in agricultural labour, or to be treated like any ordinary countryman. He had ever a craving to act the gentleman, and appear more than what he was. When he drank his *brochan* or *sowens*, when he supped his *porridge* and milk, when he dined on his *kail* or *brose*, in fine, whatever he had to eat, he must needs be served on table-cloth, with cover, knife, and fork, whether he had any use for them or not, or whether he was in company or alone. He would not stir beyond the threshold without being armed to the teeth, and besides the ordinary compliment of gun, broadsword, dirk, targe, a pair of pistols, and a skiandubh stuck in at the garter of each hose, he carried one in the sleeve of each arm. This was to prevent a surprise in whatever position or state the enemy might find him, and to assure an arm offensive, even, when fallen, or taken at close quarters unexpectedly by a foe of greater personal strength. He would by times, when sharpening his sword, dirk, and skians, deign to survey the labours on his croft, and when he thought the blades sufficiently whetted, he would unceremoniously go

and drive them into his mother's legs as she stooped at her toil. If she complained of the excessive pain caused by this operation, her dutiful son would continue his sharpening, concluding that the edge was not sufficiently restored. But if the maternal plaint was not great, he would cease, persuaded the edge was so fine that it cut cleanly and without causing pain.

In his early years, Gillespie happened to be employed, with a number of his countrymen and some of the Gairnside folks, in driving wood south through Glenshee. As chance would have it, just as they were descending into the Glen, where the peat road of the country strikes off, scrambling up the hillside, a great band of Glenshee men with their horses and *currachs*, were trudging up the 'brae' on the way for a load of peats. Now, a kind of petty wordy war has existed between the inhabitants of both glens, time immemorial, which shows itself on every favourable occasion, in squibs, repartees, cutting rhymes, biting proverbs, and snarling, snappish sayings. The Glenshee men seeing they were numerically far superior to the wood drivers, and thinking like every cock they might "craw croose on their ain midden-head," began to pour out a whole ocean of abuse on the heads of the unfortunate company passing below. The favourite rhyme was repeated by every mouth :—

Garnaich, is Marnaich  
 Sluagh a dh'itheas an t-aran eorna, &c.  
 Gairn men and Mar men,  
 Eaters of the Bear Bread, &c.

Not one of the offended party dared budge, or give a return in kind. Gillespie, stung to the quick, could not endure their insults. With his dirk in one hand, and a skian in the other, he sprang up the brae, and, without one word, beginning at the last horse, he cut the girths and tumbled down the *currachs* on to the first. The Glenshee men stood speechless and motionless, struck aghast by his audacity. After performing this exploit with the satisfaction of a man in the height of felicity, he leaped upon a little hillock, and thus parodied the rhyme of the Glenshee men :—

Sithichean a'Ghlinnsith  
 Sluagh dona gun chiall, &c.  
 Elves of Glenshee,  
 Wicked fools, &c.

And he concluded, "Now men, after this say nothing of the Gairnside and Braemar men, even though you may see that they are fewer in number than you, for if ever I again hear what I have to-day heard, I'll cut up every one of you as I have to-day your horses' girths." They ever afterwards observed

carefully the advice, and the fame of this adventure spread gall and wormwood over all Glenshee. In Braemar the old men wisely shook their heads, and prophesied that Gillespie would come in after times to be great and mighty in the land.

Not long after, Gillespie, in exactly the same employment, happened alone to pass through Glenshee. As he was crossing the Blackwater by the ford, a party of countrymen coming in the opposite direction, met him midway in the stream. One of them as he went by gave a sounding thwack with his bludgeon to Gillespie's horse. The horse leaped to the farther side. Flame sparkled in Gillespie's eyes, and his dirk flashed over his head. All the ocean of water thrown by his horse's feet like a shroud of mercy in his face and over his head, did but enkindle his ire. He turned smartly round, and with a dig of his dirk opened the calf of one of the malefactor's legs. This was not enough; he pursued, and both went floundering through the water to the bank. The wounded man called his companions to the rescue. A desperate struggle ensued. Gillespie struck right and left, inflicting wounds on several of the party, and stretching him who had dared to violate his horse on the ground. But a dirk in the long run is no match for seven or eight bludgeons.; and so it appeared on this occasion, for Gillespie in his turn rolled senseless beside his fallen enemy. The victors, believing both to be dead, fled, pursued by Old Nick and a guilty conscience. But a Samaritan, whose forefathers, by progress of events and changes of time, had come to dwell in Glenshee, happening to come that way, perceived that there yet remained a small spark of life in the deserted fallen. He had them both conveyed to his house—one installed in a bed in the *but* end, the other in the *ben*—and their wounds and bruises attended to. Time breathed favourably on the two worthies, and, in the lapse of four days, restored part of their former strength. The good man with his family went out one day to his 'field labours, leaving the doors unbarred, and his house tenanted by Gillespie and his foe. The good wife about mid-day came home to prepare the dinner. She pushed the outer door open, but the sight that met her eyes, made her start with a cry of horror. Gillespie, bare naked, crawling on all fours, seamed with scars, black and blue with bruises, his body and limbs swollen all over, groaning with pain, and his dirk between his teeth, had got mid-way into the passage on his way to settle the account between himself and the wounded Glenshee man. He was forced to bed, and watched afterwards, and, as soon as he could be removed, his host took care to have him conveyed to Braemar.

Dalmore did not think his clansman had been justly dealt by in Glenshee, and required condign punishment to be inflicted on the party who had maltreated him. As the Barons of Glenshee would not consent to this, war was declared, and both parties mustered their men. Again M'Kenzie sought the aid of his ally Invereshy. The messenger he employed was a bold follower called Cas Bhruite, or Bruised Foot, who received instructions to march what men he could get with all speed to the Cairnwall, for there M'Kenzie was to meet the Barons of Glenshee.

Invereshy promised M'Kenzie eighteen men; but he pitied the lame messenger, and bade him rest a day before returning to Mar.

"Nay," said Cas Bhruite, "I will show the nearest way."

"Where they will be to-day," returned the Laird, "you will be to-morrow."

The lame messenger made no reply, but, quietly taking up the rear, set off with the party. By-and-by he was tramping in the middle, and lo, in a little, he had gained the van. There was no rest, no pause; wet road or dry, long heather, mosses, or rough moors, that desperate march was continued. Not a word was spoken. They crossed the Monadh Ruadh, came down the Geldie, on by the head of Glen Cristie and Glen-cona-feidh, over by the Alltan Odhar, the Baddoch, and Loch Bhrotachan side, and appeared on the scene of conflict as the combatants were about to meet. Seeing a second army coming against them, the Barons agreed to the terms dictated by Dalmore, and this treaty of the Cairnwall was truly by them put in force. As to Cas-Bhruite, his fame rung at every hearth in Mar and Badenoch; even yet the terrible march he conducted that day is not forgotten.

About this time, eight Lochaber men, under the command of a remarkably bold, strong, and active leader, drove away the cattle of Glen Clunie, the Baddock, Gleney, Glenconnie, and Glen Dee, in the night time. As it was summer, the flocks and herds were as usual in the glens. The Braemar men rose *en masse*. Invercauld was chosen for captain. He selected from those assembled thirty of the flower of Braemar, among whom, of course, was Gillespie the proud. That night they set out, passed through Glen Tilt, and next day entered Lochaber. A hundred miles of the roughest road was play to the men of those days. Mounting a steep hill, they met an old man whose hoary head and long beard gave him a most venerable appearance. Like every other one they had seen, he would give them no intelligence on the subject of their expedition. Resting there, however, to refresh themselves, and making him partake of such

entertainment as they had, after many promises of secrecy they prevailed on him to speak, and were informed that their cattle lay concealed in a secluded little glen somewhat farther on, and that the robbers would be found in a little shieling near by. Making a short circuit, they were enabled to come on the place unperceived, and after stationing one or two men to care for the cattle, the rest managed to surround the shieling, not, however, before one of the robbers, who had been at the door, made his escape. A party charged the door with loaded guns, and ordered those within to come out, threatening otherwise to fire. At the third summons the leader told them to withdraw a short space, and on their complying, stepped out to the green, as wild and handsome a giant as a man could wish to see. "It would be useless," said he, "for me, with eight men only, to contend with you; but," and he raised himself proudly, "I defy any single man of you to combat, and all of you, one after another. Now, then, for the honour of Mar." There were few present, and all were the bravest of men, who seemed desirous of measuring their prowess with the terrible Lochaber man. He had thrice to repeat his challenge. At length Gillespie Urrasach stepped forward. There was a desperate struggle. The wonderful activity of Gillespie prevailed, and the Kern was felled to the ground. After this the shieling was forced, and all those found within put to death. By morning the Mar men had cleared Glentilt, homeward bound with their recovered cattle. As they rested to breakfast, a large party in pursuit made their appearance, but, seeing the determined face of Invercauld's band, retired at once. Shortly after, Braemar rang with the happy tidings of success, and the name of Gillespie Urrasach was in every mouth. Thus the brave men of those days defended the Braes of Mar!

The Gown Crom was a humpbacked, lame, brawny fellow, like his famed ancestor, and therefore equally worthy of record. One day a certain Anton entered the smithy at Corriemulzie to have his dirk righted. He quarrelled with the smith about the price, and, as the shortest way to end disputes, stabbed him to the heart. Anton immediately fled the country to put himself beyond the reach of justice. It was a difficult thing to manage the wild spirits of the country, and, were Anton suffered to escape with impunity, others might readily follow the example. For these reasons, the lairds of Braemar were anxious to avenge the Gown Crom's death, but much perplexed as to how they might effect this desire. After taking counsel among themselves, after long reflection, and judging the man by his deeds, the majority, not without jealousy in some quarters, considered they could intrust the affair to no fitter person than Gillespie the Bold. M'Kenzie of Dalmore, therefore, on their part, went

one day up to Gleney, and commissioned him to bring back the murderer dead or alive.

Gillespie departed, armed, as usual, to the teeth, with a provision wallet slung over his shoulders. M'Kenzie was sanguine of success, and began to vaunt throughout Braemar as if he had Anton already in his hands. Those of the Farquharsons, who had wished the affair intrusted to one of their clan, seemed not a little vexed, as M'Kenzie would, by this success, obtain great credit in the country, and before the authorities civil. Neither party counted on a trifling mistake which befell our hero. He had tracked the murderer into a wood, and after a hot chase, came up, seized his man, stabbed him, and cutting off his head, came hot foot back to Braemar. When he brought forward the gory head to M'Kenzie, both of them started. Gillespie, for the first time, noticed that it was not Anton's head, and M'Kenzie recognised it as that of the Earl of Airlie's son. Gillespie was made to understand the circumstance by the terror-struck laird, who cried out that "that head would cost many another to Braemar." Gillespie took the thing very coolly indeed, and promised to make surer work again. Fortunately, his return was unperceived, and the laird took care to send him away by night. I may say that it was never known to Airlie how his son came by his death, nor who was the agent. It is thought that the young man had been out hunting, and, in some obscure part of the forest, was taken for Anton by Gillespie. Days now passed away, and amounted to weeks, and weeks ran up to months, but no second appearance of Gillespie or the object of his search; and at last the months waxed to a year. The Farquharsons, who had objected to the employment of Gillespie, now crowed unmercifully. What would have been said had they known Gillespie's first adventure? M'Kenzie was in despair and deeply uneasy for the fate of Gillespie himself. No longer able to remain in this anxious incertitude, he rigged himself out, mounted his steed, and, followed by his henchman, set off over the Cairnwall on the traces of his lost right-handman. Just on the top of the hill, as he was about to descend, behold! he sees a man of tattered raiment and weary steps, whom he at once recognises as Gillespie the Bold.

"Welcome back again, Gillespie," cried the laird, ere he had yet come up with him; "I thought you had been killed or lost."

"What would kill me?" said Gillespie, with a grim smile, coming to a halt beside the laird's horse.

"Well, I'm exceedingly glad to see you," continued the laird; "and about Anton —. All useless."

"Ay, ay," returned Gillespie, swinging his provision wallet



round under his left arm, and plunging his right hand into it; "ay, he's useless enough; but as he didn't wish to come with me, and as I felt him heavy to carry, I only brought this," and he drew a bloody head, with blue putrid face, out of the wallet, and held it up to the laird by the hair: yes, there was no mistake this time, it was Anton's head. The laird felt his flesh creep, but he said nothing. The report of Gillespie's return spread like wildfire through Braemar; the people arrested his progress at every moment with their greetings of welcome, and offers of refreshment. The laird shone triumphant like the sun, and his rivals drew in their horns like a snail you may have touched of a wetty morning by the wayside. Gillespie dug a hole with his dirk in that little mount, along the side of which you pass in entering Gleney, and in this hole buried the head. The mount bears to this day the name of Tom-Antain.

Gillespie had now won his name and laurels, and for some time he reposed himself under the shade of his own heather-thatched cottage in quiet, and peace. But the Kern began by degrees to regain their former audacity, and frequently made petty descents into Braemar. The peasants became annoyed by these vexatious visits, and the lairds, to secure their tenantry, appointed Gillespie their general-in-chief, with the command of twelve men. One morning, the Inverey folks found their pens empty, and their stalls deserted. The alarm was given. The twelve men assembled. Gillespie put himself at their head, and marched off on the track of the robbers. He came up with them at the Bothan Leathan, where they had made a halt to breakfast. The Kern seeing the pursuers in force equal to themselves, signified their willingness to parley and come to terms. The two parties therefore, joined each other, and began in small groups to talk together, as they believed the matter was to be settled amicably. Gillespie and the chief retired a little to agree on the terms of the arrangement. After much wrangling and many words, an understanding was come to.

"Shake hands on it," said the chief, holding forth his open hand.

"Willingly," replied Gillespie, imitating him.

The chief, instead of taking the extended hand in his own, seized Gillespie by the wrist, and being a very strong, powerful-bodied man, held him immovably there.

"Now, Lochaber men," cried the chief, "let the kail and bear bread out of these Braemar men's stomachs for them; I have the best of them by the hand."

Gillespie immediately snatched out the skiandubh in his right sleeve with his left hand, and exclaimed,

“Now, Braemar men, let the stolen mutton and beef out of these Lochaber men’s stomachs for them; I have the best of them on my knife:” and, saying this, he plunged his skiandubh into the robber’s heart. The men on both sides had drawn and stood on guard at the first word. Seeing their chief fall, however, the Kern were for a moment disconcerted. Gillespie and his men took them immediately with this advantage, and to such purpose, that two only escaped to tell the tidings in Lochaber. The Inverey folks were in transports to see their herds and cattle come lowing and bleating a short time after down the hillside. Another version of this story is, that the quarrel was with the Athole men about a disputed march in Glentilt; that the parties met by agreement near Pol-Tarbh, and that the Atholemen yielded on the fall of their chief. But I believe the account above is the right one, and best vouched for. Never after this day did Gillespie give his right hand, even for a friendly shake, to any person.

Gillespie was no sooner out of one affair than he perseveringly got into another. He had been taking a bird’s-eye view of the country from Craig na Muc, of “a morning earlie,” and was in one of the most sentimental moods imaginable, when he perceived the cattle of the Allamore and Allancuaich moving suspiciously up the glen. Abandoning at once his philosophical speculations, and getting before the *drove*, he quickly disarmed himself in a retired nook, retaining a dirk concealed under his plaid, and came walking down the glen a picture of innocence, meekness, and simplicity. He soon met the cattelifters, and was asked if he knew Gillespie, where he lived, and various other questions interesting to them. My love to you, Gillespie, butter would not have melted on your lips, as you protested the ignorance of the dark ages on all these subjects. One fine speckled cow lagged a little behind the others, and Gillespie being considered a stranger from his answers, was taken into service, and employed with a few others to bring up the rear—the most agreeable driver in creation was Gillespie. The main body had already got well ahead of himself and his companions with the speckled cow, so, going up to her, he drew out his dirk and drove it into her side. “I,” said he, showing the bloody dagger, “am Gillespie: catch me, robbers, if you can,” and he fled away like a deer. It was of course useless to pursue him. They examined the cow, and were happy to perceive the wound was not dangerous, as they would have been exceedingly sorry to lose so fine an animal. They were, however, obliged to slacken pace, and that evening pitched their tent—a construction of green branches from the surrounding trees wattled together, and some plaids thrown over them—in the Derry, where the cattle might rest, and have

excellent pasture till the morrow. This was just what Gillespie wanted. His twelve men equipped themselves, and the party set out up Glenlui. They soon came on the stolen cattle, and in the mist of the morning hoped to surprise the Kern in their beds. But the sentinels posted to guard the cattle, gave the alarm; the chief rushed to the door—saw the danger—told his men. They were armed in a moment, and breaking down the branches, they escaped by a breach effected in the back of the tent. A stripling, however, got caught among the ruins, and was perceived by the terrible Gillespie, who was first to burst in. Before Dalmore—for it seems he accompanied the expedition—could catch hold of our hero, he was on the lad with a bound, and slew him.

“An diabhol ort, Ghilleaspiug, le do bhiodag,” cried M'Kenzie, in sorrow—*i. e.* the devil take you, Gillespie, with your dirk.

By this exclamation, the Kern knew who had slain the youth, and vowed vengeance, for he was the only child of his mother, and she was a widow. To pacify them, M'Kenzie was obliged to give the mother a pension for the remainder of her life.

Gillespie himself regretted this act to his dying day—the only one perhaps for which he felt any contrition. The victors, when they returned with the her ship, were rewarded by their countrymen; and to Gillespie was given the speckled cow, which shortly recovered from the skylight practised in her side.

These adventures, and many others of the same kind, gained for Gillespie a high name. He often returned from battle with his clothes shot into rags, aye, even his garters torn into strips, and yet without the loss of a drop of blood. He was in consequence considered not only at home, but also in Kern land, Sheanluaidh, or bullet proof. No wonder his name was ever on the lips of the Freebooters.

When the females came to meet their sons, husbands, and fathers, on their return from a spulzie, no one asked if any of them had been slain, but if they had met with Gillespie. If any one replied,

“Ay did we, Granny.”

“Ah, then, then, if you did,” an old crone would mutter through her toothless gums, “there has been blood on the field.”

The wives would look anxiously through the ranks of men, the girls would give half-timid glances in every direction, and the old grannies would chatter dolefully together; for the saying was never belied. In his own country Gillespie had become a champion. He obtained in marriage the hand of one of the fairest girls of Braemar, and with her hand a long and heavy

purse, which was much better. M'Kenzie of the Dalmore transferred him on this occasion from his black cottage in Gleney to a fine house at Clabocaidh, some say Dalnabord.

Gillespie the Bold continued in the quiet enjoyment of domestic happiness for some time hereafter, untroubled by kern, passing his time as best suited his humour, chiefly in hunting. One day, waiting for the priest, in one of the upper glens, he took a fancy to act Father confessor to some old *wivies*. He succeeded in gaining their consent to this proceeding, hinting he had been commissioned by the priest to act for him, which they were foolish enough to believe. All retire, therefore, from the apartment but one, and she commences in due form her confession, Gillespie listening with the gravity of a judge. At length he starts, "What, what?" asked Gillespie.

The old woman repeats.

"Horrible," quoth Gillespie, "fearful! Did you really do that?"

Of course the matter in question was of the most trivial nature.

"Oh! yes," returned the woman, sobbing, "and may God pardon me for it."

"Pardon you!" cried out Gillespie, "that's a sin for which there is no pardon in this life, nor in the life to come."

The woman was in the deepest despair, and rose wringing her hands. Gillespie fell back in his chair, about to die laughing, and behold—not possible—yes, it was though, good Gillespie—the priest standing before him. Next Sunday he was excommunicated from the altar for his frolic, and remained long subjected to the severest penance.

It was late in the autumn, and the summer sheilings of the Alltan Odhar in the upper part of Gleney had been deserted. The people had returned to their homes in the country, and the Kern found refuge in the huts they had left. Meanwhile, their spies prowled over the country, and seeing the laird of Dalmore's cattle less guarded than those of his neighbours, they hastened to give the information. The party swooped the whole away in a moment, and were encamped with the herds at Alltan-Odhar ere the grey light of morning. Seumas mor na Pluice, after sending a messenger to Gillespie, mounted the Ey with two of his sons and a small body of retainers. As he expected shortly to have the Farquharsons, with whom he had come to an open rupture, on his hands at home, he was unwilling to risk an engagement with the robbers, wherein he might lose the best of his men, and those whom he could rely upon to preserve more vital interests against a more dangerous foe. He instructed his sons with all his followers to make a circuit, and, climbing a hill

overhanging the cattelifters' camp, impede their retreat from Braemar, and, should no arrangement be come to, to fire on them at a given signal—viz. when he should raise his hand to his brow. He then went on alone, and called the chief to parley—it was the renowned Cathfhearnach Dubh. M'Kenzie endeavoured to prevail on him to restore the cattle in return for a certain sum of money, which he was willing to give. They were both in the heat of the bargain, some distance in advance of the principal sheiling, gesturing, wagging their heads, stamping on the ground, and speaking loudly as ever you heard or saw two horse dealers at a market, when, forgetting himself, the laird raised his hand to right his bonnet. The young lads, remembering the signal, without more ado fired; the sentinel who guarded the sheiling door fell. The chief, thinking he was betrayed, ran back, seized the gun of the fallen sentinel, and shot Seumas mor na Pluice. There is a pile of stones erected on the spot where the laird fell, near the hunting sheal of the Duffs, in the Alltan Odhar. A short contest followed. The two sons with their party imprudently left their vantage ground. Both the young men fell, and the Kern put the rest to flight. In the confusion that followed their death, the robbers managed to escape with the cattle: and Gillespie, who now arrived, not being able to assemble a respectable force to pursue them, succeeded himself in only shooting down some stragglers. Sorrowfully they bore the laird and his two sons' bodies down the Ey, and across the water o' Dee to Dalmore. Gillespie retired in silence to his home. On entering his wife told him that the Kern had also stolen his own grey mare.

“Well,” replied Gillespie, “I could almost pardon them that: but to-day they have killed the laird and his two sons before my face in the Alltan-Odhar. Now I swear that I will not sleep twice in the same bed, nor drink twice of the water of the same well, till I have avenged their deaths, and received the full value of the grey mare.”

His better half used all a woman's wiles to turn him from his purpose, smiles and tears, caresses, prayers, and entreaties, but all to no purpose. Gillespie was implacable and inflexible. Changing his dress for beggars' rags, throwing a wallet over his shoulder, and concealing his arms below this uncouth garb, he departed forthwith for Lochaber. Gillespie's principal difficulty was to find out the chief who had shot Seumas mor na Pluice, for having seen him but very imperfectly in the affair of the Alltan Odhar, he could not again distinguish him among others of his countrymen. Three years passed away in a fruitless search, but he continued faithful to his oath, and unshaken in his purpose. He went about through the country begging, and attended steadily

fair and preaching, marriage and late-wake, baptism and burial, and feast and meeting. He never despaired. At the long and the last it was announced that the fighting men of the country were to assemble in a tavern to concert a raid against recalci-trants, and to divide the black-mail levied on subject districts. Gillespie repaired to the appointed place before the company began to assemble. It was a wide, long, and low building, with a flat roof covered over with weeds and long grass. Three holes in each of the side-walls, half-closed up with clods, served in the place of windows to give light and air to the great hall. A huge table of rude masonry, covered over with flat stones, stretched from one end to the other, leaving an empty space at either end sufficiently large for a person to pass behind the seats. These were built of stone, all round the table, and covered with moss and heather. In the middle of the roof was a round hole to let the smoke escape, and in the front wall an opening had been left for the door. The walls were bleak and bare, but along the sides were inserted strong juniper roots, whereon the comer might hang up his arms while he took refreshment. A partition cut off from the public hall a continuation of the building, which served as the dwelling of the inn-keeper and his family. In it were stored all the good things that could be offered to the weary wayfarer. A door filled up by a wicket sufficed the host to serve his customers through the wall of separation. Into this hall mine host introduced Gillespie the Bold, and Gillespie soon gained his good graces by words of flattery and well-turned compliments. He was a kind of orator born, and knew passing well the deep mystery of "human natur and soft sawder" long before the days of Sam Slick of Slickville. Calling for half-a-dozen bottles of strong ale, the two worthies discussed them in large wooden bowls, as if the contents had been whey.

"Now, landlord," said Gillespie, paying down the *lawin'*, "I have a long journey before me to-morrow, and I would like to repose myself early to-night."

"Well, I would be most willing," replied he, "but you know the company to-night—"

"Oh! don't mention it," broke in Gillespie, "only throw a bundle of heather in a corner behind the seats, and I'll sleep soundly on it."

"But," argued the landlord, emptying his wooden bowl, and scratching his head, "suppose the company should object?"

"They need not know that I am here," responded Gillespie, "I'll lie quiet and make no disturbance; come, bring us other two bottles before I go to bed."

The last argument was unanswerable, and Gillespie gained his point. When night had descended, the Kern assembled in

great force. A blaze of split pine-roots burning on the table below the hole in the roof, enlightened the wild assemblage. The bag of black mail lay conspicuous beside the beacon. The guns, swords, dirks, and targes hanging on the wall, reflected back the light in a thousand fantastic rays. They ate plentifully and drank largely, and they talked, and roared, and laughed, and sang. But Gillespie the Bold lay still, as if he heard them not. Every one in this half-drunken humour began to boast of the deeds he had done ; as who should outdo his neighbour.

“Silence,” cried the presiding chief, a tall, strong man, with raven hair, and dark, weatherbeaten face ; “let each one in turn rise and relate the most remarkable adventure of his life.”

The proposal was received with cheers.

“Begin, then, Ruadhridh 'Ic Mhourich,” continued the chief.

One after one rose and told his tale. Giant-strength, lion-courage, more than renard cunning, incredible swiftness and agility, wonderful dexterity, miraculous escapes, dreadful retaliations, unshaken perseverance, deeds of death and horror, a medley as wild as the assemblage, and as varied, every tale more fearful than the preceding ; such was the encouragement that greeted the ears of Gillespie the Bold. But Gillespie lay still, as if he heard them not.

“Silence !” shouted the chief, as the last cheer died away after the last tale—“Silence !” repeated he, rising. It was the Cathfhearnach Dubh himself.

“I too have done many things remarkable in my life ; but I account my greatest feat to be the taking away of Gillespie Urrasach's grey mare, while he was at supper, and the best shot I ever fired was that which laid low Seumas mor na Pluice.”

Gillespie leaped midway from his bed to the table. The beggar's rags fell from around him—the barrel of a pistol glanced in his outstretched hand—the loud shout of applause died away—not a breath was drawn—not a limb moved—every mouth was open—every face turned pale—every eye glared on him.

“Was it better than that ?” roared Gillespie. A sharp report and a bright flash followed. The blood spouted from the chief's breast—he leaped up in the air—shrieked out “Gillespie Urrasach,” and tumbled backwards over the bench. The Kern seemed petrified into the stone on which they sat : not one of them could move. Gillespie sprang upon the table, kicked the beacon in cinders through the hall, seized the bag of black mail, and like a shadow glided through the open door. A loud yell rose—“Seize him, seize him !” and a tumultuous rush to the door followed. Gillespie, as soon as he had cleared the door, put his hand on the edge of the low roof, and sprang upon it. The

night was dark, and he lay concealed in the long grass on the roof. The Kern searched every bank, bush, and stone, and pursued in every direction, but no traces of Gillespie. After hours of weary pursuit they returned to the tavern, and called over the names to know if their number was complete. Gillespie thus assured there was no ambush in the way, slipped quietly down from his nest, and departed as the kern began to intone the first notes of the coronach over the Cathfhearnach Dubh. He never halted till he got to the Dalmore. Once there, he delivered over the black mail to the new laird, not forgetting first to pay himself for the grey mare.

While thus invincible in the field, Gillespie lost ground sorely in the bed-chamber. During his long absence the Beum Scaith, a gay bachelor of forty, went often to visit his lovely wife. The old women agreed that he paid Mrs Gillespie M'Kenzie far too many little attentions—and in fine, that both seemed “ro reidh.” Gillespie, when he came home, soon learnt all the country gossip about his wife, and he waxed wroth, and cast an evil eye upon the Beum Scaith. But the Beum Scaith guarded himself so well that Gillespie found no opportunity to repay him his politeness to his wife in his absence. This was the more annoying as the laird pressed him every day to set off for Edinburgh to bank his rents and the black mail. The laird, according to tradition, seems to have found some little difficulty in disposing of his treasure. First he buried the whole bag of gold in the Garbh coire Dhè, or the Garchory. Not satisfied with it there, he removed the whole to Glenlui, and hid it in a place still known as Coire craoibh an oir. Learning, however, that there were some lands to sell in Cromar, he raised his treasure again and set off with it, thinking he might best employ it in the purchase of these lands. When he reached the top of Culbleen, and looked down on the broad country of Cromar, then little drained, it appeared one expanse of bog and loch.

“Na leigeadh Dia,” exclaimed Dalmore, “gun cuirinnse m'oir san uisge.”

“God forbid that I should throw my gold into the water.”

And with this he turned away home again. The gold, the gold, it was still the same plague to him. He hid it again, this time near the top of Cairn Geldie, and he placed over the pan containing it a huge stone, whereon was carved the figure of a horse's shoe. And there, according to tradition, it remains. The spot was visible from a window in the western gable of his mansion, which stood in the park of the Shean-bhaile, or old town, a site much nearer the Dee than that of Mar Lodge.

Years and years after, an old woman, while tending her sheep, discovered the stone with the horse's shoe engraved on it. She



stuck her distaff into the ground beside it, and hied away for help to raise it. When she came back at the head of a party of men, lo! the whole hillside appeared bristling with spindles.

Years and years after, a man of the name of Grant, called the Tailear Ruadh, found the stone again and hied away for assistance, but when he returned with a party of men, the stone was not to be seen. Had he only thought of laying a piece of money on it, there would have been no difficulty in finding the wonderful stone. As it is, it still remains under a charm; and only a Ruadhraidh Ruadh, a Red Roderic, a M'Kenzie both by the father and mother's side, on some misty evening, while searching for a strayed ox, will be the successful discoverer of the hidden gold.

The hidden treasure must have been intended as a reserve, I should imagine, for the laird wanted to have a round sum sent to the bank in Edinburgh. Be that as it may, our hero was in a sad plight. Despairing of being presently avenged on the Beum Scaith, he made his mother leave Gleney, and come over to watch his wife while he was on this new expedition. Before departing, however, he wished to give a short and quiet advice to the Beum Scaith, so he went to his house, which was not above a quarter of a mile distant from his own. Mounting the brae at the head of which stood the mansion, he perceived the Beum Scaith before the door.

"Good day, Beum Scaith," said Gillespie, on arriving, "what are you making that large barrel for?"

"Good day to yourself, Gillespie," said the Beum Scaith, in a tone of the greatest politeness. "You ask me for what I am making this large barrel; well, it's to hold my ale for the winter."

"Ah," rejoined Gillespie, "and a proper large quantity it will hold;" and he turned round to give a look at the house, and try and find out some way to convey what he had at heart. As soon as his back was turned, the Beum Scaith mounted on a large stone and leaped into the barrel, at the same time he lifted both his hands to his forehead, and, making his two forefingers point out from his brow in the fashion of horns, gave an inexpressible leer at Gillespie, muttering,

"I'll give them to him yet."

Gillespie wheeled round in a twinkling, heard partly what he said, and saw the gesture.

"Ah," quoth he to himself, "the Beum Scaith likes a joke at folk's expense behind their backs, does he?"

The Beum Scaith, afraid he had been caught, set to a hammering and cutting at the barrel round about him, as if he had been born at the work. Gillespie, without another word, tumbled

the barrel on its side, and hurled it down the steep brae, with the Beum Scaith inside. It leaped and danced, down, down, fast and faster over stone and bush, the Beum Scaith yelling like all the furies, and Gillespie standing laughing till the tears ran down his cheeks. At length the barrel went to pieces against a large stone; and the form of the Beum Scaith, battered and bruised, emerged from the ruins. While he was twisting and writhing in torture there, Gillespie approached.

"Now, my man," said he, putting his hands to his forehead, and making his two fingers point out from his brow in imitation of the Beum Scaith, while a grim smile lighted up his visage, "you may have work of your own ado till I come home without making any horns for me."

The Beum Scaith was never afterwards seen within hailing distance of Mrs Gillespie M'Kenzie. Religion had penetrated him with a salutary horror of sin. Some say that a long time after he retaliated on Gillespie by placing a huge log of wood against his door, and inducing him by some wild cries to look out and see what the matter was. Of course when the bolt was withdrawn, Gillespie was sent sprawling two or three yards away, and confined for a week to the house from the bruises he received. If this happened, Gillespie never knew who the author was, and it was as well; but the story is of doubtful authority.

Two hours after sending the Beum Scaith on his perilous descent, Gillespie, with a clear conscience, armed to the teeth, and followed by a gillie bearing the laird's "monies," crossed the Cairnwal. He journeyed on thus until within sight of the fair city. It was late in the evening, and he thought it would be best to take up his lodgings in a tavern which he had just reached. He entered, therefore, and inquired if they could accommodate himself and his gillie for a night.

"Oh yes, to be sure they could."

"Very well." Both sat down by the kitchen "ingle," as weary travellers willing to ease their stiff joints and tired bones. By and by the cook began to prepare supper, and that not for four or five persons, as seemed to be the number of those present, but as if for a large party.

"For whom," demanded Gillespie, "are you preparing so plentiful a repast?"

"They'll appear," quoth the cook.

Our hero began to suspect he had not landed in the best of houses, but he was too proud to retire. He turned the money bag continually from one hand to the other, and meditated over the unsatisfactory answer he had received.

"Give me your parcel," said the cook, "and I'll lay it by for you."

"Oh, it's but powder and lead," returned Gillespie ; "and I can take care of that myself."

The landlord and his wife entered in time to hear the answer, and they looked significantly at each other. Gillespie took notice of this, turned to his gillie, and bade him in Gaelic do exactly as he saw him do, and never leave his side. The gillie promised to follow his instructions. Shortly afterwards ten men entered. They cast a hostile glance on the two strangers, but Gillespie the Proud returned as fierce a powder-and-lead stare as any of them could give. The landlord took the head of the table, and Gillespie sat down on his right, with his gillie beside him. The guests took up the knives and forks laid for them ; but Gillespie took his own fork, and for a knife he made use of his dirk. The gillie did the same.

"Take what is laid down for your use," said one of the men who had recently entered.

"I'll take what I please," answered proudly Gillespie the Proud.

"Never mind him," said another ; "he shall pay sweetly for his supper yet."

"That," returned Gillespie, coolly, "I can well afford."

The landlord said never a word. Supper over, the party rose to retire for the night, and a servant offered to conduct the two Highlandmen to their bedroom.

"I," said Gillespie, "will remain where I am."

"That," observed the landlord, turning round smartly, "can't be ; that is my bed there," pointing to a curtained opening in the kitchen breast.

"You can take mine," quoth Gillespie, bowing in mock reverence. "I won't leave the kitchen to-night."

The landlord cast an inquiring glance at one of the ten men, who had turned round on hearing this altercation, just as he was following his companions out of the apartment. He seemed to reflect a moment with an eye turned towards the bed.

"Oh," at length said he, turning on his heel, "let him remain."

The landlord and his wife retired with a longing side-look at the bed, as if they were leaving something of much importance there in the power of the Highlandmen. The servant snatched the candle from the table. Gillespie arrested him, took the candle out of his hand, and replaced it, remarking,

"I can also pay for that."

No sooner were they all gone than Gillespie barred the door on the inside, and placed a heavy oaken table against it, fixing the feet by the ledges of some flags that rose unevenly from the floor. Thus it was almost impossible to force an entrance. He

examined the bed, and found it clotted with blood; while below it was a dead body, with several deep wounds in the breast. There was no time to be lost. He had pistols and powder, but no ball. A pewter plate found in the kitchen by the gillie was instantly cut down into slugs; both loaded their pistols, and determined to watch until morning. But in a short time they heard the sound of a footstep in the passage, then a tap at the door. No one answered.

"Let me in," said the person at the door.

"No," answered Gillespie.

"I've forgot something," argued the voice.

"You'll get it to-morrow," replied Gillespie.

"I'll force the door," cried he, angrily, "if you don't let me in willingly."

"Try that," exclaimed Gillespie, dryly.

Then they heard the retiring footsteps die away. Shortly after the tramp of several feet resounded as they drew near.

"Open now," said the voice that had first demanded entrance, "or we will force open."

"You would do better," returned Gillespie, "to go to your beds."

"Open at once!" cried another voice, imperatively.

"No!" retorted Gillespie, fiercely, "never!"

The door received such lusty blows that it shook again.

"Away!" cried Gillespie, menacingly, "or you'll repent it!"

"Open, or you'll repent it," cried those outside; and their blows rained on the cracking door.

Gillespie fired his pistol through it at about the height of a man's breast. He heard a deep oath—the sound of a body falling to the ground—and a heavy groan. Some low imprecations and a kind of consultation seemed to follow; then the body was raised and the party retired. Gillespie and his gillie kept watch and ward till the gray dawn arose, but no more attempts were made to storm their hold. As the highway passed before the tavern door, they kept a sharp look-out to see if any force capable of raising the siege might come that way. By and bye, as good luck would have it, three gentlemen on horseback, with their footmen running before, all well armed, made their appearance. The besieged, to attract their attention, cried out, "Murder! murder!" The gentlemen and their servants came to a halt, as if to deliberate on what they should do. Gillespie renewed the cry. They hesitated no longer. A servant opened the door. To their inquiries he answered that three highlandmen were left in the kitchen last night, and they believed one of them had been killed by the two others; but they were afraid to enter and examine. The gentlemen believed

themselves in force sufficient to face the two survivors, and followed the servant to the kitchen. Gillespie now opened at once, told his version of the story, and showed the body of the murdered man. Lo! one of the gentlemen at once recognised the body as that of his secretary, who had been despatched with a large sum of money on some business. His non-appearance had excited some uneasiness, and they had set out to inquire after him. They immediately seized the servant. He confessed all. The secretary had alighted to take some refreshment at the tavern, and by the connivance of the landlord and his wife, was there murdered by the ten men. They had intended to treat Gillespie and his gillie after the same fashion, had they not been prevented by his vigilance. They were still in the house, but so well secured against attack, that it would be vain to attempt it with such a small force. Gillespie and his gillie, the gentlemen and their servants, hurriedly left the house and held a consultation. One of the footmen was sent off to Edinburgh for assistance. The tavern servant showed the rest of them different posts which, if occupied, would prevent all egress from the house. These they took possession of. In some time the expected aid arrived; the robbers' den was forced; they, the landlord and his wife, brought to the city, and shortly after condemned and hanged. As to Gillespie, he performed his business in Edinburgh and returned quietly to Braemar.

But Gillespie the Bold was not yet destined to live in peace. The Kern, enraged by his terrible victories over them, and furious at his last unparalleled deed of vengeance, determined to cut him off. Gillespie, one evening, as he returned from hunting, with a stag over his shoulders, by a beaten path through the wood, heard the trampling of horses' feet behind him. Suspecting who it might be, he slipped aside, and, throwing the deer to the ground, hid himself below a bush. The horsemen came on. They were talking loudly together.

"Ah," said one, "the cunning old fox has so many holes to his den, it's almost impossible to catch him."

"But if we surround the house," argued another, "he can't fly away into the air."

"Hush!" quoth a third; "we are drawing near."

They passed, and nothing more could be distinguished. But Gillespie had heard enough. Seizing his gun, he struck off into a byeway through the wood, and reached his sheepfold, which was built on a declivity above his house, almost as soon as the Kern had posted themselves. Aiming where, as he judged by the sounds that reached his ear, some of them were stationed, he fired, then cried out, as if at the head of a party in ambush, "Who the devil fired that gun?—the fool, we won't catch one of

them. Forward with the claymore, men." At the same time he hurled down the *brae* a part of the sheepfold wall. The Kern, imagining Gillespie had collected a party there to wait for them, from some notice of their design having got abroad, and thinking, in the noise of the falling stones, they heard the sound of their feet leaping a wall and descending on them, fled in consternation, and left the country, pursued, as they thought, all night by the Braemar men. Gillespie went in, took his supper, and slept as soundly as if nothing had taken place.

The Kern were not yet satisfied as to the impossibility of seizing Gillespie the Bold, and another expedition was set on foot. It was a stormy winter night, and they so far succeeded that his house was surrounded ere he was aware of the danger. Hearing, however, some noise, he peeped out through a crannie in the wall and saw how matters stood. Flight was impossible. His wife was in bed, and his old mother was spinning by the fire-side. He went and whispered for a moment or two in her ear, and then retired to a corner of the house. All at once she started up and cried out—

"Well, Gillespie, what would you do if the Kern came on you to-night?"

"Well, mother," replied her son in a still louder voice, as if answering a deaf person, "there are five guns and plenty bullets in the house. You could load as I would empty, and the devil take me if every one of them would not land in flesh."

"Well, well," said the old woman, "that might do."

The Kern, not desirous of exacting proof of this, sneaked away quietly home again.

The terror of this champion's name protected Braemar from any more predatory inroads while he lived. But at last the day was come that Gillespie must die. His relations and friends stood around his sick-bed all forlorn. Gillespie turned himself uneasily on his pillow, and expressed the bitterest sorrow and repentance for one thing.

"Disembosom yourself, Gillespie;" "unburden your mind;" "confess and repent;" were the advices of those friends.

"Repent!" repeated Gillespie; "I do repent it bitterly and with sorrow of heart."

No person could give sincerer pledges of good dispositions, and his friends' encouragement was not wanting.

"Yes, my friends," said Gillespie, with a look of the most overpowering sorrow and grief, "besides all those I killed with gun, sword, and pistol, nineteen have I despatched with this dirk," and he brandished the weapon with feeble arm.

"Well," inquired his friends, "and do you feel a true and hearty sorrow and repentance?"

“ I do,” answered Gillespie, “ the deepest sorrow and repentance that I did not stab *one* more to make the twenty,” and he gave another flourish of the dirk that sent his nearest and dearest some yards from the bedside. The priest entered. Some hours afterwards, he departed on the longest journey he had ever gone, to the land where we hope he ceased from troubling, the far famed Gilleasburg Urrasach.

The following legend from the pen of Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, concerning Donald, the second brother, will no doubt be appreciated :—

“ In Glen Coich, in Aberdeenshire, in the early part of the last century, there was a corn-mill erected for the use of the neighbourhood; and as the construction and management of such machines were ill understood in that part of Scotland at the time, a miller was brought from the low country to superintend it. In this neighbourhood there lived at this time a certain Domhnall Urrasach, or Donald the Proud. Being a native of Glen Coich, he knew as little of the English language as the miller did of Gaelic. He was an outlaw, addicted to freebooting, and of so fierce and unruly a temper, that the whole country stood in awe of him. One circumstance regarding him struck every one with superstitious awe, and created much conjecture and speculation among those around him : he was never known to be without abundance of meal, and yet he was never known to carry any corn to the mill.

But the sagacious miller of Glen Coich soon discovered that, in order to bilk him of his proper mill-dues, the caitiff was in the habit of bringing his grain to the mill in the night and grinding it, and carrying it off before morning. To charge him directly with this fraud was too dangerous an attempt. But the miller ventured to ask him now and then, quietly, how he did for meal, as he never brought any corn to the mill, to which the freebooter never returned any other answer than one in Gaelic, signifying that, “ Strong is the hand of God ! ”

Provoked at last, the miller determined to take his own way of curing the evil; and having some previous notion of the next nocturnal visit of his unwelcome customer, he took care, before leaving the mill in the evening, to remove the bush, or that piece of wood which is driven into the eye of the nether millstone, for the purpose of keeping the spindle steady in passing through the upper stone. He also stopped up the spout through which the meal discharged itself; and as the mill was one of those old-fashioned machines, where the water-wheel moved horizontally and directly under the stones, it followed that by this arrangement of things the corn would fall into the stream. Having made these preparations, the miller locked his

house door and went to bed. About midnight Donald arrived with his people and some sacks of dry corn; and finding everything, as he thought, in good order in the mill, he filled the hopper and let on the water. The machinery revolved with more than ordinary rapidity; the grain sank fast in the hopper; but not a particle of it came out at the place where he was wont to receive it into his bag as meal. Donald the Proud and his gillies were all aghast, and in their hurry to do everything did nothing. At length Donald perceived, what even the obscurity of the night could not hide, a long white line of fair provender flowing down the middle of the stream, that left not a doubt as to where his corn was discharging itself. But he could neither guess how this strange phenomenon was produced, nor how the evil was to be cured. After much perplexity, he thought of turning off the water. But here the wily miller had also been prepared for him, having so contrived matters that the pole or handle connecting the sluice with the inside of the mill had fallen off as soon as the water was let on the wheel. Baffled at all points, Donald was compelled at last to run to the miller's house. Finding the door locked, he knocked and bawled loudly at the window; and on the miller demanding to know who was there, he did his best to explain, in broken English, the whole circumstances of the case. The miller heard him to an end, and, turning himself in his bed, he coolly replied, "Strong is the hand of God!" Donald Urrasach gnashed his teeth, tried the door again, returned to the window, and, humbled by the circumstances, repeated his explanations and entreaties for help. "Te meal town te punn to te teil! hoigh! hoigh!" "I thought ye had been ower weel practeesed in the business to let ony sic mischanter come ower ye, Donald," replied the imperturbable lowlander; "but you know, 'Strong is the hand of God!'" The mountaineer now lost all patience. Drawing his dirk and driving it through the window, he began to strike it so violently against the stones on the outside of the wall, that he illumined the house with a shower of fire, and showed the terrified inmates the ferocious countenance of him who wielded the weapon. "Te meal to te mill, te mutter to te miller," sputtered out Donald in the midst of his wrath, meaning to imply that, if the miller would only come and help him, he should have all his dues in future. Partly moved by this promise, but still more by his well-grounded fears, the miller arose at last, put the mill to rights, and ground the rest of the corn; and tradition tells us that after this the mill-dues were regularly paid, and the greatest harmony subsisted between Donald Urrasach and the miller of Glen Coich."



To paint Donald as an outlaw and freebooter is rather strong, Sir Thomas. Donald, so far from being a freebooter, assisted his brother Gillespie in all his adventures against the Kern, and was second only to him in defending his country from them. I will close the history of the Urrasachs with one other anecdote told of Donald. He, with some of his friends, had occasion to pass a few nights in the sheilings of Glenlui. Proud as his brother Gillespie, Donald retired alone to a little bothy, that his companions might not perceive his poverty, for they had brought with them wallets well replenished with the good things of this life, while he had nothing to stay the cravings of hunger. As he lay solitary there on his heather couch, ruminating on an empty stomach, behold there came down the chimney some dark, dismal lump of an object, whether ghost or devil it would have been difficult to determine in the gloom of falling night. But Donald had muttered a "Pater" and an "Ave," and, therefore, felt sufficient strength to defy the malignant enemy. He would act with caution, however. Drawing his dirk, he hurled it at the object from a safe distance. The dirk struck fire from the stones of the wall and rebounded to his feet, and the object kept moving up and down in a strange manner, dreadful to contemplate. After repeated attempts, which ended in breaking and blunting his good weapon, and, unable to endure this warfare with the supernatural any longer, he made his feet his friends, and sought refuge in the bothy where his comrades lay.

"Donald, Donald!" exclaimed they, "up already. Why, we are but newly to bed."

"Nach fhaic sibh mo bhiodag?" replied Donald. That is, "Don't you see my dirk?"

"Astonishing! what have you done to it?"

"Nach fhaic sibh mo bhiodag?" was still the reply.

"Goodness, man! What's come over you?"

"Nach fhaic sibh mo bhiodag?"

And no other reply could they get. Donald was of course too proud to own that he had been skirmishing with the powers of darkness, and had been put to flight. The sly rogues chuckled and nudged each other in the dark, for it might have been dangerous to make light of the affair; but well they knew that Donald's bogie was simply a bundle of heather, which some of themselves lowered from the roof, as a trick on the bold, proud, poor brother of Gillespie.

While the Urrasachs thus covered themselves and their clan with glory, great men were training under their care. Greatest among these shine forth Domhnall Mac Coinnich, called Domhnall Dubh an t-Ephiteach—Black Donald the Egyptian—and his cousin of the same name, but designated Domhnall Mac

Robaidh-mhoir—Donald the son of Robert the Mighty. Both were the tallest, strongest, most daring, and fierce men of their time. The Ephiteach was dark complexioned, well-built, and handsome. His mother lived in Auchindryne. He himself seems to have had no fixed place of abode. We find him first a servant with Allancuaich. Then, it is said, he dwelt near the present Castle of Braemar, and that the old tree which is shooting forth young branches, and believed to foreshadow the fortunes of the Invercauld Family, grew in his kail-yard. Then, we find him living, about the end of his career, at Allancuaich or Allanmore. He had certainly during part of his life no fixed abode.

His cousin, Mac Robaidh-mhoir, resided on the Milton Burn. He was nearly equal in look, figure, and strength to the Ephiteach. But Mac Robaidh-mhoir was merciless and unfeeling; the Ephiteach had some sense of chivalric honour and gallantry, for he often spared a fallen foe.

The first time that these two figure in story, was on the occasion of the rising in Braemar to revenge the murder of Coldrach. Broughdearg mentions the incident shortly thus—"Donald"—the grandson of William, first Coldrach—"was murdered by Charles Muid Carnach, a robber." Tradition adds little to the information. This Coldrach it was who built the Seann Spittal Bridge, a penance inflicted by the kirk-session for an amour with some country girl. Donald, notwithstanding this fault, was a worthy and brave chief, and often distinguished himself in defending Braemar from the Kern. So much so, indeed, that his murder seems to have been in revenge for the annoyance he occasioned those gentlemen.

The death of a Farquharson chief was not a thing to be tamely submitted to. Five hundred of the Braemar men, headed by Invercauld, marched up the Geldie, in the head of Glentarf, and away, away to the "west countrie" by Loch Erroch side, across the Spey, through Glenroy, and proudly swept along the shores of Loch Lochy, the tartans waving in the breeze, their banners displayed, and the bagpipes, in derision and defiance, playing up the "Braes o' Mar," a hundred miles from home in the heart of Kernland. They drove all before them, horses, cattle, sheep, and everything they could fetch was carried along. Not one gentleman's house in the country was left unsacked; and so speedy, noiseless, and irresistible was the raid that without bloodshed they arrived at home one evening, and encamped with all their booty in the face of Creagan Chait, in a deep gully rough with boulders and heather, which is still called Lag-a-bhagaiste—the hollow of the baggage. The place is about a mile below the Linn of Dee. Two youths, M'Donalds, followed

them all this long way, begging for their father's cattle and pleading poverty. The Mar men had pity on them, returned the cattle they claimed ; and, furthermore, allowed them to settle down in a farm in the country. Of them came the second race of M'Donalds of Braes of Mar.

But the days of spulzie and raids were fast passing away. Among the last distinguished captains of robbers was Donald Mor. He one day marched away all the cattle of the Glencluny farmers, who hotly pursued him in strong force. In this extremity, his followers proposed to abandon the prey and save themselves. No such craven advice would suit Donald Mor—he told his men to keep in a body, driving the cattle before them with all possible haste. He undertook to bring up the rear and guard against surprise. After taking these measures, he sent his piper in another direction to mislead the pursuers. This ruse succeeded according to his best hopes. It was early in the morning, and as the Glencluny men came forward they heard sounding on their left “Mnathan a Ghlinne,” or “Pibroch of Donald Dubh.” They, vigorously following, continued the pursuit in the direction of the sound, which as they proceeded became fainter and fainter, and, strange to think, led them south-east towards Glenshee. According to orders, after playing for a short time at one station, the piper took advantage of the unequal ground of the hilly region to conceal himself, set off at a run, and thus always gained on his pursuers, leading them on from place to place till he came down on Glenshee. The rage of the Cluny men may be imagined when they reached that place and found themselves the victims of a “ruse.” The people of Glenshee delivered over the piper into their hands, and as he would not undertake to point out the route taken by his countrymen he was shot.

In this way Donald Mor escaped into Lochaber, whither the news of the death of his piper soon followed. Infuriated by what he considered the treachery of the people of Glenshee in delivering up his piper, he vowed to avenge his death ; and, although but few of his followers could be persuaded to accompany him, from fear of falling into a nest of still unsettled hornets, with a chosen band he set out on his expedition, and shortly reached Glenshee. Contrary to expectation the shepherds of Glenshee lay secure and unguarded ; so Donald Mor found no difficulty in making away during the night with the best cattle in the glen. By morning he was well over the hills ; but the mist then came on so dense, that he was fain to encamp with his men in Corrie Shith—the Corrie of the Fairies. Thinking that what stopped his march would also stop pursuit, he bade his men light a fire in order that they might have breakfast. But

long before the mist fell, Glenshee and Glenisla, once more in accord, had been roused, and were even then on the track of the robbers. As they followed up the trail, more and more difficult became the march, and consultations were held as to the propriety of going on blindly, and so possibly falling into an ambuscade. Many objected, and turned back through fear. They had no idea that Donald Mor had but seven or eight men with him. A small but resolute band, however, went on—the men of Glenisla at their head, and they were at length rewarded by seeing the gleam of the cateran's fire dully shining through the mist. They now advanced cautiously to reconnoitre, and to their astonishment a few figures only could be seen round the blaze. Still fearing some unseen force, they dared not go forward, but took aim where they stood and fired. Two of the figures fell—the others disappeared; even yet the pursuers hardly dared advance until the mist rose a little and permitted them to see the hollow more clearly. On arriving at the bivouac fire they found their two victims lying low, with their mouths full of bread and cheese, and in one they recognised the form and features of Donald Mor. So he died in Corrie Shith. It had been usual to bury the dead on the battle-field; but when the relatives and friends of Donald Mor learned how the body was to be disposed of, they sent a deputation to Glenshee, the members of which were all "dunnie wassails," for he was very well connected. Their appearance and proceedings had such weight that they were allowed to inter Donald's body in the churchyard of Glenshee; and they are even at this day spoken of in terms of the highest praise for their handsome gallant bearing, and their liberal affable conduct.

A person who knew the Glenisla man by whom Donald Mor was shot, used to tell that he never felt easy or secure. He sat in the house, facing the door at all times, with a loaded gun at his hand, and if it happened to be suddenly opened he clutched at the weapon with an affrighted start. Even so also did he, if suddenly accosted afield, for he always carried his gun with him.

You will pardon me for going wandering from my story. I meant to speak of Black Donald, the Egyptian, and Donald, the son of Robert the mighty. I have said the cousins first came to our notice by distinguished conduct during the expedition to Lochaber. Donald Dubh was in Allancuaich's following, and accompanied his master on a visit he paid to some acquaintance on their journey. When there he was a good deal annoyed by the fixed regards of an old crone in the house, and therefore walked out.

"Ah!" exclaimed she with a deep sigh as he disappeared,

"a pretty man, a pretty man! Pity he is destined to such an end!"

"And what may that be, pray?" asked Allancuaich. After insisting awhile, he learned that Donald Dubh would hang himself in his own garters. He mused awhile over this prediction, and then requested to know whether this doom might not be averted.

"Well," replied the crone in a musing way, "it might, it might. Suppose he were to attend mass regularly every Sunday; ah! well, but what matters it to us; he is none of our people."

And nothing more could be extracted from the fortune-teller. What he had learned, the laird did not fail to communicate to his follower. And so deep an impression did this make on him, that he never failed to attend mass regularly every Sunday during his lifetime, except on one occasion. I may tell you about it even now, though you are to understand it occurred a long while afterwards in the career of my hero. On the Sunday I refer to, the Dee was so swollen with rain that no boat could be "stinged" across (oars were then unknown in the Braes of Mar.) The Ephiteach, on worship intent with others in his neighbourhood, all ignorant of the fact, came down to the ferry, which was then, as now, at the bend of the river, about half a mile above Auchindryne. Finding there could be no passage effected, he sat down disconsolate on the bank, and a feeling of unaccountable depression came over him, so that he would not be comforted.

"Bless me," exclaimed a lad there present—Allancuaich's herd—who coveted the Ephiteach's garters—they were a dandy new pair—"don't make such a fuss about a mass. I'll sell you my right and title in the benefit of it for your garters."

Without a word the Ephiteach untied and threw them at the lad. Mark what betide. When they were calling the servants about Allancuaich to dinner, it was found that the herd had hanged himself in one of the byres with the garters he had coveted. And the doom of the weird woman was held to have been thus averted from Black Donald the Egyptian.

Domhnull Dubh, and Domhnull Mac-Robaidh Mhoir, sometime after the expedition to Lochaber, made a fishing excursion to Loch Bhrotachan. They took care to bring a gun with them to have a shot at what game chance might send in their way. After belabouring the loch for a considerable time with little success, the Ephiteach sat down somewhat wearied, and, scanning the hills around, perceived to his delight a stag browsing some miles away.

"Mac-Robaidh," quoth he, "I feel dull threshing at that water.

I see a stag over on the hills there, and shall have a shot at him. You can wait here till I return."

And away he strode. Ere he had been long gone, MacRobaidh Mhoir's eye fell upon the stalwart forms of six stout Kern armed with guns quite close beside him, who desired to know what manner of man he might be.

"In faith," said MacRobaidh, "I should not mind being one of yourselves, if I could get such an arm as each of you carries."

"Could you use it well, if you had it?"

"Use it?" returned MacRobaidh, throwing down his rod and approaching; "if I don't hit any mark as nearly as the best shot among you, send a bullet through my head."

"Well, well," said the Kern, "let us see. Hold at the knot in that fir root by the loch-side."

MacRobaidh set himself to examine the guns, one after another, throwing them down beside him, till he had the fifth in his hand.

"Behold! then:" quoth he, levelling the weapon, not indeed at the fir root, but at the leader of the party, who still retained his gun. In a moment he shot him dead; and ere the five remaining could recover from their surprise and draw their broadswords, he clubbed his musket, and, in a fierce onslaught, knocked down two of them. The three who still remained untouched, made a desperate resistance and thought to recover one of their firelocks. But their powerful opponent stood over their guns, and, having his rear protected by a deep pool, defied their efforts. Of gigantic size, and active as powerful, he swung the gun around him like a walking-cane. The contest remained long doubtful; and MacRobaidh began to hope that his loving cousin, attracted by the report of his shot, might soon come to his relief. But the Kern were not disposed to waste time. Two of them determined to keep him at bay, while the third endeavoured to snatch a gun from between his feet. Nothing daunted he sustained the assault, and, fortunately, with one sweep, caught their two blades and drove them aside, while with a downright blow, he felled the fellow who was bending to snatch the gun. The tide of battle began to turn. The son of Robert the Mighty assumed the offensive, and terminated the struggle by a complete victory. Where the blow had only stunned, he made "sicker" with his dirk, and, dragging the bodies into a hollow, threw them, with their guns, heads and feet over one another. By and by the Ephiteach returned.

"Well," demanded MacRobaidh, who had resumed his practice of the gentle art, "did you succeed in bringing down the stag?"

"Oh! yes," answered the Ephiteach, "I have him lying by the road, and we can carry him home with us."

"Come here, then," said MacRobaidh, directing his steps to

the spot where the bodies of the Kern lay; "I dare say I have made the larger bag to-day."

"What game have you?"

"Look there!" and he pointed to the heap of gory dead.

"Ye savage! ye butchering savage!" and with this the Ephiteach turned away horrified, refusing to keep company with the merciless son of Robert the Mighty. He did not hear a well-turned compliment on his chicken-heartedness with which his cousin greeted his departure. Ever after, the gun which did such fearful work was MacRobaidh's favourite weapon, and his inseparable companion.

About this time parties of the Black Watch were stationed throughout the Highlands, and the Factor Mor of the Cluny—ancestor of the late Breda—was captain of a party in Braemar. While scouring the hills with his men one day, he fell in with a band of Kern on the Cairnwall. As they had no booty in their possession, the Factor did not think proper to enter into hostilities, but wished to warn them that they would do well to retire home. The chief of the Kern, such a man as you would seldom see for size and might, invited him to come forward and speak with him. It was thought more advisable, however, to depute the Ephiteach in his stead, as the movements of the robbers did not seem altogether satisfactory. The Ephiteach met his man half-way to confer, but nothing was farther from the Kern's mind, for the gigantic fellow rushed on our hero and bore him to the ground in a moment. The Ephiteach felt rather uncomfortable, when he saw his foe's dirk flashing over his head; but with the speed of lightning, he caught his sleeve and drew his arm aside. The Black Watch lost not a moment in hurrying up, when they saw the robber assault their comrade, so that the Ephiteach had but two other attempts at dirking to withstand, when a bullet whistled through his enemy's breast, which brought him with a gush of blood down nerveless above him. By the time he had disencumbered himself his friends were beside him, and the Kern, having lost their leader, escaped to the hills. This was one of the Ephiteach's many encounters with straggling freebooters, and that in which his life ran the greatest risk. He had acquired considerable repute for his prowess, and his deeds were the theme of the country generally.

One man envied his fame. When the horn of the Ephiteach's fame was sounded, and his encounters with the freebooters rehearsed, he would constantly exclaim—

"Oh! nan robh mise sin.  
Oh! that I had been there."

The Scholar—so he was called—got only laughed at for a vain

braggart, and people wished that he really might be there, to take down his conceit a bit. So fortune seconding his own and so many other aspirations, at length afforded him an opportunity to try his valour. The Scholar, with his son, a boy of some twelve or fifteen years of age, and the Ephiteach, were knocking about among the hills, and so came on four Kern, all proper gallant men.

"Now, Scholar, you are here to-day, what say you to a 'tuilzie' with those four fellows?"

"An ye love me, let it be so!" replied the Scholar, who really was not a coward.

They had but one gun; the Kern had none, so the Ephiteach, as tactitian, proceeded to give his instructions.

"You, my little boy, take the gun and hold at those two mid-fellows, turning from the one to the other as often as possible, but don't fire till I give the order. Scholar, take you the left, I'll take the right hand man, and now forward."

The Kern stood their ground, and allowed our braves to come up. The Ephiteach had so arranged that the stoutest to appearance of their opponents fell to the Scholar. His son acting after "instruction's warning voice," kept up a bold front, and aiming at the two in the centre alternately, paralysed their movements. The Ephiteach rushed in on his man, and having the feeblest of the party to deal with, soon beat him down. He was then able to relieve the boy, about to be out-generalled by the two he had to keep in check. The Scholar, meanwhile, was fighting manfully against fearfully superior skill and prowess. When the Ephiteach engaged his second opponent, his companion made a dash with drawn sword at the artillery.

"He'll kill me now; he'll kill me now!" cried the youngster, falling back and eluding the Kern.

"Can't you kill him then?" replied the Ephiteach, giving a glance round.

The lad fired, and down rolled the man. It was not a moment too soon. The Scholar had fallen, and his opponent was preparing to dirk him. His son dutifully hurried to the rescue, and seizing the Kern's kilt, gave him a tug which, as he knelt over the poor Scholar, overbalanced him to that side. The lad deftly evaded any blow aimed at himself, and ever as the Kern strove to regain his kneeling posture, tugged at him again, so managing to prevent the use of the drawn dirk against his father. At length the Ephiteach wound up his transactions with his second foe, and effectively relieved the Scholar with one cut of his sword through the outstanding robber's head. In after time, when the Scholar heard of feats of arms, he would no longer exclaim—

"Oh! nan robh mise sin."



Somewhere between the years 1726 and 1733, the rivalry between the M'Kenzies and the Farquharsons had nearly brought them to hostilities. Both parties levied their fighting men, and met in Corrie Bhu. The sages in both camps wished for a peaceable termination to the affair, and deputies passed backwards and forwards with the view of effecting this object. Among the M'Kenzies, one "voice was still for war." A dark, tall, powerful man, conspicuous among the M'Kenzies from the Farquharson camp, paced up and down exclaiming—

"Blood! blood!"

"Who," demanded Invercauld, who was then at the head of his name, "is that wild fellow?"

"The Ephiteach," replied a deputy; "and he has sworn that, if a ball be shot to-day, it will be his endeavour to send the second through your heart."

The Ephiteach had the reputation of being a crack shot, and Invercauld felt he was at an unchancy near range; so it was found possible to come to an understanding.

In a short time came the "Forty-five," and, of course, Donald Dubh an t-Ephiteach and Donald Mac Robaidh-Mhoir marched out with the "Bra' lads" under Monaltrie, Auchindryne, and Balmoral. Of their deeds you will hear in due course: suffice it at present to say, that my two heroes distinguished themselves as might have been expected.

In consequence of this, none were more obnoxious than they to the nostrils of the red-coats who garrisoned Braemar Castle, after the suppression of this last Jacobite rising. Various schemes were resorted to without avail for their capture. One serjeant in particular, distinguished himself by his vexatious pursuit. He frequently broke in on the Ephiteach's mother, a lone widow, living as I have said in Auchindryne, where he continually boasted how he would serve her son could he only meet in with him alone. The widow, instructed by her son, at last informed the serjeant, that in a certain place in Coirenam-muc he would meet the Ephiteach, provided he went alone and without fire-arms. That moment the serjeant threw down his gun and set off. The Ephiteach, perched up on the top of the box bed, had heard all their conversation, and, quickly descending from his hiding place, was in time to keep the red-coat from waiting at the rendezvous. There was no need of words. Both silently drew their swords and fell to with heart and soul. You will have already heard enough not to wonder that our hero was victor. He first disarmed the serjeant, then brought him to the ground with a blow of the pommel of his sword, and, before he had recovered his senses, had his hands tightly bound behind his back.

"Now, sergeant," asked the Ephiteach, "suppose you had me as I have you, what would you do?"

"Indeed," replied he, "I should kill you."

"Well, as you have been so candid, I will spare your life; but you shall remember the Ephiteach to the latest day of it."

So saying, he undid the sergeant's clothing, not leaving a stitch on his back, fastened them in a bundle, hung them round his neck, cut a number of supple birch-twigs, and wonderfully accelerated his return to the castle by a plentiful administration of birch-oil, through the Corrie, through Auchindryne, through Castletown, even on to the Castle Park gate. That sergeant never after shone in attempts at the capture of Domhnul Dubh an t-Ephiteach, though the efforts of the garrison were redoubled. Donald was vexed beyond endurance. Not only would the soldiers put down the "forty-five" men, but they had orders to deprive the Highlanders of their arms, their immemorial right to hunt and fish, aye, even of the liberty to wear their ancient costume. These tyrannical measures the men of the Braes o' Mar of all the highland districts, resisted most stoutly. Their costume they did not and would not throw aside. Time alone, and the influx of Saxons and Lowlanders wrought this change. So as the redcoats kept no measures with him, Donald would keep none with them. A little below Auchindryne, he fixed into the ground of a dusky evening, a torch on a long pole. This was on the Castletown side of the Cluny. With five or six loaded guns, he kept watch on the opposite side himself. As soon as the blaze of the torch was perceived from the castle, a party was ordered out to catch the supposed poachers. In a short time, they came streaming down the bank of the river to the spot where the torch was set up. Then, with sure aim—every shot telling—the Ephiteach discharged gun after gun so rapidly, that the Saxons, believing a party of insurgents had laid an ambush for them, fled back in disorder to their quarters, leaving a number dead on the bank, which, in remembrance, still bears the name of "Putan Sassenich." This exasperated the English to still more unceasing and determined pursuit, and this again raised the Ephiteach's ire to indiscriminate vengeance. Now, it happened that the wife of one of the officers, near her confinement, required to be sent south to have, when necessary, the benefit of medical skill, a thing not to be thought of in Braemar. Her husband—Captain Miller—Muckle Miller, he was called—determined to convey her through Glenshee to the outposts of civilisation. The Ephiteach got notice of the intended journey, and lay in wait on the Cairnwall. Captain Miller duly made his appearance, mounted on a garron, his wife

*en croupe*. All at once, up started the Ephiteach in their path, with levelled gun.

"Swords and fair play!" cried Miller, who was a handsome, gallant soldier, perhaps even a match at that weapon for his terrible adversary.

"Such play," replied the exasperated Ephiteach, "as you order your men to give me and my countrymen, and that is, 'shoot them down, bayonet them, shoot them down!'"

And he fired. Owing to the plunging and curvetting of the horse, the captain was only wounded. The Ephiteach, therefore, re-loaded, and coming up again, shot him dead. The country-guide who shows you over the Cairnwall, will point out among the red heather the grave of Muckle Miller.

Donald seized the bridlereins warm from the dead man's hands, and, mounting in his place, desired to know whither his lady—who had not been in the least injured—wished to be conducted. To Ridorrach: very well, they jogged on, and by and by became quite friendly, so much so, indeed, that, before they reached their destination, the lady proposed to become the Ephiteach's wife. On his expressing himself shocked at such an unnatural proposal,

"Oh," replied she, "there is nothing very strange about it. Captain Miller killed my first husband."

The Ephiteach, however, did not think proper to be the third, and, having left the gallant widow at Ridorrach, set off on foot for his home, and that night slept in Glen Lui. There he fixed his headquarters for a time, and was only induced to change by a midnight call from the Redcoats, whose clutches he, with the greatest difficulty, escaped by flying naked to the Dee, clearing the Linn at a leap, and retreating into the wilds of Upper Glen Eye. It was suspected that the farmer with whom he lived, had betrayed him, and the man, though supported by all the garrisons of the Braes of Mar, found it necessary to depart to some far-off country.

It is an old saying, and it is true, "the piggie aye gangs to the wall till ae day;" and the "ae day" that the Ephiteach was not to escape, arrived. He and his cousin, Mac Robaidh Mhoir, were brought in chains to Invercauld. Some ceremony, it appears, had to be gone through before they could be shot, for, the head officer of the garrison happening to be in Aberdeen, they were thrust into the donjon till he should return. Invercauld was in no ways fond of having his countrymen treated after this fashion, though he might have been excused for bearing the Ephiteach a grudge, on account of the affair of Corrie Bhu. He caused the two prisoners in his donjon to be warned that, in the evening, and through the night, there would be

revelry and rioting, feasting, dancing, and drinking, to celebrate the king's accession. In effect, they did keep it up, in style, and Invercauld, who then, like other lairds, had a "still" of his own, made the waters of life abound. Coggie after coggie, bumpers you may be sure, were served round and round—aye, round about, till not only the coggies, but all the sky, and the whole earth, went round about and round about. The sentinels carried on the waltz as well, and all was maudlin mirth and madness. Then, with a kick, the Ephiteach split the dungeon door; then, with another, Mac Robaidh Mhoir "in splinters gart it flee." Then they both burst out. Then the commandant's secretary, who had avoided joining in the debauch, suspicious of treason, on hearing the fracas, rushed down the stairs. Then he wrenched a gun from a sentinel, prostrate over his bottle, who was gloriously singing,

"George is a merry boy,  
Long may he reign."

Then, as the secretary made a charge down the corridor at our two hand-cuffed heroes, with the bayonet, to drive them back into prison, Invercauld's butler tripped him up (by mistake, of course). Then Mac Robaidh Mhoir and the Ephiteach jumped over him, and away to the hills, manacled as they were, where friends stood awaiting them. Then, once at a safe distance, the blacksmith of Auchindryne seized upon Black Donald the Egyptian, and set upon him with a file; and he of Castletown leaped upon Donald, the son of Robert the Mighty, and thundered at him with a hammer. Then their fetters fell on the ground like pieces of broken glass, and they stood once more free.

As they were receiving the congratulations of their friends, a messenger, in hot haste from Invercauld, arrived to say that the secretary had taken horse, and was gone for Aberdeen to his commandant, and that Invercauld was afraid a serious charge might be made out against him.

"Let us go after him, Mac Robaidh Mhoir," said the Ephiteach. "We will surely be able to catch him before he reaches Aberdeen."

"Before he reaches Aboyne, you mean," replied Mac Robaidh Mhoir, striding away with his gun, brought by one of his friends, out of whose belt he took a dirk on loan.

"Messenger, tell Invercauld, if he see a bonfire on the top of Craig Chliny on the coming night, he may be sure we have stopped the Secretary;" and the Ephiteach, helping himself to a sword, strode after his cousin.

Down through Philagie and Aberairder, down through Crathie

and Micras, and passing through foot of Gairn, the Donalds spied the Secretary riding hard before them, and just entering the pass of Ballater.

"Haste," said MacRobaidh Mhoir.

"On, then," replied Black Donald.

And on they went. It is not in the men of our days to equal their forefathers in agility and speed. Who now could, like William Auchindryne, of whom you will soon hear, walk to Edinburgh from his own home in one day, and come back the next? Who, like the old laird of Abergeldie, could thence go to and return from Aberdeen on the same day? Who will undertake the feat of the piper of Corgarff Castle, to walk thence to Aberdeen in eight hours, playing on his bag-pipes the whole way?

MacRobaidh Mhoir and the Ephiteach could hear the clatter of the horse's hoofs as they rushed out of the pass, and bore forward on Tullich. On they sped. When they left Tullich behind them, the Secretary, in the grey light of morning, looking back from Tomnakiest, saw the Highlanders hurrying after him. He knew that the sight boded him no good, and so hurried at the utmost speed of his horse forward to Culbleen.

"Forward!" cried MacRobaidh Mhoir, waving his gun.

Forward, forward! As the two Donalds came down the height behind Camus O'May, the Secretary was careering only a gun-shot ahead. Down went MacRobaidh Mhoir on his knee; he levelled his gun, and fired. The horse rolled on the road, but the redcoat disengaged himself, and started on foot. Alas, the race must be short now! The Ephiteach is at last blown, but the terrible MacRobaidh Mhoir flies forward like the wind. In ten minutes he is on his victim.

"Spare a defenceless man!" cried the Ephiteach from behind.

MacRobaidh Mhoir heard him, but he heeded not. Pity never entered the breast of MacRobaidh Mhoir, and he hewed the Secretary down with one blow. He was deaf to the Ephiteach's reproaches, and simply replied that "Dead men told no tales."

That evening, according to promise, the two worthies lit a bonfire on Craig Chliny, that warmed the blood of Invercauld in his chamber where he lay.

When the commandant returned to Invercauld, the soldiers, who had been all too jolly, could give but a very confused report of the escape of the two prisoners. Invercauld could not make the matter a whit plainer. The death of the Secretary was naturally enough laid to the hatred entertained by the country people towards the redcoats. Still the officer had his suspicions, and from quartering on Invercauld went to the castle, now re-

paired and fitted up to receive a garrison. But he made frequent descents in force on the laird, besides keeping him often little better than a prisoner within the castle.

The Ephiteach, acquainted with these annoying proceedings of the Saxons, considered with himself how he might restore the laird to favour. While he was undergoing one of the customary detentions in the castle, the officers from Abergeldie, Corgarff, the Dubrach, and Glenshee were invited to a feast there. At table the laird was always known to sit at the same seat, behind which a window opened out looking towards Invercandlic. Before the festal day he was warned by Donald Dubh, that he must, as if accidentally, get himself replaced there by one of the guests from the other garrisons, or let the place be empty. The laird doubtless managed the matter very well, and waited impatiently for what might happen. During dinner, then, the party were startled by the report of a gun, and the crash of a bullet through the window at which Invercauld used to sit. In its passage through the mess-room it carried away the waiter's thumb, split open a haggis he was about to lay down on the table, and buried itself in the opposite wall. Had Invercauld been in his usual place, his head would have suffered the fate of the haggis. The whole party ran to the windows. They saw a tall dark form on the opposite side of the river. He waved his gun triumphantly, and cried loud enough to be heard, "That is for the traitor Saxon laird of Invercauld from me, Donald Dubh, the Egyptian." He then wandered away up the Candlic Burn. Seeing how narrowly the laird had escaped death at the hand of Donald, it was not to be thought that he had connived at his escape, and he was therefore received into the favour of the Saxons, with whom he remained ever after in good repute. The Ephiteach died peaceably at a good old age. The terrible MacRobaidh Mhoir had a more romantic end. He had at some time discovered a posy of concealed money, and carried it away, which somehow gave a fairy damsel power over him. She, as damsels will do and ever have done, fell deeply in love with Donald the son of Robert the Mighty, a thing no whit strange, if it be as it is commonly allowed, that the same passions and feelings prevail in "fairie" as on earth. Our hero ought to have been delighted, and perhaps he was, but marriage contracted with one of his own species forbade a lawful connection with the fairy fair. She knowing the cause of her beloved's coldness, resolved to remove to another world his wedded wife. An opportunity for doing this arrived, for Mrs Mackenzie was on the point of presenting her husband with an addition to his family. The pains of labour came on, but the skilliest wives in "braid" Braemar could afford her no relief. It soon became

apparent that the malignant influence of fairies alone could bring about such a crisis, and MacRobaidh Mhoir was warned of this, and besought to pacify their ire. He therefore hied him away to the Sloggan Glen, where the damsel abode, and as he talked love to her, pretended to have seen a hind on his way thither, and to have a cow in his byre at home, in the same condition as he had left his wife.

“I would be exceedingly loath to lose my bonnie brown cow,” said the hypocrite.

“I wonder, I wonder,” replied the innocent lady in green, “that should be. If a bed of bents were spread below them, they would soon find relief.”

The traitor hastened home with an armful of bents, and his wife in a few moments after was safely delivered of a son. I give the secret to the world, and hope to hear no more of deaths in childbed.

Presuming on the service she had rendered, and perhaps acting after a promise from the deceiver—did he not say some sweet things, and make some tender promises, do you think, though he denied it most determinedly to Mrs Mackenzie?—the leannan sith came regularly at night to MacRobaidh Mhoir's house, and lay down on the one side of him as his wife did on the other. These Paynim proceedings were not to be thought of in the centre of Christendie, in that kingdom of godliness, I was about to say, illumined by the torch of the glorious Reformation of Knox!

I suspect MacRobaidh Mhoir, in spite of his strength and courage in the field, led a sorry life of it at home during the period of his leannan sith's visits—a dog's life of it, indeed. So at length he determined to pacify madam, cost what it might; and again repaired to the Sloggan Glen. The fairy fair was in rapture, and came forth from the prettiest grassy knoll in the glen to meet him, resplendent in the most beautiful green dress man ever cast eyes on.

As formerly, MacRobaidh Mhoir, during his pretended love-making, informed the guileless damsel that his cows were all getting useless. He believed the cause of this misfortune resulted from the visits of a bull from fairie, of which he did not know how to get rid.

“Take water-wrack,” said the fay; “take water-wrack, and lay a handful in each of the four corners of the byre, and never more will fairy kind enter there.”

MacRobaidh Mhoir returned home, and in the four corners of his bed put a handful of “water wrack,” which proved a sovereign remedy, and one that may be safely used in any similar case. The leannan sith never after excited Mrs M'Kenzie's

jealousy in the manner she had done. Once, however, MacRobaidh Mhoir met her while he was out hunting.

“Ah! beloved but vile deceiver, how grievously you betrayed me,” she said to him. “My love for you, even yet, overcomes every feeling of revenge, and forces me to warn you from ever approaching the Black Sloggan of the Candlic, if you would avoid an untimely end.”

Seven long years, and MacRobaidh Mhoir never touched his gun. He knew the handling of that famous piece would force him to the hills, and, once out hunting a hare or hind, would, ten to one, lead him on forbidden ground. In an evil hour a servant unhooked it from the “roost,” and when MacRobaidh Mhoir opened the door it fell against him. He took it and cleaned, and scoured, and oiled it all over; as he did so, the memory of old times came over him—tenderly he handled it—oh! that famous old arm. He thought of the fight on Loch Bhrotachan side; he thought of the days when they—his gun and himself—went out on Gleney and in on Glendee; from glen on to glen, always following the deer, as he says in his song to it—

“Theid sinn mach air Gleanneidh,  
Agus stigh air Gleann Dee  
Bho Gleannan gu Gleannan,  
Sior leanail an fheidh.”

“S'cha n'odhar thu, cha n'odhar thu,  
Cha n'odhar leam thu;  
Cha n'odhar leam fhein thu  
Ach's gle geal leam thu.”

He thought of the accident it had met with when he sent it over to “Castletown of the branches” to have it repaired.

“Thug iad mi thairis gu Bailechaisteal nan geug,  
Gu Anna 'sgu Raibeart feuch an taitninn riu fhein,  
'Sdar nach d'rinn mi riu taitneas,  
Chuir iad dh' achaidh mi rithist.”

The reason Robert the blacksmith and Ann his wife were not pleased with her—the gun here speaks for itself in the feminine—was that any unchancy red coat might have found her in their possession, at a time when the country was said to be disarmed, and heavy penalties inflicted on any one who had concealed or kept such. He thought of Culbleen and the red coat secretary; he thought of many another deed; and no wonder it appeared to him neither dark nor dim, but very fair and very dear. The snow lay deep on the hills, but MacRobaidh Mhoir must needs go a-hunting. He wandered up Craig Chlerich and on to Cairn Drochaide, but nothing rose within gun-shot, and on he went



till he reached the top of the hill. There a hare rose, and the once sure marksman only wounded her. She fled to the Black Sloggan of the Candlic. Unmindful in the heat of the chase of the fairy's warning, MacRobaidh Mhoir followed keenly after. The hare ran till she reached the brink of those terrible rocks that overhang the burn, and there fell down. He ventured forward to pick her up; but just as he reached the spot, awesome sight, he secured not a hare, but his Leannan sith, who confronted him with words of reproach.

"And dinna ye mind, MacRobaidh Mhoir, when ye cheated me sae sair, and dinna ye mind when I warned ye weel the Black Sloggan to shun? But sure to-day ye maun be fey, to come hither after my warning; for sure to-day you must die."

As the words were uttered MacRobaidh Mhoir felt himself sinking through the snow, and the "writhe" descending with him. He had but time to stick his gun upright in a mass that did not threaten to roll down the dread black rocks, when he was borne headlong over the precipice, and lay buried in the snow below. His gun served as an index to the men who next day came in search of him. They found a body in the avalanche that had rolled down the rocks, which was recognised by all as that of Donald, the son of Robert the Mighty. It was solemnly borne to his home, and thence duly to the churchyard. After this it would have been reasonable to expect that terrestrial things would have no longer interested our hero; but it was not so. His lonely widow felt the heavy afflictions of poverty, which were not a little aggravated by having a young family to rear. In this desperate case she was sought by the miller of Milton for lawful wife, and after long resistance, in an evil hour acceded to his wish. They had not been long married when she found ample cause to repent her weakness. The miller was a surly churl, and beat her frequently in a cruel manner. Perhaps he was an Englishman or a lowlander, for no such dastardly dealings ever obtained with the brave-hearted Gaels. When people gossiping at the mill spoke of communion — then common enough — with fairies, the miller's dame would inquire if they ever saw her husband among them? If an answer in the affirmative were returned, and the miller not present, she would beg of them to inform MacRobaidh Mhoir of the bad treatment she was undergoing. Some one who had the good fortune to get an interview with the fairies found it possible to deliver her message.

"Ah! the silly body," returned MacRobaidh Mhoir, "to have anything ado with that nasty old carl; but tell her on Wednesday next to make ready, and I will come for her at gloamin."

This communication, when it reached the dame, rejoiced her heart, and she prepared herself accordingly. At the appointed time she was in the mill sifting meal, and the surly miller stood inspecting her movements. Something did not please him, and he slapped her—the rascally vagabond of a Sassenach—on the cheek. Thereupon she dropped on the floor apparently dead; but some persons about the mill-door, at that very moment, saw her visible form walking away over some green hillocks or mounds near-by with a tall stout man, in whom they recognised Donald, the son of Robert the Mighty, and it was apparent she had been spirited to fairy-land.

I conclude in a few words. The Dalmores, as will be shown in the “Legend of the Auchindrynes,” entered on a lawsuit with them and were ruined. The Duffs bought the estate, and the family removed in the first place to Lary on Gairnside, where they rented the surrounding country from Lord Aboyne, and sublet it to a great number of small farmers or crofters. They tormented the life out of these, and at the same time spent the remains of their money; and at length departed to some other country, to the great joy of the men of Glengairn.

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## LEGEND OF THE AUCHINDRYNES.

WE have had a pleasant time together. While relating the “Legends of the Braes of Mar” we have recalled more vividly to ourselves what our forefathers have handed down to us. Whatever they may be to strangers, these are to us dear memories.

I would avoid giving offence to any one, but I must tell facts: I look back over the long prospect of past time that spreads out for a century; there is a mist of oblivion which entirely obscures part of the scene, allows only glimpses of other objects to be caught, and throws over all a faint haze that will not allow me to picture them vividly to your minds: yet, there remains such a vast number of incidents, there figures such a crowd of persons, that necessarily I must dismiss the more unimportant of them briefly and summarily.

In this retrospect, if I compare the times in which I have the beginning of my narrative with our own days, what a contrast! It is the fashion now-a-days to deny that any depopulating course of evictions has ever been carried out in the Highlands of Scotland; or, in any case where such is admitted, the number

of families driven away is underrated, and the measure is justified by very plausible reasons. What storm did not Professor Blackie raise, when he mentioned the evictions in Braemar? How completely in the wrong every review and newspaper proved, to their own satisfaction, the professor to be! What a band of sorners, limmers, and kern our forefathers were represented! With what scorn do the sons of those heroes, who so well defended Edinburgh against the Highland army under "Prince Charlie," speak of the rebels of Braemar who fought in all the risings for the House of Stuart! How mightily are the cowards exalted, and how desolate are the glens that once teemed with a brave people! They tell me to rejoice because I am a civilised man in a civilised country; but when I look to Glendee, Gleney, Glenlui, Glencuaich, Glencluny, Braemar, Strathdee, Glengairn, Glenfinzie, Morven, and Glentanner, I cannot but exclaim, oh! desolate! oh! dreary! oh! desert civilisation! At the same time, I laugh at their fictions of barbarism, their fictions of disloyalty, their fictions of sorning and cattle-lifting, their fictions of sturt and strife. If countries or districts are to be laid waste for these very wise reasons, I ask myself, why do the Saxon and Lowland inhabitants of glass-houses begin to throw stones at us? For scattered and harassed as we are, in case of a French invasion, the Celts would defend themselves and their country as gallantly as the lowlanders or Saxons. Perhaps—who can say—were they as numerous as when they went forth to Kilsyth, Killiecrankie, and Culloden, the country might be saved as much in coast defences now, as the surplus balance of gain made by turning our fields into deer-forests.

I wonder with myself, whether Scotland was created for a few men, who write a word of title before their names, to use and abuse, for their pleasure; and I wonder with myself, what justice there is in a code of laws, that allows one subject—called a duke, marquess, earl, lord, or laird—to deprive the Queen and country of thousands of subjects by eviction and expatriation.

Not such, indeed, were the Auchindrynes.

The tutor of Broughdearg informs us, that James, the first Inverey, had by his second wife, Agnes Ferguson, daughter of the minister of Crathie, three sons, Lewis, the first Auchindryne; James, the first Tullochcoy; and Donald, who died unmarried; also three daughters. The eldest was married to Andrew Small, the second to John Robertson of Foulis, and the third to Angus Du M'Pherson.

James, of Tullochcoy, married Agnes Ochterlony, daughter to the minister of Fordoun, and by her had three sons, James, his successor, David, and Alexander. The last was a surgeon, and died abroad.

David, the second son, married the daughter of Thomas Gordon, portioner of Crathienaird, and had children by her.

James, the second Tullochcoy, married Mary Farquharson, the daughter of Monaltrie, and had by her sons and daughters.

His successor, Peter, the third Tullochcoy, was born in 1733. He married Isabella Forbes of Bellabeg, and by her had five sons, James, Alex. George, Francis, and Donald. Peter sold Tullochcoy to Invercauld, and went to Belnabodach, in Strathdon, a farm still held by his descendants.

The Tullochcoys went out with the Auchindrynes in the "Forty-Five."

During the American war, one of the family was a captain in the army, and to encourage his men in a desperate encounter, cried to the piper, "Play us up the Woods of Tullochcoy." The tune brought dear recollections, and the captain's heart was softened. "Mo, Chreach," said he, "na robh mi aig am bun."—"Alas! I would I were among them."

And, well-a-day, "when wild war's deadly blast" had passed away, the captain returned home, once more to wander through his well-loved woods, as he fondly desired, "thinking of battle field no more, days of danger, nights of waking."

I return to the Auchindrynes, and to begin, I give you the continuation of Father Charles' MS., as quoted in the Legend of Donald of Castletown.

"These forty men,"—namely, those who with Donald of Castletown accompanied the banished Priest Owenson or Avignon to the boundary of the parish,—"stood out and would not hear the reader placed in the kirk, and taught their children to do the same also." The boy then baptized by Mr John Avignon (Owenson), of whom the forementioned prophesy was made, was James Farquharson of Inverey. He married Abergeldy's daughter, begot by her William and other sons and daughters. After her death he married Mr Ferguson's daughter; her first son, Lewis, was baptized by the Earl of Huntly's chaplain, at that time both in Badenoch. This Lewis was born heir to Auchindryne, and Tullochcoy in Monaltrie by the contract of my grandfather with his second wife. His eldest brother, William, headed the Braemar men after the murder of Donald of Castletown (Donaldog), by the Covenanters at Aberdeen; went abroad with Montrose, leaving his son John his heir to the estate of Inverey. This John resolved, being son to the eldest brother, to make a minister of Lewis, my father, give him a kirk, and seize on his small estates as his own. He sends him, therefore, to the College of Aberdeen. Having ended his studies, he became helper to the minister settled at Crathie. After a while he gives him a letter to get a kirk. His professor, upon reading Inverey's

letter, told him to write a book against the Papists, and then he would get a kirk. This meritorious book was finished; and my father, before he printed his book, reflected thus:—

“ I write nothing here against the Papists, but what I found in our best authors. Yet I have a scruple about some things that are said and often printed against them. Papists have surely committed many bad things; yet I do not find sufficiently proven that these bad things proceeded from principle. There is a Priest coming to this country in the night, and if he objected that we caluminate them, I would think great shame.” He went directly and finds at Invercauld some of Mr John Avignon's (Owenson's) books of Controversy, blots out of his own manuscript Irish and French massacre, together with many other calumnies. He finds then his book too little, “ but,” says he, “ I'll answer this Popish book, till my book will be big enough for the press.” The first argument of the Catholic book was, that Jesus Christ settled an infallible Church upon earth. “ Oh! oh!” said he, “ this is the Achilles of the Papists, if they prove this, they will make us all rebels to God and his Church. I must answer this, or I'll do nothing. If they prove this article alone, they will not then need to prove any other article of their religion.” He wrote an answer, compared the Catholic argument, and found his answer obscure, and the Catholic argument much easier to be understood by the reader of both, threw it away and wrote another. He found this insufficient. He began to pare and study, but the more he studied, the more difficulty he saw to answer it. Then he sought all the books of his own persuasion, thinking he would undoubtedly find a clear answer to the argument; but was much surprised they all wrote very little concerning it. He in his surprise compared them to a bird flying over a river, and tasting a little of the water in passing quickly to land. “ What,” said he, “ no answer to this chief argument of the Papists, but jeering, bantering, and scolding? Good God!” says he, “ Christ builds a Church, the gates of hell shall never prevail against it; he'll be with her to the world's end! How can I believe that all these texts are false, and be a Christian? With the help of God I'll be at the bottom of this. I read these texts more than twenty times, and only now find their strength when put together and well considered.” He goes down to Aberdeen; while the young ministers proposed their questions, he proposes his. “ What answer,” says he, “ will I give the Papists to this argument?” The learned Professor answers thus: “ *Go home, Lewis,*” says he, “ *write your book the best way you can, and you'll get a kirk: don't dive deep in controversy, otherwise you'll go straight to Popery.*” This answer struck his scholar dumb;

he replied nothing, but going home, said within himself, "what is this? If I dive deep in controversy, I'll go straight to Popery? If we have the truth on our side, the more I dive into it the better I see it; but it seems he sees it on the side of Popery. But if I see it on that side, I will embrace it: my salvation depends on believing and doing what Christ taught. Full of this thought at his coming home, he reads the whole Catholic Book. His reflection was, Good God! we bragged we were forced to separate from the Church of Rome, because she denied clear texts of Scripture, had nothing to say for herself, but the authority of her Church. I'm much afraid we are all wrong."

As the author of that book cited another book for some article that could not be found either at Invercauld or at Crathie, he sent for Donald Roy M'Callum, and said, "I want a word of your priest that comes to visit you with moonlight." Donald denied first that any came to him. But my father told him he knew a priest came to visit him as well as himself. Donald then owned, and begged he would not raise a persecution against him. "No, Donald," said my father, "I'll do him no manner of harm." Donald told this to Mr Forsey (Henry Forsyth, S.I.; he was in Braemar in 1688, and till about 1700) as a piece of news, when he came. "Oh, man," says Mr Forsey, "did you tell him that I frequented your house?" Donald answered, "I thought to deny it; but as he told me with some warmth he knew it as well as myself, I thought it safer to own what he knew already, and begged him not to raise a persecution against us." "I'm far from it," replied he; "I want only one word of him in as private a place as you or he think proper." Mr Forsey ordered Donald not to tell the minister till after four days were over after his departure from his house, that he was there: "for," said he, "there is no churchman between this and Castle Gordon, but myself. I have some few in Glen Livat, very few in Strathaven, and you and another man here; and if you betray me, your blood and that of others will be upon your own head." When Donald Roy told this, and that Mr Forsey refused to see him, my father told him he was sorry he had too much reason for mistrusting him, and said, "When Mr Forsey comes again, assure him upon the word of a gentleman, and an honest man" (I see he will not heed the word of a minister), "that I'll be upon my back before any harm come over him, while he'll be with me." This Donald tells Mr Forsey what was said to himself. "Very well, Donald," said Mr Forsey, "do you remember what the little priest said of that man's father, when he left the country?" Upon Donald replying that all the country knew it as well as he, "Who knows what is God's design? 'Tis easy for Almighty God to

convert him ; and as he has a little estate in the midst of the country, he may, if he converts, be a considerable support to religion in this country ; and his example, as an outward grace, may induce many to follow him. Go you this moment and tell him to meet me very early to-morrow ; in any private wood you'll both agree upon." At their meeting in the wood of Dalebreckachy, my father assured Mr Forsey he would, to the utmost of his power, defend him. "I ask nothing," said he, "but the loan of such a book," telling him its title. "I will send it," said Mr Forsey. When he came again, he brought the book and said, "If that gentleman reads this book, and ask another interview, I'll have more courage to meet him ; yet, as formerly, I'll put my whole trust in God. They burnt all our books that they could lay hands on, and yet preach that we keep the people in ignorance."

Next time Mr Forsey came to the country, Donald Roy told him my father wanted another word of him. The meeting was at the same time and place. My father was there. Mr Forsey concluded there was a longer meeting intended, as he saw some meat and drink prepared and brought by my father, who begged him to sit down, and told Donald to come at night for Mr Forsey, before it should be dark. My father began to ask questions about religion. Mr Forsey said he declined disputes about religion, because they usually begot hatreds and quarrels. My father answered, "There shall be no disputes or quarrels between us ; but my only desire is to be informed about many things I heard and read about your religion." "With all my heart, then," replied the other, "I will tell what we believe." Night came. Donald comes ; they agree to meet next morning, and Saturday the same. On which day, at night, my father says, "Go you home, Donald, and come to-morrow to my house. I hope, Mr Forsey, you'll take a bed from me this night." "This may *hurt* us both," replied Mr Forsey ; "it would debar you from getting a kirk, and draw a greater persecution on me." My father replied, "I am resolved to be persecuted with you. As I have a dislike for Nicodemus's way, I'll tell you plainly my design. To-morrow I have a mind, with God's grace, to abjure all heresy, and to be reconciled as soon as you think proper, and that publicly. There are about forty persons in this country that never go to the kirk, and always expect and pray for a churchman of the religion of their forefathers. I will call them, and you'll be, I hope, pleased to explain to them the principal points of the Catholic faith, and motives of credibility. I know they'll imprison me, and take from me my worldly goods, as far as God will allow them ; and while I'm at home, I am ready to employ myself every Sunday in teaching

all those that are willing the Christian doctrine. All this was executed next day. Mr Forsey departed next night for Castle Gordon. My father was put in prison twice, and was liberated twice, paying five hundred merks ; and as the Earl of Mar was his great friend, he lost not his bit land. So, when Almighty God, in his mercy, has a mind to convert a country, he does extraordinary things, and gives his grace to those that are sincere, of an upright heart, and prefer their salvation to all things else.

The conversion of one John Lamond, *alias* Buy, who left a numerous progeny in Braemar, is worth the recording. Very many in this country remember the story, which is shortly this. John Lamond, now called n' skener Buy, was an elder of the kirk, and a little anecdote is remembered of him. One day Mr Robison, minister of Glen Muick, when preaching in our kirk, and explaining the text of St James, said : " You see here, dearly beloved, you are ordered, indeed, to confess your faults ; but not to the ugly, ill-far'd priest, as some do in this country. For look to the text above ; is any one sick among you, let him call for the Church." When the people came out, John accosted Mrs Farquharson : " If being married to Auchindryne, you turn papist, remember it must not be to the ugly priest you are to make your confession, but to me." These two sayings helped greatly to her conversion. John Buy, some time after this, went down to see my father in prison. " God help us," said he, " poor ignorant people. You preached to us in the kirk against that religion ; was at the college, read many books, and now you suffer imprisonment for it as cheerfully as if you were at a feast, which I am sure you would never do if you thought you could be saved in our religion ; and if so, what will become of me, and many others, that cannot read a book, and hear so many evil things of that religion." My father answered : " It is as easy for God Almighty to convince you or any other ignorant man, of the truth he has revealed for our salvation, as the greatest doctor on earth. He requires an upright heart, and that they prefer his honour and their own salvation to all things else." John briskly replied : " I'm quite willing and ready to do anything to obtain that light : what signifies to be happy for a short time in this miserable life, and be eternally tormented for want of the true means given us by Christ for our salvation ? Tell me what I shall do, and I'm fully resolved to do it." My father told him : " If your heart is according to what you say, you infallibly will come to know the truth. Can you pray ?" Ans. : " Indeed, we seldom trouble God Almighty with our prayers." Reply : " Prayer, John, being the key to heaven, is quite necessary for obtaining his grace, without which we can-



not expect to go there ; have you the Lord's Prayer ?" Ans. : " I knew it when a child." " Have you the Creed ?" " I had it ; but now I forget both." My father took pains to teach him both, and said : " Go home. Lent is beginning. Whenever you waken in the morning, kneel and say earnestly what I have taught you, and add : ' O Lord Jesus, who came down from heaven to teach us the true way to save our souls, show me that true way, and with thy holy help and grace, I will embrace it, that my soul may be saved, whatever my body suffer for it in this life.' Be fervent and in earnest, with a great desire to obtain what you ask." Next at home, he begins. His wife, in a great surprise : " Surely," said she, " you have seen the devil ; who ever saw you at your prayers before ?" My father being liberated about Maunday Thursday, John came to him on Holy Saturday. " What have you seen, John ?" " Nothing." " Go home and say your prayers to-night as well as you can : declare to God Almighty that you will be always ready to suffer persecution for and with Jesus Christ, and I will engage others to pray for you, who, I hope, will be heard." John comes next morning, and would be received immediately. " No, John ; St Paul was sent to be instructed by Ananias ; and you must know, in the ordinary way of Providence, why you believe what he has revealed. Sit down and tell me what you saw." John spoke thus : " I thought I found myself lying on an old rotten stock, and on my breast. This stock was near the top of a steep precipice. I looked down ; saw a great furnace like a boiling caldron, with men's heads, feet, and hands rising and falling down again as the tar was boiling. My hair stood on end. I looked slowly behind me, and I saw a big man with lowland clothes, and a strange cap on his head, made of some black wild beast's skin, and said : ' O man ! if you be a Christian and fear God, show me how I'll come out of this dangerous place.' He said : ' Put your foot on the stair at your right hand, and I'll help you up.' I saw the stair, indeed, but said it was too far from me. I must seek some other way ; but as he insisted on the same, I stretched out my leg to let him see that it was too far. I found myself upon the stair. He took my hand and brought me up. ' The Lord bless me,' said I, ' what is yon abominable place ?' ' Yon place,' answered he, ' is hell ; the stock whereon you lay is the religion you now profess : the same rotten stock would moulder away with your life, and you would fall into yon bottomless pit for ever.' ' Oh, then, for Christ's sake,' said I, ' show me the true religion that can save my soul from falling into such a dismal place.' He said : ' Come with me and I will show you it.' I followed him, and he entered a house, and there I saw a wonderful sight ;

believe me or not. I tell what I saw : I saw men and women kneeling ; I saw their lips in motion. It seemed they prayed in silence. I saw a table covered with linens. I saw a thick, low-statured man ; he put on a big shirt above his clothes, and tied it with a belt, &c. When the man that brought me in and I went out with the people, I asked him, ' What was yon ? ' He answered : ' Yon is God's true worship in his Holy Catholic Church, to which you must be added as a member, if you will be saved for ever.' Then I awoke ; nor did think till then I was sleeping." My father asked : " Would you know the man that brought you from the precipice ? " " I would know him among thousands," said John. Mr Ramsay, new come from Germany, was called out. " This—this is the very man." " Would you know the man you saw at the table ? " " Yes, very well." They were called into prayers as Mr Seton was just beginning mass. John was advised by my father to thank God for the vision he was pleased to give him in his dream, assuring him it was from God himself. But John was so astonished to see the reality of his vision, that he was in an amazement, crying out : " This is the very man ; this is what he did," &c. In fine, he was instructed and received. He was an old man when I knew him. His numerous offspring are still firm Catholics.

Mr John Innes, missionary in Glengairn, whom I knew well, was a schoolmaster in the south, beyond Edinburgh, was moved with great zeal and indignation, hearing that a great man there sent for a priest out of Edinburgh, and came to the great man's house to expostulate with the priest, since he durst not scold the sick. " I wonder," said he, " how you priests come and delude people when they lose their judgment." " Go immediately up to his room," replied the priest, " and examine well if he be in his sound judgment, and see to convert him back again." This the other did not think proper to do, seeing he was told the gentleman was as sound in judgment as ever he was. They spoke a great deal together. Mr Innes asked the loan of a book ; was sent afterwards to the province of Champagne ; became a Jesuit, and afterwards missionary in Glengairn, where he helped and converted many.

Isabel Bowman, whom I knew well, and assisted at her last in the Cults of Glengairn, a young lass in Glen Esk, came over to seek beasts to Etnich Lodge, in a Catholic house. As the people of the house were telling their dreams, they asked her did she dream ? " Yes," said Isabel ; " but my dream being so extraordinarily whimsical, I dare not tell it : you would surely think me wrong in the head." They pressed her to tell. " I thought, then," said she, " that I was on my back in a filthy,

stinking . . . . . I struggled much to rise, but . . . . . There comes a gentleman near by who asked, 'Why do you lie there, woman?' 'Oh, sir, I am not able to rise.' 'Will you reach your hand to me and I'll help you?' I did so, and rose easily. I saw people going into a house. I went in with them. I saw my gentleman at a table"—(then she described the priest's clothing and Mass very minutely)—"wondering very much how such strange things would come into a Christian's head." When she finished telling her dream, some one in the house asked her if she would go down with them to . . . . . , and they would make her see the best part of her dream with her eyes open. She went, and understood her dream was from God, and was converted."

[The above occurrences were literally transcribed from a manuscript written at the desire of Bishop Geddes, in the year 1788, by Father Charles Farquharson, of the Society of Jesus. This Mr Charles Farquharson was son to Mr Lewis Farquharson of Auchindryne. He came to the mission in 1746, was long a zealous missionary in Glengairn, and afterwards in Braemar, where he lives to this day. This was here transcribed at the desire of the above-mentioned Bishop Geddes.—*Aberdeen*, 14th Nov. 1794.]

This Lewis, called the minister, was he who fought with the Black Colonel under Ian Dubh Nan Cath—he who went out in the "year '15" with the Earl of Mar. He married Margaret, the daughter of Allancuaich, and by her had six sons—Alastair, his successor; John the Jesuit; William, commonly called William Auchindryne; Donald, who went to Carolina and died there; Charles the Jesuit; and James; as also two daughters; and Lewis died full of days and honour.

His successor, I have said, was his son Alastair. He married Claude Innes, daughter of Drumgaisg, and by her had a son, Alexander.

In the days of Alastair befell the stormy rising of 1745, under Prince Charles Edward Stuart.

Ah! dear me! how many were the "bonnie boys" and the "bra' lads" of the '45, children of the Gael, children of the Braes of Mar, children of Finlay. We remember them in sorrow, we remember them with pride.

Ah! dear me—but there is a wise Disposer of all things here below!

Then lived Duncan Calder—the Seer of Glen Lui—whose lot was, like all prophets, to be derided and despised by his countrymen.

He foretold that, come time, a thorn bush would grow in the middle of a large pool in the Dee, where it washed the foot of

the shaggy romantic Craig Chliny—and his prophecy was laughed to scorn. But in 1752 the old bridge of Invercauld was built over the river by the pool, and, at the side of one of the arches, sprung up and grew and flourished a thorn bush, as Duncan had said.

Again, while a party of his neighbours were vaunting their rights and liberties, Duncan broke in—

“Proud as you are of them, the day will come when the men of Braemar dare not turn a beast—sheep, cattle, or horse—out of hand, under pain of having it pointed.”

This also came to pass, when the Duffs acquired their Mar estates, and the whole country, to the peasants' doors, was made a deer forest.

But, on the 25th July 1745, Duncan Calder intimated to the men of Mar an event of much mightier import—namely, that Prince Charlie was that very day landing at Moidart. One of the incredulous lairds of the district despatched a messenger to verify the tidings, but ere he returned Scotland and England rang with the tidings, and rang with the din of arms.

Lord Braco, who had supplanted Allancaich and Dalmore, was a favourer of the established Government. Invercauld himself was an old man, and what influence he possessed he freely used for the same party as Braco: his son had a commission in the Black Watch. But these two proprietors' opposition was of little moment. The whole of the district was Jacobite—rich and poor, young and old, men and women; and be opinions what they may, all must allow that the heroes of the '45 were a noble, chivalrous, disinterested, brave, and gallant band.

Chief among the men of Mar shine conspicuous Charles Gordon of Blellack and Pronie, commonly known as “Muckle Pronie,” the correspondent of the Laird of Stonywood; *chiefer*, Francis Farquharson of Monaltrie, called the Baron Ban, or Fairhaired Baron; *chiefest*, James Farquharson of Balmoral, brother of Peter of Inverey. He was, on account of the incapacity of his nephew Finlay (see the *Legend of the Inverveys*), to all intents and purposes the head of the Inverey branch of the family, and took the foremost place in raising the clan.

And who followed them to the battlefield? Who donned the white cockade? Who drew the broad claymore? and who drove over the necks of the foes of Prince Charlie? Let me think now. There was Patrick Fleming of Auchintoul, the fourteenth laird of the name—Patrick the Little—little, I allow; but how dexterous, how active, how hardy! Was there among the Highlanders a swordsman so skilled—so quick of eye—so cunning in the tricks of fence? Few and rare indeed they must have been. A certain Coutts, vapouring with a bright new claymore, was passing Auchintoul:

"A proper weapon," quoth the laird. "I think you ought to give it to me."

"By no manner of means," returned the Coutts. "I trust I can use it as well as any of the Fleming name."

"Say'st so, friend; and what if I take it from you with my mother's distaff?"

"Verily it shall be thine to have and to hold."

The little Fleming ran for his weapon, and the pass at arms commenced, and ended also, for one cunning hit, and the sword fell from the Coutts' hand, and passed out of his possession. It was handled to some purpose in the '45, you may believe. "Prospere procede et regna." Oh! Little Fleming of Auchintoul!

And who a bonnier boy or braver lad of them all than Malcolm Durward of Mullach, a descendant of the famous Allan Mac Ian Dhorsair-'ic-Dhaulain. Malcolm, strong as the strongest, even as his forefather, and valiant among the men of war, joining the cunning of the serpent to the gentleness of the dove. Shall I commemorate his adventure when, returning home from the south with a lade of meal, during one of the hard years, and accompanied by a party of his countrymen, "late, late in the gloaming," he arrived at Brachly? There, then, was an hostelry. After all was done that man could do to rouse the inmates of the place that the wayfarers might refresh themselves, and all was done in vain, Malcolm loaded his garron again and prepared to depart. His companions persisted in remaining. They hoped for succour from within against hope.

"Friends," said Malcolm, "though I may not enjoy your company and the good cheer, if you are determined to get in, in you must get."

He seized a huge stone and hurled it against the door, which was shivered to pieces, and immediately bore away. This was the style in which landlords of the Forbes M'Kenzie order had their houses opened up to the public a hundred years ago. The friends of the Durward, you may well imagine, had an evil quarter of an hour to pass, when the hornets rushed out of their disturbed nest. Those same Gordons of Glenmuick, as narrated in the legend of the Invereys, were a vicious race.

"It fell upon a day, a bonnie summer day," that Malcolm, with his bosom friend, was travelling in the South. They felt tired and thirsty, wayworn and weary, and—evil-betide them—not a soul of a sinner of a lowland carle would sell or give them a bite or sup, and never an inn for miles and miles on their weary way.

"I'll tell you what it is," broke from Malcolm, "here is a nice farm by the wayside before us, now you must get ill of the

small pox—very ill, indeed—and if I don't make something out of the indwellers, I wonder at the nature of men."

"Here I am, dead sick then, and not able to walk."

The Durward gathered his friend up in his arms like a baby, and walked towards the farmhouse door. A short distance from it he laid down his burden on the green, and gave a sounding knock. Two or three persons came forth.

"Here," said Malcolm, "is a man dying of small-pox"—groans and contortions on the part of the sufferer—"and I am so wearied and done out I cannot carry him farther."

Great stir, bustle, and confusion, and greater consternation among the farmers. Great commiseration and pity. They cannot receive a man ill of such a malady. They would give anything to the Durward to carry his friend to the next town. Accordingly they bring the best of good things to the door, stores of potatoes and beef, flagons of good ale, pitchers of milk, and multitudinous drams, and while our hero regaled himself, his friend writhed and groaned in fearful agony, doing the part of the sick man.

Just before starting he gave the poor fellow a drink. Once they had got some distance away again, his comrade began to complain grievously of unfair treatment.

"And what would you have, you ruffian? Who ever heard of a man dying of small-pox taking a full diet? Then the invention was mine, and I have carried you a good mile of road, and, by Odin, I won't stand any such nonsense. Down and walk, you villanous cheat."

By degrees Malcolm relented, and agreed to do the man dying of small-pox at the next farm they reached. The honest lads did not again want for good cheer during their journey.

In the Prony of Gairn lived Cattenach, and Cattenach was a warrior who had shed much blood—even Cattenach the *Curst*. Now, if anything vexed his spirit, it was the fame of the prowess of Malcolm, descended of Allan MacIan Dhorsair-'ic-Dhaulain. He girt on his arms, and thrusting a brace of loaded pistols into his pocket, marched away up to the Mullach.

"If he beats me, I'll just shoot him," was the beginning and end of his meditations by the way. He found Malcolm busy thrashing his corn, who, after hearing him out, replied :

"Well, well, if it must be a shake o' fa', e'en let us have it out."

At the first twist, down went Cattenach.

"Hullo!" cried Malcolm, "what in the name of all the curst Cattenachs is this you have in your breast. It feels wickedly hard for a man to fall on, and you ought to be ashamed of such tricks."

He at the same time took the liberty of verifying "the hards," which came forth to day in the shape of the brace of pistols.

"Ah! well you may keep them," remarked the accursed. Had you not made the discovery, however, I intended to have shot you, provided, as has happened, I were defeated in the shake o' fa'."

"Well, never mind, Mr Cattenach; I am much obliged to you; good day to you. Capital articles they look; a person never knows how soon he may need such arms."

They were the best friends possible—Malcolm and the accursed—and went out, shoulder to shoulder, to Drummossie Moor.

Neither let me forget of the men of Gairn, Captain M'Grigor of Inverigny, the son of the notorious Calam of Balader and Tullich, who is treated of by the worthy and Rev. Jas. Robertson of the three united parishes, nor his relatives, the two captains M'Grigor of Torran and Richarkarie, sons of a father equally obnoxious to the same pious minister, as may be seen in the list of papists prefixed to Blakhal's narrative.—[*Spalding Club Publications.*]

Conspicuous, too, among the men of Mar, stood Cattenach of the Bealachbuidh. What of him—do you ask me—what of muckle Cattenach? Well, he was a stout lad about the time of Sheriffmuir—a brave man who has passed away—proud and high in his bearing, to be cowed by no laird or lord in the land. He had, naturally, his ill-wishers, and he was reported to the Earl of Mar as a reckless depredator on his moors and forests, and a great destroyer and hewer down of many noble trees. The Earl wrote him a letter, reproaching him for his behaviour, and citing him to appear before him on his first visit to Braemar. Cattenach preserved precious the Earl's missive, little wotting its contents, for few could read or write in those times. One cold, wet day he had to pass at the ferry of Carn-a-chuimhne. The boatman's house was also a kind of tavern, and when Cattenach, on being ferried over, entered there he found a large crowd collected, abusing a priest whom they had taken prisoner.

"What the Devil's ado here?" inquired Cattenach. Then, addressing the priest, he added: "Come along with me, sir, come along with me."

"Oh!" replied he, in bad Gaelic, "these people won't let me."

"Rise, sir," returned Cattenach, "and let me see the man that will hinder you."

The fellows looked aghast: none of them cared to incur the anger of Him of Bealachbuidh, and they allowed the priest to go.

He was Alexander, one of the Glencat Gordons, and then priest on Gairnside. Having secured his aid and skill, our friend produced the Earl of Mar's letter, which Mr Gordon read. The contents put the mighty man into high dudgeon; but he said little.

"I would wager my head Invercauld is at the bottom of this, the miserable wretch."

Who the informer was is not clear. Cattenach was satisfied with his first conclusion, and determined to punish the laird. An opportunity to do so was not long a-coming. Farquharson had occasion to go to Aberdeen, and was to return home on some appointed day. Cattenach armed, and went over to the woods west of Inver, where, with loaded gun, he determined to await the laird's arrival. Happily Invercauld learnt what he might expect, and took the short cut through the hills by Philagie, to avoid the rencounter. His servant was instructed to proceed by the usual route to prevent suspicion. When he reached the spot where our hero lay, he beheld with terror and trepidation a gun levelled at his person; but, with great presence of mind, he raised himself well in his stirrups, and turned round as if to look for some one he expected to come up and join him. Cattenach allowed him to pass; but as he went on slowly he continually turned round, always looking back for the still non-approaching fellow-traveller.

"What want you, so often turning round in that way?" gruffly demanded Cattenach.

"I'm looking for the laird," replied the servant, "and I wonder what detains him."

But when he got beyond gunshot he struck the spurs into his horse, and quickly and cleverly gave Bealachbuidh a wide berth, depend upon it. Invercauld did not give his enemy another opportunity to put his designs into execution.

On the arrival of Mar in the country, he was told that his letter had enkindled Cattenach's anger, and that Cattenach was a very dangerous man. The earl, therefore, sent him a messenger, to say that he need not trouble himself to respond to the summons he had received; in fact the earl did not want to see him.

"Ah but," returned Cattenach, buckling on his sword, "I want to see the earl."

He forced his way into his lordship's presence, as he sat in the castle in consultation with a posse of the gentlemen of the country.

"My lord, it appears I have been accused of cutting down and wasting your wood. It is true I have taken a tree now and again, like others of your tenants; but, my lord, there are those



sitting there with you, who have bought lands with the profits made by cutting and selling your wood."

Not a man spoke a word.

"Perhaps," continued he, "you would find them far less ready to help you in a strait than Cattenach of the Bealachbuidh, on whom it is attempted to lay all the blame."

The earl adopted conciliatory measures. He made a friend of Cattenach, and restored peace between him and Invercauld; and Cattenach went out and distinguished himself under Mar at Perth in 1715.

No one was more obnoxious to the redcoats who came into the country to disarm the people after the suppression of that rising than Cattenach. He put them at defiance—often indeed making narrow escapes from their pursuit. On one occasion, at Bellastraid in Cromar, he killed an officer commanding a party of men from Aboyne, and fled to the woods of Inchmarnock. On another occasion the soldiers stole on him while asleep among the woods near his own house. One of them, his friend at heart, made some noise as they approached, for which he was afterwards severely taken to task. In spite of this warning twelve stout fellows had their hands on his gun when he started up awake; but he held the butt-end with his left hand, and the whole twelve could not wrench it from him. More men, however, were approaching, and Cattenach, drawing his dirk, came a slash down the gun-barrel that effectually rid him for the time of his visitors.

The head officer finding force of no avail, and yet having the strictest orders to disarm every fighting man in the district, saw he must temporise. He sought out Cattenach, and explained to him what measures he must enforce.

"Now let us come to an understanding. I have a capital gun here, you see, and I make a present of it to you. You will, as a man of honour, return the favour, by coming to-morrow down to the Inver, and in public presenting me with yours."

The officer was a decent youth—he was not to blame for any harshness to the Highlanders, and Bealachbuidh did not wish to bring him into disgrace; so he accepted the gun, and on the morrow, as agreed, handed in his own at the Inver.

Cattenach also distinguished himself in an affair with the Kern. Acting with a body of the Braemar men in clearing the hills of these marauders, they fell in with a party of them on the Cairnwall. The captain, as tall, powerful, and handsome a man as the Highlands could boast, unable, from inferiority in point of numbers to cope with the Mar men, challenged their captain or any other among them to single combat. The sense of honour among the Highlanders would not permit Invercauld,

who seems to have commanded, to fall on the robbers, heedless of the defiance; and yet he did not feel eager to measure swords with the robber. A consultation was therefore held, and he and the gentlemen present prevailed on Cattenach to go forth to maintain the honour of Mar. He was fully equal to the undertaking. In short, he disarmed his opponent and took him prisoner. The Kern were then allowed to depart, all except the captain, who was hanged on a tree to the west of the Inver, much to the disgust of Cattenach, who from that time never drew his sword in any similar expedition.

An incident, in illustration of Highland courtships at that time, may be worth telling you. John Durward, related to Malcolm of Mullach, was well acquainted with Cattenach, and his very especial friend. On his way to Speyside he went to pass a night at Bealachbuidh.

"Ay John, laddie, and what may be your errand to Spey?" asked Cattenach.

"Well," replied the Durward, very frankly, "in good sooth, I am just on my way in search of a wife."

"Ho! ho! laddie," and he gave Durward a friendly slap on the back, "are you that way inclined. But why go so far away? I have the very article to suit you, as tight a wench as ever any on Spey. What say you to my eldest daughter?"

"If I get her, I ask no better."

The young lady was introduced, and John, during a stay of some days in the house, had time to go through all the ceremonial of courtship, and he asked and obtained the young lady's consent to the arrangement proposed by her father.

In due time the marriage took place, and John was made a happy husband. Soon, however, he noticed his young wife wore a very weary despondent look, and moreover, he caught her frequently, not altogether dissolved in tears, but truly dissolving in large drops by the eyes—Oh! most cruel killing of a honeymoon.

"Darling of my heart, tell me the reason of all this grief and woe?"

For a long time the darling of his heart alleged vain excuses and trival causes, but he would take no denial, he must know the true reason.

"Very well, if you must know it, before I saw you I became acquainted with Spence, one of Invercauld's men; he loved me, I returned his affection, and we plighted troth to each other."

"And how came it that I was not told of this before our marriage?"

"I durst not," answered the darling, "for had my father known he would have killed me."

"If you had confided in me," said the Durward, "I would have borne your father's anger, and refused you for my wife. As it is, there is but one hope for you. I shall go to your sweetheart," continued John, buckling on his sword, "and but one of us will outlive to-night, and the best man will be yours."

She fell on her knees and begged and entreated him not to go. A sudden revulsion of feeling came over her. The old love departed, and gave place to a new and sincere affection for her husband. She regained her gaiety, and both lived happily.

The Durward's good claymore flashed beside that of his father-in-law, Muckle Cattenach of the Bealachbuidh, what time "the clans were a' wi' Charlie."

Well, and who else followed Balmoral to the battle-field? Who besides donned the white cockade? Who also drew the broad claymore? And who, with the men we have commemorated, rose in the '45?

Why, even the Auchindrynes, who had studied the art of war, under their father, in 1715, — Alastair, William, called "William Auchindryne," and James, their brother.

Little is known of the first and last. One was killed at Falkirk, Alastair probably, for after the restoration of peace, William Auchindryne acted as tutor to Alastair's son and heir, Alexander the third Auchindryne.

You can yet trace the ruins of William's house on the north side of the road to Inverey, after passing out of Auchindryne. There was a wall round his premises, and inside this courtyard were the offices as well as the dwelling-house. Herein, during the winter, and some times in summer, the mud lay so deep that the inmates passed out and in on stepping stones.

William Auchindryne was a poor man; and though the laird's brother, and afterwards his nephew's tutor, supported himself by the labour of his hands. There remain the ruins of many stone fences, contracted for and built by him at Dalvorar. But though a poor man—that he was so, the more's the pity—he had a liberal and generous heart, and no one gave more to the poor. The more extensive his charities, the more numerous always became applicants at his door. His mother, who lived with him, was the least thing stingy and grippy, thinking, no doubt, that alms were dealt too largely for their means. One poor man came frequently to their door, and a certain day, when the good dame saw whom she had—

"Why," said she, "I gave you even yesterday."

"Thoir dha, thoir dha—give him, give him," William would repeat on such occasions, "What you gave him yesterday will not serve for to-day."

William Auchindryne was a very powerful man, one of the Samsons of his age. Judge ye of his strength by this simple fact. He could send an arrow from his bow—it appears this ancient arm had not fallen into disuse even a century ago—standing at his own house, to the junction of the Cluny and the Dee. How many a fair may would have felt proud of such a champion; and think ye, gentle ladies, would not many a one also have been proud to own such a husband? William Auchindryne went once a wooing—but only once. His intended lived somewhere in the lowlands. Had he ever seen her—had he ever had reason to think that she loved him—who can say? He went, be that as it may, to ask her to be his wife, and reached her abode about mid-day. The fair one was at the door busy working.

“Au gabh thu mi?” “Will you take me?” asked William, without other salutation or preliminary diplomacy.

The damsel answered, likely not understanding a word he said—

“Would you step in, sir?”

As little, I suppose, he understood her Saxon tongue. Again the same question, and again the same reply.

“Alas! alas!” sighed William Auchindryne—his heart was “sair”—and he turned slowly away, and he hied him home again, and no more did he trouble himself about ladies, and never more a wooing went; and he was a bachelor all the days of his life.

Strange! his temper did not sour, he became not a crabbed old carle—a fretty, fidgetty, discontented hypocondriac, as is the case with bachelors one and all. Under his rule, the tenants of Auchindryne lived, as they have never since done. The Duffs and other neighbouring proprietors—I speak at present of an incident that should properly be introduced at the end of William's career—had all been making and enlarging their deer forests, nothing to the good or profit of their tenantry. They were vexed Auchindryne did not follow their example, he was a standing reproach to them. One day Invercauld and Abergeldie, on a visit to Auchindryne, were taking a turn over the estate, and passing their remarks as to improvements.

“This here,” said Abergeldie, as they strolled through Coirenam-muc, “I would turn into a roe forest.”

“Make your Craig Ghiuthais into a roe forest,” broke in William, who was walking behind the three lairds. “What would become of my nephew's poor tenants, who have enough ado as it is?”

His principle was, not the few men that the ground might enrich, but the many it might support in contentment and happiness.

In the days of William Auchindryne, before his days, and after his days, the pride and rivalry of country and clan, brought about many a dispute, and many an affray, whether from private parties quarrelling in markets, and being supported each by their neighbours or countrymen; whether from the men of one district wishing to outdo those of another by forcing their boundary line at a marriage or funeral. This consisted in marching the bride, without surrendering her to the charge of the bridegroom's party, across their line of demarcation, as in the case of two adjacent counties or parishes; and even so in regard to funerals, by crossing with the coffin. In the frays that have taken place, the one party defending, the other assaulting, oft and often the coffin has been shivered to pieces, and the corpse has rolled among the combatants' feet.

On the top of the Cairnwall, the Glenshee and Glenisla men thought to take the shine out of the men of Mar. At their head was Alastair Ealach of Glenisla, a mighty giant, and he came forward with the coffin trampling down, tumbling aside, and forcing through the men of Mar, like some horrid monster of a river horse, rushing down a sedgy, reedy bank, and the cry arose loud and deafening, "Back with the Mar men! Clear them away!"

Up stepped William Auchindryne. He took the foremost of the Glenshee and Glenisla men in armfuls of twos, and threes, and fours, and tossed them over each other, to either side, like children, for what else were they to him, and he hailed Alastair Ealach in these terms:—

"Hold back, fellow, back, for if you bring one corpse forward, I promise there will be three to carry home with you again."

The Glenisla champion quailed before the Farquharson, and yielded up the coffin. The men partook of refreshments together, and parted very good friends.

And how about Grigar Riach, the poet of Glengairn? Why, he went to the wars. His father's sword he had girded on;

and well he wielded his weapon, and well he sang of the Bonnie Boys and Bra' lads of Braes of Mar.

And how about the Rev. Alex. Gordon of Gairnside? Why, he accompanied all the following of Balmoral, as chaplain, and perhaps the "bra' lads'" hearts were none the less daring, from knowing they would have his services on the battle-field; and perhaps the swords of Mar were none the less efficient, that he besought the Lord of Hosts in their behalf.

But, I weary you with my long accounts and long narratives, and they are but feeble, nerveless, and rambling sketches of

a great and glorious race that has gone ; and the claymores of Mar went forth, and they ever shone foremost in day of battle and in hour of danger.

We find some interesting particulars on this last muster of the clans, first in the letters to and from the Laird of Stonywood ; secondly, in Bisset's Diary ; and lastly, in the general orders of the Lord Lewis Gordon's battalion.

On the 12th October 1745, Parole ; Henry and York ; Lord Ogilvie orders that Captain Alexander Farquharson (Auchindryne), &c., mount the main-guard to-morrow, the 13th, at Leith.

On the 25th November, Lewis Gordon writes from Huntly to Moir of Stonywood : " I am glad that Blellack and some men are with you ;" and in a missive on the following day : " I have a letter from Blellack, who has execute his orders to very good purpose, notwithstanding the opposition he met with from Invercall, whose people, as well as Lord Braco's in that country, he has obliged to comply" in paying a cess levied for the Prince.

Bisset, in his Diary, writes on the 26th November : " This day Monaltrie and Blellack brought 84 men hither."

On the 9th December, Blellack writes from Tarland to Stonywood : " I would have given Mackie the party ye desair, if Munaltry and I had not sent a good many of the men we had upon fitt with Mr M'Grigar of Inverenzie to Aberdeen, which will be with you before this comes to hand ;" and on the 14th of the same month, he writes from Mill of Gellan : " I have sent the list of the Ses Lonmay inclosed, to Monaltrie up the country, where he is just now, who will certainly ack conform to the directions. I am just now sending a part of our men to Aberdeen. . . . At my desair the Earl of Aboyne's tenants sen in their ses by the bearer."

One of the parties sent in to Aberdeen was commanded by little Fleming of Auchintoul. As he and his neighbour, M'Grigar of Inverenzie, were parading the streets one evening, they met some of the clan Forbes, who, nill they will they, would take the place of honour in passing them.

" A thing no man of Gairn could ever on any condition tolerate," exclaimed Inverigny, as he drew his sword.

But the Forbeses were men of might, and they outnumbered, outflanked, and nearly outgeneralled M'Grigor, who thought to rout them by downright hard slashing. When he could withstand them no longer, the little Fleming bade him stand aside, and stepped forward with his famous Andrea Ferrara.

" Let me try the mettle of those men of Lonach."

The Forbeses laughed at the little brisk creature ; but they laugh loudest who laugh hindmost. Oh ! youths of Strathdon.

What ? Is it possible ? Yes ; Auchintoul has but exchanged

three cuts, and the tallest Forbes' sword lies between his feet. In the twinkling of an eye, another is put *hors de combat*; in less than a second, a third surrenders prisoner of war—rescue or no rescue—and the remainder betook themselves to flight. Again, O! little Auchintoul, proceed prosperously and reign. Such was the skill and prowess of the men of Gairn!

Meanwhile, M'Leod of M'Leod, dispatched by Loudon, hastened from the north with 700 men to disperse the gathering of Jacobites at Aberdeen. As soon as Lewis Gordon, who was then in the town, learned that M'Leod had reached Inverury, he marched his own regiment, part of Lord Drummond's, which he had with him, and 300 Farquharsons—in all about 1200 men—to attack him. "They proceeded by the Fintray road, and reached the Ury about sunset. They crossed the river with difficulty, losing a few men in the passage, but succeeded in surprising M'Leod, whose men were partly quartered at Artannes and other farms in the neighbourhood of the town. M'Leod got hastily together such as he could muster, and formed in order of battle. The action took place in the moonlight, and lasted only about twenty minutes. When Drummond's men and the Farquharson's came to close quarters, M'Leod's troops, greatly inferior in numbers, gave way, and escaped as they best could. Of Lewis Gordon's men, twenty were killed in the action, besides those lost in crossing the river, and a considerable number were wounded. Of the King's troops, seven were killed, fifteen wounded, and forty-one taken prisoners. Among these were Maitland of Pittrichie, Principal Chalmers of King's College, and a few other low country gentlemen. In the fight M'Leod met with Gordon of Blellack, who was major of the Farquharsons, and seemed determined to cut a passage with his broadsword through the enemy. He called to Blellack to "Bide back!" The answer was, with a lisp, "I will not bide back whilst my blood is hot!" The odds were greatly against M'Leod, which Blellack saw, and called in return, "Take quarter, M'Leod!" "We'll fight to-night and speak of quarter to-morrow!" was the reply: and fight they did, foot to foot, and hand to hand. Each was the finest man of his party, and at first it seemed their friends were disposed to let them have a fair field; but on Blellack giving ground before the fierce M'Leod, his henchman, John M'Connach, came in behind M'Leod and hamstrung him, when he fell. It is reported that M'Leod's servant, bending over him, said to the lifeless corpse, "Poor M'Leod! your mother would give sixty cows for your body to-night." In another account of this incident it is said that Blellack's sword broke upon a steel-cap that M'Leod had on below his bonnet, and thus was driven back. This would

justify the back stroke of Blellack's henchman. M'Connach was a true man to his master. He had charge of his horse at Culloden, and on finding that he could not get over a wall, opened a passage for the horse with his shoulder. But in a more remarkable case than this he proved his fidelity. Blellack, practising a piece of Scotch policy, rented a farm from Lord Aboyne, who, being on the Government side, protected him from the redcoats; and by having his letters addressed to "Charles Gordon, farmer at Gellan," the Government could not discover that they were for the Laird of Blellack. After Culloden, Blellack had been residing at his farm, and by some means M'Connach got to be keeper of the Canteen in the Government castle of Corgarff. One summer night a party of men left the castle, and some time after M'Connach learned that their errand was to take Blellack at Gellan. He contrived to get over the castle wall, took a near cut through the hills, was in time to warn him of his danger, and back at the castle before his absence was observed. The redcoats found Blellack's bed warm, but the bird was flown. On their way back, at the foot of Glen Carvie, they were told that the keeper of their canteen had an early morning, as he had got a drink of whey from the woman (their informant) on his way up. Of course M'Connach was obliged to shift his quarters. When the Act of Grace was passed, and Blellack's land restored, he gave the faithful M'Connach a farm, which his son occupies to this day."

The battle of Inverury was fought on the 23d December 1745: so they had a merry Christmas of it in Aberdeen. But there is more to be done—there are wonders to perform. The invasion of England has unhappily been mismanaged, and Hawley is marching to Stirling. While we are bringing up our Mar contingent to the Prince's succour, let me introduce Captain Shaw. James Shaw was a Gairnsie lad, apprenticed to a baker in Perth. During the Prince's stay in that fair town, James was walking the streets one day with a basket of bread on his head, and came on a party of Highland officers, one of whom was endeavouring to enlist a young man as ensign to a regiment then organising. The youth was shy of the honour to all appearance, and hesitated.

"Ah, the coward!" cried out Shaw. "I wish I only got an offer."

One of the officers looked at the young baker. There was something promising in his eye, and he was a strapping, tall, comely boy.

"Will you take the commission, then, my lad?" asked the officer, who was the Prince himself.

"With all my heart, sir," replied Shaw, throwing the bread-



basket on the ground, turning down his sleeves, and stepping forward.

Shaw fought at Preston, Falkirk, and Culloden. He rose to the rank of captain. After the Act of Grace he went to London, and got a commission in the army from King George. He married Mary Farquharson, the daughter of Allancuaich, and had by her sons and daughters. He married, after her death, a widow of the name of Grant, by whom he also had several children. Captain Shaw was a wild, naughty boy, and saw many an up and down in his checkered life, which he closed in Prony of Gairn. Two of his sons had commissions in the army.

James of Balmoral was in excellent time to assist in giving the presumptuous Hawley the lesson he so well deserved.

"Balmoral," said Lochiel, "why did you not bring Invercauld with you?"

"Invercauld, you see, thinks differently from us," answered Balmoral; "but there is the less to regret, as I see his daughter, the Lady M'Intosh, here; and some of the men following her, I could swear, live not ten oxgangs from Invercauld."

The lady was passing at the head of three hundred gallant lads, wearing a man's bonnet, a habit of tartan richly laced, and having a pair of pistols at her saddle bow.

It was a wild stormy day the 16th of January 1746; but what mattered the weather to men who had often passed the most inclement nights of winter by the shelter of a stone in the open air. It was a steep, rough climb up the heights of Falkirk; but what mattered it to the hunters of the deer through the wilds of Braemar. It was a brave, brave day at Falkirk, on the 16th of January 1746.

Opposed to Balmoral was Munro's regiment of horse. Did Saxon horse or Saxon foot ever strike terror into the men of Mar? Did the power of man ever withstand them? There were hearts of gold there that day, and men of iron. They thought that, in coming time, when, by the hearths of Braemar, their children heard of them, they should hear of deeds not to be surpassed.

Balmoral drew them up in the form of a wedge, thus: he himself marched at their head, two men followed in the second rank, three in the third, and so to the rear.

"Now, my lads," cried he, "march in silence. Fire not a shot till you can discern the colour of the horses' eyes, then give one volley altogether, throw down your guns, and rush upon them; cut the bridles, hamstring the horses, and we will then arrange with the men."

Gaels! what a day it was at Falkirk that day!

At this moment Colonel Munro was galloping up and down before his regiment, splendid in his shining harness, and gallant with his floating plume.

"What!" cried Balmoral back to his men as they advanced silently, "is there no deerslayer among you, lads?"

Down on their knees dropped three or four of his lads—then followed the sharp knell of their guns, the murky curls of smoke arose into the air, and Munro's horse galloped away with empty saddle.

Was the bullet thine, James Golonach, of the quick eye; or thine, M'Donald of Cluny, renowned among the hunters of the deer?

Swift is the race now, hard they press up the heights, their bonnets are tightly drawn down, and their plaids streaming behind. In evil hour a bullet hit Balmoral in the shoulder, and he fell.

"Four men," cried his henchman, "to carry our wounded chief to the rear."

"Never," exclaimed Balmoral the Brave. "Four men to carry your chief at the head of his children into the thickest of the fight."

Now a volley that scatters destruction through the Saxon ranks flames from the advancing wedge, now claymore and targe flash through the storm.

A cataract of rain fell from the skies, and, tinted with blood, deluged the heights of Falkirk; but a dreder hurricane swept over them—a hurricane of carnage and death, of lead and steel. Thousands shriek and roll down, rider and horse, friend and foe. So they fought at Falkirk that 16th January 1746. Alastair of Auchindryne bore the standard of the clan, till, what with wind and rain, he could do no more.

"Am beil Uilleam againn an sin?"—"Is our William there?" asked he. "Tell him to come and take the standard."

William, who was hewing away with his two-handed sword among the troopers, on being interrupted, drew his hand across his brow, shook away a shower of sweat, and replied:

"Imrich thu fhein do luideag, Alastair; s'iomadh baistidh math a dh'ithe thu, nach d'ithe mise riamh."

"Carry yourself your standard, Alastair, many a good bread-plate you have emptied that I never did."

He meant that his brother was older, and therefore better able than he to stand the fatigue. And they drove forward victoriously, overthrowing and scattering the enemy.

"Mo chreach!" exclaimed Balmoral, while the blood streamed down his tartans from the wound in his shoulder, and his litter-

bearers cut open a road for him, "Mo chreach! nach robh agam coig ceud de lethid Ian Mhic Alastair agus Sheumais ghuithais, lionainn an làr le na Sassanaich!"

"Alack! alack! that I have not five hundred such as John, the son of Alexander, and James of the Fir; I would cover the field with the Saxons!"

Now, in glorious hour, Balmoral! did not the sword of John, the son of Alexander, smite down many a red coat—did not the claymore of James of the Fir hew in pieces many a dragoon, as they strode before your litter at the head of the clan, to deserve such commendation?

In all, the battle of Falkirk lasted but a quarter of an hour. The close fire and terrible charge of the Highlanders could not be withstood. The dragoons were broken and fled amain—the Farquharsons pressed forward, and inclosed between their lines and the Lady M'Intosh's men a number of fugitives. Glengarry came up as the lady had saved an officer from the fury of the clansmen.

"And whom have we prisoner here?" asked he.

"Morchall"—*i. e.* Invercauld.

"How is this!—Morchall among the English?"

The young heir, at his sister's intercession, was discharged on parole; so he went home to Invercauld. His father was busy superintending the erection of some stone fences down on the haughs opposite the Dalchork, when the young man arrived.

So ended Falkirk, with glory, and honour, and fame to those who went away from Mar. It is said that Alastair of Auchindryne, as I formerly mentioned, was killed at the battle; but I do not know if this be certain. Sure it is, at all events, that about this time William Auchindryne became tutor to his son Alexander, the third laird of the name. Balmoral, as you have heard, was wounded, and that dangerously; and from this time Francis Farquharson of Monaltrie, the Baron Ban, took command of the Mar contingent.

I take leave to quote a few more extracts from my authors.

On the 15th January 1746, just two days before the battle, Lewis Gordon writes from Bannockburn to More of Stonywood and Farquharson of Monaltrie, commanding officers of the Aberdeen and Aboyne battalions, ordering them to join the main body of the army forthwith. And again, while the army is before Stirling, on the 31st January, Parole-Philip and Peterhead—the town-guard is formed by "Monaltrie's battalion and the Duke of Perth's."

Bisset in his diary, under date of 7th February, writes, "I hear Pitfoddell's eldest son was killed at Stirling, and that Balmurrell came right bad to Perth in a chaise."

Two days after this, on the 9th, Farquharson of Achriachan, on his way north to levy more men, writes from Invercauld to Stonywood, to say he was sorry not to have met him in Braemar.

In the general orders we find headquarters to have been thus—

“ Monday, 10 Feb. Stormstaid in Clova.  
 11 „ there.  
 12 „ to Spital of Glenmuick.  
 13 „ to Glenmuick Kirk.  
 14 „ to Colston in Cromar.  
 15 „ to Tarland.  
 16 „ Sunday to Kirk of Reny,”

and so on northwards. These orders, I think, refer only to the Aberdeen and Aboyne battalions, comprising the men raised in our districts, and as far as the power of the Gordons extended—perhaps in the countries lying between the Dee and Spey, including the valleys of the rivers themselves.

Finally, Bisset in his diary tells us that Monaltrie and Blellack left Tarland with three hundred men in the direction of Kildrummie on Sunday the 16th February 1746.

What more need I say? The men who had cut up the Saxons at Falkirk were again ready for the hazard. Let me but repair some omissions. How could I leave them without mention? as Grigor Riach would have said. The gallant Captain Stewart of Acholie, and Andrew of Allergue—with his two sons John and Charles; and last, but not by any means the least of our heroes, Harry of Whitehouse—representative of Domhnull-og-na-h-Alba—one and all distinguished themselves in the daring deeds of the men of Mar.

It was with high hopes that the men of the upper vales joined the Yellow Haired Baron at Castletown—they had conquered before, they would conquer again; but in the moment of their highest hopes the seer of Glenlui exclaimed,

“ You are going away, men, hearty, merry, and cheery; but, alas! alas! you will return sad, and sorrowful, and heart-broken.”

Monaltrie was so provoked at this outburst of discouragement, that he struck down with his fist the now aged, bent, and hoary seer. The deed was no sooner done, however, than he bitterly repented his rashness.

“ Honour and loyalty,” said Monaltrie, as he led his men down Deeside, “ calls us out, be our return what it may.”

The men of Gairn, under Fleming of Auchintoul and the three MacGrigors, convened at Dalfad. Besides his arms and accoutrements, each man carried only a bag of meal sufficient

for three days' viviers, and a spare pair of new brogues. As they went out the Glaschoille, Inverigny, after doubtless meditating on their bare and unprovided condition, exclaimed,

"A soldier, my lads, should always go away poor and come home rich."

"When men go forth to battle, Inverigny," returned Mr Gordon, the priest, "there is a store of other riches besides those of this world to be thought of and striven after."

Harry of Whitehouse and Gordon of Blellack had the burley boys of Cromar all assembled at Tarland when Monaltrie arrived there from Braemar. They rested for the night, and next morning early—the 16th February 1746—with banners displayed, and bagpipes playing the "Rough Tykes of Tarland," having three times marched round the auld kirk, and burning with high hope they departed in the direction of Kildrummy.

Honour to the brave boys of Braemar, honour to the great giants of the Gairn, honour to the "Rough Tykes" of Tarland!

I would tarry, gentlemen, and dally fondly over the reminiscences of all the "bra' lads" who went away. I would enumerate the long list of their virtues, pleasant to dwell upon. I would trifle away the time, if I could save myself the pain of the dreadful day that hurries on me; but it must come.

In the brilliant series of exploits which preceded that day, let me but allude to the saving of the prince by the Lady M'Intosh, the daughter of Invercauld; let me but mention that three hundred Farquharsons joined in the expedition, which was sent north to disperse Lord Loudon's corps.

William Auchindryne, now tutor to his nephew, had returned to Braemar, and was busy raising another company, when the news reached him that Cumberland had left Aberdeen; so he, with nearly a hundred men, hurried away through Badenoch.

On the eve of the Battle of Culloden, to pass the time and wile hunger away, many of the men had engaged in various highland athletic games. A Lowlander of immense power defied all competitors at throwing the "puting-stone." Whether it were that the Highlanders considered it of bad omen to be defeated by a Saxon, or that their pride of race was hurt, they vowed if none of their own number could beat him, he should be made away with. The mighty Lowlander was laughing, joking, and blowing about the feat, little thinking it was likely to cost him his life. Some of the Highland officers, at this moment, overheard their men whispering ominous things. They inquired into the agitation, and learned its cause; but by no persuasions could they bring their men to a better mind, though it was clear, if this design were put in execution, the Lowlanders, in a body, would forsake the cause. In this state of matters, it was

resolved to search the camp for the most powerful and active Celt it contained. In so doing, a party of officers stumbled on Muckle Blellack.

"Confound it," replied he, when they made known the matter, "I am no hand at any such games; but halt—I have it; M'Grigor of Inverigny has in his company, truly, really, verily, and indeed, the man you want."

They found M'Grigor, and they found the man, Malcolm Durward of Mullach. But Malcolm had a boil on his thigh, and lay in his plaid, rolling on a few bunches of heather, as ferocious as a wild bull; so it was with much ado they persuaded him to go along with them.

Many of the principal gentlemen in the army had now gathered at the scene of the contest, for the affair excited a general feeling of uneasiness. When Durward, therefore, came forward with the stone, there was breathless expectation in the circle formed around.

"Keep back," cried Lewis Gordon, "and let our champion of Mar have free room."

The stone went hurling through the air, and cut the ground a yard beyond the Lowlander's best throw.

"Mar for ever," shouted Lewis Gordon, while loud applause rent the air. Malcolm, I may tell you, burst the boil on his thigh with the exertion. Seeing this, Lewis Gordon undid his own plaid, and wrapped it round the Durward, whom he ordered some men to carry to a tent; and next day Malcolm was himself again—that next day—the dreadful 16th of April 1746,—replete with sorrow, and desolation, and woe, and gloom, and terror!

The sound of battle died away. The cry of combatants, the clang of arms, the stirring note of the war-pipe, and the boom of the cannon, ceased. But another cry arose—one of anguish—throughout the Highlands. 'Twas not the wail of wives for their husbands, nor that of mothers for their sons, nor that of children for their fathers, nor sisters for brothers slain. They grieved, indeed, for the fallen on the battle field; but it was a sorrow for which there was balm, because the cause was just for which they fell. Now the ruthless soldier was at their door; old men were butchered without mercy, children were tossed on the bayonets' point, the houses were fire-blackened ruins, and so a cry of horror and anguish filled the land.

All fled to the hills. It was death to meet a redcoat. Their very dress was proscribed. Their Prince, for whom they bled, was a homeless fugitive with the enemy ever on his track. No wonder they were with grief heavy-laden, no wonder the songs of their bards were strains of woe. Sad, sad days followed Cul-

loden, the victory was lost, and all was over with the "Suaith-neas ban"—the House of Stuart—and for ever.

The Clans had gone forth to battle; they conquered once and again, then were vanquished, but vanquished fighting bravely. Bold was the heart of their Prince, boldly they rose for him; valley, and strath, and glen sent out their brave, their young, their strong to follow him. Mothers and sisters bade their husbands, their brothers, go to war for him. With banners displayed they went forth; men trained to arms fled in dismay before them. Edinburgh opened its gates at their approach, and the Royal Stuart held court again in Holyrood with the fair and noble of the land around him. They penetrated into the centre of England, and the throne of the usurping monarch tottered before a handful of brave men. But all was in vain. They fought—they fell; and no more will the banner of the Stuarts spread its ample folds to the breeze amongst the mountains of Caledonia.

How deep, how wonderful, how abiding our love for Prince Charlie! We treasure up as precious heir-looms the swords, the guns, the dirks our sires bore at Culloden. It thrilled our very heart's blood, when young, to listen to the tales of those who saw him, who spoke to him, who heard him speak, who fought for him; we loved to hear them speak of his openness of heart, his love for the Highlands, his flowing auburn locks, the flash of his eagle eye, his martial tread, his royal bearing. The traditions of every clan still tell with melancholy satisfaction how many of them fought, how many died for Charlie. The young amongst us rejoice to learn that some grandsire of their's followed his banner. It is a pleasure, a pride for them even to know that their ancestors fell in his cause. The very best, the most touching songs of our bards are about him. The most thrilling strains of our music go under his name. Even now, when our maidens sing, the songs they love best to sing, and we love best to hear, are about Prince Charlie. Years have passed since his day, but his memory is dear and cherished as ever—it will live also as long as the mountain-pipe shall be blown, as long as the verses of our bards shall be remembered, as long as our maidens can sing, as long as our tongue shall be spoken, as long as our race shall endure.—"Oh! wae's me for PRINCE CHARLIE!"

I, however, concern myself about the men of Mar—the history of the battle is but too well known. Our lads were stationed beside the brave M'Intoshes on the right, and rushed forward with them in their chivalrous attack; and with them, sword in hand, cut their way back again, when all was lost. The army assembled there should have gained Prince Charles Edward Stuart a very bright crown, but, through dire misman-

agement and bad generalship, that army was broken, cut to pieces, and overthrown; and with it perished for ever the hopes of the Stuarts, and the power of the Highlands.

The Baron of the yellow hair, who led on the Children of Finlay, lost seventy-nine men and sixteen subaltern officers, and was himself taken prisoner. He was carried to London, and with three brother officers, condemned to death. On the night before the execution, a reprieve—strange to tell—came for Monaltrie. His three companions met their fate on the following day. The baron never knew to whom or to what he owed his pardon. He was the last, I may say, to conclude with him, detained in prison for the affair of the "Forty-five."

On the morning of the battle, the company commanded by William Auchindryne reached a small farm not far from Cul-loden. He called a halt there to refresh his men. After breakfast, they wished a dance to supple their limbs; and William, who was an excellent performer on the violin, played them up the "Braes o' Mar." While thus engaged, the thunder of the cannon on Drum Mossie Moor reached their ears, and then it was buckle, and belt, and away. But it was too late. The Highland army was completely routed. In his grief, William broke his violin over his knee, and never again drew a bow. But it was too late for the fight, they came in for a share in the pursuit. A party of dragoons rode down upon them with hue and cry, but they effected their retreat into a morass. William, while he brought up the rear, dispatched with his own good two-handed sword seven of the redcoats. The night came on, and he wandered, deserted by his men, "o'er moors and mosses monie," and guess ye how he felt, when at early dawn he found himself parading through the streets of Inverness among redcoats *gu leòr*. William was a comely, handsome man, with splendid flowing golden hair, but sorrow for the defeat of Cul-loden, had, in one night, frosted his locks into silvery grey. Tramping along, he saw marching up to meet him, on the same side of the street, a party of dismounted troopers. He crossed to the opposite side, and this attracted notice, for one exclaimed:—

"Fhaic thu! fhaic thu fear na Stroine crom, a mharbh na trupairean againn an de."

"See! see the man with the crooked nose who killed our troopers yesterday."

William walked forward. "I did not want to make any disturbance, if let alone; but, as I was about to pass, I put my hand to the hilt of my sword." The troopers did not attempt to bar the way, and he sped off to Braemar.

Between the two bridges of Gairn alone, eighteen men fell on Drum Mossie Moor. The priest, Alexander Gordon, was taken



prisoner, and died a martyr to the horrid evils that had then to be endured in a Scottish jail. M'Grigor of Inverigny, and Fleming of Auchintoul, fell wounded side by side. A ball had broken one of Auchintoul's legs. In the evening, while both lay writhing with pain, some soldiers passed, and one of them, seeing M'Grigor move, drove his bayonet through his shoulder, and thus died the Laird of Inverigny. Fleming wore a pair of excellent new boots, which caught the covetous eyes of one of the wretches, and he proceeded instantly to possess himself of them. He lay still, while the ruffian drew off the boot on the sound limb; but, alas! when he had to endure the same operation on the broken one. The fate of his comrade was a warning to him, however, and he bore the pain unmoved, without a groan, without the contraction of one muscle, as if lifeless, letting the broken member, when unbooted, fall to the ground out of the soldier's hands.

"I have been in danger, and I have seen death face to face; but my fortitude and courage were never more severely tried than by the undoing of my boots on Drummoossie Moor. The villains! had I been able to stand, not ten of them had dared the attempt with Auchintoul."

During the night, he managed to crawl to a cottage, and was there tended and concealed till his recovery. A certain fair maid in the cottage, who had been exceedingly tender of the wound, whose bright eyes had alleviated the grief of the warrior, whose light hands had smoothed down the soft pillow for his feverish head, won the Fleming's heart. He married her, and both came to Gairnside, where the appearance of the veteran, who was believed among the slain, caused demonstrations of the greatest joy.

Malcolm Durward of Mullach saw his two brothers fall by his side, at the moment the clansmen broke through the first rank of the redcoats. He himself got unhurt out of the confused *mêlée* of the rout. In his flight he met a convoy for the English army, and without a word he cut out with his sword the first horse of the train, and, mounting him, rode off. Not one of the drivers, though armed, durst interfere; his size and apparent strength terrified them. As he rode up the hillside, he came on a little active acquaintance from Crathie, who had run into a quagmire, and was torturing and twisting his body in every shape and direction to avoid the thrusts and cuts of three dragoons, by whom he was surrounded. Durward dismounting, led forward his horse, and cut down two of the ruffians—the third took to flight.

"Nis, dhuine bhig, dian air do shon fhein." "Now, my little man, look out for yourself."

“And that,” replied he jumping out of the bog, “will be to keep in your company.”

And so the little man and he came home together.

Some years after Culloden, the Grants of Rothiemurchus—for to them the horse employed to forward the convoy which had been assaulted by the champion of Mar belonged—some way learned who the abductor of it happened to be, and that the animal was still in his possession. They therefore laid claim to it, which, if they made good, might go hard against Malcolm, as the English garrisons in the country would have damnatory proof of Jacobitism against him. He therefore required that the Grants should prove their case. The owner of the horse, in consequence, brought two men with him from Speyside, who might swear to the identity. Malcolm also brought two friends to the Mullach, and prepared in his own way for the reception of the Grants—the rascally Whiggamores. If the houses in those times were miserable ill-lit hovels, imagine only what the offices were. The Grants were let into the stable, in the two stalls of which were two Highland garrons. The judges, without hesitation stepped up to the nearest, and, slapping the animal on the back, said :

“This is the horse.”

“Ah! but,” replied one of Malcolm’s friends, “it just happens that that is a mare, if you please, and whether or not.”

The confounded Speymen looked; and, by the beard of Rothiemurchus, a mare it was. Naturally, after that, no claim could be maintained, and Malcolm kept the horse, which was drawn up in the next stall, till he went to rejoin his forefathers in the paradise of horses.

Let us drop a tear to the memory of the gallant Harry of Whitehouse, the tender and true, the loyal and bold, who, gloriously fighting, fell on the fatal field—

“Drummossie moor! Drummossie moor!”

In a short time the broken remnant that returned had the redcoats at their heels. The houses of Auchintoul, Inverigny, Monaltrie, and Auchindryne were burnt to the ground. The Auchindrynes then took up their habitation at Tomintoul, an elevated position, to be out of harm’s way. William the tutor’s residence does not seem to have been touched. Garrisons were established at Corgarff, at Abergeldie, in the new castle of Braemar, and at the Dubrach, to overawe the district, to disarm the inhabitants, and to enforce all the odious enactments consequent on the defeat of the rising. This they did not find at all easy to do; in particular, I may mention that the disuse of the Highland dress—the garb of old Gael—could not be brought about.

There were, indeed, not a few other spirits besides Black Donald the Egyptian, and Donald the son of Robert the mighty, who did not fraternise with the redcoats. I will not mention, nor can I approve of the murder of sergeant Davis in Glenchristie. Sir Walter Scott has treated the trial of the suspected murderers with his magic pen, and the circumstances of the affair are all before the public.

Let me speak of men of another stamp—even of James Lamont the “taillear cuirt,” or the vicious tailor. The tailor loathed the redcoats, and hated them as much as it was possible for man to do. He had, in consequence, frequent quarrels with them, and on several occasions made them feel the weight of his arm: he was a formidable fraction of a man, the vicious tailor. In his justification, it must be said, that the soldiers provoked these quarrels by their own bad conduct, stealing eggs, fowls, &c. from the people, abusing them, and acting towards them in the haughtiest and most overbearing manner. At the time I refer to, the garrison was composed of Argylemen, a most precious parcel of villains. On the Spittal market-day, a party of them, in sportive humour, wishing to treat the Braemar men to a bit of their mind, punctuated with the thumps of strong cudgels, determined to intercept them on their way home. Those they were able to catch, they belaboured to within an inch of their lives, you may well trust. The “taillear cuirt,” active and light, managed to slip through their hands, and, though they pursued him three miles down the Cluny, escaped. He did more. He organised a small body of the most determined warriors in the country, and led them up the Cluny to treat the Campbells to a bit of his mind. Armed with bludgeons only, they fortunately surrounded the obnoxious crew in the hostelry of the Coldrach, whither they had gone to celebrate, over reaming cogues, the glorious exploits of the day. The “taillear cuirt” burst in upon them, kicking the door about their ears. Instantly they started to their feet; instantly a hedge of bayonets bristled all around them. What now, James Lamont, vicious tailor though ye be? With a bound and a swing, James Lamont was up on the rafters of the house, and over above the Argylemen; instantly his plaid descended like a shroud over them; instantly he dropped down on the floor in the innermost corner of the apartment; instantly his good cudgel flourished in the air; and instantly the heads and shoulders of the villains responded to its repeated application like a hundred brass kettle-drums. Oh! Mhic Chailean-Mhoir—Oh, ye sons of Colin the Great.

“The Braemar men are at the door,” cried the tailor in a voice of thunder, flailing away at every prominence that rose

below his plaid; "throw down your arms and surrender, else ye are dead men, every rascal of you."

The men threw their arms from them on the ground, and begged for mercy; and it was well they did, for the tailor's companions had now effected an entrance, and no less actively employed their bludgeons than he himself. The Braemar men possessed themselves of the arms, and marched their prisoners to Invercauld, the nearest magistrate. He had them severely chastised, and soon after procured their recall from Braemar. Though Invercauld had not himself taken part with the Prince, he was very active in protecting those who had from the consequences this step entailed. Indeed, he harboured in his own house Fear na Bruach, the man of the Braes—that is, the Laird of Broughdearg—whose uncle and tutor left the MS. History we so often quote. The young man was one of the Prince's surgeons. But you must have his history, though the clock reminds me I must be brief.

Fear na Bruach was sent by his parents to Italy to study medicine. When he returned home, father and mother were both dead, and his affairs intrusted to the management of a tutor. The celebrated physician—the famous Cagliostro, namely—under whom the young man had completed his studies, informed his pupil by letter that he could see from Italy a white serpent going daily at noon to drink from a well at the bottom of Coire Chronie, or the Dubh Choire—the corrie of echoes, or the black corrie. He instructed Fear na Bruach to catch this serpent by laying out for it a repast of fresh cream, and he desired him to bring it forthwith to Italy. The Laird followed the physician's directions, caught the white serpent, and with it sailed away. On his arrival, Cagliostro ordered him to boil it in a cauldron; but, on pain of death, not to touch the contents, or let it boil over. With care and dread Fear na Bruach stirred round the seething decoction of the white serpent, but, in spite of all his endeavours, up came the hissing spurting liquid, up even to the brim. Rapid as thought, he dipped his finger into it, raised it to his mouth, and then fled amain. Instant pursuit followed, and the bay of bloodhounds came loud and close on his track. In despair he leaped forward, and struck against a huge tree, the side of which, incredible to relate, burst open, and he fell breathless into a hollow inside the trunk. With great presence of mind, he rose and re-adjusted the door which admitted him, and here lay concealed for twenty-four hours. Finally, he slipt on board a ship which was just ready to sail from a harbour near by, and returned home again. The tasting he permitted himself of the decoction of the white serpent, rendered him omniscient in medicine, so that no dis-

ease could baffle his skill, neither could he ever fail in effecting a cure. It is, indeed, to be wondered that he and his generation are not still in the land of the living. But old age is no malady, and death, then, but the falling of the ripened fruit. After the wars, in which so skilled a physician must have been of the greatest use, and while he harboured at Invercauld, Fear na bruach often spoke of another well in Craig Choinnich, the waters of which would render physicians unnecessary, by having virtue to cure all diseases. In the night time he could see it, from the dining room windows of Invercauld house, on the face of the hill, below a bush of rushes, a gold ring lying in its bed ; but neither he, nor any one else, has yet found it. Fear na bruach also told, that another white serpent would be found at Pannanich, and no sensible man can doubt, but it is entirely on account of it that the wells there have their healing virtues. Happy, thrice happy, the man or woman who may find the well of Craig Choinnich, or the white serpent of Pannanich. Either of them would be worth the magnificent estates of Invercauld. The lucky man will now—thanks to yours truly—be able to make proper use of the discovery.

Another protégé of Invercauld's was the ancestor of the late Breda, Charles, the son of Andrew Farquharson of Allergue. After the act of grace, he became Factor to Invercauld, and went under the title of the Muckle Factor of the Clung. He, with other friends, having under their care the charter chest of Invercauld, had their hiding-place in a hollow of the steep and almost inaccessible Craig Chliny. While underlying here, Charles often heard the red coats revelling in his own house, during unsuccessful visitations in search of him.

The Factor Mor, as well as Fear na Bruach, survived those evil days.

Grigar Riach, the bard, was among the number of those who came home from the wars, to suffer insult and biting sarcasm from the Forbeses. Grigar made a proper reply in a poem of his called "The Bad Spring." In it high tribute is paid to Balmoral the brave, who led the "bra' lads" forward at Falkirk. Being on account of his wound unable for active service, he withdrew with his lady to his estate of Auchlossan, and remained there in hiding till his death. His barn was fitted at one of the ends with double walls, and the space between them formed the laird's concealment.

When the M'Kenzies sold their Braemar estate, one of them went to England to push his fortune, but having been unsuccessful, he returned home to Gairnside, where the family then lived. On account of his stay in the south, the people called him "an Sassanach," or the Saxon. The lairds of the country,

remembering the former position of his family, and thinking to lessen the disappointment he must have felt from the failure of his designs, invited him alternately for some weeks to their houses. When tired of one place he went to another. This wandering life led him to Auchlossan, on a visit to Mrs Farquharson, who received and treated him very kindly. During his stay there, he so far won the lady's confidence, that the secret of Balmoral's hiding-place was disclosed to him. Finally, when about to leave, knowing he had little of his own, she gave him a guinea, a sum then of as much value as ten would be now-days. The Sassenach marched straightway to Braemar, revealed to the English commandant the secret of Balmoral's retreat, and claimed the government reward.

"There, ye hound," said the brave officer, telling down the gold, "and go to the devil with it."

Much as he hated such service, still the soldier must do his duty. He ordered out a party of men, and never halted till he reached Tullich. There was an inn there at the time, and it was there necessary to give the men some refreshment.

"Eat and drink my lads," said he, in presence of the buxom landlady, "for you shall have nothing more till you have seized Balmoral at Auchlossan."

The good dame edged out. Tullich belonged to Balmoral. She ran to a neighbouring house, where then lived Cattenach, grandfather of the late gamekeeper of that name at Invercauld, an active man and a nimble. When he learned what had been said, off went hose and shoon, and off too went Cattenach for Auchlossan. The captain, good soul, was in no hurry with his meal, neither did he heat himself by a double quick march to Lumphanan. Still he reached his destination all in good time, not indeed to catch Balmoral in his retreat, which he broke open, but to sit down with Mrs Farquharson to a jolly good supper.

"Madam," said the gallant soldier, when the table had been cleared, the servants gone, and a cogie of sparkling, steaming toddy placed before him, "Madam, one may keep a secret, and even two may keep a secret, but let a third into it—cursed scoundrel that fellow M'Kenzie."

It is probable that Mrs Farquharson profited by the communication, for we do not learn that the military honoured her with more visits. The officer marched his men up Deeside next morning, as proudly as if he had been leading captive Prince Charles Edward Stuart.

Balmoral the Brave died, as did his nephew Finlay, and then all the estates of the Invereys passed to the Auchindrynes. This happened during the tutorship of William Auchindryne.

About this time there existed a dispute between his family and Invercauld concerning their respective marches on the Cluny. William heard that Invercauld meant to steal a march on him, and take possession of the keys of a little tenement on the debatable land. Whoever held the keys, it appears, would have the best claim to the land. William was an old campaigner, and would have his flanks turned by no laird or lord in the land. Accordingly, as Invercauld was next morning browbeating the trembling tenant, and demanding the keys, William came round from the end of the bothie, where he had overheard what was passing.

"The keys is it," said he, holding them out in his hand, "there they are, Jamie; see whether you can take them out of that."

Jamie, overthrown and discomfited, fled home without risking the attempt, and the worthy William lived his days in honour; and the only relic of him that remains is his plaid brooch of brass, ornamented by strange and rude devices, and bearing the initials "W. F." His dirk, a formidable instrument three feet long, was found by some masons while quarrying stones for the new chapel out of the ruins of his house, but so rust-eaten that it fell shortly to pieces.

His two brothers, the Jesuits, John and Charles, survived him a long time. John, the elder, was long a missionary in Strathglass, where he studied Gaelic under a most skilful instructress, Mrs Fraser of Kilbockie, and made the first collection of Gaelic poetry we know of. We learn it contained all M'Pherson's "Ossian," besides other pieces by the same bard, as also the poems of many others, equally ancient and of no less value. Unfortunately, the MS. was lost at Douay. I refer you for full particulars on this subject to Brown's *History of the Highlands*.

The natives of Strathglass fondly loved Maighistir Ian—Mr John—as they call him; and they welcome warmly, even now, a Braemar man for his sake. They tell many wonderful anecdotes concerning him, some of which I mean to relate.

On his way to visit a sick person, Maighistir Ian reached the Cannich, a tributary of the Glass. He was accompanied by his clerk—"clerach" the Strathglass folks call that official. In order to ford the stream, the father found it would be necessary to divest himself of a garment that shall be nameless, and only after the passage discovered that he had left it behind him. On looking back he perceived on the other bank a dwarfish, ugly, old carle, to all appearance about to cross after him.

"Fhir sin thall," cried the father, therefore, "thoir nall mo bhriogais."

The carle paid no heed.

"Fhir sin thall," repeats he, in louder tone, "nach toir thu nall mo bhriogais."

"You fellow there, won't you fetch over my trousers."

"The nasty old body," muttered he to the clerach, "he does not heed me. You just go over for them." The clerach draws back.

"I don't like the look of that 'bodach' at all, Maighistir Ian."

In fine, Maighistir Ian finds, if he would repossess himself of his garments, he must e'en go himself. Now mark what befell. Just as he nears the bank, the old carle, with a noise like a thousand thunders, and spitting out fire, flame, and smoke, dived into the river, and disappeared. The clerach in terror swooned away, and did not recover till the good father, no way dismayed on his part, stood beside him with his raiment all properly adjusted.

Maighistir Ian, we learn, had often enough hard times of it. The clerach would then sally out to forage, and would, alas! more frequently than desirable, return empty-handed. While he was thus employed, one evening, a beggar applied at the priest's door for alms. One small basinful of meal was all the house contained, but Maighistir Ian would share to the last with the poor, so as he held the basin to give away the half, his whole store some way fell down into the beggar's bag.

"Ro mhath, ro mhath, dar thuit e ort bi falbh leis."

"Well, well, as it fell to you, be going with it."

The clerach by-and-by returned, tired and disappointed and cross. Alack! was ever mortal more unfortunate. Now "lese" me on good brose—a substantial dish. The clerach will regain his good-humour, and satisfy the cravings of hunger. But woe betide! even this is denied him—the meal basin is indeed empty and desolate, like his own stomach. He learns with indignation the prodigal charity of the good father, and storms dreadfully against him.

"Have some faith, man, and confide in Providence," mildly expostulates Maighistir Ian; "we may yet be rejoiced by a good meal."

But the clerach sits by the fire in great dumps, chewing the cud of bitter reflection, instead of masticating strong kail brose. You might have easily seen that he considered providence's providings grievously below the mark. Hark! a tap is heard at the door, the clerach runs forth, and finds there a man on horseback, who, without speaking, hands him a bag, and rides away through the night. The bag was big-bellied and ponderous, the bag emitted a savoury odour, the bag made the clerach's



mouth water as he emptied it, tearing out its contents with both hands on the table before his master. And truly it contained very many excellent things of the eatable order, and truly the clerach regaled himself with Maighistir Ian on the rarest viands.

“Another time, clerach,” quoth the priest, “you will know better.”

As to the purveyor of the feast—the strange horseman—you will learn without any wonder that he was never heard of again.

Father John was twice made prisoner by the priest-hunters, and each time sent to the hulks on the Thames. His capture was, on one of these occasions, effected in Glencannich. A spy stepped up, tapped him on the shoulder, and in the old phrase, “You are my prisoner, in the king’s name,” delivered him into the hands of his enemies.

“Alas! John,” remarked the priest, “that you should have done this. That hand will be your death yet.”

And so it happened. His hand and arm, without any apparent cause, mortified; and the man, whom a strange chance had brought to Braemar, told the incident there on his death bed.

Both the fathers, John and Charles, were held to be saints. Many persons possessed by devils were brought to them from far and near, and by them restored and cured. They had also, we are told, the gift of prophecy. Their piety gained them the veneration, their learning the esteem, and their urbanity the love of all those who knew them. On the priest’s gravestone in the churchyard of Castletown you may read this last memento of Maighistir Ian:—

“The Rev. John Farquharson spent the evening of his days as chaplain to his nephew, Alexander Farquharson, Esq., of Inverey, and died at Balmoral, 22d August 1782.”

Father Charles exercised his ministry first in Glen Gairn, and afterwards in Braemar. Like his brother John, he was often tracked by the priest-hunters, as well as by others, whose cupidity the reward for his capture excited. Once, as Invercauld and his coachman were walking along the banks of Dee, they perceived, on the opposite side, his reverence ensconced below a thicket that grew at the foot of Craig Choinnich. The coachman proposed to arrest him and gain the Government reward. Invercauld durst not oppose him, so he crossed the river at some distance from where the father, little suspecting snares, sat quietly reading his breviary. Sneaking through the trees, the servant came behind him, and taking him by the collar, in the phrase thereanent provided, captured him.

“Stop a moment,” returned Father Charles, “until I finish my prayers, and then I am your man.”

The Jesuit went on quite unconcernedly to the end, and closing his book with a slap, made a huge sign of the cross, staring the astonished coachman out of countenance, while he repeated—

“In Nomine Patris et Filii, et Spiritus Sancti. Amen.”

What heretic could stand it from a Jesuit without a shudder of terror and fear? The coachman's prisoner, in the name of the King of Great Britain and Ireland, was refractory on one point. Jesuits were always scheming and contentious. He would not enter the river to cross to Invercauld, and be handed over to the authorities, but at a place of his own choosing. Astonishing to hear of such liberties being taken by a Catholic priest! This place would not suit, neither would that; but this one is the very ford that pleases Jesuit feet to tread; and he plunged in with the coachman, and strode on till the water wet their arm-pits. Then—a caution to those who will meddle with Jesuits—in turn he seized the coachman by the collar and by his nether garments, at a place of ignoble name—what could you expect?—and he dipped his head into the water. He allowed him to kick and struggle at full scope, and after a time took him up, to make a short study of physiognomy, and from this concluded—he was a physician, Father Charles—that another dip might be administered with good effect. Down went the head again, till the termination of the chivalrous Lord Lovell's career, in dying with a guggle-uggle-uggle, had nigh ennobled the coachman of Invercauld. The Jesuit, however, in the nick of time raised him up, and bore him to the Invercauld side of the river, where, on a bed of soft moss, he laid him down beside his master the laird. He had been a spectator of the whole transaction, and sat on the bank holding his sides in an agony of laughter. Before the coachman recovered his senses, Father Charles had disappeared in the wooded side of Craig Choinnich.

As a physician, Father Charles was scarcely less renowned than Fear na Bruach, and undoubtedly did a great deal of good in the country. He is said to have left a MS. containing modes of treatment for the various maladies prevalent in the country, which, after his death, came into the possession of the Invercauld family. There, somehow, it strayed into the nursery, and was taken notice of when, alas! in the most tattered and torn condition. The heading of a fly-leaf, that was all lost, bore, “An infallible cure for consumption.” What that cure was, must, unfortunately for our generation, remain unknown.

The Jesuit had a peculiar way of arriving at the truth, when examining the prevaricating relatives of a patient as to the treatment employed. If they suspected it contrary to his ideas,

no earthly advantage would induce them to disclose the nature of it.

He was called to see a darling child, in a house near Gairnsheil, at one time. The boy was evidently dying.

"Ah! um! Do you give him plenty of milk-meat?" asked he, as if thinking there had been woful neglect in this.

"Well, well, I am very sure he never wants for that," answered the mother.

"Ay, um! but when ye churn," cross-examining with an air of doubt, "ye do not give him a 'fuarag' of the cream?"

"As sure as death, Mr Farquharson," was returned, "I never mak butter but he gets a good 'fuarag' out of the churn."

"Just so, goodwife," concluded the physician. "Well, you jast buy his winding-sheet with the butter, for you have irretrievably destroyed your child's digestion with so many good 'fuarags.' See that you be more careful with the rest of your bairns."

Examining, on another occasion, the condition of a woman after childbirth, on Gairnside, he was afraid that some hurtful drink had been forced on her.

"Ye did not," inquired he, as if he thought it the sovereignest remedy on the globe, "give your wife a fat drink?"

"'Deed I wot, well, I am sure I did that. I went to the hill, brought home and killed the fattest wether I had, and she has had the bree of the best of it."

"Ay, ay, did ye, man?" was the answer. "Well, ye may e'en keep the worst of it for the funeral dinner, for ye have just killed your wife."

The father's mode of treatment at times accorded not with the good people's ideas of doctoring, however skilful he was allowed to be. He was one day coming through Glen Shee, and was prayed to turn aside and give his advice about a certain farmer's wife, then very ill, whom they designed to send to some watering town, that she might try the effects of sea-bathing.

"Hum! Fergus," quoth the Jesuit, "I would strongly counsel you to put a burden of stones on her back, and drive her hard to the highest pinnacle of Ben Ghuilbinne."

This barbarous advice procured his speedy dismissal without fee. The good wife, as had been intended, was sent to the seaside, where she died in a few days.

"Oh! Father Charles," asked some of his Braemar acquaintances, "what kind of advice was that you gave about Fergus Findlay's wife—to carry a load of stones to the top of Ben Ghuilbinne?"

"If they had tried it, she would be Fergus Findlay's wife to-

day. She had a boil in the inside, which would have been broken by the exertion in all probability. But she went to the sea-side, and that sent her galloping the way she was going."

Whatever may be the opinion of the faculty as to Father Charles's modes of procedure, it is certain that he was very successful in his treatment. I shall only speak of one case of a malady that is still always fatal.

A gamekeeper of Lord Fife's, of the name of Munro, had a cancer in the upper-lip. He went to Edinburgh to consult the most skilful doctors, but without avail. When the lip had been eaten away as far as the nose, the case was submitted to Father Charles. He simply prescribed a potion made up by himself, and, without any outward application—without any surgical operation—that alone effected a cure. The man lived a long time afterwards, though he had a peculiarly grim look from the want of his upper lip. He died in 1832.

While he drove over the country in his double capacity, he had various adventures as will happen with travellers.

Who that has journeyed afar and never felt that condition of purse, most grievous to the feelings, in which coin nor clinks nor jingles therein; not, Father Charles, of the Society of Jesus? Indeed, we have reason to believe that the superabundance of coin troubled him not. In a cleared-out state of pocket, he had to solicit the favour of a passage of the Dee from a Protestant ferryman.

"I have neither, my good lad," said he, "plack nor penny; but you are a young man, and I will give you an advice that will serve in as good stead as either, and that is, that you ought never to marry a widow's only daughter, a chatter-box, or a dandy."

At the time I now speak of, the Duffs had acquired the greater part of their Braemar estate. They were rigorous in putting down poaching; but in spite of their utmost endeavours, poaching abounded on their best moors and in their finest forests. The Earl of Fife, wishing to enlist Father Charles in the cause, and sure that his advice would do much with the people, determined on paying him a visit to talk over the matter. He went over to the Ardearg accordingly, and found the priest busy in raising a bulwark to keep the Dee off his little croft.

"How is all to-day, Mr Farquharson?" was his lordship's salute.

"I hope I see your lordship well," replied his reverence. "I am busy at work, you see."

"Well, I have come to ask a favour. I wish to dine with you to-day, if you would allow me that honour."

"With great pleasure; but permit me to go and inform my housekeeper."

"No, no, sir," returned the earl, "he who invites himself must take pot luck."

Father Charles, if it had been possible, would have ordered a haunch of venison making ready that day to be set aside, and some substitute served, as the history of the haunch might not prove very satisfactory. What would he have thought had he known the errand that brought the earl to his house? Well, in due time they sat down to dinner, and in due time the haunch made its appearance.

"What!" exclaimed the astonished nobleman, "how comes this to your table?"

"Well, when any one," returned the Reverend, "comes to my house with his arm supporting any present, I never inquire what it encircles."

"Quite right," returned his lordship, changing his tone, "and when a man invites himself to dine, he has little right to inquire how the good things on the table came there."

Of a verity, whom do you consider able to overcome a Jesuit! Not the earl, at all events, for he went home again without mentioning the cause of his visit.

The long staff, with round head of horn, that served to pilot Father Charles through the wilds of Glengairn and Braemar, may yet be seen in Auchindryne.

And we have again this record on the priest's gravestone in Castletown churchyard:

"The Rev. Charles Farquharson served the Catholic mission for many years, and died at Ardearg, 30 Nov. 1799."

The Earl of Fife met the funeral train as they came down the road. He dismounted immediately, and, taking off his hat,

"I wish to God," said he, "I were such as he was; I would willingly lie where he does."

There were others, besides, who believed that Father Charles wore that day a coronet brighter and fairer than any earl in Scotland.

And so passed away the great men of a great generation.

A change comes over the spirit of my dream. It is proper that I record how the old families whose deeds have been our theme wore all away, and how others have come into their place, and our task may be considered as ended. Were we to proceed further, we might be considered partial and unfair in our narration, and perhaps it would be desirable to let "bygones be bygones" in very many instances.

To go back a little. After the sequestration of the Mar

family's estate, it fell to Lords Dun and Grange to dispose of the property and rights. An offer was made to the proprietors of Deeside above Culbleen that each, after the lands were disposed of, as mentioned in the "Legend of the Invereys," should buy up the feudal rights of the lord superior over their different holdings, and pay in all, between them, for these, the sum of £1000. A meeting of the lairds was called at Pannanich Lodge, to take the offer into consideration, and, if they should decide on accepting it, to assign what proportion of the sum each should have to pay.

The lairds ended their deliberations by refusing the offer, and Duff of Braco became the purchaser. The proprietors had a right to every third tree on their estate, to the whole pasture, divots, and peats. They were hereditary foresters, and, therefore, allowed to carry arms and kill game. The military service, and the small tribute of money, as an acknowledgment of superiority, when the lands changed hands, were matters of little moment. Braco probably thought that he had a better bargain than it proved at first. He came shortly after his purchase to Braemar with a number of workmen, resolved to make the best of his woods. Looking about, he determined to begin in Glencuaich. Allancuaich accompanied the woodmen through the glen, and saved every third of the tall gigantic pines from their hatchets—as he had a right to do. When they had cut down some sixty the question was, how can they be got to the Dee for manufacture?

"Ay, ay, Braco," says Allancuaich, "there is your wood, shoulder it and away ye go; but, mark you, I won't allow earth to be broken on my land or my pasture to be destroyed. Do you it, therefore, at your peril, and meanwhile there is an interdict."

It was no joke. Duff of Braco felt put out; cursed his own stupidity, damned his lord superiorship, and wished Lords Dun and Grange judges to a very dark-complexioned majesty; but that altered nothing in his bargain, so he sneaked away home again. After mature reflection, a bright idea struck him. He began paying monthly visits to Braemar, and lodged in the Tigh-Geal—the white house of Castletown. And Duff began to shine as a choice spirit, easy to do with, merry, gay, ay jolly. He brought a few nice presents for the Braemar people with him. He won his way. Allancuaich's wife and daughters were always particularly well remembered; even the old laird was forgiven his interdict, and as token of "gude 'greement," he was prevailed on to accept some trifling little favour. That was a good beginning. Presents increased, good fellowship prospered, friendship began. Presents redoubled. You would

not find Duff of Braco now at the Tigh-Geal, when he came to Braemar; but you might very likely find him every day at Allancuaich, and very surely every night. The Allancuaichs began to make a show in the country; they appeared puffed up; they got a taste for finery. They went on in a famous style of living. The old house didn't seem the right thing now; bless you, they were above that. A new house was planned on the Haugh, and set about at once. But at last the funds got low. Well, what of that? a good friend was ready to show the way out of difficulty. "The rents, sir, will soon come in; all right; build away. Ah! by the by, mighty good bargains your tenants have. Suppose you screwed them up just a tiny bit; at least till your house be finished." Well, the rents came in. The tenants were screwed up just the tiniest bit, and the building went on, and the funds always got lower. The tenants, indeed, looked very surly; they cast woful looks on the laird; they never met the lady or misses with a cheerie smile: but never mind. The other Braemar lairds began to shake their heads. But Duff of Braco's smile outshone the morning sun. What reck, that did not hinder the lady from hearing the herds as they took the cattle to the hill, continually mention the laird's cow. There was a bra' house rising up truly, yet the laird had but one cow. "This will never do," said the lady. "Let us buy another, that people may say the laird's cows." Woe's me! it had come to this. Well, never mind. Duff of Braco is accommodating—he has such a long purse, you might shove your arm in to the elbow, were it not too well crammed to allow it to go down; and loans are very convenient. Things went on again. The herds, perhaps, spoke of the laird's cows; at all events, the house—grand to look at—was finished. Loans, convenient as they are, cost something—very little indeed—your name to some small bit paper; and Braco had very many specimens of Allancuaich's autographs—autographs to the value of £2000 sterling. And now came the time that he was in great need of money; but not the time that the coming in of the rents or the screwing up of the tenants had filled Allancuaich's purse to meet his demands. He was reasonable, however; no pointing, no rousing. Just you step out of the bra' house, and I will step in; and so it was. Poor Allancuaich went away, and hid his misfortunes in distant lands. A saw mill was soon established on the Cuaich. Fast fell the noble forest of the glen, and none to save every third tree from ruin; the earth of the glen was broken, and there was no one to serve an interdict.

Time wore on. Duff of Braco was chief with Dalmore—chiefer with Inverey. Many a good turn he did for both; but his right hand never knew what his left gave away; no more

did Dalmore what secret favours were showered on Inverey. The days were passed in which the two families had been good neighbours. "The days are gane that we hae seen." But both had a good counsellor. There is an elbow in the Dee, where it strikes against those red rocks, a little to the east of Inverey, at the Pol dearg.

"Now, it strikes me, M'Kenzie, that, unless you bulwark the river up above there, the Dee will be east through the Dalmore in no time."

"Well, it shall have a bulwark," returned M'Kenzie.

And the bulwark was begun.

"Dont you see, Inverey," said his counsellor, "if a 'spait' should come, that bulwark will turn all the water on you, and not one of your fields will escape, from here to the Cluny."

"And is there no law to prevent Dalmore sending the water over on me?"

"Well, I should think so."

And they tried it at one court of law after another; and as their means got done, Braco's purse supplied them both. M'Kenzie always lost, and always got another trifle, and always began again. But there is a limit and an end to everything, and the limit came in M'Kenzie's means, and the end in his defeat by Inverey. And the piper was now to pay. Inverey, in repayment of his supplies, gave over to Braco his costs against Dalmore. So the piper was not over easily paid. It was the case of Allancuaich over again; and for another £2000, which would have been about a penny for every tree on the estate, Duff came in, and the laird went out. M'Kenzie got a tack of some lands on Gairnside, from Aboyne, and set up at Lary, as you have heard.

And years passed on again, and the troublous times of the '45 passed also. Alexander of Auchindryne was now holder of the Inverey estates. He by no means agreed with Duff of Braco, neither did the Braemar people generally. In the olden time, they were welcome to go out and bring home a bird, a hare, or a deer, "to keep the pottie bilin'." But they were changed times now. Those of his own tenants whom Braco's gamekeepers caught poaching, were at once expelled the estate; those of other landowners were fined or imprisoned. Alexander of Inverey and Auchindryne was highly disgusted.

"Ay, ay, billies, poach, poach on Duff's lands as much as you like; but oh, boys, have clever feet. Only get to the middle of the Dee when his keepers are after you, and I will stand good for you."

And the Inverey lads would go out, and give Duff's moors and forests a drubbing—they poached with a vengeance then.



Some were caught from time to time, and sent in to the courts in Aberdeen; but Alexander, true to his word, would be there to pay the fines.

"Just try yourself, Duff," he would say, "try yourself. You may put them in, but I will take them out as fast, Braco."

And so he did; more power to him. He was indeed a man according to the people's hearts—a real old Highland chief. His wife was harder than himself; and while they yet lived at Tomintoul, influenced, perhaps, by the doings at Allancuaich, continually plagued the laird about "heightening the land"—*i. e.* raising the rents—though he would never hear of it. One night the Dee came down in a flood, sweeping over all the haughs of Auchindryne.

"Come out, now," cried Auchindryne to his lady from the door, the following morning; "and you will see your lands heightened well enough."

He thought she would get an idea of the risks the poor crofters had to run; and it is likely she did, for she spoke no more about "heightening the land." James, the laird's son was not, alas! of the same stamp. He associated with the Duffs; and their son, a James also, taught him rather expensive habits.

This did not at all please the old man. He saw a dark future, but he could not change the lad's heart. What he could do, he tried. He offered every one of his tenants leases of their holdings, while grass grew or water ran, at the same rents they then paid. But they could little understand his generosity or his true motives. They thought the laird must see that land was to get cheaper, and they feared they might be ruined. Only Alastair Lamont, the farmer of Dalbreckachy, could be prevailed on to accept, with much pressing, a lease of that kind. Inverey did not despair of the others. Every time they came to pay their rents he renewed his offer; but it was in vain. Instead of that, Dalbreckachy often begged the laird to cancel his lease, and put him on the same footing as the others.

"No, no, keep ye it, laddie," the laird would reply; "it will do you and your family good when I am in the mools: keep ye it laddie."

He had sore misgivings, but he kept it on, just not to displease the good old man. By and by word reached Braemar that the laird was dying. Lamont took alarm, and hurried off to Balmoral with the obnoxious lease. He was ushered in; and there the old man sat alone in his chair, very "wae" and very sad, and tired, and weary, and worn.

"Oh! laird," cried the farmer, "as ye hope to meet God in mercy, tak this lease off my hands, for it will be the ruin of me and my family."

"Well, well," said the poor laird with a sigh of resignation, "God's will be done."

And he threw the paper into the fire.

"But Alastair," continued he, "the day will come when the men of the Braes of Mar would dig me out of the grave with their teeth, could they get such leases as you all refuse. God protect ye, my bairns, for I will soon be away."

Too soon that day came, alas! James succeeded in his place. He had, before his accession, contracted a debt of £8000, due, for the greater part, to the Duffs. James found the friendship of the great man—now an earl—much cooled; his demands greatly increased. They came for a time to some kind of settlement. He let the earl some of his hill—chiefly, I believe, Creag-an-Fhithich, opposite Marlodge—which the earl planted to beautify the view from the windows of his house.

Years passed on. The old strife with Invercauld about marches on the Cluny again recommenced. It was decided to settle the matter by arbitration. Invercauld chose for his man the Earl of Aboyne, and with him and the Factair Mor went up the Cluny to meet Inverey and his friends. While they were haggling about conditions, and Inverey had withdrawn some space to confer in private with his adviser:

"Who the devil," inquires with mighty pride, Aboyne, "is that impertinent puny body whose tongue never halts? Little hinders me from caning him."

This of Inverey; this of the nephew of William Auchindryne!

"That," replied the Factair Mor, "is Inverey; but look you, there is not a Gordon on Dee dare crook a finger at him, while I am beside."

Good of you, Charles Farquharson; honour to you Factair Mor. The arrangement with Invercauld was completed; but that did not stave off the evil day. Pressing demands were made by the Earl of Fife, and James determined to sell off the estate and clear away his debts. The tenants learned this. They came forward in a body, and themselves offered to clear off the debt to the Duffs, provided James would not sell his lands, and, above all, that he would not sell to the Earl of Fife. But it would not be; in spite of their devotion, the estates were sold to the Earl of Fife, and Inverey left Braemar. He gave Ballater and Tullich to Monaltrie for his estate of Burxie whither he himself retired. Afterwards we read in the newspapers—"Died at Jock's Lodge (near Edinburgh), James Farquharson, the last of the Invereys." Lewis Farquharson, his brother, who had married the heiress of Ballogie, was once present at the Braemar gathering, and he was made very welcome for auld langsyne.

The hearts of the people yearned to him, and they felt sad and wae when the memory of old times came over them. But it was Mr Innes with them; Mr Innes this, and Mr Innes that.

"Not Mr Innes," replied he; "I'm that at Ballogie; but in Braemar I am Farquharson."

That went to the people's hearts; there was a tear in every eye; but they cheered him; yes, they did heartily, though their cheers were like to choke them; and then he went away. The next thing—ay, there it is as I picked it from the blank leaf of a missal belonging to the family. "27th Sept. 1830.—Obiit Dominus Ludovicus Innes (quandam Farquharson de Inverey), novissime autem de Balnacraig et Ballogie, anno ætatis suæ 67." Lewis had a son who died young and unmarried; and so the race is nearly extinct.

Changed times. Munro, the Earl of Fife's chief gamekeeper, wrought a great deal of harm. His misrepresentations and sad doings were the occasion of many evictions. Father Charles Farquharson, when he saw the commencement of those evil days, well nigh repented having saved Munro's life. Ah! days of sorrow. Ah! days of desolation. Ah! days of eviction and expatriation.

One after one, some sooner, some later, the small proprietors also wore away, but for different reasons. I shall mention them, beginning with Braemar, just as they come, without regard to chronological order.

Well, then, on the Cluny we have Coldrach and Achalater, who sold and went away. M'Grigor of Bealabuith comes next. He gave his possessions, it is said, for a tartan plaid. Then follow Tullochcoy and the portioners of Crathinaid, Micras and Daldownie, all, all gone. At the foot of Gairn we miss the family of Cults; and in Glenmuick, that of Acholie. Cobbletown of Tullich, Kinnord, and Balleatrach, are no longer in the hands of those named after Finlay, and Whitehouse of the Braes of Cromar has been transferred to Tough. On the upper run of the Gairn, there is no Fleming in Auchintoul, nor Macdonald in Rinneattin; those two went to law. Fleming was ruined, and sold Auchintoul. Many years after, and for a different reason, M'Donald sold his possessions. The Laird of Drum, at the time he parted with his Cromar estate, most probably disposed of the Half Daugh. The name of Keir of Strathlea is nearly forgotten among those he ruled over; and the M'Grigars of Dalfad, Ardach, Inverigny, and Ballater, the fierce and terrible, are no more among the strong men of Gairn.

The Earl of Aboyne sold Pannanich, and what of Glenmuick belonged to him, to Invercauld. The last Monaltrie died childless, and his estate fell to the family of Invercauld.

The Laird of Abergeldie failed, and the disentailed part of his estate, Birkhall, was purchased by the Prince Consort.

And to end this long list of changes, the trustees of the last Earl of Fife sold to her gracious Majesty, Victoria—long may she reign—Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, the estate of Balmoral.

I have been brief in my narrative of recent events, and of the great Exodus of the children of the Braes of Mar. As I said I wished to hurt no man's feelings, and I trust and hope, when a hundred years after this, our descendants relate in the winter evenings, the legends of the times that extend from the coming in of the Duff family to their own day, they may find as great a contrast in the increase of the population of the district, as I, in the space over which my narrative stretched, found, alas! in the decrease. I seek for no violent change. Let but the present population be encouraged to increase and multiply, and to remain. Let them have fair bargains, and be mildly dealt with. Let the good example of the last come proprietors be followed by all those who held prior possession, in improvements of lands, in improvements of houses, in increasing the number of neat cottar cottages, and, above all, in erecting and providing for the maintenance of schools, and in establishing circulating libraries properly managed in every convenient locality. Let charities continue. Let the spirit of kindness and good will, now enkindled, be fanned up into a flame: and let it be well considered that it is better to have a numerous train of dependants, contented, happy, and sufficiently well provided for, than a few rich and extensive renters, little interested in the district, and independent of their tenure: and then, landlords, I shall sound your trumpet, I shall spread your fame, I shall give your names to glory: and then I trust there shall be illustrating the pages of history, more than long, long ago, more than in the days of Finlay Mor M'Fhearchair, more than in the times of Donald of Castletown, more than when Donald-Og-na-h-Alba and Uilliam Maol went forth to war, more than when John the Black Colonel, and his son Peter, led the "Bra' lads" to Killiecrankie and Sheriff-Muir, more than when Balmoral the brave, Auchindryne, and the Baron Ban went all away wi' Charlie—another Bra' Braes of Mar.

We are loth to part—"this is but ae nicht of our meeting, wha would care though it were twa?"—and I am loth to bid you go. Well then, what say you?—shall we pass another hour, shall we have a cheerful parting story, shall we e'en end with our acquaintance—now no more—Donald Lamont, known as the Braemar drover? You wish it, then I am the last to say you nay; and so be it, the Legend of Donald Lamont, little less

great, little less worthy of commemoration than the Cam Ruadh, Gillespie the proud, or the Donalds, whether Egyptian, or descended of Robert the Mighty. Sir Thomas Dick Lauder shall introduce him in his own happy way to your acquaintance. I shall add, at the end of his narration, a few incidents not touched upon by the Baronet.

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## DONALD LAMONT, THE BRAEMAR DROVER.

BY SIR THOMAS DICK LAUDER, BART.

THE late Sir John Inglis was in the habit of receiving regularly every autumn, from Braemar, a flock of Highland wethers, to be fattened on his rich pasture at Cramond, near Edinburgh, for the supply of his table. A certain man of that Highland district, of the name of Donald Lamont, was the person who, for many years, had the charge of driving the sheep; and the care and fidelity which he displayed in the performance of his duty, added to the circumstance of his being remarkably shrewd and sagacious; and having a certain spice of sly humour about him, made Sir John take a great liking to him. So much interest, indeed, did the worthy Baronet take in Donald, that he never arrived at Cramond to make his annual delivery of sheep, that Sir John did not send for him, in order to have a talk with him; after which he always gave orders that every care should be taken of him, and every kindness shown to him in the servants' hall, whilst he remained there; and finally, it was ever his wont to dismiss him with some peculiar mark of his approbation.

Donald's journey to Cramond, therefore, was always regarded with pleasing anticipation for many a long day before the time of his departure arrived; and when it did come, he turned out for the purpose of assuming command of his flock, with his colliers at his heels, with all the pride of a general attended by his staff, dressed in his best bonnet and plaid, kilt, hose, and brogues, with his best badger-snouted *sporrán*, or purse, girt before him, with his *skien-dhu*, or blackhafted knife, sticking in his belt.

Though Donald was a little man, and rather insignificant in appearance, yet he had a dauntless spirit. He, therefore, always made out the journey alone, asking the aid of no other assistants but that of his dogs. Small pitcher as he was, he went and came thus to and from the well for some forty years or so, with-

out ever fulfilling the proverb, by being broken or injured during all that long period of service. He did meet with adventures now and then, however ; and one of these I'm now about to tell you.

The weather had been peculiarly sultry, and the roads unusually dusty, during one of Donald's southern trips ; and as he invariably made a point of adhering strictly to that laudable economy for which Scotsmen are, for the most part, so justly celebrated, he not only chiefly depended for his own support on the scraps of cakes and cheese afforded by a wallet which he carried at his back, but he also trusted the maintenance of his muttons more to those pickings which Providence provided for them by the wayside, than to any purchased provender. It was not wonderful, then, on the occasion I allude to, that, by the time the creatures had got so far on their journey as half-way between Kinross and Queensferry, they were ready to halt and set their teeth very actively a-nibbling on a piece of most inviting unenclosed pasture, the freshness of which would have been tempting to even the pampered palate of the most apathetical epicure of the wool-bearing race that ever wore one of Mr Culley's flannel jackets, or fed in an English paddock, or even in the fair fields of Phantassie ; far more a ragged rout of half-starved, hairy-coated, Highland wethers, whose black faces and huge horns afforded the very *beau ideal* of the supposed countenance of that alarming personage whom our own immortal Burns addresses as—

“Auld Hornie, Satan, Nick, or Clootie.”

Donald, fully aware of the urgent necessities of his bleating battalion, beheld them rush upon their forage with a triumphant *bra-a-a* that rejoiced his very heart.

“Puir beasts !” muttered he to himself, as he heard the gratifying sound produced by their incisors as they cropped the herbage at a rate which would have insured the annihilation of the whole patch in the course of a few hours—“Puir beasts ! she's sure ye be sair wantin' meat, and weel are ye wordy o't a' !” and then casting the hesitating glance of a moment over his shoulder, towards an adjacent field of wheat, where a large band of reapers were at work under the eye of the farmer—“Hoots !” added he, with a shrug, “she swarrants she'll no be muckle mindin' her ; ta puir beasts 'll no dae muckle skaith for a' tat they'll tak.”

So saying, Donald was about to seat himself on a bank, to chew a crust from his wallet, that the animals might have the more leisure to fill themselves, when, having again cast his eyes askance towards the farmer, his Highland honour pricked him.

"Tuts!" said he, with another shrug, "what for wad she be takin' ta man's grass, fan she may ha'e it for ta axin'?"

Giving to his fan-tailed aides-de-camp the temporary charge of his brigade, who were too well occupied not to ensure his finding them at his return, he limped away, with hot feet and tired legs, to where the fat and comfortable farmer was lounging after his reapers with listless steps, and with his hands in his breeches' pockets, but with his eyes sharply occupied on the progress of the important work he was superintending.

Donald, with becoming modesty and deference, took off his bonnet while he was yet afar off; and, as he drew near, he made divers obeisances before the eyes of the farmer yet turned upon him. At length, he "of the broad and furrowed land" caught a sight of him "of the misty mountains."

"Weel, freend, what are ye wantin'?" said the farmer.

"Wad her honour no be anghery," said Donald, bowing again with an air of great submission, "tat ta sheeps taks a bite o' ta grass yonder?"

"A bite o' my grass!" exclaimed the farmer. "Na, diel ae bit. D'ye think I can be gi'en' bites o' grass to every chield that passes this gate wi' sheep? 'Od, I wad be eaten up wi' them like the locusts o' Egypp! Na, na, friend; gang awa' on wi' your sheep; ye's get nae bites frae me, I promise ye!"

"Hoots!" said Donald, quietly, with a whimsical sort of half smile of entreaty on his countenance, and with another humble bow—"Hoots! she swarrants tat her honour 'll no be sae hard; ta wathers sore hongrie."

"Deil care!" replied the farmer; "hungry or no, they may gang elsewhere to get their bellies filled; deil a pick shall they ha'e frae me."

"Oich!" said Donald, looking over his shoulder towards the spot where the sheep were making the best possible use of their time, and satisfied in his own mind that the objects of his solicitude had at least had some pickings already, and that the longer he could spin out the negotiation the better it would be for them—"Oich, oich! she's vera hard wi' her. Hoot-toot, but surely she'll let her puir bit wathers take a plok or twa o' grass; ta puir beasts sore hongrie, verra tired."

"'Od, but ye're a cunnin' chield," said the honest farmer, at once perceiving Donald's drift, and taking a hearty, good-natured laugh at his ingenuity. "I see what ye're after, billy; sae, while ye stand haverin' there a' day to me, ye think, nae doubt, that your wathers 'll be plockin', as ye ca' it, a' the time. But I tell ye, aince for aye, that deil a plok mair shall they ha'e; sae ye may just pack up your alls and begone directly, sheep an' a'."

"Ta puir beasts like to starve," said the indefatigable Donald,

still preserving the most perfect serenity of countenance, and with eyes still lighted up with a comical smile of entreaty; "Ta puir wathers sore hongrie. Toots! her honour 'll no grodge ta puir beasts ta plok."

"The deil's in ye for an obstinate chield!" said the farmer, extremely tickled with Donald's unconquerable perseverance. "Aweel, I'll tell ye what it is; an ye'll shak a fa' with Jock Meachgh, my bandster there, 'od, but your wathers shall ha'e a pluck till their weames be fu'!"

Donald cast a look towards the grass, and beheld his muttuns feeding busily upon it, and he was resolved. He then eyed the man who was binding—a broad-shouldered fellow, nearly as heavy again as himself—and his quickly-formed resolution perished within him as soon as it was born; nor was its death the less sudden, when he remarked the contemptuous glances of the hero of the harvest rig, and heard him mutter to himself—"Poof! that bit body!" as if conscious that he could have devoured him.

Donald felt that he had no chance at all; and, turning to the farmer with a piteous visage,

"Hoot, toot," said he, shaking his head; "troths she no be good at fightin'; but, och, hoch! ta puir beasts be verra hongrie—be ta better o' ta plok; and sure, sure, her honour be none ta waur."

"Na, na!" exclaimed the farmer, "I've said my say; an' ye dinna like my bargain, billy, ye're free to let it alane; an' ye may e'en gang your ways on to the ferry. But what do you speak of fightin' man? shakin' a fa' is no fightin'."

"Toots, but she be an auld man!" said Donald, eyeing his proposed opponent with an apprehension which it required all his ingenuity to conceal. "She no be fit to fightin'."

"Ou, that's a' nonsense!" said the farmer. "Jock Meachgh is about as auld as ye are."

"Ou, na!" said Donald. "Sure she be a purty young man; sure she'll no be fit for her ava, ava."

"Tut, man, are ye a Hielanman, an' frightit to shak a fa' wi' that chap?" cried the farmer. "'Od, I'll tell ye what it is, ye shall ha'e fair play, an' mair nor that, forby the pluck to your beasts: whichever chiel throws the ither shall ha'e this hauf-crown piece; an' it shall be placed in ony ane's hands ye like to name."

Donald eyed the glittering piece of money; he cast another look at his sheep; and now the advantage beginning to weigh heavily against the dangers of the encounter, and the honour of the Highlands being concerned, his spirit was stirred up within him, and his resolution came again upon him.



"She be an auld man," said he, "an' she's no good at fightin'; but since her honour maun ha'e it sae—tod! but she'll try."

"That's a brave chiel!" cried the farmer, giving him a slap on the back. "Weel, wha's to haud the half-crown?"

"Hersel wad likè ta bonnie lassie," said Donald, nodding towards a trig, rosy-cheeked, smiling girl, whom his eyes lighted on, and whose blushes manifested that she was by no means insensible to the compliment which the old man had paid her, though she, at the same time, certainly felt it to be no more than just.

"Wi' a' my heart," said the farmer, handing the girl the coin. "Ha'e, Bess! haud ye the stakes, lass. Come awa, Jock, man—let's see what ye can do against Hieland Donald here."

"Hu! the bit body!" said the bandster, tossing from him the sheaf, the straw ropes of which he had at that moment tightened; and folding his arms across his breast, and looking at his opponent from top to toe, like Shakespeare's Charles the Wrestler, with a gaze of utter despisal, he seemed to convey to him the assurance that he could as easily toss him down in the same manner. But Donald was not to be so daunted; for, throwing off all his former diffidence and knitting his brows, and summoning an expression of desperate determination into his countenance, he strode forward with a few bold paces towards his adversary, like a game-cock, and, eyeing him fiercely, he laid both his hands on the leathern belt of his own *sporrán*, and giving it first a powerful hitch to the right side, and then another to the left side, and then finally settling it forcibly in front by another twitch to the centre, he pulled out his *skian-dhu*, looked at it earnestly, drew the blade of it betwixt his finger and thumb, examined it narrowly again, again fixed his eye fiercely upon his man, stuck the knife energetically into his belt, and, giving a loud "huchhum!" as if to gather all the wind he was master of, he again looked savagely at his man, and called out, in a voice like thunder, "Come noo!"

But the self-confidence of Jock Meachgh the bandster was gone. He had watched Donald's every motion, and he liked not their import.

"Na," said he with a shake of his head, and with an expression of dismay which there was no mistaking; "'od, I'll hae naething ado wi' ye."

"What the deil's the matter wi' ye noo, Jock, man?" exclaimed the farmer, bursting into a roar of laughter at the success of Donald's manœuvre, while the whole harvest-rig of reapers joined in his shouts of merriment. "What the deil's the matter wi' ye, man? Come, till him! Wad ye be cowed wi' a bit body like that? Come, till him, man!"

“Na! deil ha'e me an' I ha'e onything to do wi' him!” replied Jock, retreating two or three steps backwards to restore that proper distance between them which he now seemed to think essential to his personal safety, and which Donald had just at that moment diminished by as many bold steps forward, accompanied by another loud and tremendous huchhum. “'Od, I wadna be sure o' my life a minute in the hands o' siccan a red-wud wild Hielanman as that. Na, na! fegs, I'll ha'e naething ado wi' him!”

“Eh, man, siccan a fugie!” cried the farmer, bursting again into a roar of laughter that was chorussed by shouts from the whole reapers.

“'Od, man, ye were frunty eneuch at first; but I'm thinkin' Hieland Donald's ta'en down ye're stamick a wee. Well, Donald,” said he at last, after his mirth had somewhat subsided, “troth ye're a brave chiel, after a'. Lassie! gie him his hauf-crown; I'm sure he's worthy o't; and as for the wathers, by my certy they shall eat, an' bite, an' pluck yonder till their weames are like to rive again. An', d'ye hear, Donald! come ye in by wi' me to the house yonder, that ye may get a bite an' sup to yoursel'; an' I'll tell ye what it is, neither you nor your wathers shall ever gae by my door wi' toom kites as long as the breath's in my body.”

Donald made his approaches to the Queen of Beauty, who had been appointed to preside over the lists, with all the grace he could command; took from her hand the silver coin which she held out to him, and then, she nothing loth, he ventured to steal a kiss from her glowing lips, amidst shouts of applause from the whole harvest-rig of reapers.

The honest farmer was as good as his word; and as Donald in his future trips generally took care to arrive at his worthy friend's farm towards evening, his house and homestead became so certain a place of repose and refreshment for himself and his wethers, that he at last reckoned this place as one of his regular stages.

It happened, however, upon another occasion, that Donald, being on his return from Cramond to Braemar, was so desirous to get on to Perth the first day, that he contented himself with a short call on his kind friend the farmer; and, though by no means now so active as he had once been, he fagged on doggedly along the dusty road, till he got some miles beyond Kinross, when his feet became beaten and his limbs weary.

“Och hone!” said Donald, as he sat down to rest himself in a ditch by the side of the road. “Och hone! how lang ta Sassenach miles be growan! Och hone! but ae mile o' ta turnimspikes be waur nor twenty on a braw heather o' ta Hieland hills.”

Whilst Donald was sitting with his face turned towards the hedge, thinking of home, and his native mountains, and the long trudge which his legs must take before his eyes should behold its crystal stream, two horsemen came riding along the road ; and, as he turned his head to look at them, when they came nearly abreast of him, one of them eyed him, pulled up his horse suddenly, and called to his companion, who wheeled quickly round and joined him ; and then both of them, with their horses' heads turned towards him, remained for some moments surveying him attentively, and talking all the time in a half whisper to each other. Donald was considerably alarmed at this extraordinary conduct, but he resolved at least to keep a face of courage over the fears that lurked within him. He therefore continued to sit as apparently unconcerned as if he had not observed them at all, munching at a morsel of hard cheese and dry oat cake, and with his face planted plump against the hedge ; whilst he still endeavoured to watch every motion of the two men, by throwing an eye backwards over his shoulder, like a hare in her form. They were rather ruffian-looking fellows, and, instead of whips, Donald observed that they carried large bludgeons, so that he had not the least doubt that robbery was not only their usual trade, but their present object ; and, though he had not very much to lose, yet he felt that, to lose that little, and to have his life put in jeopardy at the same time, was by no means a very desirable denouement of the present mysterious rencontre.

After much whispering, and a good many significant nods and winks to each other—

“Od, sir !” said one of the fellows, “as sure as I'm alive, it's the very man.”

“Fegs is't,” said the other ; “it's him as sure as that's you. Let me see,” continued he, taking a paper out of his pocket, and carrying his eyes alternately from its contents to the object of his speculation—let me see, sandy hair, ay—thin, pale face, ay, exactly ; small grey eyes—tuts, man ! we need nae mair ; it's the very chap, I'll be bailed for't.”

“Ou, as sure as death it's him !” re-echoed his companion.

In a moment both of them, animated by the same impulse, jumped from their horses, and they pounced upon Donald like a couple of terriers on the seated hare, to which I have already compared him.

“You're our prisoner !” shouted they.

“Shentlemans—shentlemans !” exclaimed the unresisting Donald ; “weel, weel ! but fat is she pris'ners for ? Och hone !”

“Ha, ha ! my billy, that cock'll no fight,” said one of the men ; “ye're nae mair a Hielanman nor I am ; ye spak gude

enough English at Perth fair, no muckle waar nor I'm speakin' mysel', I'm thinkin'."

"That's a gude ane," said the other, "as if ye didna ken as weel as I do what ye're nabbed for. We'll see whan the joodge comes round, whether ye can mak the witnesses forget that you are a robber an' a fief, as weel as ye pretend to hae done yersel."

"Fief!" cried Donald, much relieved by finding that instead of being made the subject of a robbery in his own proper person, he was only suspected of having robbed some one else. "Fief! och hone! sore troubles! sore troubles!" whined he, with an assumed air of deep and settled despondency.

"Ay," said one of the men, now quite at his ease from the facility of his capture; "it's time to say sore troubles noo, indeed; but it would hae been a hantle better if ye had thought o' this sore trouble or ere ye did that for which ye may get your neck raxt. But come away, auld carl; get out o' the ditch, and come along wi' hus."

"An' which way wad she be takin' her!" demanded Donald, as he slowly obeyed the man's orders.

"To the Tolboith o' Perth, to be sure," replied the other.

"Och hone! sore pity! sore pity! bad luck!" cried Donald again, in the same whimpering tone, but inwardly rejoiced that the route which they proposed to take him was exactly that by which he required to go at any rate. "But, och hone!" continued he, "she be an auld man, an' she be sore tired; wad she no get a bit ride?"

"Ride," said one of his captors; "to be sure, d'ye think we ha'e time to let ye walk a' the way?"

"Ride," said the other; "to be sure ye shall ride; ride like a king ahint me on this beast. Come, help him up here, Mr Murdieston," continued he, as he settled himself on the saddle; "an' noo, d'ye keep a wee thoughty back, that ye may better see that he disna try to play me ony dog's trick, an' syne make aff wi' himsel'."

"Ou! foo! she'll no do tat, shentlemans," said Donald; "she swarrants she no do tat—foo, foo!—foiye, foiye!—no, no!—she'll no do tat."

Donald's protestations were most sincere. Never did bride more willingly ride *en croupe* behind bridegroom, than did Donald behind the horseman who had charge of him; and as his weary limbs hung dangling free in the air at either side of the horse, he noted with a peculiar degree of inward satisfaction how quickly the mile-stones were now flying to his rear in comparison with their motion in the former part of the day, when he was so tired with the rarity of their salutations

to him, and the slowness of their retreat from him, as he went limping past them.

Meanwhile his companions had their agreeable thoughts too; and these they went on participating with one another, in merry half-covered allusions to the ease with which they had secured their prize, the good luck they had in so soon falling in with the prisoner, the wisdom they had both shown in taking that particular road, the shrewdness they had evinced in at once marking their man, and the triumph they should enjoy over some other parties who had taken different directions in search of the thief; but most of all, they hugged themselves on the delightful prospect which they now so certainly beheld before them, of the immediate golden harvest of a very considerable reward, which had been offered for the apprehension of the delinquent.

Whilst they were jogging on in this way, they met with a gentleman mounted on a handsome horse, and followed by a groom in livery. The two catchpoles at once knew him to be one of the wealthiest and most important gentlemen of Perthshire, an active magistrate, and one who, having been at Perth fair at the time of the robbery, had given his aid in devising and furthering such measures as were considered most likely to produce the capture of the culprit.

"'Od, sir, we've gotten him!" shouted both the men at once, before he came to within twenty yards of them.

"Ha! that's well," said the gentleman. "You are a couple of meritorious fellows. Well, I did not think he would have come this way."

"Aweel, your honour, but I was cock-sure o't; and ye'll mind I telt ye sae," said Murdieston.

"Let me see the prisoner," continued the gentleman, riding close up to Donald, that he might the more narrowly examine him. "Bless me! he's an old man! What a wretched sight it is to behold vice, and crime, and old age thus united!"

"Ou ay!" said Donald, in his assumed whimpering tone. "Sad sight! sad sight!"

"Wretched old man, how I pity you!" said the gentleman.

"Ugh ay! pity—sad pity! Bad luck! bad luck!"

"Bad luck!" exclaimed the gentleman. "Alas! I fear there is no feeling in your hardened heart but for the bad luck you think you have had in being taken. It may be well for you, old man, that you have been thus arrested in your career of crime, if you are yet brought to a sense of the enormity of your guilt before you die."

"Och hone! bad luck!" continued Donald.

"What a melancholy thing it is to see so much anxiety for

life, and so great an indifference to futurity, in an old man, who, in the common course of nature, should be thinking of that journey which we must all, sooner or later, take, but which he may be said to have already entered on."

"Ou ay," said Donald, thinking of the long way to Braemar; "sore journeys—sore journeys!"

"Yes," said the gentleman; "but have you reflected, old man, as to where the journey may probably end with you?"

"Ou ay—troth she has done that," replied Donald. "Ugh, ay—sore journeys."

"What a heart-breaking sight to behold a man with one foot in the grave, as one may say, and with the load of a long life of crime on his soul. 'Tis a pitiabie sight, indeed. Let me advise you, old man, to think over your past life, and seriously to repent of those dark deeds which have so much blackened it. Trust me, there is no hope for you on this side eternity; for the party who was robbed declared, in my presence, that he can swear to your person; and there are others equally well prepared to identify it."

"Ugh! ugh! bad luck!—bad luck!" whimpered Donald again, though secretly congratulating himself that, since the truth was so well known, his confinement could not be very long.

"Alas!" said the gentleman again, "how the wretch would cling to life—what a woful picture of human nature! But I need not tell you, officers, that he cannot be viewed as a guilty man until he is proved to be so before a jury of his country. At all events, he is old and feeble; therefore I desire that you will treat him as kindly as circumstances will permit, and let the poor wretch want for nothing."

"Ou, we'll see to that, your honour," said both the constables in a breath, as the gentleman left them. "We'll see an' do that, as far as lies in our power."

They had not ridden much above a mile farther when they came to a public-house.

"Maister Matthew," said he who was called Murdieson, "I daur say the poor deevil's starvin' o' hunger."

"Ay, troth; it's a question whether he's gotten onything to eat sin' he took leg-bail yestreen frae Perth," said he who carried the prisoner behind him.

"Sore hongrie—sore hongrie!" whined Donald, as he emphatically rubbed his stomach with both his hands.

"I telt ye sae," said the first officer; "an' troth I'm thinking I could eat a bit o' cauld sheep's-head, or a knuckle o' ham, or something that gate mysel', for it's no that meikle I ha'e eaten this day."

"Fegs, to tell you the truth, I'm gaye an' yaup, too," replied Matthew. "What an' we should stop a bit here, an' tak' a morsel o' what the guidwife can gie us—it'll a' gang intill the count, ye ken?"

"Ay," said the other; "an' ye mind that his honour bade us treat the man?"

"Ay," said Matthew; "his honour's very words were—an' ken I like to be parteclar about words; for our clerk says fowk should aye be parteclar about words, for they dinna ken whan they may be speered at anent them—his honour's very words, I say, were, *treat* him as kindly as circumstances will permit, an' let the puir vratch want for nothing."

"That's just what his honour said," replied Murdieson, dismounting as he spoke. "I can swear to his very words."

"Wou, but he's a feelin'-hearted Christian!" said Matthew. "Sae as we ha'e plenty o' time to get to Perth lang or it's dark, I dinna see what can hinder us frae takin' as gude a dinner here as the circumstances o' Lucky's hoose will alloo. Fowk maun eat, ye ken, as lang as they hae teeth i' their chafts."

"Od, that's true eneuch," said Murdieson; "sae jump ye doon, auld man, and let's into the hoose. Laddie, tak' a haud o' thae naigs; put them into the stable for a gliff; but, d'ye hear, dinna tak' aff the saidles."

"Come awa', Lucky," cried Matthew to the woman of the house. "Ye used to be a bit fendy body; let's see what ye can gie us till our dinner."

"Ye can ha'e broth, gentlemen, an' beef, an' twa brantered chuckies, an' some ham an' eggs," said the landlady.

"That'll do fine," said both constables at once. "Come awa' wi' them, woman, as fast as ye can, for we maun be aff again afore ye can say Jack Robison."

You may easily imagine that Donald, though a perfectly passive party in their arrangements, was by no means the less delighted with them on that account; nor did he do less ample justice to this entertainment than either of his companions; for, while they talked, he went silently on cramming himself, as if he had economically resolved to eat now gratis what should last him till he should reach Braemar. A respectable, though not intoxicating, allowance of brandy-punch followed the feast. The bill was discharged by the constables, and the trio again mounted, and rode on as formerly for some miles, till they approached the turnpike gate at the Brig of Earn.

"Wad ye no like a drink, auld carl?" said Matthew the constable, behind whom Donald was seated.

"Ugh, ugh, sore drouthy," replied he.

"Od, I dinna wonder at that," replied Matthew, "after yon

ham an' eggs. For my pairt, I'm chokin'; and I'm sure ye sho'elled twice as muckle o't o'er your craig as I did; for I maun do ye the justice to say, that ye ate as if ye had had a Heriot's-wark laddie in your weame."

"Saunders, bring out a bottle o' porter to this puir man."

Out came the turnpike man with a creaming pot of brown stout. Donald took it from the constable who handed it to him, and turning away his head from the eye of the tollman, he drained off the liquor to the very bottom.

"Faigs," said he, when afterwards telling this part of his story, "ta chield tat cam' after her was na' muckle ta better or ta waur o' her leavin's."

"Weel, Saunders," said Matthew to the turnpike man, "didna I tell ye we'd catch him? It's no often that I misses my man."

"Catch wha?" said the tollman. "Ye dinna mean to say that's the rubber?"

"Yes, but we do though," said the other constable. "When Mr Matthew an' me hunt in couples, we never misses our gemme, though it should be an auld fox himsel'."

"Od, I'm thinkin' ye're mista'en this time, though," said the tollman.

"Pooh! nonsense, man," replied the officer. "Ha'e we no got the chield's pickter in our pouch?"

"Ay," said the other officer, "an' d'ye think we didna try him weel by his likeness?"

"I canna help that," said the tollman; "I'm positive that's no the man."

"Ha, ha, ha! that's a good ane, Saunders," shouted Matthew. "Did ye no tell us, nae langer than twa or three hours syne, as we gaed by the toll, that ye kent naething o' sic a chap as we describit the rubber to be; and hoo can ye set up your face noo to be sae positive ae way or anither?"

"That's a' very true," said Saunders, edging round the horse to get a look at Donald, who still did all he could to keep his face away from his observation; "but I'm positive that's nae mair the rubber than I'm the rubber."

"Weel, ye're the maist positeevest guse I ever forgathered wi'," said Murdieson. "Did we no show the chield to the justice himsel'?"

"Ay," said Matthew; "an' did he no tell me to treat him as kindly as circumstances wad permit, an' to let the puir vratch want for naething? An' wasna that the very reason that I gied him the drap porter ye noo?"

"Ay," said Murdieson; "an' did his honour no gie the poor deevil the best end o' a half-hour's sermon, that might ha'e edified even a publican an' a sinner like you?"



"Will ye no be convinced noo, ye dour brute?" added Matthew.

"No," said the tollman, not a little nettled, "I'll no be convinced by you; an' yet I'm nae mair a guse or a brute than yoursel', Maister Matthew."

"I'll tell you what it is, Maister Murdieson," said Matthew, turning to his companion, "naething will ever stop the empty gab o' this fool chield but a gude bet; sae, gin ye like to gae me haulves, we's wager him a siller crown that we ha'e gotten the right soo by the lug."

"Done, gentlemen!" exclaimed the tollman, eagerly wetting his thumb in his mouth, and rubbing it against those of the two officers, which, after undergoing a similar preparation, were successively held out to meet it. "Ye may bid guid e'en to your half-crowns apiece, an' ye may comfort yersel's for the loss o' them wi' the bit auld byword, 'that fules and their money are soon pairted.' I ken this auld man weel; mony's the time he has stoppit at my door to get a drink, as he gaed by wi' droves o' wathers; for he has been driving sheep to Sir John Inglis o' Cramond for near forty years bygane. Mony's the crack I ha'e had wi' him: and I'll be bailed there's no an honest body between the Earn there and the Dee, whaur he comes frae. It's but the other day that he gaed by wi' his sheep, an' I tak' it that he's noo on his way north; so he couldna ha'e been in Perth for near this week by past. Hoo's a' wi' ye, Donald, my cock? What are ye hiding your head that gate for?"

Seeing concealment to be no longer practicable, Donald lifted his head with a good-humoured grin of recognition to the tollman.

"Troth, she's no wonders nor she hauds down her head, when she be ca'ed a fiefs an' a rubbers," said he, waggishly.

Mr Matthew turned in his saddle; and Mr Murdieson pushed his horse up to Donald, to eye him more attentively. Dismay fell on the lofty countenances of both of them, and overshadowed them as the mist does the mountain-tops.

"As I'm a sinner, he wants the muckle scaur on his broo," exclaimed Matthew.

"'Od, what gar'd us no think o' that afore?" said Murdieson.

"Get doon aff the beast, ye auld deevil, or I'll ketch ye into the midden," said Matthew.

"Hoyts, toots! no," said Donald, roguishly; "surely she'll be mindin' tat his honour bade her treat her as kindly as circumstances wad pairment. Wad she no tak' her on to Perth?"

"Get doon this moment, I tell ye, or I'll be the death o' ye," said Matthew, grinning so furiously with rage that poor Donald lost no more time, but slid very nimbly over the tail of the horse, and took post behind the tollman.

"Aweel, aweel," said Donald, so soon as he felt secure of the protection of his old friend, who was chuckling heartily at the defeat and mortification of the constables—"aweel, aweel, shentlemans, sin' ye wanna gie her mair rides, she's mockle obliged for ta mony gude miles ye ha'e brocht her—ay, an' for ta gude kail, an' flesh, an' foulds, an' ham, an' eggs, an' brandies; ay, an' porters an' a—sae, she be wushin' ye baith a verra gude nicht: for, sin' ye wanna carry her farder, she maun just e'en be trot ta wee bit gate to Perth on her nain ten taes."

"Na, na, Donald, lad," said the tollman, laughing as if he would have split himself; "we shanna pairt that gate. It's wearing late, and ye's no gang farther this nicht, I promise ye; sae come in by. An' do ye hear, gentlemen, we'll ha'e your crown oot here in gude punch, an' sae we'll souther a' sairness."

"We're muckle obliged to ye, Saunders," said Matthew, tossing down his half-crown in a huff, an action which was quickly followed by a similar tribute, as sulkily paid, by his companion; "but we ha'e mair important matters to mind than to be sittin' teuchin' a' nicht in a tipplin' hoos;" and both of them, digging their spurs into the sides of their garrons, galloped off towards Perth in a whirlwind of dust, whilst the turnpike man, with his sides shaking with laughter, led Donald into his house that he might have his share of their spoil.

Donald Lamont continued to take these annual journeys to Cramond, until his advanced age had rendered him so infirm that he became altogether unfit to attempt them, when the charge of Sir John Inglis's ewes was intrusted to some one else. But such was the affecting nature of Donald's recollections, that he never saw the drove leave the glen without crawling after them for some distance, and when he parted with them he kissed the creatures—looked with a longing eye after them for some time; and, when they were out of sight, he burst into tears, and returned home crying like a child. The good Sir John Inglis never allowed the shepherd who drove them to return to Braemar without sending Donald some substantial token that he had not forgotten him.—*Lloyd's Weekly Volume of Amusing and Instructive Literature*. No. 111.

A cold, rainy, cheerless night overtook Donald in one of his journeys through the Mearns, and no hospitable roof would receive him—bad luck to them. At length he determined to go no farther, and, entering the first farmhouse he came on, preferred the usual request for a night's lodgings, and was answered with the usual refusal. But a man is not to die from starvation and exposure in a Christian country, oh! ye Low-

land churls. So Donald sat down. The family and the farm-servants formed a complete semicircle round the fire, and none of them stirred; and Donald, though wet and cold, sat behind them all, the rain water running down his back and legs—"most pitiful was to behold." But Donald sat unheeded. By-and-by the time for cow-milking arrived, and some lasses left their seats to go to the byres, and Donald cannily occupied one of their vacant places, and dried and warmed himself as well as might be. But nobody spoke to Donald. By-and-by the supper was laid down, and all were bid sit round to the table, save the intruder; but he was nowise put out, and sat round uninvited. There was a spoon there for every one, but none for Donald. However, the gudeman, at whose elbow he sat, held up his hands for a blessing—his eyes likewise, and Donald cannily drew away his spoon, and held it below the table. The gudeman called for a spoon, and, to the astonishment of the waiter, who averred she had put a spoon before him, none could be seen there, and another was provided. With a farmer's appetite, the gudeman fell to his brose; and with a famished traveller's prowess, Donald went in for the second spoonful.

The host stared. "Haith, man!" quoth he, "ye're no blate."

"I wadna need," returned Donald, helping himself to a second supply.

Supper passed without further comment, and bedtime duly arrived, and one after another crawled off to roost; but no one spoke of bed to Donald. All at length disappeared, except the buxom gudewife and two handmaidens. The lady took out her cutty-pipe to indulge in "a draw" ere she passed behind the curtains; but sad mishap, the cutty was empty, and her tobacco done. Hereupon, like an experienced tactician, Donald brought forth his spleuchan, and gave the dame some inches of twist from its folds. Like oil upon the troublous waves, this made her face become serene, and she wondered whether a bed could be made up in the barn. Nobody spoke, and she whiffed away. "There were beds in the house," said she, thinking aloud; "but a'body said thae Hielan' folks were na verie clean."

"May be," returned the drover; "but I am clean, and clean aneugh; and ye may look," returned Donald; and he tirmed off coat, and waistcoat, and shirt, and various other toggery, and tradition recordeth that, after a strict examination, he was pronounced free of a certain malady.

"Ow ay!" delivered the dame; "puir body; ye're clean eneugh."

And tradition further sayeth that Donald slept in a nice bed

that night, and, in the morning, after a good breakfast, had a smoke with the lady, and was invited to pass the night there every time he came to the Mearns.

Donald, one evening, returning from a south-country market, was overtaken in a lonely part of the way by a gentleman rider. His sporran was well replenished, and he did not relish by half the looks of his gentleman. It therefore relieved the Celt's mind considerably, when the rider bade him stand and deliver, taking aim with cocked pistol at his upper stories.

"Och ! but I hae naething for you."

"I saw you getting money for cattle and sheep you sold in the market ; so deliver it up."

Donald was getting nearer and nearer to the robber, and his hand made involuntary sets at his dirk.

"Stand where you are, and deliver up immediately, else I will blow your brains out."

"The siller's no my ain," returned Donald, hitching another step nearer.

"Your money or your life," cried the robber, impatiently ; "if you come one inch nearer, I will shoot you."

"Och ! maybe she'll snap," quoth Donald, still approaching.

"Now, for the last time, yield the money," said the robber in anger and fear, "or I shall put a bullet through you."

"Och ! maybe she'll snap," still answered the imperturbable drover.

The robber, now in a fury, drew his trigger, but, wonderful to say, the pistol did snap. With one bound Donald was on him, and, twice plunging his dirk into his heart, withdrew it smoking with the warm blood, and, kissing the blade, exclaimed in triumph,

"You're the pistol that never snappit, mo ghraidh—my darling."

Donald, like most of the Braemar men, could never be induced to array his lower members in the obnoxious garment of the Saxons. He had been persuaded to try a pair, and, having donned them one morning, went away on some business to Glenshee. Before he had proceeded far, he felt his limbs all frayed and irritated by the strange articles. He undid them, therefore, and swung them over his shoulders, but he was now too far advanced to return home for his kilt, and so completed his journey as he was. On his return, however, his chafed legs still smarting with pain, he heaved the trows into the fire, exclaiming,

"Gu'n gabh an Donas a chiad duine a rinn iad" ("May the devil seize the first inventor of them.")

One of those incapables who commanded our armies during

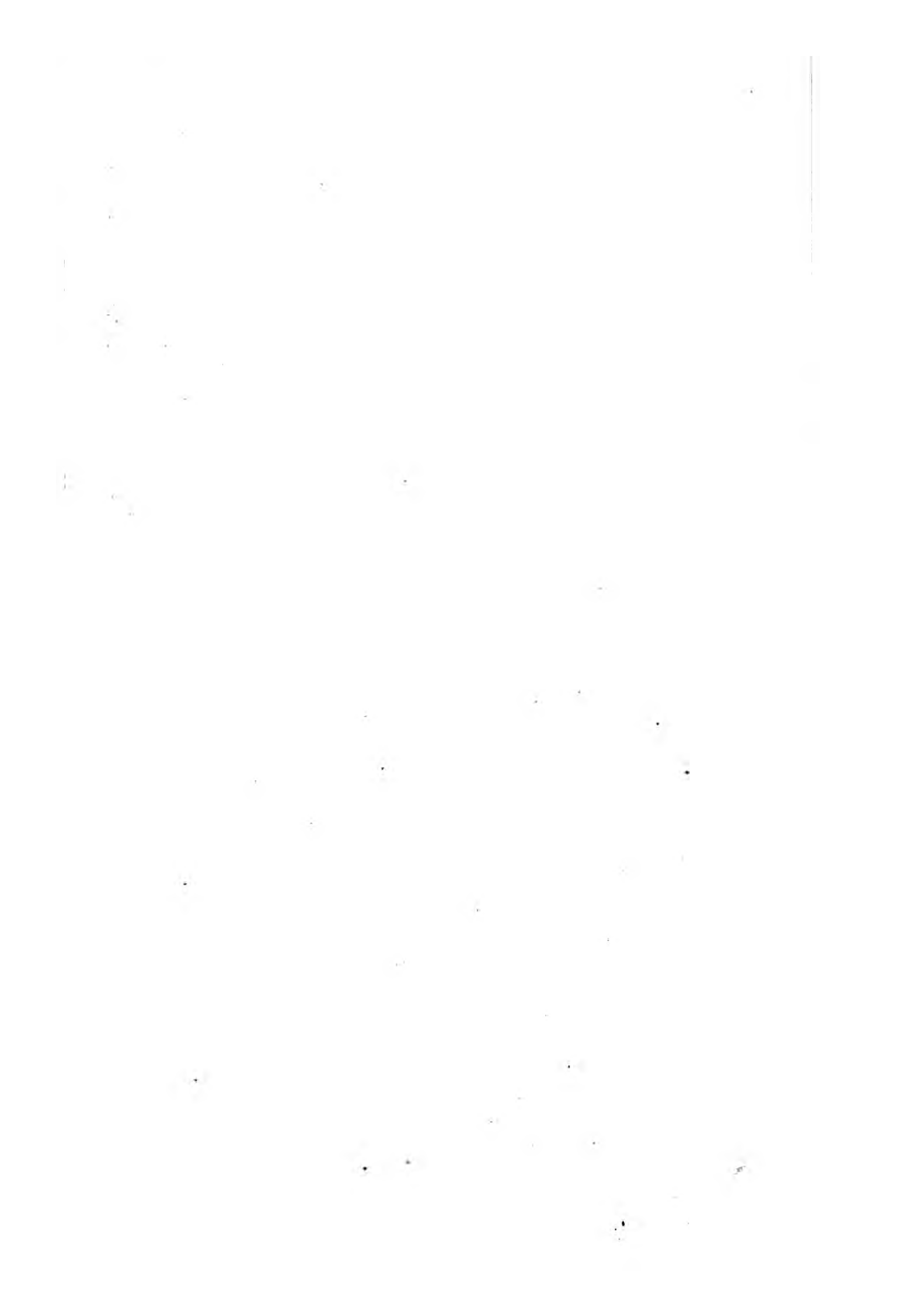
the American war of independence—Lord Howe, if I remember rightly—took some shooting in Braemar. Donald Lamont usually accompanied his party, with a horse to carry their luncheon and bring home the game. Now one day the sport was execrable, and the few chances that turned up proved of no use, for Donald happened on each occasion to be dodging about in such a direction that the sportsman would have more likely brought him down than the game. Lord Howe got furiously enraged, and, swearing, told Donald if that happened again he would shoot him like a dog.

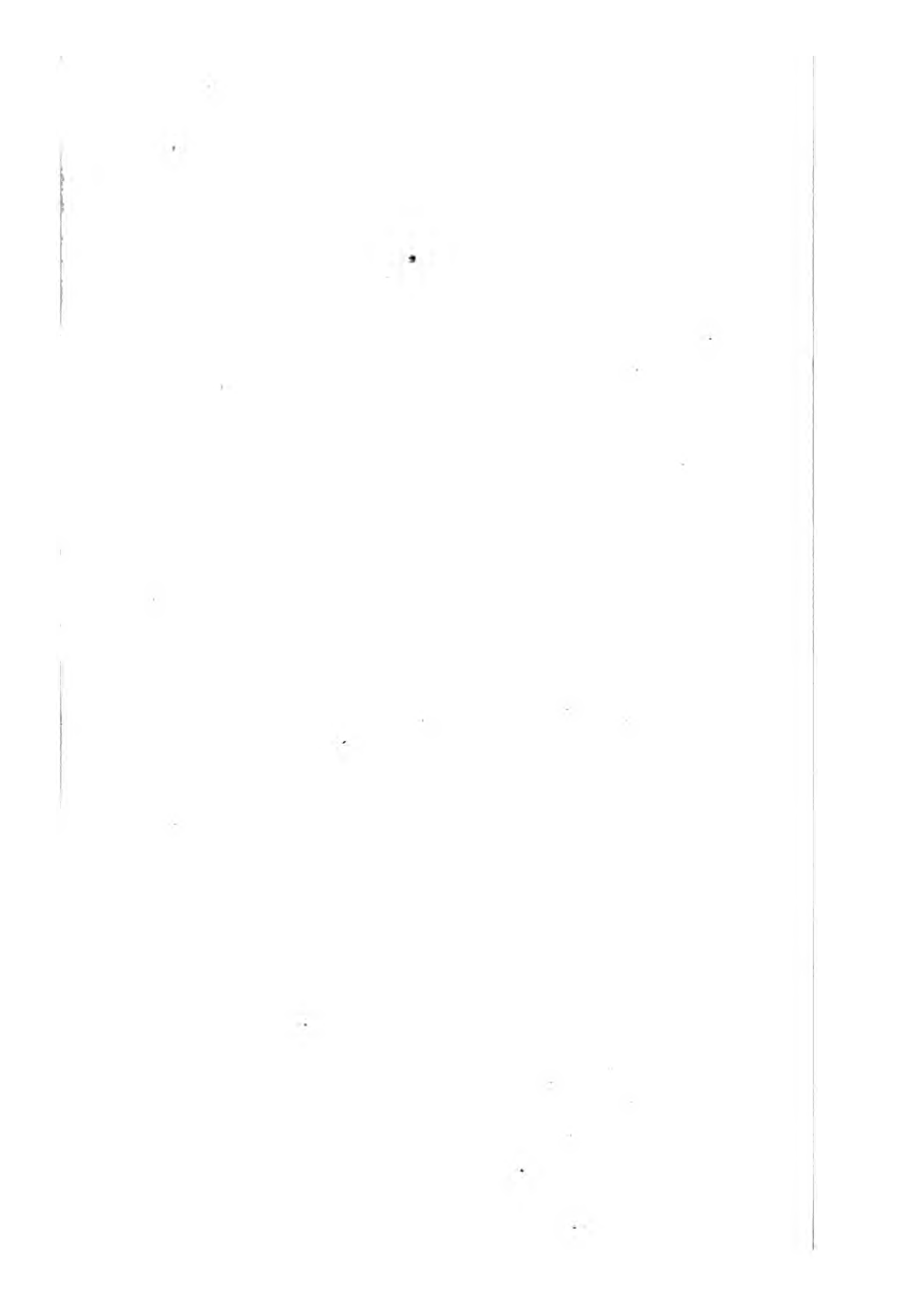
“G—d, my lord,” replied Donald, “if ye shoot me, it will maybe prove waur for ye than a’ the Americans ye ever shot.” That was a rejoinder to a man who had notoriously shot but too few Americans, and had received several very good drubbings from them.

Such was Donald Lamont, the Drover. I think we may appropriately, with his history, terminate the Legends of the Braes o’ Mar. He illustrates the transition period, and I have forbidden myself the doings of the present century.

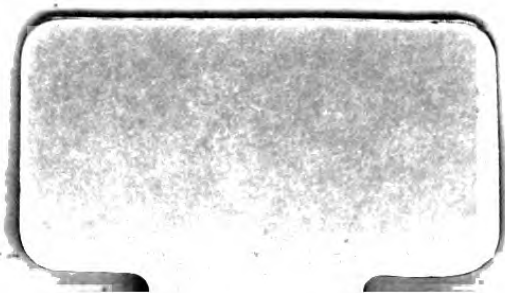
Our task is now ended. Good-night.

FINIS.

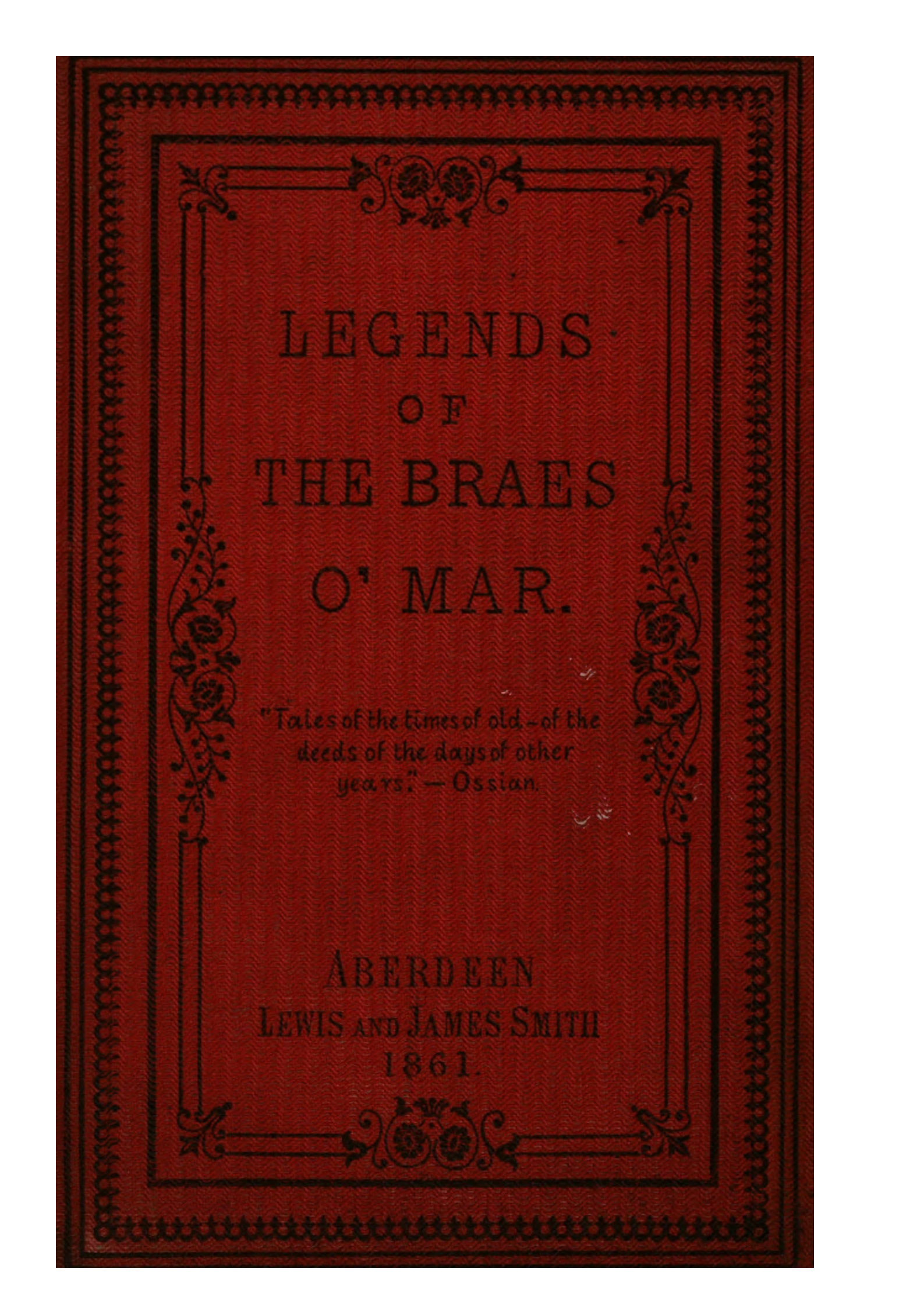




S/







LEGENDS  
OF  
THE BRAES  
O' MAR.

"Tales of the times of old - of the  
deeds of the days of other  
years." — Ossian.

ABERDEEN  
LEWIS AND JAMES SMITH  
1861.